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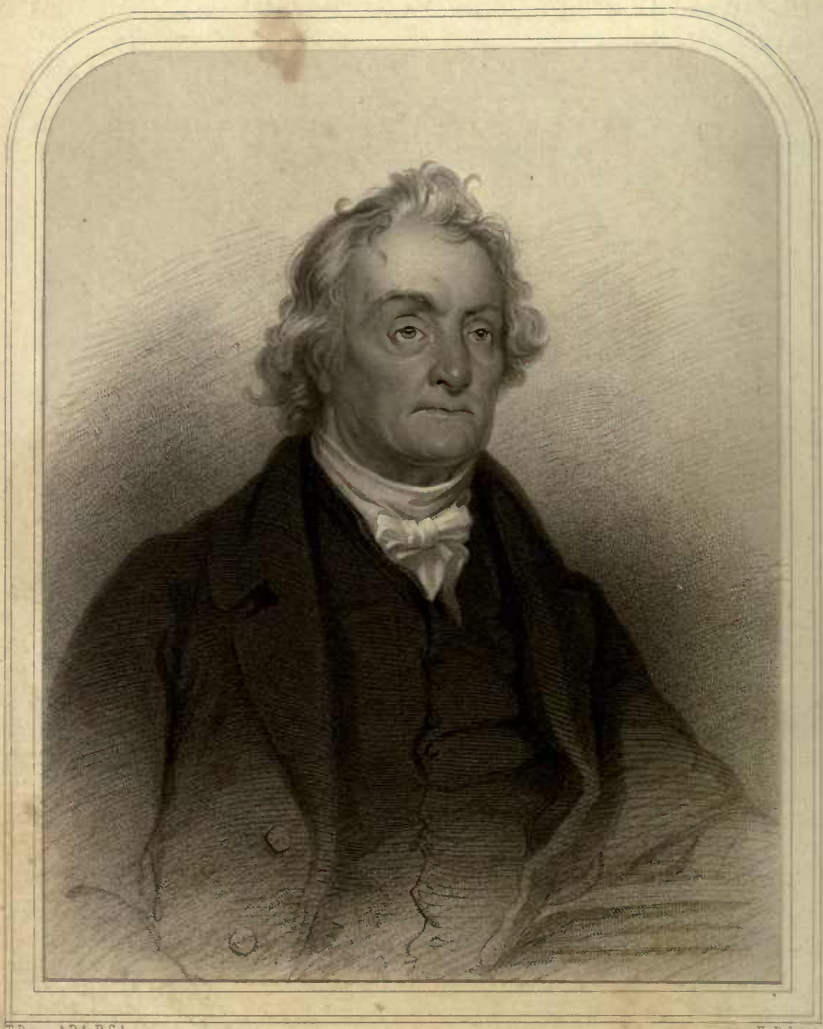
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THOMAS CHALMERS D.D.L.L.D.

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Biographical Dictionary

OF

EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

WITH

NUMEROUS AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS.

VOLUME V.



S. BOUGH. W. FORREST.

THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Blackie & Son,
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

OF

EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

NEW EDITION, REVISED UNDER THE CARE OF THE PUBLISHERS.

WITH A SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME,

CONTINUING THE BIOGRAPHIES TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By the Rev. THOS. THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS," ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.

VOL. V.

ABERCROMBIE—WOOD.

BLACKIE AND SON:

GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND LONDON.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIFTH, OR SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME.

While a national Biography is so fitted to arrest the general attention, and endear itself to the patriotic feelings of those people whose great and good men it commemorates, a national Scottish Biography possesses such advantages of this nature, as must always impart to it an especial interest. For it exhibits a country the least populous in Europe, and originally the most remote and neglected, producing, in spite of these disadvantages, such a multitude of leading minds in every department of thought and action, as have advanced it into the very foremost rank of nations, and given it an imperishable name in history. The men by whom such a change has been achieved must have left a memorial of no ordinary importance.

Something more, however, than a merely intellectual and historical interest belongs, in a peculiar degree, to Scottish Biography. Those men of whom it is the record, were in most instances of humble origin and scanty resources—men who were obliged not only skilfully to use, but in many cases absolutely to *create* the means by which they were borne onward—and who yet, by their talents, their energy, and their moral worth, won their way to eminence in every department of human excellence. While patriotism is ennobled and purified by the study of such examples, how persuasive a lesson they contain for the ingenuous youths by whom the manhood of Scotland in a few years will be represented! It is by such reading that they can best be taught—by the example of such precursors that they will be best animated and directed. In these instances they have full proof, that however adverse their own circumstances are, everything may be compelled to give way to indomitable resolution, unwearing industry, and steady upright integrity.

A full national Biography for Scotland, from the earliest period till 1834, was accomplished by the work, the publication of which was completed during that year, under the title of "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen," of which the first four volumes of the present is a re issue. But since the period of its first publication, circumstances have occurred, through which a large addition to the original collection was urgently demanded. The close of the last, and the earlier

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part of the present century, have constituted an epoch in the history of the Scottish mind, such as our country, prolific though it has been of eminent men, has never previously enjoyed. But of these illustrious Scotsmen of our own day, the greater part have died since the year 1834, while they were so numerous as well as distinguished, that nothing less than an entire volume seemed necessary for their memorial. If in this estimate it should be alleged that a mistake has been made—that the worth which our own eyes have beheld, and over which the grave has so recently closed, has in some instances been rated higher than a future time, and the increasing experience of society will ratify—still we trust, it is a mistake which the succeeding generation will be easily disposed to pardon. In this additional volume they will read the record of men whom their fathers delighted to honour, and by whom, in no small degree, their own characters have been moulded. In such an extended mode, also, of writing a national Biography, a mass of information is bequeathed to posterity, in which the excess can be easily reduced to those dimensions which it ought to occupy in future history. This is certainly a more venial error than that of a too compendious narrative, the defects or omissions of which, in the course of a few years, it might be difficult, or even impossible to rectify.

The author of this additional volume of the "LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMEN" has only to add, that the following memoirs owe nothing more to him than the care of editorial revision: viz., those of Joanna Baillie, Rev. Dr. Robert Balfour, James Bell, John Burns, M.D., David Dale, Colonel John Fordyce, George Gardner, Charles Mackintosh, James Montgomery, and Thomas Thomson, M.D., F.R.S.

These were derived from sources of information to which he either had no ready access, or were connected with subjects to which he thought he could not render such ample justice as they merited. For the authorship of the rest of the volume, whatever may be its merits or defects, he claims the entire responsibility.

THOMAS THOMSON.

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

OF

EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

SUPPLEMENT AND CONTINUATION TO 1855.

A

ABERCROMBIE, John, M.D., the subject of this brief memoir, was one of the latest of that medical school of which Scotland is so justly proud. He was born in Aberdeen, on the 11th of October, 1781, and was son of the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, who for many years was one of the ministers of that town, and distinguished by his piety and worth. The excellent training which John enjoyed under such a parent, imparted that high moral and religious tone by which his whole life was subsequently characterized. After a boyhood spent under the paternal roof, and the usual routine a classical education, he was sent, in consequence of his choice of the medical profession, to the university of Edinburgh, at that time distinguished as the best medical school in the empire. Here he applied to his studies with indefatigable diligence, and while his fellow-students marked his progress with admiration, they were not less struck with the moral excellence of his character, and the deep, practical, unobtrusive piety by which, even thus early, his whole life was regulated. It was this confirmed excellence of character, expressed alike in action and conversation, combined with his high professional talents and reputation, that afterwards won for him the confidence of his patients, and imparted to his attentions at the sick-bed a charm that, of itself, was half the cure. When the usual prescribed course of study at the medical classes had expired, Mr. Abercrombie graduated at the university of Edinburgh on the 4th of June, 1803, while only in his twenty-second year, the subject of his thesis being "De Fatuitate Alpina." He then went to London, and after a short period of study at the schools and hospitals of the metropolis, returned to Edinburgh, and was admitted a Fellow of its Royal College of Surgeons on the 12th of November, 1804. On this occasion, his probationary Essay, submitted to the president and council, entitled, "On Paralysis of the Lower Extremities from Diseased Spine," was characterized by such clearness of thought and perspicuity of style, as fully indicated the eminence that awaited him not only in his professional capacity, but also in the ranks of authorship.

Thus prepared for action, Dr. Abercrombie, though still young, and com-

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paratively a stranger in Edinburgh, resolved to establish himself at once as a physician in the northern capital, instead of commencing his career in some more humble district. He accordingly took a house in Nicolson Street, and as a general or family practitioner his reputation continued to grow from year to year without interruption. Even this, however, was not enough for his active and benevolent mind; and therefore, notwithstanding the increase of business, and its tempting emoluments, he gave much of his time to attendance on the poor, as one of the medical officers of the Royal Public Dispensary. Still deeming his own personal exertions insufficient, he would not rest until he had imparted his enthusiasm to others; and therefore, when his reputation in clinical knowledge had gathered round him a host of pupils emulous to follow his example, he divided the city into districts, to each of which a few of these students were attached for medical superintendence. In this way, while the health of the humblest of the population of Edinburgh was cared for, an efficient class of experienced physicians was trained for the kingdom at large. Besides this important service, on being appointed vaccinator along with Drs. Gillespie and Bryce, he was enabled to take with them an active part in introducing the practice of the Jennerian discovery into Scotland.

At length, when after a course of years, the professional experience and reputation of Dr. Abercrombie ha reached their height, an event occurred by which it was hoped their excellence would be duly honoured. This was a vacancy in the Chair of Medicine in the university of Edinburgh, occasioned by the death of Dr. Gregory in 1821. On this occasion Dr. Abercrombie added his name to the list of candidates, while his friends were sanguine in the hope of his success. But town-councils are not always infallible judges of scientific attainments, and his application was unsuccessful. The following list of his writings, which he presented to the Provost and Town-Council of Edinburgh, on announcing himself as candidate for the Chair, will sufficiently show how his hours of literary leisure, amidst a throng of professional occupations extending over the preceding course of years, had been occupied and improved:—

1. On Diseases of the Spinal Marrow.
2. On Dropsy; particularly on some modifications of it which are successfully treated by blood-letting.
3. On Chronic Inflammation of the Brain and its Membranes, including Researches on Hydrocephalus.
4. On Apoplexy.
5. On Palsy.
6. On Organic Diseases of the Brain.
7. On a Remarkable and Dangerous Affection, producing Difficulty of Breathing in Infants.
8. On the Pathology of the Intestinal Canal. Part I. On Hens.
9. Ditto. Part II. On Inflammation of the Bowels.
10. Ditto. Part III. On Diseases of the Mucous Membranes of the Bowels.
11. On the Pathology of Consumptive Diseases.
12. On Ischuria Renalis.

After the decease of Dr. Gregory, Dr. Abercrombie although unsuccessful in his application for the Chair of Medicine, succeeded him as consulting physician, in which situation his services were often in demand, not only in Edinburgh, but over the whole of Scotland. He was also appointed physician to the king for Scotland—a mere title, it is true, but at the same time one of those honorary

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titles that often stamp the value of the man, and prove a passport to the substantialities of eminence and wealth. In 1834, his reputation was so completely fixed, that the university of Oxford, departing from its usual routine in behalf of the *alumni* of Scottish colleges, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine, and on the following year he was elected Lord Rector of the Marischal college of Aberdeen. Besides these, he held other offices of distinction, most of which were connected with benevolent societies. In this way his life went onward, and while he increased in wealth and professional reputation, his piety made him the friend of the good, and his benevolence the honoured of the poor. But all was brought to an abrupt termination by his sudden death, at his house in York Place, on the 14th of November, 1844. On the morning of that day, having breakfasted at nine o'clock, he retired to his private room, while several patients were waiting for him, and his carriage standing at the door. As nearly an hour elapsed, his servant, alarmed at such unusual delay, entered the room, and found his master lying extended and lifeless on the floor, his death having been apparently all but instantaneous. It was found, on a *post mortem* examination, that the cause of his death was the bursting of a coronary artery. Thus unexpectedly was closed the life of one whom all classes esteemed, and whose loss is still felt and remembered.

Dr. Abercrombie was distinguished not only as a most eminent and successful medical practitioner, but also as an able and eloquent writer. At first, his exertions in authorship were confined to the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," and other similar professional periodicals; but when his literary strength was matured, he produced a separate treatise entitled "Pathological and Practical Researches on Diseases of the Brain and the Spinal Cord." Edinburgh: 1828. 8vo. This work, which abounds in pure scientific knowledge, and evinces his profound research into mental character, as connected with physical condition and action, was followed in the same year by another of still higher merit, having for its title, "Pathological and Practical Researches on the Diseases of the Intestinal Canal, Liver, and other Viscera of the Abdomen." Edinburgh: 1828. 8vo. These, however, though so highly meritorious, were but prelusive efforts to something still more important; and after a careful study and arrangement of the materials which he had been accumulating for years, he produced two works; the one entitled, "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth." Edinburgh: 1830. 8vo; and the other, "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." London: 1833. 8vo. Upon these works, of which the latter is a sequel to the former, his literary reputation will chiefly rest; and they will always continue to be prized by the reflective mind, from the views which they unfold of the intellectual and moral nature of man, and the harmonious combination which exists between the truths of science and the revelations of Christianity. Independently, however, of these writings, so distinguished by their profound medical, ethical, and metaphysical knowledge, and so practical in their bearings, Dr. Abercrombie's pen was employed on the subjects of humble every-day usefulness, and pure unmixed religion and vital godliness, so that shortly after the publication of his "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," he produced his "Treatise on the Moral Condition of the Lower Classes in Edinburgh," and subsequently, "The Elements of Sacred Truth," which were first published singly and at intervals, and afterwards collected into a small volume. "These tracts," an able reviewer has observed, "reflect the highest honour on Dr. Abercrombie. It is beautiful to see an

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individual of his professional celebrity thus dedicating his talents and a portion of his time to religious instruction. Such an example is above all praise."

AGNEW, Sir Andrew, of Lochnaw, Bart., Lieutenant-General. The family of Agnew lays claim, and probably with justice, to a more illustrious antiquity than most of our Scottish noble houses. The founder is supposed to have been one of the followers of William the Conqueror. Be that as it may, we find the Agnew or Agneau of the day accompanying Sir John de Courcy in the invasion of Ireland, and settling at Larne, in Ulster, after that province was conquered by the Anglo-Normans. Besides this Irish branch of the Agnews, another, in the true spirit of Norman enterprise, entered Scotland in the reign of David II., where they acquired the lands of Lochnaw, and were invested with the offices of heritable constables and sheriffs of Wigtonshire.

Sir Andrew Agnew, the subject of the present memoir, and fifth baronet of Lochnaw, was born in 1687, and was the eldest son of a family of twenty-one children. This was a truly patriarchal number; but he lived almost to equal it, being himself ultimately the father of seventeen sons and daughters by one mother, the daughter of Agnew of Creoch. Sir Andrew embraced the military profession at an early period, as many of his family had done, and was an officer in the great Marlborough campaigns, as we find him a cornet in the second regiment of Dragoons or Scotch Greys, at the battle of Ramilies, when he had just reached his nineteenth year. It was in this capacity, and under such training, that besides being a skilful and successful officer, he became distinguished by those deeds of personal daring, as well as eccentric peculiarities of manner, that long made him a favourite in the fireside legends of the Scottish peasantry. Among these, we are told, that on one occasion having been appointed to superintend the interment of the slain after one of the continental engagements, his orderly came to him in great perplexity, saying, "Sir, there is a heap of fellows lying yonder, who say they are only wounded, and won't consent to be buried like the rest: what shall I do?" "Bury them at once," cried Sir Andrew, "for if you take their own word for it, they won't be dead for a hundred years to come!" The man, who understood nothing beyond the word of command, made his military salaam, and went off with full purpose to execute the order to the letter, when he was checked by a counter-order from his superior, who perhaps little thought that his joke would have been carried so far. On another occasion, when an engagement was about to commence, he pointed to the enemy, and thus briefly and pithily addressed his soldiers: "Weel, lads, ye see these loons on the hill there: if ye dinna kill them, they'll kill you."

When the battle of Dettingen took place, which occurred in 1743, where George II. commanded the British troops in person, Sir Andrew Agnew held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was appointed to the keeping of a pass at the outskirts of the British army, through which an attack of the French was apprehended. On this post of danger, accordingly, the knight of Lochnaw stationed himself with his regiment of Scots Fusileers as coolly as if he had been upon the boundary of one of his own farms in Wigtonshire. One day, while at dinner, he was informed that there were symptoms of a coming attack—that the enemy's cavalry were mustering at no great distance. "The loons!" cried Sir Andrew indignantly; "surely they will never hae the impudence to attack the Scots Fusileers!" and forthwith ordered his men to finish their dinner quietly, assuring them that they would fight all the better for it. He continued eating and encouraging his officers to follow his example, until the enemy were so nigh, that

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a shot struck from his hand a bone which he was in the act of picking. "They are in earnest now!" he cried, and drew up his men to receive the enemy, who came on at full charge. They were a portion of the royal household troops, the picked and best-disciplined soldiers of France, mounted upon heavy and powerful horses, and armed with cuirasses that were buckled close to the saddle, so that the point of a bayonet could not easily find entrance within their steel panoply. Sir Andrew, who knew that it was useless to abide such an avalanche of man and horse, ordered his soldiers not to fire until they saw the whites of their enemy's eyes, to take aim only at their horses, and open their ranks as soon as a charge was made upon them. This skilful manœuvre succeeded as he had foreseen—the French horses were brought down in heaps, their riders easily bayonetted, and the far-famed household troops were driven back with heavy loss. After the battle, George II. observed, "Well, Sir Andrew, I hear that your regiment was broken; that you let the French cavalry in upon you." "Yes, please your Majesty," replied the gallant humourist, "but they didna gang back again."

The most important military service, however, in which Sir Andrew Agnew was engaged, was the defence of Blair Castle against the troops of the Pretender, during the insurrection of 1745–6. On the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland in Perth, to take the command of the royalist army, he found it necessary to occupy and garrison Blair Castle, the seat of the Duke of Athol, then absent, for the purpose of suppressing the disaffected of the district, and cutting off the communications of the rebels by the great roads between the southern and northern parts of the country. For this service Sir Andrew was selected, and despatched thither with a detachment of three hundred soldiers. Not only was no siege expected, but the place was ill fitted to sustain one; for it was scantily supplied with provisions, and had no artillery or military stores, while the soldiers had only nineteen rounds of ammunition per man. Of all this the rebels seem to have been apprised, and, accordingly, on the morning of the 17th of March (1746), Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general of the Pretender, Lord Nairne, Macpherson of Clunie, and other Jacobite leaders, resolved to recover the castle, and open their communications. They came, therefore, in great force, captured the detached parties that were without the castle, and suddenly appeared before the fort itself, while such a visit was neither expected nor desired. Most commanders in such a situation as that of Sir Andrew would have abandoned the fort as untenable; but he had not thus learned his military lessons under the great Marlborough: he resolved to defend it to the last, notwithstanding its impoverished condition, and thus give time for the collection of those forces by which the insurrection was soon after extinguished at Culloden. He therefore issued strict orders to his garrison, now reduced to 270 men, to save their ammunition with the utmost care; and, as there were no provisions in the castle but some bread and cheese, he commanded these to be dealt out in small daily rations.

As the obtaining of Blair Castle was of the utmost importance to the rebels, Lord George Murray, their ablest commander, commenced the siege in due form. He began by a summons to surrender; and knowing the old knight's fiery temper, he wrote to him to this effect, not upon decent foolscap, but a piece of shabby grey paper. But who was to enter the lion's den, and beard him with such a missive? No Highlander could be found to undertake the task, so that it was intrusted to a comely young servant maid of Blair Inn,

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who had found favour in the eyes of Sir Andrew's young officers while they resorted there, and who naturally thought that they would not allow her to be harmed. She approached the garrison, taking care to avoid being shot, by waving the paper over her head like a flag of truce. When she delivered her credentials, she earnestly entreated the officers to surrender, assuring them that the Highlanders were a thousand strong, and would *ding* the castle about their ears; but this friendly warning they only received with peals of laughter, telling her that they would soon set these Highlanders a scampering, and visit her at the inn as before. No one, however, would deliver the summons to Sir Andrew, except a timid lieutenant of the company, whose nerves were further unstrung by the use of strong waters; but no sooner did the old knight hear the first sentence read, than he burst forth into such a storm of wrath, and uttered such fearful threats of shooting the next messenger through the head who dared to propose a surrender, that the lieutenant took to his heels, while Molly, who stood at the bottom of the stairs, and heard the whole, fled across the fields like a startled hare. She told her employers, waiting in the churchyard of Blair, the result of her mission, who laughed heartily at the rage of Sir Andrew. Still further to provoke him, and perhaps tempt him to a rash sally, they threw large stones at the walls, accompanied with biting jokes at his expense; but fiery though his temper was, and impatient of ridicule, he was too wary a soldier to afford them such an advantage. In the mean time, the more serious work of the siege went on with vigour, and, though the walls of Blair Castle were of great thickness, the assailants not only used common, but also hot shot, in the hope of setting the building on fire. The wood being luckily not very combustible, only smouldered as it received the balls. But the chief confidence of the rebels was to starve the garrison out, knowing how scantily it was supplied; and for this purpose they strictly blockaded the place, while their best marksmen were ordered to keep up a close fire wherever a man showed himself. This last incident suggested to the officers of the castle a practical joke at the expense of their worthy commander, whom they loved, feared, and laughed at when they dared. They therefore got one of his old uniforms; and having stuffed it with straw, and furnished the figure with a spy-glass, they placed it at a small turret window, where it looked like no other than Sir Andrew himself reconnoitring the enemy below. The rifles of the assailants were all brought to bear upon it, and the best marksmen of the Highlands continued to riddle this deceptive wisp, until Sir Andrew himself, wondering why this point should have been selected for such a hot attack, ascended the turret, and there he saw this other identity standing under fire, as stiff, fearless, and imperturbable as himself! He was in a towering rage at the irreverent deception, and resolved that the perpetrator should not escape a share of his own joke. The wag was ordered to go to this spot so full of risk, and carry the puppet away, Sir Andrew gruffly pronouncing this retributive sentence: "Let the loon that set it up, just gang up himsel' and tak' it down again."

Beyond all military calculation, Sir Andrew Agnew, with miserably scanty means, had made good his position from the 17th of March to the end of the month. Longer than this, however, it was impossible to hold out, as the provisions of the garrison were exhausted, so that nothing seemed to be left them but a desperate sally, or immediate surrender. A faint chance indeed there might be of some messenger stealing through the leaguer, and carrying tidings of their condition to the Earl of Crawford, who was then at Dunkeld with a strong force

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of Hessians. This was now attempted, and the gardener of Blair Castle undertook to be the messenger. The gate was opened without noise; he stole out unperceived, mounted a horse, and rode cautiously down the avenue to the highway; but immediately a firing and pursuit commenced, and, on the following day, a Highlander was seen mounted on the gardener's horse, so that the garrison thought he must have been either killed or taken. On the 1st of April, however, they were startled by an unexpected messenger; this was no other than Molly of the Inn, formerly the envoy of the rebels, who now came with the joyful intelligence that they had broken up their encampment, and gone away to Dalnacardoch. Sir Andrew, who was not only wary but short-sighted, would not trust the news, and abode a day longer in his hunger-bitten hold, when an officer arrived from the Earl of Crawford, to say that his lordship himself was on the road with his cavalry, and would arrive within an hour. Such was the case; for the gardener's horse being alarmed at the firing, had thrown him, and been captured by the Highlanders, so that he had made his journey to Dunkeld on foot. When Crawford arrived, Sir Andrew drew up his soldiers to receive him, and thus addressed the Earl: "My lord, I am very glad to see you; but, by all that's good, you have been very dilatory; we can give you nothing to eat." The Earl laughed good humouredly, and invited Sir Andrew and his officers to dine with him—an invitation that was never more welcome, perhaps, than at the present crisis. The summer-house in the garden was immediately turned into a dining-room, the table was plentifully covered with substantial dishes and excellent wines, and the half-starved and doomed defenders of Blair Castle were translated, as if by magic, into the regions of safety, hilarity, and good cheer.

After the siege was thus raised, Sir Andrew Agnew's gallant defence was not forgot. He and his soldiers were publicly thanked by the Duke of Cumberland, and soon afterwards he was promoted to a Colonelcy of Marines. In 1747, in consequence of the abolition of the many old feudal offices in Scotland, his hereditary sheriffdom of Wigtonshire was among the number; but he received £4000 as a compensation from government. In 1750, he was appointed governor of Tinmouth Castle, in room of the Duke of Somerset. He died, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, in 1771, at the age of eighty-four, and was succeeded by his fifth son, Sir Stair Agnew, who was born October 9, 1734. His father, who at that period was absent on foreign service, found at his return the infant nestled in the maternal bosom. "What's this ye hae got, Nelly?" he asked, as this was the first intelligence he had of the event. "Another son to you, Sir Andrew," she answered. "And what do you call this boy?" "I have called him Stair, after the earl, your commander." "Stair, *Sir* Stair," repeated the knight, whistling the sibilant sounds through his teeth—"Sir Stair, Sir Deevil! It disna clink weel, Nelly." The sounds, however, were at last united, whether they clinked or not, for the child, by the death of his elder brothers, ultimately succeeded to the Baronetcy of Lochnaw.

ALISON, Rev. Archibald, M.A., LL.B., this distinguished writer on "Taste," whose works procured him a high reputation among the foremost literary judges of his day, was born in Edinburgh, A.D. 1757, and was the son of Mr. Andrew Alison, one of the magistrates of that city. When he had completed the usual course of an elementary classical education, he was sent, at the age of fifteen, to the university of Glasgow, where, after the usual curriculum of Latin, Greek, and Logic, he attended the lectures of Professor Reid, at that time in

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high metaphysical reputation, and formed an intimacy with Dugald Stewart, which continued to the end of his life. Having been so fortunate as to obtain one of those exhibitions to Baliol College of which the university of Glasgow possesses the patronage, Archibald Alison removed to Oxford, where he completed his course of study, and took the degree of A.M., and afterwards of LL.B. In 1784, he also took orders, and married the eldest daughter of the celebrated Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh. His first appointment in the church was to the curacy of Brancepath, in the county of Durham. After this, he was appointed to the chapelry of Kenley in Shropshire in 1790, and to the vicarage of Ercall in the same county in 1794, by the Earl of Darlington, to whom the patronage of both livings belonged; and in 1797 he was presented to Roddington by the Lord Chancellor. In 1791 also, the small prebend of Yatminster Secunda, in the cathedral of Salisbury, was conferred upon him by Bishop Douglas. So many pluralities have an imposing appearance; but their aggregate revenue amounted to nothing more than eight hundred per annum. Circumstances soon led to Alison's removal to his native city, having been invited by Sir William Forbes and the vestry of the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, to become senior minister of that charge. He removed to Edinburgh in 1800, and continued to preach in the Cowgate, until the congregation removed from that murky locality to the handsome chapel of St. Paul's, in York Place. In 1831, Alison, now an old man, and subject to severe attacks of pectoral disease, was obliged to desist from his public labours, and confine himself to the private society of his friends, in which the evening of his days was tranquil and happy. The high reputation which he had attained both as a preacher and writer, and his amiable personal qualities, endeared him to the most distinguished literary characters for which Edinburgh was now at the height of its fame; and he was in constant intercourse, among others, with Dugald Stewart, Dr. Gregory, Lord Woodhouselee, Professor Playfair, Dr. Thomas Brown, Sir James Hall, and Thomas Campbell. Besides these, he had been in familar acquaintanceship with the illustrious of the end of the last century, such as Dr. Adam Smith, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Blair. He was indeed the literary Nestor of the day, who chronicled the remembrances of the great and good of a past generation for the instruction of their successors. Another congenial spirit, though in a different walk of intellect, whose society he especially valued, was Mr. Telford, the celebrated engineer; and it was pleasing to witness the zeal of the venerable pair, while Telford unfolded his scientific plans for the improvement of their native Scotland and its fair capital. The death of Archibald Alison occurred in 1839, at the age of eighty-two. By his wife, who died in 1830, he had six children, of whom three survived him, and one of them, Sir Archibald Alison, is known to most of our readers as the author of the "History of Europe from the French Revolution."

Of the Rev. Archibald Alison's life as an author it is now necessary to speak. His "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste," the work by which he is best known, was published so early as 1790, but attracted little notice—the state of society being probably far from favourable at that time to metaphysical investigation. Not discouraged by the cold reception of a subject which had evidently formed the chief study of his life, Alison, after he had been for some years settled in Edinburgh, republished his "Essays" with considerable additions in 1811. He had now established for himself a more favourable class of readers;

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and he was so fortunate as to find a eulogist in Francis Jeffrey, then the Aristarchus of critics, and through the "Edinburgh Review" at that time the paramount oracle of the literary world. A very powerful and beautiful article forthwith appeared in that influential periodical upon the long-neglected work; and the consequence was, that the "Essays" immediately took their place as the standard of the "Nature and Principles of Taste." The present generation can well remember how their boyhood and youth were familiarized with it, and how the pulpit and the press did homage to its authority. But time has sobered down this enthusiasm, and Alison is reckoned neither to have invented a new theory (for its leading idea had been distinctly announced by David Hume); nor to have sifted it with the most philosophical analysis, or expressed it in the happiest language. But who shall arrest our fleeting emotions produced by the sublime and the beautiful, and reduce them to such a fixed standard as all shall recognize? Longinus, Burke, Schlegel, and Alison, have all successively passed away, while the science of aesthetics is still accumulating its materials for future theorists and fresh legislation. The theory of taste, like that of the weather or the tides, is still the subject of hypothesis and conjecture. Besides his principal work of "Essays on Taste," which has gone through many editions, both in Britain and America, as well as been translated into French, Mr. Alison published two volumes of sermons, which have also been several times republished; and a "Memoir of Lord Woodhouselee," inserted in the "Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society," 1818. The character of Alison, which is thus given by his son, was borne out through a long and well-spent life :—"No man who held firm and uncompromising opinions on the principles of religion and morals, looked with more indulgence on the failings of others, or passed through the world in more perfect charity and good-will to all men. No man who had lived much in society, could retire with more sincere pleasure at all periods of his life into domestic privacy, and into the solitude of the country. * * * * * No man who had attained a high reputation as a preacher or an author, was ever more absolutely indifferent to popular applause, as compared with the consciousness of the performance of duty."

ALLAN, Sir William, R.A., President of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting. This distinguished painter was born at Edinburgh, in the year 1782, and was the son of William Allan, who held the humble office of macer in the Court of Session. Notwithstanding the circumstances of his birth, he was destined, like others of the same grade in Scotland, to undergo a classical education, before his future path in life was selected. Accordingly, he was sent, while still in early boyhood, to the High School of Edinburgh, and placed under the preceptorship of Mr. William Nichol, whose memory will descend to posterity more for the "peck o' maut," which he brewed to supply one memorable sitting where Burns was the laureate, than for all his classical attainments, respectable though they were. The future artist, however, was a poor Latin scholar, though Nichol was a stern and able teacher. In fact, the young boy already felt nature strong within him, so that he was employed in sketching the objects around him with whatever instrument came to hand, while his class-fellows were occupied with the commentaries of Cæsar, or the longs and shorts of Ovid. So keen was this artistic tendency, that the forms and floor of the class-room were frequently chalked with his juvenile efforts, while their excellence invariably pointed out the offender who had thus transgressed against academic rule. Another luxury in which he indulged, was

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to linger near a group of boys playing at marbles ; and while studying their attitudes and the expression of their countenances, he neither thought of the class hour that had elapsed, nor the punishment that awaited his remissness. After striving against the bent, Mr Nichol saw that he could not transform his pupil into a lover of Latin and Greek; but his pupil had long been of the same opinion. He felt within himself not only his natural tendency, but a vague conception of the eminence to which it would lead him ; and his usual reply to paternal remonstrance was, "Father, in spite of all this spending of money in learning Latin, I will be a painter." A painter accordingly it was consented that he should be, but his noviciate in the profession was sufficiently humble: he was bound apprentice to a coach-builder in Leith Walk, to paint the armorial bearings on the panels of carriages. But Hogarth himself had a less promising commencement. William Allan, although a stripling not more than thirteen years of age, soon gave such indications of pictorial excellence, that he was employed in the delicate task of painting certain anatomical preparations at Surgeon's Square Hall. At the commencement of his labours there, he was locked up by mistake at night in the room where he had been occupied all day, and was thus compelled to spend the hours of darkness amidst the skeletons and mangled relics of the dead. The hideous effects upon the imagination of a timid susceptible boy in such a charnel-house; the sights he saw by the glimmer of the moon through the crevices of the window-shutters, and the still more terrible phantasms which his fancy conjured up, formed such a night of horror as no artist but Fuseli could have relished. Allan himself was wont at a late stage in life, and amidst the literary circles of Edinburgh by which he was surrounded, to detail the particulars of this ghastly bivouac with a force of description and amount of merriment that never failed to set the hearers in a roar. It was making Yorick's skull to speak anew, for the mirth of a present, as well as past generation.

The high promise of excellence which the coach-panel painting of William Allan afforded, so won upon his employer, that, through the influence of the latter, he was entered in the Trustees' Academy, where he was a pupil for several years; and it is worthy of remark that Wilkie entered this school at the same period with Allan, sat on the same form, and copied from the same models and drawings. This circumstance, independently of their mutual enthusiasm for the art in which they were afterwards so distinguished, ripened an affection between them which no jealous rivalry could subsequently disturb. Their friendship continued unabated till the close of Wilkie's life; and Allan was wont, while training his scholars, to refer to his illustrious fellow-pupil, as their best model and example. After he had spent several years in the lessons of the Trustees' Academy, where he had a faithful and efficient teacher in Mr. Graham, of whose instructions he always spoke with gratitude and respect, Allan went to London, and was admitted to the school of the Royal Academy. On commencing active life, however, he soon experienced the difficulties with which the Fine Arts, as a profession, have to contend in the great metropolis of merchandise: his superiority was not appreciated with that readiness which his youthful enthusiasm had anticipated, and the demands upon his pencil were so few, as would soon have been insufficient to furnish him with the means of a mere subsistence. Like his countrymen so situated, he resolved to try the experiment elsewhere, and find, or make a home, wherever his talents could be best appreciated. The place which he selected for trial was Russia, a

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country still semi-barbarous, and but imperfectly known in general society, and where the Fine Arts seemed to have little chance of a cordial reception, amidst the recent, and as yet, imperfect civilization of the people. The boldness of his choice also was fully matched by scantiness of means for its execution; for he knew nothing of the Russ language, was slenderly provided with money, and had only one or two letters of introduction to some of his countrymen in St. Petersburg.

Thus inadequately equipped, the artist-adventurer threw himself into that bold career which was ultimately to lead to fame and fortune. Even the commencement was attended with a startling omen; for the ship in which he embarked for Riga was tossed about by adverse winds, and at length driven almost a wreck into Memel. Thus, contrary to his purpose, Allan found himself the temporary inhabitant of a sea-port town in Prussia, in the midst of a people to whose tongue he was a stranger, and with pecuniary resources which a few days would have exhausted. Still, however, his stout heart triumphed over the difficulty. Having settled himself at an inn, he commenced in due form the occupation of portrait painter, and had for his first sitter the Danish consul, to whom he had been introduced by the captain of the vessel that brought him to Memel. Other sitters followed; and having thus recruited his exhausted purse, he resumed his original purpose of travelling to Russia, which he did by land, passing on his way to St. Petersburg through a considerable part of the Russian army, which was at that time on its march to the fatal field of Austerlitz. At St. Petersburg, he found an effectual patron in his countryman, Sir Alexander Crichton, physician to the imperial family, to whom he was warmly recommended by Colonel Crichton, the physician's brother, one of his early patrons in Scotland, and by Sir Alexander he was introduced to an extensive and fashionable circle of society, where his artistic talents were appreciated, and his opportunities for their improvement furthered. To accomplish that improvement, indeed, was so strongly the desire of his ardent enthusiastic mind, that neither the motives of personal comfort and safety, nor the attractive society of the Russian capital, could withhold him from a course of adventurous self-denying travel. He therefore repaired to the Ukraine, where he resided for several years, studying the wild scenery of the steppes, and the still wilder costume and manners of its inhabitants, with a fearless and observant eye. He also made occasional journeys to Turkey and Tartary, as well as to the remote dependencies of the Russian empire, dwelling in the hut of the barbarian serf, or the tent of the wandering nomade, as well as the palace of the boyar and the emir; and amidst the picturesque tribes of the east and north, with whom he thus freely fraternized, he enjoyed a daily intercourse with those whom his less adventurous brethren at home are contented to delineate from the narratives of the traveller or the waking dreams of the studio. The large collection which Allan made of the dresses, armour, weapons, and utensils of the various communities among whom he sojourned, and the life-like ease and fidelity of form, feature, and costume, by which the figures of his principal paintings are distinguished, attest how carefully and how completely he had identified himself with Russian, Turk, and Pole, with Cossack, Circassian, and Bashkir. It is much to be regretted that no journal appears to have been kept by the artist of the many stirring scenes he witnessed, and the strange adventures he underwent in this novel pilgrimage in quest of the sublime and the beautiful. That they were pregnant with interest and instruc-

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tion, and worthy of a permanent record, was well evinced by the delight with which his hearers were wont to listen to his conversational narratives, when he happened—which was but rarely—to allude to the events of his travels. He appears also to have become an especial favourite with those rude children of the mountain and the desert among whom he sojourned, and whose language, dress, and manners he adopted, so that he is still remembered by the old among them as an adopted son or brother, while in Poland, the usual name by which he is distinguished is, *le Raphael Ecossais*—the Scottish Raphael.

After this romantic apprenticeship to his beloved profession, in which he established for himself a high reputation as a painter among foreigners, while he was still unknown at home, Allan resolved in 1812 to return to his native land, for which he had never ceased, amidst all his travels, to entertain a most affectionate longing. But the invasion of Russia by Napoleon obliged him to postpone his purpose; and, in addition to the large stock of ideas which he had already accumulated for future delineation, he was compelled to witness, and treasure up remembrances of the worst effects of war upon its grandest scale—bloodshed, conflagration, and famine maddening every human passion and feeling to the uttermost. On the restoration of peace in 1814, Allan returned to Edinburgh after a ten years' absence, and commenced in earnest the work for which he had undergone so singular a training. His first effort, which was finished in 1815, and exhibited in Somerset House, was his well-known painting of the "Circassian Captives;" and after this, followed the "Tartar Banditti;" "Haslan Gherai crossing the Kuban;" "A Jewish Wedding in Poland;" and "Prisoners conveyed to Siberia by Cossacks." But, notwithstanding the now highly established reputation of these and other productions, which he exhibited in his native city, along with the costumes and weapons of the countries by which his paintings were illustrated, a home reputation was very hard to establish: his countrymen, with their proverbial caution, were slow to perceive the excellencies that addressed them in such an unwonted form, and refused to sympathize, at first sight, with Poles, Tartars, and Circassians. It was well, therefore, for Allan that his labours had already been prized in Russia, so that he had not been allowed to return home empty-handed. He persevered with the same boldness that had carried him onward through the encampments of the Calmucks, or the defiles of the Caucasus; and to all the remonstrances of his relations, who advised him to leave such unprofitable work and betake himself to portraits, by which he would gain both fame and money, his invariable answer was, "I will be a historical painter." His perseverance was at last rewarded. Sir Walter Scott, John Lockhart, and John Wilson, with others, who were able to appreciate the artist's merits, combined to purchase the "Circassian Captives" at a price adequate to its value; and having done this, the individual possession of the painting was decided among them by lot, in consequence of which it became the property of the Earl of Wemyss. "Haslan Gherai," and the "Siberian Exiles," also found a munificent purchaser in the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia, when he visited the Scottish capital. The tide had thus changed; and it bore him on to fortune, not only in pecuniary matters, but to what he had still more at heart—the establishment of his reputation as a Scottish painter of history. Although they are so well known, the following list of his principal productions may here be fitly introduced:—

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The Slave Market at Constantinople—purchased by Alexander Hill, Esq., and now the property of Miss Davidson of Durievale, Fife.

John Knox admonishing Mary Queen of Scots.—This is the well-known scene described by the Reformer himself, in which the beautiful queen, irritated by his bold sentiments about the limited power of sovereigns, and the liberty of their subjects, burst into tears.

The Orphan, a scene at Abbotsford, in the interior of Sir Walter Scott's breakfast-room.

The Meeting of David Deans with his Daughter Jeannie at Roseneath. In the tale of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," Sir Walter Scott, after describing the dress, look, and attitude of the stern old father, adds, "So happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene." This was a fair challenge, which Allan gladly accepted, and the picture of the meeting at Roseneath was the result.

The Regent Murray shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.—In this great event of Scottish history, the painter, instead of confining himself to the strict historical record, has adopted the poetical description of Sir Walter Scott in his ballad of Cadzow. This gave the artist an opportunity of introducing several personages who were not present at the scene, such as John Knox, and the Earl of Morton.

The Murder of David Rizzio.

The Fair Maid of Perth.—The scene is that in the glover's house, when Henry of the Wynd was suddenly awoke on Valentine's morn by the bashful salute of the fair object of his affections, according to the established custom of the festival.

The Battle of Prestonpans.—The central and chief object in this painting is the death of Colonel Gardiner, amidst the small handful of English infantry whom he joined when his cavalry had deserted him.

The Ettrick Shepherd's Birthday.—In this painting, the portraits of the principal friends of the artist and poet are introduced within the interior of Hogg's house at Eltrive, after a day spent in trouting and rambling among the mountains.

The Death of Archbishop Sharpe.

A Press-Gang.—The terrible and heart-rending fidelity and power of this delineation have always placed it in the foremost rank of Allan's artistic productions. A young man, the son of a fisherman, has just returned from a long voyage in a merchant ship, and been welcomed by his parents, relatives, and mistress: the triumphant feast is prepared, and the happiness of the party has reached its height, when a press-gang suddenly rushes in, and the sailor-boy is within their grasp, and about to be carried off. The agony of the parents; the fruitless attempt of the mother to bribe the leader of the gang; the stupor of the aged grandfather and grandmother, with whom this seems to be the last, as well as the most crushing affliction which a long-spent and now worn-out life could have in store for them—and saddest of all, the half-dressed maiden who has hurried to welcome her lover's return, but only to lose him, and who has fallen into an insensibility that might be mistaken for death—compose a group of misery which art has seldom equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

These are but a few of Allan's many productions, which were prized by competent judges as masterpieces of historical painting, and the greater part of which

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have been familiarized to the public at large through the medium of engraving. His labours, however, were more than once subject to interruption from ill health; and at last, a complaint in the eyes suspended his exertions for several years, and threatened to end in total blindness. By medical advice he went to Italy; and after sojourning a winter at Rome, and spending a short time in Naples, he visited Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Greece, and returned with recruited health to his beloved studio in Edinburgh. He became once more a traveller in 1834, being desirous of visiting the romantic and historical scenery of Spain. His journey on this occasion extended into Western Barbary, and would have been still further lengthened, but for a sudden necessity of returning home, after which he continued to produce many of his best paintings. A desire also to paint the Battle of Waterloo led him several times to France and Belgium, that he might collect sufficient materials in costume, scenery, and incident, and study accurately the field of conflict. The result was a magnificent view of this great combat of nations, which, at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1843, was purchased by the Duke of Wellington, who testified his approbation of its truth and accuracy. Allan had now done enough for fame and fortune, both as artist and traveller; but in 1844, he again grasped his pilgrim's staff for a journey into the far north. He visited Russia, and there produced his painting of "Peter the Great teaching his subjects the art of ship-building;" which, after being exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1845, was purchased by the Emperor of Russia, for the winter palace of St. Petersburg. In consequence of the success of his first painting of Waterloo, he resolved on producing a second; and, as the former was delineated as viewed from the French side of the action, the latter was from the British. Independently also of the stirring nature of the subject, his personal as well as patriotic feelings were engaged in this new effort, for it was intended for the competition of Westminster Hall in 1846. Great, however, as were its merits, it was unsuccessful. It was afterwards purchased by the Junior United Service Club in London, of whose splendid rooms it now forms a conspicuous ornament. The public honours which had already rewarded him, might indeed sufficiently console him under this disappointment; for in 1826 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1835 an Academician. Four years later, on the death of Watson, he was unanimously preferred to the office of President of the Royal Scottish Academy; and in 1842, after having been appointed her Majesty's Limner for Scotland on the death of Wilkie, he received the honour of knighthood. He was now also the venerable father of Scottish painting, and could look around him with pleasure upon a race of promising artists whose genius his example and labours had kindled in a department which, as yet, his countrymen had almost wholly neglected.

The last professional labour in which Sir William Allan was engaged was the Battle of Bannockburn, into the difficult and complicated details of which he entered with all the inspiration and vigour of his best days. The period of action selected was the critical moment when the English, daunted by the discomfiture of their bowmen, the overthrow of their splendid cavalry among the concealed pits, and the appearance of what seemed a fresh Scottish army descending from the Gillie's Hill, gave way on every side, and were pressed and borne down by the resistless effort of the four Scottish bodies, now united into one, with the heroic Bruce at their head. But this painting, to which he clung to the last, and touched and retouched with a dying hand, he did not live to

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finish. He died at his house in Great King Street, Edinburgh, on February 23, 1850. As a painter, Sir William Allan will long be gratefully remembered in the annals of Scottish art, for the impulse which he gave to historical composition. For this department he was eminently fitted; for his excellence in painting did not so much consist in character and colour, as in his admirable power in telling a story and his general skill in composition, by which each of his productions is a striking poetical narrative. Sir Walter Scott, a congenial spirit, who highly prized and affectionately loved him, was wont to speak of him under the familiar endearing name of "Willie Allan."

ANDERSON, CHRISTOPHER. — This excellent divine, who, in spite of many obstacles by which his career was attended, and his position as minister of a sect little noticed and scarcely naturalized in Scotland, won for himself a respected name both as an author and minister, was born in the West Bow of Edinburgh, on the 19th of February, 1782. His father, William Anderson, iron-monger in Edinburgh, was not only prosperous in business, but esteemed for his piety and integrity. Being of delicate health, Christopher was sent in childhood to Lasswade, where he was reared in a comfortable cottage, and educated in the village school; and on his return to his native city, being intended for business, he was first apprenticed to the trade of an iron-monger; but not liking this occupation, he was subsequently entered as junior clerk in a thriving company called the Friendly Insurance Office. Hitherto he had been of rather a gay and thoughtless turn of mind, and was attached to those meetings for music and dancing which, at this time at least, and in such a city as Edinburgh, could scarcely be attended by the young with impunity; and this, with the religious training he received at home, produced within him that struggle which often constitutes the turning-point of the inner and spiritual life. "In the early part of 1799," says his biographer, "when about seventeen years of age, he was sometimes alarmed at the course he was pursuing, and shuddered at the thought of where it must end; but would not allow himself to think long enough on the subject, lest it should cost him those pleasures which he knew to be inconsistent with a godly life." This state did not continue long. He was in the practice of attending public worship at the Circus, lately opened by the Independents, and there the new style of preaching by Mr. James Haldane, the pastor of the church, as well as that of Rowland Hill, Burder of Coventry, Bogue of Gosport, and other distinguished English divines who officiated there during their occasional visits to the north, aroused his inquiries and confirmed his scruples. He abjured his former indulgences as incompatible with the Christian life, and joined in membership with the congregation meeting at the Circus. Scruples soon rose in his mind upon the views on Christian baptism held by the Scottish Baptist church, with which he could not wholly coincide, and conceiving that those of the English Baptist churches were of a more enlarged as well as more scriptural character, he was baptized into that communion in March, 1801, at the age of nineteen. A few others of the Circus congregation joined him in this step, and for this, he and they were excluded from the membership of their church as followers of divisive courses, and left to follow their own devices.

To a mind so sensitive, and so much in earnest as that of Christopher Anderson, this event was of paramount importance. He had shown his sincerity by forsaking the allurements of the world, and joining a cause so new and unpromising in Scotland as that of which the Haldanes were the leaders; and now, he had made a sacrifice perhaps still greater, by foregoing the privileges of their

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communion, for the sake of certain convictions which he regarded as of Divine authority, and therefore not to be concealed or tampered with. He and the few who had seceded with him, stood solitary and apart, although surrounded by thousands of professing Christians; and while the multitudes crowded to churches where congenial ordinances awaited them, their only remedy was to retire to "an upper room." This they did, and amidst these meetings for mutual prayer and religious conference, in the absence of a regular ministry, the humble efforts of Christopher Anderson were peculiarly acceptable to the little flock. The result was easy to be guessed at; here was a minister in embryo, as well as the nucleus of a congregation. Mr. Anderson, indeed, had previously been so far prepared for the assumption of the sacred office, as to have resolved to devote his life to the work of a missionary to India; but the verdict of his medical advisers, who convinced him that his constitution was utterly unfit for an Indian climate, and the growing necessities of that small community with which he was connected, naturally turned his thoughts into another channel. The emergency was evidently at home, and to find his field of labour he had only to cross his own threshold. With this conviction, he resolved to become the spiritual pastor of the small flock with which he had allied himself; and in so determining, it is not easy to estimate the full value of the sacrifice. At the age of twenty-one, he must reverse his habits, commence a life of study, and encounter the difficulties of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, although he had neither liking nor natural aptitude for the acquirement of languages. And when all this was done, he must deliberately devote himself to a life of poverty and self-denial, for the people of his ministry would in all likelihood be too few and too poor to afford him that decent subsistence which is justly deemed so essential to the clerical office. He commenced with the necessary step of relinquishing his clerkship in the Insurance Office. "Were I to continue in my present situation," he writes, "I should in all probability succeed to an income of £300 or £400 a year, but this is of no account in my estimation compared with being more immediately employed in the service of Christ. * * * Emolument in this world I freely forego. The riches of it I neither have nor want; may I be but of some service to God before I go to the grave!" He entered the necessary studies at the university of Edinburgh in 1805, and as his time was brief, and the case urgent, he attended during a single course the classes of Greek, Logic, Moral Philosophy, and Chemistry. As it was judged necessary that his theological training should be conducted in England, and under the community to which he belonged, he repaired to Olney, and afterwards to Bristol, in which last city he attended the Baptist college. The course of education he now underwent was of that practical kind which the dissenting bodies in England have for the most part adopted, in which their students are employed in itinerating and preaching while attending the several classes. In this way Mr. Anderson acquired experience in the duties of his calling over an extensive field of action, and the acquaintanceship of many of those eminent divines with whom English dissenterism at this period abounded. As little more, however, than a twelvemonth was occupied with this probation, it may be guessed how few his opportunities must have been for the study of theology as a science, especially for the service of such a hard-headed reflecting people as the Scots; and how much was still to be learned and acquired by his own unaided application.

In 1806, Mr. Anderson returned to Edinburgh; and having engaged a small meeting-house, called Richmond Court chapel, he there assembled the little

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flock, who had been waiting for his coming. Still, a congregation was to be gathered, for while on the forenoons of Sabbath his stated audience mustered from fifty to seventy persons, those in the evenings, when chapels in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, are commonly crowded, were not above two or three hundred hearers. As for the *real* congregation who would have joined in membership out of this miscellaneous assemblage, they did not amount to more than fourteen or fifteen. "I cannot as yet decide," he writes in this state of matters, "as to whether it would be my duty to settle here for life. A sphere of usefulness is what I desire, and it still must require time to ascertain whether it *is* such a sphere. I think another winter will show me how I ought to proceed, if it does not appear sooner." This hesitation on account of the doubtful state of affairs was increased by the avowed wish of many of his friends in England to secure his services among them as their pastor. At length he received a regular call from his congregation to be their minister at the close of the year, and although it was signed by only thirteen persons, he felt it his duty to comply, and his ordination took place on the 21st January, 1808. Thus brought to a decision, he laboured with diligence and faithfulness; and although slowly, the cause to which he had engaged himself continued to grow and prosper, so that in ten years the handful over which he originally presided had swelled into an attendance too numerous for the small chapel to contain. In 1818 he accordingly moved from Richmond Court to Charlotte chapel, a larger building, formerly belonging to the congregation of Bishop Sandford, which he purchased, and altered to his own taste and convenience. While his ten years' labours had been so successful, his cares had not been exclusively confined to the city of Edinburgh. His missionary zeal, through which he had originally devoted himself to the ministerial work, still continued unabated; and although he could no longer hope to traverse the opposite side of the earth in the conversion of Hindoos and Parsees, he found that there were people within the limits of the four seas equally benighted, and in need of his apostolic labours. The success, too, which had attended the evangelistic enterprises of the Haldanes and John Campbell in Scotland, encouraged him to follow their example, more especially as a lull had succeeded, so that the good work needed to be renewed. With all this he had been impressed so early as the period of his ordination; and, on accepting the ministry of the congregation of Richmond Court chapel, he had stated to them his purpose of itinerating from time to time as a preacher in his own country and in Ireland. Accordingly, his first tour for this purpose was to Perthshire, in March, 1808, and his second to Ayrshire soon after. In August and September of the same year, he made a preaching tour through Ireland; and in 1810 another in the north of Scotland as far as Dingwall. Finding, however, that the length and frequency of these journeys were likely to be prejudicial to the interests of his own congregation in Edinburgh, he organized a home mission for the support of a few itinerants in the Highlands, the expense of which, in the first instance, and the responsibility in after years, rested wholly upon himself. This society, which existed for seventeen years, and was productive of great benefit to the more remote districts of the Highlands, had found in Mr. Anderson so generous a benefactor, notwithstanding the limitation of his means, that at the closing of its accounts, his pecuniary advances to it as secretary, amounted to £240, independently of his periodic liberal donations. The sum above-mentioned was a fourth of the society's whole expenditure. A still more distinguished achievement was his originating the Edinburgh Bible Society, the plan

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of which he adopted from that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He had visited London in May, 1809, and being struck with the efficiency of the parent society, and the harmony which it promoted among the various divisions of Christians by whom it was supported, he was anxious to form a similar institution for Scotland, which he happily accomplished in 1810.

Although a minister of the smallest, the latest, and the least influential of all the sects in Scotland, Mr. Anderson was now acquiring note and influence in the religious world, which, however, he valued only as the incentive to further action, and the means of opening a wider sphere of Christian effort. He was, therefore, encouraged to enter a new field—that of authorship, by publishing a "Memorial on behalf of the native Irish, with a view to their improvement in moral and religious knowledge through the medium of their own Language." This work, originally a small pamphlet, the result of his observations during a prolonged tour in Ireland in 1814, afterwards expanded into a duodecimo volume. Another similar effort was in behalf of the Highlands. At the meeting of the Edinburgh Bible Society, on the 22d of March, 1819, he laid upon their table a MS., entitled, a "Memorial respecting the diffusion of the Scriptures, particularly in the Celtic or Iberian Dialects." This statement deservedly elicited the following resolution of the society's committee:—"As the facts contained in these pages are such as should come before the eye of the public, and must be of service for some time to come, in regulating, as well as increasing, the zeal of those who desire the *general* diffusion of the Word of God throughout our native country; that the manuscript be returned to Mr. Anderson; that he be requested to prepare the same for the press and immediate circulation, and that the first copy of this memorial be transmitted to London, for the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society." The commission Mr. Anderson gladly fulfilled; and, after the publication of his work on this subject, the diffusion of Irish and Gaelic Bibles from the stores of the British and Foreign Bible Society was beyond all former precedent. Before this, however, he had made every effort that such a boon should not be useless, by having the poor Highlanders taught to read. His tour throughout their country, and especially beyond the Grampians, in 1810, had shown him not only the spiritual, but intellectual destitution of the people, while his benevolent heart was impatient until a fit remedy was applied. Accordingly, as soon as he returned from his tour, he opened a correspondence with Mr. Charles, of Bala, the originator of the "Circulating Day-Schools" in Wales; and having learned from him the educational plan pursued in that principality, and the benefits with which it was attended, he saw its fitness for the Highlands of Scotland, where the population was still more widely scattered. To draw out a benevolent plan, and proceed to execute it, was one and the same act with Mr. Anderson, and accordingly he convened a meeting of the friends of the Highlands, in the Edinburgh Exchange Coffee-house, presented his views and proposals, and was rewarded by seeing them carried into effect by the formation of "The Caledonian Society for the Support of Gaelic Schools," afterwards called "The Gaelic School Society." To this interesting institution his paternal cares were devoted for several years until it was firmly established, by an annual journey through the Highlands, for the inspection of schools, and attending to the applications made for schoolmasters.

The condition of Ireland once more occupied Mr. Anderson's attention, and, in 1814, he again made a missionary tour in that island. On his return, he

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published on the following year, a "Memorial in behalf of the native Irish." The effect of this work was startling: such was the amount of new information which he produced on the subject, the force and truthfulness with which he detailed it, and the cogency of his reasoning and appeals in behalf of unhappy benighted Ireland, that several benevolent societies in behalf of its people owed their origin to this production, while other similar societies, already in existence, were taught from it to alter and improve their rules according to the real state of circumstances. As this work was solely in reference to the education of the Gaelic speaking Irish, he found it necessary to write a second upon the subject of preaching, and this he did in 1819, by his "Diffusion of the Scriptures in the Celtic or Iberian Dialects," afterwards enlarged by many additions into a volume, entitled "The Native Irish and their Descendants." Until these works were published, the British public was not generally aware that of the 196 islands composing part of Ireland, 140 of these, inhabited by 43,000 souls, were in a miserable state of spiritual destitution and wretchedness. The length of interval that occurred between these publications was too mournfully filled up, as the following extract from one of his letters to his talented and distinguished correspondent, Charlotte Elizabeth, will sufficiently explain: "But why, you will say, were the Sketches of 1828 so long delayed? Ah! that is a tender question; but since you also have been in affliction, and apparently much of it, I feel the less reserve, and can therefore go on. Did you observe a book advertised at the end of the Sketches? If you have ever chanced to see it, the dedication will explain more than I can now repeat, and yet it does not explain the whole. A beloved wife and three much-loved daughters are there mentioned; but ah! my friend, this was not the end. Two sons survived—but they also are gone, and the father to whom they were so much attached was left to plough the deep alone. But no, I am not alone, for the Father is with me, and I am often, often, a wonder to myself. The truth is, these two volumes, particularly the first, were composed amidst many tears—often fled to in order to keep the mind from falling to staves, and the Lord Jesus himself alone hath sustained me. The first volume was never read by the parties to whom it is dedicated; and as for the second, I often yet see my last, my beloved sole survivor, only four and a-half years of age, running into the room, and saying: 'And are you writing to the poor Irish yet, papa?' 'Yes, love, I am writing *for* them.' 'Oh, you are writing *for* them!'"

The pressure of these numerous and heavy domestic bereavements, which his sensitive heart felt so keenly, that at their height they had suddenly whitened his hair and furrowed his brow with the premature tokens of old age, compelled him gradually to withdraw from the toil of public business, and betake himself more closely to the retirement of his study. It was not, however, for the sake of indulging in melancholy, or even in literary indolence, for his work, entitled "The Domestic Constitution," was written during his attendance on the sick-chamber, and finished after his third visit to the family grave. Of this volume a new edition was subsequently prepared, with the following enlarged title, by which its bearing is better understood: "The Domestic Constitution; or, The Family Circle the Source and Test of National Stability." But the chief subjects of his study and research during the remaining period of his life, were the materials for his principal production, "The Annals of the English Bible." This voluminous work, like many in similar cases, originated in a single and temporary effort. The third centenary of Coverdale's translation of the Bible

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having occurred in 1835, Mr. Anderson preached upon this subject on the 4th of October; and as he had made it for some time his particular study, the historical facts he adduced in the pulpit were so new, and withal so interesting to most of his hearers, that they earnestly requested him to publish the sermon. It was printed accordingly, under the title of "The English Scriptures, their First Reception and Effects, including Memorials of Tyndale, Frith, Coverdale, and Rogers." So cordial was its reception by the public, that he was advised to prepare an enlarged and improved edition; but on resuming his investigations for this purpose, new fields successively arose before him, so that not merely days, but whole years, were finally needed for the task. In this way, many a pamphlet has unexpectedly expanded into a folio. The very difficulties, however, as they grew and multiplied, only endeared the task to the heart of Mr. Anderson, and stimulated his enterprise, so that after he had fairly embarked in it, the great purpose of his life seemed to be unfulfilled until it was fully and fairly finished. He had previously, indeed, contemplated a history of all the translations of the Bible that had been made previous to the nineteenth century; but as this would have involved the history of almost every country, and been too much for any one mind to overtake, he contented himself with the English department of the subject, which he soon found to be ample enough. From 1837 to 1845 all his studies were devoted to it, while his researches extended through the library of the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, the University library and others at Cambridge, the Baptist Museum at Bristol, and many private libraries and collections, from whose stores he filled whole volumes of note-books, which he arranged and turned to account in his study at home, after each pilgrimage of research. The result was a most voluminous publication, which the impatience of the general reading public scarcely cared to encounter, and therefore, when it appeared, the demand for it was, as it has still continued to be, extremely incommensurate with its merits and importance. But still, the "Annals of the Bible" is one of those works which possess a strong and lasting, though silent and unobtrusive, influence. Upon a most important subject it has gathered together those materials that hitherto were scattered over the whole range of English history and antiquarianism, and were only to be met with incidentally; and it serves as a store-house to the theologian, in which he finds ready to his hand what would otherwise have cost him whole days or weeks of tiresome investigation. In this way, it will continue to be reproduced in a variety of forms, and be conveyed through a thousand channels of religious public instruction, where even the name of the work itself, and its diligent meritorious author, are either passed without mention, or utterly forgot.

Amidst all these labours as an intinerant preacher, founder and secretary of religious societies, correspondent of foreign missionaries, and earnest painstaking author, Mr Anderson's diligence as a minister continued unabated; and it was rewarded by the increase of his little flock into a numerous congregation, and the esteem of the most eminent religious characters in Britain of all the different denominations. Annoyances, indeed, not a few he had to encounter among his own people during the decline of life, when the love of change had introduced new men and new measures among them; but into these congregational misunderstandings we have no desire to enter, not only as they were so recent, but so exclusively confined to the denomination among whom they originated. They were sufficient to darken his closing days with sorrow, and

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make him complain of the ingratitude of those to whom his life and labours had been devoted. But still the promise given to the righteous was verified in his case, for his end was peace. He died at Edinburgh on the 18th of February, 1852, within a single day of completing the seventieth year of his age.

ARMSTRONG, John, of Gilnockie.—In the history of every country, however renowned, there is a period when its best men, or at least those who were reckoned so, were nothing but robbers or pirates. And yet they became the demigods of the country's worship, the heroes of its most cherished traditions, or the founders of its most illustrious families. It is not necessary to go so far back as the expedition of the Argonants, or the exploits of Romulus, for an illustration of this great general fact. Later periods, and events more closely connected with ourselves, show, that such was also the case in Britain, so that, however edifying, it would be no very grateful task to investigate the characters of those men who "came in with William the Conqueror," or detail the doings of those who were the ancestors of our border nobility. But these men were needed in their day and generation, and they merely took the lead in that congenial society amidst which their lot had been cast. It was not wonderful, therefore, that their exploits should have been so highly admired, and their names so affectionately remembered. With these remarks we think it necessary to premise our introduction to the reader of such a man as John Armstrong, a mere border freebooter; and we introduce him the more readily, as he was the choice type and specimen of a class of men with whom Scotland especially abounded, and who continued to flourish in rank abundance, from the commencement of the war of Scottish independence against Edward I., to the Union of the two kingdoms, when the strong hand of the law could be extended over the whole island to quell or exterminate the turbulent, and reduce all to a common rule.

The name of Armstrong, like many others, was probably at first nothing more than a nickname. The race who bore it inhabited a large part of Liddesdale, and that territory called the Debatable Land, lying between the rivers Sark and Esk. This Debatable Land, as its name may intimate, was claimed by both kingdoms—a misfortune of which the Armstrongs seem to have frequently availed themselves, by plundering the people of both countries indifferently, and thus reaping a double harvest. As they were very numerous, their retainers extended far along the banks of the Liddel, in which the several captains of the clan sought, not a home, but a mere shelter from the enemies they provoked; and when these recesses could no longer defend them, they took refuge among morasses and swamps, the secure by-ways to which were only known to themselves, and where they could safely laugh at the pursuer. In consequence of their inroads upon English and Scots, they were finally proclaimed a broken clan, and were outlawed both by England and Scotland; but at the time of which we write, they were under the command of a chief called Armstrong of Mangertoun. John, the hero of the family, was a younger brother of Christopher Armstrong, its chief, and had his strong-hold at the Hollows, within a few miles of Langholm, where the ruins of the tower are still visible. To have acquired such a band of followers as rode at his bidding, and become so terrible to his enemies, as well as endeared to his friends, implies no small portion of courage, hardihood, and skill, manifested by many a border inroad. These achievements, unlike those of Robin Hood, appear to have passed away, having no gleeman to chronicle them to posterity; but such was their

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effect, that his name was terrible over the Northumberland border, and well nigh to the gates of Newcastle, while for many miles the country was glad to pay him black mail, as the price of his protection or forbearance. It is gratifying, however, to find, that John was a staunch patriot after a fashion of his own, and that all the harm he wrought was against the enemies of his country. Such, at least, was his declaration to the king in the ballad that narrates his death; and it was not likely to have been attributed to him without some well-known foundation in fact:—

"England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gin I had lived this hundred yeir!

"Sche suld have found me meal and mault,
And beif and mutton in all plentie;
But never a Scots wife could have said,
That e'er I skaithed her a pure flee."

When James V. had emancipated himself from the thraldom of the Douglasses, and effected the downfall of that powerful family, he next turned his attention to those border chiefs who were every whit as dangerous. If Scotland was to be brought abreast with the other nations of Europe, and enabled to keep pace with them in that march of improvement which had now commenced, the existence of these men was incompatible with such a purpose. The king was well aware of this, and he resolved by the most summary measures either to break their power, or sweep them from his path. The plan he adopted to accomplish this was highly daring and picturesque. He issued a summons to all his earls, lords, barons, freeholders, and gentlemen, to assemble at Edinburgh with a month's provisions, and bring with them their best dogs, for a royal hunting expedition in the bounds of Teviotdale and Annandale. But it was intended to be a hunt in the fashion of Nimrod, and this John Armstrong was soon to experience. The royal cortege amounted to at least 10,000 men, and eighteen score of deer had already been struck down; but the "stag of ten" was still free and at large. The difficulty now was to bring Armstrong within their reach. He was therefore prevailed upon by some of the chief of the royal followers to wait upon the king, with the assurance that such a visit would be attended with no danger; and, without stipulating for pass or safe-conduct, he came in such a style of splendour as few border nobles could have equalled. Fifty well-horsed gentlemen, we are told, rode in his train, whose gallant bearing was well set off by the richest apparel and ornaments; and the king, unprovided for such a coming, and astonished at its splendour, imagined that at least some high dignitary of England, or foreign ambassador, was approaching his presence. He therefore bowed, and raised his plumed cap to the laird of Gilnockie; but no sooner did he understand that this was no other than the prince of border thieves, than he turned to his courtiers, and exclaimed in a burst of wrath and rhyme—

"What wants yon knave,
That a king should have?"

Armstrong soon perceived that he had not only approached the royal presence uninvited, but was to be made the victim of royal resentment. His train was unarmed, and retreat was impossible. He then had recourse to such offers for the ransom of himself and his followers, as give us a wondrous idea of his power and resources. The chief of these were, that he would support himself and forty

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Masquerier. H. Robinson.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF W. H. BAILLIE, ESQ.

HACKETT & SON, 14 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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gentlemen for the king's service, and never take a penny from Scotland or a Scottish man; and that there was not a subject of England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but within a certain day he would bring him to his majesty, either alive or dead. But to every offer the king was inflexible, so that Armstrong, seeing there was no further hope, drew himself up proudly, and exclaimed, "I am but a fool to seek grace of a graceless face. But had I known, sir, that you would have taken my life this day, I should have lived upon the Borders, in despite both of you and King Harry; for I know that King Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold, to know that I was condemned to die this day."

This singular interview between the stern royal justiciary and the border freebooter, ended in the execution of the latter and his gallant retinue. The place at which it occurred was called Carlenrig Chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm; and so much was the deed abhorred, that the growing trees on which they were hanged were declared by the common people to have withered away. After execution, the bodies were buried in a deserted church-yard, where their graves are still pointed out to strangers. The ballad from which we have already quoted, shows the undue national importance that was attached by the common people to his death; but it evinces also, that on more than one occasion he had done his country good service:—

"John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant cumpanie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die——

"Because they saved their country deir,
Frae Englishmen. Nane were sae bauld,
Whyle Johnie lived on the Border syde,
Nane of them durst cume near his hauld."

Pitscottie, a still better authority, thus sums up the bold borderer's history:—"After this hunting, the king hanged John Armstrong, laird of Gilnockie, which many Scottish men heavily lamented; for he was a doubted man, and as good a chieftain as ever was upon the borders, either of Scotland or of England. And albeit he was a loose-living man, and sustained the number of twenty-four well-horsed, able gentlemen with him, yet he never molested no Scottish man. But it is said, from the Scottish border to Newcastle of England, there was not one of whatever estate but payed to this John Armstrong a tribute to be free of his cumber, he was so doubted in England." It is only necessary to add, that his descendants continue to the present day, and feel a justifiable pride in the good qualities of their border ancestor.

B

BAILLIE, Joanna, authoress of "Plays on the Passions," and various other dramatic works and poems, was born on September 11, 1762, in the manse of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Her father, Dr. James Baillie, the minister of that parish, and subsequently professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow,

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sprang from a family allied to that of the celebrated Principal Robert Baillie, and likewise to that of the Baillies of Jerviswood, memorable in the history of Scotland. All these lines were derived from the ancient stem of the Baillies of Lamington. Her mother, also, was one of a race well known in Scottish heraldry, for she was descended from the Hunters of Hunterston, and was the sister of William and John Hunter, both renowned in the annals of science. The children, by the marriage of Dr. James Baillie with Miss Hunter, were Agnes; Matthew, afterwards the eminent physician; and Joanna, a twin—the other child being still-born.

The early youth of Joanna Baillie was passed among the romantic scenes of Bothwell, where every element existed to awaken the fancy of the poet; but when she had attained her sixth year, the family removed to Hamilton, to the collegiate church of which place her father had been appointed. During her childhood, Joanna Baillie was no proficient in acquirement, yet, nevertheless, showed much originality and quickness of intellect. She made verses before she could read, and soon manifested dramatic talent. She took every opportunity of arranging among her young companions theatrical performances, in which her power of sustaining characters was remarkable, and she frequently wrote the dialogue herself. She was also conspicuous for fearlessness of disposition, which in after years displayed itself in moral courage—a virtue often prominent in her conduct. Notwithstanding the decided tendency of her mind, she did not become an author till at a later period than is usual with those who are subject to the strong impulses of genius. In 1778 her father died; and in 1784, his widow, with her daughters, having lived for some years at Long Calderwood, near Hamilton, proceeded to London to reside with her son, who had there entered on his medical career, and who, upon the death of his uncle, Dr. William Hunter, had become possessed of the house in Great Windmill Street which the latter had built and inhabited.

It was in this abode that Joanna Baillie, in 1790, first resolved upon publication, and the result was a small volume of miscellaneous poems, to which she did not affix her name. These evinced considerable talent, but not the power she afterwards manifested. In 1798 she gave to the world, also anonymously, her first volume of dramas, in which the true bent of her genius was fully seen. This was entitled, "A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to Delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy," and these were accompanied by an introductory discourse of some length, in which dramatic composition was discussed, in which, also, many original views were announced, together with the peculiar system she proposed to adopt. Rich though the period was in poetry, this work made a great impression, and a new edition of it was soon required. The writer was sought for among the most gifted personages of the day, and the illustrious Scott, with others then equally appreciated, was suspected as the author. The praise bestowed upon "Basil and De Montfort" encouraged the authoress, and, in 1802, she published another volume of plays on the "Passions." Although much objection was made to the opinions she had enunciated in the preface to her first dramas, and though the criticism from an influential quarter was severe, she adhered to her purpose, and continued to write on the same plan which she had at first evolved; for, in 1812, she sent forth another volume of plays on the "Passions," and in 1836, three more volumes of plays, containing some in prosecution of her primary design, which she thus completed, and some on

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miscellaneous subjects. Besides those above-mentioned, during the long period of her career, she published various other dramas, and all her writings in this form exhibit great originality, power, and knowledge of human nature. Her works also are rich in imagery, and a pure and energetic strain of poetry pervades them. For the great effects she produced she was little indebted to study, of which her pages bear few indications. The characters she pourtrayed, the stories on which her plays were founded, and the management of them, proceeded almost entirely from her own invention. She was the authoress, also, of some poems, as well as songs, of high merit, among which may be especially mentioned those well-known favourite Scottish ones entitled, "The bride, she is winsome an' bonnie," and "It fell on a morning when we were thrang;" and the lyrical compositions scattered through her dramas are distinguished by their freshness and beauty. Some of her plays were represented on the stage, but without much success. Passion in them is forcibly and faithfully delineated, but without those startling and effective situations calculated to obtain theatrical triumph. Unmarried, and dwelling out of London, she had not those opportunities of frequenting the theatre which are necessary for the production of compositions popular in representation. It must be remembered, also, that female delicacy places a limit not only to the exuberance of passion, but also to the choice of subjects, which interfered both with the force and variety of her plays.

After Joanna Baillie had left Scotland, in 1784, she did not return to her native land, except for occasional visits. Upon the marriage of her brother, in 1791, with Miss Denman, the sister of the Lord Chief-Justice Denman, Joanna Baillie, with her mother and sister, passed some years at Colchester, but subsequently settled at Hampstead, near London, where she resided for more than half a century. Her mother died in 1806, and her sole companion during the remainder of her life was her sister, whose character, virtues, and claims upon the affections of the poetess, are beautifully commemorated by her in an address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her birth-day. The means of Joanna Baillie were sufficient for every comfort, and enabled her to see many of the most distinguished individuals the great metropolis contained, who, attracted by her high reputation, her perfect simplicity of manners, and the talent and shrewdness of her conversation, resorted freely to her home. Sir Walter Scott was one of her warmest friends and most ardent admirers, as many passages in his writings declare. Joanna Baillie was under the middle size, but not diminutive, and her form was slender. Her countenance indicated high talent, worth, and decision. Her life was characterized by the purest morality. Her principles were sustained by a strong and abiding sense of religion, while her great genius, and the engrossing pursuits of composition, never interfered with her active benevolence, or the daily duties of life. She died in her house, in Hampstead, on the 23d day of February, 1851.

BALFOUR, Dr. Robert.—This distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, was born in Edinburgh, in April, 1740. He was early trained by his pious parents to the knowledge and practice of Christianity. He received his education at Edinburgh, and when only in the twelfth year of his age, came under decidedly religious impressions, which, joined to the natural amiability of his disposition, his promising talents, and diligence and success in his studies, gave a peculiar interest to his youthful character. When a mere youth, he became a member of a society which met for religious conversation and prayer. The devotional tendency of his mind, thus early acquired, was a prominent feature of his cha-

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racter through life. Of his college career no record has been preserved; but that he soon gave indications of the talent which afterwards raised him to eminence, may be inferred from his having secured the friendship of Dr. Erskine, Lady Glenorchy, and other distinguished Christians of that day, who formed a high estimate of his abilities, and entertained sanguine expectations of his success as a preacher. In 1774, he was ordained to the ministry of the gospel in the small rural charge of Lecropt, near Stirling. Here he laboured with much acceptance and usefulness for five years, not inattentive meanwhile to his personal improvement, and in his pulpit duties giving no doubtful presages of the professional distinction and influence to which he was destined to rise. In June, 1779, he was translated to the Outer High Church of Glasgow, then vacant by the removal of Mr. Randal (afterwards Dr. Davidson) to Edinburgh.

At the time of Dr. Balfour's settlement in Glasgow, evangelical religion was at a low ebb in the Established Church throughout Scotland, and a blighting Moderatism was in the ascendant. Dr. Balfour, from the outset of his ministry, warmly espoused the evangelical cause, which he recommended alike by the power of his preaching, and by the active benevolence and consistency of his life. His ministry in Glasgow gave a fresh impulse to the revival and diffusion of pure and undefiled religion in the west of Scotland. Christian missions were then in their infancy, and in Scotland met with much opposition from the dominant party in the Established Church. In the General Assembly of 1796, missionary enterprise to the heathen was denounced as corrupting the innocence and happiness of savage life, and missionary societies as "highly dangerous in their tendency to the good order of society" in this country. It was on this memorable occasion that Dr. Erskine, then in his seventy-fifth year, vindicated the scriptural claims and obligations of missions to the heathen, in a speech which has become famous for its exordium—"Moderator, rax me that Bible!" Dr. Balfour was one of the founders of the Glasgow Missionary Society, which was established in 1796, a few months after the institution of the London Missionary Society. He preached a striking sermon at the commencement of the Society, which was one of the few discourses he ventured on publishing; and one of his last public acts, twenty-two years afterwards, was to sign a circular letter as its president. The following passage from the discourse just mentioned, bears testimony to the earnest interest he felt in the missionary cause, and affords an example of a style of appeal, which, with the aid of his melodious voice, keen eye, and graceful and fervid elocution, must have proved singularly animating. After describing the true missionary spirit and character, he proceeded—"We invite and press all of this description to come forward full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. We cannot, we will not tempt you with worldly prospects—if you are right-hearted men according to your profession, you will not seek great things for yourselves—you must not think of an easy life—you must labour hard—you must encounter difficulties, opposition, and dangers; for these, however, you are not unprovided. * * * We will follow you with our prayers, and with every blessing in our power to bestow. But what is of infinitely greater moment and advantage to you is, that the Lord Jesus, whose religion you are to teach, will be with you, and that he is greater than all who can be against you. Depending, then, on Him alone for your own salvation, and for the salvation of the heathen, seeking not your own pleasure, profit, or honour, but that he may be glorified in and by you, and by sinners converted from the error of their way, be not afraid—be strong and of good courage. To all who thus

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devote themselves to his service, we most heartily bid God speed. Fly, ye angels of grace, from pole to pole, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth, bearing to all men the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel; stop not in this bold flight of philanthropy, till you convey to the simple sons of the isles the knowledge of the true God and eternal life—till you arrest the wanderings of the roving savage with the wonders of redeeming grace—till you dart the beams of celestial light and love into the dark habitations of ignorance and cruelty—till you convert the barbarous cannibal to humanity, to Christian gentleness and goodness. Hasten to the shores of long-injured Africa, not to seize and sell the bodies of men, but to save their perishing souls. Follow the miserable captives to their several sad destinations of slavery, with the inviting proclamation of spiritual liberty, while you inculcate the strictest duty to their masters. Speed your way to India, to repay her gold with the unsearchable riches of Christ. Meet all the high pretensions of the Brahmin religion and literature, and all their fatal delusions and cruel impositions, with the overpowering evidence of the Christian as a divine revelation—with the full luminous display of evangelical truth and holiness. Cease not, till you see the whole earth filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the channel of the sea."

Dr. Balfour was "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures." But his was not an eloquence which sought its reward in popular applause. It flowed spontaneously from a heart deeply imbued with love to the Saviour and to the souls of men. Earnest preaching made earnest listening, and whilst his reputation in the pulpit continued unimpaired to the close of his life, the fruits of his ministry were abundant, and his influence extended far beyond the limits of his own congregation. His preaching was clear and comprehensive; textual, luminous, and pointed; exhibiting a remarkable intimacy with the varieties of Christian experience, and a profound knowledge of human nature; animated with a warm and persuasive earnestness; faithful and close in applying the truth; and exhibiting an exuberant flow of appropriate and powerful expression. All his pulpit addresses bore the impress of the cross; he preached Christ and the doctrines of salvation by free grace with simplicity and godly sincerity. "Those who have listened to him," wrote his attached friend, the late Dr. Wardlaw, "in his happy moments of warm and passioned elevation, have heard him pour forth the fulness of an affectionate spirit; warning, alarming, inviting, persuading, beseeching; his whole soul thrown into his countenance; and, in his penetrating eye, the fire of ardent zeal gleaming through the tears of benignity and love." His preaching engagements were frequent, and he was always ready to afford his services on every call of public usefulness. He was not in the habit of writing his discourses at full length, but his preparations for the pulpit were never relaxed. Although not displaying the plodding habits of the scholar, he kept up his knowledge of general literature, and cultivated an acquaintance with the works of the best authors in his own profession. His morning hours were consecrated to study and devotion. He possessed the power of readily commanding his thoughts in the intervals of daily occupation, and was in the habit, to use his own expression, of "carrying about" with him the subjects on which he intended to preach. His stores of thought and illustration were ample and exuberant, and, being gifted with a ready utterance, he could on every occasion express himself with ease and propriety. Without the appearance of much labour, therefore, he was able to appear in the pulpit with a felicity and success to which men of inferior minds

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find it impossible to attain after the most laborious efforts. He seldom engaged in controversy, and did not often obtrude himself upon the notice of church courts, for the business of which, however, he showed no want of aptitude. His modesty and humility prevented him from issuing more than a few of his more public and elaborate productions through the press. An anecdote is related of him, which illustrates his disinclination to publish, as well as the readiness with which he could draw in an emergency upon the resources of his richly-stored mind. On one occasion, after having preached with much acceptance on the divinity of Christ, he was waited upon by a young man, who, on his own part and that of two companions, preferred an urgent request that he would print his discourse, assigning as a reason that it had completely relieved their minds of doubts which they had been led to entertain on this momentous doctrine, and that it was fitted to have the same effect upon the minds of others similarly situated. On the Doctor expressing his aversion to appear in print, his visitor entreated the favour of a perusal of the manuscript. In this he was equally unsuccessful; for it then appeared that the Doctor, on proceeding to the church, had found himself—from some unwonted and inexplicable cause—utterly incapable of recalling the train of thought which had occupied his mind in preparing for the pulpit; and at the last moment he was under the necessity of choosing a new text, from which he delivered the unpremeditated discourse that had produced such a salutary impression upon the minds of his three youthful hearers.

The ministrations of Dr. Balfour were not confined to the pulpit; he laboured assiduously from house to house, and proved himself a "son of consolation" in chambers of sickness and death. His philanthropy and public spirit led him also to take an active interest in every object for the relief and comfort of suffering humanity. His comprehensive Christian charity embraced all of every name in whom he recognized the image of his Lord and Master. Although himself conscientiously attached to the Established Church, he exemplified a generous and cordial liberality towards those who dissented from her communion. Christians of every persuasion united in esteeming and loving him; and his praise was in all the churches. When called up to the metropolis in 1798, to preach before the London Missionary Society, he gave expression to views of Christian catholicity and union, which the organizations of later times have scarcely yet realized:—"Why," said he, "may not every Christian society, and all denominations of Christian society, anticipate in their experience and relative situations, and exemplify to the world that happy state of things which we believe shall take place at the time appointed of the Father, and shall continue in the world for a thousand years? Though we cannot agree in all our views of divine truth, and therefore *must* have our separate churches to maintain our several distinct professions of Christian tenets, I have often thought that we might, with an equally good conscience, meet occasionally, not only to converse, and pray, and sing praise, but to eat together the Lord's Supper, in testimony of the faith and profession of fundamental principles wherein we are more closely united than we are by other things removed from one another. * * * O thrice blessed day! God of love, thy kingdom come! Prince of peace, let thy rest be visible and glorious! O! gracious Divine Spirit, fly like the peaceful dove over the field of universal nature, to produce, preserve, promote, and perfect the reign of kindness and of happiness, till misery be banished from the earth, murmurs be silenced, love and gratitude be excited, charity and generosity triumph, and all

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things which are on earth be reconciled to God, and to the whole world of the intelligent and moral creation."

His attachment to his congregation, which embraced many godly persons, was evinced on the occasion of his receiving an offer to be presented to Lady Glenorchy's chapel in Edinburgh, which he declined, although in a worldly point of view it possessed considerable advantages over his charge in Glasgow. He was alike frank, friendly, and accessible to all classes of his people, and had always a kind word for the poor. He showed great tact in dealing with the humbler members of his flock, who sometimes came to the good man with unreasonable complaints. When the old-fashioned practice of the precentor reading line by line of the psalm was discontinued, an ancient dame presented herself to the minister, to express her concern at the innovation, at the same time gently reproaching him for departing from a good old custom of our pious forefathers—a custom, be it remembered, which had been introduced at a time when few persons in a congregation were able to read. "Oh, Janet," replied the doctor, in a tone of kindly remonstrance, "I read the psalm, and you sing it; what's the use of coming over it a third time?" "Ou sir," was the ready answer, "I juist like to gust my gab wi't!" In process of time "repeating tunes" were introduced in the precentor's desk, and Janet hastened forthwith to the minister, to lodge her complaint against the profane innovation. "What's the matter wi' ye now?" inquired the doctor, as he welcomed the worthy old dame into his presence. "The sang tunes, wi' their o'ercomes brocht into the worship of the sanctuary," quoth she; "it's juist usin' vain repetitions, as the heathens do." "Oh dear no, Janet," slyly interposed the doctor, "we juist like to gust our gabs wi't!"

Dr. Balfour married, in November, 1774, Isabella Stark, daughter of Mr. Stark, collector of excise at Kirkaldy. She died in October, 1781. In June, 1787, he married Catherine M'Gilchrist, daughter of Mr. Archibald M'Gilchrist, town-clerk of the city of Glasgow. She died in May, 1817. These were not the only instances of domestic bereavement which he experienced in the course of his life. He preached on the day after the celebration of the Lord's Supper at Dumbarton, in July, 1786, with an earnestness and solemnity more fervid and impressive than ordinary, as if his mind were under a powerful impulse. On his way home he received information of the death of a beloved and only son, in circumstances fitted deeply to wound his heart. Henry, a fine spirited boy, had been left by his father, then a widower, during an absence of some days, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Denniston of West Thorn, and was accidentally drowned in the Clyde. After recovering from the first paroxysm of grief occasioned by the heart-rending intelligence, Dr. Balfour hastened to tender his sympathy to his deeply afflicted friends, whose kindness had been permitted to prove the innocent cause of involving him and his family in this calamity. This he did, in the first instance, in a letter of touching pathos and beauty, which afterwards found its way to the public, and was embodied in a little volume of "Letters addressed to Christians in Affliction," published in 1817. The death of his son Archibald took place many years previously, on the day when he preached the sermon by appointment of the Glasgow Missionary Society. His own death was sudden. On the 13th of October, 1818, Dr. Balfour appeared to be in his usual health and spirits. In the course of the day he became unwell while walking out with a friend, and made an effort to return home. But his illness increasing, he was assisted into a friend's house in George Street,

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from which it was deemed imprudent to attempt to remove him. The symptoms were found to be those of apoplexy. He continued in a state of insensibility till the evening of the next day, the 14th, when he expired. He died in the seventy-first year of his age and forty-fifth year of his ministry. Of his whole family, only two daughters survived him: by his first marriage, Isabella, married to John Duncan Esq., merchant, Glasgow, son of his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Duncan of Alva; and Margaret, by his second marriage. We cannot better conclude our brief sketch of the life of this estimable man and eminent minister, than by the following tribute to his memory by Dr. Chalmers, who, when settled in Glasgow, ever found a true friend in Dr. Balfour, one perfectly free from all professional jealousy, and who rejoiced at the progress and success of that great man's peculiar parochial labours:—

"The pulpit is not the place for panegyric, but surely it is the place for demonstrating the power of Christianity, and pointing the eye of hearers to its actual operation; and without laying open the solitude of his religious exercises, without attempting to penetrate into the recesses of that spirituality which, on the foundation of a living faith, shed the excellence of virtue over the whole of his character, without breaking in upon the hours of his communion with his God, or marking the progress and the preparation of his inner man for that heaven to which he has been called,—were I called upon to specify the Christian grace which stood most visibly and most attractively out in the person of the departed, I would say that it was a cordiality of love, which, amid all the perversities and all the disappointments of human opposition, was utterly unextinguishable; that over every friend who differed from him in opinion he was sure to gain that most illustrious of all triumphs, the triumph of a charity which no resistance could quell; that from the fulness of his renewed heart there streamed a kindliness of regard, which, whatever the collision of sentiment, or whatever the merits of the contest, always won for him the most Christian and the most honourable of all victories. And thus it was that the same spirit which bore him untainted through the scenes of public controversy, did, when seated in the bosom of his family, or when moving through the circle of his extended acquaintanceship, break out in one increasing overflow of good-will on all around him; so that, perhaps, there is not a man living who, when he comes to die, will be so numerously followed to the grave by our best of all mourners—the mourners of wounded affection, the mourners of the heart, the mourners who weep and are in heaviness under the feeling of a private, and a peculiar, and a personal bereavement."

BALMER, Rev. Robert, D.D.—This profound theologian and valued ornament of the Secession church, was born at Ormiston Mains, in the parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire, on the 22d of November, 1787. His father, who was a land-steward, was a man in comfortable though not affluent circumstances, and Robert's earliest education—besides the ordinary advantages which the peasantry of Scotland possessed—enjoyed the inestimable benefit of a careful religious superintendence, both of his parents being distinguished for piety and intelligence. The result of such training was quickly conspicuous in the boy, who, as soon as he could read, was an earnest and constant reader of the Bible, while his questions and remarks showed that he studied its meaning beyond most persons of his age. His thirst for general knowledge was also evinced by a practice sometimes manifested by promising intellectual boyhood—this was the arresting of every stray-leaf that fell in his way, and making himself master of its contents, instead of throwing it carelessly to the winds. On the death of

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his father, Robert, who, although only ten years old, was the eldest of the family, on the evening of the day of the funeral, quietly placed the books for family worship before his widowed mother, as he had wont to do before his departed parent when he was alive. She burst into tears at this touching remembrance of her bereavement, but was comforted by the considerate boy, who reminded her that God, who had taken away his father, would still be a Father to them, and would hear them—"and, mother," he added, "we must not go to bed to-night without worshipping him." Consolation so administered could not be otherwise than effectual: the psalm was sung, the chapter read, and the prayer offered up by the sorrowing widow in the midst of her orphans; and the practice was continued daily for years, until Robert was old enough to assume his proper place as his father's representative.

The studious temperament of Robert Balmer, which was manifested at an early period, appears to have been not a little influenced by his delicate health, that not only prevented him from joining in the more active sports of his young compeers, but promoted that thoughtfulness and sensibility by which sickly boyhood is frequently characterized. The same circumstance also pointed out to him his proper vocation; and he said, on discovering his inability even for the light work of the garden, "Mother, if I do not gain my bread by my head, I'll never do it with my hands." As to which of the learned professions he should select, the choice may be said to have been already made in consequence of his domestic training: he would be a minister of the gospel, and that, too, in the Secession Church to which his parents belonged. He proceeded to the study of Latin, first at the parish school of Morebattle, and afterwards that of Kelso, at the latter of which seminaries he formed a close acquaintanceship with his schoolfellow, Thomas Pringle, afterwards known as the author of "African Sketches," which was continued till death. In 1802 Mr. Balmer entered the University of Edinburgh, and, after passing through the usual course of classical, ethical, and scientific study, was enrolled as a student in theology in connection with the Associate Synod. Even already he had established for himself such a respectable intellectual reputation, that his young brethren in preparation for the ministry received him with more than ordinary welcome. As Dr. Lawson, the Theological Professor of the Associate Synod, lectured only for two months of each year, at the end of summer and commencement of autumn, Mr. Balmer, in common with several of his fellow-students, attended the regular course of theology during the winters at the university of Edinburgh. They thus availed themselves of the two-fold means of improvement which they possessed, without any compromise of their principles being exacted in return; and the fruits of this were manifest in after life, not only by the highly-superior attainments of many of the Secession ministry, but the liberal spirit and kindly feeling which they learned to cherish toward their brethren of the Established Church, and the affectionate intercourse that often continued between them to the end. This, however, alarmed some of the elder and more rigid brethren of the Synod: they thought that this liberality savoured of lukewarmness, and would in time prove a grievous snare; and, under the impression, an overture was introduced into the Synod, for the prevention of all such erratic courses in future. The students of Selkirk, who studied under Dr. Lawson, took the alarm at this threatened restriction, and the petition and remonstrance presented by them in vindication was drawn up by Mr. Balmer. Although some indignation was expressed at the students for the liberty they had thus

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taken in addressing the supreme court of their church, the petition was received by the Synod, and the obnoxious overture dismissed. One of the senior and leading members observed on this occasion, that he would be sorry to see any measure adopted which would tend to drive from their body the man who could write such a paper.

After having finished the four years' course of divinity prescribed by the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, it was expected that Mr. Balmer should apply for license as a preacher. This was the more necessary in the communion to which he belonged, as the number of its licentiates scarcely equalled that of the vacant congregations. But, to the surprise of his friends, he held back for two years, although his delay was attributed to unworthy motives. Already one of the most promising students of the connection, it was thought that he demurred from mere pride of intellect, and was unwilling to identify himself with a cause which as yet had produced so few men of high mark: others, who were aware that he had already been advised to pass over to the Established Church, and share in its honours and emoluments, imagined that he had taken the advice to heart, and only waited the fit season for such a step. But these surmises were as unkind as they were untrue. His ambition went no higher than to be the humble, useful minister of some country Burgher congregation, while his humility confirmed him in the belief that he would have for his brethren men of still higher attainments than his own. His delay entirely originated in scruples of conscience. He had thought anxiously and profoundly upon the subject, and could not wholly admit the formula which he would be required to subscribe as a licentiate. "On the question," he afterwards said, "demanding an assent to the Confession and Catechisms, I stated, that to me these documents appeared so extensive and multifarious as to be disproportioned to the narrow limits of the human mind; that I at least had not studied every expression in them so carefully as to be prepared to assent to it with the solemnity of an oath; that I approved of them, however, in so far as I had studied them; and that the Presbytery might ascertain, by strict examination, the amount of my attainments, and treat me accordingly—which of course they did." His scruples were respected, his explanations in assenting to the formula admitted, and on the 4th of August, 1812, he was licensed as a preacher of the gospel by the Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh.

On commencing the great work to which all his studies had been hitherto directed, and all his life was to be henceforth devoted, Mr. Balmer began under rather inauspicious circumstances. All are aware how essential certain external advantages are in the formation of an acceptable and popular preacher, and how completely a Dissenting preacher depends upon this popularity for his call to the ministry, and the successful discharge of his duties. But in the graces of person and manner Mr. Balmer was decidedly wanting. His eyes, from their weakness, had an unpleasant cast, and his figure was ungainly; his voice was monotonous; and his gestures were, to say the least, inelegant. For a person in his position to surmount such obstacles argued a mind of no ordinary power. And he did surmount them. Such was the depth and originality of thought, the power of language, and heart-moving unction which his sermons possessed, that his growing acceptability bade fair in a short time to convert these defects into positive excellencies in the eyes of his captivated auditories. In a few months he received calls from not less than four congregations, so that he would have been in a strait to choose, had not the laws of his church provided for such

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doubtful emergencies. Amid such competition, the choice devolved upon the Synod, modified, however, by the personal wishes of the preacher thus called; and on Balmer expressing a preference for the congregation at Berwick, he was ordained its minister on the 23d of March, 1814.

The life of a Secession minister in a third-rate town affords few points for a limited memoir. They are also of such a regular monotonous character, that the history of a single month is a sufficient specimen of whole years so occupied. And yet, while thus employed, Mr. Balmer was neither a dull nor inefficient workman. He threw the whole of his large intellect and warm heart into his sacred duties; and while he secured the love of his congregation, his reputation was silently growing and going onward, until, without seeking it, he found himself a man of high mark and influence in that important segment of the church universal to which he belonged. And all the while he was continuing to improve his faculties, and extend his intellectual resources, for his was not a mind to rest satisfied with past acquirements, however sufficient they might be for the present demand. Events also occurred, or were searched out and found sufficient to keep up that wholesome stir of mind without which the best of duties are apt to become a monotonous task. Among these was the exercise of his pen in a review of the work of "Hall of Leicester on Terms of Communion," which was inserted in two numbers of the Christian Repository of 1817. He was also on several occasions a visitor to London, whither he was called on clerical duty; and in these southward journeys he enjoyed much "colloquy sublime" with Robert Hall, of whom his reminiscences are among the most interesting that have appeared of that great pulpit orator and theological metaphysician. He also took a keen interest in the union of the two parties of the Secession Church, known by the names of Burghers and anti-Burghers, which took place in 1820. This was an event that was dear to his heart, for not only was he a lover of Christian concord, and the enemy of all infinitesimal distinctions that keep brethren asunder, but he had been born in that union; for although his father and mother had belonged to the different parties, they had always lived and acted as those who are completely at one. In 1826 he married Miss Jane Scott, daughter of Mr. Alexander Scott of Aberdeen, and sister of John Scott, the well-known author of "Visits to Paris." In the year following he was involved—as what minister in Scotland was not more or less involved—in what is still vividly remembered under the name of the "Apocrypha Controversy." Mr. Balmer endeavoured on this occasion to reconcile the contending parties, and was requited by the suspicions of the one, and the active hostility of the other, for his pains. Such was the fate of not a few at this time who endeavoured to perform the part of peacemakers. They are "blessed" indeed—but not of men, and must look elsewhere than to the earth for their reward. After the Apocryphical, the Voluntary controversy predominated, in which the Secession, utterly renouncing the Establishment principle, which it had hitherto recognized in theory, became thoroughly and completely a Dissent, by proclaiming the inexpediency and unlawfulness of civil establishments of religion, and contending for a separation between Church and State. On this occasion, Mr. Balmer took the part that might have been expected from his character and situation. He was allied in friendship with many ministers of the Established Church; and, in common with many of his brethren, he was conscious of the fickleness of popular rule. All this was well so long as the question was left to every man's conscience. But when it swelled into

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a public controversy, and when every person was obliged to take a side, and be either the friend or the enemy of Voluntaryism, Mr. Balmer acted as every Secession minister did, who still meant to abide at his post, instead of passing over to the opposite church. He thought that the voluntary system although an evil, was the least evil of the two, and therefore he became its apologist and advocate.

On the death of Dr. Dick of Glasgow, who for thirteen years had been professor of theology in the Associate, and afterwards of the United Associate Synod, it was resolved to establish three divinity professorships, instead of one. On this occasion Mr. Balmer's high talents were recognized, by his appointment in 1834, first to the chair of pastoral theology, and afterwards to that of systematic theology. Although Glasgow was the sphere of his professorship, his duties called him away from Berwick only two months in the year. The duties of such a brief session, however, were scarcely less than those of a six months' course in our well-endowed universities. The following is an account of them given by one of his pupils:—"It is not, I presume, necessary to say more of the nature of his course than that it consisted of five parts—one preliminary, on the Christian evidences; one supplementary, on Christian morals; the other three consisting respectively of—topics in Revelation preparatory to the scheme of redemption; of the work of the Redeemer; and of the blessings of redemption. Those subjects were gone over in a series of lectures, extending over the last three years of the students' course. Each session occupied eight weeks, and the number of weekly lectures, each of an hour's length, was five, so that the total number delivered in a full course was, after every abatement for interruption and irregularity, somewhere below one hundred and twenty. Another hour daily was somewhat irregularly divided between examinations, or rather oral lectures, and hearing of the discourses of between forty and fifty students, in the third and fifth years of their progress, to which was sometimes added an occasional voluntary essay." Of the manner in which these duties were discharged, the same pupil affectionately adds:—"Who can ever forget the hours spent in hearing these prelections, or the singularly impressive manner of him by whom they were delivered? The simplicity of the recluse student, exalted into the heavenliness of mature saintship—the dignified composure, mixed with kindly interest—the look of unworldly purity and abstract intelligence, that more than redeemed the peculiar and unpromising features—the venerable hoary head, that no one could refuse to rise up and honour—all strongly fixed the eye; and then came the full stream of a never-to-be-forgotten voice, monotonous only in simple and unimportant sentences, but varied in striking cadence through all the members of an exquisitely balanced period, and now kindling into animation and emphasis in the glow of argument, now sinking into thrilling solemnity and tenderness with the falls of devout emotion; while all the while no play of look, or fervour of tone, or strange sympathetic gesture, could disturb your idea of the reigning self-possession and lofty moral dignity of the speaker. Never had lecturer a more attentive audience. The eagerness of note taking alone broke the general silence."

When these important labours were finished, Mr. Balmer returned at the end of each session to Berwick, not for the purpose of rest, however, but to resume his clerical duties with double vigour. In this way his life went on from year to year—silent indeed, and overlooked by the world in general; but who can trace or fully estimate the effects of such a life upon the generations to come? He who in such fashion rears up teachers of religion may live and die unnoticed,

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but never unfelt: his deeds will travel onward, from generation to generation, even when his name has utterly passed away; he will still live and instruct, in his pupils, and the disciples of his pupils, though his dust may long ago have mouldered in the winds. In 1840 Mr. Balmer received from the university of St. Andrews the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which was spontaneously conferred upon him by the Senatus, without influence or solicitation. During the latter years of his life, a controversy was agitated in the United Secession, upon the extent of the atonement, which threatened at one time to rend that church asunder, and which even yet has not been terminated. In such a case, it could not be otherwise than that Dr. Balmer, however unwillingly, should express his sentiments upon the question at issue. This he did, but with such gentleness and moderation, as to soften the keenness of debate, and increase the general esteem in which he was held by all parties. After this his season arrived in which every theological doubt and difficulty ends in unswerving and eternal certainty. A short but severe illness, the result of mental anxiety acting upon a feeble frame—the first and last attack of serious pain and sickness he had ever felt—ended his life on the 1st of July, 1844. This event, however anticipated from his years and growing infirmities, not only threw his whole congregation into the deepest sorrow, each individual feeling himself bereaved of an honoured and affectionate father, but struck with a sudden thrill the extensive Associate Secession church through its whole range in Scotland and England. Even the funeral of Dr. Balmer was significant of his catholic liberality and high talents—of one who had lived in Christian peace and love with all, and won the admiration and esteem of all; for in the town business was suspended, the inhabitants assembled as if some prince of the land was to be honoured and bewailed in his death, and the coffin was followed to the grave by the ministers of every denomination, both of the English and Scottish Establishment and Dissent, who dwelt in the town and country. A monumental obelisk was soon after erected over the grave by his affectionate congregation. Two volumes of his writings have also been published since his death, the one consisting of Pulpit Discourses, and the other of Academical Lectures, in which the high estimate taken of his talents by the church to which he belonged is fully justified.

BARTON, Andrew, High Admiral of Scotland.—The fifteenth century was the great era of maritime adventure and discovery; and in these it might have been expected that Scotland would have taken her full share. The troubled state of the country, however, and the poverty of its sovereigns, prevented the realization of such a hope. There was no royal navy, and such ships as were to be found in the Scottish service were merchant vessels, and the property of private individuals. Still, there was no lack of stout hardy sailors and skilful commanders; and although the poverty of Scotland was unable to furnish those ample means that were necessary for remote and uncertain voyages of discovery, the same cause made them eager to enjoy the advantages of traffic with those countries that were already known. Another cause of this was the long peace with England during the reign of Henry VII., so that those daring spirits who could no longer find occupation in fight or foray by land, were fain to have recourse to the dangers of another element. The merchant, also, who embarked with his own cargo, was obliged to know something more than the gainful craft of a mere trader. He was captain as well as proprietor, and had to add the science of navigation and the art of warfare on sea, to that of skilful bargaining on shore, and thus, in every variety of ways, his intellectual powers were tried

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and perfected. This was an occupation well fitted to the Scottish mind, in which it consequently became so pre-eminent, that during the reigns of James III. and James IV., it seemed a doubtful question whether Scotland or England was to bear the "meteor flag" of the island; and of the merchant captains of this period, the most distinguished were Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo; Sir Alexander Mathieson; William Merrimonth, of Leith, who, for his naval skill, was called the "king of the sea," and the Bartons.

This Barton family, which for two generations produced naval commanders of great celebrity, first appeared in Scottish history in 1476. This was in consequence of John Barton, the father of Andrew, having been plundered, and as it has been added, murdered, by the Portuguese, who at that period were all-prevalent upon the ocean. The unfortunate mariner, however, had three sons, the oldest of whom was Andrew, all brought up from boyhood in his own profession, and not likely to allow their father's death to pass unquestioned. Andrew accordingly instituted a trial in Flanders, where the murder was perpetrated, and obtained a verdict in his favour; but the Portuguese refusing to pay the awarded penalty, the Bartons applied to their own sovereign for redress. James accordingly sent a herald to the king of Portugal; but this application having also been in vain, he granted to the Bartons letters of reprisal, by which they were allowed to indemnify themselves by the strong hand upon the ships of the Portuguese. And such a commission was not allowed to lie idle. The Bartons immediately threw themselves into the track of the richly-laden carracks and argosies of Portugal in their homeward way from India and South America; and such was their success, that they not only soon indemnified themselves for their losses, but obtained a high reputation for naval skill and valour. Among the rich Indian spoil that was brought home on this occasion, were several Hindoo and negro captives, whose ebony colour and strange features astounded, and also alarmed the simple people of Scotland. James IV. turned these singular visitants to account, by making them play the part of Ethiopian queens and African sorcerers in the masques and pageants of his court. This was in itself a trifle, but it gave a high idea of the growing naval importance of Scotland, when it could produce such spectacles as even England, with all its superior wealth, power, and refinement, was unable to furnish.

It was not merely in such expeditions which had personal profit or revenge for their object that the Bartons were exclusively employed; for they were in the service of a master (James IV.) who was an enthusiast in naval affairs, and who more than all his predecessors understood the necessity of a fleet as the right arm of a British sovereign. This was especially the case in his attempts to subjugate the Scottish isles, that for centuries had persisted in rebellion under independent kinglings of their own, and in every national difficulty had been wont to invade the mainland, and sweep the adjacent districts with fire and sword. For the purpose of reducing them to complete obedience, James not only led against them an army in person, but employed John Barton, one of the three brothers, to conduct a fleet, and invade them by sea. The use of ships in such a kind of warfare was soon apparent: the islanders retreated from the royal army, as heretofore, in their galleys, and took refuge among their iron-bound coasts, but found these no longer places of safety when their fastnesses were assailed from the sea, and their strong castles bombarded. The chiefs, therefore, yielded themselves to the royal authority, and from thenceforth lived in most unwonted submission. While thus the Scottish flag waved over those

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islands that had hitherto been the strongholds of rebellion, another of the Bartons was employed to vindicate its dignity abroad and among foreigners. This was Andrew, who for some time had held with his brothers the chief direction of maritime affairs in Scotland, and been employed in the formation of a royal navy, as well as in cruises against the rich carracks of Portugal. The Hollanders, in the true spirit of piracy by which the maritime communities of Europe were at this time inspired, had attacked a small fleet of Scottish merchant vessels, and not only plundered them, but murdered the crews, and thrown their bodies into the sea. This outrage, from a people with whom the Scots were at peace, was not to be tolerated, and Andrew Barton was sent with a squadron to chastise the offenders. And this he did with a merciless severity that reminds us of the "Douglas Larder." He captured many of the piratical ships, and not only put their crews to death, but barrelled their heads in the empty casks which he found in the vessels, and sent them home to his sovereign, to prove how well he had discharged his duty.

The time had now arrived, however, when Andrew Barton, after having made so many successful cruises, was to fall upon the deck where he had so often stood a conqueror. His death, also, strangely enough, was mainly owing to the tortuous intrigues of a pontiff, about whom, it is probable, he had heard little, and cared still less. Julius II. having formed designs of political self-aggrandizement which a war between France and England would have prevented, was anxious to find the latter sufficient occupation at home, with its turbulent neighbours, the Scots. Portuguese envoys, therefore, at the English court represented to Henry VIII. the whole family of the Bartons as pirates, who indiscriminately plundered the ships of every country; and they charged Andrew, in particular, with these offences, and represented how desirable it would be if the English seas could be rid of his presence. Henry listened to these suggestions, and, with his wonted impetuosity assented to their fulfilment, although a war with Scotland was at that time the least desirable event that could have befallen him. It has also been alleged by English writers, that Andrew Barton, in his war against the Portuguese, had not been over-scrupulous in confining himself to his letters of reprisal, but had also overhauled and pillaged English vessels, under the pretext that they had Portuguese goods on board. Such, at least, was generally believed in England; and the Earl of Surrey, to whom the naval affairs of the kingdom chiefly belonged, is declared to have sworn that the narrow seas should no longer be thus infested, while his estate could furnish a ship, or his family a son to command it.

The threat of Surrey was not an idle one. He fitted out two men of-war, one of them the largest in the English navy, and sent them under the command of his sons, Lord Thomas Howard, and Sir Edward Howard, afterwards lord high admiral, to find and encounter the terrible Scottish seaman. They had not long to seek, for in the Downs they were apprized of his neighbourhood by the captain of a merchant vessel which he had plundered on the day preceding. Barton had just returned from a cruise against the Portuguese, with two ships, one the Lion, which himself commanded, and the other a small armed pinnace. When the Howards approached, they hoisted no war signal, but merely put up a willow wand on their masts, as if they were peaceful traders; but when Andrew Barton approached, they hoisted their national flag, and fired a broadside into his vessel. On finding that he had enemies to deal with, although they were of superior force, he fearlessly advanced to the encounter. Distinguished

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by his rich dress, his splendid armour of proof, and the gold chain around his neck, to which was attached a whistle of the same metal, the emblem of his office as high admiral of Scotland, he took his stand upon the highest part of the deck, and encouraged his men to fight bravely. The battle commenced, and continued on both sides with the utmost desperation. One manœuvre of Scottish naval warfare which Barton used, was derived from an old Roman practice used against the Carthaginians, although he had, perhaps, never read their history; this was, to drop large weights or beams from the yard-arms of his vessel into that of the enemy, and thus sink it while the two ships were locked together; but, to accomplish this feat, it was necessary for a man to go aloft to let the weight fall. The English commander, apprised of this, had appointed the best archer of his crew to keep watch upon the movement, and shoot every man who attempted to go aloft for the purpose. The archer had already brought down two Scottish seamen who had successively ventured to ascend, when Andrew Barton seeing the danger, resolved to make the attempt himself. As he ascended the mast for this purpose, Lord Howard cried to his archer, "Shoot, villain, and shoot true, on peril of thy life." "An' I were to die for it," replied the man despondingly, "I have but two arrows left." These, however, he used with his utmost strength and skill. The first shaft bounded from Barton's coat of proof, but the second entered the crevice of his armour, as he stretched up his hand in the act of climbing the mast, and inflicted a mortal wound through the arm-pit. He descended as if unhurt, and exclaimed, "Fight on, my merry men; I am but slightly wounded, and will rest me awhile, but will soon join you again; in the meantime, stand you fast by the cross of Saint Andrew!" He then blew his whistle during the combat, to encourage his followers, and continued to sound it as long as life remained. After his death the conflict terminated in the capture of the Lion, and also the pinnace, called the Jenny Pirwen, which were brought in triumph into the Thames. The Lion was afterwards adopted into the English navy, and was the second largest ship in the service, the Great Henry, the first vessel which the English had expressly constructed for war, being the largest.

Such was the end of Andrew Barton, a bright name in the early naval history of Scotland. While his death was felt as a great national calamity, it was particularly affecting to James IV., whose nautical studies he had directed, and whose infant navy he had made so distinguished among the European maritime powers. Rothesay herald was instantly despatched to London, to complain of this breach of peace, and demand redress; but to this appeal Henry VIII. arrogantly replied, that Barton was a pirate, and that the fate of pirates ought never to be a subject of contention between princes. Here, however, the matter was not to rest. Robert Barton, one of Andrew's brothers, was immediately furnished with letters of reprisal against the English; and thus commissioned, he swept the narrow seas so effectually, that he soon returned to Leith with thirteen English prizes. War by sea between England and Scotland was soon followed by war by land, and in the letter of remonstrance and defiance to Henry VIII., with which James preceded the invasion of England, the unjust slaughter of Andrew Barton, and the capture of his ships, were stated among the principal grievances for which redress was thus sought. Even when battle was at hand, also, Lord Thomas Howard sent a message to the Scottish king, boasting of his share in the death of Barton, whom he persisted in calling a pirate, and adding, that he was ready to justify the deed in the vanguard, where his command

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lay, and where he meant to show as little mercy as he expected to receive. And then succeeded the battle of Flodden, in which James and the best of the Scottish nobility fell; and after Flodden, a loss occurred which Barton would rather have died than witnessed. This was the utter extinction of the Scottish fleet, which was allowed to lie rotting in the harbours of France, or to be trucked away in inglorious sale, like common firewood. From that period, Scotland so completely ceased to be a naval power, that even at the time of the Union, she not only had no war vessels whatever, but scarcely any merchant ships—the few that lay in her ports being chiefly the property of the traders of Holland;—and full three centuries have to elapse before we find another distinguished Scottish seaman in the naval history of Great Britain.

BELL, Sir Charles, was born at Edinburgh in 1774. His father was a minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and held a small living at Doune, in the county of Perth. As the minister died while still young, his family, consisting of four sons, were thrown upon the maternal care; but this, instead of being a disadvantage, seems to have produced a contrary effect, by the early development of their talents, so that they all attained distinguished positions in society, the first as a writer to the signet, the second as an eminent surgeon, and the third as professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh. Charles, the youngest, was less favourably situated than his brothers for a complete education, but his own observation and natural aptitude supplied the deficiency. "My education," he tells us, "was the example of my brothers." The care of his mother did the rest, so that her youngest and best-beloved child at last outstripped his more favoured seniors, and his grateful remembrance of her lessons and training continued to the end of his life. The history of such a family justifies the saying which the writer of this notice has often heard repeated by a learned professor of the University of Glasgow: "When I see," he said, "a very talented youth who makes his way in the world, I do not ask, Who was his father, but, Who was his mother?" On being removed to the High School of Edinburgh—where, by the way, he made no distinguished figure—Charles was chiefly under the charge of his brother, John, subsequently the eminent surgeon, and it was from him that he derived that impulse which determined his future career. He studied anatomy, and such was his rapid proficiency, that even before he had reached the age of manhood, he was able to deliver lectures on that science, as assistant of his brother, John, to a class of more than a hundred pupils. In 1799, even before he was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, he published the first part of his "System of Dissections." Longing, however, for a wider field of action, and disgusted with the medical controversies which were carried on in Edinburgh, he removed to London in 1804, and threw himself into the arena of the British metropolis. It was a bold step; for at this time, owing to political causes, a Scotsman of education was regarded with suspicion and dislike in this favourite field of Scottish adventure, and Charles Bell, like the rest of his countrymen, was looked upon as an interloper come to supplant the true children of the English soil. But he bravely held onward in his course, and won for himself the esteem of influential friends, the chief of whom were Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Abernethy, and he soon extended the circle by his treatise on the "Anatomy of Expression," which was published in London in 1806. It was a work so admirably suited for painters, in their delineations of human feeling and passion, that the most distinguished artists of the day

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adopted it for their text-book, and were loud in their encomiums of its merits. Still, however, this was but the foundation-stone of his future distinction. Bell had determined to be "chief of his profession in character," and to attain this daring height much had to be surmounted. He commenced as a public lecturer, but upon a humble and disadvantageous scale, as he was still an alien in London; and his early discoveries upon the nervous system, which he was patiently maturing, as his future highest claims to distinction, were as yet but little esteemed by the public, and would be compelled to force their way slowly into notice, if they should ever chance to be noticed. In 1807, the same year in which he commenced his course of lectures, he published his "System of Operative Surgery," a work where all the operations described in it were the result not of mere theory or reading, but of personal experience.

It was amidst this disheartening amount of unthanked, unappreciated toil and disappointment that Charles Bell sought a comforter of his cares; and in 1811 he married Miss Shaw, who not only justified his choice, but made him brother-in-law to two men whose pursuits were congenial to his own. These were John and Alexander Shaw, whom his lessons and example raised into distinguished anatomists and physiologists, while the latter ultimately became the most effective champion of his preceptor's claims to originality in his physiological and anatomical discoveries. Bell's darkened horizon now began to clear, and his worth to be properly estimated. In 1811, the happy year of his marriage, after he had long remained unconnected with any medical school or association, he was allied to the Hunterian School in Windmill Street, as joint lecturer with Mr. Wilson. The extent of his knowledge and power of illustrating it, exhibited in his prelections, and the happy facility of demonstration and expression which he had always at command, soon made his lectures popular, so that in 1814 he was appointed surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital; and here his remarkable skill as an operator, combined with his style of lecturing, which, although not eloquent, was full of thought very strikingly expressed, made him a favourite both with patients and pupils. The result of his labours there, which continued till 1836, enabled him to make the honest boast at his departure, that he had left the institution, which at his entrance was but of small account, "with full wards, and £120,000 in the funds."

As the whole of the preceding period, up to the date of Napoleon's banishment to St. Helena, had been a season of war, the professional talents of Bell had been in request in our military hospitals, and upon the Continent, as well as in London, so that in 1809, immediately after the battle of Corunna, he quitted the metropolis, to attend upon the wounded of the British army. Here his opportunities of acquiring fresh knowledge were eagerly embraced, and the result of his experience was an essay on gun-shot wounds, which appeared as an appendix to his "System of Operative Surgery," published in 1807. After the battle of Waterloo, he also repaired to Brussels, and took the charge of an hospital; and here he was engaged for three successive days and nights in operating upon and dressing the wounds of three hundred soldiers. Of these cases he made various drawings in water-colouring, which are reckoned among the best specimens of such productions in our anatomical school. The following extracts of a letter which he wrote from Brussels to his brother, the distinguished barrister in Edinburgh, will give a clear idea of the occupations of Charles Bell in this labour, which he so kindly and gratuitously undertook, as well as of the men who were now his patients:—"I have just returned from seeing the French

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wounded received in their hospital; and could you see them laid out naked, or almost so—one hundred in a row of low beds on the ground—though wounded, exhausted, beaten, you would still conclude with me that they were men capable of marching unopposed from the west of Europe to the east of Asia: strong, thick-set, hardy veterans, brave spirits and unsubdued, as they cast their wild glance upon you—their black eyes and brown cheeks finely contrasted with the fresh sheets—you would much admire their capacity of adaptation. These fellows are brought from the field after lying many days on the ground; many dying—many in the agony—many miserably racked with pain and spasms; and the next mimics his fellow, and gives it a tune—*Aha, vous chantez bien!* How they are wounded you will see in my notes. But I must not have you to lose the present impression on me of the formidable nature of these fellows as exemplars of the breed in France. It is a forced praise; for from all I have seen, and all I have heard of their fierceness, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, I cannot convey to you my detestation of this race of trained banditti." The following picture which the letter contains of their enemies by whom they were opposed, is equally striking:—"This superb city is now ornamented with the finest groups of armed men that the most romantic fancy could dream of. I was struck with the words of a friend, E——: 'I saw,' said he, '*that* man returning from the field on the 16th—(this was a Brunswicker, of the Black or Death Hussars):—he was wounded, and had his arm amputated on the field. He was among the first that came in. He rode straight and stark upon his horse—the bloody clouts about his stump—pale as death but upright, with a stern, fixed expression of feature, as if loth to lose his revenge.' These troops are very remarkable in their fine military appearance; their dark and ominous dress sets off to advantage their strong, manly northern features and white mustachios; and there is something more than commonly impressive about the whole effect." After this account, the writer returns to his professional occupations. "This," he adds, "is the second Sunday after the battle, and many are not yet dressed. There are 20,000 wounded in this town, besides those in the hospitals, and the many in the other towns—only 3000 prisoners; 80,000, they say, killed and wounded on both sides."

The time at length arrived when Bell was to acquire that full amount of reputation for which he had toiled so long and laboriously, and amidst such unmerited neglect. From an early period his favourite subject of investigation was the nervous system, upon which the most erroneous opinions had hitherto prevailed. Even professional men of high medical and anatomical knowledge rested satisfied in the belief, that all the nerves were alike, and that the superior amount of susceptibility in any organ merely depended upon the greater number of nerves allotted to it. But even before he left Edinburgh, a suspicion had grown upon the mind of Bell, that this prevalent opinion was erroneous, and farther inquiry satisfied him that himself alone was in the right. He found that the nerves were distributed into different classes, to each of which belonged its proper function; and that the same puncture, which, applied to any other of these conductors to the senses, would produce a sensation of pain, when applied to the eye would give only the impression of a flash of light. He saw, also, that the two roots by which the spinal nerves are connected with the vertebral medulla, impart two different powers, the one that of motion, the other that of sensation. In this way he accounted for those cases in which the motive or sensitive powers are singly or severally lost. This discovery, which was as

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wonderful as that of the circulation of the blood, astonished the whole medical world: it was a revelation that had remained unknown till now, and when announced, could not be controverted; and under this new guidance, practical anatomists were directed to the proper seat of the ailments that came under their notice, as well as taught the right mode of cure. His theory, which was published in 1821, in the "Philosophical Transactions," in the form of an essay on the "Nervous System," produced immediate attention, and when its value was appreciated, attempts were made to deny him the merit of the discovery. Fortunately, however, for his claims, he had printed a pamphlet for distribution among his friends, as early as 1811, in which the principal points of his theory were already announced; while his letters, written to his brother upon the subject, were sufficient to put to flight the numerous pretenders who claimed the discovery as their own. His subsequent publications on the "Nervous Circle," and "On the Eye," completely established the existence of a sixth sense, by which we are enabled to ascertain and estimate the qualities of size, weight, form, distance, texture, and resistance.

Bell had now reached the summit of his ambition, and established for himself a European reputation. His suggestions and improvements were adopted in every country where the healing art was studied as a science, while the leading men of the Continent united in testifying to the value of his labours. In 1824 he was appointed to the Senior Chair of Anatomy and Surgery in the London College of Surgeons, while his treatises on "Animal Mechanics," and "On the Hand," and his "Illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology," secured that professional distinction which seemed capable of no farther extension. On the accession of William IV. to the throne, it was resolved to commemorate this event, by conferring the honour of knighthood upon a few of the most eminent scientific men of the period, and in this chosen number Bell was included, with his countrymen Brewster, Leslie, and Ivory. An opportunity now occurred for Sir Charles Bell to return to Scotland after an absence of thirty-two years, by an offer in 1836 of the professorship of Surgery in the university of Edinburgh, which he accepted. It was his prevailing desire, notwithstanding his wide and lucrative practice in London, to have leisure for prosecuting his scientific researches, and to prosecute them among the friends of his youth, and in the place where they had commenced. But unfortunately he found Edinburgh too limited a field for his purposes, and especially for a new and great work upon the "Nervous System," which he wished to publish, with numerous splendid illustrations. Instead of this, he was obliged to content himself with a new edition of the "Anatomy of Expression," which he greatly extended and improved, in the course of a tour through Italy, during the interval of a college session. He also published his "Institutes of Surgery," containing the substance of his lectures delivered in the university. In 1842, during the vacation of summer, Sir Charles left Edinburgh on a journey to London; but, on reaching Hallow Park on the 27th of May, he died suddenly the same night. The cause of his death was *angina pectoris*, brought on, as was supposed by his friends, from disappointment, chiefly arising from the new Medical Reform Bill, which he believed was hostile to the best interests of the profession. His intellectual originality, acuteness of perception, and steady perseverance, by which he attained such distinguished reputation and success, were connected with an amenity and gentleness of disposition that endeared him to the circle of his friends, and the society in which he moved. An excellent portrait and striking likeness of Sir

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Charles Bell was painted by B. Mantyne, of which an engraving by Thomson will be found in the third volume of Pettigrew's "Medical Portrait Gallery."

BELL, JAMES.—This indefatigable geographer was born in 1769, in Jedburgh. His father, the Rev. Thomas Bell, minister of a Relief congregation in that town, and afterwards of Dovehill chapel, in Glasgow, was a man of great worth and considerable learning, and the author of a "Treatise on the Covenants," and several other pieces of a theological kind. In his childhood and youth the subject of our memoir suffered much sickness, and gave little promise either of bodily or mental vigour; but, as he grew up, his constitution improved, and he began to evince that irresistible propensity to reading, or rather devouring all books that came in his way, which ever afterwards marked his character. It was fortunate for him that he was not bereft of his natural guardian until he was considerably advanced in life, for he was quite unfit to push his own way in the world, the uncommon simplicity of his character rendering him the easy dupe of the designing and knavish. He indeed entered into business for a short time as a manufacturer with his characteristic ardour, but finding himself unsuccessful, he betook himself to another and more laborious mode of making a livelihood, but one for which he was far better qualified, namely, the private teaching of Greek and Latin to advanced students. But as his father, with parental prudence, had settled a small annuity upon him, he was enabled to devote a considerable portion of his time to those studies and researches to which his natural inclination early led him, and which he only ceased to prosecute with his life. Mr. Bell used to advert with feelings of peculiar satisfaction to the meetings of a little weekly society which, during this period of his history, were held at his house and under his auspices, and at which the members read essays and debated questions for their mutual entertainment and improvement. On all these occasions, Mr. Bell never failed to contribute his full share to the evening's proceedings, and, when fairly excited, would astonish and delight his associates, particularly the younger part of them, with the extent and variety of his learning, and the astonishing volubility with which he poured forth the treasures of his capacious and well-furnished mind on almost every possible topic of speculation or debate.

Mr. Bell's first appearance as an author was made about the year 1815, when he contributed several valuable chapters to the "Glasgow Geography"—a work which had an extensive circulation, published in five volumes 8vo, by the house of Khull, Blackie, & Co., and which became the foundation of Mr. Bell's "System of Popular and Scientific Geography." In 1824 he published —in conjunction with a young Glasgow linguist of great promise, named John Bell, who died January 1, 1826, but no relative of the subject of this memoir—a thin 8vo volume, entitled, "Critical Researches in Philology and Geography." The philologist contributed two articles to the volume, the one a "Review of Jones's Persian Grammar," and the other a "Review of an Arabic Vocabulary and Index to Richardson's Arabic Grammar, by James Noble, Teacher of Languages, in Edinburgh," both of which are characterized by a minute acquaintance with the subjects under discussion. The geographer's contribution consisted of a very elaborate "Examination of the Various Opinions that in Modern Times have been held respecting the Sources of the Ganges, and the Correctness of the Lamas' Map of Thibet," which elicited high encomiums from some of the leading periodicals of the day.

Geography was the science around which as a nucleus all his sympathies

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gathered, as if by an involuntary and irresistible tendency. To it he consecrated the labour of his life; it was the favourite study of his earlier years, and his old age continued to be cheered by it. In every thing belonging to this science there was a marvellous quickness and accuracy of perception—an extreme justness of observation and inference about him. When the conversation turned upon any geographical subject, his ideas assumed a kind of poetical inspiration, and flowed on in such unbroken and close succession, as to leave no opportunity to his auditors of interposing a question or pursuing a discussion. Once engaged, there was no recalling him from his wild excursive range—on he went, revelling in the intensity of his own enjoyment, and bearing his hearers along with him over chains of mountains and lines of rivers, until they became utterly bewildered by the rapidity with which the physical features of every region of the globe were made to pass in panoramic succession before them.

From his childhood Mr. Bell had been subject to severe attacks of asthma. These gradually assumed a more alarming character, and ultimately compelled him to leave Glasgow for a residence in the country. The place which he selected for his retirement was a humble cottage in the neighbourhood of the village of Campsie, about twelve miles north of Glasgow. Here he spent the last ten or twelve years of his life in much domestic comfort and tranquillity.

He was abstemious in his general habits; and his only earthly regret—at least the only one which he deemed of sufficient consequence to make matter of conversation—was the smallness of his library, and his want of access to books. Yet it is astonishing how little in the republic either of letters or of science he allowed to escape him. His memory was so retentive, that nothing which he had once read was ever forgotten by him. This extraordinary faculty enabled him to execute his literary commissions with a much more limited apparatus of books, than to others less gifted would have been an indispensable requisite.

The closing scene of Mr. Bell's life was calm and peaceful. He had, as already mentioned, long suffered violently from asthma. This painful disease gradually gained upon his constitution, and became more severe in its periodical attacks, and the exhausted powers of nature finally sunk in the struggle. He expired on the 3d of May, 1833, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was buried, at his own express desire, in the old churchyard of Campsie—a beautiful and sequestered spot.

In forming an estimate of Mr. Bell's literary character, we must always keep in view the difficulties with which he had to struggle in his unwearied pursuit of knowledge. He was without fortune, without powerful friends, and destitute, to a great extent, of even the common apparatus of a scholar. He laboured also under defects of physical organization which would have chilled and utterly repressed any mind less ardent and enthusiastic than his own in the pursuit of knowledge: yet he surmounted every obstacle, and gained for himself a distinguished place among British geographers, in despite both of his hard fortune and infirm health. Many men have made a more brilliant display with inferior talents and fewer accomplishments; but none ever possessed a more complete mastery over their favourite science, and could bring to any related task a greater amount of accurate and varied knowledge. That he was an accomplished classical scholar is apparent from the immense mass of erudite allusions which his writings present; but he was not an exact scholar. He knew little of the niceties of language; his compositions are often inelegant and incorrect; he had no idea

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of elaborating the expression of his thoughts, but wrote altogether without attention to effect, and as if there were no such things as order in thinking and method in composition. It would be doing him injustice, however, while on this point, not to allow that his later writings exhibit a closer connection of ideas, and greater succinctness of mental habits than his earlier productions.

Besides the earlier publications already adverted to, Mr. Bell edited an edition of "Rollin's Ancient History," including the volume on the "Arts and Sciences of the Ancients." This work, published in Glasgow, in three closely printed octavo volumes, bears ample evidence to the industry, research, and sagacity of the editor. The notes are of great extent, and many of them on the geography of the ancients, on the bearing of history, on prophecy, more particularly the prophecies of Daniel, or such as those on the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, the march of Hannibal across the Alps, and the ruins of Babylon, amount to discussions of considerable length.

His other great work was his "System of Geography," of which it is sufficient to say, that it has been pronounced decidedly superior as a popular work to that of Malte Brun, and on this account was subsequently republished in America. In this country it obtained a very extensive circulation. The preparation of these works, and of materials left incomplete for a "General Gazetteer," occupied a great many years of Mr. Bell's life. He also took a lively interest in the success of several scientific periodicals, and aided their progress by numerous valuable contributions from his own pen. In all his writings, from the causes already assigned, there is too little effort at analysis and compression. Much might with advantage have been abridged, and much pared off. In his "System of Geography" he occasionally borrowed the correcting pen of a friend, hence its composition is more regulated and chastened.

Mr. Bell's moral character was unimpeachable. He was remarkable for plain, undissembling honesty, and the strictest regard to truth. In all that constituted practical independence of character, he was well furnished; he could neither brook dependence nor stoop to complaint. He was in the strictest sense of the word a pious man. He was a humble and sincere Christian, and his impressions of a religious nature appear to have been acquired in early life. He had a deep sense of the corruption of human nature, and saw the necessity of man's justification by faith alone. He concurred with his whole heart in that interpretation of the doctrines of the Bible commonly called the Calvinistic; but in no sense of the word was he sectarian in spirit; he had no bigotry or intolerance of opinion on religious points, although few could wield the massive weapons of theological controversy with greater vigour and effect.

BIRNIE, Sir Richard.—This distinguished metropolitan police magistrate, to whom London was so much indebted in that great blessing of civilization, the "sweet security of streets," was born at Banff, in the year 1760, and was the son of respectable parents. As they occupied a humble rank in society, their son, Richard, was destined to be a tradesman, and was placed apprentice to a saddler. After having served out the usual time, he repaired to London in quest of more profitable occupation than his own country could at that time supply, and soon obtained a situation as journeyman in the establishment of Macintosh & Co., saddlers and harness-makers in the Haymarket, where he was quickly noted by his employers as an active, industrious, and intelligent workman. This, however, promised little more than a rise of wages, with a shop of his own as the *ultimatum* of the perspective, when one of those accidents

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occurred which secured his way to higher advancement, under the patronage of royalty itself. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) having on some urgent occasion required saddlery to a considerable amount, sent an order to Macintosh & Co., who were saddlers to the Royal Family, requiring some one from their warehouse to come and receive the necessary instructions. The firm was thrown into a sore dilemma by this sudden command, as not only the senior partner but the foreman were laid up with sickness. The most intelligent of their workmen must be selected as a substitute, and in this case Richard Birnie was their mark. He went, and received the behests of his Royal Highness; and his behaviour on this occasion, as well as the correctness with which the order was executed, so satisfied the heir to the throne, that in his future commissions of the same kind, he always added his desire, that the "young Scotchman" should be sent to receive them.

This distinction was the road to fortune, and Richard Birnie was not of a disposition to neglect it. Of these two facts, indeed, his employers were sufficiently aware, so that from a mere workman he became foreman, and afterwards a partner in the establishment. During this rise, he also bettered his condition by matrimony, his wife, the daughter of a rich baker in Oxendon Street, having brought to him a considerable portion in money, besides a cottage, and some valuable land in Acton, Middlesex. After this event, he settled himself as a householder in St. Martin's parish, which entailed upon him a portion of the civic duties of that district; and his intelligence and activity at vestry and other meetings were such, that in every work of difficulty he was certain to be selected either as agent or referee. In this way, the offices with which he came in contact were so various, that he often triumphantly stated he had filled them all successively, except those of beadle and watchman. Besides these peaceful commissions, he was ready to undertake those of a more martial and dangerous character; so that during the stormy period which closed the Pitt administration, he enrolled himself as a private in the Royal Westminster Volunteers, where he soon after held the rank of captain. Nor was he an idle or mere titular holder of office during these various gradations; on the contrary, he seems to have brought to them all the same active, pains-taking, benevolent spirit by which his more public life was afterwards distinguished. This was especially the case when he served as church-warden of the parish, to which he was appointed in 1805. In this situation he united cordially with the vicar, Dr. Anthony Hamilton, and with his brother churchwarden, Mr. Elam, a silversmith in the Strand, in alleviating the poverty of the parish, and gave effectual aid in the establishment of St. Martin's Chapel, Pratt Street, Camden Town, and a number of comfortable well-provided alms-houses for the decayed parishioners of St. Martin's. As two resident magistrates are necessary for that district, Mr. Birnie was placed in the commission of the peace at the request of the Duke of Northumberland.

Being thus at a sedentary period of life surrounded with all the substantial means of comfort, and invested with an office that brought him title and worship, the London magistrate might have retired with credit from the scramble of competition, and left the field open to younger men. But as yet his public career had only commenced, and he was as ready as ever for action. Being now a magistrate, he was anxious to qualify himself for the duties into which he had entered, and for this purpose became a frequent attender at the Bow Street Office, where he could study offences of every degree and statutes for every offence—the repression of the former, and the wise, just, discriminating application of

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the latter. Here, too, at length he was wont to give effectual aid, being frequently invited to the bench in the absence of any one of the regular magistrates. The experience he thus acquired, and the tact he displayed, suggested a more permanent application of his services; and, accordingly, after some time, he was appointed police magistrate at Union Hall, and finally at the more important office of Bow Street. This, for a considerable time, had been the chief mark of his ambition, although at the period it promised neither ease nor safety. One dangerous service on which he was called to act in February, 1820, was in the apprehension of the desperate gang of Cato Street conspirators—men who were not likely to be secured without a sanguinary resistance. On this occasion, Mr. Birnie was placed in command of the Bow Street constables, who were supported by a detachment of the Coldstream Guards; he entered the stable and hay-loft where the conspirators were in close conclave, and had his full share of the danger that followed when the lights were extinguished, and the struggle commenced. Soon after, the chief magistrate of Bow Street, Sir Nathaniel Conant, having died, Mr. Birnie justly thought that his services on the late Cato Street occasion gave him a fair claim to the vacancy; but instead of this reasonable expectation being justified, the appointment was bestowed upon Sir Robert Baker of Marlborough Street. This rejection so affected Mr. Birnie, that, with tears starting from his eyes when he heard of it, he exclaimed to the magistrate who sat beside him on the bench, "This is the reward a man gets for risking his life in the service of his country."

Whatever was wrong in this affair was soon afterwards righted, and Mr. Birnie was appointed to the coveted office in consequence of one of those political emergencies with which the season was so rife. In August, 1821, the death of Queen Caroline occurred, and the populace of London, who believed that she had died an injured broken-hearted woman, were as maddened at the sight of her remains on their way to interment as was the Roman mob at the unmantled body of the murdered Cæsar; while, to heighten the confusion, the king himself, who should have been at hand to issue orders in such a crisis, was absent in Ireland. In such a case, where personal responsibility was sure to involve a great amount of risk as well as odium, the chief officials were afraid to act, and Sir Robert Baker, on being commanded to read the Riot Act, trembled and refused. But Birnie had no such timidity; he saw that a crisis had arrived at which the whole mob of London might have broke loose like a destroying tempest, and therefore he stepped forward and performed the obnoxious duty, by which bold act the rioters were daunted, and dispersed. The indecision of Sir Robert Baker on this occasion, from which such perilous consequences might have occurred, was so offensive to the ministry, that he found it necessary to resign, and Mr. Birnie was promoted in his room. On the 17th of September (the month after the funeral) he also received the honour of knighthood.

After this, the life of Sir Richard Birnie, as chief magistrate of Bow Street, went on in silent unostentatious activity to the close. In the important office which he occupied, he was distinguished as an upright, intelligent, and zealous justiciary, and his measures for the repression of crime and the preservation of order, were such as to endear him to the friends of peace and good government to the end of his career. To the last he also retained the favour of his royal master, George IV., to whose kind attention and patronage his rise had been chiefly owing; as well as the confidence of the chief officers of state, who frequently consulted him in matters connected with the general welfare of the

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metropolis. After such a course of usefulness, that was crowned with the success it had merited, he died on the 29th of April, 1832, in the seventy-second year of his age, leaving one son and two daughters.

BLANE, Sir Gilbert, M.D., of Blanefield, Ayrshire, and Culverlands, Berkshire, Bart.—This eminent physician was the fourth son of Gilbert Blane of Blanefield, in the county of Ayr, and was born at that place A.D. 1749. Being destined by his parents for the church, he was sent at an early age to the university of Edinburgh; but in consequence of certain religious scruples, he abandoned the purpose of studying for the ministry, and turned his thoughts to the medical profession, for which he soon found that he had a peculiar vocation. His remarkable diligence and proficiency in the different departments of medical science secured the notice not only of his classfellows, but the professors, so that on graduating as a physician, he was recommended by Dr. Cullen to Dr. William Hunter, at that time of high celebrity in London, both as physician and teacher of anatomy, who soon learned to estimate the talents and worth of his young *protege*. He therefore introduced Dr. Blane to the notice of Lord Holdernesse, whose private physician he soon became, and he was afterwards appointed to the same office to Lord Rodney. This transition from the service of a peaceful statesman to that of an active naval hero, introduced the Doctor to a wider sphere of medical practice, but to one also of greater danger and trial. When Lord Rodney, in 1780, assumed the command of the West India station, Blane accompanied him, and was present in six naval engagements, in the very first of which he found himself compelled to forego his professional privilege of being a non-combatant. This was in consequence of every officer on deck being killed, wounded, or otherwise employed, so that none remained but himself who could be intrusted with the admiral's orders to the officers serving at the guns. This hazardous employment he cheerfully undertook and ably discharged, receiving a slight wound in its performance. His conduct on this occasion was so gratifying to his Lordship, that at his recommendation, he was at once raised to the important office of physician to the fleet, without undergoing the subordinate grades. On this station, where disease is so prevalent among our seamen, he was unremitting in his attention to the health of the ships' crews, and the success of his efforts was felt by the whole fleet. During this period, also, he found a short interval for gratifying those literary tastes which he had cultivated at college; and his account of the important naval engagement of the 12th of April, 1782, which he sent to Lord Stair, was so distinct and so animated, that it soon found its way into print. This victory, indeed, which Lord Rodney obtained over Count de Grasse off Guadeloupe, was of itself well worthy of admiration; for it not only saved Jamaica, ruined the allied fleet of our enemies in that quarter, and restored the supremacy of the British flag, but was the first great trial of the experiment of breaking the line which Nelson afterwards so successfully adopted. Soon after his return from the West India station, which he left in 1783, Dr. Blane published in London a work entitled, "Observations on the Diseases of Seamen," in one volume 8vo. It contained the results of his own careful experience, and the conclusions he had drawn from the medical returns of the surgeons of the fleet, and abounded with so much sound and practical wisdom upon that important subject, that it soon became a standard work, and was repeatedly reprinted with additional improvements. On his return, it was found that he was precluded from half-pay, on account of his appointment having been made

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without his having passed the intermediate steps of service. But a still more honourable requital awaited his labours; for, in consequence of a joint application from all the officers on the West India station to the Admiralty, Dr. Blane was rewarded by a pension from the crown, which was afterwards doubled at the suggestion of the Lords of the Admiralty. Even this, too, was not the full amount of benefit which he owed to the esteem of his fellow-officers; for one of these, a midshipman of Rodney's fleet—but who was no less a person than the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.—obtained for him the appointment of physician extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, in 1785; he was also, chiefly through the popular influence of Lord Rodney, elected physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. About the same time, also, he was appointed one of the commissioners of sick and wounded sailors. As he was now on shore, and in prosperous circumstances, he sought a permanent and comfortable home by marriage; and, on the 11th July, 1786, was united to Elizabeth, only daughter of Abraham Gardner, merchant. By this lady, who shared with him the honours and comforts of a long life, and whose death preceded his own by only two years, he was the father of six sons and three daughters. Having about the time of his marriage been elected a fellow of the Royal Society, he was appointed, in 1788, to deliver the Croonian lecture of that year, a duty which he performed with signal ability, having chosen "Muscular Motion" for his subject, and illustrated it with great extent of information, as well as much profound and original thinking. The essay was published in 1791, and afterwards republished in his "Select Dissertations," in 1822 and 1834. In 1790, an essay of his on the "Nardus or Spikenard of the Ancients," was also published in the 30th volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society."

More important, however, than all these appointments that were successively conferred upon Dr. Blane, was that of being placed at the head of the Navy Medical Board, which occurred in 1795. It was here that he had full scope and exercise for his talents, philanthropy, and nautical experience as a physician. In proportion as the empire of Britain was extended, the number and length of voyages were increased, so that the draught upon our island population for the royal and merchant service was every year becoming greater. But a still more serious danger than any that arose from storm or battle, and more wasteful in its silent effects, was that which originated in scurvy, the ocean-pestilence, from which there had hitherto been no protection, except at the expense of a long delay by recruiting on a friendly shore. The causes of this disease were the cold and unhealthy atmosphere on ship-board, owing to defective ship-building, the sand used for ballast, the unwholesome miasma of the bilge-water, and the imperfect means of washing and ventilating the vessel. But these were trivial compared with the diet of our sailors, which, on long voyages, consisted merely of salted meat and biscuit. The defective nourishment and excessive stimulus of this kind of food made the scurvy still prevalent in our fleets, notwithstanding the improvements by which the other causes were counteracted; and the point and limit seemed to have been already attained, beyond which the British flag could be carried no farther. "The cure seems impossible by any remedy, or by any management that can be employed," says the historian of Anson's voyage despairingly, when he describes the condition of the commodore's crew on his arrival at Juan Fernandez, where, after a loss of four-fifths of his sailors, he had, out of the two hundred survivors, only eight who were capable of duty. It was to root out, or at least to diminish this disease, and bring

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it under proper management, that Dr. Blane now addressed himself; and in this humane and patriotic purpose he was ably seconded by Earl Spencer, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty. The Doctor well knew that the only antiscorbutics available for the prevention or cure of sea-scurvy are those vegetables in which acid predominates; and that of all fruits, the genus *citrus* is most effective. Here, then, was the remedy; and since the fruit could not be carried fresh during a long voyage, the preserved juice might be used as a substitute. Such was the cure he suggested, and through the influence of Earl Spencer, it was immediately introduced throughout the whole British navy. Several gallons of lemon juice, having a tenth part of spirit of wine, to preserve it, was supplied to each ship; and, in a fortnight after leaving the port, the use of it began, each sailor being allowed one ounce of it, with an ounce and a half of sugar, to mix with his grog or wine. The immense advantages of an innovation apparently so very simple—and therefore so very difficult to be discovered—were quickly apparent. In the statistics of our navy we find, that during nine years of consecutive warfare from 1778 to 1795, the number of men voted for the service by parliament was 745,000, of whom 189,730 were sent sick on shore, or to the hospitals. But during the nine following years of consecutive warfare, that is to say, from 1796, when the use of lime juice was introduced into the navy, till 1806, during which period 1,053,076 men were voted for sea-service, of these, the sick amounted to no more than 123,949. The amount of disease had thus diminished by one-half, because scurvy had almost wholly disappeared; and our fleets, instead of being utterly drained of their seamen, as would have been the case under the former ratio, were enabled for twenty years to go onward in a career of victory unchecked, and repair their losses as fast as they occurred. And the merchant service, too, from which these victories derive their value, has been equally benefited by the remedy of Dr. Blane, so that its vessels may traverse every sea in safety, and return after the longest voyages with a healthy and happy crew; while a spectacle such as had been seen more than once—like that of the Oriflamma, for instance, where the whole crew had died, and the deck was piled with the corpses, while not a hand was left to guide her course as she slowly drifted before the wind—would be reckoned as impossible as a realization of the tale of the "Ancient Mariner."

The famine which prevailed over the whole of Britain during the years 1799 and 1800, was too severe to be easily forgotten by the present generation; and, with the view of directing attention to its alleviation, as well as preventing its recurrence, Dr. Blane published in 1800 an "Inquiry into the Causes and Remedies of the Late and Present Scarcity and High Price of Provisions; with Observations on the Distresses of Agriculture and Commerce which have prevailed for the last three years." As he had now attained a high medical reputation, and enjoyed an extensive private practice in addition to his public duties, he resigned the office of physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, after having held it twenty years. The fruits of his observations during that period he gave to the world in a dissertation "On the Comparative Prevalence and Mortality of Different Diseases in London," which was first published in the "Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society," and afterwards embodied in his "Select Dissertations." The unhappy Walcheren expedition was one of the last public services on which Blane was employed. That island of fogs, swamps, and pestilential vapours had loomed so alluringly in the eyes of our statesmen, that nothing short of its possession would satisfy them, and one of the largest arma-

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ments that had ever left a British port, conveying 40,000 soldiers, was sent to achieve its conquest. It was soon won and occupied; but our troops found, on entering into possession, that a deadlier enemy than any that France could furnish was arrayed against them to dispute their footing; so that, independently of the fearful amount of mortality, ten thousand brave soldiers were soon upon the sick list. As for the disease, too, which produced such havoc, although it was sometimes called fever, and sometimes ague, neither its nature, causes, nor cure, could be satisfactorily ascertained. All this, however, was necessary to be detected, if our hold was to be continued upon Walcheren; and the chief medical officers of the army were ordered to repair in person to the island, and there hold an inquest upon the malady, with a view to its removal. But no medical Curtius could be found to venture into such a gulf: the surgeon-general of the army declared that the case was not surgical, and ought therefore to be superintended by the physician-general; while the latter as stoutly argued, that the duty indisputably belonged not to him, but to the inspector-general of army hospitals. In this way, an office reckoned tantamount to a death-warrant, from the danger of infection which it involved, was bandied to and fro, while the unfortunate patients were daily sickening and dying by the hundred. One man, however, fully competent for the task, and whose services on such an occasion were completely gratuitous, departed upon the perilous mission. This was Dr. Blane, who, as belonging to a different department, had no such obligations as his army brethren, but who, nevertheless, undertook the obnoxious duty in 1809, while the disease was most prevalent. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that the British soon after abandoned their possession of Walcheren.

Another public service on which Dr. Blane was employed in the following year (1810), was to visit Northfleet, and report on the expediency of establishing a dock-yard and naval arsenal there. This terminated his public official labours, which were so highly valued, that in 1812 he was raised to the rank of baronet, and appointed in the same year physician in ordinary to the Prince Regent. In 1819, he reappeared as an author, by the publication of "Elements of Medical Logic," the most useful of his writings, and one so highly prized, that, in the course of a few years, it went through several editions. In 1821, having now for two years been past the "three score and ten" that constitute the common boundary of human life, he suffered under the effects of old age in the form of *prurigo senilis*, for which he was obliged to take such copious doses of opium, that he became a confirmed opium eater; but this habit, so fatal in most instances, seems in him to have been counteracted by the disease which it alleviated, for he continued to the last in full possession and use of his intellectual faculties. In 1822, he published "Select Dissertations on Several Subjects of Medical Science," most of which had previously appeared in the form of separate papers in the most important of our medical periodicals. In 1826, he was elected a member of the Institute of France. Although a long period of peace had now occurred, his zeal for the welfare of the navy still continued. This he had first manifested on his being placed at the head of the Navy Medical Board, when he caused regular returns or journals of the state of health and disease to be kept by every surgeon in the service, and forwarded to the Navy Board, from which returns he drew up those dissertations that were read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and published in its "Transactions." But anxious still more effectually to promote emulation and reward

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merit in the medical department of the British naval service, he founded in 1829, with the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty, a prize medal for the best journal kept by the surgeons of his Majesty's navy. This medal is awarded every second year, the commissioners selecting four of the best journals for competition. On the accession of William IV. to the throne in 1830, the sovereign was not forgetful of his old shipmate, and Sir Gilbert was appointed first physician to the king. Fully rewarded with wealth and honours, and laden with years, Sir Gilbert Blane could now retire gracefully from the scene of public life, and leave his place to be filled by younger men; and this he did in a manner that was consistent with his previous career. The whole island was filled with consternation at the coming of the cholera, and the havoc which it wrought wherever it appeared, upon which he published a pamphlet in 1831, entitled, "Warning to the British Public against the Alarming Approach of the Indian Cholera." After this he retreated, at the age of eighty-two, into peaceful retirement, where he solaced his leisure hours in revising and preparing for publication the second edition of his "Select Dissertations," which issued from the press before he died. His death occurred on the 26th of June, 1834, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

BURNES, Sir Alexander.—This distinguished officer, whose varied talents were so available to the administration of the British government in India, and whose premature and violent death was so deeply deplored, was born in the town of Montrose, on the 16th of May, 1805. His father, a magistrate of Forfarshire, was highly esteemed in that county, and had held the chief official situations of the borough of Montrose, while his grandfather was brother to William Burnes, the parent of our illustrious national poet. It is well known to the readers of the life of Robert Burns, that the family name had always been spelled Burnes, and that his father was the first who dropped the letter *e* in its signature. Alexander was educated at Montrose Academy, and there his proficiency gave full promise of his future excellence. Having obtained a cadetship when he left school at the age of sixteen, he set sail for India, and arrived at Bombay on October 31, 1821. So earnest and successful had been his studies for his new sphere of active duty, that at the close of the year after that of his arrival in India, Alexander Burnes was appointed interpreter in Hindostanee to the first extra battalion at Surat. His proficiency in the Persian tongue had also been so rapid as to secure the confidence of the judges of the Sudder Adawlut, so that he was appointed translator of the Persian documents of that court, without any solicitation of his own. His talents for civil occupation were soon so conspicuous as to secure him rapid promotion in that Indo-British government, whose very existence depends upon the superiority of intellect alone, and where the encouragement of merit, independently of birth or fortune, is a matter of absolute necessity. Accordingly, Alexander Burnes, after having filled the offices of ensign and quarter-master of brigade, was confirmed in the office of deputy-assistant quarter-master general at the age of twenty-one, at which period, also, he drew up an elaborate report on the statistics of Wagur, a paper for which he received the thanks of the governor and members of the council of Bombay. In 1828, he was honoured by a similar testimony for a memoir on the eastern mouth of the Indus; and in September, 1829, he was appointed assistant to the political agent in Cutch, for the purpose of effecting a survey of the north-west border of that province. Burnes, who had been there four years previous, as ensign of the 21st Bombay Native Infantry, during the disturbances of that

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quarter, returned in his new capacity, and discharged his task with his wonted ability and success. His account of this survey is contained in the "Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society for 1834."

The talents of Burnes as an oriental linguist and statist having thus been tested, instead of being allowed to rest, were summoned to higher exertion. In the growth of our Indo-British empire, it was necessary that the Indus, whose approaches had hitherto been so carefully shut up to British mercantile enterprise, should be thrown open to our ships, but, at the same time, without exciting the jealousy of those wild tribes who regarded the river as the pledge of their national freedom. To disarm suspicion, therefore, it was resolved that this object should be covertly accomplished, by means of a political mission ostensibly directed to a different purpose. A present of five large and splendid horses, accompanied by a letter from the sovereign of Great Britain, were to be consigned to Runjeet Singh, the celebrated Maharajah of the Punjaub; and on the way to Lahore for that purpose, Lieutenant Burnes, by whom the mission was to be conducted, was to travel by the circuitous route of Scinde. He was provided with letters addressed to the chieftains of the province, and to conceal the real purpose of his journey, and facilitate his progress, he enlisted in his service a guard of wild Beeloochees, instead of taking with him a troop of British soldiers, whose appearance would have awakened the jealousy of the natives. Thus provided, Burnes commenced his journey, and reached the mouth of the Indus on the 28th of January, 1831. He had now a difficult diplomatic task to perform, for the Ameers of Scinde had taken the alarm, and every delay which they could devise was thrown in the way of his further progress. This, however, was nothing more than what he wished; for, during the delay occasioned by their feigned negotiations, he had made a complete survey of the mouths of the river, and constructed a map of the lower part of its course; he also obtained their full permission to continue his journey on the Indus, instead of travelling by land, and their assent that thenceforth it should be left open to the transit of British merchandise. Proceeding along the river by water, and visiting every place of interest upon his way, he at length reached Lahore on the 18th of July. As the real and most important part of his journey was already accomplished, all that remained was little more than a mere political visit of ceremony, graced with all the showy forms of an oriental embassy, and an amusing account of which he has given us in the third volume of his "Travels in Bokhara." Splendid retinues, with abundance of trumpeting and cannonading, welcomed him into the capital of the modern Timour; and on entering the palace, and putting off his shoes on the threshold, according to the Asiatic rule of etiquette, Burnes suddenly found himself locked in the embrace of a diminutive old man, who was no other than Runjeet Singh himself, eager to do him honour, and who had come out thus far to welcome him. After sojourning till the middle of August at the court of Runjeet Singh, by whom he was treated with the utmost kindness, Burnes left Lahore, and having crossed the Sutledge, he proceeded to Loodiana, where he became acquainted with Shah Zeman and Shah Soojah, who had formerly been kings of Cabool, but were now discrowned, and living under British protection. He then continued his journey, and arrived at Simla, where he met Lord William Bentinck, the governor-general, who forthwith proceeded to avail himself of Burnes' mission, by negotiations for opening the navigation of the Indus.

After this successful expedition, Burnes proposed to Lord Bentinck to under-

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take an exploratory journey into Central Asia, to which the latter eagerly acceded. The Indian government having sanctioned his Lordship's permission, Burnes commenced this new and adventurous journey in January, 1832. As yet, much of the interior of our vast Indian empire was but little known, and even the charts of many districts that had been penetrated by British travellers were still incorrect or defective. One important advantage of this journey of Burnes was an addition to the map of Arrowsmith, the most valuable of our Indian charts, to which he supplied some of its best improvements. As it was necessary to pass through Scinde in his route, he had previously sought and obtained permission to that effect from his powerful friend, the Maharajah. He therefore once more entered Lahore, at which he arrived on the 17th of January, and was cordially welcomed by Runjeet Singh; and after a stay there till the 11th of February, he crossed the Ravee, and having halted one night in a house beside the monument of Jehangur, he prepared for the dangerous part of his journey. It was necessary for this purpose that he should be completely disguised, and therefore he assumed the dress and habits, and as much as possible the appearance, of an Afghan. He had for the companion of his journey, Mr. James Gerard, surgeon of the Bengal army, who clothed himself with a similar costume; and, after leaving behind them every article of their luggage that might indicate their country or purpose, the travellers commenced their pilgrimage of peril, escorted by a body of troops provided by the Maharajah. They were thus accompanied to the frontier of Runjeet's dominions, a short distance on the further side of the Attock, where they met the Afghans, by whom they were escorted to Acora. They afterwards successively reached Peshawur, Jellalabad, and Cabool; scaled the lofty passes of Oonna and Hageegak, on the latter of which, 12,400 feet in height at its highest point, the frost was so intense that the snow bore the weight of their horses, and the thermometer fell to 4° of Fahrenheit. On attempting subsequently to surmount the pass of Kalao, which is a thousand feet higher, they found it so blocked up with snow as to be impassable, and were compelled to choose another route, by which they reached Ghoolgoola, that city, or rather valley of ruins, famed for its two colossal statues, the largest of which is 120 feet in height, and for the hills that enclose the valley, which are absolutely honey-combed with excavations. They then crossed the pass of Acrobat; and descending from the mountains of the Indian Caucasus, they entered the vast plains of Tartary. At Khooloom, the frontier town of Morad Beg, chief of Khoondooz, the bold travellers were met by a startling message from that potentate, requiring Burnes to wait upon him at Kaumabad, a village about fifty miles off. Obedience was unavoidable; and therefore, leaving Mr. Gerard at Khooloom, Burnes repaired to Kaumabad, and presented himself before the chief in tattered and threadbare garments, under the character of a poor Armenian watchmaker travelling from Lucknow to Bokhara. A moment's timidity on his part, or suspicion on that of the Asiatic lord, might have cost the traveller his life; but, fortunately, his statement was believed, so that he received a safe conduct to continue his journey, and he left Kaumabad in the company of a small caravan of nine or ten tea-merchants.

This danger being thus happily got over, Burnes rejoined Mr. Gerard at Khooloom. Their route was continued, and they arrived at Balkh, that wondrous city of history and romance, with which our childhood and youth were made so familiar. Now a heap of ruins in the midst of a glory that has passed

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away, but still covering an extent of twenty miles with its fragments, it is a fitting monument of the many empires to which it has belonged; for here the Greek, Persian, Arabian, Tartar, and Afghan, have successively ruled. Strange, therefore, have been the changes it has witnessed since the time that it was the Bactra of Alexander the Great! After halting for three days in this interesting compend of ancient and modern history, Burnes and Gerard entered the desert on the 14th of June, and, two days after, they reached the banks of the Oxus, that most important of Asiatic rivers, which bounded the conquests of Cyrus, and all but terminated those of Alexander. At that part which our travellers crossed, the river was about 800 yards wide, and twenty feet deep, where the transit was made in boats neither impelled by sail nor oar, but drawn by a couple of stout horses that swam across. Continuing their course, they reached on the 27th of June the city of Bokhara, the capital of the country of that name, a city whose remaining colleges still justify its ancient renown for learning and civilization, and the high encomiums which eastern poets heaped upon it. After waiting in the neighbourhood of the city of Kara-kool till the 16th of August, Burnes and Gerard resumed their journey in the company of a caravan consisting of 150 persons and 80 camels, the former travelling in very simple fashion, some on horses, some on asses, and several in panniers slung across the backs of camels. With this escort our travellers passed the great desert by Merve, and on the 17th of September reached the strong fortress of Koochan, where they parted, Gerard intending to proceed to Herat and Candahar, and afterwards return to Cabool. Burnes continued his journey in the company of 300 persons, chiefly Khoords, Persians, and Turcomans—three of the eleven races with which the province of Bokhara is peopled—until he had passed Boojnoord, when he continued his journey alone to the town of Astrabad. He then crossed an arm of the Caspian, and proceeded to Teheran, the modern capital of Persia, where he had the honour of being presented to the Shah. Such is a brief outline of one of the perilous and laborious journeys in which a chivalrous love of science enables the modern traveller to dare and endure the utmost that knight-errantry has recorded of its ancient votaries.

The object of this expedition having been successfully attained, Burnes was eager to return by the shortest and safest route to head-quarters, and report his proceedings. He therefore embarked at Bushire for Bombay, which he reached on the 18th of January, after a year's absence. The information he had gathered during this adventurous journey, and which he hastened to lay before the government, was so valuable in the statistical and geographical history of these countries with which India is so closely connected, that he received the especial thanks of the governor-general, and was honoured besides with the commission of carrying his own despatches to England. He accordingly set sail for London, where his services were so highly appreciated, that he not only met with the most flattering reception at the India House, but was honoured with the especial thanks of his sovereign. Fresh distinctions crowded upon him as soon as the results of his labours were known to the public. The narrative of his journey was immediately translated into French and German; he was elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Royal Geographical Society; and presented with the gold medal, and royal premium of fifty guineas, for "The Navigation of the Indus, and a Journey by Balkh and Bokhara across Central Asia." Nor were these acknowledgments of his services in behalf of science, literature, and humanity, confined to his own country; for,

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on paying a short visit to Paris, he was welcomed with general enthusiasm as one of the most talented and adventurous of modern travellers, and presented with the silver medal of the French Geographical Society.

The stay of Burnes at home after so long a residence in India, and so much travel, was comparatively brief, extending to only eighteen months, after which he left England on April 5, 1835, and proceeding by the south of France, Egypt, and the Red Sea, he reached Bombay on the 1st of June, and joined Colonel Pottinger, the British Resident at Cutch, as his assistant. Only a few months after, he was sent upon a mission to Hyderabad, to prevent the necessity of a war with Scinde, in which he was successful. While thus occupied in that country, a more important duty was intrusted to him; this was, to negotiate a commercial treaty with Dost Mohammed, sovereign of Afghanistan, and also with the Indian chiefs of the western provinces. He reached Cabool on the 20th of September, 1837. Here, however, he found that his mission was useless, from the danger that menaced our Indian empire through the movements and intrigues of Persia and Russia, and the likelihood of their uniting with the Afghans, while Dost Mohammed, instigated by the Russian agent at his court, gave Burnes an order of dismissal. On his return to head-quarters, it was resolved by the Indian government to replace their pensionary, Shah Soojah, upon the throne of Cabool, as a more peaceable or compliant ally than Dost Mohammed; and Burnes was sent to the army to make arrangements in the commissariat department, preparatory to the invasion of Afghanistan. While thus occupied, he was gratified to learn that his valuable services had not been forgotten at home, for at Shikarpoor he received a copy of the "London Gazette," announcing his promotion to the honour of knighthood and the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Before the commencement of military operations, Sir Alexander Burnes was sent on a political mission from Scinde to Beeloochistan, that failed, upon which he regained the British invading army, that had already advanced, through many difficulties, as far as the fertile valley of Quettah. Here he saw hard military service in the shape of a toilsome march, accompanied with danger and privation of every kind, as well as in the storming of Ghuznee, which was only wrested from the Afghans after a close and desperate hand-to-hand fight of three hours. After this important city was won, Hyder Khan, its governor, one of the sons of Dost Mohammed, who had surrendered himself to the British, was placed under the care of Sir Alexander Burnes. Soon after, Dost Mohammed fled from the kingdom, Shah Soojah was replaced in the sovereignty, and such was the appearance of submission on the part of the Afghans, that Sir William M'Naughten was left as British envoy at the court of Cabool, with Sir Alexander Burnes for his assistant. But, unfortunately, this season of calm was soon overcast. The impatient Afghans resumed their insurrectionary spirit, and on several occasions broke forth into revolts that were suppressed with difficulty. Still, however, neither M'Naughten nor Burnes seem to have anticipated any immediate danger, notwithstanding the warnings of Major Pottinger, for 14,000 British soldiers were stationed in Afghanistan, independent of the troops of the new Shah. But, on the 2nd November, 1841, the storm suddenly burst out. At nine o'clock in the morning, the house of Burnes in Cabool was attacked and set on fire by the insurgent multitude, and himself, his brother Lieutenant Charles Burnes, Lieutenant Broadfoot, and every man, woman, and child in the building were murdered. It was the commencement of a fearful tragedy, of which a disastrous retreat, and the destruction

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of twenty-six thousand individuals by exhaustion and the sabres of the pursuing Afghans were the mournful termination.

Our immortal national poet Burns, half-despondingly half-playfully, has sometimes expressed his regret, more especially when the pressure of poverty was at the worst, that he had not repaired in his youth to India, as so many of his countrymen had done, and become a thriving merchant, instead of a penniless bard. But little did he think of the destiny that awaited two of his nephews there—and last of all his grandson! Sir Alexander was never married, and was survived by his parents and three brothers. Besides his "Travels into Bokhara," and several papers in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London," he was author of a work, entitled, "Cabool; being a Narrative of a Journey to, and Residence in that City, in the Years 1836-7-8," which was published after his death.

BURNET, James, Landscape Painter.—Among the lives of eminent men it often happens that some individual obtains a place, more on account of the excellence he indicated than that which he realized; and whom a premature death extinguishes, just when a well-spent youth of high promise has commenced those labours by which the hopes he excited would in all likelihood be amply fulfilled. Such examples we do not willingly let die, and this must form our chief apology for the introduction of a short memoir of James Burnet in the present work. He was of a family that came originally from Aberdeen, and was born at Musselburgh, in the year 1788. His father, George Burnet, of whom he was the fourth son, held the important office of general surveyor of excise in Scotland: his mother, Anne Cruikshank, was sister to the distinguished anatomist whose name is so honourably associated with the professional studies of John Hunter. In the education of most minds that attain to distinguished excellence, it will generally be found that the maternal care predominates in helping to form the young ideas, and give them their proper direction; and such was the good fortune of James Burnet, whose mother, during the evening, was wont to aid him in the preparation of the school-room lessons for the following day. He soon evinced his natural bias towards art, not only by juvenile attempts in drawing, but his frequent visits to the studio of Scott, the landscape engraver, with whom his brother John, afterwards so eminent as an engraver, was a pupil. On account of these indications, James was placed under the care of Liddel, to learn the mystery of wood-carving, at that time in high request, and productive of great profit to those who excelled in it; and as skill in drawing was necessary for acquiring proficiency in this kind of delineation, he was also sent to the Trustees' Academy, where he studied under Graham, the early preceptor of the most distinguished of our modern Scottish artists. It was not wonderful that, thus circumstanced, James Burnet's taste for carving in wood was soon superseded by the higher departments of art. He quickly perceived the superiority of a well-finished delineation upon canvas or paper over the stiff cherubs, scrolls, and wreaths that were laboriously chiselled upon side-boards and bed-posts, and chose his vocation accordingly: he would be an artist. With this view, he transmitted to his brother John, now employed as an engraver in London, several specimens of his drawings, expressing also his earnest desire to commence life as a painter in the great metropolis; and without waiting for an answer, he impatiently followed his application, in person, and arrived in London in 1810. A letter of acquiescence from his brother, which his hurry had anticipated, was already on the way to Edinburgh,

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and therefore his arrival in London, although so sudden and unexpected, was far from being unwelcome.

It required no long stay in the British capital to convince the young aspirant that he had much yet to learn before he could become an artist. But he also found that London could offer such lessons as Edinburgh had been unable to furnish. This conviction first struck him on seeing Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," of which his brother John was executing the well-known and justly-admired engraving. James was arrested and rivetted by the painting, so unlike all he had hitherto admired and copied: it was, he perceived, in some such spirit as this that he must select from nature, and imitate it, if he would succeed in his daring enterprise. This conviction was further confirmed by studying the productions of the eminent Dutch masters in the British Gallery, where he found that originality of conception was not only intimately blended with the truthfulness of nature, but made subservient to its authority. He must therefore study nature herself where she was best to be found—among the fields, and beneath the clear skies, where the beauty of form and the richness of colour presented their infinite variety to the artist's choice, and taught him the best modes of arranging them upon the canvas. Forth he accordingly went, with nothing but his note-book and pencil; and among the fields, in the neighbourhood of London, he marked with an observant eye the various objects that most struck his fancy, and made short sketches of these, to be afterwards amplified into paintings. It was remarked, also, in this collection of hasty pencillings, that instead of seeking to aggrandize the works of nature, he faithfully copied them as he found them. "He has introduced," says a judicious critic, speaking of one of his paintings, "everything that could in any way characterize the scene. The rainbow in the sky, the glittering of the rain upon the leaves; the dripping poultry under the hedge, the reflections of the cattle on the road, and the girl with the gown over her shoulders, all tend with equal force to illustrate his subject." Not content, also, with the mere work of sketching in the fields, he was accustomed to note down in his book such observations in connection with the sketch as might be available for the future picture, or those remarks in reference to light and shade that were applicable to painting in general. The result of this training was soon perceptible in the increasing excellence of his successive productions, of which Allan Cunningham, his biographer, well remarks:—"His trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milk-maids have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cow-boys are not without grace."

Of the paintings of James Burnet, some of which are in the possession of his relatives, and others among the costly picture galleries of our nobility, the following is a list:—

1. Cattle going out in the morning.
2. Cattle returning home in a shower.
3. Key of the byre.
4. Crossing the brook.
5. Cow-boys and cattle.
6. Breaking the ice.
7. Milking.
8. Crossing the bridge.
9. Inside of a cow-house.
10. Going to market.
11. Cattle by a pool in summer.
12. Boy with cows.

While Burnet was thus pursuing a course of self-education that drew him onward step by step in improvement, and promised to conduct him to a very high

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rank among pastoral and landscape painters, a disease had latterly attended him in his wanderings, that too often selects the young and the sensitive for its victims. This was consumption, a disease which his lonely habits and sedentary employment in the open air were only too apt to aggravate; and, although a change of scene and atmosphere was tried by his removal to Lee in Kent, it was soon evident that his days were numbered. Even then, however, when scarcely able to walk, he was to be found lingering among the beautiful scenery of Lee and Lewisham, with his pencil and note-book in hand, and to the last he talked with his friends about painting, and the landscapes that he still hoped to delineate. He died on the 27th of July, 1816. His dying wish was to be buried in the village church of Lee, in whose picturesque church-yard he had so often wandered and mused during the last days of his illness; but as sepulture in that privileged place could not be granted to a stranger, his remains were interred in the church-yard of Lewisham. At his death he had only reached his twenty-eighth year.

BURNS, Allan.—This talented anatomist and surgical writer, in whom a life of high promise was too soon arrested, was the son of the Rev. Dr. Burns, minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow; a venerable clergyman, who, after bearing for several years the title of "father of the Church of Scotland," on account of his seniority, died in 1839, at the very advanced age of ninety-six. Allan Burns was born at Glasgow on the 18th September, 1781. When not more than fourteen years old, he entered the medical classes, where his diligence and proficiency were so remarkable, that only two years afterwards, he was able to undertake the entire direction of the dissecting-rooms of Mr. John Burns, his brother, who at that time was a lecturer on anatomy and surgery in the city of Glasgow. In this situation, his opportunities of extending and perfecting his knowledge were so carefully employed, that he attained, even though still a youth, a high reputation among the practical anatomists of his day. His views being directed to medical practice in the army, he went to London, in 1804, for the purpose of obtaining a commission; but, before his application was made to that effect, he received an offer that altered his intention. It was to repair to St. Petersburg, and undertake the charge of an hospital which the Empress Catherine was desirous of establishing in her capital, upon the English plan. Allan Burns had been recommended to her majesty by Dr. Creighton, as one every way qualified for this important charge; and when the offer was made, it was with the understanding that he might make a six months' trial before finally closing with it. Tempted by so alluring a prospect, Burns left London for St. Petersburg, and commenced the duties of his new career. But Russia was not at that time the country which it has now become, and the sensitive mind of the young Scot was soon sickened by the Asiatic pomp and Scythian barbarism with which he was surrounded. On this account, he abandoned the tempting prospects of court favour and professional advancement that were held out to him, and returned to Scotland before the six months of probation had ended. At his departure, he was presented by the empress with a valuable diamond ring, as a token of the royal approbation and esteem.

On returning to his native country, which was at the commencement of 1805, Burns resolved to occupy the place of his brother, who had discontinued his lectures on surgery and anatomy. This he did in the winter of the following year, and quickly won the admiration of his pupils, by the correctness and extent of his professional knowledge, and great power of illustration. Indeed, as a lecturer, the most abstruse subjects in his hands became plain and palpable,

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and the driest subjects full of interest. Still, however, notwithstanding his reputation as a lecturer, his fame would have been limited and evanescent, had it not been for the works he published, by which the high admiration of those who knew him was participated in by the world at large. The first of these publications, which appeared in 1809, was entitled, "Observations on some of the most Frequent and Important Diseases of the Heart: or Aneurism of the Thoracic Aorta; or Preternatural Pulsation in the Epigastric Region; and on the Unusual Origin and Distribution of some of the Large Arteries of the Human Body; Illustrated by Cases." The second, which was published in 1812, was entitled, "Observations on the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck; Illustrated by Cases." This was the whole amount of his authorship, with the exception of two essays, which he contributed to the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal;" one, on the anatomy of the parts concerned in the operation for crural hernia; the other, on the operation of lithotomy. The career of professional distinction which these works had so favourably opened up to him, was closed before it could be further pursued. So early as 1810, his health had begun to give way, and though he continued to lecture for two years afterwards, it was with great difficulty and pain. His death occurred on the 22d of June, 1813.

BURNS, JOHN, M.D., a distinguished medical writer, and elder brother of Allan, the subject of the preceding notice, was born in Glasgow, in 1774. He was descended from a family of the name of *Burn;* his grandfather, John Burn, was a teacher of English in Glasgow, and the author of an "English Grammar," bearing his name, a work highly popular as a school-book in the west of Scotland about a century ago. His father was the Rev. John Burns, D.D., who, as has been already mentioned, was minister for upwards of sixty-nine years, of the Barony Parish of Glasgow, and who died in 1839. John, who was the eldest surviving son of Dr. Burns, was born in 1775. He began his professional studies in Glasgow, and continued them in Edinburgh. He had just completed his studies when the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, in which he was the first surgeon's-clerk, was opened for the reception of patients in 1792. His favourite department of medical science was surgical anatomy, in which he made remarkable progress. He soon began to give instructions to others, and was the first private teacher of anatomy in Glasgow. His lecture-room was originally at the head of Virginia Street, at the north-west corner, behind the present Union Bank. At that period, and for thirty years afterwards, subjects for dissection could only be obtained by violating the repose of the dead; a practice most demoralizing to those immediately engaged in it, and not unfrequently productive of unpleasant consequences to lecturers and students. An affair of this nature having transpired in connection with the lecture-room of Mr. Burns, proceedings were instituted against him by the authorities, but were quashed on his coming under a promise to discontinue his lectures on anatomy. His younger brother Allan, however, took up the anatomical lectures, and John began to lecture on midwifery. The lecture-room of the brothers was removed to a tenement built on the site of the old Bridewell, on the north side of College Street. They were both successful as lecturers. Allan's style was monotonous and unpleasing, but his demonstrations were admirable. John's manner was the more agreeable, his knowledge was exact, his views were practical, and his lectures were interspersed with anecdotes and strokes of humour which rendered them highly attractive to the students. Dr. Burns now began to exhibit the fruits of his studies in a series of important

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contributions to the literature of his profession. His first publication of note was the "Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus," which appeared in 1799. This was followed in 1800 by two volumes on "Inflammation," in which he was the first to describe a species of cancer, which is now known by the name of "fungus hœmatodes." These two works stamped their author as an observing, original, and practical inquirer. They were followed by "Observations on Abortion," in 1806; "Observations on Uterine Hœmorrhage," in 1807; and by the most popular of all his medical writings, "The Principles of Midwifery," in 1809; a book which has been translated into various languages, and has passed through numerous editions. In 1828–38 appeared the "Principles of Surgery," in two volumes, a work which cost Dr. Burns much pains, but did not meet with corresponding success. He likewise published a popular work on the "Treatment of Women and Children."

Dr. Burns married, in 1801, the daughter of the Rev. John Duncan, minister of the parish of Alva, in Stirlingshire. He continued to lecture on midwifery till 1815, when the Crown instituted a regius professorship of surgery in the university of Glasgow, to which chair he was appointed, and discharged its duties till the close of his life. In 1810 his wife died, and he remained a widower during the forty years that he survived her. By her he had four children, the youngest, Allan, named after his uncle, was born in January, 1810.

At an early period in his professional career, Dr. Burns became surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and distinguished himself by the nerve with which he operated. He subsequently became the partner of Mr. Muir, and, after that gentleman's death, of Mr. Alexander Dunlop, a connection which brought him into excellent family practice. His son, Allan, followed the medical profession, and, having completed his studies, after a residence of three years on the Continent, he commenced practice in 1832. With an intimate knowledge of medical science, and a strong love of anatomical pursuits, he was rising fast into eminence, when intermittent fever, caught in the prosecution of his duties, carried him off after a short illness, in November, 1843, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. It was not till his son entered upon public practice, that the subject of this memoir took out his degree, which he had previously refused to do. He was shortly afterwards elected physician to the Royal Infirmary. He had subsequently considerable practice as a consulting physician. Dr. Burns had, however, been gradually retiring from the labours of his profession, when the severe affliction, caused by his son's death, befel him. He then gave up everything but his professorial duties, devoting much of his time to carrying out the views of the principal and professors of the college as respected the medical school—and, in token of their gratitude, he was requested by the Senatus to sit for his portrait, which, having been painted by Mr. John Graham Gilbert, was placed in the Hunterian museum of the college.

Early in life, and while yet a student in the university of Edinburgh, his mind was imbued with those religious principles which regulated his whole career, and sustained him amidst many afflictive bereavements. To the religious world he became favourably known by a work entitled, "The Principles of Christian Philosophy," which has gone through several editions, and promises to hold a permanent place in religious literature. In this treatise, the author illustrates the following propositions:—"Man is created for a future state of happiness; the means by which a future state of happiness is procured; what is required of man that he may obtain it; nature of, and preparation for,

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the future state of happiness; personal and relative duties; the duties men owe to God; the admonitions and consolations afforded by the Christian religion." The principles of the work are thoroughly scriptural and evangelical; its style is elegant, chaste, and grave; its spirit earnest and solemnizing. It is the utterance of a heart much exercised in affliction, and intimately conversant with the sources of true and permanent consolation. It gives expression to remarkably elevating yet sober conceptions of the heavenly felicity, and dwells with touching interest on the prospect of the re-union of the ties of affection severed on earth. "The Christian Philosophy" is at once meditative, devotional, and practical, and to many "mourners in Zion" the author must often have proved himself "a son of consolation."

Dr. Burns also published another religious book, entitled, "Christian Fragments." Although brought up in the Church of Scotland, of which he was an elder, he became a member of the Episcopalian Church, and died in its communion. His end was sudden and melancholy. He perished in the wreck of the Orion steam-boat, on her passage from Liverpool to Glasgow, on the 13th of June, 1850. Having finished his course and kept the faith, he was removed from the world in the attitude and exercise of prayer. He had reached the mature age of seventy-five.

Dr. John Burns was F.R.S., and a member of the Institute of France, and of several other scientific institutions in various countries. In politics, he was a staunch Conservative. He was of a cheerful disposition, was a great favourite with his patients, and towards his professional brethren he behaved on all occasions in the most honourable manner. In person he was under the middle height, with grey flowing locks, and his dress was scrupulously neat and antique. Few individuals in Glasgow were unacquainted with his exterior, and thousands who knew little of his professional attainments were yet familiar with his appearance as a venerable medical gentleman of the old school. His eldest and only surviving son, Lieutenant-Colonel Burns, of the second Queen's Regiment, died at the Cape of Good Hope towards the close of 1852.

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CALDER, Sir Robert, Bart.—It has been truly remarked by Hallam, that the state trials of England exhibit the most appalling accumulation of judicial iniquity that can be found in any age or country. And why? Because, as he adds, the monarch cannot wreak his vengeance, or the nobles vent the bitterness of their feuds, except in a law court, and by a legal process. The trials connected with the history of the British navy, and the iniquitous sentences passed upon some of our most heroic and deserving admirals, attest too fully the truth of Hallam's observation. Byng, Matthews, Cochrane—the first shot, the second cashiered, and the third imprisoned, from no adequate cause, or without cause whatever, are cases that seem to carry us back, not to the dark ages, when heroism at least was fairly appreciated, but to the old Carthaginian periods, when the bravest generals were crucified as often as their rivals entered into place and power. A fourth British admiral, who was the victim of an unjust trial and most undeserved punishment, was Sir Robert Calder, the subject of the present notice. And we judge it the more necessary to introduce him with the preced-

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ing remarks, as it is only now, after the lapse of many years, that men are disposed to render full justice to his memory and worth.

Robert Calder was the second son of Sir Thomas Calder of Muirton, Moray. shire, and was born at Elgin on the 2d of July, 1745. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy as midshipman. At the age of twenty-one he had attained the rank of lieutenant on board the Essex, commanded by the Hon. George Falkner, and served on the West India station. Promotion, however, was long in coming, for it was not until many years had elapsed that he obtained the command of a ship. In 1782, he was captain of the Diana, which was employed as a repeating frigate to Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt. At this period, also, he was an unwilling sharer in one of those events which the British historian is compelled to record to the shame of our glorious navy. The united fleets of France and Spain had appeared upon our coasts; but Sir Charles Hardy who commanded the English fleet, was ordered not to risk an engagement, so that he was obliged to retire between the Wolf-rock and the Main. Such an inglorious retreat, at a time when the flag of Rodney was triumphant, so maddened our gallant tars, that they muffled with their hammocks a figure-head of George III., swearing that his majesty should not be witness of their flight. Captain Calder, who belonged to the rear-division, so fully sympathized in their feelings, that, although his vessel was within a short distance of a large French two-decker, that could have blown him out of the water by a single broadside, he kept his place, until he was peremptorily ordered by signal to retire.

On the renewal of war with France, Captain Calder was employed in various services, from which little individual distinction was to be acquired; but in these he acquitted himself so well as to establish his character for naval skill and courage. He was finally appointed captain of the fleet by Sir John Jervis, and was present at the memorable engagement of the 14th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, when the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line and twelve frigates was completely defeated by Jervis, with only fifteen ships and six frigates. On this great occasion, where Nelson and Collingwood were the heroes of the encounter, Captain Calder acquitted himself so ably, that on being sent home with the despatches, he was honoured with knighthood, and afterwards made a baronet. On the 14th of February, 1799, he rose in the service by seniority to the rank of rear-admiral; and, in 1801, was sent with a small squadron in chase of Admiral Gantheaume, who was carrying supplies to the French army in Egypt. A short-lived peace soon followed, and Sir Robert Calder retired to his residence in Hampshire, from which he was quickly recalled to sea by the renewal of hostilities with France; and, in 1804, he was raised to the rank of Vice-admiral of the White.

This fresh commencement of war was an event of more than common importance to Great Britain. Its liberty, its very existence as a nation, was now at stake; for Bonaparte, hitherto so successful in all his enterprises, had resolved to invade it, and for this purpose was making preparations at Boulogne commensurate with what he meant to be his crowning enterprise. An immense flotilla was constructed and put in readiness to convey an army of 150,000 veteran soldiers from Boulogne to the shores of Kent, after which, a march upon London was deemed an easy achievement. Still further to insure the facilities of such an invasion, these flat-bottomed transports were ostentatiously armed, as if they alone were intended to force a passage across the British Channel, and thus the attention of our statesmen was withdrawn from the real point where

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danger was to be apprehended. This consisted in the contemplated junction of the French and Spanish fleets, which was to be effected while the eyes of England were exclusively fixed upon the land show of preparations going on at Boulogne. While these warlike boats were intended for transports, and nothing more, Napoleon's real design was to collect forty or fifty ships of the line in the harbour of Martinique, by operations combined in the harbours of Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest; to bring them suddenly back to Boulogne; and while thus making himself for fifteen days master of the sea, to have his whole army transported into England without interruption.

Never, perhaps, since the days of William the Conqueror, had England been in such imminent jeopardy. While her statesmen were still thrown off their guard, and imagining that the only danger lay in the flotilla, the vessels preparing in the ports of Ferrol, Cadiz, and Carthagena consisted of thirty-eight French, and thirty Spanish ships of the line; and these, if combined, would have been sufficient to hold the English Channel against all the force which our nation could muster. To attempt a blockade of the hostile harbours was the only expedient that occurred to the British government in this emergency, and the important task of blockading the ports of Ferrol and Corunna was intrusted to Sir Robert Calder. Even yet, however, the design of Bonaparte was so little surmised, that Sir Robert's force on this occasion was utterly incommensurate with the greatness of the crisis, for only seven sail were allowed him, which were afterwards raised to nine; and with these he was to prevent five French ships of the line and three frigates, and five Spanish ships of the line and four frigates, from leaving the hostile harbours. Thus the blockade was to be maintained by a force which was greatly inferior to that of the enemy. Undismayed by this disparity, Sir Robert entered his appointed station, and maintained it, notwithstanding the manœuvres of the Brest squadron to entice him into the open sea.

At length the moment arrived which Bonaparte had so keenly anticipated. The imperfect blockades of the British had been in several cases eluded; the West Indies had been reached by several hostile squadrons; and Nelson, who had gone in pursuit without being able to reach them, only learned at the last moment, that the combined French and Spanish fleets had set sail from Martinique, and were in full return to Europe. A swift sailing vessel, which he sent with this intelligence, happily outstripped the combined fleet, and thus, at the last moment, and by an intervention truly providential, the British government was put upon its guard. The first movement of the enemy, to which they were directed in consequence of the express command of Bonaparte, was to raise the blockade of Ferrol, and that accomplished, to proceed with the French and Spanish ships lying there to the relief of the other ports, by which their whole combined navy would be collected in full force in the English Channel. Sir Robert Calder was thus to abide the first brunt of the onset, and upon the stoutness of his resistance the issue of the great trial between France and England would mainly depend. Conscious of this, the British government despatched instant orders to rear-admiral Stirling, who commanded a squadron before Rochefort, to raise the blockade of that harbour, join Sir Robert Calder off Ferrol, and cruise with him off Cape Finisterre, to intercept the allied fleet of the enemy on their homeward passage to Brest.

As soon as the junction between the two British squadrons was effected, Sir Robert Calder stood out to sea, and quickly reached the station appointed for his cruise. Although the addition of Stirling's squadron raised his whole force to

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nothing more than fifteen ships of the line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, he had little fear of the issue, as the French and Spanish fleet was supposed to amount to only sixteen ships. But as soon as the enemy hove in sight, looming through a fog that had concealed their approach until they were close at hand, it was found that they consisted of twenty line-of-battle ships, a fifty gun ship, seven frigates, and two brigs. This was an unexpected and startling disparity; but Sir Robert boldly entered into action, although the fog that had commenced in the morning made it necessary for his ships, which bore down in two columns, to tack before they reached the enemy. A close action of four hours ensued, in which the British, notwithstanding their inferiority of numbers, behaved with such gallantry and spirit that a signal victory would probably have been the consequence, had it not been for the haze, which became so dense, that Sir Robert was scarcely able to see his ships either ahead or astern. As it was, he had already captured two large Spanish ships, the Rafael of eighty-four, and the Firme of seventy-four guns; and judging it imprudent to continue the fight, he brought-to, for the purpose of covering his prizes, and waiting an opportunity to renew the engagement. On the following day, the French and Spanish fleet, having the advantage of the windward, advanced within a league and a-half of the British, upon which, Sir Robert hauling on the wind, offered them battle; but Villeneuve, the admiral of the combined fleet, refused the challenge, by hauling to the wind on the same tack as his adversary. On the third day, Sir Robert once more offered battle, but in vain: and being now justly apprehensive of the union of the enemy with the Rochefort and Ferrol squadrons, under whose combined force his own would have been overwhelmed, he fell back, relying upon the support of the Channel fleet, or that of Lord Nelson, while Villeneuve, instead of holding on in his course, was fain to retire into Ferrol. This meeting, that was fraught with such momentous consequences, occurred in lat. 43° 30′ north, and long. 11° 17′ west, or about forty leagues from Ferrol, on the 22d of July, 1805.

Nothing could exceed the rage and vexation of Napoleon at this engagement and its result. He saw, that by this single stroke, all his preparations at Boulogne were frustrated, and the projected invasion of England rendered hopeless. As soon as he received the tidings, he summoned Count Daru, his private secretary, into the apartment, who, on entering, found the emperor traversing the room with hurried steps, and exclaiming, "What a navy! What sacrifices for nothing! What an admiral! All hope is gone! That Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Ferrol! It is all over: he will be blockaded there. Daru, sit down and write." Daru took up his pen accordingly, and, with the rapidity of lightning, Napoleon dictated the details of the breaking up of the army at Boulogne, the routes and movements of the different corps, and all the complicated minutiæ of the campaign that ended so triumphantly at Austerlitz. In this manner, the terrible storm that was to have gathered and burst over London, was suddenly wafted away to the shores of the Danube and the devoted palaces of Vienna. Speaking of his disappointment in after years, Bonaparte said, "If Admiral Villeneuve, instead of entering into the harbour of Ferrol, had contented himself with joining the Spanish squadron, and instantly made sail for Brest and joined Admiral Gantheaume, my army would have embarked, and it was all over with England."

While such was the judgment of Napoleon upon this event—and certainly no one was so fitted to tell its consequences—a very different estimation was made

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of it in England. There, a long series of naval victories had so pampered the public vanity, that the defeat of a British fleet was deemed impossible, and any thing short of its full success a proof of the most culpable negligence and shortcoming. It was the counterpart of that land-delusion which made our countrymen imagine that every British soldier was able to beat three Frenchmen, until subsequent events reduced them to a more reasonable calculation. Of this overweening estimate Sir Robert Calder was soon to taste the bitter fruits. He had encountered a fleet, no matter how superior to his own, and not annihilated it; he had allowed it to slip through his fingers, and find shelter in a friendly harbour. In the meantime, the unconscious victim of such unreasonable obloquy was congratulating himself on his services, and anticipating nothing less than the approbation of his country. With an inferior force he had blocked up the enemy in port for nearly five months; he had afterwards encountered and held the combined fleet at bay when their ships greatly outnumbered his own, and made two valuable captures without losing a single vessel. These advantages were so justly appreciated by Lord Cornwallis, his superior in command, that on the 17th of August (1805), Calder was sent back with twenty ships to Ferrol, from which Villeneuve had ventured out at the express command of Napoleon, to join the French fleet at Brest; but, on hearing of Sir Robert Calder's approach, instead of pursuing his course, he tacked about and made sail for Cadiz, which he reached on the 21st. Thus Calder had the honour of baffling, for the second time, an expedition, upon which the fate of England was at stake; and Villeneuve, shut up in Cadiz, was obliged to remain at anchorage there, until all was ready for the crushing disaster at Trafalgar.

But the same winds that carried Calder against his antagonist, and enabled him once more to baffle the most cherished of Napoleon's objects, also bore to his ears the murmurs of the Admiralty at home, and made him acquainted with the public prints in which his courage as a British sailor, and his loyalty as a British subject, were equally called in question. Indignant at these iniquitous aspersions, and the eagerness with which they were received, he resolved to right himself by a public trial. He therefore demanded from the Lords of the Admiralty the sitting of a court-martial upon his conduct, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of Nelson that he should remain on the station, and await the expected engagement, in which his reputation would be fully cleared. On finding, however, that his brother-admiral was impatient of an hour's delay until his character was vindicated, the hero of the Nile sent him home in the Prince of Wales, his own ship of ninety guns, to do Calder the greater honour, although such a diminution from the fleet could be ill spared at that period. On the arrival of the vessel at Spithead, the court-martial was held on board, on the 23d of December, 1805. After the witnesses had been examined, Sir Robert entered upon his defence. He quoted several recent cases in which our best naval commanders had refrained from the renewal of an encounter without any impeachment of the propriety of their forbearance. He stated that the Rochefort and Ferrol squadrons, to the number of twenty sail of the line, were supposed to be at sea when the battle of the 22d of July occurred; and that had he waited for their junction with the enemy, whose force already so greatly exceeded his own, he must have been utterly overpowered. Even had he been only disabled in the encounter, these united squadrons might have pressed onward for Ireland, or even for England, and thus have facilitated the long-threatened invasion of our country. In this case, it was necessary to preserve his fleet for ulterior ope-

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rations, instead of risking a renewal of the action, and the more especially so, that on the morning after the battle, he found himself eight or nine miles to leeward, while some of his ships were so greatly disabled, that they could not carry sufficient sail to windward, and others were wholly out of sight. Matters being such, and believing that the design of the enemy was to reach Ferrol, and there unite with the blockaded squadron, he had done what he could: he had thrown himself between the port of Ferrol and the combined fleet for two days under an easy press of sail, neither offering nor shunning an encounter; and as often as the enemy menaced a renewal of action, he had accepted the challenge by hauling up his wind. All this he stated at large, and with the most convincing perspicuity; and, at the close, he burst forth with the indignant eloquence of injured worth upon the wrong with which himself and his brave companions had been treated, and the manner in which his despatches had been mutilated, and some important parts of them suppressed, for the purpose of deepening the odium under which they were now suffering. But his arguments and his eloquence were in vain; a scape-goat was needed to carry off upon its innocent head the manifold blunders of the Admiralty, and Sir Robert Calder had been selected for this office. His defence accordingly was overruled, and on the 26th, the following sentence was pronounced:—"The Court is of opinion, that the charge of not having done his utmost to renew the engagement, and to take and destroy every ship of the enemy, has been proved against the said vice-admiral Sir Robert Calder; that it appears that his conduct has not been actuated either by cowardice or disaffection, but has arisen solely from error in judgment, and is highly censurable, and doth adjudge him to be severely reprimanded; and the said vice-admiral, Sir Robert Calder, is hereby severely reprimanded accordingly."

It would be ridiculous, in the present day, when the conduct of this gallant admiral is so well understood, and the greatness of his services so thoroughly appreciated, to allude to the injustice of such a sentence. It stands solitary and aloof, with the brand upon its forehead, and can only now condemn none but its authors. And happy will it be for them if their names can escape into utter obscurity, with the names of those who sat in judgment upon Miltiades and Scipio. In the defence of Sir Robert Calder, we perceive that he had made an indignant allusion to the mutilation and curtailment of his despatches. This serious charge unfortunately was too true, and the admiralty itself was guilty of the crime. In their published account, the following passage of Sir Robert was retained:—"The enemy are now in sight to windward; and when I have secured the captured ships, and put the squadron to rights, I shall endeavour to avail myself of any further opportunity that may offer to give you a further account of these combined squadrons." In consequence of this announcement, a meeting between the hostile fleets for the renewal of the contest was anticipated; and as the hours went onward, the public car in London was on the alert for the firing of the Tower guns, to announce a glorious victory. But the following passage, which would have abated this ardour, was omitted:—"At the same time, it will behove me to be on my guard against the combined squadrons in Ferrol, as I am led to believe that they have sent off one or two of their crippled ships last night for that port; therefore, possibly I may find it necessary to make a junction with you immediately off Ushant with the whole squadron." Had the admiralty published this part of Sir Robert's despatch, as they ought to have done, the nation would have seen at once that it

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was impossible, with only fourteen ships ready for action, to encounter the opposite eighteen, should the latter be joined by the twenty line-of-battle ships whose arrival was hourly expected. But a sensation was to be produced, and hope excited, and therefore the chilling paragraph was fraudulently withheld. And when no victory ensued, the perpetrators of this deed endeavoured to conceal their blunder, and avert the public wrath by a condemnation that ought to have fallen, not upon Calder, but upon themselves.

Although the sentence of the court-martial was expected to soothe the popular disappointment, and for a short time succeeded, yet let no statesman venture upon such experiments with the British public. John Bull is reckoned indeed the very type of gullibility, and with good reason; but the honesty of heart in which this weakness originates is sure to recover the ascendancy, and examine the trial anew, in which case, the false witness and unrighteous judge have equally cause to tremble. Thus it was in the case of Sir Robert Calder. The public began to suspect that he had been unjustly dealt with, and further inquiry only strengthened the suspicion. The same feeling, although more tardily, at length obtained an entrance into head-quarters; and, in 1810, Mr. Yorke, then first lord of the Admiralty, ventured to express his conviction that Sir Robert had deserved very different treatment. In parliament, also, the same sentiment was expressed by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Romney. The result of this return to a proper feeling upon the subject, was the offer to Sir Robert, on the part of Mr. Yorke, of the important command of Plymouth, which the former accepted as a full testimony of his acquittal and recognition of his public services and worth. After Sir Robert Calder had held the appointment for three years, he died at Holt, near Bishop's Waltham, in Hants, on the 31st of August, 1818, in the 74th year of his age.

CAMERON, Donald, of Lochiel.—This gallant Highland chief, who united such amiable manners and attractive accomplishments to the proverbial hardihood and valour of his race, that his name has descended to us under the title of "the gentle Lochiel," occupies the most conspicuous place in the history of the unfortunate rebellion of 1745, and may be considered as the fairest type of those chivalrous men by whom such a romantic lustre has been thrown over Jacobite loyalty and devotedness. He was grandson of that Sir Ewan Cameron, chief of Lochiel, of whom so many remarkable stories have been told, that he passes among Lowlanders as the Amadis de Gaul, or Guy of Warwick of the Highlands. Not the least remembered of these was his supreme contempt for Saxon effeminacy, so that in a night bivouac among the snow, he kicked a snowball from under his son's head, exclaiming, "What! are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?" John Cameron, of Lochiel, the father of Donald, for the share he had taken in the rebellion of 1715, was obliged to escape to France, and in consequence of his attainder, the subject of this notice succeeded to the estates of his ancestors, and chieftainship of the clan. On account of his father being still alive, he was commonly called by the Highlanders "young Lochiel," although he was of mature age when he entered the field; but the precise year of his birth we are unable to discover.

As the grandfather and father of Donald had been steadfast adherents to the cause of the Stuarts, and as the clan Cameron was both numerous and powerful, the Chevalier de St. George opened a correspondence with the present chief, and invested him with full powers to negotiate in Scotland for the restoration of the exiled dynasty. Such was the state of affairs when the young Pretender, accom-

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panied with only seven attendants, landed upon the western coast, and sent tidings to all his adherents in the neighbourhood of his arrival and its purposes. They were astounded at the intelligence. Had he come at the head of a strong re-inforcement of foreign troops, and supplied with money for the expenses of a campaign, the whole Highlands might have been armed in his cause, and the result would scarcely have been doubtful; but, on the present occasion, the Highland chieftains well knew that the hope of overturning three kingdoms by their own resources was utter madness, and that the attempt would only precipitate themselves and their followers into certain destruction. But now the Prince was among them, and all but alone: he had thrown himself upon their loyalty, and could they requite it with ingratitude? Such was the generous disinterested feeling with which the chiefs embarked in this desperate undertaking, and not from overweening confidence in their own valour, or hope of the rewards of conquest. They saw nothing before them but death on the field or the scaffold; and although their first successes tended to remove these gloomy forebodings, they returned in full strength with the retreat from Derby, and were confirmed upon the field of Culloden.

In all these fears Lochiel fully participated. As soon, therefore, as he heard of the Prince's arrival, he sent his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, to warn him of the consequences of the enterprise. This the doctor did faithfully and earnestly; he even told the Prince that his brother could not and would not join him under such circumstances. But he spoke to the son of a doomed race, whom no warnings could enlighten, nor aid restore to their forfeited throne. Still, however, Charles felt that without the co-operation of Lochiel it was useless to advance, and he therefore sent Macdonald the younger, of Scothouse, requesting a personal interview with the Cameron at Borodale. Perhaps he was aware of the marvellous power that accompanies the petitions of a prince. The chief complied with an invitation which he could not well refuse, but he set out with a firm resolution to have nothing to do with the Prince's undertaking. This he expressed to his brother, John Cameron, of Fassefern, upon whom he called on his way. As soon as Fassefern learned that Charles had arrived without money, arms, or troops, he approved of his brother's purpose not to join the expedition, but advised him to communicate this by letter; but when Lochiel persisted in continuing his journey to Borodale, as the best opportunity for justifying his refusal, Fassefern replied, "Brother, I know you better than you know yourself. If this prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."

In the interview that followed between the Prince and his chivalrous adherent, this prediction was too well verified. The latter stated, that as his royal highness had come without the promised supplies in men and money, the Highland chiefs were released from their engagements; and he advised Charles to return to France, and await a more favourable opportunity. To this the Prince replied, that no such opportunity as the present might again occur—that most of the British troops were abroad, and the few newly-raised regiments at home would be unable to withstand the army of Highlanders that could be brought into the field—and that a few advantages at the outset would insure him effectual assistance both at home and from abroad. Unpersuaded by these arguments, which were more showy than solid, Lochiel advised a middle course: this was, that the Prince should dismiss his attendants, and his ship the Doutelle, back to France, so that it might be thought that himself had returned with them; and

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that, in the meantime, his highness might remain concealed in the Highlands, where he would guarantee his full safety until the court of France could send over an armament to their aid. This, however, Charles rejected, declaring that the court of France would never believe he had a party in Scotland until an insurrection had actually commenced. Thus driven from every point of dissuasion, Lochiel had recourse to his last inducement, by entreating that his highness would remain at Borodale until the Highland chiefs could be assembled, when they might deliberate in concert what was best to be done in the present state of affairs; but this prudent proposal Charles also indignantly refused. "In a few days," he exclaimed, "and with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt: Lochiel, whom my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and from the newspapers learn the fate of his prince." This taunt, which touched so keenly the honour of the high-minded chief, decided him at once, and he cried, "No! I'll share the fate of my prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power!" In this way "the gentle Lochiel" was overthrown and taken captive by what many will reckon a mere punctilio. In his case, too, it was the more to be regretted, as not only his own fate and that of his clan were at stake, but the introduction of a civil war which, but for his influence and example, would either not have happened, or have begun and terminated in a petty skirmish.

Having gained over a chief so powerful and influential, the Pretender thought that he might proceed at once to action, and accordingly he announced his purpose to raise the royal standard on the 19th of August at Glenfinnan, where all his Highland adherents were warned to be in readiness. In the meantime, Lochiel went home to muster his clan for the gathering. When the period had arrived, Charles, who had now been three weeks in the Highlands without the secret being divulged, embarked from Kinlochmoidart, with twenty-five attendants in three boats, and reached Glenfinnan on the morning of the rendezvous. And dreary was the prospect that welcomed him to his expected kingdom; for he found himself in a dark narrow glen, bounded on both sides by high rocky mountains; and instead of the gallant muster of impatient clans by whom he hoped his coming would be greeted, there were no persons but the inhabitants of the few wretched hovels sprinkled at wide intervals along the glen, who stood at their doors, or among the distant precipices, to gaze at the arrival of the strangers. Dispirited at this appearance of remissness on the part of his friends, Charles retired to one of these hovels, where after two anxious hours of suspense, his ears were gladdened by the sound of a distant bagpipe. It was the clan Cameron hastening to the trysting-place, with Lochiel at their head. They were from seven to eight hundred strong, while in point of arms, discipline, and equipments, they formed the *elite* of that rebel army by which such singular successes were obtained both in Scotland and England. The Camerons also did not come to the meeting empty-handed, for they brought with them, as prisoners, a party of the royalist soldiers, who had been surprised in the neighbourhood of Loch Lochie. On the arrival of Lochiel and his followers, Charles, without waiting for the rest of the clans, proclaimed war in due form against the "Elector of Hanover," raised his silk banner of white, blue, and red, and proclaimed his father sovereign of the British empire. After this ceremony new volunteers arrived, by which the Prince soon found himself at the head of a little army of

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twelve hundred men. With such an army, where nearly one-half were very imperfectly armed, and with only one guinea in his pocket when he reached the fair city of Perth, the young Chevalier commenced his daring march for the overthrow of three kingdoms. It has often been reckoned one of the maddest freaks in military history—but how would it have been characterized had it succeeded, which it almost did? The wonderful successes of Montrose, with means as inadequate, were not yet forgotten in the Highlands.

The rest of the career of Lochiel is so closely connected with the events of the campaign of 1745, that a full detail of them would necessarily include a narrative of the whole rebellion. We can, therefore, only specify a few particulars. The town of Perth, which fell into the hands of the insurgents after they commenced their descent into the Lowlands, was taken by a party of the Camerons. On crossing the Forth, the great difficulty was to restrain the Highlanders from plundering, as they committed much havoc among the sheep, which they hunted and shot as if they had been hares, and cooked in their own rude fashion. A summary act of justice, executed by Lochiel upon one of these marauders, is thus described by Dugald Graham, the Homer of this eventful rebellion:—

> This did enrage the Cameron's chief,
> To see his men so play the thief;
> And finding one into the act,
> He fired, and shot him through the back;
> Then to the rest himself addressed:—
> 'This is your lot, I do protest,
> Whoe'er amongst you wrongs a man;
> Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
> For yet we know not friend or foe,
> Nor how all things may chance to go.'"

It was a just and humane order, enforced by politic considerations, and as such, it must have greatly aided in procuring for the wild miscellaneous army that character for forbearance by which it was afterwards distinguished. On reaching Edinburgh, which had closed its gates, and refused to surrender, Charles, with the army of Sir John Cope at his heels, was anxious to place his wild followers within the walls of the ancient capital, but without the bloodshed of a storm, and the odium which such an event would occasion. This resolution, which was so congenial to the character of Lochiel, the gallant chief undertook to execute; and with a select detachment of nine hundred men he marched by night to the city gates, which, however, were too jealously watched to give him access. While he waited for an opportunity, a hackney coach, filled with deputies, that had been sent from the town-council to the Prince's head-quarters, and were returning home by the Canongate, suddenly appeared. As soon as the gate opened to admit them, a party of Highlanders rushed in, disarmed the guards in a twinkling, and cleared the way for their fellows. In this way Edinburgh was captured without shedding a drop of blood, or even making so much noise as to disturb the sleep of its inhabitants. Lochiel again appears on the very foreground of Prestonpans, the victory of which was chiefly attributed to his clan, by whom the dragoons were routed, and the royalist foot left wholly uncovered. In charging cavalry, which was a new event in Highland warfare, he ordered his men to rush forward boldly, and strike at the noses of the horses with their broadswords, without caring about the riders; and the consequence was, that these formidable-looking cavaliers were chased off the

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field by a single onset. In the unsuccessful expedition into England which followed this victory, the Camerons were always found at their post, while the conduct of their chief was distinguished throughout the advance and retreat by the same combination of prudence, courage, and clemency. Strangely enough, however, it happened that he, the "gentle Lochiel" was, on one occasion, mistaken for a cannibal or an ogre. In England fearful tales had been reported of the Highlanders, and among others, that they had claws instead of hands, and fed upon human flesh. On that account, one evening, when he entered the lodging that had been assigned to him, the poor landlady threw herself at his feet, and besought him, with uplifted hands and weeping eyes, to take her life, but spare her two children. Astonished at this, he asked her what she meant, when she told him, everybody had said that the Highlanders ate children as their common food. A few kind words sufficed to disabuse her; and opening the door of a press, she cried out with a voice of joy, "Come out, children, the gentleman wont eat you," upon which the two little prisoners emerged from their concealment, and fell at his feet.

At the winding up of this wild tragedy on Culloden Moor, Lochiel had his full share of disappointment and disaster. He was one of the advocates of a night surprise of the English army, and when the unsuccessful attempt was made, he was one of its principal leaders. In the battle that followed next day, the Camerons were described by eye-witnesses as advancing to the charge "with their bonnets pulled tightly over their brows, their bodies half-bent, their shields raised so as to cover the head and vital parts, and their broad-swords quivering in their nervous gripe: they sprung forward upon their foes like crouching tigers, their eyes gleaming with an expression fierce and terrific to the last degree." The whole front rank fell; and, in spite of their devoted efforts to protect their chief, Lochiel himself received several severe wounds in the legs, and was carried off the field. Such was the termination which his own prudence had apprehended from the beginning, without needing the predictions of "the death-boding seer," but to which he had committed himself from a mistaken sense of honour and of duty. After this defeat, by which all the adherents of the Pretender were scattered and hunted upon their native mountains, Lochiel, having skulked for two months in his own district, at last withdrew himself to the borders of Rannoch, where he took up his abode in a miserable hovel on the side of the mountain Benalder, to be cured of his wounds. Here, on the morning of the 30th of August (1746), he and his few attendants were startled by the unwelcome apparition of a party of men advancing to the dwelling; and thinking that they were enemies from the camp a few miles distant, who had tracked them to their hiding-place, they prepared to receive them with a volley of musketry. Their weapons were pointed for the occasion, and in another instant would have given fire, when Lochiel suddenly stopped them; he discovered that the strangers were no other than the Prince himself, Dr. Cameron his brother, and a few guides, who had heard in their wanderings of his whereabouts, and were coming to visit him! One moment more, and Charles might have lain stretched on the heath by the hand of the best and most devoted of his followers. On discovering who his visitor was, the chief, who was lamed in the ancles from his wounds, limped out to welcome him, and would have knelt upon the ground, when Charles prevented him with, "No, my dear Lochiel; we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder hills, and if they see any such motions they will immediately conclude that I

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am here." Seldom have prince and subject met under such circumstances of adversity. As the royal wanderer had long been a stranger to a comfortable meal, some minced collops were fried for him with butter in a large saucepan, to which the luxury of a silver spoon was added; and poor Charles, after partaking very heartily of these savoury viands, could not help exclaiming, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince!" Turning to Lochiel, he asked, "Have you always fared so well during your retreat?" "Yes, sir," replied the chief, "for nearly three months past I have been hereabout with my cousin Cluny; he has provided for me so well, that I have had plenty of such as you see, and I thank Heaven your royal highness has got through so many dangers to take a part."

Soon after this meeting, two vessels of war, despatched by the French government, arrived, and in these Charles and about a hundred of his adherents, of whom Lochiel was one, embarked at Lochnanuagh, on the 20th of September. Soon after his arrival in France, Lochiel received the command of a regiment in the French service, to which the young Chevalier wished a title of British nobility to be added; but this the Prince's father refused, observing very justly, that it would create envy in the other Highland chiefs who might expect a similar distinction; and that Lochiel's interest and reputation in his own country, and his being at the head of a regiment in France, would give him more consideration there than any empty title he could bestow. By this time, however, the mere question of a coronet was of little importance to the brave and good Lochiel, for he died in his place of exile in 1748. At his death, he left two sons, of whom John, the eldest, succeeded to his father's regiment, but died in early life. Charles, the younger, who succeeded to the family claims of his brother, obtained leases from the British Crown of parts of the family estate upon very easy terms, and received a commission in the 71st Highlanders, to which regiment he added a company of clansmen of his own raising. On the regiment being ordered for foreign service, his Camerons refused to embark without him, upon which, though he was dangerously ill in London, he hurried down to Glasgow to appease them, but found that this had been successfully done by Colonel Fraser of Lovat, the commander of the regiment. This violent exertion, however, was too much for his exhausted strength, so that he died soon afterwards. Nothing, it is said, could exceed the enthusiasm with which the arrival of Charles Cameron was welcomed by the citizens of Glasgow, for it was their conviction that it was his father who had prevented their city from being plundered by the rebel army in 1745.

Another member of the Lochiel family still remains to be mentioned; this was Dr. Archibald Cameron, whose name has already occurred more than once in the course of this notice. After having endured his share of the hardships which befell the rebel army, and aided the Prince in his wanderings among the Highlands, he was one of those who embarked at Lochnanuagh, and reached France in safety. Some doubtful causes, however, not sufficiently explained, but which seem to have been altogether unconnected with politics, induced him to return to Scotland privately in 1749, and subsequently in 1753; but at his last visit he was apprehended, tried at London, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, as one of the attainted persons who had been "out" in 1745. He was the last victim of the fears or the vengeance of government; and many even of its best friends thought that after so long an interval, and on account of his well-known amiable character, his life ought to have been spared.

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CAMPBELL, Sir Archibald, Bart., G.C.B., &c., was a son of Archibald Campbell, lieutenant in the army, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Captain James Small. Having taken up the military profession like a family inheritance, Archibald entered the army in 1787, with the rank of ensign, in consequence of having raised twenty recruits for the service. Early in the following year he embarked with his regiment, the 77th, for India, and was employed in active service in the successful campaign against Tippoo Sultaun, and upon the coast of Malabar in 1790. In the following year he rose to the rank of lieutenant and adjutant, and served in the campaigns of the Mysore, and the first siege of Seringapatam. In 1795, he accompanied his regiment in the reduction of the Dutch garrison of Cochin and its dependencies on the coast of Malabar; and in 1796 he was employed in the successful enterprise that reduced the island of Ceylon. After various changes connected with these leading events in our Indian warfare, he served as major of brigade to the European brigade of the Bombay army in 1799, and was present at the battle of Saduceer, and the capture of Seringapatam. Having procured during this year, by purchase, the rank of captain in the 67th regiment, he exchanged into the 88th, that he might continue upon foreign service, as the last-mentioned corps had just arrived in India; but he was disappointed in his purpose by ill health, which compelled him, in 1801, to return home.

After having been employed in England chiefly in the recruiting service, and upon the staff of the southern district as major of brigade, he was subsequently appointed major in the 6th battalion of reserve, and was stationed in Guernsey till 1805, when he joined the 71st regiment, with which he continued in Scotland and Ireland until 1808: he then joined the 1st battalion on its embarkation for Portugal. Here Major Campbell saw service such as he had not witnessed in India, having been present in the battles of Rolica and Vimeira, as well as in the disastrous campaign in Spain under Sir John Moore, and the battle of Corunna. In February, 1809, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and appointed to assist Marshal Beresford in organizing and disciplining the Portuguese army. This was a service in which Colonel Campbell was associated with some of the best officers of the British army, and the value of their endeavours was well attested in the high state of efficiency to which the Portuguese soldiers were brought, and the important aid they rendered during the Peninsular war. In this auxiliary army Campbell rose to the rank of full colonel, and in 1811 to that of brigadier-general, and was present at the battles of Busaco, Albuera, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Nivelle, and the Nive, and several sieges, especially that of Badajos. After having thus passed through the brunt of the war in the peninsula and south of France, he was appointed to the rank of major-general by the Prince Regent of Portugal in 1813, and to the command of the Lisbon division of the Portuguese army in 1816. In this capacity he continued till 1820, when the revolution of Portugal restored him to the service of his own country. He had offered, as soon as the insurrectionary movement commenced, and during the absence of Marshal Beresford, to march with his division and quell the rising at Oporto; but in consequence of the refusal of the regency, he gave in his resignation and returned to England.

General Campbell, now a well-tried and war-worn veteran, might, like many of his brethren of the Peninsular campaigns, have fought over his Indian and European battles at a peaceful fireside at home, and "showed how fields were

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won" to the rising generation whom their country was about to summon into action. But the best and most important part of his military career was still to come, and in India, where he had first learned the profession of arms. Not long after his return to England, he joined the 38th regiment, of which he was appointed colonel, at the Cape, and proceeded with it to India, whither it had been ordered. On arriving in India, he was stationed at Berhampore, but was soon appointed by Sir E. Paget to take the command of the expedition fitted out against the Burmese. Of all the many nations of India, these people were reckoned among the bravest and most formidable; and their valour had already been shown in several severe repulses which they had given to the British troops, with whom they had but lately come in contact. The great aim of the expedition which General Campbell commanded was to take possession of Rangoon, the chief seaport of Burmah; and for this quarter he accordingly set sail, and anchored within the bar off the town on the 10th of May, 1823. The landing and capture of Rangoon were effected in twenty minutes with scarcely any resistance. A defensive war of stockades on the part of the Burmese followed, which they maintained with much spirit, and occasionally with success, until the close of the year, when they were emboldened to abandon their guerilla warfare, for which their country was highly favourable, for the precarious chances of a battle. They accordingly assembled a large army of between fifty and sixty thousand strong, with three hundred pieces of cannon, and came down upon the British, who did not exceed six thousand. This was what Campbell desired; the enemy were now before him in a fair field, instead of being intrenched behind stockades, or in the jungle, where they could not be reached except at great disadvantage. He saw at once that their wings were too far asunder, and he resolved to encounter them separately, and in quick succession. His plan was effectual; the enemy, thus attacked, were defeated in detail, and so completely, that they fled in wild disorder, leaving behind them their artillery, and throwing away their muskets. On the following day this crowd of fugitives was rallied, and incorporated with a new Burmese army that advanced to the scene of action; but Campbell attacked and defeated them in a second encounter that was as successful as the first. In these two engagements, the Burmese sustained a loss of more than five thousand men, while that of the British was only thirty killed and two hundred and thirty wounded. Undismayed, however, by such disasters, the enemy ralled for a third attempt, and this time were intrenched to the number of twenty thousand behind a strong stockade. Here they were attacked by General Campbell, and routed with such slaughter, that the war, for the time at least, was terminated by the submission of Burmah and the occupation of Rangoon. Few of our Indian campaigns were more glorious, if we take into account the obstacles which Campbell had to overcome, the smallness of his force as compared with that of the enemy, and the three decisive victories which he gained in such rapid succession. A full sense of his merit was manifested both in India and at home, by the thanks of the governor-general in council and the two houses of the British Parliament, while the Court of East India Directors voted him a gold medal and a pension of £1000 per annum for life, as the reward of his important services.

At the close of the Burmese war, General Campbell was appointed commander of the forces in the provinces on the coast of Tenasserim, which the enemy had ceded, and civil commissioner in the company's affairs in relation to the kingdoms of Burmah and Siam. But the fatigues of the campaign had

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so permanently affected his health, that he was compelled to resign his command, and return to England in 1829. In the spring of 1831 he was appointed lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, and in this province he continued nearly six years, and conducted the administration of its affairs not only to the satisfaction of the home government, but that of the colonists. In 1839 he was offered the appointment of commander-in-chief in Bombay, which he accepted, such an office being, of all others, the most congenial to his wishes; but almost immediately after, a fresh attack of ill health obliged him to resign it. After a few years of retirement from active life, which the increasing infirmities of old age rendered necessary, he died at Edinburgh, on the 6th of October, 1843.

The value of Sir Archibald Campbell's military services, and especially those in India, our late troubles with the Burmese, and the still unsettled condition of that people, have taught us every year more highly to appreciate. It is gratifying, however, to think that, while he lived, he did not find either his country or the public ungrateful. Besides his merited rise in the service, which went steadily onward, he was invested with the Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword in 1813; knighted by the Prince Regent, and appointed aide-de-camp to his Royal Highness in 1814; appointed a knight commander of the Bath in 1815, and K. C. B. in 1827; and in 1831 created a baronet of the United Kingdom. He was also at various times presented with the freedom of the cities of Perth, Strabane, and Cork. Sir Archibald Campbell married Miss Helen Macdonald of Garth, Perthshire, by whom he had two sons and three daughters.

CAMPBELL, Rev. John.—This active missionary and enterprising traveller, whose many labours procured for him a high estimation in the Christian world, was born at Edinburgh in 1766. He was the youngest of three sons, and had the misfortune to lose his father when only two years old, and his mother four years afterwards. Being placed under the guardianship of Mr. Bowers, his uncle, a pious elder or deacon of the Relief Church, John was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, then under the rectorship of Dr. Adams; but although his proficiency as a scholar was such as enabled him to escape unnoticed, he never in after life manifested any particular acquaintanceship with Latin and Greek. His restless temperament and enterprising spirit were more inclined to action than study, and might have led him headlong into evil, had they not been kept in check by the wholesome restraints and religious education established in his uncle's household. On finishing his education at the High School, he was apprenticed to a goldsmith and jeweller in Edinburgh. Although, at this early period, he was deprived of the religious instructions he had hitherto enjoyed, in consequence of the death of his uncle, the loss was in some measure supplied by diligent reading and anxious reflection, combined with the intercourse of pious acquaintances, whose benevolence was awakened by his orphan condition. One of these he thus describes:—"Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that he was a gauger (or excise officer), an employment as much despised in those days, in the north, as that of the publicans or tax-gatherers by the Jews in the days of our Lord. When his piety became generally known in the town where he lived, he had the honour of being distinguished by the appellation of 'the praying gauger.' In reference to his being a man of prayer, perhaps you will be startled at a remark I heard made by one of his most intimate and oldest acquaintances—'that he believed Duncan Clark (for that was his name) had not for the last

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forty years slept two hours without engaging in prayer.' The conduct of this remarkable man towards the young inquirer, was in keeping with his character. He was the first person," Campbell adds, "to whom I opened my case, when I was greatly alarmed about the state of my soul before God. I wrote to him a very simple letter, which he first showed to some of his intimates, for their opinion, and then wrote a cautious brief answer, which he did not send off by post, but actually brought himself, and delivered into my hands in Edinburgh. He explained his doing so by telling me that he had been at Dunfermline sacrament, to which place he carried it; and while there, he thought that, being within fifteen miles of Edinburgh, he would just walk to it, and have a little conversation, as well as deliver the letter. He had walked more than twenty miles to the sacrament. He walked thus to save his money for the poor." It was no wonder that, under the conversation of such men, the subject of religion to the mind of Campbell appeared of paramount importance. It was equally to be expected, from his natural disposition, that having attained such views, he should be impatient to realize them by action. He became a visitor of the sick and dying poor, to whom he imparted the consolations of religion, as well as of the ignorant and the dissolute, whom he was anxious to enlighten and convert. In this way he became a city missionary among the murky lanes and closes of Edinburgh, at a time when such an office was most needed, and, as yet, little thought of.

Mr. Campbell had now commenced that evangelistic public life which was to know neither rest nor interval; and while engaged in the shop of a hardware merchant, an occupation to which he had betaken himself, he was to become a correspondent of the principal characters of the religious world, and be connected with those great public enterprises in which they were the chief movers. But to a life of such varied action, notwithstanding its heroic disinterestedness and important results, we can only devote a very brief enumeration.

One of the earliest of these labours was the establishment of Sabbath-schools. At a time when domestic religious instruction was prevalent in Scotland, their introduction, instead of being a benefit, would have been a mischievous intrusion. But now that this patriarchal style of life was fast passing into a new state, and that the present was a transition period, which is generally a period fraught with danger, the old system of religious tuition was wofully in abeyance, while nothing as yet had been brought forward to supplement the deficiency. Sabbath-schools, indeed, had even already been introduced into the country; but they were not only insignificant in point of number, but regarded as a dangerous novelty—nay, even regarded as a libel upon our covenanting and well-educated Scotland, whose religious character now stood so high among the nations of Christendom. And yet, all the while, there were thousands, nay, myriads of children for whom no one cared, and who were growing up in ignorance and profligacy, while every year was increasing the evil. Scotland, as is too often the case, was contentedly reposing upon her past character and achievements, and therefore blind to the present emergency. To this educational plan, therefore, so ungracious, and yet so needful, John Campbell directed his efforts. He opened a large Sabbath-school in the old Archers' Hall; and finding it succeed, he opened another in the hall of the Edinburgh Dispensary. Encouraged by the benefits that attended this bold experiment upon the capital, and by the Countess of Leven, and several of our Scottish aristocracy, whose religious patriotism was awake to the true interests of their country, he now

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turned his attention to the rural districts, and opened a school at the village of Loanhead, a few miles distant from Edinburgh. Here he took his station exclusively as teacher, and so effectually, that he soon had 200 pupils. His zealous missionary labours in these and similar undertakings, introduced him to the Haldanes, men of congenial spirit, who were eager to second his efforts; and accordingly, in company with Captain James Haldane, the younger brother, he set off on a tour through the west of Scotland, partly for the distribution of tracts, but mainly for the establishment of Sabbath-schools. With this view they visited Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock; and although the trip occupied only a single week, the formation of sixty schools was the result within three months afterwards. A system of religious education was thus prosperously commenced that was soon to overspread the country, and which, we trust, will continue, until society, still better christianized than it is at present, will revert to the good old plan of having the Sunday-school at home, with the head of the house as its zealous affectionate teacher.

From Sabbath-school teaching to preaching was but a step, upon which Mr. Campbell next ventured; it was a change from growing to grown children, where the latter were to the full as unintelligent as the former, but with still greater need of the coercions of religion, while the kind of instruction which had been found so available with the one might be equally so with the other. He commenced in the first instance with Gilmerton, a village in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, chiefly inhabited by colliers, the despised Pariahs of British society; and having opened a preaching station for Sabbath evening service, he was aided in his labours by students of divinity and lay-preachers; and especially by Rate, Aikman, and the Haldanes, the fathers of Scottish Independency. Encouraged by the success of this trial upon Gilmerton, Messrs. Campbell, Rate, and James Haldane resolved to attempt an itinerancy of lay-preaching over the whole of Scotland north of Edinburgh. It was a novel experiment, for, except the brief visits of Whitefield to Scotland, the practice of preaching in the open air had been discontinued there since the happy accession of William and Mary to the throne. In every town and village to which they came, they announced their purpose and the place of muster, and there the crowds who assembled were roused anew with proclamations of those evangelical doctrines to which very few pulpits of the day were wont to give utterance. This, indeed, was a sufficiently humble mode of preaching; but it was apostolic withal, and suited to the wants of the times; and one of the best fruits of this lay and out-of-door preaching was, that in the present day it is needed no longer. After he had toiled in the work until he broke down from sheer exhaustion, and resumed it as soon as his health had recovered, Campbell saw with satisfaction this field successfully occupied by the Haldanes, and those whom they had trained to an itinerant ministry.

Hitherto it had been the reproach of Protestantism, that it was not a missionary church. The Reformed communities, instead of preaching the gospel to all nations, had selfishly confined it to themselves; and while Papists were alert in traversing every land, and braving every danger to make converts, they were wont to allege, and with a show of justice, that the opposite church could not be a genuine Christian one, as it had so shamefully neglected this most important commission with which it had been intrusted by our blessed Lord at his departure. Now, however, the reproach was to be rolled away; and one of the first fruits of this awakened sense of duty was the formation of the London

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Missionary Society, composed of Christians of all denominations, for a great united aggression upon the heathenism of the world. It was the raising of a banner, and sounding of a trumpet-blast, under which every Christian community in Britain was electrified. Similar institutions in connection with the parent branch began rapidly to be established in various cities; and among these, one of the first was in Edinburgh, of which Mr. Campbell was a director. In this way, while, to use the language of one of his biographers, "soldiers and sailors wrote to him for advice; the needy and greedy for money; the reclaimed outcasts for prayer and counsel; dark villages for itinerants; and chapel-builders for help;" and all this while undergoing the weekly cares and toils of a tradesman in the Bow, and those of a village lay-preacher at Gilmerton on the Sabbath, he had the complicated concerns of a new missionary society superadded to his manifold occupations. Zeal, activity, sagacity, business-habits, prudence, persuasiveness, were all in requisition for the discharge of so many duties: and all these qualities he brought so fully to the task, as to show that he was now in his congenial element. The condition of Africa employed his attention with reference to the establishment of a mission at Sierra Leone; but the unhealthiness of the climate along the coast, and the "terrible unknown" of the interior, equally seemed to bid defiance to the enterprise. In this trying dilemma, an expedient suggested itself to his mind as sufficient to obviate every difficulty; it was, to obtain from the British settlement there a number of native children of both sexes, and after educating them in Britain, to send them back as missionaries to their kindred and countrymen. The next step was to procure funds for such a costly but hopeful undertaking, and these were volunteered to be supplied by Mr. Robert Haldane, who saw at once the soundness of the scheme. Twenty-four children were accordingly brought from Africa to London, and nothing remained but to forward them to Edinburgh, to be trained under the superintendence of those who had originated the plan. But here difficulties arose at the outset with which Mr. Campbell had nothing to do, and the children were educated in London. Still he had taught the way by which Africa was to be opened up, and its hitherto inaccessible regions evangelized; and every succeeding year has justified the sagacity with which the expedient was devised, by the happy results that have already crowned it. It is upon native missions, perhaps, that we must ultimately rely for the Christianization both of India and Africa.

At an early period of life, Mr. Campbell's wishes had been directed to the ministry, but as circumstances had been such as to prevent their realization, he had hitherto acted in his private capacity, and as a lay-preacher. Having been so successful in the latter vocation, he now thought it his duty to devote himself wholly to the ministerial work. He could now also accomplish this with greater facility, as the Theological Hall which the Independents had lately established, required a shorter course of study than that prescribed by the regular colleges. This step also corresponded more fully with his views of church government, which accorded with Independency. He therefore repaired to Glasgow, and prosecuted his studies for the purpose under the Rev. Greville Ewing, who was at the head of the seminary. Here, also, he occasionally joined Mr. Haldane in his itinerary preaching tours; and on one occasion, in 1802, he carried his labours through a considerable part of England, and officiated during part of the summer, at Kingsland Chapel, London. For two years after, Mr. Campbell itinerated through various parts of Scotland, and the northern counties of

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England, when, in 1804, he received a regular call from the congregation of Kingsland Chapel, by whom his former labours had been greatly esteemed, to become their minister. He complied, and entered immediately with full ardour upon the sacred duties of his new office. Although now minister of a London chapel, the situation was by no means one either of distinction or emolument. On the contrary, the congregation were so poor, and his salary therefore so scanty, that he was obliged to open a day school in Kingsland, in addition to his clerical duties. He was also editor of the "Youth's Magazine," a small religious periodical, which he commenced and superintended through the first ten volumes.

The remarkable activity of Mr. Campbell, and the energy with which he entered into the operations of the various religious societies with which he was engaged, besides discharging the offices of minister, schoolmaster, editor, and itinerant preacher, soon brought him into notice in London, and suggested to the London Missionary Society the idea of employing him in an enterprise of the utmost importance. This was, a tour of exploration through Caffraria, for the purpose of examining the state of the Hottentot and Caffre missions, now left helpless by the death of the lamented Dr. Vanderkemp. It was a commission fraught not only with difficulty but peril, but Campbell cheerfully undertook it. He was solemnly set apart for this purpose in Miles' Lane Chapel, the venerable Dr. Waugh presiding on that occasion. And who that has but once seen and heard that Scot of Scots, can either forget his noble, stately, stalwart form and bearing, or his Doric but thrilling and persuasive eloquence? At the close of his address he thus bade farewell to Mr. Campbell:—"Could I place the prophet Isaiah at the base of one of the lofty mountains in Africa, which you, my brother, are about to visit; and if, whilst gazing on its varied scenery, an eathquake were to rock it upon its deep foundations, until, like the Numidian lion shaking the dew-drops of the land of Ham from his mane in the morning, it threw off from its hoary and heaving sides the forests, and flocks, and hamlets of huts, and cliffs crowned with lichens and lign-aloes; and were a whirlwind to rush in at that moment, scattering the broken and falling masses in mid air, as if playing with the sand-clouds and columns of the desert; still the voice of the prophet, could it be heard amidst the convulsive war of elements, would exclaim, 'Though the everlasting mountains bow, and the perpetual hills be scattered, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation!' Go, my brother, and do thou the same, whatever dangers you may meet in Africa. As God was with Vanderkemp, so will he be with thee, Campbell."

Charged with this important commission, the minister of Kingsland Chapel left London on the 24th of June, 1812. Already he had confronted the fierce waves that girdle the Orkneys, and traversed its little islands to proclaim the gospel; but now he was to "brave the stormy spirit of the Cape," and explore its vast interior, upon a similar errand. His progress in South Africa fully justified the choice that had been made of him, for while no minister or missionary could have been more zealous, active, and efficient in the special duties of his calling among the Christian stations which he visited, he added to these the qualifications of an intrepid, diligent, and enterprising traveller, alive to the interests of general knowledge and science, and sharply observant of every object in his way. Three thousand miles were traversed by him in a country as yet but little known to the British public, and after an absence of nearly two years, he returned to England in May, 1814. He was not yet done, however, with

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J. Lond

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THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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South Africa, for in little more than four years, his services as a traveller, which already had been so useful, were again in requisition. A second journey over the same country was the consequence, which occupied two years and a-half, and he returned to London in 1821, just in time for the missionary May meetings, which he gratified by the rich fund of intelligence which he brought from the land of his adventurous pilgrimage. Altogether, his published account of these two journeys not only threw much light upon the interior of South Africa, but brought into full view whole towns and tribes whose existence had as yet been unknown in Europe. It was indeed a valuable addition to that portion of the map which had hitherto been little more than a blank, or a few conjectural lines. In consequence of these services, the London Missionary Society were anxious that he should resume his pilgrim's staff, and make a similar exploration of the stations they had established in the Polynesian Islands. But this application he respectfully declined. After his second return from Africa, in consequence of the death of his aunt, and marriage of his niece, who had hitherto been his housekeepers, he took to himself a partner of his home, and resumed his ministerial duties at Kingsland Chapel.

The rest of the life of Mr. Campbell, which was chiefly spent in London, was marked by the same earnest diligence and usefulness which had hitherto characterized it. Decidedly a man of action, his hours, his very minutes, were all turned to good account, while his cheerful lively humour continued to animate him to the last. His piety, his vigorous sound sense, his fluency as a speaker, and his jokes, always made him a favourite upon a London religious platform; and as soon as his little compact figure, dark complexion, and cheerful look, were presented to address them, the whole meeting brightened up with expectation, and hailed him with applauding welcome. Thus he continued unbent and unbroken until he had passed the boundary of threescore and ten, when he was attacked at the commencement of 1840 by his last illness. His end was one full of peace and hope, and the only disquietude he seemed to experience was from the thought, that in spite of all he had done, he had not done enough—he had not done what he *could*. A few hours before he died, the missionary spirit that had so essentially predominated during life was strongest within him, and in broken accents of prayer he exclaimed unconsciously, "Let it fly! let the gospel fly!" His death occurred on the 4th of April, 1840.

CAMPBELL, Thomas.—This poet, so justly and poetically called the "Bard of Hope," was born at Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. Like many of his name, he could trace his descent through an illustrious ancestry, beginning with Iver of Kirnan, the son of Archibald, Lord of Lochawe, who was the contemporary of Robert Bruce. To these genealogies, however, our poet was indifferent, being contented to be known as the son of Alexander Campbell, merchant, Glasgow, and one of a family of eleven children. The poet was especially fortunate in the intellectual character of his parentage, his father being the intimate friend of Reid, author of the "Inquiry into the Human Mind," while his mother was distinguished by her love of general literature, combined with sound understanding and a refined taste. Dull, indeed, would that mind naturally be, that could be nursed up under such guardianship to nothing better than mediocrity. Even at the early age of ten, Thomas Campbell had irrevocably become a poet, and such of his productions, composed at that season, as have been preserved, exhibit the delicate appreciation of the graceful flow and music of language for which his poetry was afterwards so highly distinguished.

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He entered the college of Glasgow in 1791, already a ripe scholar in Latin and Greek—an unwonted circumstance among the young students of our northern universities; and there he had the high privilege of studying under Richardson, the talented and elegant professor of Humanity, and Young, one of the most enthusiastic Grecians and accomplished scholars of the day. The example of the latter was not lost upon the congenial mind of his pupil; and the poetical translations which Thomas Campbell produced at this period, as class exercises, from the "Medea of Euripides," as well as other Greek poets, showed not only his mastery of the language in which they wrote, but the power he already possessed over his own. Many who are alive can still remember the pleasure with which Professor Young, in his college prelections, was wont to advert to these translations, and the pupil by whom they had been produced. Even in original poetry, also, Campbell was at this period distinguished above all his class-fellows, so that, in 1793, his "Poem on Description" obtained the prize in the Logic Class, although it was composed four years previous, and when he had not passed the age of twelve. Besides being distinguished as a poet and scholar at college, he was also well-known as a wit and satirist, and his lampoons were as much dreaded as his lyrics were admired; while his *mots* were so plentiful, that the usual morning question of the students was, "What has Tom Campbell been saying?" Being of a slim delicate make, and fond of a place near the class-room fire before the professor had entered, but finding it generally surrounded by a phalanx of Irish students, through which he could not break, he used often to disperse it, by causing their attention to be directed to some new roguish effusion he had written on the wall, which was certain to send them all scampering to the place of inscription. On one of these occasions, hearing that he had just written a libel against their country, they rushed away from the blazing grate in fervent wrath to the pencilled spot on the wall, and read, not in rage, but with roars of good-humoured laughter:—

"Vos, Iliberni, collocatis,
Summum bonum in——potatoes!"

The great choice of life, whether as to occupation or principles, is often determined by some incident so minute as to escape notice. And such was the case with Thomas Campbell. In common with most youthful minds, before their classical impressions have come in contact with the stern realities of every-day life, his whole heart was with Greece and Rome, with Brutus and Cassius, with liberty and the enemies of oppression. With him, as with others, all this might have faded away like a dream of boyhood, but for an event that indelibly stamped these feelings upon his mind, and made them become the regulating principles of his after-life. It was now the season when the example of the French revolution was at its height, so that even the grave and solid intellect of Scotland became giddy for a moment in the whirl; and the trials of Muir, Palmer, Gerald, and others, showed how narrowly our country had escaped the establishment of a convention modelled upon that of France. While these trials were going on, the young poet felt an impatient longing to visit Edinburgh, and witness the proceedings; to which his affectionate mother assented. He was to travel to the metropolis and return on foot, a journey of eighty-four miles; and to defray the expenses of such a pilgrimage, he thought himself richly furnished by the sum of 5s., which she gave him for the purpose. He reached Edinburgh with a light foot and buoyant heart, and repaired to the Parliament House, where the trial of Gerald was going on; and it was easy for an imagination

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such as his to convert the eloquent and impassioned culprit at the bar into a patriot of the old heroic ages, pleading less for his own life than the liberties of his country. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Gerald, at the close of his appeal, "now that I have to take leave of you for ever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut; and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain." Campbell was deeply impressed by these thrilling words, and the universal unbreathing silence of the multitude that listened; and his emotion at last found vent in the exclamation, "By heavens, sir, that is a great man!" "Ay, sir," replied the man beside him, apparently a decent tradesman, to whom the remark was addressed, "he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man great who listens to him." Campbell returned to Glasgow, a sadder at least, if not a wiser man, and, to the astonishment of his companions, his jokes and flashes of merriment were now laid aside. He had imbibed those impressions in behalf of freedom, and that hatred of oppression which burst forth so indignantly in the "Pleasures of Hope"—that ran like an electric gleam through the whole extent of his subsequent productions—and that finally, at his opened grave, called forth the tears of unhappy Poland, represented by the weeping group of her children who stood over it. He was now, and ever after, to be the poet of Liberty.

When Campbell reached the age of twenty, he had completed five sessions at the university of Glasgow, during the greater part of which period he had been obliged, through the mercantile losses of his father, to contribute to his own support by giving lessons in Latin and Greek as a private tutor. Long before this period he had endeavoured to make choice of a profession, but had been unable to settle upon any result: law, medicine, merchandise, the church, had successively presented themselves, and been each in turn abandoned. Even already, however, the idea of literature as a profession had occurred to him; and he was now in Edinburgh negotiating with the publishers of the day, and supporting himself, in the meantime, by the drudgery of private tuition, until some path could be struck out by his own talents, or some offer made to him by an Edinburgh bookseller. But even now, also, he was employed upon the "Pleasures of Hope," and forming those beautiful episodes of the work which became all the brighter and more attractive in consequence of the darkness by which their author was beset. Such, at this period, was the condition of the young aspirant for literary and poetical fame. If to this, the following sketch of him, by a lady, be added, the picture will be complete:—"Mr. Campbell's appearance bespoke instant favour; his countenance was beautiful, and as the expression of his face varied with his various feelings, it became quite a study for a painter to catch the fleeting graces as they rapidly succeeded each other. The pensive air which hung so gracefully over his youthful features gave a melancholy interest to his manner, which was extremely touching. But when he indulged in any lively sallies of humour, he was exceedingly amusing; every now and then, however, he seemed to check himself, as if the effort to be gay was too much for his sadder thoughts, which evidently prevailed." "And now," he says of himself, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent

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lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off." At last the work was finished and published, and the celebrity which it reached was sufficient to compensate the author for all his past anxieties. In fact, it took the public mind by storm; and while commendation in all its forms was exhausted in lauding it, the universal wonder was, that such a poem should have been produced by a youth not more than twenty-one years old. Several of the most distinguished of the Edinburgh literati had already been prepared to estimate its merits from quotations which they had heard from the manuscript. But with those who were not thus forewarned, the first sight of the work was irresistible. Among these was the learned and accomplished Dr. Gregory, who, in stepping into the shop of Mr. Mundell, the publisher, saw the volume, fresh from the press, lying on the counter. "Ah! what have we here?" he said, taking it up; "'The Pleasures of Hope!'" He looked between the uncut leaves, and was so struck with the beauty of a single passage that he could not desist until he had read half the work. "This *is* poetry," he enthusiastically exclaimed; and added, "Where is the author to be found? I will call upon him immediately." The promise of the professor was quickly fulfilled, and from that period he became one of Campbell's warmest friends and admirers.

Having thus established for himself a high reputation by his first attempt, and being still in the opening of life, Thomas Campbell was impatient to see the world, and resolved, for this purpose, to take a trip into some foreign country. The proceeds of his work had furnished him with the means, and therefore he had only to select the route of his pilgrimage. His choice settled upon Germany, already become famous in Scotland by its rising literature, and the works of Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe. He crossed over to Hamburg, where his fame had already preceded him, so that he received an enthusiastic welcome from the British residents of that mercantile city. He soon found, however, that he had stumbled unexpectedly upon the outposts of a great and momentous war, so that he was obliged to direct his course according to its movements. But such was the rapidity of the French armies, that even an unencumbered traveller could scarcely avoid them; and on his arriving at Ratisbon, war was raging round its suburbs, and, finally, the French within its gates. Thus Campbell found himself in a situation that falls to the lot of few poets; he was likely to be the witness, as well as the eulogist and recorder, of great military achievements. "It was a sudden transition," he thus writes to a friend, "from the beauties of an interesting journey to the horrors of war and confusion that prevailed at Ratisbon. The richest fields of Europe desolated by contending troops; peasants driven from their homes, to starve and beg in the streets; horses dying of hunger and men dying of their wounds, were the dreadful novelties at this time." From the ramparts close to the Scotch monastery, he also witnessed the conflict that gave to the French the possession of Ratisbon, and thus describes the spectacle in a letter to his brother: "Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and expended breath, when I stood, with the good monks of St. James, to overlook a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grenier. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas-de-charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours, awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several drivers that were stationed there to

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convey the wounded in spring-waggons were killed in our sight." In a subsequent account of the event, he adds:—"This formed the most important epoch in my life, in point of impressions; but those impressions at seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field, or, what was worse, seeing them in the act of dying, are so horrible to my memory that I study to banish them. At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awoke from nightmare dreams about these dreadful images."

Amidst these uncertainties produced by the war, the poet's rambles were brief and irregular. He returned to Hamburg, visiting Leipsic and a few other towns in his course northward, and finally settled for the winter at Altona. During his residence near the historic and picturesque banks of the Danube, he had composed, or revised for the press, fourteen poetical productions, of which, however, only four were ultimately published. His well-known delicacy, not to say fastidiousness of taste, will sufficiently account for this *reticence*. Altona was soon no safe residence, on account of Denmark's secret alliance with France; and the appearance of the British fleet off the Sound, gave sudden warning to our traveller to provide for his safety. He therefore embarked in a small trading vessel bound for Leith; but in consequence of a chace from a Danish privateer, Campbell was landed at Yarmouth, to which the vessel fled for shelter. A trip to London naturally followed; and for the first time he visited the mighty metropolis, little guessing, as he paced along its apparently interminable streets, that he should afterwards see it expanded into twice its present amount. After a short stay in the capital, where his "Pleasures of Hope" was a passport to the best of London society, he directed his course homeward. Even yet the inconveniences of his visit to the seat of war had not ended. "Returning to Edinburgh by sea," he writes in his memoranda of 1801, "a lady, passenger by the same ship, who had read my poems, but was personally unacquainted with me, told me, to my utter astonishment, that I had been arrested in London for high treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed! I was equally unconscious of having either deserved or incurred such a sentence." He found, however, on reaching Edinburgh, that this ridiculous report was no matter to be laughed at, for it was already buzzed through the streets of the northern capital, and had reached the ears of his anxious mother, who now resided in the city. It was a wild period of rumour and suspicion, and he found that the fact of his having messed with the French officers at Ratisbon during the armistice, been introduced to the gallant Moreau, and sailed as fellow-passenger with an Irishman of the name of Donovan, had been amplified into a plot concerted between himself, Moreau, and the Irish at Hamburg, to land a French army in Ireland. He waited upon Mr. Clerk, the sheriff of Edinburgh, to refute this report, and testify his loyalty at head-quarters; but here he found, to his astonishment, that the sheriff believed in his guilt, and that a warrant was issued for his apprehension. This was intolerable, and Campbell could not help exclaiming, "Do I live to hear a sensible man like you, talking about a boy like me conspiring against the British empire?" He offered himself for a strict examination previous to being sent to prison, and the inquisition was held amidst an array of clerks ready to note down his answers. A box of letters and papers which he had left at Yarmouth to be forwarded to Edinburgh, but which had been seized at Leith, was at the same time brought forward, opened, and carefully examined. But the contents soon put all suspicion to the rout: nothing in the whole col-

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lection could be found more treasonable than "Ye Mariners of England," which was already prepared for the press, with a few others of its afterwards distinguished brethren. "This comes of trusting a Hamburg spy!" cried the discomfited sheriff; for it seems that a rogue in Hamburg had been manufacturing for the credulity of his employers on this side of the water such treason as he could not find ready-made, and had treasured up Campbell's movements there as a fit groundwork for his ingenuity. The whole inquest ended in a hearty laugh and a bottle of wine.

On returning to Edinburgh, Campbell found that instant action was necessary. His father had died during his absence in Germany; his widowed mother, now old and frail, was in necessitous circumstances; and his three sisters were all invalids under the maternal roof. It was also such a period of scarcity and mercantile depression over the whole island, that the prices of the common necessaries of life were nearly doubled, so that famine-riots, popularly called meal-mobs, became the order of the day among the lower classes. Urged by present emergencies, he betook himself, in the first instance, to the precarious resources of miscellaneous authorship, until something more permanent could be adopted. This latter opportunity seemed to occur from an invitation he received from Lord Minto to visit him in London; and on Campbell's repairing thither in 1802, he was employed by his lordship as private secretary, and afterwards as travelling companion to Scotland. During this temporary absence from Edinburgh, he had composed "Lochiel's Warning," and the "Battle of Hohenlinden." This, in the estimation of modern authorship, will appear to be very slow progress; but even in the most depressed period of his circumstances, his aim was to write for immortality, so that every expression was carefully considered, and every line touched and retouched, before it could satisfy that most severe of all critics—himself. Even that striking line—

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

had cost him a whole week of study and anxiety. But who will say that the price of such a stanza was too high? Writing of the poet to a friend at this time, Telford, the celebrated engineer, asks, "Have you seen his 'Lochiel?' He will surpass everything ancient or modern—your Pindars, your Drydens, and your Grays." A similar feeling, but in a more poetical fashion, was expressed of its merits by Mrs. Dugald Stewart, wife of the distinguished philosopher. When the poet read it to her in manuscript, she listened in deep silence, and when it was finished, she gravely rose, laid her hand upon his head, and said, "This will bear another wreath of laurel yet," after which she retired to her seat without uttering another word. "This," said Campbell, "made a stronger impression upon my mind than if she had spoken in a strain of the loftiest panegyric. It was one of the principal incidents in my life that gave me confidence in my own powers."

After having laboured for some time in fugitive articles for the newspapers, and the compilation of history for the booksellers of Edinburgh, by which he managed to secure a respectable temporary livelihood, Campbell once more repaired to London. A poet by choice, he was now a prose author from necessity, and the British metropolis he knew to be the best mart in which his literary commodities could find a ready sale. Here, then, he was employed fagging, as he informs us, for ten hours a-day, and purloining the opportunity for calls and recreation from the hours of sleep. At this time, also, he published the seventh edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," and several of his smaller pieces, in a quarto

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volume, which brought him such a profitable return as to relieve him from all his pecuniary embarrassments, as well as his anxieties about the future. This happy deliverance he forthwith proceeded to signalize in a fitting manner, by selecting for himself a permanent home, and a partner to gladden it. He married one who had been the object of his youthful admiration nine years before, and had latterly become the object of his more matured affections. This was Matilda Sinclair, daughter of his mother's cousin, a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant and provost in Greenock, and was now a trader in London. The prudent father demurred at the thought of bestowing his daughter upon one who, kinsman though he was, and now of high reputation, was still nothing more than a poet. It was indeed a perilous venture; but the ardour of the young couple overpowered the old man's scruples, and wrung from him a reluctant assent. They were married on the 10th September, 1803. It was a poetical union, for Campbell's whole fortune at this time amounted to the sum of fifty pounds; but he had fifty thousand pleasures of hope in perspective, and was therefore rich in his own imagination. At length he became a father; and here we cannot refrain from quoting his own account of feelings, so common to every father, at the arrival of his first-born, but which Campbell, in a letter announcing the event, has described with such beauty and tenderness: "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. . . . . Oh, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood—especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out." Such was an event, which, though an important era in the life of every man, is especially so in that of a poet; and such is the description, which none but a poet, and that of the highest order, could have so embodied. To our thinking, the above quotation may take its place in the highest rank of Campbell's poetical productions.

A happiness like this was not to be enjoyed without a due mixture of life's cares and anxieties; and at this period, the income of the poet for the support of such a home and family, consisted of the proceeds of his daily literary toil, which was so severe as seriously to injure his health. He had not, indeed, that slap-dash facility of writing which characterizes most of those who follow literature as a profession; nor could he, when the hours of study had been ended, abandon the subject of his thoughts as lightly as the man of business can leave his shop or counting-house, when he shuts it up for the evening, and repairs

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to the enjoyments of his fireside. Instead of this, the fastidious taste that abode with him through life, made him slow in the selection of ideas, as well as scrupulous in their expression; and thus, when the price of his labour was to be estimated by bulk, his toil was scarcely half-paid. One of his resources at this time, in addition to periodical literature, was an engagement in the "Star" newspaper, which produced him four guineas a-week. At this time, also, he was willing to endure expatriation for the advantages of a permanent living; so that, when a regency in the university of Wilna had become vacant, he sent his name to the Russian minister as a candidate. But here his sentiments in favour of liberty, and his sympathy for Poland, which he had expressed in the "Pleasures of Hope," intervened to damp the ardour of his application, which might otherwise have been successful. After having established himself in authorship as a profession, he removed from London to Sydenham, where he resided for the next seventeen years of his life; and it was here, during the first summer after his removal, that amidst many articles written for the "Philosophical Magazine" and the "Star," upon every uncongenial subject, agriculture not excepted, he published "Lord Ullin's Daughter," the "Soldier's Dream," the "Turkish Lady," and the "Battle of the Baltic." But for one so delicately organized both in mind and body as Campbell, the daily hard work which he had to encounter was so exhausting that his health gave way; and in his letters at this period, we find him labouring under fits of gloomy despondency, alternated by attacks of sickness. To add also to his cares, the sole support of his aged mother, and partially of his sisters, was still devolved upon him, so that he had to maintain two household establishments, the one at Sydenham, and the other at Edinburgh. But just at the time when it seemed inevitable that he must break down under the double pressure, relief was at hand. Some unknown but highly influential friend had interposed with royalty itself in his behalf, and the result was a pension of £200 per annum conferred by his Majesty upon the Bard of Hope. His application of this munificent boon was truly honourable to the poet's heart and memory; for, after reserving only a portion to himself, he allotted the remainder to the support of his mother and sisters.

Four years went onward at Sydenham under these improved circumstances, but still the necessity for continued exertion was little abated; for the pension, comfortable as it looked in the abstract, underwent such mutilation, through fees of office and taxation, that it reached him in the shape of £140, while out of this he paid an annuity of £70 to his mother. The comfort to be derived from it depended more upon its permanency than its specific bulk. He therefore continued his toil, amidst alternate fits of lassitude and sickness. His contributions to the "Star," which consisted chiefly of translations from foreign journals, occupied him four hours a-day, and the remainder of his time was filled up by a "History of the Reign of George III." in three volumes, for which he had contracted with an Edinburgh publisher before he left Scotland, and with his "Specimens of the British Poets," a compilation in which the selection of materials for extracts, as well as the composition of biographical notices, cost him abundance of labour and anxiety. All this, however, was for mere daily subsistence, not future fame; and even to keep up the reputation which his first work had procured him, it was necessary to follow it with one of at least equal excellence. To this necessity he was far from being insensible; and therefore, amidst his seasons of intermission, he had devoted himself with

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all the ardour of a first and undiminished love to the production of "Gertrude of Wyoming," which at length was published in London in 1809. It was much that it should have fully sustained the fame that had been acquired by the "Pleasures of Hope;" but it did more—it evinced equal poetical power, with a more matured judgment and better taste. Jeffrey, that prince of critics, who had seen the work while passing through the press, thus characterized its excellencies:—"There is great beauty, and great tenderness and fancy in the work, and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth, which fall like enchantment on all minds that can make anything of such matters. Many of your descriptions come nearer the tone of 'The Castle of Indolence' than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is much more graceful and delicate." After this commendation, which has been fully borne out by the admiration of the public for more than forty years, the talented critic introduces the emphatic "BUT," and proceeds to specify the faults which he found in "Gertrude of Wyoming;" and these, also, were such as the world has continued to detect. It consisted too much of finished episodes rather than a continuous poem. The language was still overlaboured, as if he had "hammered the metal in some places till it had lost all its ductility." These were faults, or blemishes, so inseparable from the mind of Campbell, that they were part and parcel of his intellectual existence, and he could only have abandoned them by relinquishing his individual identity. After this affectionate chastisement, Jeffrey adds, "Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet, till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them, and let me see them, at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children." In the same volume were published several smaller poems, some of which had previously appeared before the public. Among these were "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden," the first characterized by the "Edinburgh Review" as the most spirited and poetical denunciation of woe since the days of Cassandra, and the second, as the only representation of a modern battle which possesses either interest or sublimity; and "Ye Mariners of England," and the "Battle of the Baltic," two songs that have justly ranked their author as the naval Alcæus of Britain. In a subsequent edition of "Gertrude," which appeared in the following year, the volume was enriched by the addition of "O'Connor's Child," the best, perhaps, of all his minor poems. Its origin was in the highest degree poetical. A little flower called "Love lies bleeding," grew in his garden, and the sentiments which it inspired, as he looked at it in his morning walks, gathered and expanded into the most beautiful of his ballads.

With a new task thus ended, relaxation was necessary; and with such an increase to his poetical reputation, it was natural that the society of Campbell, on re-entering the world, should be courted with renewed eagerness. Amidst the many introductions to the most distinguished of the day, there were two that gave him especial pleasure: the one was to Mrs. Siddons, the "Queen of Tragedy;" the other, to Caroline, Queen of Great Britain. He was now also to appear in a new literary capacity. This was as a lecturer on poetry at the Royal Institution, a task for which, perhaps, no poet of this period, so prolific of distinguished

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bards, was so well qualified. He commenced this course on the 24th of April, 1812, and had the gratification not only of numbering among his audience some of the most illustrious in the literary world, but of being crowned with their approbation. There was, indeed, only one dissenting voice that made itself be heard at the third lecture. "At the most interesting part," he says, "a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain came on. The window above me was open, and the rain poured down on my paper as it did on Leander in the Hellespont. The lightning had given me an electrical headache, and the thunder, aided by the pattering rain, being my competitor in my endeavours to gain the public attention, it required all my lungs to obtain a hearing." His lectures were so popular in London, that he resolved to repeat them in Edinburgh, but this purpose he could not at present find time to execute. The peace of 1814, that threw Paris open to the world, enabled Campbell to accomplish the design of visiting that wonderful city, which he had entertained in 1802, but was prevented from executing by the sudden renewal of war. He accordingly crossed the channel, one of many thousands of visitors, and amidst all the marvels of Paris, nothing seems to have delighted him so much as the Louvre. The great master-pieces of ancient art seemed to burst upon him like the creations of another world, and made him shed tears of mingled awe and delight. In describing, immediately afterwards, the effect they produced on him, although he tells us he was no judge in statuary, yet we at once see he was more—he was a poet, feeling the inspiration of a kindred spirit manifested in a different department of their common art. Of the Apollo Belvidere, he says, "Oh how that immortal youth in all his splendour, majesty, divinity, flashed upon us from the end of the gallery! He seems as if he had just leapt from the sun." His visits, which were made to the Louvre in company with Mrs. Siddons, were of too transporting a character to be exclusively repeated, and therefore he gladly had recourse to the theatres, concerts, and conversaziones, the promenades, and public spectacles, with which the great metropolis of earth's pleasures is pervaded as its living principle. "But still," he adds, "after the Louvre, I know scarcely anything that is quite transcendant." After nearly two months that were spent well and happily in Paris, Campbell returned fresh with new sensations, that continued to animate him for years, and resumed his necessary studies at Sydenham. In 1815, an event also happened to alleviate the necessity of continual toil, and brighten the prospects of his future life. This was a legacy bequeathed to him by his Highland cousin, M'Arthur Stewart of Ascot, which, though nominally not more than £500, was increased to nearly £5000, through his share in the unappropriated residue bequeathed to the legatees by the testator.

The practice of public lecturing had now become so congenial to the mind of Campbell, and his course had been so popular, that he repeated it in Liverpool, Birmingham, and Edinburgh, to numerous and delighted audiences. The merits of these "Lectures on Poetry" are now familiar to the public, as they were afterwards published, as well as his "Specimens of the British Poets," in which the germs of his prelections were first displayed. In 1820 he was enabled to revisit Germany with his family, and after a trip, in which the romantic scenery of the Rhine, and the distinguished literary societies of Germany, were enjoyed with equal pleasure, he returned with fresh zest to England and his literary engagements. The most important of these was the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which had been offered him on the most liberal

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terms, and the duties of which he gladly undertook. It was a wholly new task, and therefore he was anxious to gather from his more experienced literary friends such advice upon the subject as might direct him in his course. Some of these admonitions could not have been very gratifying to a mind so sensitive and enthusiastic as his. In a letter written to him by the Rev. Sydney Smith upon the subject, that witty divine thus lectures him: "Remember that a *mag.* is not supported by papers evincing *wit* and *genius*, but by the height of the tide at London Bridge, by the price of oats, and by any sudden elevation or depression in the price of boiling pease. If your *mag.* succeeds, it will do so as much by the diligence and discretion you will impress upon your nature, as by the talents with which you are born." The "Magazine," however, acquired a new impulse from his superintendence; and among his own contributions, the poem entitled "The Last Man," one of the happiest of his productions, was universally applauded. While thus employed, "Theodric" appeared at the end of 1824. The following year Campbell started the plan of the London University, which he calls "the only important event in his life's little history," and pursued the object with a life-and-death earnestness; and, aided by the practical minds of Brougham and Hume, the project, after much conflict, was brought to a successful termination. So earnest, indeed, did he labour in the whole affair, that, not contented with the experience he had already acquired of German colleges as the model for that of London, he also travelled to Berlin, to study whatever was excellent in the university of the Prussian capital, and transplant it into London. And well did he evince his enthusiasm for the improvement of our national education by undertaking such a journey, for, although not more than forty-eight years of age, he was already a weakly old man. His indeed had been a premature decay; all the more, perhaps, because he had enjoyed a precocious intellectual manhood. But education rewarded him in return with one of the highest distinctions, and the most grateful to the mind of Campbell, which she had to bestow. In his own *alma mater*, the university of Glasgow, a canvass had for some time been going on to elect him to the honoured office of Lord Rector; and in the winter of 1826, the students, by whom the election is made, had been so unanimous in their choice, that he was appointed to the office by unanimous vote of the "four nations." Nor did the honour conferred upon him stop here; for, in the following year, and also the one after, his appointment was renewed by the suffrages of the students. He was thus three times successively Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow, a repetition unusual among the holders of that high academic office. But, amidst all this distinction, the mind of the poet had much to grieve and try him. Of his two sons, the younger had died in childhood, while the elder, his first-born, who had opened such a fountain of tenderness within his heart, had for years been in a state of lunacy, and was obliged to be kept in confinement. He was thus even worse than childless. In 1826, also, his affectionate wife, Matilda, in whom he had found so congenial a partner, died, and he found himself alone in the world. The "New Monthly Magazine," too, that had prospered so greatly under his care, and been a comfortable source of emolument, passed from under his management by one of those unlucky accidents to which periodical literature is especially exposed. A paper was inserted by mistake in its pages, without having been subjected to his editorial examination, and as the article in question was offensive in the highest degree, Campbell in 1830 abandoned the Magazine, and a salary of £600 per annum which he derived from it. Soon

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after this, an event of a public and political nature moved him still more highly than any pecuniary loss could have done. This was the sanguinary capture of Warsaw in 1831, and the national miseries with which Poland was afterwards visited. He had embraced the cause of that most injured and most afflicted of the nations with a poet's enthusiasm; and now he predicted the final result of its wrongs with a poet's prophetic prescience. His words upon the subject are well worth considering—for are they not, even at the present day, after a lapse of twenty-one years, undergoing their fulfilment? "All is over now; and a brave nation is thrust a second time, assassinated, into her grave. Mysterious are the ways of heaven! We must not question its justice —but I am sick, and fevered with indignation at Germany, for suffering this foolish Emperor of Austria; he fears letting his people taste a little freedom, more than resigning his own freedom to Russia, for he will soon be the very vassal of the inhuman Sclaves, which will be worse for him than if he had a free parliament under his nose—and so also will the King of Prussia be henceforth! All continental Europe, I distinctly anticipate, will be enslaved by Russia. France and Austria will worry each other till they are exhausted; and then down will Russia come on all the south of Europe, with millions and millions, and give law and the knout both to Germany and France." After such vaticinations, who can fail to recognize the truth of the following lines of Cowper:—

> "So when remote futurity is brought
> Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
> A terrible sagacity informs
> The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;
> He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers;
> And, arm'd with strength surpassing human powers,
> Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
> And darts his soul into the dawning plan."

It is gratifying to add that when Campbell's heart was thus occupied, he did not, like too many, withdraw from the throng, that he might brood in solitude over the luxury of sensibility. Instead of this, he spoke, wrote, declaimed upon the miseries of Poland, pictured them in poetry and in prose, appealed against them in companies of every political shade of belief, exerted himself to make all feel that instead of being a mere party question, it was the common cause of justice, honour, and humanity; and, to evince his sincerity, bestowed liberally, not only of his time and labour, but also of his money, in behalf of the Polish sufferers, at a season when money was the commodity which he least could spare. And his labours were not in vain. He awoke a deep sympathy in behalf of Poland wherever his influence extended, and succeeded in associating the Polish committee in London, which for years has been so successful in relieving thousands of the expatriated.

While employed in these avocations, the literary duties of Campbell still continued to be of a varied character. After his editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine" had ceased, he was employed in the same capacity in the "Metropolitan;" and subsequently his attentions were occupied with letters and pamphlets in support of the London University, and upon the subject of education in general; with reviews on works of classical history and fiction; and with a wide and laborious correspondence in French, German, and Latin, which employed him four hours every morning. To these, also, was added his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," a work to which he devoted himself with all his

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characteristic enthusiasm, and finished in 1833. Thus, even when his name was least before the public, he was toiling generally in behalf of some great benevolent object with an earnestness under which his health frequently sank, and by which his final decay was rapidly accelerated. Still, however, he was earnest to produce one poem more—a final work, by which the poetical reputation he had hitherto acquired should be confirmed, and, if possible, extended—and as health was necessary for this purpose, he resolved to make the classical tour of Italy, by which mind and body should be braced alike for the contemplated enterprise. He therefore passed over to Paris in 1834; and although the Apollo Belvidere and Venus de Medicis were no longer there, he found the same cheerful society, and more than the same cordial welcome that had gladdened his visit of 1814. After having remained several weeks in the French capital, he resumed his journey, but with a very different destination; for, instead of Rome, he now embarked for Algiers His friends at home were as much astonished at the tidings as if he had set off on a pilgrimage to Timbuctoo. But he had been poring in the king's library at Paris over books and maps of ancient geography, where the Roman city of Icosium, that had occupied the site of Algiers, met his eye; and the late changes by which this Mauritanian city of the waters had been converted into the capital of a French province, fired his imagination with pictures of the future civilization of Africa. This was enough to decide him on embarking at Toulon, on the 11th September, 1834, and in seven days after he was traversing the crooked streets of Algiers, beneath the blaze of an African sun. But he was still among French society, to whom his literary reputation was a welcome passport; he even found one of the French officers there employed in a translation of his poems with a view to publication. New health, nay, a new life itself, was the reward of this journey, and he describes the scenery and his own feelings in the following buoyant style: "Oh, my old crony! it would do your heart good to see your friend prancing gloriously on an Arabian barb over the hills of the white city (for Algiers, with all its forts, battlements, mosques, and minarets, is as dazzling white as snow), and enjoying the splendid scenery. I have no words to convey the impression it has made on me. I felt, on my ride, as if I had dropt into a new planet! Some parts of the hills, it is true, are bare; but wherever there is verdure, it has a bold, gigantic richness, a brilliancy and odour, that mock even the productions of our hot-houses. Never shall I forget my first ride! It was early morning: the blue Mediterranean spread a hundred miles beneath—a line of flamingoes shot over the wave—the white city blazed in the rising sun—the Arabs, with their dromedaries loaded with fruits for the market, were coming down the steeps. Around, in countless numbers, were the white, square, castle-looking country-houses of the Moors, inclosed in gardens; the romantic tombs of the Marabouts, held sacred, and surrounded with trees and flowers, that are watered with a perpetual spring from marble fountains, where you see the palm towering with its feathery tufts as high as a minaret. . . . . Then the ravines that run down to the sea! I alighted to explore one of them, and found a *burn* that might have gurgled in a Scottish glen. A thousand sweet novelties of wild flowers grew above its borders; and a dear little bird sang among its trees. The view terminated in the discharge of the stream among the rocks and foam of the sea,—

> 'And where this valley winded out below,'
> The murmuring main was heard—and scarcely heard to flow.'

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In short, my dear John, I feel as if my soul had grown an inch taller since I came here. I have a thousand, and a thousand curious things to tell you; but I shall keep them all bottled up to tell you in Fludyer Street—unless the cholera comes over me. If it should, I have at least had some happy days; and the little void that I leave in the world will be soon filled up."

These "happy days" were extended over the two following months, during which the poet made short trips among the native tribes, and explored whatever was curious in the past and present history of these children of the desert, and the localities they occupied. And fortunately for him, the dreaded cholera did not come, so that he revelled uninterrupted amidst the healthy and spirit-stirring enjoyments of the new scenes into which he had entered. The consequence was, that on his return to London, his friends congratulated him on being several years younger than when he had set out on his travels. This healthy effect of a glowing Moorish atmosphere, was afterwards improved and made permanent by a trip to his native north, that followed soon after—an alternation that resembled the sudden plunge from a hot bath into a cold. But where was the poem which was to be produced on his return? Let no poet say to himself, "Go to, I will sit down on such and such a day and write an epic." History and antiquity, past events and living realities, the rich landscapes around Algiers and Oran, and their stirring throng of Moors and Frenchmen, had so wholly occupied his thoughts, that laying aside his poetical purposes to an indefinite period, he devoted himself to the preparation of "Letters from Algiers," which were afterwards published in two volumes. His financial affairs, too, notwithstanding his habitual disregard of money, and thoughtless facility in parting with it, were in a more prosperous condition than they had been at any former period. Such was the tranquil course of his life from 1835 to 1841, when a return of his former ailments so stirred his impatience, that without any previous notice or preparation, he suddenly started for Weisbaden, expecting to find a miraculous recovery among its Brunnen. Such, indeed, was his hurry, that he forgot to provide himself with money, so that on arriving at the baths, he was obliged to write to a friend in London, commissioning him to enter his house in Victoria Square, take out all the money he found there, and after remitting him a portion, to lodge the rest at his banker's. It was truly marvellous that such a man should ever have had money to leave behind him! Fortified with this authority, his friend, accompanied by a lawyer, went to Campbell's house, opened the press-door in his bedroom, which did not seem to be even locked, and commenced his exploration. But though every shelf, drawer, cranny, every shirt-fold and coat-pocket of this poetical chaos was searched and rummaged, there was nowhere a token of money. The lawyer was grievously scandalized, and talked professionally of careless custody, and burglary. At length, when closing the press-door in despair, the process was interrupted by the point of a red embroidered slipper, stuffed, as it appeared, with paper matches for lighting candles, and on unrolling these, they found that the apparently worthless papers consisted of bank-notes to the amount of more than £300! By an inconsistency not unusual in human nature, Campbell at this very period was grumbling at the rate of exchange in Weisbaden, where not more than 19s. 6d. was given for an English sovereign. His stay was only for six weeks, and during this period he composed the ballad of the "Child and Hind." He published also "The Pilgrim of Glencoe, with other poems," in which the "Child and Hind," the "Song of the Colonists," and "Moonlight," appeared for the

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first time. Unfortunately, however, the "Pilgrim," notwithstanding its excellencies, was felt to be inferior to his first productions, and was rated accordingly. But he was no longer the same youthful spirit that had produced the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming." Flashes, indeed, of his former self would still break out from his poetry and conversation, but they were the fitful irradiations of a once steady but now departing sunshine. He had now reached the age of sixty-six, and perhaps he had drawn too fervently and fast upon the resources of a naturally delicate constitution, to be otherwise than a feeble broken-down man at such a period of life. To add also to his distresses, the sale of his poems, which for some years had produced him about £500 per annum, could not now realize above £60 or £70. From the double motive of health and economy, he resolved to make his future residence in Boulogne, to which he repaired in July, 1843. His friends—and few had more attached friends than Campbell—felt as if this was a final departure, to be followed by no happy return.

These mournful forebodings were too truly verified. His constitution was already so old, and so completely exhausted, that no change of climate could enable it to rally; and the winter of Boulogne, instead of alleviating his ailments, only seemed to aggravate them beyond the power of removal. Spring came, and summer succeeded; but their bright sunshine only half-lighted the curtained sick-room, and finally flickered upon the death-bed of him who had so often watched its changes, and delighted in its beauty. But in his last hours he was not alone, for besides his affectionate niece, who attended him with a daughter's solicitude, his bed-side was solaced by the presence of Dr. Beattie, his faithful friend, physician, and biographer, who had crossed from London to Boulogne, to soothe the departing hours of his affectionate patient. Amidst such gentle guardianship, by which every aid and alleviation was administered, Thomas Campbell died without a struggle, and apparently without pain, solaced to the last moment by the consoling portions of Scripture that were read to him, in which he expressed his earnest faith and hope; and by the prayers in which he joined in look and attitude when the power of speech had departed. His death occurred on the 15th of June, 1844, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The body was removed from Boulogne to London, and interred in Westminster Abbey; a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko, the Polish hero, that had been treasured for the purpose, was thrown into the grave of the poet who had written so eloquently and laboured so much in behalf of Poland; and his ashes now repose in the neighbourhood of the monuments erected to Addison, Goldsmith, and Sheridan.

CHALMERS, Alexander, M.A., F.S.A.—The life of this laborious literary workman is more remarkable for untiring industry, and its immense amount of produce, than for greatness or originality of genius. He was born at Aberdeen, on the 29th of March, 1759, and was the youngest son of James Chalmers, printer in Aberdeen, an accomplished scholar, who established the first newspaper that existed in that town. Alexander, after completing a classical education, continued his studies for the medical profession; and, on finally being appointed to practice as surgeon in the West Indies, he left Aberdeen in 1777, to join the ship which was to carry him to his destination. But on reaching Portsmouth, instead of stepping on board, he suddenly flew off to London. He had either lost heart at the thought of a residence in the West Indies, at that time one of the worst of exiles, or had suddenly become enamoured with the

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charms of a literary life in the metropolis. At all events, thither he went, and although his line of existence was stretched out nearly sixty years beyond this period, his native city saw him no more.

On entering London, Mr. Chalmers commenced as a contributor to the periodical press, and became editor of the "Public Ledger and London Packet." It was a stirring and prolific period for journalists, in consequence of the American war, and so ably did he exert himself, that he soon became noted as a vigorous political writer. Besides his own, he exercised his talents in other established journals of the day, the chief of which was the "St. James's Chronicle," where he wrote many essays, most of them under the signature of Senex. He was also a valuable assistant for some years to his fellow-townsman, Mr. James Perry, editor and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," who had come to London at the same time as himself, and to whose newspaper Chalmers contributed racy paragraphs, epigrams, and satirical poems. He was likewise a contributor to the "Analytical Review," published by Mr. Johnson, and to the "Critical Review." As the last-named magazine was published by Mr. George Robinson of Paternoster Row, a close connection was established between Mr. Chalmers and that eminent publisher, which continued till the death of the latter, and was of important service to both parties. Chalmers, who lived almost wholly with his friend, assisted him in the examination of manuscripts offered for publication, and also revised, and occasionally altered and improved, those that were passed through the press. With most, indeed, of the principal publishers and printers in London during fifty years Chalmers maintained a friendly intercourse, and of many of them he has left interesting biographies in the Obituary of the "Gentleman's Magazine," a favourite periodical to which he frequently contributed. These literary exertions, however, numerous though they were, and extended over a long course of years, were as nothing compared with his permanent labours as editor of many of the most important works of British authorship; and it is by these, of which we can only give a very brief notice, that his merits are chiefly to be estimated.

In 1793 he published a continuation of the "History of England in Letters," two volumes. This work was so well appreciated, that four editions successively appeared, the last being in 1821.

In 1797 he compiled a "Glossary to Shakspere"—a task peculiarly agreeable to a Scotsman, who finds in the copious admixture of unpolluted Saxon existing in his own native dialect, a key to much that is now obsolete in the English of the Elizabethan period.

In 1798 he published a "Sketch of the Isle of Wight;" and in the same year an edition of "The Rev. James Barclay's Complete and Universal English Dictionary."

In 1803 he published a complete edition of the "British Essayists," beginning with the "Tatler," and ending with the "Observer," in forty-five volumes. The papers of this long series he carefully compared with the originals, and enriched the work with biographical and historical prefaces, and a general index.

During the same year, he produced a new edition of Shakspere, in nine volumes, with a life of the author, and abridgment of the notes of Stevens, accompanied with illustrations from the pencil of Fuseli.

In 1805 he wrote lives of Robert Burns, and Dr. Beattie, author of the "Minstrel," which were prefixed to their respective works.

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In 1806 he edited Fielding's works, in ten volumes octavo; Dr. Johnson's works, in twelve volumes octavo; Warton's essays, the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," in fourteen volumes octavo; and assisted the Rev. W. L. Bowles in his edition of the works of Alexander Pope.

In 1807 he edited "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," in twelve volumes octavo, to which he prefixed a Life of the Author.

In 1808, and part of the following year, he selected and edited, in forty-five volumes, the popular work known as "Walker's Classics."

In 1809 he edited Bolingbroke's works, in eight volumes octavo. During this year, and the intervals of several that followed, he contributed many of the lives contained in that splendid work, the "British Gallery of Contemporary Portraits."

In 1810 he revised an enlarged edition of "The Works of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper," and prefixed to it several biographical notices omitted in the first collection. During the same year, he published "A History of the Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings attached to the University of Oxford." This work he intended to continue, but did not complete it.

In 1811 he revised Bishop Hurd's edition of Addison's works, in six volumes octavo, and an edition of Pope's works, in eight volumes octavo. During the same year he published, with many alterations, "The Projector," in three volumes octavo, a collection of original articles which he had contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine," from the year 1802 to 1809.

In 1812 he prefixed a "Life of Alexander Cruden" to a new edition of "Cruden's Concordance."

During the last-mentioned year, also, Chalmers commenced the largest and most voluminous of all his literary labours, and the work upon which his reputation chiefly rests. This was "The General Biographical Dictionary, containing an Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most Eminent Men in every Nation, particularly the British and Irish; from the Earliest Accounts to the Present Times." The original work, published in 1798, had consisted of fifteen volumes. Large though it was, Chalmers found it incomplete, and resolved to expand it into a full and perfect work. He therefore commenced this gigantic labour in May, 1812, and continued to publish a volume every alternate month for four years and ten months, until thirty-two volumes were successively laid before the public. The amount of toil undergone during this period may be surmised from the fact, that of the nine thousand and odd articles which the Dictionary contains, 3934 were entirely his own production, 2176 were re-written by him, and the rest revised and corrected.

After these toils, it might have been supposed that the veteran editor and author would have left the field to younger men. He had now reached the age of fifty-seven, and had crowded that period with an amount of literary exertion such as might well indicate the full occupation of every day, and every hour of the day. But no sooner was the last volume of the Biographical Dictionary ended, than he was again at work, as if he had entered freshly into action; and from 1816 to 1823 a series of publications was issued from the press that had passed under his editorial pen, chiefly consisting of biographies. But at last the "pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern." During the latter years of his life, he had been employed by the booksellers to revise and enlarge his "Biographical Dictionary," and upon this he had continued to employ himself

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until about a third of the work was finished, when the breaking up of his constitution obliged him to lay aside his well-worn pen. His last years were years of suffering, arising chiefly from diseases incident to such a sedentary life, until he sank under an attack of bronchial inflammation. His death occurred in Throgmorton Street, London, on the 10th of December, 1834, in his seventy-sixth year. His wife had died eighteen years previous, and his remains were interred in the same vault with hers, in the church of St. Bartholomew, near the Royal Exchange.

In the foregoing summary we have omitted the mention of not a few of Chalmers' less essential literary performances, conceiving the list to be already long enough to give an idea of his character and well-spent life. We can only add, that his character was such as to endear him to the literary society with whom he largely mingled, and by whom his acquaintance was eagerly sought. He was what Dr. Johnson would have termed "a good clubbable man," and was a member of many learned societies during half a century, as well as the affectionate biographer of many of his companions who had been wont to assemble there. He was charitable almost to a fault—a rare excess with those in whom a continued life of toil is too often accompanied with an undue love of money, and unwillingness to part with it. He was also in his private life an illustration of that Christian faith and those Christian virtues which his literary exertions had never failed to recommend.

CHALMERS, Rev. Thomas, D.D.—This eminent orator, philosopher, and divine, by whom the highest interests of his country during the present century have been so materially influenced, was born in the once important, but now unnoticed town of Anstruther, on the south-east coast of Fife, on the 17th March, 1780. He was the son of Mr. John Chalmers, a prosperous dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant in Easter-Anstruther, and Elizabeth Hall, the daughter of a wine-merchant of Crail, who, in the course of twenty-two years, were the parents of nine sons and five daughters, of which numerous family, Thomas, the subject of this memoir, was the sixth. After enduring the tyranny of a severe nurse, he passed in his third year into the hands of an equally severe schoolmaster, a worn-out parish teacher, whose only remaining capacity for the instruction of the young consisted in an incessant application of the rod. Thus early was Thomas Chalmers taught the evils of injustice and oppression; but who can tell the number of young minds that may have been crushed under a process by which his was only invigorated! After having learned to read, and acquired as much Latin as he could glean under such unpromising tuition, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the United College of St. Andrews. Even long before this period he had studied with keen relish "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and resolved to be a minister. It appears that, like too many youths at their entrance into our Scottish universities, he had scarcely any classical learning, and was unable to write even his own language according to the rules of orthography and grammar. All these obstacles, however, only called forth that indomitable perseverance by which his whole career in life was distinguished; and in his third year's course at college, when he had reached the age of fifteen, he devoted himself with such ardour to the study of mathematics, that he soon became distinguished by his proficiency in the science, even among such class-fellows as Leslie, Ivory, and Duncan. These abstract studies required some relief, and in the case of Chalmers, they were alternated with ethics, politics, and political economy. After the usual curriculum of four years he enrolled as a student of

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theology, but with a heart so devoted to the abstractions of geometry, that divinity occupied little of his thoughts; even when it was afterwards admitted, it was more in the form of sentimental musings, than of patient laborious inquiry for the purposes of public instruction. But he had so successfully studied the principles of composition, and acquired such a mastery of language, that even at the age of sixteen, many of his college productions exhibited that rich and glowing eloquence which was to form his distinguished characteristic in after years. He had also acquired that occasional dreaminess of look and absence of manner which so often characterizes deep thinkers, and especially mathematicians; and of this he gave a curious illustration, when he had finished his seventh year at college, and was about to enter a family as private tutor. His father's household had repaired to the door, to bid him farewell; and after this was ended, Thomas mounted the horse that was to carry him to the Dundee ferry. But in accomplishing this feat, he put his right foot (the wrong one on this occasion) into the stirrup, and was in the saddle in a trice, with his face to the horse's tail! When ready to apply for license as a preacher, an obstacle was in his way; for as yet he had not completed his nineteenth year, while the rules of the Church required that no student should be licensed before he had reached the age of twenty-one. This difficulty, however, was overruled by an exceptional clause in favour of those possessing "rare and singular qualities;" and it having been represented by the member of presbytery who discovered this qualification in the old statute, that Thomas Chalmers was a "lad o' pregnant pairts," the young applicant, after the usual trials, was licensed as a preacher of the gospel, on the 31st of July, 1799.

On entering the sacred office, Chalmers was in no haste to preach; on the contrary, he refused the numerous demands that were made upon his clerical services, took up his abode in Edinburgh during the winter of 1799-1800, for the purpose of prosecuting his mathematical studies under Professor Playfair, and deprecated the idea of even a church presentation itself, lest it should prove an interruption to the progress of his beloved pursuits. The following winter he also spent in Edinburgh, almost exclusively occupied in the study of chemistry. As there was a prospect of the parish of Kilmany soon becoming vacant, which was in the gift of the United College of St. Andrews, and to which his nomination by the professors was certain, Chalmers might now have awaited in tranquillity that happy destination for life to which his studies hitherto had been ostensibly devoted. But science and scientific distinction were still the great objects of his ambition, and the mathematical assistantship of St. Andrews having become vacant, he presented himself as a candidate for the charge, in the hope that such an appointment would ultimately lead to the professorship, without obliging him to forego the ministerial charge of Kilmany—for St. Andrews was the head-quarters of ecclesiastical pluralities. In both objects he was successful; and having lectured and taught mathematics at college in the winter of 1802-3, on 12th May, 1803, he was inducted into his expected parish. The ardour with which he threw himself into his college prelections, and the unwonted eloquence with which he imbued a science so usually delivered in the form of dry detail and demonstration, constituted a novelty that astonished, while it delighted his pupils, and their earnest application and rapid proficiency fully corresponded with the efforts of their youthful teacher. At the close of the session, however, a bitter disappointment awaited him; he was told by his employer that his services as assistant teacher were no longer required, while

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inefficiency for the office was stated as the cause of his dismissal. This charge was not only most unjust in itself, but would have operated most injuriously against Mr. Chalmers, by closing the entrance to any scientific chair that might afterwards become vacant in our universities. To refute this charge, therefore, as well as to silence his maligners, he resolved to open on the following winter a class of his own in the town of St. Andrews, and there show whether or not he was fitted to be a professor of mathematics. He accordingly did so, and was so completely attended by the pupils of his former class, that he felt no change, except in the mere locality. In taking this bold independent step, also, he was anxious to repudiate those resentful or malignant motives to which it might have been attributed. "My appearance in this place," he said, "may be ascribed to the worst of passions; some may be disposed to ascribe it to the violence of a revengeful temper—some to stigmatize me as a firebrand of turbulence and mischief. These motives I disclaim. I disclaim them with the pride of an indignant heart which feels its integrity. My only motive is, to restore that academical reputation which I conceive to have been violated by the aspersions of envy. It is this which has driven me from the peaceful silence of the country—which has forced me to exchange my domestic retirement for the whirl of contention." In spite of the determined hostility of the professors, whose influence was all-prevalent in the town, the three classes of mathematics which Chalmers opened were so fully attended, that he opened a class of chemistry also, and in this science, his eloquent expositions and successful experiments were so popular that the whole county was stirred in his favour. His labours at this youthful commencement of his public career could only have been supported by an enthusiasm like his own; for, in addition to daily attendance on his classes, and preparation of lectures, demonstrations, and experiments, he fulfilled the duties of the pulpit, returning for that purpose to Kilmany on the Saturday evenings, and setting out to St. Andrews on Monday morning. Even his enemies thought this labour too much, and resolved to lighten it, though with no benevolent feeling; and the presbytery was moved, for the purpose of compelling him to reside permanently at Kilmany, and attend exclusively to the duties of the parish. It was not the evils of plurality and non-residence in the abstract which they cared about, but that these should furnish an opportunity for the lecturer to intrude into St. Andrews, and teach within the very shadow of its university. Chalmers felt that this was their motive, and wrote to the presbytery an eloquent defence of his conduct. On the following session, he conceded so far as to discontinue his mathematical classes, and only attend to that of chemistry, which had become very popular in the county, and would require his attendance only two or three days of each week. Even this did not satisfy the presbytery, and one of its members requested it to be inserted in their minutes, that, "in his opinion, Mr. Chalmers' giving lectures in chemistry is improper, and ought to be discontinued." This was done; upon which Chalmers, as a member of the presbytery, begged that it should also be inserted in their minutes, that "after the punctual discharge of his professional duties, his time was his own; and he conceived that no man or no court had a right to control him in the distribution of it."

An opportunity soon occurred for which Chalmers had ardently longed. It was nothing less than a vacancy in the professorship of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrews, and he became one of three candidates for the chair. But the whole three were set aside in favour of Mr. Jackson, rector of Ayr Academy.

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In the following year (1805) a similar vacancy occurred in the university of Edinburgh, by the death of Dr. Robinson, and again Chalmers entered the lists; but here also he was disappointed, with the consolation, however, that the successful candidate was no other than the celebrated Leslie. This competition called forth his first effort in authorship, in the form of a pamphlet, in consequence of the assertion, that a ministerial charge and scientific appointment combined in one person were incompatible—a pamphlet which, in subsequent years, he laboured to suppress, and gladly would have forgot. At present, however, his expressed opinion was, that "after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." This, alas! was too true, if that "satisfactory discharge" of parochial duty involved nothing more than the usual routine of a parish minister. Chalmers, therefore, had to find some other outlet for his "uninterrupted leisure;" and after having exhausted the field of St. Andrews, he resumed his lectureship on chemistry in his little parish of Kilmany, and the county town of Cupar. But even yet, something additional was needed, besides the delivery of lectures formerly repeated, and experiments that had been twice tried; and this was soon furnished by Napoleon's menace of invasion. The hostile camp of the modern Cæsar at Boulogne, and the avowed purpose for which it had been collected, roused the spirit of Britain, so that military associations were formed, from the metropolis to the hamlet, in every part of our island. This was more than enough for the ardent spirit of Chalmers, and he enrolled himself in the St. Andrews corps of volunteers, not only as chaplain, but lieutenant. It is well known how this threat of an invasion of Britain was exchanged for an attack upon Austria, and how suddenly the breaking up of the hostile encampment at Boulogne, dismissed a million of armed Britons to their homes and workshops. On doffing his military attire, the minister of Kilmany had other and more professional occupation to attend to at the bed-side of a dying brother, who had returned to his father's home afflicted with consumption, under which he died in a few months. During the last illness of the amiable sufferer, one of the duties of Thomas Chalmers was to read to his brother portions of those religious works which he had denounced from the pulpit as savouring of fanaticism, and to hear the criticism pronounced upon them by the lips of the dying man, as he fervently exclaimed, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." After this departure from life, which was one of solemn and impressive resignation, Chalmers gave relief to his thoughts, first by a journey to England, in which he visited London, Cambridge, and Oxford, and afterwards by authorship. Independently of mathematics, chemistry, and botany, which his ardent spirit of inquiry had successively mastered, he had studied the science of political economy; and now that Bonaparte had published his famous Berlin decree, by which the mercantile and manufacturing community of Britain was panic-struck, Chalmers produced his "Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources," to show that this apprehension was groundless. The analysis of this work can be best given in his own account of it. In a letter to his brother he says, "The great burden of my argument is, that the manufacturer who prepares an article for home consumption is the servant of the inland consumer, labouring for his gratification, and supported by the price which he pays for the article; that the manufacturer of an article for exportation is no

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less the servant of the inland consumer, because, though he does not labour immediately for his gratification, he labours for a return from foreign countries. This return comes in articles of luxury, which fetch a price from our inland consumers. Hence, it is ultimately from the inland consumer that the manufacturer of the exported article derives his maintenance. Suppose, then, that trade and manufacture were destroyed, this does not affect the ability of the inland consumer. The whole amount of the mischief is, that he loses the luxuries which were before provided for him, but he still retains the ability to give the same maintenance as before to the immense population who are now discarded from their former employments. Suppose this ability to be transferred to government in the form of a tax. Government takes the discarded population into its service. They follow their subsistence wherever it can be found; and thus, from the ruin of our trading and manufacturing interest, government collects the means of adding to the naval and military establishments of the country. I therefore anticipate that Bonaparte, after he has succeeded in shutting up the markets of the Continent against us, will be astonished—and that the mercantile politicians of our own country will be no less astonished—to find Britain as hale and vigorous as ever, and fitter than before for all the purposes of defence, and security, and political independence." Such was the theory of Chalmers, studied with much care, written with patriotic enthusiasm, and published at Edinburgh in the spring of 1808. It was perhaps as well that no opportunity occurred of testing its soundness, owing to the remissness with which the Berlin decree was executed, so that it gradually became a dead letter. Chalmers, however, was so impressed with the urgency of the danger, and the efficacy of his plan to remove it, that he was anxious to obtain a national publicity for his volume; and with this view he had resolved to repair to the capital, and negotiate for bringing out a new edition by the London publishers. But this event, which might have altered the whole current of his life, and changed him into a Malthus or Adam Smith, was prevented by a trying family dispensation, so that instead of embarking in a Dundee smack as he had purposed, he was obliged to attend the death-bed of one of his sisters. It is to be observed, however, that his studies in political economy were not to be without important results. In after years they were brought vigorously and successfully to bear upon the management of towns and parishes, and the cure of pauperism; and above all, in organizing the provision of a church, that threw aside, and at once, the support and maintenance of the State, when conscience demanded the sacrifice.

In this way, the first twenty-nine years in the life of the subject of this memoir had passed. But still, it gives little or no indication of that Dr. Chalmers who was afterwards so widely renowned throughout the Christian world—of that very Dr. Chalmers whom the present generation so fondly loved, and still so vividly remembers. As yet, the record might serve for an amiable enthusiastic *savant* of England, France, or Italy, rather than a Scottish country minister intrusted with the care of sou'ls, and preparing his accounts for the close of such a solemn stewardship. But a series of events occurred at this time by which the whole character of his mind and ministry was to be changed. The first, and perhaps the most important of these, was the death of his sister, an event to which we have already alluded. She had departed amidst feelings of hope and joy that far transcended the mere passive resignation of philosophy; and the affectionate heart that pined within the lonely manse of Kilmany, while re-

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membering her worth, and lamenting her departure, had a subject of anxious inquiry bequeathed to him, as to whence that hope and joy had arisen. The first indication of this was given in a change that took place in the course of his authorship. Previous to his sister's decease, and while the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" was in progress, he had been invited by Dr. Brewster, the distinguished editor, to contribute to the work; and this Chalmers had resolved to do, by writing the article "Trigonometry," for which purpose he had devoted himself to the study of Cagnoli's "Trigonometria Plana e Sferica," at that time the standard work upon the subject. But after her death he changed his purpose, and earnestly requested that the article "Christianity" should be committed to his management, offering, at the same time, to live three or four months in St. Andrews, for the purpose of collecting the necessary materials in the college library. After his sister's decease, the admonitory blow was repeated; this was the death of Mr. Ballardie, a childless old officer of the navy, in whose affection he had found a second father, and who was one evening discovered dead upon his knees, having been called away into life eternal in the very midst of prayer. These warnings were succeeded by a long and severe illness, that reduced him to the helplessness of infancy, and threatened to be fatal; and amidst the musings of a sick chamber, and unquiet tossings upon what he believed to be a death-bed, the anxious mind of Chalmers had full scope for those solemn investigations which the previous calamities had awoke into action. But the trial ended; and after passing through such a furnace, he emerged into life, and the full vigour of life, a purified and altered man. His own account of the change and its process is truly characteristic, and it will be seen from the following extract, that a congenial spirit from the dwellings of the dead had hovered, as it were, beside his pillow, and spoken to him the words of counsel and encouragement. "My confinement," he wrote to a friend, "has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time—an impression which, I trust, will not abandon me though I again reach the hey-day of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connection with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions, and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing. I have been reading Pascal's "Thoughts on Religion;" you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalized by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop short in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendours of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek, and to all Roman fame."

This change which had taken place in the man, was soon manifested in the minister, and the pulpit of Kilmany no longer gave forth an uncertain sound. Hitherto, Chalmers had advocated virtuous feeling and a virtuous life as the head and front of Christianity, to which the righteousness and death of our blessed Saviour were make-weights and nothing more. And yet, even how that little was supplemented, and what was its mode of agency, he could not conjecture. "In what particular manner," he thus preached, "the death of our Redeemer effected the remission of our sins, or rather, why that death was made a condition of this remission, seems to be an unrevealed point in the Scrip-

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tures. Perhaps the God of nature meant to illustrate the purity of his perfection to the children of men; perhaps it was efficacious in promoting the improvement, and confirming the virtue of other orders of being. The tenets of those whose gloomy and unenlarged minds are apt to imagine that the Author of nature required the death of Jesus merely for the reparation of violated justice, are rejected by all free and rational inquirers." In this manner he groped his way in utter uncertainty—a blind leader of the blind, upon a path where to stumble may be to fall for ever. But a year had elapsed, a new sun had arisen, and his eyes were opened. "I am now most thoroughly of opinion," he writes, "and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of 'Do this and live,' no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be attained. It is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. The righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves eludes our impotent grasp, and never can a soul arrive at true or permanent rest in the pursuit of this object. The righteousness which by faith we put on, secures our acceptance with God, and secures our interest in his promises, and gives us a part in those sanctifying influences by which we are enabled to do with aid from on high what we never can do without it. We look to God in a new light—we see Him as a reconciled Father; that love to him which terror scares away, re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord." Not only the change in the spirit of his pulpit ministrations was now remarkable, but the manner in which they were prepared. Of this we have a striking proof in the following incident. Mr. John Bonthron, a near neighbour and intimate acquaintance, one day remarked to Mr. Chalmers, before his illness had commenced: "I find you aye busy, sir, with one thing or another, but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath." "Oh, an hour or two on the Saturday evening is quite enough for that," replied the minister. After the change, the visitor found that, call when he might, he found Mr. Chalmers employed in the study of the Scriptures, and could not help expressing his wonderment: "I never come in now, sir, but I find you aye at your Bible." "All too little, John, all too little," was the altered minister's reply.

Two years had passed onward in this state, during which the changed condition of the church of Kilmany and its talented minister had been a subject of speculation throughout the whole county. It was not that he had abandoned scientific pursuits, for he still cultivated these as ardently as ever; nor relinquished his devotedness to literature, for he was more eager for the labours and enjoyments of authorship than before. But all these were kept in subserviency to a more important principle of existence, and consecrated to a higher aim. He had now reached the matured age of thirty-two, a period of life at which the most active may well wish for a partner in their labours, and the most recluse and studious a companion of their thoughts. He had also been the occupant of a lonely manse during nine long years, but was still as ignorant of the management and details of housekeeping as when he first entered that dwelling, and sat down to resume his college problems. His heart, too, had been lately opened and expanded by the glorious truths of the gospel—and how earnestly does it then seek a congenial heart into which it may utter its emotions, a kindred soul with whom it may worship and adore! And such a one was already provided; one who through life was to soothe his cares, animate his labours,

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console him in his disappointments, and finally to rejoin him in a happier world than that he had left, after a brief separation. This was Miss Grace Pratt, second daughter of Captain Pratt, of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion. Mr. Chalmers, indeed, on account of the smallness of his stipend, had previously resolved never to marry; but when this amiable lady appeared for a short time in his neighbourhood, the resolution was somehow lost sight of, and when she was about to remove to her own home, he felt that there was no further leisure for delay. He was accepted, and they were married on the 4th August, 1812. The following picture of the state of life into which he had entered, forms the *beau ideal* of a happy country manse, and its newly-married inmates. Writing to his sister, he says, "I have got a small library for her; and a public reading in the afternoon, when we take our turns for an hour or so, is looked upon as one of the most essential parts of our family management. It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you, that in my new connection, I have found a coadjutor who holds up her face for all the proprieties of a clergyman's family, and even pleads for their extension beyond what I had originally proposed. We have now family worship twice a-day; and though you are the only being on earth to whom I would unveil the most secret arrangements of our family, I cannot resist the pleasure of telling you, because I know that it will give you the truest pleasure to understand, that in those still more private and united acts of devotion which are so beautifully described in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' I feel a comfort, an elevation, and a peace of mind of which I was never before conscious."

Allusion has already been made to the connection of Mr. Chalmers with the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and the earnest desire he had expressed, so early as the year 1809, to have the article "Christianity" intrusted to his management. This request was complied with, and early in 1813, his treatise under that title appeared in the 6th volume of the work. It consisted, as is well known, of the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity, based, not upon the internal excellence of its character, or the proofs of its heaven-derived origin, as exhibited in the divine nature of its teaching, but simply upon the historical proofs of its authenticity. No fact in the whole range of history could be more certain than that Christ and his apostles had lived at the period assigned to them, and that they had acted and taught precisely according to the record which revelation has handed down to us. This being satisfactorily ascertained, all cavil must be silenced, and all hesitation abandoned: that teaching has been shown to be from God, and nothing more remains for man but implicitly to receive, and humbly to obey it. This was his line of argument, and it had been so early matured in his mind, that he had developed the idea in one of his chemical lectures delivered at St. Andrews. "The truth of Christianity," he said, "is neither more nor less than the truth of certain facts that have been handed down to us by the testimony of reporters." The originality of his arguments, the force of his conclusions, and the eloquent, clear, and vigorous style in which they were expressed, arrested the public attention, and secured for the article such a favourable reception, that for the purpose of diffusing its benefits more widely, the proprietors of the "Encyclopædia" caused it to be published as a separate work. Still, however, there were not a few who complained that the base of Christian evidence had been unnecessarily lessened by such an exclusive mode of reasoning; and he was addressed on the subject, not only with private remonstrance, but also with sharp criticisms through the press. The effect of all this was, gradu-

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ally to enlarge his conceptions upon the subject, so that more than twenty years after, when the work reappeared in his "Institutes of Theology," it was with the internal evidences added to the external. In this way, he surrendered a long-cherished and beloved theory to more matured convictions, and satisfied, while he answered, the objections which the first appearance of his treatise had occasioned.

These were not the only literary labours of Chalmers at this period. About the same time that his article on Christian evidence appeared in the "Encyclopædia," he published a pamphlet, entitled, "The Influence of Bible Societies upon the Temporal Necessities of the Poor." It had been alleged, that the parochial associations formed in Scotland in aid of the Bible Society, would curtail the voluntary parish funds that were raised for the relief of the poor. This argument touched Chalmers very closely; for he was not only an enthusiastic advocate for the relief of poverty by voluntary contribution instead of compulsory poors'-rates, but also an active agent in the multiplication of Bible-Society associations over the country. He therefore endeavoured to show, that these different institutions, instead of being hostile, would be of mutual aid to each other; and that Bible Societies had a tendency not only to stimulate and enlarge Christian liberality, but to lessen the amount of poverty, by introducing a more industrious and independent spirit among the poor. This was speedily followed by a review of "Cuvier's Essay on the Theory of the Earth," which was published in the "Christian Instructor," and in which Chalmers boldly ventured to call in question the generally received chronology which theologians have ventured to engraft upon the Mosaic account of the creation. They had asserted hitherto that the world was not more than six thousand years old, and adduced the sacred history as their warrant, while the new discoveries in geology incontestibly proved that it must have had a much earlier origin. Here, then, revelation and the facts of science were supposed to be completely at variance, and infidelity revelled in the contradiction. But Chalmers boldly cut the knot, not by questioning the veracity of Moses, but the correctness of his interpreters; and he asked, "Does Moses ever say that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse? Or does he ever make us to understand, that the genealogies of man went any further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers?" These questions, and the explanations with which they were followed, were of weight, as coming not only from a clergyman whose orthodoxy was now unimpeachable, but who had distinguished himself so lately in the illustration of Christian evidence;—and, perhaps, it is unnecessary to add, that the solution thus offered is the one now generally adopted. The subject of "Missions" next occupied his pen, in consequence of an article in the "Edinburgh Review," which, while giving a notice of Lichtenstein's "Travels in Southern Africa," took occasion, by lauding the Moravian missionaries, to disparage other missions, as beginning their instructions at the wrong end, while the Moravian brethren had hit upon the true expedient of first civilizing savages, and afterwards teaching them the doctrines of Christianity. Chalmers showed that, in point of fact, this statement was untrue; and proved, from the testimony of the brethren themselves, that the civilization of their savage converts was the effect, and not the cause—the sequel rather than

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the prelude of Christian teaching. They had first tried the civilizing process, and most egregiously failed; they had afterwards, and at hap-hazard, read to the obdurate savages the account of our Saviour's death from the Evangelists, by which they were arrested and moved in an instant; and this process, which the Moravians had afterwards adopted, was the secret of the wonderful success of their missions. These were subjects into which his heart fully entered, as a Christian divine and a lover of science, and therefore he brought to each of these productions his usual careful research and persuasive eloquence. It is not, however, to be thought that amidst such congenial occupations the intellectual labour necessary for the duties of the pulpit was in any way remitted. On the contrary, many of his sermons, prepared at this period for the simple rustics of Kilmany, were afterwards preached before crowds of the most accomplished of our island in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, and afterwards committed to the press, almost without any alteration. The highest eloquence is the utterance of a full heart that cannot be silent. And such was the eloquence of Chalmers. During three years he had been intensely occupied with the most important and soul-engrossing of all themes: they brought to his awakened perceptions the charm of a new existence; and these sermons were but the expressions of love, and wonder, and delight, which every fresh discovery of that new existence evolved from him. And where, in such a state, was the need of listening thousands, or the deep-muttered thunder of popular applause? He must thus write though no eye should peruse the writing, and give it utterance although it were only to the trees or the winds. And when such productions are spoken before living men, the orator, while his auditors appear before him in glimpses and at intervals, does not pause to gauge their intellectuality, their rank, or their numbers. He only feels that they are immortal beings, and that he is commissioned to proclaim to them the tidings of eternity.

But the time had now arrived when this training, in the course of Providence, was to be turned to its proper account, and such powers to find their proper field of action. His renown as a preacher, by which all Fifeshire was stirred, had gone abroad, while his literary reputation and intellectual powers were stamped by his published productions beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil. In this case, too, as was most fitting, he did not seek, but was sought. Dr. Macgill, minister of the Tron church, Glasgow, had been translated to the divinity chair of the university of that city, and the task of finding a successor to the vacant pulpit devolved upon the town-council. The name of the minister of Kilmany was forthwith heard, and, after due consideration, the usual overtures were made to him to accept the charge of the Tron church. But tempting though such an offer might be, the rural minister demurred and held back. He could not persuade himself to abandon a people whom his lately-awakened spirit had inspired with a kindred sympathy, and who were wont every Sabbath to throng their long-deserted pews with such eager solicitude, and listen to his teaching with such solemn interest. But, above all, the secularities of a great city charge, and the inroads which it would make upon his time and attention, filled him with alarm. "I know of instances," he wrote in reply, "where a clergyman has been called from the country to town for his talent at preaching; and when he got there, they so belaboured him with the drudgery of their institutions, that they smothered and extinguished the very talent for which they had adopted him. The purity and independence of the clerical office are not sufficiently respected in great towns. He comes among them a clergyman,

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and they make a mere churchwarden of him." His objections were at length overruled, and on being elected by a large majority of the town-council of Glasgow, he signified his acceptance, and was inducted into his important charge on the 21st July, 1815, when he had reached the matured and vigorous age of thirty-five. It was a day of impatient expectation in our metropolis of manufactures and commerce, as after his acceptance, and four months previous to his admission, its citizens had enjoyed the opportunity of hearing with their own ears a specimen of that eloquence which hitherto they had known only by report. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, held at Glasgow, before which Chalmers was appointed to preach; and the feeling of the vast multitude that sat electrified beneath his wondrous power might have been expressed in the language of the Queen of Sheba: They had heard of it only, and could not believe; but now they found that half of the truth had not been told them.

As soon as he had got fairly located in Glasgow, Chalmers found that, notwithstanding all his previous stipulations to that effect, his time was no longer to be his own. But still worse than this, he found that it was to be frittered away in ten thousand frivolous occupations with which, he justly thought, his sacred office had nothing to do. Three months had scarcely elapsed, when we find him thus writing on the subject: "This, Sir, is a wonderful place; and I am half-entertained, half-provoked by some of the peculiarities of its people. The peculiarity which bears hardest upon me is, the incessant demand they have upon all occasions for the personal attendance of the ministers. They must have four to every funeral, or they do not think that it has been genteelly gone through. They must have one or more to all the committees of all the societies. They must fall in at every procession. They must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. They have a niche assigned them in almost every public doing, and that niche must be filled up by them, or the doing loses all its solemnity in the eyes of the public. There seems to be a superstitious charm in the very sight of them; and such is the manifold officiality with which they are covered, that they must be paraded among all the meetings and all the institutions." It was not without cause that he thus complained; for in coming to details, we find him at one time obliged to sit in judgment as to whether such a gutter should be bought up and covered over, or left alone as it stood; and whether ox-head soup or pork broth was the fittest diet for a poor's house; alternated, on going home, with the necessity of endorsing applications of persons wishing to follow the calling of spirit-sellers and pedlars. This, indeed, was to have "greatness thrust upon him!" But the evil had originated in Glasgow so early as the days of the covenant, when every movement was more or less connected with religion; and it was perpetuated and confirmed by the mercantile bustle that succeeded in later periods, when every merchant or shopkeeper was eager to devolve upon the minister those occupations that would have interfered with his own professional pursuits. These difficulties Chalmers was obliged to wrestle down as he best could, and at the risk of being complained of as an innovator; but a persevering course of sturdy refusal at length reduced the grievance to a manageable compass. When this was surmounted, there was still another trial to be got rid of, that originated in his own daily increasing popularity. He was now the great mark of admiration and esteem, so that all were not only eager to visit him, but to have their visits reciprocated. When these demands were also comprised within tolerable

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limits, a third difficulty was to be confronted, that could not so easily be overcome, as it arose from his own parish, of which he had the oversight. That our ministers might be able, like the apostles of old, to give themselves "continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word," our church had wisely appointed not only deacons to take charge of the temporalities of the congregation, but elders to assist the pastor in the visitation of the sick, and all the out-door duties of his ecclesiastical charge. But while the work of the deaconship had become of late little more than a dead letter, the duties of the eldership had diminished almost entirely to the Sabbath collections in the church porch, and their allocation to the poor of the parish. Most truly, therefore, did a certain minister of Edinburgh, after a charity sermon, announce, in full simplicity of heart, to those who might be disposed to contribute still farther, that in going out, they would find standing at the door "the church plates, and their *concomitants* the elders." Chalmers felt that this worn-out machinery must be renewed, and restored to its former efficiency; for otherwise, in a parish containing nearly twelve thousand souls, he could be little more than its Sabbath preacher. To this important task he therefore addressed himself, and the result of his labours in the ecclesiastical organization of his parish, which were followed by general imitation, proved how justly he had appreciated the difficulties that beset a city minister, and the most effectual remedies by which they are obviated.

While he was thus contending with this "mortal coil" of secular occupation, and shuffling it off as well as he might, the pulpit preparations of the new minister evinced that it was not his own ease that he sought by this earnest desire of silence and seclusion. For it was not by mere eloquence and originality of style that his weekly sermons not only retained, but increased his reputation and efficiency; on the contrary, their depth of thought and originality of sentiment were more wonderful than their language, powerful and startling though it was. His preaching was in some measure the commencement of a new era in the history of the Scottish Church. To understand this aright, we must keep in mind the two parties into which the Church had been divided, and the solicitude they had manifested for nearly a century, to avoid every meeting except a hostile collision. On the one side was the Evangelical party, with whom the sympathies of the people were enlisted, and on the other the Moderates, who generally speaking, comprised the aristocracy, the philosophists, and the politicians of the community, men who talked of the "march of mind," and the "progress of improvement," and who thought that religion, as well as everything else, should accommodate itself to that progress. With such men the theology of our fathers was distasteful, because it was old-fashioned, and their aim was to dilute it so effectually with modern liberalism as to adapt it to the tastes and exigencies of the day. Hence the cautiousness with which they were wont, in their sermons, to avoid all such topics as election, regeneration, and the atonement, and the decided preference which they showed for those moral duties upon which man can decide and act for himself. In this way, they too often confined their teaching to those virtues on which all creeds are more or less agreed, so that sometimes it would have been difficult to divine, from the tenor of such discourses, whether the speaker was Christian, Pagan, or Infidel. With the evangelical party the case was wholly different. Eager to preach the paramount importance of faith, they were too ready to lose sight of its fruits as exemplified in action; while every mention of human virtue was apt to be condemned as legalism, self-seeking, and reliance on the covenant of

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works instead of the covenant of grace. That the heavenly and divine might be everything, the human was reduced to nothing; and to exalt the all-in-all sufficiency of redemption, man was to sit still, not only under its present coming, but also its future influences. And to impress upon their hearers more fully the necessity of this redemption, an odious picture was generally drawn of human nature, in which all that is helpless, and worthless, and villanous, was heaped together indiscriminately, and made to constitute a picture of man in his original condition. In this way, either party diverged from the other, the one towards Socinianism, and the other to Antinomianism, so that it was sometimes hard to tell which of these aberrations was the worst; while of their flocks it might too often be said—

"The hungry sheep look'd up, and were not fed."

It would be insulting to ask which of these two parties Chalmers followed as a public spiritual teacher. His was a mind not likely to be allured either by the shrivelled philosophy of the one, or the caricatured Calvinism of the other. He rejected both, and adopted for himself a course which was based upon the fulness of revelation itself, instead of the exclusive one-sided nook of a body of mere religionists; a course which reconciled and harmonized the anomalies of every-day reality with the unerring declarations of Scripture. Thus, he could not see that every man at his birth was inevitably a liar, a murderer, and a villain. Instead of this, there was such a thing as innate virtue; and men might be patriots, philanthropists, and martyrs, even without being Christians. And here he drew such pictures of the natural man in his free unconstrained nobleness—such delineations of disinterestedness, humanity, integrity, and self-denial welling forth from hearts that were still unrenewed, as Plato might have heard with enthusiasm, and translated into his own richest Attic eloquence. And was not all this true? Was it not daily exhibited, not only in our empire at large, but even in the mercantile communities of that city in which his lot had now been cast? But while the self-complacent legalist was thus carried onward delighted, and regaled with such descriptions of the innate nobleness of human character as his own teachers had never furnished, he was suddenly brought to an awful pause by the same resistless eloquence. The preacher proceeded to show that still these words were an incontestable immutable verity, "There is none righteous, no not one." For in spite of all this excellence, the unrenewed heart was still at enmity with God, and in all its doings did nothing at his command or for his sake. And therefore, however valuable this excellence might be for time and the world, it was still worthless for eternity. It was of the earth, earthy, and would pass away with the earth. It sought a requital short of heaven, and even already had obtained its reward.

An event soon occurred after the arrival of Mr., now Dr., Chalmers in Glasgow, by which his reputation as a preacher was no longer to be confined to Scotland, but diffused over the world, wherever the English language is known. We allude to his well-known "Astronomical Discourses," which, of all his writings, will perhaps be the most cherished by posterity. It was the custom of the city clergymen to preach every Thursday in rotation in the Tron church; and as there were only eight ministers, the turn of each arrived after an interval of two months. Dr. Chalmers took his share in this duty, for the first time, on the 15th November, 1815, and commenced with the first lecture of the astronomical series, which he followed up during his turn in these week-day services, for the year 1816. To those who have only read these discourses, it would be enough

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to say, in the words of Æschines, "What would you have said if you had seen him discharge all this thunder-storm of eloquence?' They were published at the commencement of 1817; and the avidity with which they were read is shown by the fact, that 6000 copies were disposed of in a month, and nearly 20,000 within the course of the year. Nothing like it had occurred in the publication of sermons either in England or Scotland; and while the most illiterate were charmed with the production, the learned, the scientific, and the critical, read, admired, and were convinced. London would not rest until it had seen and heard the living man; and Dr. Chalmers was invited to preach the anniversary sermon for the London Missionary Society. Thither he accordingly went, and delivered a discourse in Surrey chapel, on the 14th May. The service was to commence at eleven, but so early as seven in the morning that vast building of 3000 sittings was crowded, while thousands of disappointed comers were obliged to go away. An account of what followed, written home by Mr. Smith, one of his friends, who accompanied him from Glasgow, is thus expressed: "I write under the nervousness of having heard and witnessed the most astonishing display of human talent that perhaps ever commanded sight or hearing. Dr. Chalmers has just finished the discourse before the Missionary Society. All my expectations were overwhelmed in the triumph of it. Nothing from the Tron pulpit ever exceeded it, nor did he ever more arrest and wonder-work his auditors. I had a full view of the whole place. The carrying forward of minds never was so visible to me: a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied all his paragraphs, and the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness." Other demands for sermons followed; for, in the words of "Wilberforce's Diary," "all the world was wild about Dr. Chalmers." Even Canning, who was one of his hearers, and who was melted into tears by his sermon for the Hibernian Society, declared that, "notwithstanding the northern accent and unpolished manner of the speaker, he had never been so arrested by any kind of oratory." "The tartan," he added, "beats us all." But the best and most valuable testimony was that of the Rev. Robert Hall, himself the Chalmers of England, whose generous heart rejoiced in the eclipse which he had just sustained by the arrival of his northern brother; and in writing to him, after his return to Glasgow, he says: "It would be difficult not to congratulate you on the unrivalled and unbounded popularity which attended you in the metropolis. . . . . The attention which your sermons have excited is probably unequalled in modern literature; and it must be a delightful reflection, that you are advancing the cause of religion in innumerable multitudes of your fellow-creatures, whose faces you will never behold till the last day."

It is now time to turn from Dr. Chalmers in his study and pulpit, to Dr. Chalmers in his hard-working life of every-day usefulness. And here we shall find no dreaming theorist, contented with fireside musing upon the best plans of ameliorating the evils of society, or daunted midway by the difficulties of the attempt. Considering what he had already done, there was none who could more justly have claimed the full privileges of literary leisure and retirement. But when he threw off the throng of extraneous occupation that surrounded him, it was only that he might have room for equally arduous employment, in which the "full proof of his ministry" more especially consisted. It was not enough that he should see and address his congregation; he must visit the houses, examine the families, and become acquainted with the individuals of

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which that congregation was composed. He must also bring himself in contact with those of his parish who belonged to no congregation—the vicious, the reckless, the ignorant, and the poor—and endeavour, by his favourite process of "excavation," to bring them out from their murky concealments into the light of day, and the elevating influence of gospel ordinances. Twelve thousand souls to be visited!—but is not a soul worth looking after? To work therefore he went as soon as he became minister of the Tron church parish, undergoing an amount of bodily labour such as few would have cared to encounter, but resolute not to abandon the task until it was completed. A few weeks thus employed enabled him to ascertain what evils existed, as well as what remedies should be applied. It was necessary that the destitute and the outcast of his parish should be frequently visited, and for the performance of this duty he infused his own active spirit into the eldership by which he was surrounded. The fearful ignorance that was accumulating among the young of the lower orders must be dispersed; and, for this purpose, he organized a society among his congregation for the establishment of Sabbath-schools in the parish. These schools became so numerous, and so well attended, that in two years they numbered 1200 children, receiving regular religious instruction. A single close furnished the necessary amount of pupils for a school; and the teacher who visited its families for the purpose of bringing them out, was taught to watch over that little locality as his own especial parish.

This course of daily labour and visitation had its prospective, as well as immediate benefits. Dr. Chalmers had hitherto witnessed poverty and its results only upon a small scale. It was here a family, and there an individual, over the extent of a country parish; and for these cases, private benevolence and the contributions at the church door had generally been found sufficient. But now he was brought into close contact with poverty and destitution acting upon society in thousands, and producing an aggravation of crime, as well as misery, such as his rural experience had never witnessed. For all this, however, he was not wholly unprepared. He had already studied the subject in the abstract, and he found that now was the time, and here the field, to bring his theories on the subject into full operation. His idea, from all he witnessed, was but the more strongly confirmed, that the simple parochial apparatus of Scotland, so effectual for the relief of a village or country parish, would be equally efficacious for a populous city, and that recourse to poors'-rates and compulsory charity would only foster the evil which it aimed to cure. This conviction he now endeavoured to impress, not only in conversation and by public speeches, but also by his articles on "Pauperism" in the "Edinburgh Review," and a series of essays, which he afterwards published, on the "Civic and Christian Economy of Large Towns." But to go to the very source of poverty, and strike at once at the root, was his chief aim; and this could only be accomplished by indoctrinating the masses of a crowded city with the principles of Christian industry, independence, and morality. Even this, too, the parochial system had contemplated, by an adequate provision of church accommodation and instruction; but, unfortunately, while the population of the country had been nearly trebled, the church provision had remained stationary. The consequence was, that even in his own parish of the Tron, there were not a third who attended any church, notwithstanding the additional accommodation which dissent had furnished. And such, or still worse, was the state of matters over the whole of Glasgow. What he therefore wanted was "twenty more churches,

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and twenty more ministers," for that city alone; and this *desideratum* he boldly announced in his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817. Such a conclusion was but the unavoidable result of a train of premises to which all were ready to assent, while the demand itself, instead of being extravagant was considerably short of the emergency. And yet it was clamoured at, and cried down in every form of argument and ridicule, as the wildest of all benevolent extravagancies, and even the addition of a single church, which the magistrates had decided a few months previous, was thought too much. But strong in the confidence of truth, Dr. Chalmers held fast to his much decried doctrine, until he had the satisfaction of finding his church extension principle generally adopted, and not twenty, but two hundred additional churches erected in our towns and cities, to attest the soundness of his argument, and reward the zeal with which he had urged it.

The one additional church to which we have adverted, was that of St. John's, of which he was elected to be minister, with a new parish attached to it of ten thousand persons, almost entirely operatives. It redounds to the honour of the magistrates and town council of Glasgow to state, that this erection of a new parish and church, was for the purpose of giving Dr. Chalmers full opportunity of testing the parochial principle as applied to large towns; and that for this purpose they freed him from those restrictions which had gathered upon the old city charges, and conceded to him and his kirk session a separate independent parochial jurisdiction. The building, being finished, was opened on the 26th September, 1819, and crowded by its new parishioners, who had now their own church and minister, while the latter met them with equal ardour, and commenced at once the duties of his new sphere. He was ably seconded by his elders, a numerous body of active, intelligent, devoted men, and by the deacons, whose office was restored to its original efficiency under his superintendence; and as each had his own particular district to which his labours were confined, every family and every individual in the new parish, containing a population of ten thousand, had his own spiritual and temporal condition more or less attended to. In addition to these aids, he was soon surrounded by eighty Sabbath-school teachers, each superintending the religious education of the children belonging to his own little locality. These labours were not long continued until another great parochial want called forth the attention of Dr. Chalmers. It was the state of secular education, which, defective as it was throughout Glasgow in general, was peculiarly so in the new parish, whose population chiefly consisted of weavers, labourers, and factory-workers—persons who were unable to obtain a good education for their children, notwithstanding its cheapness as compared with that of England. On account of this, it was soon found in the Sabbath-schools that many of the children could not read a single verse of Scripture without such hammering as to make its meaning unintelligible. Something must be done, and that instantly, to counteract the evil. But mere charity schools and gratis education were an abomination to the doctor, who well knew that that which is got for nothing is generally reckoned worth nothing, and treated accordingly. The best education at the cheapest rate—the independence of the poor secured, while their children were efficiently taught—this was the happy medium which he sought, and which he found ready to his hand in the plan of Scottish parochial education. Let such a salary be secured for the teacher, that an active and accomplished man will find it worth his while to devote himself to the work; but, at the same time, let the

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small school-fees of the pupils be such as to secure the feeling of personal independence, and make them value the instruction for which a price is exacted. An "education committee" was therefore established for St. John's; subscriptions were set on foot for the erection and endowment of schools; and when a sufficient sum was procured, a desirable site was found for the building of the first school. The ground was the property of the College, and Dr. Chalmers repaired to its head, the venerable Principal Taylor, to obtain it upon such cheap terms as the case justly demanded. "Ah!" said the Principal, shaking his head, "we have been talking about establishing parochial schools in Glasgow for these twenty years." "Yes," replied Dr. Chalmers, "but now we are going to do the thing, not to talk about it; we are going to take the labour of talking and planning completely off your hands." This good-humoured application was successful; and by the middle of 1820 the school was finished, and the work of teaching commenced, under two efficient schoolmasters. Another school was soon erected by the same prompt liberality that had supplied funds for the first, and conducted also by two able masters. The four teachers had each a fixed salary of £25 per annum, and a free house, in addition to the fees of 2s. per quarter for reading, and 3s. for reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping, while the right of admission was limited to parishioners exclusively. There was full need of this restriction, for so highly were the benefits of this system of education appreciated, that the two schools had 419 pupils. Even when the doctor left Glasgow, also, the work was still going on through fresh contributions and erections, so that about 800 children belonging to the parish were furnished with the means of a complete and liberal education at a small expense. Such a heavy and complicated amount of toil as all this organization involved, would have been impossible for any one man, however energetic, and even Dr. Chalmers himself would have sunk beneath the load before his four years' experiment in St. John's had expired, had it not been for the efficient aid which he received from his assistant, the Rev. Edward Irving. Contemplating the vast amount of work which he had proposed to himself in his trial of the parochial system as applied to large towns, it had been considerately resolved that a regular assistant should be allowed him in the task; and by a train of fortuitous circumstances, that office was devolved upon a congenial spirit—one to the full as wonderful in his own way as Dr. Chalmers, but whose career was afterwards to be so erratic, and finally so mournful and disastrous. At present, however, the mind of Irving, although swelling with high aspirations, was regulated, controlled, and directed by the higher intellect and gentler spirit of his illustrious principal, so that his vast powers, both physical and mental, were brought fully to bear upon their proper work. Nothing, indeed, could be a more complete contrast than the genuine simplicity and rustic bearing of Dr. Chalmers, compared with the colossal form, Salvator Rosa countenance, and startling mode of address that distinguished his gifted assistant. But different as they were in external appearance and manner, their purpose and work were the same, and both were indefatigable in advancing the intellectual and spiritual interests of the parish of St. John's. Little, indeed, could it have been augured of these two remarkable men, that in a few years after they would be the founders of two churches, and that these churches should be so different in their doctrines, character, and bearings.

After having laboured four years in the ministerial charge of St. John's parish, a new change was to take place in the life of Dr. Chalmers, by the ful-

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filment of one of his earliest aspirations. It will be remembered, that in the period of his youth, when he was about to commence his ministry in the parish of Kilmany, his earnest wishes were directed towards a chair in the university of St. Andrews; and now, after the lapse of more than twenty years, his desires were to be gratified. The professorship of Moral Philosophy in that university had become vacant, and it was felt by the professors that none was so well fitted to occupy the charge, and increase the literary reputation of the college, as Dr. Chalmers, their honoured *alumnus*, whose reputation was now diffused over Europe. The offer, also, which was neither of his own seeking nor expecting, was tendered in the most respectful manner. Such an application from his *alma mater*, with which his earliest and most affectionate remembrances were connected, did not solicit him in vain; and after signifying his consent, he was unanimously elected to the office on the 18th January, 1823. Six different applications had previously been made to him from various charges since his arrival in Glasgow, but these he had steadfastly refused, for he felt that there he had a work to accomplish, to which every temptation of ecclesiastical promotion or literary ease must be postponed. But now the case was different. The machinery which he had set in motion with such immense exertion, might now be carried on by an ordinary amount of effort, and therefore could be intrusted to a meaner hand. His own health had suffered by the labour, and needed both repose and change. He felt, also, that a new career of usefulness in the cause of religion might be opened up to him by the occupation of a university chair, and the opportunities of literary leisure which it would afford him. And no change of self-seeking, so liberally applied in cases of clerical translation, could be urged in the present instance; as the transition was from a large to a smaller income; and from a thronging city, where he stood in the full blaze of his reputation, to a small and remote county town, where the highest merit would be apt to sink into obscurity. Much grumbling, indeed, there was throughout Glasgow at large, and not a little disappointment expressed by the kirk session of St. John's, when the proposed movement was announced; but the above-mentioned reasons had at last their proper weight, and the final parting was one of mutual tenderness and esteem. The effect of his eight years' labours in that city is thus summed up by his eloquent biographer, the Rev. Dr. Hanna:—

"When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, by the great body of the upper classes of society evangelical doctrines were nauseated and despised; when he left it, even by those who did not bow to their influence, these doctrines were acknowledged to be indeed the very doctrines of the Bible. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, in the eye of the multitude evangelism stood confounded with a drivelling sanctimoniousness, or a sour-minded ascetism; when he left it, from all such false associations the Christianity of the New Testament stood clearly and nobly redeemed. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, for nearly a century the magistrates and town council had exercised the city patronage in a spirit determinately anti-evangelical; when he left it, so complete was the revolution which had been effected, that from that time forward none but evangelical clergymen were appointed by the city patrons. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, there and elsewhere over Scotland, there were many most devoted clergymen of the Establishment who had given themselves up wholly to the ministry of the Word and to prayer, but there was not one in whose faith and practice week-day ministrations had the place or power which he assigned to them; when he left it he had exhibited such a model of fidelity,

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diligence, and activity in all departments of ministerial labour, as told finally upon the spirit and practice of the whole ministry of Scotland. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, unnoticed thousands of the city population were sinking into ignorance, infidelity, and vice, and his eye was the first in this country to foresee to what a fearful magnitude that evil, if suffered to grow on unchecked, would rise; when he left it, his ministry in that city remained behind him, a permanent warning to a nation which has been but slow to learn that the greatest of all questions, both for statesmen and for churchmen, is the condition of those untaught and degraded thousands who swarm now around the base of the social edifice, and whose brawny arms may yet grasp its pillars to shake or to destroy. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, in the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis a thinly disguised infidelity sat on the seats of greatest influence, and smiled or scoffed at a vital energetic faith in the great and distinctive truths of revelation, while widely over his native land the spirit of a frigid indifference to religion prevailed; when he left it, the current of public sentiment had begun to set in a contrary direction; and although it took many years, and the labour of many other hands, to carry that healthful change onward to maturity, yet I believe it is not over-estimating it to say, that it was mainly by Dr. Chalmers' ministry in Glasgow—by his efforts at this period in the pulpit and through the press—that the tide of national opinion and sentiment was turned."

Dr. Chalmers delivered his farewell sermon on November 9 (1823), and on this occasion such was the crowding, not only of his affectionate flock, but admirers from every quarter, that the church, which was built to accommodate 1700 hearers, on this occasion contained twice that number. On the 11th, a farewell dinner was given to him by 340 gentlemen; and at the close, when he rose to retire, all the guests stood up at once to honour his departure. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, overwhelmed by this last token, and turning repeatedly to every quarter, "I cannot utter a hundredth part of what I feel—but I will do better—I will bear it all away." He was gone, and all felt as if the head of wisdom, and heart of cordial affection and Christian love, and tongue of commanding and persuasive eloquence, that hitherto had been the life and soul of Glasgow, had departed with him. If anything could have consoled him after such a parting, it must have been the reception that welcomed his arrival in St. Andrews, where he delivered his introductory lecture seven days after, the signal that his new career of action had begun.

So closely had Dr. Chalmers adhered to his clerical duties in Glasgow to the last, that on his arrival in St. Andrews, his whole stock for the commencement of the course of Moral Philosophy consisted of only a few days' lectures. But nothing can more gratify an energetic mind that has fully tested its own powers, than the luxury of such a difficulty. It is no wonder, therefore, to find him thus writing in the latter part of the session: "I shall be lecturing for six weeks yet, and am very nearly from hand-to-mouth with my preparations. I have the prospect of winning the course, though it will be by no more than the length of half-a-neck; but I like the employment vastly." Most of these lectures were afterwards published as they were written, a sure indication of the deeply-concentrated power and matchless diligence with which he must have occupied the winter months. It was no mere student auditory, also, for which he had exclusively to write during each day the lecture of the morrow; for the benches of the class-room were crowded by the intellectual from every quarter, who had repaired to St. Andrews to hear the doctor's eloquence upon a new theme. Even when the

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session was over, it brought no such holiday season as might have been expected; for he was obliged to prepare for the great controversy upon the plurality question, which, after having undergone its course in Presbytery and Synod, was finally to be settled in the General Assembly, the opening of which was now at hand. The point at issue, upon which the merits of the case now rested, was, whether in consistency with the laws of the Church, Dr. Macfarlan could hold conjunctly the office of principal of the university of Glasgow, and minister of the Inner High church in the same city? On this occasion, Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Thomson spoke against the connection of offices with their wonted eloquence; but the case was so completely prejudged and settled, that no earthly eloquence could have availed, and the question in favour of the double admission was carried by a majority of twenty-six. In much of the proceedings of this Assembly Dr. Chalmers took a part, among which was the proposal of erecting a new Gaelic church in Glasgow. This measure he ably and successfully advocated, so that it passed by a large majority. Only a fortnight after the Assembly had closed he was in Glasgow, and more busy there if possible than ever, having engaged to preach for six consecutive Sabbaths in the chapel which, at his instigation, had been erected as an auxiliary to the parish church of St. John's. Here, however, he was not to rest; for, while thus occupied with his former flock, he received an urgent invitation to preach at Stockport, for the benefit of the Sabbath-school established there—a very different school from those of Scotland for the same purpose, being built at a great expense, and capable of accommodating 4000 children. He complied; but on reaching England he was mortified, and even disgusted to find, that the whole service was to be one of those half-religious half-theatrical exhibitions, so greatly in vogue in our own day, in which the one-half of the service seems intended to mock the other. He was to conduct the usual solemnities of prayer and preaching, and, so far, the whole affair was to partake of the religious character; but, in addition to himself as principal performer, a hundred instrumental and vocal artistes were engaged for the occasion, who were to rush in at the close of the pulpit ministrations with all the secularities of a concert or oratorio. The doctor was indignant, and remonstrated with the managers of the arrangement, but it was too late. All he could obtain was, that these services should be kept apart from each other, instead of being blended together, as had been originally intended. Accordingly, he entered the pulpit, conducted the solemn services as he was wont, and preached to a congregation of 3500 auditors, after which he retired, and left the managers to their own devices; and before he had fairly escaped from the building, a tremendous volley of bassoons, flutes, violins, bass viols, and serpents, burst upon his ear, and accelerated the speed of his departure. The collection upon this occasion amounted to £400,—but might it not be said to have been won too dearly?

The course of next winter at St. Andrews was commenced under the most favourable auspices, and more than double the number of students attended the Moral Philosophy class-room than had been wont in former sessions. Still true, moreover, to his old intellectual predilections, he also opened a separate class for Political Economy, which he found to be still more attractive to the students than the science of Ethics. Nothing throughout could exceed the enthusiasm of the pupils, and their affection for their amiable and distinguished preceptor, who was frequently as ready to walk with them and talk with them as to lecture to them. Thus the course of 1824–25 went onward to

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its close, after which he again commenced his duties as a member of the General Assembly, and entered with ardour into the subject of church plurality, upon which he spoke sometimes during the course of discussion. It was during this conflict that a frank generous avowal was made by Dr. Chalmers that electrified the whole meeting. On the second day of the debate, a member upon the opposite side quoted from an anonymous pamphlet the declaration of its author's experience, that "after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." When this was read, every eye was turned to Dr. Chalmers; it was the pamphlet he had published twenty years ago, when the duties of the ministerial office appeared to him in a very different light than they now did. He considered its resurrection at such a period as a solemn call to humiliation and confession, and from this unpalatable duty he did not for a moment shrink. Rising in his place, he declared, that the production was his own. "I now confess myself," he added, "to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and I now stand a repentant culprit before the bar of this venerable assembly." After stating the time and the occasion in which it originated, he went on in the following words:—"I was at that time, Sir, more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession; and, feeling grieved and indignant at what I conceived an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet, to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habits of a clergyman. Alas! Sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying, that the sentiment was wrong, and that, in the utterance of it, I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, Sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But *then*, Sir, I had forgotten *two magnitudes* — I thought not of the littleness of time — I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."

Hitherto the course of Dr. Chalmers at St. Andrews had been comfortable and tranquil; but this state was to continue no longer. It would have been strange, indeed, if one who so exclusively enjoyed the popularity of the town and its colleges, should have been permitted to enjoy it without annoyance. In the first instance, too, his grievances arose from that very evil of church plurality of which he had at first been the tolerant advocate, and afterwards the uncompromising antagonist. A vacancy having occurred in the city parish of St. Leonards, the charge was bestowed, not upon a free unencumbered man, but upon one of the professors, whose college labours were enough for all his time and talent; and as he was unacceptable as a preacher, many of the students, among whom an unwonted earnestness had of late been awakened upon the important subject of religion, were desirous of enjoying a more efficient ministry. But an old law of the college made it imperative that they should give their Sabbath attendance at the church of St. Leonards; and when they petitioned for liberty to select their own place for worship and religious instruction, their application was refused, although it was backed by that of their parents. It was natural that Dr. Chalmers should become their advocate; and almost equally natural that in requital he should be visited by the collective wrath of his brethren of the *Senatus*. They had decerned that the

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request of the students was unreasonable and mutinous; and turning upon the doctor himself, they represented him as one given up to new-fangled ideas of Christian liberty, and hostile to the interests of the Established Church. A still more vexatious subject of discussion arose from the appropriation of the college funds, the surplus of which, instead of being laid out to repair the dilapidated buildings, as had been intended, was annually divided among the professors after the current expenses of the classes had been defrayed. Dr. Chalmers thought this proceeding not only an illegal stretch of authority on the part of the professors, but also a perilous temptation; and on finding that they would not share in his scruples, he was obliged to adopt the only conscientious step that remained—he refused his share of the spoil during the five years of his continuance at St. Andrews. Thus the case continued until 1827, when the royal commission that had been appointed for the examination of the Scottish universities arrived at St. Andrews, and commenced their searching inquest. Dr. Chalmers, who hoped on this occasion that the evils of which he complained would be redressed, underwent in his turn a long course of examination, in which he fearlessly laid open the whole subject, and proposed the obvious remedy. But in this complaint he stood alone; the commissioners listened to his suggestions, and left the case as they found it. Another department of college reform, which had for some time been the object of his anxious solicitude, was passed over in the same manner. It concerned the necessary training of the pupils previous to their commencement of a college education. At our Scottish universities the students were admitted at a mere school-boy age, when they knew scarcely any Latin, and not a word of Greek; and thus the classical education of our colleges was such as would have been fitter for a mere whipping-school, in which these languages had to be commenced *ab initio*, than seats of learning in which such attainments were to be matured and perfected. To rectify this gross defect, the proposal of Dr. Chalmers suggested the erection of gymnasia attached to the colleges, where these youths should undergo a previous complete training in the mere mechanical parts of classical learning, and thus be fitted, on their entrance into college, for the highest departments of Greek and Roman scholarship. But here, also, his appeals were ineffectual; and at the present day, and in the country of Buchanan and Melville, the university classes of Latin and Greek admit such pupils, and exhibit such defects, as would excite the contempt of an Eton or Westminster school-boy.

It was well for Dr. Chalmers that amidst all this hostility and disappointment he had formed for himself a satisfactory source of consolation. At his arrival in St. Andrews, and even amidst the toil of preparation for the duties of his new office, he had longed for the relief that would be afforded by the communication of religious instruction; for in becoming a professor of science, he had not ceased to be a minister of the gospel. As soon, therefore, as the bustle of the first session was ended, he threw himself with alacrity into the lowly office of a Sabbath-school teacher. He went to work also in his own methodical fashion, by selecting a district of the town to which his labours were to be confined, visiting its families one by one, and inviting the children to join the class which he was about to form for meeting at his own house on the Sabbath evenings. And there, in the midst of these poor children, sat one of the most profound and eloquent of men; one at whose feet the great, the wise, and the accomplished had been proud to sit; while the striking picture is heightened

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by the fact, that even for these humble prelections and examinations, his questions were written out, and his explanations prepared, as if he had been to confront the General Assembly, or the British Senate. In the hands of a talented artist would not such a subject furnish a true Christian counterpart to that of Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage? At the third session this duty was exchanged for one equally congenial, and still more important, arising from the request of some of the parents of his college pupils, that he would take charge of the religious education of their sons, by receiving them into his house on the evenings of the Sabbath. With a desire so closely connected with his professional office through the week he gladly complied, after having intrusted his Sabbath-school children to careful teachers, who laboured under his direction. These student meetings, at first, were assembled around his fireside, in the character of a little family circle, and as such he wished it to continue; but so greatly was the privilege valued, and so numerous were the applications for admission, that the circle gradually expanded into a class, which his ample drawing-room could scarcely contain. These examples were not long in producing their proper fruits. The students of St. Andrews, animated by such a pattern, bestirred themselves in the division of the town into districts, and the formation of Sabbath-schools; and in the course of their explorations for the purpose, they discovered, even in that ancient seat of learning and city of colleges, an amount of ignorance and religious indifference such as they had never suspected to be lying around them till now. Another and an equally natural direction into which the impulse was turned, was that of missionary exertion; and on Dr. Chalmers having accepted the office of president of a missionary society, the students caught new ardour from the addresses which he delivered, and the reports he read to them at the meetings. The consequence was, that a missionary society was formed for the students themselves, in which a third of those belonging to the united colleges were speedily enrolled. It was a wonderful change in St. Andrews, so long the very Lethe of religious indifference and unconcern, and among its pupils, so famed among the other colleges of Scotland for riot, recklessness, and dissipation. And the result showed that this was no fever-fit of passing emotion, but a permanent and substantial reality. For many of those students who most distinguished themselves by their zeal for missions, were also distinguished as diligent talented scholars, and attained the highest honours of the university. Not a few of them now occupy our pulpits, and are among the most noted in the church for zeal, eloquence, and ministerial diligence and fidelity. And more than all, several of them were already in training for that high missionary office whose claims they so earnestly advocated, and are now to be found labouring in the good work in the four quarters of the world. Speaking of Dr. Chalmers at this period, one of the most accomplished of his pupils, and now the most distinguished of our missionaries, thus writes: —"Perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity connected with the whole of this transformative process, was the indirect, rather than the direct, mode in which the effectuating influence was exerted. It did not result so much from any direct and formal exhortation on the part of Dr. Chalmers, as from the general awakening and suggestive power of his lectures, the naked force of his own personal piety, and the spreading contagiousness of his own personal example. He carried about with him a better than talismanic virtue, by which all who came in contact with him were almost unconsciously influenced, moulded, and impelled to imitate. He did not formally assemble his students, and in so many

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set terms formally exhort them to constitute themselves into missionary societies, open Sabbath-schools, commence prayer-meetings, and such like. No; in the course of his lectures, he communicated something of his own life and warmth, and expounded principles of which objects like the preceding were some of the natural exponents and developments. He then faithfully exemplified the principles propounded in his own special actings and general conduct. He was known to be a man of prayer; he was acknowledged to be a man of active benevolence. He was observed to be going about from house to house, exhorting adults on the concerns of their salvation, and devoting his energies to the humble task of gathering around him a Sabbath-school. He was seen to be the sole reviver of an all but defunct missionary society. All these, and other such like traits of character and conduct, being carefully noted, how could they who intensely admired, revered, and loved the man, do less than endeavour, at however great a distance, to tread in his footsteps, and imitate so noble a pattern?"

Such was the tenor of his course in St. Andrews, until he was about to be transferred into another and more important field. The first effort made for this removal was an offer on the part of government of the charge of the parish of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, which had now became vacant by the death of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff. To succeed such a man, and hold such a clerical appointment, which was one of the best in Scotland, were no ordinary temptations; but Dr. Chalmers was now fully persuaded that the highest, most sacred, and most efficient office in the Church, consisted in the training of a learned and pious ministry, and therefore he refused the offer, notwithstanding the very inferior emoluments of his present charge, and the annoyances with which it was surrounded. Another vacancy shortly afterwards occurred that was more in coincidence with his principles. This was the divinity chair of the university of Edinburgh, that had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Ritchie, and to this charge he was unanimously elected by the magistrates and town council of Edinburgh, on the 31st October, 1827. The appointment on this occasion was cordially accepted, for it transferred him from the limited sphere of a county town to the capital; and from a professorship of ethics, the mere handmaid of theology, to that of theology itself. As he had not to commence his duties until the beginning of the next year's session, he had thus a considerable interval for preparation, which he employed to the uttermost. The subjects of lecturing, too, which comprised Natural Theology and the Evidences of Christianity, had for years been his favourite study. His class-room, as soon as the course commenced, was inundated, not merely with regular students, but with clergymen of every church, and gentlemen of every literary or scientific profession, all eager to hear systematic theology propounded by such a teacher. All this was well; but when a similar torrent attempted to burst into his domestic retirement, and sweep away his opportunities of preparation, he was obliged to repel it with unwonted bluntness. "I have now," he said, "a written paper in my lobby, shown by my servant to all and sundry who are making mere calls of attention, which is just telling them, in a civil way, to go about their business. If anything will check intrusion this at length must." During this session, also, Dr. Chalmers was not only fully occupied with his class, but also with the great question of Catholic emancipation, which was now on the eve of a final decision. A public meeting was held in Edinburgh, on the 14th of March, to petition in favour of the measure; and it was there that he advocated the bill in favour of emancipation, in one of the most elo-

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quent speeches he had ever uttered. The effect was tremendous, and at its close the whole assembly started to their feet, waved their hats, and rent the air with deafening shouts of applause for several minutes. Even the masters and judges of eloquence who were present were similarly moved, and Lord Jeffrey declared it as his opinion, that never had eloquence produced a greater effect upon a popular assembly, and that he could not believe more had ever been done by the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or Sheridan.

After the college session had ended, Dr. Chalmers was not allowed to retire into his beloved seclusion. Indeed, his opinions were now of such weight with the public mind, and his services so valuable, that he was considered as a public property, and used accordingly. It was for this cause that our statesmen who advocated Catholic emancipation were so earnest that he should give full publicity to his sentiments on the subject. When this duty was discharged, another awaited him: it was to repair to London, and unfold his views on pauperism before a committee of the House of Commons, with reference to the proposal of introducing the English system of poor-laws into Ireland. During this visit to London, he had the honour of being appointed, without any solicitation on his part, one of the chaplains of his Majesty for Scotland. On returning home another visit to London was necessary, as one of the members of a deputation sent from the Church of Scotland to congratulate William IV. on his accession to the throne. It is seldom that our Scottish presbyters are to be found in kings' palaces, so that the ordeal of a royal presentation is generally sufficient to puzzle their wisest. Thus felt Dr. Chalmers upon the occasion; and in the amusing letters which he wrote home to his children, he describes with full glee the difficulty he experienced from his cocked hat, and the buttons of his court dress. The questions put to him at this presentation were of solemn import, as issuing from kingly lips: "Do you reside constantly in Edinburgh?" "How long do you remain in town?" He returned to the labours of his class room, and the preparation of his elaborate work on "Political Economy," which had employed his thoughts for years, and was published at the beginning of 1832. This care of authorship in behalf of principles which he knew to be generally unpalatable, was further aggravated by the passing of the Reform Bill, to which he was decidedly hostile. After his work on "Political Economy," which fared as he had foreseen, being roughly handled by the principal critics of the day, against whose favourite doctrines it militated, he published his well-known Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man." At the same period the cholera, which in its tremendous but erratic march had arrived in the island, and commenced its havoc in Newcastle and Sunderland, proceeded northward, and entered like a destroying angel within the gates of Edinburgh, which it filled with confusion and dismay. As its ravages went onward, the people became so maddened as to raise riots round the cholera hospitals, and treat the physicians, who attended on the patients at the risk of their own lives, with insult and violence. This exhibition was so afflictive to Dr. Chalmers, that he expressed his feelings upon the subject in the most impressive manner that a human being can possibly adopt—this was in public prayer, upon the national fast in St. George's church, while he was earnestly beseeching that the plague might be stayed, and the people spared. "We pray, O Lord, in a more especial manner," he thus supplicated, "for those patriotic men whose duty calls them to a personal encounter with this calamity, and

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who, braving all the hazards of infection, may be said to stand between the living and the dead. Save them from the attacks of disease; save them from the obloquies of misconception and prejudice; and may they have the blessings and acknowledgments of a grateful community to encourage them in their labours." On the same evening, a lord of session requested that this portion of the prayer should be committed to writing, and made more public, in the hope of arresting that insane popular odium which had risen against the medical board. The prayer was soon printed, and circulated through the city.

In the year 1832, Dr. Chalmers was raised to the highest honour which the Church of Scotland can bestow, by being appointed moderator of the General Assembly. In this office he had the courage to oppose, and the good fortune to remove, an abuse that had grown upon the church until it had become a confirmed practice. It was now the use and wont of every commissioner to give public dinners, not only upon the week-days, but the Sabbaths of the Assembly's sitting, while the moderator sanctioned this practice by giving public breakfasts on the same day. In the eyes of the doctor this was a desecration of the sacred day, and he stated his feelings to Lord Belhaven, the commissioner, on the subject. The appeal was so effectual that the practice was discontinued, and has never since been resumed. At this Assembly, also, a fearful note was sounded, predictive of a coming contest. It was upon the obnoxious subject of patronage, against which the popular voice of Scotland had protested so long and loudly, but in vain. Overtures from eight Presbyteries and three Synods were sent up to this Assembly, stating, "That whereas the practice of church courts for many years had reduced the call to a mere formality; and whereas this practice has a direct tendency to alienate the affections of the people of Scotland from the Established Church; it is overtured, that such measures as may be deemed necessary be adopted, in order to restore the call to its constitutional efficiency." An animated debate was the consequence, and at last the motion of Principal Macfarlan, "that the Assembly judge it unnecessary and inexpedient to adopt the measures recommended in the overtures now before them," was carried by a majority of forty-two. From the office which he held, Dr. Chalmers could only be a presiding onlooker of the debate; but in the Assembly of next year, when the subject was resumed, he had an open arena before him, which he was not slow to occupy. On this occasion, the eleven overtures of the preceding year had swelled into forty-five, a growth that indicated the public feeling with unmistakable significance. The two principal speakers in the discussion that followed were Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook, and each tendered his motion before the Assembly. That of Dr. Chalmers was to the effect, that efficiency should be given to the call, by declaring the dissent of a majority of the male heads of families in a parish, with or without the assignment of reasons, should be sufficient to set aside the presentee, unless these reasons were founded in malicious combination, or manifestly incorrect as to his ministerial gifts and qualifications. The counter-motion of Dr. Cook was, that while it is competent for the heads of families to give in to the Presbytery objections of whatever nature against the presentee, the Presbytery shall consider these objections, and if they find them unfounded, shall proceed to the settlement. This was carried only by a majority of twelve, and mainly, also, by the strength of the eldership, as a majority of twenty ministers was in favour of the motion of Dr. Chalmers. It was easy to see, however, in what direction the tide had set, and to what length and

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amount it would prevail. At the next Assembly a full trial was to be made that should be conclusive upon the point at issue. Dr. Chalmers on this occasion was not a member, but his motion of the preceding year was again brought before the Assembly by Lord Moncrieff, in the form of an "Overture and Interim Act on Calls," and expressed as follows:—"The General Assembly declare, that it is a fundamental law of the Church, that no pastor shall be intruded into any congregation contrary to the will of the people; and, in order that the principle may be carried into full effect, the General Assembly, with the consent of a majority of the Presbyteries of this church, do declare, enact, and ordain, that it shall be an instruction to Presbyteries that if, at the moderating in a call to a vacant pastoral charge, the major part of the male heads of familes, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the Presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly, and due notice thereof forthwith given to all concerned; but that if the major part of the said heads of families shall not disapprove of such person to be their pastor, the Presbytery shall proceed with the settlement according to the rules of the church: And farther declare, that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare, in presence of the Presbytery, that he is actuated by no factious or malicious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interests of himself or the congregation." Such was the well-known measure called the Veto, which, being carried by a majority of forty-six, became part of the law of the Church of Scotland. Considering the previous domination of patronage, it was regarded with much complacency, as a valuable boon to public feeling, and a great step in advance towards a thorough reformation in the church. But, unfortunately, it was only a compromise with an evil that should have been utterly removed; a mere religious half-measure, that in the end was certain to dwindle into a nullity; and Dr. Chalmers lived long enough to confess its insufficiency and witness its downfall.

In the case of those honoured individuals who have "greatness thrust upon them," the imposition generally finds them at a season not only when they are least expectant of such distinctions, but apparently the furthest removed from all chance of obtaining them. Such all along had been the case with Chalmers. Fame had found him in the obscure parish of Kilmany, and there proclaimed him one of the foremost of pulpit orators. It had followed him into the murky wynds and narrow closes of the Trongate and Saltmarket of Glasgow; and there, while he was employed in devising means for the amelioration of poverty through parochial agency, it had lauded him in the senate and among statesmen as an able financier and political economist. Instead of seeking, he had been sought, by that high reputation which seems to have pursued him only the more intently by how much he endeavoured to escape it. And now, after he had been so earnestly employed in endeavouring to restore the old Scottish ecclesiastical *regime* and Puritan spirit of the seventeenth century—so loathed by the learned, the fashionable, and the free-thinking of the nineteenth—new honours, and these from the most unlikely sources, were showered upon him in full profusion. In 1834, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and in the year following a vice-president. In the beginning of 1834, he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France; and

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in the year 1835, while upon a visit to Oxford for the recovery of his health, impaired by the fatigues he had undergone in London in the discharge of his public duties, the university of Oxford in full theatre invested him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. The academy of Voltaire, and the university of Laud, combining to do honour to a modern Scottish Covenanter!—never before had such extremes met! Such a triumph, however, needed a slave behind the chariot, and such a remembrancer was not wanting to the occasion. During his stay in London, he had been negotiating for the establishment of a permanent government salary to the chair of Theology in the university of Edinburgh, for at his entrance in 1828, the revenues of its professorship, in consequence of the abolition of pluralities, amounted to not more than £196 per annum. It was impossible, upon such a pittance, to maintain the proper dignity of the office, and rear a numerous family; and, although the town council endeavoured to supplement the defect by the establishment of fees to be paid by the students, this remedy was found so scanty and precarious, that Dr. Chalmers could not calculate upon more than £300 a-year, while the necessary expenditure of such an office could not be comprised within £800. But Government at the time was labouring under one of those periodical fits of economy in which it generally looks to the pennies, in the belief that the pounds can take care of themselves, and therefore the earnest appeals of Dr. Chalmers upon the importance of such a professorship, and the necessity of endowing it, were ineffectual. Little salaries were to be cut down, and small applicants withheld, to convince the sceptical public that its funds were managed with strict economy. To his office of professor, indeed, that of one of the Scottish royal chaplaincies had been added; but this was little more than an honorary title, as its salary was only £50 per annum. Thus, at the very height of his fame, Dr. Chalmers was obliged to bethink himself of such humble subjects as weekly household bills, and the ways and means of meeting them, and with the heavy pressure of duties that had gathered upon him to take refuge in the resources of authorship. A new and cheap edition of his works, in quarterly volumes, was therefore commenced in 1836. It was no mere republication of old matter, however, which he thus presented to the public, and this he was anxious should be generally understood. "It so happens," he thus writes to the Rev. Mr. Cunningham of Harrow, "that the great majority of my five first volumes will be altogether new; and that of the two first already published, and which finishes my views on Natural Theology, the "Bridgewater Treatise," is merely a fragment of the whole. Now, my request is, that you will draw the attention of any of the London reviewers to the new matter of my works." To such necessities the most distinguished man in Scotland, and the holder of its most important professorship, was reduced, because our Government would not endow his office with a modicum of that liberality which it extended to a sinecure forest-ranger, or even a captain of Beef-eaters.

These, however, were not the greatest of Dr. Chalmers' difficulties and cares. The important subject of church extension, that most clamant of our country's wants, annihilated all those that were exclusively personal, and after years of earnest advocacy, a bright prospect began to dawn that this want would be fully satisfied. The King's speech in 1835 recommended the measure; the parliamentary leaders of the Conservative party were earnest in supporting it; while the Earl of Aberdeen in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in that of the Commons, were the most urgent advocates for the extension of the Church in Scotland. But very different was the mood of the Whig ministry, and the

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premier, Lord Melbourne, who succeeded, and all that could be obtained from them was a commission of inquiry. It was the vague "I'll see to it!" which in common life promises nothing, and usually accomplishes as little. Thus at least felt Dr. Chalmers, notwithstanding the assurances of Lord John Russell that the commissioners should be obliged to report progress from time to time, so that the House might apply the remedy to each evil successively as it was detected. It was no vague fear; for although the first report of the commissioners was to be returned in six months, thrice that period elapsed before the duty was implemented. This report, however, established a momentous fact; it was, that nearly one-third of the whole population of Edinburgh, to which their eighteen months' inquiry had been exclusively confined, were living in utter neglect of religious ordinances. To atone for such delay, as well as to remedy such an evil, it was now full time for the Parliament to be up and doing. But Parliament thought it was better to wait—to wait until they got farther intelligence. This intelligence at last came in two subsequent reports, by which it appeared that the deficiency of church accommodation and church attendance was still worse in Glasgow than in Edinburgh. And now, at least, was the time for action after four years of protracted inquiry; but the remedy which Parliament proposed consisted of little more than a few unmeaning words. The Highlands and the country parishes were to be aided from sources that were not available for the purpose, while the large towns were to be left in their former condition. In short, the Church of Scotland was to wait, and wait, and still to wait, while everything was to be expected, but nothing definite insured. A deputation from the Church Extension Committee was unavoidable under such circumstances of sickening procrastination and heartless disappointment; but the government that had anticipated such an advent, specified that Dr. Chalmers should not be one of the deputies. It was not convenient that the rulers of the hour should encounter the master-spirit of the age. Accordingly, the deputation of the Church of Scotland, *minus* Dr. Chalmers, waited upon Lord Melbourne, and represented what a dereliction the Government had committed in abandoning the religious provision of the large towns of Scotland, by which the principle of religious establishment itself was virtually abandoned. But they talked to a statesman whose only line of policy was to remember nothing about the past, and fear nothing for the future. Britain would last during his own day at least, and let all beyond encounter the life-and-death scramble as it best could. When he was told, therefore, that this abandonment of the Scottish cities was an abandonment of church establishment, and would inflict a fatal wound upon the Church of Scotland, this free-and-easy premier replied to the members of the deputation: "That, gentlemen, is your inference: you may not be the better for our plan; but, hang it! you surely cannot be worse;" and with this elegant sentence they were bowed off from the ministerial audience. It was well, however, that Dr. Chalmers, and those whom he influenced, had not entirely leaned, in such a vital question, upon the reed of court favour and government support. He had already learned, although with some reluctance, that most necessary scriptural caveat for a minister of the Church of Scotland, "Put not your trust in princes," so that from the commencement of this treaty between the Church and the State, he had turned his attention to the public at large as the source from which his expectations were to be realized. He therefore obtained the sanction of the General Assembly, in 1836, to form a subcommittee on church extension, for the purpose of organizing a plan of

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meetings over the whole country for the erection of new churches. It was thus applying to the fountain-head, let the conduits be closed as they might, and the result more than answered his expectations. In the year 1838, he was enabled to state to the General Assembly, that these two years of organized labour, combined with the two years of desultory effort that had preceded—four years in all—had produced nearly £200,000, out of which nearly 200 churches had been erected. Well might he call this, in announcing the fact, "an amount and continuance of pecuniary support altogether without a precedent in the history of Christian beneficence in this part of the British empire." To this he added a hope—but how differently fulfilled from the way he expected! "At the glorious era of the Church's reformation," he said, "it was the unwearied support of the people which, under God, finally brought her efforts to a triumphant issue. In this era of her extension—an era as broadly marked and as emphatically presented to the notice of the ecclesiastical historian as any which the Church is wont to consider as instances of signal revival and divine interposition—the support of the people will not be wanting, but by their devoted exertions, and willing sacrifices, and ardent prayers, they will testify how much they love the house where their fathers worshipped; how much they reverence their Saviour's command, that the very poorest of their brethren shall have the gospel preached to them."

While the indifference of Government upon the subject of church extension was thus felt in Scotland, a calamity of a different character was equally impending over the churches both of Scotland and England—a calamity that threatened nothing less than to disestablish them, and throw them upon the voluntary support of the public at large. Such was a part of the effects of the Reform Bill. It brought forward the Dissenters into place and power, and gave them a vantage ground for their hostility to all ecclesiastical establishments; and so well did they use this opportunity, that the separation of Church and State promised to be an event of no distant occurrence. Even Wellington himself, whose practised eye saw the gathering for the campaign, and whose stout heart was not apt to be alarmed at bugbears, thus expressed his sentiments on the occasion: "People talk of the war in Spain, and the Canada question, but all that is of little moment. The real question is, Church or no Church; and the majority of the House of Commons—a small majority, it is true, but still a majority—are practically against it." This majority, too, had already commenced its operations with the Church of Ireland, the number of whose bishops was reduced, and a large amount of whose endowments it was proposed to alienate to other purposes than the support of religion. Thus was that war begun which has continued from year to year, growing at each step in violence and pertinacity, and threatening the final eversion of the two religious establishments of Great Britain. The friends of the Establishment principle were equally alert in its defence; and among other institutions, a Christian Influence Society was formed, to vindicate the necessity and duty of State support to the national religion as embodied in the church of the majority of the people. It occurred to this society that their cause could be best supported by popular appeal on the part of a bold, zealous, eloquent advocate—one who had already procured the right to speak upon such a subject, and to whom all might gladly and confidently listen. And where could they find such an advocate? All were at one in the answer, and Dr. Chalmers was in consequence requested to give a course of public lectures in London upon the subject of Church Estab-

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lishments, to which he assented. Thus mysteriously was he led by a way which he knew not to a termination which he had not anticipated. He was to raise his eloquent voice for the last time in behalf of a cause which he was soon after to leave for ever—and to leave only because a higher, holier, and more imperative duty commanded his departure.

This visit of Dr. Chalmers to London was made in the spring of 1838. He took with him a course of lectures on which he had bestowed the utmost pains; and the first, which he delivered on the 25th of April, was attended by the most distinguished in rank and talent, who admired the lecturer, as well as sympathized in his subject. The other discourses followed successively, and seldom has great London been stirred from its mighty depths as upon these occasions. Peers, prelates, statesmen, literati, the powerful, the noble, the rich, the learned, all hurried pell-mell into the passages, or were crowded in one living heap in the ample hall; and all eyes were turned upon the homely-looking elderly man who sat at the head, before a little table, at times looking as if buried in a dream, and at others, lifting up his eyes at the gathering and advancing tide, composed of England's noblest and best, as if he wondered what this unwonted stir could mean. How had such a man collected such a concourse? That was soon shown, when, after having uttered a few sentences, with a pronunciation which even his own countrymen deemed uncouth, he warmed with his subject, until his thoughts seemed to be clothed with thunder, and starting to his feet, the whole assembly rose with him as one man, passed into all his feelings, and moved with his every impulse, as if for the time they had implicitly resigned their identity into his hands, and were content to be but parts of that wondrous individual in whose utterance they were so absorbed and swallowed up. "The concluding lecture," says one writer, "was graced by the presence of nine prelates of the Church of England. The tide that had been rising and swelling each succeeding day, now burst all bounds. Carried away by the impassioned utterance of the speaker, long ere the close of some of his finest passages was reached, the voice of the lecturer was drowned in the applause, the audience rising from their seats, waving their hats above their heads, and breaking out into tumultuous approbation." "Nothing was more striking, however," writes another, "amidst all this excitement, than the child-like humility of the great man himself. All the flattery seemed to produce no effect whatever on him; his mind was entirely absorbed in his great object; and the same kind, playful, and truly Christian spirit, that so endeared him to us all, was everywhere apparent in his conduct. . . . I had heard Dr. Chalmers on many great occasions, but probably his London lectures afforded the most remarkable illustrations of his extraordinary power, and must be ranked amongst the most signal triumphs of oratory in any age."

Having thus delivered such a solemn and public testimony in behalf of Church Establishments, Dr. Chalmers now resolved to visit France, a duty which he conceived he owed to the country, as he had been elected a member of its far-famed Royal Institute. He accordingly went from England to Paris in the earlier part of June, 1838, accompanied by his wife and two daughters. From the journal which he kept on the occasion, much interesting information may be gleaned of his views on the state of France and French society, while throughout, it is evident that he carried with him what our English tourists too seldom transport into that conntry—the willingness to recognize and readiness to acknowledge whatever superiority it possesses over our own. He thus

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found that Paris was something better than a city of profligates, and France than a land of infidels. In that gay metropolis his exclamation is, "How much more still and leisurely everything moves here than in London! . . . . It is more a city of loungers; and life moves on at a more rational pace." On another occasion he declared Paris "better than London, in not being a place of extreme and high-pressure work in all the departments of industry. More favourable to intellect, to man in his loftier capacities, to all the better and higher purposes of our nature." It was not wonderful, therefore, that with such frankness and warmth of heart he was soon at one with the choicest of that literary and intellectual society with which the city at all times abounds, and delighted with its buildings, its public walks, and museums of science and art. Dr. Chalmers made no pretension to taste in the fine arts, and its critical phraseology he detested as cant and jargon; but it was well known by his friends that he had a love of fine statues and pictures, and an innate natural perception of their beauties, that might well have put those who prate learnedly about Raffaele and Titian to the blush. This will at once be apparent in his notices of the Louvre, where his remarks are full of life and truthfulness: "Struck with the picture of one of Bonaparte's battles in his retreat from Moscow. The expression of Napoleon very striking—as if solemnized by the greatness of the coming disaster, yet with an air of full intelligence, and serenity, and majesty, and a deep mournful expression withal. The long gallery of the Louvre superb; impressed at once with the superiority of its pictures. Very much interested in the Flemish pictures, of which there were some very admirable ones by David Teniers. I am fond of Rembrandt's portraits; and was much pleased in recognizing the characteristics of Rubens, Poussin, and Claude Lorrain. I also remarked that in most of the Italian schools, with the exception of the Venetian, there was a total want of shading off; yet the separate figures, though not harmonized with the back-ground, very striking in themselves. The statuary of painting perhaps expresses the style of the Roman and other such schools. There is a quadrangle recently attached to the east end of the gallery, filled with the models of towns, ships, and machinery; the towns very instructive. But the most interesting part of this department is the Spanish pictures, in all of which the strong emotions are most powerfully expressed. There is quite a stamp of national peculiarity in these works. The walls which contain them seem all alive with the passions and thoughts of living men." Thus far Dr. Chalmers in a new character, as a critic in painting—not of the schools, however, but of nature's own teaching. After a short residence of three weeks in Paris, during which he noticed everything with a benevolent and observant eye, and read before the Institute a lecture of initiation, having for its title, the "Distinction, both in Principle and Effect, between a Legal Charity for the Relief of Indigence, and a Legal Charity for the Relief of Disease," Dr. Chalmers set off on a short tour through some of the inland provinces, which he was induced to make by the persuasion of his English friends. On finishing it, he characterized it as a most interesting journey, in which his hopes for the futurity of France had been materially improved. He then returned to Edinburgh, where sterner events awaited his arrival.

The first task of Dr. Chalmers, on returning home, was the augmentation of the Church Extension Fund. No hope was now to be derived from Government grants, and therefore, while old age was stealing upon him, and the weariness of a life of toil demanding cessation and repose, he felt as if the struggle

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had commenced anew, and must be encountered over again. The Extension Scheme was his favourite enterprise, in which all his energies for years had been embarked; and could he leave it now in its hour of need, more especially after such a hopeful commencement? He therefore began an arduous tour for the purpose on the 18th of August, 1839. He commenced with the south-western districts of Scotland, in the course of which he visited and addressed ten presbyteries successively. And, be it observed, too, that this prince of orators had a difficulty in his task to encounter which only an orator can fully appreciate. Hitherto his addresses to public meetings had been carefully studied and composed, so that to extemporaneous haranguing on such occasions he had been an utter stranger. But now that he must move rapidly from place to place, and adapt himself to every kind of meeting, and be ready for every sudden emergency of opposition or cavil, he felt that the aids of the study must be abandoned—that he must be ready on every point, and at every moment—that, in short, all his former habits of oratory must be abandoned, and a new power acquired, and that too, at the age of sixty, when old habits are confirmed, and the mind has lost its flexibility. But even this difficulty he met and surmounted; his ardour in the work beat down every obstacle, and bore him irresistibly onward. "It is true," he said, "that it were better if we lived in times when a calm and sustained argumentation from the press would have carried the influential minds of the community; but, as it is, one must accommodate his doings to the circumstances of the age." After the south-western districts had been visited, he made another tour, in which he visited Dundee, Perth, Stirling, and Dunfermline; and a third, that comprised the towns of Brechin, Montrose, Arbroath, and Aberdeen. A fourth, which he called his great northern tour, led him through a considerable part of the Highlands, where he addressed many meetings, and endeavoured everywhere to stir up the people to a due sense of the importance of religious ordinances. But it is melancholy to find that labours so great ended, upon the whole, in disappointment. At the commencement Dr. Chalmers had confidently expected to raise £100,000 for the erection of a hundred new churches, and in this expectation he was fully justified by the success of his previous efforts. But £40,000 was the utmost that was realized by all this extraordinary toil and travel. Still, however, much had been done during his seven years of labour in the cause of church extension; for in 1841, when he demitted his office as convener of the committee, 220 churches, at a cost of more than £300,000, had been added to the Establishment. He had thus made an extensive trial of Voluntaryism, and obtained full experience of its capabilities and defects, of which the following was his recorded opinion:—"While he rejoices in the experimental confirmation which the history of these few years has afforded him of the resources and the capabilities of the Voluntary system, to which, as hitherto unfostered by the paternal care of Government, the scheme of church extension is indebted for all its progress, it still remains his unshaken conviction of that system notwithstanding, that it should only be resorted to as a supplement, and never but in times when the powers of infidelity and intolerance are linked together in hostile combination against the sacred prerogatives of the church, should it once be thought of as a substitute for a national establishment of Christianity. In days of darkness and disquietude it may open a temporary resource, whether for a virtuous secession or an ejected church to fall back upon; but a far more glorious consummation is, when the State puts forth its hand to sustain but not to sub-

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jugate the Church, and the two, bent on moral conquests alone, walk together as fellow-helpers towards the achievement of that great pacific triumph—the Christian education of the people."

The indifferent success with which the latter part of the labours of Dr. Chalmers in behalf of church extension was followed, could be but too easily explained. The Church of Scotland had now entered the depths of her trial; and while the issue was uncertain, the public mind was in that state of suspense under which time seems to stand still, and all action is at a pause. The urgent demand that was pressed upon society was for money to erect more places of worship—but what the while did the State mean to do in this important matter? Would it take the whole responsibility upon itself, or merely supplement the liberality of the people? And if the latter, then, to what amount would it give aid, and upon what terms? When a cautious benevolence is thus posed, it too often ruminates, until the hour of action has knelled its departure. Such was the condition to which Scotland was now reduced. In tracing its causes, we must revert to the last five years of our narrative, and those important ecclesiastical movements with which Dr. Chalmers was so closely implicated.

In obtaining the veto law, Dr. Chalmers was far from regarding it either as a satisfactory or a final measure. Instead of being an ecclesiastical reform, it was but a half-way concession, in which Church and State would be liable to much unpleasant collision. This result must sooner or later be the case, and in such a shock the weaker would be driven to the wall. This Dr. Chalmers foresaw, and it required no extraordinary sagacity to foretell which of these causes would prove the weaker. And yet the veto, like most great changes however defective, worked well at the commencement. So remarkably had the evangelistic spirit been revived by it, that in 1839 the revenue collected for Christian enterprise was fourteen times greater than it had been five years previous. Another significant fact of its usefulness was, that notwithstanding the new power it conferred upon the people, that power had been enjoyed with such moderation, that during these five years it had been exercised only in ten cases out of one hundred and fifty clerical settlements. All this, however, was of no avail to save it from ruin, and even the beginning of its short-lived existence gave promise how soon and how fatally it would terminate.

The first act of hostility to the veto law occurred only a few months after it had passed. The parish church of Auchterarder had become vacant, and the Earl of Kinnoul, who was patron, made a presentation of the living in favour of Mr. Robert Young, a licentiate. But the assent of the people was also necessary, and after Mr. Young had preached two successive Sabbaths in the pulpit of Auchterarder, that the parishioners might test his qualifications, a day was appointed for their coming forward to moderate in the call, by signing their acceptance. Not more, however, than two heads of families, and his lordship's factor, a non-resident, out of a parish of three thousand souls, gave their subscription. As this was no call at all, it was necessary to obtain a positive dissent, and on the opportunity being given for the heads of families, being communicants, to sign their rejection, two hundred and eighty-seven, out of three hundred members, subscribed their refusal to have the presentee for their minister. Thus, Mr. Young was clearly and most expressly vetoed, and his presentation should, according to the law, have been instantly cancelled; but, instead of submitting, he appealed against the refusal of the parish, in the first instance to the Presbytery, and afterwards to the Synod; and on his appeal being rejected successively

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by both courts, he finally carried it, not to the General Assembly, for ultimate adjudication, as he was bound to do, but to the Court of Session, where it was to be reduced to a civil question, and nothing more. In this way, admission to the holy office of the ministry and the cure of souls was to be as secular a question as the granting of a publican's license or the establishment of a highway toll, and to be settled by the same tribunal! After much fluctuation and delay that occurred during the trial of this singular case, a final decision was pronounced by the Court of Session in February, 1838, by which the Presbytery of Auchterarder was declared to have acted illegally, and in violation of their duty, in rejecting Mr. Young solely on account of the dissent of the parish, without any reasons assigned for it. But what should the Presbytery do or suffer in consequence? This was not declared; for the Court, having advanced so far as to find the veto law illegal, did not dare to issue a positive command to the Church to throw it aside, and admit the presentee to the ministerial office. The utmost they could do was to adjudge the temporalities of the benefice to Mr. Young, while the Church might appoint to its spiritual duties whatever preacher was found fittest for the purpose. Still, however, if not unchurched, she was disestablished by such a decision; and, for the purpose of averting this disastrous termination, the case was appealed from the Court of Session to the House of Lords. But there the sentence of the Scottish tribunal, instead of being repealed, was confirmed and established into law. Thus patronage was replaced in all its authority, and the veto made a dead letter. This judgment, so important to the future history of the Church of Scotland, was delivered by the House of Lords on May 3, 1839. On the 16th the General Assembly met, and Dr. Chalmers, who had hitherto seldom taken a part in the proceedings of church courts, now made anxious preparation for the important crisis. The veto, he saw, existed no longer; but was the choice of the people to perish also? The important discussion commenced by Dr. Cook presenting a motion, to the effect that the Assembly should hold the veto law as abrogated, and proceed as if it never had passed. To this Dr. Chalmers presented a counter-motion, consisting of three parts. The first acknowledged the right of the civil authority over the temporalities of the living of Auchterarder, and acquiesced in their loss; the second expressed the resolution not to abandon the principle of non-intrusion; and the third proposed the formation of a committee to confer with Government, for the prevention of any further collision between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. A heart-stirring speech of three hours followed, in which he advocated each point of his motion with such irresistible eloquence, that it was carried by a majority of forty-nine. In this speech, the following comparison between the two national churches was not only fitted to send a patriotic thrill through every Scottish heart, but to enlighten those English understandings that could not comprehend the causes of a national commotion, in which they, nevertheless, found themselves somehow most deeply implicated:—

"Let me now, instead of looking forward into consequences, give some idea to the Assembly of the extent of that degradation and helplessness which, if we do submit to this decision of the House of Lords, have been actually and already inflicted upon us—a degradation to which the Church of England, professing the king to be their head, never would submit; and to which the Church of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus Christ to be their head, never can. You know that, by the practice of our church, the induction and the ordination go

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together. We regard both as spiritual acts; but, by the practice of the Church of England, the two are separated in point of time from each other; and as they look only upon the ordination as spiritual, this lays them open to such civil mandates and civil interdicts as we have never been accustomed to receive in the questions which arise on the subject of induction into parishes. But ask any English ecclesiastic whether the bishop would receive an order, from any civil court whatever, on the matter of ordination; and the instant, the universal reply is, that he would not. In other words, we should be degraded far beneath the level of the sister church if we remain in connection with the State, and submit to this new ordinance, or, if you will, to this new interpretation of their old ordinances." After quoting a case in point, in which a presentee in the Church of England had appealed, but in vain, to the royal authority against the prelate who refused to ordain him, Dr. Chalmers continued :—" To what position, then, are we brought if we give in to the opposite motion, and proceed in consequence to the ordination of Mr. Young? To such a position as the bishops of England, with all the Erastianism which has been charged, and to a great degree, I think, falsely charged, upon that establishment, never, never would consent to occupy. Many of them would go to the prison and the death rather than submit to such an invasion on the functions of the sacred office. We read of an old imprisonment of bishops, which led to the greatest and most glorious political emancipation that ever took place in the history of England. Let us not be mistaken. Should the emancipation of our church require it, there is the same strength of high and holy determination in this our land. There are materials here, too, for upholding the contest between principle and power, and enough of the blood and spirit of the olden time for sustaining that holy warfare, where, as in former days, the inflictions of the one party were met with a patience and determination invincible in the sufferings of the other."

In consequence of the recommendation embodied in his motion, a committee was appointed for conferring with Government, of which Dr. Chalmers was convener. It was now resolved that they should repair to London upon their important mission, and thither he accompanied them in the beginning of July. After much negotiation with the leaders of the different parties, the members of committee returned to Edinburgh; and in the report which Dr. Chalmers gave of their proceedings, he expressed his opinion that matters looked more hopeful than ever. Important concessions were to be made to the church on the part of Government, and a measure was to be devised and drawn up to that effect. "With such helps and encouragements on our side," the report concluded, "let but the adherents of this cause remain firm and united in principle among themselves, and with the favour of an approving God, any further contest will be given up as unavailing; when, let us fondly hope, all the feelings of party, whether of triumph on one side, because of victory, or of humiliation on the other side, because of defeat, shall be merged and forgotten in the desires of a common patriotism, to the reassurance of all who are the friends of our Establishment, to the utter confusion of those enemies who watch for our halting, and would rejoice in our overthrow."

It was indeed full time that such a hope should dawn upon those who loved the real interests of our church. For the case of Auchterarder did not stand alone; on the contrary, it was only the first signal of a systematic warfare which patronage was about to wage against the rights of the people; and the example of appeal to the civil authority was but too readily followed in those

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cases that succeeded. And first came that of Lethendy, and afterwards of Marnoch, in which the civil authority was invoked by vetoed presentees; while in the last of these conflicts the Presbytery of Strathbogie, to which Marnoch belonged, complicated the difficulties of the question by adopting the cause of the rejected licentiate, and setting the authority of the church at defiance. The rebellious ministers were suspended from office; and they, in turn, relying upon the protection of the civil power, served an interdict upon those clergymen who, at the appointment of the General Assembly, should attempt to officiate in their pulpits, or even in their parishes. The Court of Session complied so far as to exclude the Assembly's ministers from preaching in the churches, church-yards, and school-rooms of the suspended, so that they were obliged to preach in barns or in the open air; but at last, when even this liberty was complained of by the silenced recusants, the civil court agreed to the whole amount of their petition. It was such a sentence, issuing from mere jurisconsults and Edinburgh lawyers, as was sometimes hazarded in the most tyrannical seasons of the dark ages, when a ghostly conclave of pope, cardinals, and prince-prelates, laid a whole district under the ban of an interdict for the offence of its ruler, and deprived its people of the rites of the church until full atonement had been paid. Such was the state of matters when the Assembly's commission met on the 4th of March, and resolved to resist this monstrous usurpation. On this occasion, Dr. Chalmers spoke with his wonted energy; and after representing the enormity of the offence, and the necessity of resisting it, he thus concluded:—"Be it known, then, unto all men, that we shall not retract one single footstep—we shall make no submission to the Court of Session—and that, not because of the disgrace, but because of the gross and grievous dereliction of principle that we should thereby incur. They may force the ejection of us from our places: they shall never, never force us to the surrender of our principles; and if that honourable court shall again so far mistake their functions as to repeat or renew the inroads they have already made, we trust they will ever meet with the same reception they have already gotten—to whom we shall give place by subjection, no, not for an hour; no, not by an hair-breadth."

The only earthly hope of the Church of Scotland was now invested in the Parliament. The former had distinctly announced the terms on which it would maintain its connection with the State, while the leading men of the latter had held out such expectations of redress as filled the hearts of Dr. Chalmers and his friends with confidence. It was now full time to make the trial. A deputation was accordingly sent to London; but, after mountains of promises and months of delay, by which expectation was alternately elevated and crushed, nothing better was produced than Lord Aberdeen's bill. By this, a reclaiming parish were not only to state their objections, but the grounds and reasons on which they were founded; while the Presbytery, in taking cognizance of these objections, were to admit them only when personal to the presentee, established on sufficient grounds, and adequate for his rejection. Thus, a country parish—a rustic congregation—were to analyze their religious impressions, embody them in distinct form, and table them before a learned and formidable tribunal in rejecting the minister imposed upon them; while, in weighing these nice objections, and ascertaining their specific gravity, every country minister was to be a Duns Scotus or Thomas Aquinas, if not a very Daniel come to judgment. We suspect that the members of the learned House of Lords, and even of the Commons to boot, would have been sorely puzzled had such a case been their

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own, whether in the character of judges or appellants. It was in vain that Dr. Chalmers remonstrated by letter with the originator of this strange measure: the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, was now the *ultimatum;* and, as might be expected, it was rejected in the General Assembly by a majority of nearly two to one. The unfortunate bill was in consequence withdrawn, while its disappointed author characterized Dr. Chalmers, in the House of Lords, as "a reverend gentleman, a great leader in the Assembly, who, having brought the church into a state of jeopardy and peril, had left it to find its way out of the difficulty as well as it could." This was not the only instance in which the doctor and his coadjutors were thus calumniated from the same quarter, so that he was obliged to publish a pamphlet on the principles of the church question, and a reply to the charges with which its advocates had been vilified. "It is as a blow struck," he wrote, "at the corner-stone, when the moral integrity of clergymen is assailed; and when not in any secret or obscure whispering-place, but on the very house-tops of the nation, we behold, and without a single expression of remonstrance or regret from the assembled peerage of the empire, one nobleman sending forth his wrathful fulmination against the honesty and truth of ministers of religion, and another laughing it off in his own characteristic way with a good-natured jeer as a thing of nought—we cannot but lament the accident by which a question of so grave a nature, and of such portentous consequences to society as the character of its most sacred functionaries, should have come even for a moment under the treatment of such hands."

Events had now ripened for decisive action. The Church could not, and the State would not yield, and those deeds successively and rapidly occurred that terminated in the disruption. As these, however, were so open, and are so well known, a brief recapitulation of the leading ones is all that is necessary. The seven suspended ministers of Strathbogie, regardless of the sentence of the Assembly, by which they were rendered incapable of officiating in their ministerial character, resolved to ordain and admit Mr. Edwards, the rejected presentee, to the pastoral charge of Marnoch, at the command and by the authority of the Court of Session alone, which had by its sentence commissioned them to that effect. This portentous deed was done on the 21st of January, 1841, and Scotland looked on with as much astonishment as if the Stuarts had risen from the dead. "May Heaven at length open the eyes of those infatuated men," exclaimed Dr. Chalmers, "who are now doing so much to hasten on a crisis which they will be the first to deplore!" For an act of daring rebellion, so unparalleled in the history of the Church, it was necessary that its perpetrators should be deposed; and for this Dr. Chalmers boldly moved at the next meeting of Assembly. The question was no longer whether these men were animated by pure and conscientious though mistaken motives, to act as they had done: of this fact Dr. Chalmers declared that he knew nothing. "But I do know," he added, "that when forbidden by their ecclesiastical superiors to proceed any further with Mr. Edwards, they took him upon trials; and when suspended from the functions of the sacred ministry by a commission of the General Assembly, they continued to preach and to dispense the sacraments; that they called in the aid of the civil power to back them in the exclusion from their respective parishes of clergymen appointed by the only competent court to fulfil the office which they were no longer competent to discharge; and lastly, as if to crown and consummate this whole disobedience—as if to place the topstone on the Babel of their proud and rebellious defiance, I know that,

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to the scandal and astonishment of all Scotland, and with a daring which I believe themselves would have shrunk from at the outset of their headlong career, they put forth their unlicensed hands on the dread work of ordination; and as if in solemn mockery of the Church's most venerable forms, asked of the unhappy man who knelt before them, if he promised 'to submit himself humbly and willingly, in the spirit of meekness, unto the admonitions of the brethren of the Presbytery, and to be subject to them and all other Presbyteries and superior judicatories of this Church;' and got back from him an affirmative response, along with the declaration that 'zeal for the honour of God, love to Jesus Christ, and desire of saving souls, were his great motives and chief inducements to enter into the functions of the holy ministry, and not worldly designs and interests.'" The proposal for their deposition was carried by a majority of ninety-seven out of three hundred and forty-seven members, notwithstanding the opposition of the moderate party, and the sentence was pronounced accordingly. But only the day after the Assembly was astounded by being served with an interdict, charging them to desist from carrying their sentence into effect! After this deed of hardihood, the deposed ministers retired to their parishes, and continued their public duties in defiance of the Assembly's award, while they were encouraged in their contumacy by several of their moderate brethern, who assisted them in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. A resolution was passed that these abettors of the deposed ministers should be censured; but Dr. Cook and his party opposed the measure, on the plea that it would perpetuate the divisions now prevalent in the Church. It was thus made a question, not of the Church against the State for the aggressions of the latter against the former, but merely of the evangelical party against the moderates; and upon this footing the moderates were resolved to place it before the legislature, and ascertain to which of the parties the countenance and support of the State was to be given. In this form the result would be certain, for the State would love its own. A disruption was inevitable, and it was equally certain that the evangelical portion of the Church would not be recognized by the State as the established Church of Scotland. This was so distinctly foreseen, that meetings had already been held to deliberate in what manner the Church was to be supported after it should be disestablished. Upon this difficult question Dr. Chalmers had already bestowed profound attention, and been rewarded with the most animating hopes; so that in a letter to Sir George Sinclair he thus writes: "I have been studying a good deal the economy of our non-Erastian church when severed from the State and its endowments—an event which I would do much to avert, but which, if inevitable, we ought to be prepared for. I do not participate in your fears of an extinction even for our most remote parishes. And the noble resolution of the town ministers, to share *equally* with their country brethren, from a common fund raised for the general behoof of the ejected ministers, has greatly brightened my anticipations of a great and glorious result, should the Government cast us off."

This casting-off became every day more certain. The Court of Session was now the umpire in every case of ecclesiastical rule; so that vetoed preachers and suspended ministers could carry their case before the civil tribunal, with the almost certain hope that the sentence of the church court would be reversed. Thus it was in the case of Culsalmond, in the Presbytery of Garioch. A preacher was presented whom the parishioners refused to receive as their minister; but the Presbytery, animated by the example of their brethren of Strathbogie, forthwith

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ordained him without waiting, as they were bound, for the adjudication of the General Assembly; and when its meeting of commission interposed, and arrested these proceedings, it was served by the civil court with a suspension and interdict. Another case was, if possible, still more flagrant. The minister of a parish had been convicted of four separate acts of theft. The cases were of such a contemptible kind of petty larceny, compared with the position of the culprit and the consequences they involved, that it may be charitably hoped they arose from that magpie monomania from which even lords and high-titled ladies are not always exempt, under which they will sometimes secrete a few inches of paltry lace, or pocket a silver spoon. But though the cause of such perversity might be suited for a consultation of doctors and a course of hellebore, the deeds themselves showed the unfitness of the actor to be a minister. Yet he too applied for and obtained an interdict against the sentence of deposition; so that he was enabled to purloin eggs, handkerchiefs, and pieces of earthenware for a few years longer. A third minister was accused of fraudulent dealings, and was about to be tried by his Presbytery; but here, also, the civil court was successfully invoked to the rescue, and an interdict was obtained to stop the trial. A fourth case was that of a presentee who, in consequence of repeated acts of drunkenness, was about to be deprived of his license; but this offender was likewise saved by an interdict. And still the State looked on, and would do nothing! The only alternative was for that party to act by whom such proceedings could be conscientiously endured no longer. They must dis-establish themselves by their own voluntary deed, whether they constituted the majority of the church or otherwise. But how many of their number were prepared to make the sacrifice? and in what manner was it to be made? This could only be ascertained by a convocation of the ministers from every part of Scotland; and the meeting accordingly was appointed to be held in Edinburgh on the 17th of November, 1842. It was an awful crisis, and as such Dr. Chalmers felt it; so that, having done all that man could do in the way of preparation, he threw himself wholly upon Divine strength and counsel. His solemn petitions on this occasion were: "Do thou guide, O Lord, the deliberations and measures of that convocation of ministers now on the eve of assembling; and save me, in particular, from all that is rash and unwarrantable when engaged with the counsels or propositions that come before it. Let me not, O God, be an instrument in any way of disappointing or misleading my brethren. Let me not, in this crisis of our Church's history, urge a sacrifice upon others which I would not most cheerfully share with them." The convocation assembled, and 450 ministers were present on the occasion. The deliberations, which extended over several days, were conducted with a harmony and unanimity seldom to be found in church courts; one common principle, and that, too, of the highest and most sacred import, seemed to animate every member; while in each movement a voice was heard to which they were all ready to listen. The prayer of Dr. Chalmers was indeed answered! It was resolved, that no measure could be submitted to, unless it exempted them in all time to come from such a supremacy as the civil courts had lately exercised. Should this not be obtained and guaranteed, the next resolution was, that they should withdraw from a Church in which they could no longer conscientiously remain and act under such secular restrictions. It was probable, then, that they must withdraw, but what was to follow? Even to the wisest of their number it seemed inevitable that they must assume the character of mere individual missionaries,

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each labouring by himself in whatever sphere of usefulness he could find, and trusting to the precarious good-will of Christian society for his support. They could be an organized and united Church no longer; for had not such a consequence followed the Bartholomew Act in England, and the Black Act in Scotland, of whose victims they were about to become the willing followers and successors. It was at this trying moment that Dr. Chalmers stepped forward with an announcement that electrified the whole Assembly. He had long contemplated, in common with his brethren, the probability of an exodus such as was now resolved. But that which formed their *ultimatum* was only his starting-point. In that very ejectment there was the beginning of a new ecclesiastical history of Scotland; and out of these fragments a Church was to be constituted with a more complete and perfect organization than before. Such had been his hopes; and for their realization he had been employed during twelve months in drawing out a plan, by which this disestablished Church was to be supported as systematically and effectually by a willing public, as it had been in its highest ascendancy, when the State was its nursing-mother. Here, then, was the remote mysterious end of all those laborious studies of former years in legislation, political economy, and finance, at which the wisest of his brethren had marvelled, and with which the more rigid had been offended! He now unfolded the schedule of his carefully constructed and admirable scheme; and the hearers were astonished to find that General Assemblies, Synods, and Presbyteries,—that their institutions of missionary and benevolent enterprise, with settled homes and a fitting provision for all in their ministerial capacity, were still at hand, and ready for their occupation, as before. In this way the dreaded disruption was to be nothing more than a momentary shock. And now the ministers might return to their manses, and gladden with these tidings their anxious families who were preparing for a mournful departure. Even yet, however, they trembled—it was a plan so new, so vast, so utterly beyond their sphere! But they were still unshaken in their resolution, which they subscribed with unfaltering hands; and when Dr. Chalmers heard that more than 300 names had been signed, he exclaimed, "Then we are more than Gideon's army—a most hopeful omen!" Their proposals were duly transmitted to Sir Robert Peel, now at the head of Government, and the members, after six days of solemn conference, retired to their homes.

The terms of the Church, and the reasons on which these were founded, had thus been stated to Government in the most unequivocal sentences, words, and syllables, so that there could be no perversion of their construction, or mistake of their meaning. The answer of the State was equally express, as embodied in the words of Sir Robert Peel. And thus he uttered it in his place in the House of Commons:—"If a church chooses to participate in the advantages appertaining to an Establishment, that church, whether it be the Church of England, the Church of Rome, or the Church of Scotland—that church must conform itself to the law. It would be an anomaly, it would be an absurdity, that a church should possess the privilege, and enjoy the advantages of connection with the State, and, nevertheless, claim exemption from the obligations which, wherever there is an authority, must of necessity exist; and this House and the country never could lay it down, that if a dispute should arise in respect of the statute law of the land, such dispute should be referred to a tribunal not subject to an appeal to the House of Lords." These were the conditions, and therefore the Church of Scotland must succumb. Such treatment of land tenures and

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offices, as that with which the Articles of Union insuring the independence of the Scottish Kirk were thus treated, would have sufficed to dispossess no small portion of the English nobility, and dry up hundreds of title-deeds into blank parchment. But on this occasion the dint of the argument fell not upon knights and nobles, whom it would have been dangerous to disturb, but upon Scottish presbyters, of whom sufferance had been the distinctive badge since the day that James VI. entered England. The aggressors and the aggrieved were equally aware that the days of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge had passed away with the buff-coats and partisans of the seventeenth century, and therefore, while the one party assailed, the other were prepared to defend themselves, according to peaceful modern usage. The war of argument and remonstrance had ended, and the overpowered but not vanquished Church must rally and intrench itself according to the plan laid down at the beginning of the campaign. It was now, therefore, that Dr. Chalmers was doubly busy. When he announced his financial plan at the convocation, by which the retiring Church was to be supported in all its former integrity, his brethren had demurred about the possibility of its accomplishment, and now held back from the attempt. That plan was the organization of local associations, by which not only every district, but every family should be accessible, so that his vision, as they were ready to deem it, of £100,000 per annum for the support of the ministry alone, might be accumulated in shillings and pence. It was the trunk of the elephant handling every leaf, twig, and branch of the tree which it was commissioned to uproot. Finding himself, in the first instance, unable to convince by argument, he had recourse to example, and for this purpose he immediately instituted an association of his own in the parish of Morningside, the place of his residence. His example was followed by others; and at last a provisional committee was formed, having for its object the whole plan which he had originally proposed. It consisted of three sections, the financial, the architectural, and the statistical, of which the first was properly intrusted to himself, and the result of this threefold action by infinitesimal application quickly justified his theory. Local associations over the whole extent of Scotland were formed by the hundred, and contributions of money accumulated by the thousand, so that, let the disruption occur as it might, the most despondent hearts were cheered and prepared for the emergency.

The important period at length arrived that was to set the seal upon all this preparation and promise. The interval that had occurred was that awful pause of hope and fear, with which friend and enemy await a deed of such moment, that they cannot believe in its reality until it is accomplished. Would then a disruption occur in very truth, and the Church of Scotland be rent asunder? Or would Government interpose at the last hour and moment to avert so fatal a necessity? Or might it not be, that when it came to the trial, the hearts of the men who had spoken so bravely would fail them, so that they would be ready to embrace any terms of accommodation, or even surrender at discretion? But the days of martyrdom—the chivalry of the Church—it was asserted had gone for ever; and therefore there were thousands who proclaimed their conviction to the very last that not a hundred would go out—not forty—perhaps not even one. On Thursday, the 18th of May, 1843, the General Assembly was to be opened, and the question laid to rest, while every district and nook of Scotland had poured its representatives into Edinburgh to look on and judge. Nor was that day commenced without a startling omen. The ministers of the

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Assembly had repaired to the ancient palace of Holyrood, to pay dutiful homage to their Sovereign, in the person of Lord Bute, her commissioner; and there also were the protesting clergy, eager to show at that trying crisis, that let the issue be what it might, they were, and still would continue to be, the leal and loyal subjects of her Majesty. But as the crowded levee approached his lordship, the picture of King William that hung upon the wall—he who had restored that Presbyterian Church whose rights were now to be vindicated—fell to the ground with a sullen clang, while a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "There goes the revolution settlement?" The levee was over in Holyrood; the devotional exercises had been finished in the Cathedral of St. Giles; and the General Assembly were seated in St. Andrew's church, ready to commence the business of the day—but not the wonted business. Dr. Welch, who, as moderator of the last Assembly, occupied the chair of office, and opened the proceedings with prayer, had another solemn duty to perform: it was, to announce the signal of departure to those who must remain in the Church no longer; it was like the "Let us go hence!" which was heard at midnight in the temple of Jerusalem, when that glorious structure was about to pass away. Rising from his chair, and addressing one of the densest crowds that ever filled a place of worship, but all hushed in the death-like silence of expectation, he announced that he could proceed with the Assembly no further. Their privileges had been violated and their liberties subverted, so that they could no longer act as a supreme court of the Church of Scotland; and these reasons, set forth at full length in the document which he held in his hand, he, with their permission, would now read to them. He then read to them the well-known protest of the Free Church of Scotland; and having ended, he bowed respectfully to the commissioner, left his chair of office, and slowly passed to the door. Dr. Chalmers, who stood beside him, like one absorbed in some recollection of the past, or dream of the future, started, seized his hat, and hurried after the retiring moderator, as if eager to be gone. A long stream followed; and as bench after bench was emptied of those who thus sacrificed home, and living, and station in society at the call of conscience, the onlookers gazed as if all was an unreal phantasmagoria, or at least an incomprehensible anomaly. But the hollow echoes of the building soon told them that it was a stern reality which they had witnessed. More than four hundred ministers, and a still greater number of elders, who but a few moments ago occupied these places, had now departed, never to return.

In the meantime George Street, one of the widest streets of Edinburgh, in which St. Andrew's church is situated, was filled—nay, wedged—not with thousands, but myriads of spectators, who waited impatiently for the result. Every eye was fixed upon the building, and every tongue was impatient with the question, "Will they come out?"—"When will they come out?" At length the foremost of the retiring ministers appeared at the church porch, and onward came the long procession, the multitudes dividing with difficulty before their advance, and hardly giving them room to pass three abreast. Well, then, they had indeed come out! and it was difficult to tell whether the applauding shouts or sympathizing tears of that heaving sea of people predominated. Onward slowly went that procession, extending nearly a quarter of a mile in length, down towards Tanfield, where a place of meeting had been prepared for them in anticipation of the event. It was a building constructed on the model of a Moorish Hambra, such as might have loomed over an orange-grove in Grenada during the days of the Zegris and Abencerrages; but which now, strangely

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enough, was to receive a band of Scottish ministers, and witness the work of constituting a Presbyterian church. The hall, which could contain 3000 sitters, had been crowded from an early hour with those who, in the faith that the ministers would redeem their promises, had come to witness what would follow. This new General Assembly Dr. Welch opened with prayer, even as he had, little more than an hour previous, opened the old; after which, it was his office to propose the moderator who should succeed him. And this he did by naming Dr. Chalmers, amidst a tempest of approving acclamation. "Surely it is a good omen," he added, "or, I should say, a token for good from the Great Disposer of all events, that I can propose to hold this office an individual who, by the efforts of his genius and his virtues, is destined to hold so conspicuous a place in the eyes of all posterity. But this, I feel, is taking but a low view of the subject. His genius has been devoted to the service of his Heavenly Master, and his is the high honour promised to those who, having laboured successfully in their Master's cause, and turned many to righteousness, are to 'shine as the stars for ever and ever.'" Dr. Chalmers took the chair accordingly; and who can guess the feelings that may have animated him, or the thoughts that may have passed through his mind, at such a moment? He had lived, he had wrought, and this was the result! A man of peace, he had been thrown into ecclesiastical controversy; a humble-minded minister, he had been borne onward to the front of a great national movement, and been recognized as its suggester and leader. And while he had toiled from year to year in doubt and despondency, events had been so strangely overruled, that his aims for the purification of the old Church had ended in the creation of a new. And of that new Church the General Assembly was now met, while he was to preside in it as moderator. That this, too, was really a national Church, and not a mere sectarian offshoot, was attested by the fact of 470 ministers standing before him as its representatives; while the public sympathy in its behalf was also represented by the crowded auditory who looked on, and followed each successive movement with a solicitude far deeper than mere transient excitement. All this was a mighty achievement—a glorious victory, which posterity would be proud to chronicle. But in his opening address he reminded them of the example given by the apostles of our Lord; and by what followed, he showed the current into which his mind had now subsided. "Let us not forget," he said, "in the midst of this rejoicing, the deep humility that pervaded their songs of exultation; the trembling which these holy men mixed with their mirth—trembling arising from a sense of their own weakness; and then courage inspired by the thought of that aid and strength which was to be obtained out of His fulness who formed all their boasting and all their defence. Never in the history of our Church were such feelings and such acknowledgments more called for than now; and in the transition we are making, it becomes us to reflect on such sentiments as these—'Not I, but the grace of God in me;' and, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

Such was the formation and such the commencement of the Free Church of Scotland. And now it might have seemed that Dr. Chalmers should be permitted to retire to that peaceful life of study and meditation in which he so longed that the evening of his day should close. But the formation of the new Church, instead of finishing his labours, was only to open up a new sphere of trial and difficulty that imperiously demanded the uttermost of his exertions, and which only promised to terminate when his own life had ended. To him

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there was to be no repose, save in that place where the "weary are at rest." But great though the sacrifice was, he did not shrink from the obligation. The financial affairs of the church which he had originated, and which were still in their new-born infancy, required his fostering care; and therefore he undertook the charge of the Sustentation Fund out of which the dispossessed ministers were to be supported; and not only maintained a wide correspondence, but performed a laborious tour in its behalf. And, truly, it was a difficult and trying office, where money was to be raised on the one hand entirely from voluntary benevolence, and distributed on the other among those who outnumbered its amount, and whose share had to be apportioned accordingly. All this, however, he endured till 1845, when, from very exhaustion, he was obliged to let the burden fall from his shoulders, and be taken up by younger hands, with the declaration—"It is not a matter of choice, but of physical necessity. I have neither the vigour nor the alertness of former days; and the strength no longer remains with me, either for the debates of the Assembly, or for the details of committees and their correspondence." This, too, was not the only, or perhaps even the most important task which the necessities of the disruption had devolved upon him. A college must be established, and that forthwith, for the training of an accomplished and efficient ministry; and here also Dr. Chalmers was in requisition. His office of theological professor in the university of Edinburgh was resigned as soon as his connection with the Established Church had ceased; but this was followed by his appointment to the offices of principal and primarius professor of divinity in the new institution which the Free Church contemplated. Here, then, was a college to create, as well as its duties to discharge; and how well these duties were discharged till the last hour of his life, the present generation of preachers and ministers who were his pupils can well and warmly attest. To his capacious and active mind, the mere gin-horse routine into which such professorial employments had too often degenerated, would have been not only an absolute mockery, but a downright torture; and therefore he was "in season out of season" in the subjects he taught, as well as his modes of educational training, esteeming no labour too much that could either impart new ideas or fresh enthusiasm to those whom he was rearing for the most important of all occupations. And even independently of this impulse which his labours thus communicated to the main-spring of action in the mechanism of the Free Church, the fact of his merely holding office there was of the highest importance to the college. No literary institution, however lowly in aspect or poor in endowments, could be insignificant, or even of a second-rate character, that had a man of such world-wide reputation at its head. The college is now a stately edifice, while the staff of theological professors with which it is supplied is the fullest and most complete of all our similar British institutions.

But amidst all this accumulated pressure of labour, under which even Dr. Chalmers had well nigh sunk, and the fresh blaze of reputation that fell upon his decline of life, making it brighter than his fullest noon-day—both alike the consequences of that new position which he occupied—there was one favourite duty of which he had never lost sight. It was the elevation of the ground-story of human society from the mud in which it was imbedded—the regeneration of our town *pariahs* into intelligent, virtuous, and useful citizens, by the agency of intellectual and religious education. This he had attempted in Glasgow, both in the Tron and St. John's parish; he had continued it, though with more

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limited means, and upon a smaller scale, in St. Andrews; and but for his more onerous avocations in Edinburgh, which had engrossed him without intermission since his arrival in the northern capital, he would have made the attempt there also. But still he felt as if he could not enjoy the brief term of life that yet remained for him, or finally forego it with comfort, unless he made one other attempt in behalf of an experiment from which he had never ceased to hope for the most satisfactory results. Since the time that he had commenced these labours in Glasgow, he had seen much of society in its various phases, and largely amplified his experience of its character and requirements; but all had only the more convinced him that the lower orders, hitherto neglected, must be sought in their dens and hovels—that they must be solicited into the light of day and the usages of civilization—and that there the schoolmaster and the minister should be ready to meet them more than half-way. Without this "aggressive system," this "excavating process," by which the deep recesses of a crowded city were to be quarried, and its dark corners penetrated and pervaded, these destitute localities might be studded with churches and schools to no purpose. And the manner in which such a population were to be sought and won, he had also fully and practically demonstrated by his former experiments as a minister. Let but a district, however benighted, be divided into sections, where each tenement or close could have its own zealous, benevolent superintendent, and dull and obdurate indeed must the inhabitants of that territory be, if they could long continue to resist such solicitations. His first wish was, that the Free Church should have embarked in such a hopeful enterprise; but its experience was as yet so limited, and its difficulties so many, that it was not likely, during his own life-time at least, that it could carry on a home mission upon so extensive a scale. He therefore resolved to try the good work himself, and leave the result as a sacred legacy, for the imitation of the Church and posterity at large. "I have determined," he wrote to a friend in 1844, "to assume a poor district of 2000 people, and superintend it myself, though it be a work greatly too much for my declining strength and means. Yet such do I hold to be the efficiency of the method, with the Divine blessing, that, perhaps, as the concluding act of my public life, I shall make the effort to exemplify what as yet I have only expounded." *Only* expounded? This truly was humble language from one who had already *done* so much!

The place selected for this benevolent trial was the most unhopeful that could be found in Edinburgh. It was the West Port, a district too well known in former years by the murders of Burke and Hare, and to which such an infamy still attached, that many of its inhabitants lived as if a good character were unattainable, and therefore not worth striving for. Its population consisted of about two thousand souls, the very sediment of the Edinburgh lower orders, who seem to have sunk into this loathesome locality because they could sink no farther. To cleanse, nay, even to enter this Augean stable, required no ordinary firmness of senses as well as nerve, where sight, touch, smell, and hearing were successively assailed to the uttermost. Dr. Chalmers, undaunted by the result of a survey, mapped this Alsatia into twenty districts, of about twenty families a-piece, over which were appointed as many visitors—men animated with his spirit, and imbued with his views, whose task was to visit every family once a-week, engage with them in kindly conversation, present them with useful tracts, and persuade them to join with them in the reading of Scripture and in prayer. A school was also opened for the young in the very close of the Burke and Hare murders,

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but not a charity school; on the contrary, the feeling of independence, and the value of education, were to be impressed upon this miserable population, by exacting a fee of 2d. per week from each pupil—for Dr. Chalmers well knew, that even wiser people than those of the West Port are apt to feel that what costs them nothing is worth nothing. All this he explained to them at a full meeting in the old deserted tannery, where the school was to be opened; and so touched were the people with his kindness, as well as persuaded by his homely forcible arguments, that on the 11th of November, 1844, the day on which the school was opened, sixty-four day scholars and fifty-seven evening scholars were entered, who in the course of a year increased to 250. And soon was the excellence of this educational system evinced by the dirty becoming tidy, and the unruly orderly; and children who seemed to have neither home nor parent, and who, when grown up, would have been without a country and without a God, were rescued from the prostitution, ruffianism, and beggary which seemed to be their natural inheritance, and trained into the full promise of becoming useful and virtuous members of society. Thus the cleansing commenced at the bottom of the sink, where all the mephytic vapours were engendered. But still this was not enough, as long as the confirming power of religion was wanting, and therefore the church followed close upon its able pioneer, the school. On the 22d of December, the tan-loft was opened by Dr. Chalmers for public worship, at which no more than a dozen of grown people, chiefly old women, at first attended. But this handful gradually grew into a congregation under the labours of Dr. Chalmers and his staff of district visitors, so that a minister and regular edifice for worship were at last in demand. And never in the stateliest metropolitan pulpit—no, not even when he lectured in London, while prelate and prince held their breath to listen—had the heart of Dr. Chalmers been more cordially or enthusiastically in his work, than when he addressed his squalid auditory in that most sorry of upper rooms in the West Port. And this, his prayers which he penned on the Sabbath evening in his study at Morningside fully confirmed: "It is yet but the day of small things with us; and I in all likelihood shall be taken off ere that much greater progress is made in the advancement of the blessed gospel throughout our land. But give me the foretaste and the confident foresight of this great Christian and moral triumph ere I die. Let me at least, if it be by Thy blessed will, see—though it be only in one or in a small number of specimens—a people living in some district of aliens, as the West Port, reclaimed at least into willing and obedient hearers, afterwards in Thine own good time to become the doers of Thy word. Give me, O Lord, a token for the larger accomplishment of this good ere I die!" Such were his heavenward breathings and aspirations upon the great trial that was at issue in the most hopeless of civic districts, upon the overwhelming question of our day. Would it yet be shown in the example of the West Port, that the means of regenerating the mass of society are so simple, and withal so efficacious? The trial is still in progress, but under the most hopeful auspices. Yet his many earnest prayers were answered. Money was soon collected for the building of a commodious school-room, and model-houses for workmen, and also for a territorial church. The last of these buildings was finished, and opened by Dr. Chalmers for public worship on the 19th of February, 1847; and on the 25th of April he presided at its first celebration of the Lord's Supper. When this was ended, he said to the minister of the West Port church: "I have got now the desire of my heart:—the church is finished, the schools are flourishing, our ecclesiastical

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machinery is about complete, and all in good working order. God has indeed heard my prayer, and I could now lay down my head in peace and die."

As will be surmised from the foregoing account, Dr. Chalmers, from almost the commencement of his West Port operations, had a prophetic foreboding that this would prove the last of his public labours. Such, indeed, was the result, only a few weeks after this sacrament at the West Port, when, in full health, and with a strength that promised an extreme old age, he passed away in silence, and at midnight, and so instantaneously, that there seemed to have been not a moment of interval between his ending of life in time, and beginning of life in eternity. And this was at a season of triumph, when all was bright and gladdening around him; for the Free Church, with which he was so completely identified, had now 720 ministers, for whose congregations churches had been erected, with nearly half a million of money voluntarily contributed, besides a large amount for the building of manses; it had 600 schools, a college of nine professors, educating 340 students for the ministry, and two extensive normal seminaries for the training of teachers; while its missionaries were actively engaged in every quarter of the earth. He had just visited London upon the important subject of a national education; and after unfolding his views to some of our principal statesmen, he returned by the way of Gloucestershire, where he had many friends, with whom he enjoyed much delightful intercourse. He arrived at his home in Morningside on Friday, the 28th of May, while the General Assembly of the Free Church was sitting; and as he had a report to prepare for it, he employed himself in the task in the forenoon of Saturday. On the following day his conversation was animated with all its former eloquence, and more than its wonted cheerfulness; and in the evening, as he slowly paced through his garden, at the back of the house, the ejaculations of "O Father, my heavenly Father!" were overheard issuing from his lips, like the spontaneous utterances of an overflowing heart. He retired to rest at his wonted hour, intending to rise early on the following morning to finish his report: but when the hour of rising elapsed he did not appear; and on knocking at the bed-room door, no answer was returned. The apartment was entered, and Dr. Chalmers lay in bed as if in tranquil repose, but it was that repose which only the last trump can dispel. He had died, or rather he had passed away, about the hour of midnight; but every feature was so tranquil, and every muscle so composed, that it was evident he had died in an instant, without pain, and even without consciousness.

Such was the end of Dr. Chalmers on the night of the 30th of May, 1847, at the age of sixty-seven. His character it would be superfluous to sketch: that is impressed too indelibly and too plainly upon our country at large to require an interpreter. Thus Scotland felt, when such multitudes followed his remains to the grave as few kingly funerals have ever mustered. Nor will posterity be at a loss to know what a man Dr. Chalmers was. He now constitutes to all future time so essential a portion of Scottish history, that his name will be forgot only when Scotland itself will cease to be remembered.

COCHRANE, Sir Alexander Forrester Inglis, G.C.B.—This admiral belonged to a family of which the naval service is justly proud, being the ninth son of Thomas, eighth Earl of Dundonald, and consequently uncle to the present earl, better known by the name of Lord Cochrane. Alexander Cochrane was born on the 23d of April, 1758. Being destined for the sea service, he embarked at an early age; and, after the usual intermediate steps, was appointed lieutenant

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in 1778. In this capacity he acted as signal-officer to Lord Rodney, in the action with de Guichen and the French fleet on the 17th April, 1780, off Martinique; and it is evident, from the complicated manœuvres which the British commander was obliged to adopt in bringing the enemy to action, that Lieutenant Cochrane's office on this occasion was one of great trust. After the action his name was returned among the list of the wounded. His next step of promotion was the command of the St. Lucia, sloop of war, and afterwards of the Pachahunter, which last command he subsequently exchanged with Sir Isaac Coffin for that of the Avenger, an armed sloop employed in the North River in America. At the end of 1782 he was appointed, with the rank of post-captain, to the command of the Kangaroo, and afterwards to the Caroline, of 24 guns, employed on the American station.

After peace was established with our North American colonies, by which the latter were confirmed as an independent government, Captain Cochrane's occupation for the time was ended; and he spent several years in retirement, until he was called again to service in 1790, in the prospect of a rupture with Spain. On this occasion he was appointed to the command of a small frigate, the Hind, when, on the renewal of hostilities with France, he was removed to the Thetis, of 42 guns and 261 men. With such means at his disposal he soon showed himself an active, bold, and successful cruiser, so that, during the spring and summer of 1793, he captured eight French privateers, mounting in all above eighty guns. In 1795 he also signalized himself by a bold attack upon five French sail off Chesapeake, being aided by the Hussar, a British frigate of 34 guns, and succeeded in capturing one of the largest vessels, the rest having made their escape after they had struck. Several years of service on the coast of America succeeded, in which Captain Cochrane made important captures of not a few French privateers, and established his character as an able naval commander; so that, in February, 1799, he was appointed to the Ajax, of 80 guns, and sent in the following year upon the expedition against Quiberon, Belleisle, and Ferrol. This expedition, as is well known, was all but useless, as the French royalists, whom it was sent to aid, were too helpless to co-operate with the invaders. The Ajax, having subsequently joined the fleet on the Mediterranean station, under the command of Lord Keith, proceeded to Egypt as part of the convoy of Abercromby's expedition for the expulsion of the French from that country; and on this occasion the professional talents of Captain Cochrane were brought into full play. He was commissioned by Lord Keith to superintend the landing of the British troops; and this disembarkation, performed so successfully in the face of so many difficulties, will ever constitute a more important episode in history than a victory won in a pitched field. With such admirable skill were the naval and military details of this process conducted, and so harmoniously did the two services combine on the occasion, that a landing, which on ordinary occasions might have been attended with utter defeat, or the loss of half an army, was effected with only 20 sailors and 102 soldiers killed. At the capture of Alexandria, by which the war in Egypt was successfully terminated, Captain Cochrane, with a detachment of armed vessels, was stationed on the lake Mœrotis, to protect the advance of the British troops upon the city, a duty which he performed with his wonted ability. So valuable, indeed, had his services been during the six months of the Egyptian campaign, that at the end of it they were most honourably mentioned in the despatches of Lord Keith, as well as those of General Hutchinson, by whom Abercromby was succeeded.

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The peace of Amiens occasioned the return of the Ajax to England in February, 1802, and Cochrane, with the true restlessness of a landed sailor, as well as the true patriotism of a good British subject, still wished to do something for his country. He accordingly turned his attention to Parliament, and became a candidate for the representation of the united boroughs of Stirling, Dunfermline, &c., at the general election that had now occurred. As the votes for Sir John Henderson, his antagonist, and himself were equal, a contest ensued that was followed by petition, and the result was that in 1804, after a long investigation, Cochrane's election was confirmed. Two years after the wind completely changed, for at the election of 1806 Henderson was elected. The quarter-deck, and not the hustings, was the proper arena for Cochrane. Fortunately for him that arena he continued to occupy even during this period of political altercation; for the peace, or rather hollow truce of Amiens was at an end while the ink was scarcely dry upon the paper, and in 1803 he was appointed to the command of the Northumberland, 74; and in the following year he was sent out, with the rank of rear-admiral, to watch the port of Ferrol, in anticipation of a war with Spain. In 1805 he was commissioned to pursue a French squadron that had stolen out of the blockaded port of Rochefort. Its destination was unknown, but the most serious consequences were apprehended, as it consisted of five ships-of-the-line, three frigates, two brigs, and a schooner, and had 4000 troops on board. Cochrane went off with six ships-of-the-line in pursuit of these dangerous fugitives, and after a long cruise, in which the coasts of France and Spain, and the West India Islands, were successively visited and explored, he found it impossible to come in sight of his nimble fear-stricken adversaries: all that he could learn of their whereabouts was in the instances of a few paltry captures they had made of British merchantmen, and their throwing a supply of troops into the town of St. Domingo. The timidity of this flying squadron was rewarded by a safe return to Rochefort, which they effected in spite of the British cruisers that were sent in all directions to intercept them. Admiral Cochrane then assumed the command of the Leeward Islands station, and joined Lord Nelson in his active pursuit after the combined fleets of France and Spain. In the following year (1806) he formed a junction with Vice-Admiral Sir John G. Duckworth, for the pursuit of a French squadron that had sailed from Brest to relieve the town of St. Domingo. On this occasion the French were overtaken, and in the action that followed, and which lasted nearly two hours, they were so utterly defeated, that of their five ships-of-the-line two were burnt, and the other three captured: nothing escaped but two frigates and a corvette. On this occasion Cochrane's ship, the Northumberland, which had been in the hottest of the fire, had by far the greatest number of killed and wounded, while himself had a narrow escape, his hat being knocked off his head by a grape-shot. So important were his services on this occasion, that he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and of the corporation of London; while the latter, not confining itself to verbal acknowledgments, presented him with the honour of the city, and a sword of the value of a hundred guineas. This was not all; for the underwriters at Barbadoes presented him with a piece of plate valued at £500; and the committee of the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's with a vase worth £300. The honour of knighthood crowned these rewards of his highly-valued achievements, and on the 29th of March, 1806, he was created Knight of the Bath. Nothing could more highly attest the estimation in which his exploit at St. Domingo was held,

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than that so many acknowledgments should have rewarded it, at a season, too, when gallant actions at sea were events of every-day occurrence.

Soon after, war was declared against Denmark; and on hearing of this, Sir A. Cochrane concerted measures with General Bowyer for the reduction of St. Thomas, St. John's, and St. Croix, islands belonging to the Danish crown. In a few months the whole were captured, along with a valuable fleet of Danish merchantmen. His next service was in the reduction of Martinique, where he co-operated with General Beckwith; and for this acquisition, he and his gallant land partner received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. The reduction of Guadaloupe followed, in which both commanders joined, and were equally successful; and in 1810 Cochrane, in reward of his services, was appointed governor and commander-in chief of Guadaloupe and its dependencies. In this situation he continued till 1813, when a war with the United States called him once more into action. He was appointed to the command of the fleet on the coast of North America, and on assuming office, he shut up and watched the ports of the United States with a most vigilant and effectual blockade. Soon after this the universal peace ensued, which has only of late been terminated, and in 1815 Sir Alexander Cochrane returned to England. He was raised to the rank of full admiral in 1819, and held the office of commander-in-chief at Plymouth from 1821 to 1824.

The brave old admiral, like the rest of his cotemporaries of the land and sea service, was now obliged to change a life of action for one of repose, and find enjoyment in the tranquillity of home, and the pleasures of social intercourse. In this manner he passed the rest of his days, honoured and beloved by all who knew him. His death, which occurred at Paris, was fearfully sudden. Accompanied by his brother he went, on the morning of the 26th of January, 1832, to visit his daughter, Lady Trowbridge, for the purpose of inviting his young grand-children to an evening entertainment; but while he was affectionately caressing them he suddenly started, placed his hand on his left side, and exclaiming to Mr. Cochrane, "O brother, what a dreadful pain!" he fell back into his arms, and instantly expired.

COMBE, Andrew, M.D.—This excellent physician and physiologist was the fifteenth child, and seventh son of Mr. George Combe, brewer, at Livingston's Yards, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, and Marion Newton, his wife, and was born on the 27th of October, 1797. After being educated in the initiatory branches at a private seminary, he was sent at the age of eight to the High School of Edinburgh, and having continued there at the study of Latin and Greek for five years, he went to the university, where, in the course of two seasons, he contrived to forget what Latin he had learned at school, and become a respectable Grecian. But with all this teaching of dead languages, his own was allowed to shift as it might, so that, although he could read Homer, he was unable to pen a tolerable ordinary epistle. Like many others under a similar process of teaching, and who have risen to distinction in the world of authorship in spite of such a perverted education, Andrew Combe, by the diligent self-cultivation of after years, acquired that mastery of the English language and excellence in composition, which his works so fully attest. After he had passed a sickly taciturn boyhood, and entered his fifteenth year, it was fitting that he should announce the future profession he meant to follow; but to every question on this head from his parents, his invariable answer was, "I'll no be naething." They understood these two negatives in the Scottish

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acceptation, of course, and reckoning such a choice inexpedient in one of a family of seventeen children, his father chose for him the medical profession, into which the apathetic youth was to be inducted without further delay. Accordingly, in spite of all his struggles, Andrew was forced into a new suit of clothes, carried out of the house, and trotted along, by dint of pulling and pushing, to the dwelling of his future master, where he was bound and left—to an apprenticeship which he had no subsequent cause to regret.

After finishing his apprenticeship, during which he attended the usual medical course at the university and the public hospital, Andrew Combe, when he had entered upon his twentieth year, took the diploma of surgeon. Previous to this event his intellectual habits had received not only a fresh impulse, but also a new direction from the study of phrenology, which was introduced into Edinburgh through the arrival and lectures of Dr. Spurzheim. Of this science Mr. George Combe, afterwards its distinguished advocate, became an earnest student, and his younger brother Andrew was not long in following the example. The latter, however, when he had little more than commenced his inquiries in earnest upon the subject, went to Paris in 1817 to perfect himself in his professional studies. The Continent was now opened to Britain by the general peace, and our medical students were eager to avail themselves of the opportunity by completing their education in the French capital. Among the Parisian lecturers on the various departments of science whom Andrew Combe attended for this purpose, he was so fortunate as to be a pupil of Professor Dupuytren, to whose lessons so many of our most eminent physicians have been so deeply indebted. He also frequently associated in Paris with Dr. Spurzheim, by whom he was completely converted to a belief in that science by whose rules all his future habits of investigation were more or less directed. As this was a most important event in his life, it may be proper to give his own account of it:—"My attention was first seriously turned to the examination of these doctrines during my residence at Paris, in the autumn of 1818, when Dr. Spurzheim's 'Observations sur la Phrenologie,' then just published, were happily put into my hands at a time when, from there being no lectures in any of the Parisian schools, I had ample leisure to peruse that work deliberately. I had not proceeded far before I became impressed with the acuteness and profundity of many of the author's remarks on the varied phenomena of human nature, and with the simplicity of the principles by which he explained what had previously seemed contradictory and unintelligible; and in proportion as I advanced, the scrupulousness of statement, sobriety of judgment, and moral earnestness with which he advocated his views and inculcated their importance, made me begin to apprehend that to condemn without inquiry was not the way to ascertain the truth of phrenology, or to become qualified to decide in a matter of medicine or of philosophy. I therefore resolved to pause, in order to make myself acquainted with the principles of the new physiology, and to resort, as he [Dr. Spurzheim] recommended, to observation and experience for the means of verifying or disproving their accuracy, before again hazarding an opinion on the subject." Thus prepared for examination and conviction, he examined and was convinced. After two years of such study the following conclusion was the result:—"Actuated by the natural feeling of improbability that so much should have been discovered in so short time by only two individuals, however eminent their talents and felicitous their opportunities, I still expected to meet with some important errors of detail; and, so far from being disposed to adopt implicitly all the pro-

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positions of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, I rather looked for, and expected to find, some hasty conclusions or unsupported assumptions; and my surprise was extreme, to discover that, in the whole extent of their inquiry, they had proceeded with so much caution and accuracy as, in all their essential facts and inferences, to have rendered themselves apparently invulnerable." At the early age of twenty-one he thus became a firm believer in phrenology, and, unlike many others of his cotemporaries, he continued to believe in its principles and apply its rules to the last.

After a course of diligent study at Paris continued for nearly two years, and a tour through Switzerland, he returned to Edinburgh at the close of 1819. He was now ready, as far as professional knowledge and the encouragement of friends went, for the commencement of business as a medical practitioner; but, unfortunately, he needed for himself the aid which he should have imparted to others. In his rambles in Switzerland he had over-tasked his strength, and on returning to Edinburgh, a cold room and damp bed confirmed the evil. A voyage to Italy was judged necessary for his recovery, and he embarked at Greenock for Leghorn at the end of the following year. The cure was effectual, for he returned to Edinburgh in May, 1822, and soon after commenced practice as a surgeon, while his extensive family connection, and the reputation he had already acquired, soon procured him an extensive circle of occupation. At this time, also, he first appeared before the world as an author, in an essay "On the Effects of Injuries of the Brain upon the Manifestations of the Mind," which was first read before the Phrenological Society, and afterwards published in its "Transactions." In this way, he brought his beloved science into full play at the commencement of his public life, not only in a literary but also a professional capacity, notwithstanding the obloquy and derision with which it was generally treated at this period. And this integrity was not without its reward. "My advocacy of phrenology," he stated, in a lecture before the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, "did not prove any impediment in my professional career; on the contrary, it in many respects extended my field of usefulness, and greatly contributed to my happiness, by giving a more definite and consistent direction to the faculties which I possess. No doubt, some who might otherwise have employed me, were at first deterred by their prejudices from doing so; but their place was more than supplied by others, who, in their turn, would not have sought my advice except for phrenology; and ere long many even of the prejudiced ventured to return, and ultimately took place among my warmest friends. . . . . In the private relations of life, also, I have derived the utmost advantage from the lights of phrenology, and have gained a firmer hold on the confidence of my patients, by pointing out to them its great practical value in conducting the intellectual and moral training of the young, in promoting mutual forbearance and general kindness of intercourse, and thereby adding to their general means of happiness." In 1823, while the phrenological controversy was at its height, Mr. Combe again entered the field in its defence, by an essay entitled, "Observations on Dr. Barclay's Objections to Phrenology," which was also published in the "Transactions" of the Society. In the same year he, in conjunction with four others, established the "Phrenological Journal," to which he was an active contributor till his death. In 1836, he collected the most important of these articles, and published them in a separate volume. Eager to extend the knowledge of a science to which he was so devoted, and justify its claims to universal attention, he also hazarded their

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introduction into a quarter where they were little likely to appear without a severe examination. This was in the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, of which he was a member, and before which he was obliged in his turn to write a dissertation upon a subject selected by a committee of the society. The question proposed in 1823 was, "Does Phrenology afford a satisfactory explanation of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties of Man?" and Mr. Combe was appropriately selected to write the dissertation. He set to work upon the question *con amore*, and produced a digest of all he had learned, thought, and observed, to bear upon the affirmative, while the discussions that followed upon the subject occupied two nights of earnest debate before crowded audiences. This able article, which was first published in the "Phrenological Journal," was also included in the volume of selections to which we have already alluded. In 1825, he graduated as Doctor of Medicine, and on that occasion chose for the subject of his thesis, "The Seat and Nature of Hypochondriasis," which was also published in an enlarged form in the "Phrenological Journal," and the "Selections."

In commencing the medical art, first as surgeon and afterwards as doctor, Combe was made aware of two faults which, in his course of practice, he carefully laboured to avoid. The first was the practice of never interposing until the crisis of danger had arrived. No rules were prescribed, either to avoid a disease or escape the repetition of an attack after the first had been conquered. As long as the patient was upon his legs he might use what diet or exercise he pleased: upon all this the man of healing was silent; he thought it enough to come in at the moment of danger, and treat the sufferer *secundum artem* until the danger was over, without troubling himself about the morrow; and if fresh excesses produced a deadlier renewal of the malady, he was ready to double the dose, and proportion the penance to the evil. The homely proverb, that "prevention is better than cure," was too vulgar a rule for scientific notice; and it was only when the disease fairly showed face that a doctor girded himself for the onset. This was anything but satisfactory to Dr. Combe; and, in his treatment of every malady, he was more solicitous to prevent its occurrence than to show his professional prowess by overcoming it at its height; and if the constitution of the patient made the disease a natural tendency, his medical skill was exerted in showing how the coming of the evil might be retarded, or its inflictions softened. Hence his carefulness in inculcating the rules of diet and exercise, of ablution and ventilation, which, homely and common-place as they are, and therefore deemed unsuited to a learned physician, are yet the true essentials of the healing art. Another fault which he was also careful to avoid, was that of dictating to the patient the medical regulations that were to be strictly followed, without assigning a cause, or enlisting his reason in their behalf. A blind, implicit faith was exclusively demanded by too many of our medical practitioners, and the remedy was to be used without question or scruple. Dr. Combe saw that, however this pope-like assumption of infallibility might gratify the vanity of the physician, it was little likely to benefit the patient, more especially if his faith was of that unruly kind that requires argument and proof. He therefore tried to enlist the reason of the patient in behalf of the rules prescribed for his cure, and showed so much of the nature, origin, and tendencies of the disease as would enable him to co-operate in its removal. "The consequences of this mode of proceeding," says his biographer, "were equally beneficial to his patients and to himself. They became convinced that

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it was nature that was dealing with them, and that, although they might 'cheat the doctor,' they could not arrest the progress of her evolutions, or escape from aggravated evils, if they obstructed the course of her sanative action. Under these convictions, they obeyed his injunctions with earnestness and attention. By being premonished of approaching symptoms, which were frequently steps in the progress of the cure, but which, if not explained, might have been regarded as aggravations of the malady, they were saved from much alarm, and he from many unnecessary calls and attendances. His present biographer had ample opportunities of remarking how few messages, even during the busiest seasons of his practice, came to him from patients under treatment, and how very rarely he was called upon to visit them during the night. He ascribed this comparative immunity from nocturnal calls to the explanations and pre-arrangements now adverted to."

It was not till 1831 that Dr. Combe appeared as the author of a separate work, as his productions had hitherto been articles and essays, which were afterwards published in the form of pamphlets. Among the subjects he had studied in connection with phrenology, was that of insanity; and from its importance, as well as the general interest which several cases of mental disease had lately excited, he resolved to give at full length the fruits of his study on this painful malady, with a view to its prevention, amelioration, and cure. The title of the work he published was, "Observations on Mental Derangement; being an application of the Principles of Phrenology to the elucidation of the Causes, Symptoms, Nature, and Treatment of Insanity." After this his close application to professional duties, in which he embarked with his whole heart, and the physiological studies that occupied every moment of his leisure time, so exhausted his delicate constitution, that intermission and change of climate were again found necessary; and accordingly he spent the winter of 1831–32 in Italy, and the following year in Edinburgh, London, and Paris. In 1834, though his health was still infirm, he published in Edinburgh "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education." This work was so favourably received, and continued to be so highly valued, that at the period of his death 28,000 copies of it had been sold, exclusive of the numerous editions that had been published in the United States of North America. So highly was Dr. Combe's professional reputation now established, that in 1836 he was honoured with the appointment of Physician to the King of the Belgians. This occasioned two visits to Brussels during the same year. At the same time he published his "Physiology of Digestion, considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics," which went through nine editions. In 1838 Dr. Combe was appointed one of the Physicians Extraordinary to the Queen in Scotland, an office of professional honour merely, as no salary is attached to it. In 1840 he published "A Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy; being a practical exposition of the Principles of Infant Training, for the use of Parents." This work, which was highly esteemed, and obtained an extensive circulation, he continued to improve till his death. His last effort in authorship was an article on phrenology, which was published in the "British and Foreign Medical Review" for January, 1840.

Enough has been said in the foregoing narrative to show that Dr. Combe, although so able a physician, was himself often in need of the benefits of the healing art. Originally of a delicate and consumptive constitution, through which

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the activity and application of his early youth had been frequently checked, his maladies had increased from year to year, so that in 1834 he was obliged to renounce the more active part of his profession, and confine himself to consulting practice. His constitution rallied in consequence of this relief, and from 1837 to 1841 he enjoyed a better state of health than he had hitherto experienced. At a later period, however, his ailments returned, and with so permanent a hold, as convinced him that, however lingering his last illness might be, it had now commenced in good earnest. Still, however, his wonted tranquillity, and even cheerfulness, were unabated; and to the last he continued to correspond with his friends upon those important subjects which had formed the great study of his life. At length, by the recommendation of his medical advisers, he tried the effect of the climate of Madeira, to which island he repaired in November 1842. After having dwelt a few months there and returned home, he was obliged to make a second visit to Madeira, where he wintered during 1843–44. As voyaging was found beneficial in protracting at least the inevitable termination of his disease, he tried the effect of a trip to New York in the spring of 1847. But this, the last, was the most unfortunate of all his voyages, for the vessel in which he sailed carried 360 steerage passengers, chiefly Irish emigrants; and as the steerage extended from stem to stern of the vessel, the cabin overhead was pervaded during the whole passage with a sickening atmosphere, the effect of which accelerated his dissolution. Having made a three weeks' sojourn in New York, he returned to Scotland; and only six weeks subsequently he died, after a short illness, on the 9th of August, 1847. He had thus only reached the age of fifty, but the chief subject of wonder is, that he had lived so long and done so much. He could never have held out so well but for his close and conscientious attention to those rules of health which he recommended to others; and thus, although he might be considered a dying man at the age of confirmed manhood, he was permitted to enjoy that which, above every other earthly blessing, he most valued—a life of thorough and benevolent usefulness. Even to the last he was thus occupied; and when the pen dropped from his fingers, it was in the act of writing to a friend for information about the regulations of emigrant vessels, as he was at that time employed, during the brief intervals of his last illness, in preparing a communication upon the ship-fever, which in that year was so fatal in the statistics of British emigration. "Dr. Combe belonged," as is well observed by one who intimately knew and deeply loved him, "to that rare class of physicians who present professional knowledge in connection with the powers of a philosophical intellect; and yet, in practical matters, appear constantly under the guidance of a rich natural sagacity. All his works are marked by a peculiar earnestness, lucidity, and simplicity, characteristic of the author; they present hygienic principles, with a clearness for which we know no parallel in medical literature. To this must be ascribed much of the extraordinary success they have met with; and on this quality, undoubtedly rests no small portion of their universally acknowledged utility. . . . The personal character and private life of Dr. Combe formed a beautiful and harmonious commentary upon his writings. In the bosom of his family, and the limited social circle to which his weakly health confined him, he was the same benignant and gentle being whom the world finds addressing it in these compositions. . . . . Kindly and cordial to all, he did not seem to feel as if he could have an enemy; and therefore, we believe, he never had one. It might almost have been said that he was *too* gentle and unobtrusive; and so his friends,

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perhaps, would have thought him, had it not, on the other hand, appeared as the most befitting character of one who, they all knew, was not to be long spared to them, and on whom the hues of a brighter and more angelic being seemed already to be shed."

COOK, Rev. George, D.D.—This learned divine and ecclesiastical historian was born at St. Andrews in 1773. His education was conducted at the schools and colleges of his native city, at that time distinguished for its high literary character and the eminent men it produced, while his subsequent career fully showed how well he had availed himself of such opportunities of mental improvement. From the early period of boyhood, the studies of George Cook had been directed towards the church, in which his family had considerable influence; and at the age of twenty-two he was ordained minister of Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire. On settling down into such a tranquil residence, the young divine did not resign himself either to rural indolence or literary epicurism; on the contrary, his studies were of the most laborious, indefatigable character, as well as directed to the highest interests of his sacred profession; and it was while minister of Laurencekirk that he produced most of those works by which his fame was extended over the world of ecclesiastical literature. As an author, his first work, published in 1808, was "Illustrations of the general Evidence establishing Christ's Resurrection." His next, in 1811, was the "History of the Reformation," the most popular of all his works, until it was eclipsed by the more attractive productions upon the same subject at a later period, and by writers possessing more ample opportunities of information, of whom we need scarcely mention the name of D'Aubigné. After this work in general ecclesiastical history, Dr. Cook turned his attention to that part of it which concerned his own church and country, and published, in 1815, the "History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution," a work in which the research was of the most trying character, so many of the materials being at that time in obscure, moth-eaten manuscript, which have since been printed mainly through the public spirit of our antiquarian societies. In 1820 appeared his "Life of Principal Hill," and in 1822 his "View of Christianity."

The learning and talent displayed in these works, as well as the important subjects which they illustrated, and the high interests which they were designed to advance, naturally brought Dr. Cook into the front rank of the most talented of his clerical brethren, and in church courts his opinions obtained that ascendancy to which they were so justly entitled. To these also were added the highest honorary distinctions which our primitive national church, so jealous of the doctrine of Presbyterian parity, reluctantly accords to the most favoured of her children. Thus, in 1825, he was moderator of the General Assembly, and in the following year he was appointed a member of the royal commission for examining into the state of our Scottish universities. He was also appointed dean of the order of the Thistle, and one of his Majesty's chaplains.

On the death of Dr. Inglis, which occurred in 1834, the leadership of his party in the church, which that eminent divine had so ably conducted, was by universal choice conceded to Dr. Cook. Always a situation of difficulty and trouble, even in the most quiescent periods of our church's history, it was peculiarly so at the present crisis; for the Moderate party, which Dr. Cook headed, and that for so long a period had been in the ascendency, had now lost its prestige; and the evangelical portion of the church, already increased from a handful

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into an army, and backed by the popular suffrage, which had always inclined to it since the days of the Solemn League and Covenant, was advancing with all the energy of a newly resuscitated cause, and giving certain promise that at no distant day it would recover the superiority which it had formerly enjoyed. Against such an onward tide it was not wonderful if Dr. Cook and his brethren were unable to make head, although they struggled bravely and to the last. Consistently with the principles which he had adopted from the beginning, and advocated on every occasion, both as an author and a divine, Dr. Cook could not be expected to sympathize with the opposite party in their claims for the abolition of patronage, and the entire exemption of the Church from State control, and accordingly he contested every step of ground with a zeal and honesty equal to their own. At length the result took him as completely by surprise as it did the wisest politicians and profoundest calculators of the day. The memorable 18th of May, 1843, occurred, on which the disruption of the Kirk of Scotland took place; and when, after it had been confidently asserted that not even twenty ministers would abandon their livings, nearly five hundred rose from their places in the General Assembly, bade a final farewell to the Established Church, with which they could no longer conscientiously agree, and departed to form, at whatever sacrifice or risk, a church more consistent with their principles. It was a melancholy spectacle, a stunning blow to the upright affectionate heart of the leader of the Moderates. The labours of his past public life were thus destroyed by a single stroke, and while history recorded the calamitous event, he must have guessed that it would reproach him as one of the chief causes of the evil. And besides, in that departing train, whose self-sacrificing devotedness he was well disposed to acknowledge, how many were there whom he had revered for their commanding talents, and loved for their piety and worth, but who were now lost for ever to the church with which he was identified, and whom he must henceforth meet or pass by as the ministers of a rival and hostile cause! Such to Dr. Cook was the disruption; and, although his own party exonerated him from blame, while his church still continued as before to be directed by his counsels, the rest of his life was clouded by the recollection of an event which the best men, whether of the Free or Established Church, will never cease to regret.

The latter years of Dr. Cook's life were spent at St. Andrews, as he had been appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in its university, in the room of Dr. Chalmers, when the latter was called to Edinburgh. Here his end was sudden, his death having been instantaneous, and occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel, while he was walking in the Kirk Wynd, on his way to the college library. This melancholy event occurred on the forenoon of the 13th of May, 1845. It is much to be regretted that a man of such talent and worth should as yet have found no biographer among the many who, while he lived, availed themselves of his counsels, and were proud to be numbered among his friends. It is not yet too late.

CUNNINGHAM, Allan.—This distinguished poet entered the world under those lowly circumstances, and was educated under those disadvantages, which have so signally characterized the history of the best of our Scottish bards. He was born at Blackwood, in Dumfriesshire, in 1785, and was the fourth son of his parents, who were persons in the humblest ranks of life. One circumstance, however, connected with his ancestry, must have gratified the Tory and feudal predilections of Allan Cunningham; for his family had been of wealth and

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worship, until one of his forefathers lost the patrimonial estate, by siding with Montrose during the wars of the Commonwealth. A more useful circumstance for his future career was his father's love of Scottish antiquarianism, which induced him to hoard up every tale, ballad, and legend connected with his native country—a love which Allan quickly acquired and successfully prosecuted. Like the children of the Scottish peasantry, he was sent to school at a very early age; but he does not seem to have been particularly fortunate in the two teachers under whom he was successively trained, for they were stern Cameronians; and it was probably under their scrupulous and over-strict discipline that he acquired that tendency to laugh at religious ascetism which so often breaks out in his writings. He was removed from this undesirable tuition at the tender age of eleven, and bound apprentice to a stone-mason; but he still could enjoy the benefit of his father's instructions, whom he describes as possessing "a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humour, and pleasant happy wit." Another source of training which the young apprentice enjoyed, was the "trystes" and "rockings" so prevalent in his day—rural meetings, in which the mind of Burns himself was prepared for the high office of being the national poet of Scotland. The shadows of these delightful "ploys" still linger in Nithsdale, and some of the more remote districts of Ayrshire; and it is pleasing to recal them to memory, for the sake of those great minds they nursed, before they have passed away for ever. They were complete trials of festivity and wit, where to sing a good song, tell a good story, or devise a happy impromptu, was the great aim of the lads and lasses, assembled from miles around to the peat fire of a kitchen hearth; and where the corypheus of the joyful meeting was the "long-remembered beggar" of the district; one who possessed more songs and tales than all the rest of the country besides, and who, on account of the treasures of this nature, which he freely imparted, was honoured as a public benefactor, and preferred to the best seat in the circle, instead of being regarded as a public burden. But the schoolmaster and the magistrate are now abroad; and while the rockings are fast disappearing, the Edie Ochiltree who inspired them is dying in the alms-house. May they be succeeded in this age of improving change by better schools and more rational amusements!

While the youth of Allan Cunningham was trained under this tuition, he appears also to have been a careful reader of every book that came within his reach. This is evident from the multifarious knowledge which his earliest productions betokened. He had also commenced the writing of poetry at a very early period, having been inspired by the numerous songs and ballads with which the poetical district of Nithsdale is stored. When about the age of eighteen, he seems to have been seized with an earnest desire to visit the Ettrick Shepherd, at that time famed as a poet, but whose early chances of such distinction had scarcely equalled his own; and forth accordingly he set off in this his first pilgrimage of hero-worship, accompanied by an elder brother. The meeting Hogg has fully described in his "Reminiscences of Former Days;" and he particularizes Allan as "a dark ungainly youth of about eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly marked manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man." The stripling poet, who stood at a bashful distance, was introduced to the Shepherd by his brother, who added, "You will be so kind as excuse this intrusion of ours on your solitude, for, in truth, I could get no peace either night or day with Allan till I consented to come and see you." "I then stepped down the hill," continues Hogg, "to

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where Allan Cunningham still stood, with his weather-beaten cheek toward me, and seizing his hard brawny hand, I gave it a hearty shake, saying something as kind as I was able, and, at the same time, I am sure, as stupid as it possibly could be. From that moment we were friends; for Allan has none of the proverbial Scottish caution about him; he is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner: you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies. Young as he was, I had heard of his name, although slightly, and I think seen two or three of his juvenile pieces." . . . . "I had a small bothy upon the hill, in which I took my breakfast and dinner on wet days, and rested myself. It was so small that we had to walk in on all-fours; and when we were in we could not get up our heads any way but in a sitting posture. It was exactly my own length, and, on the one side, I had a bed of rushes, which served likewise as a seat; on this we all three sat down, and there we spent the whole afternoon; and, I am sure, a happier group of three never met on the hill of Queensberry. Allan brightened up prodigiously after he got into the dark bothy, repeating all his early pieces of poetry, and part of his brother's to me." . . . . "From that day forward I failed not to improve my acquaintance with the Cunninghams. I visited them several times at Dalswinton, and never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan, when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination."

Such is the interesting sketch which Hogg has given us of the early life and character of a brother poet and congenial spirit. The full season at length arrived when Allan Cunningham was to burst from his obscurity as a mere rural bard, and emerge into a more public sphere. Cromek, to the full as enthusiastic an admirer of Scottish poetry as himself, was collecting his well-known relics; and in the course of his quest, young Cunningham was pointed out as one who could efficiently aid him in the work. Allan gladly assented to the task of gathering and preserving these old national treasures, and in due time presented to the zealous antiquary a choice collection of apparently old songs and ballads, which were inserted in the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," published in 1810. But the best of these, and especially the "Mermaid of Galloway," were the production of Cunningham's own pen. This Hogg at once discovered as soon as the collection appeared, and he did not scruple in proclaiming to all his literary friends that "Allan Cunningham was the author of all that was beautiful in the work." He communicated his convictions also to Sir Walter Scott, who was of the same opinion, and expressed his fervent wish that such a valuable and original young man were fairly out of Cromek's hands. Resolved that the world should know to whom it was really indebted for so much fine poetry, Hogg next wrote a critique upon Cromek's publication, which he sent to the "Edinburgh Review;" but although Jeffrey was aware of the *ruse* which Cunningham had practised, he did not think it worthy of exposure. In this strange literary escapade, the poet scarcely appears to merit the title of "honest Allan," which Sir Walter Scott subsequently bestowed upon him, and rather to deserve the

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doubtful place held by such writers as Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson. It must, however, be observed in extenuation, that Cunningham, by passing off his own productions as remains of ancient Scottish song, compromised no venerated names, as the others had done. He gave them only as anonymous verses, to which neither date nor author could be assigned.

In the same year that Cromek's "Remains" were published (1810), Allan Cunningham abandoned his humble and unhealthy occupation, and repaired to the great arena of his aspiring young countrymen. London was thenceforth to be his home. He had reached the age of twenty-five, was devoted heart and soul to intellectual labour, and felt within himself the capacity of achieving something higher than squaring stones and erecting country cottages. On settling in London, he addressed himself to the duties of a literary adventurer with energy and success, so that his pen was seldom idle; and among the journals to which he was a contributor, may be mentioned the "Literary Gazette," the "London Magazine," and the "Athenæum." Even this, at the best, was precarious, and will often desert the most devoted industry; but Cunningham, fortunately, had learned a craft upon which he was not too proud to fall back should higher resources forsake him. Chantrey, the eminent statuary, was in want of a foreman, who combined artistic imagination and taste with mechanical skill and experience; and what man could be better fitted for the office than the mason, poet, and journalist, who had now established for himself a considerable literary reputation among the most distinguished writers in London? A union was formed between the pair that continued till death; and the appearance of these inseparables, as they continued from year to year to grow in celebrity, the one as a sculptor and the other as an author, seldom failed to arrest the attention of the good folks of Pimlico, as they took their daily walk from the studio in Ecclestone Street to the foundry in the Mews. Although the distance was considerable, as well as a public thoroughfare, they usually walked bareheaded; while the short figure, small round face, and bald head of the artist were strikingly contrasted with the tall stalwart form, dark bright eyes, and large sentimental countenance of the poet. The duties of Cunningham, in the capacity of "friend and assistant," as Chantrey was wont to term him, were sufficiently multifarious; and of these, the superintendence of the artist's extensive workshop was not the least. The latter, although so distinguished as a statuary, had obtuse feelings and a limited imagination, while those of Cunningham were of the highest order: the artist's reading had been very limited, but that of the poet was extensive and in every department. Cunningham was, therefore, as able in suggesting graceful attitudes in figures, picturesque folds in draperies, and new proportions for pedestals, as Chantrey was in executing them, and in this way the former was a very Mentor and muse to the latter. Besides all this, Cunningham recommended his employer's productions through the medium of the press, illustrated their excellencies, and defended them against maligners; fought his battles against rival committees, and established his claims when they would have been sacrificed in favour of some inferior artist. Among the other methods by which Chantrey's artistic reputation was thus established and diffused abroad, may be mentioned a sketch of his life and an account of his works, published in "Blackwood's Magazine" for April, 1820, and a critique in the "Quarterly" for 1826; both of these articles being from the pen of Allan Cunningham. The poet was also the life of the artist's studio, by his rich enlivening conversation, and his power of illustrating the

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various busts and statues which the building contained, so that it was sometimes difficult to tell whether the living man or the high delineations of art possessed most attraction for many among its thousands of visitors. In this way also the highest in rank and the most distinguished in talent were brought into daily intercourse with him, from among whom he could select the characters he most preferred for friendship and acquaintance.

Among the illustrious personages with whom his connection with Chantrey brought him into contact, the most gratifying of all to the mind of Cunningham must have been the acquaintance to which it introduced him with Sir Walter Scott. We have already seen how devout a hero-worshipper he was, by the visit he paid to the Ettrick Shepherd. Under the same inspiration, while still working as a stone-mason in Nithsdale, he once walked to Edinburgh, for the privilege of catching a glimpse of the author of "Marmion" as he passed along the public street. In 1820, when Cunningham had himself become a distinguished poet and miscellaneous writer, he came in personal contact with the great object of his veneration, in consequence of being the bearer of a request from Chantrey, that he would allow a bust to be taken of him. The meeting was highly characteristic of both parties. Sir Walter met his visitor with both hands extended, for the purpose of a cordial double shake, and gave a hearty "Allan Cunningham, I am glad to see you." The other stammered out something about the pleasure he felt in touching the hand that had charmed him so much. "Ay," said Scott moving the member, with one of his pawky smiles, "and a big brown hand it is." He then complimented the bard of Nithsdale upon his ballads, and entreated him to try something of still higher consequence "for dear auld Scotland's sake," quoting these words of Burns. The result of Cunningham's immediate mission was the celebrated bust of Sir Walter Scott by Chantrey; a bust which not only gives the external semblance, but expresses the very character and soul of the mighty magician, and that will continue through late generations to present his likeness as distinctly as if he still moved among them.

The acquaintanceship thus auspiciously commenced, was not allowed to lie idle; and while it materially benefited the family of Cunningham, it also served at once to elicit and gratify the warm-hearted benevolence of Sir Walter. The event is best given in the words of Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law and biographer. "Breakfasting one morning (this was in the summer of 1828) with Allan Cunningham, and commending one of his publications, he looked round the table, and said, 'What are you going to make of all these boys, Allan?' 'I ask that question often at my own heart,' said Allan, 'and I cannot answer it.' 'What does the eldest point to?' 'The callant would fain be a soldier, Sir Walter—and I have half a promise of a commission in the King's army for him; but I wish rather he would go to India, for there the pay is a maintenance, and one does not need interest at every step to get on.' Scott dropped the subject, but went an hour afterwards to Lord Melville (who was now president of the Board of Control), and begged a cadetship for young Cunnigham. Lord Melville promised to inquire if he had one at his disposal, in which case he would gladly serve the son of honest Allan; but the point being thus left doubtful, Scott, meeting Mr. John Loch, one of the East India directors, at dinner the same evening, at Lord Stafford's, applied to him, and received an immediate assent. On reaching home at night, he found a note from Lord Melville, intimating that he had inquired, and was happy in complying with

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his request. Next morning Sir Walter appeared at Sir F. Chantrey's breakfast-table, and greeted the sculptor (who is a brother of the angle) with 'I suppose it has sometimes happened to you to catch one trout (which was all you thought of) with the fly, and another with the bobber. I have done so, and I think I shall land them both. Don't you think Cunningham would like very well to have cadetships for two of those fine lads?' 'To be sure he would,' said Chantrey, 'and if you'll secure the commissions, I'll make the outfit easy.' Great was the joy in Allan's household on this double good news; but I should add, that before the thing was done he had to thank another benefactor. Lord Melville, after all, went out of the Board of Control before he had been able to fulfil his promise; but his successor, Lord Ellenborough, on hearing the circumstances of the case, desired Cunningham to set his mind at rest; and both his young men are now prospering in the India service."

By being thus established in Chantrey's employ, and having a salary sufficient for his wants, Allan Cunningham was released from the necessity of an entire dependence on authorship, as well as from the extreme precariousness with which it is generally accompanied, especially in London. He did not, however, on that account relapse into the free and easy life of a mere dilettanti writer. On the contrary, these advantages seem only to have stimulated him to further exertion, so that, to the very end of his days, he was not only a diligent, laborious student, but a continually improving author. Mention has already been made of the wild exuberance that characterized his earliest efforts in poetry. Hogg, whose sentiments on this head we have already seen, with equal justice characterizes its after progress. "Mr. Cunningham's style of poetry is greatly changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling caldron, and when once he began, it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end." Scott, who will be reckoned a higher authority, is still louder in praise of Cunningham, and declared that some of his songs, especially that of "It's hame, and it's hame," were equal to Burns. But although his fame commenced with his poetry, and will ultimately rest mainly upon it, he was a still more voluminous prose writer, and in a variety of departments, as the following list of his chief works will sufficiently show:—

"Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a drama. This production Cunningham designed for the stage, and sent it in M.S., in 1820, to Sir Walter Scott for his perusal and approbation. But the judgment formed of it was, that it was a beautiful dramatic poem rather than a play, and therefore better fitted for the closet than the stage. In this opinion every reader of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" will coincide, more especially when he takes into account the complexity of the plot, and the capricious manner in which the interest is shifted.

"Paul Jones," a novel; "Sir Michael Scott," a novel. Although Cunningham had repressed the wildness of his imagination in poetry, it still worked madly within him, and evidently required a safety-valve after being denied its legitimate outlet. No one can be doubtful of the fact who peruses these novels; for not only do they drive truth into utter fiction, but fiction itself into the all but unimaginable. This is especially the case with the last of these works, in which the extravagant dreams of the Pythagorean or the Bramin are utterly out-heroded. Hence, notwithstanding the beautiful ideas and profusion

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of stirring events with which they are stored—enough, indeed, to have furnished a whole stock of novels and romances—they never became favourites with the public, and have now ceased to be remembered.

"Songs of Scotland, ancient and modern, with Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets." Four Vols. 8vo. 1825. Some of the best poems in this collection are by Cunningham himself; not introduced surreptitiously, however, as in the case of Cromek, but as his own productions; and of these, "De Bruce" contains such a stirring account of the battle of Bannockburn as Scott's "Lord of the Isles" has not surpassed.

"Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," published in Murray's "Family Library." Six Vols. 12mo. 1829-33. This work, although defective in philosophical and critical analysis, and chargeable, in many instances, with partiality, continues to be highly popular, in consequence of the poetical spirit with which it is pervaded, and the vivacious, attractive style in which it is written. This was what the author probably aimed at, instead of producing a work that might serve as a standard for artists and connoisseurs; and in this he has fully succeeded.

"Literary Illustrations to Major's 'Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.'" 1833, 1834.

"The Maid of Elvar," a poem.

"Lord Roldan," a romance.

"Life of Burns."

"Life of Sir David Wilkie." Three Vols. 8vo. 1843. Cunningham, who knew the painter well, and loved him dearly as a congenial Scottish spirit, found in this production the last of his literary efforts, as he finished its final corrections only two days before he died. At the same time, he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and a "Life of Chantrey" was also expected from his pen; but before these could be accomplished both poet and sculptor, after a close union of twenty-nine years, had ended their labours, and bequeathed their memorial to other hands. The last days of Chantrey were spent in drawing the tomb in which he wished to be buried in the church-yard of Norton, in Derbyshire, the place of his nativity; and while showing the plans to his assistant, he observed, with a look of anxiety, "But there will be no room for you." "Room for me!" cried Allan Cunningham, "I would not lie like a toad in a stone, or in a place strong enough for another to covet. O, no! let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow, waving under the winds of the blue heaven." The wish of both was satisfied; for Chantrey reposes under his mausoleum of granite, and Cunningham in the picturesque cemetery of Harrow. The artist by his will left the poet a legacy of £2000, but the constitution of the latter was so prematurely exhausted that he lived only a year after his employer. His death, which was occasioned by paralysis, occurred at Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico, on the 29th October, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

D

DALE, DAVID.—This eminent philanthropist was born in Stewarton, Ayrshire, on the 6th of January, 1739. His ancestors are said to have been farmers

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in that district for several hundred years; but his father, Mr. William Dale,* was a grocer and general dealer in the town. David received the education which was usually given at that period in the small towns of Scotland. His first employment was the herding of cattle. He was afterwards apprenticed in Paisley to the weaving business, at this time the most lucrative trade in the country; but it appears that he disliked the sedentary occupation, and on one occasion left his employment abruptly. He afterwards, however, wrought at the weaving trade in Hamilton and the neighbourhood of Cambuslang. He subsequently removed to Glasgow, and became clerk to a silk-mercer. With the assistance of friends he commenced business on his own account in the linen yarn trade, which he carried on for many years, importing large quantities of French yarns from Flanders, which brought him large profits, and laid the foundation of his fortune.† Mr. Dale had been about twenty years in business in Glasgow, when Sir Richard Arkwright's patent inventions for the improvement of cotton-spinning were introduced into England. Sir Richard visited Glasgow in 1783, and was entertained by the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, at a public dinner, and next day started with Mr. Dale for the purpose of inspecting the waterfalls on the Clyde, with a view to erect works adapted to his improvements. A site was fixed on, and the buildings of the New Lanark cotton-mills were immediately commenced. Arrangements were at the same time made betwixt Sir Richard and Mr. Dale for the use of the patent of the former. Mechanics were sent to England to be instructed in the nature of the machinery and the process of the manufactures; but, in the meanwhile, Arkwright's patent having been challenged, and the courts of law having decided against its validity, Mr. Dale was thus relieved of all claim for patent right, and the connection betwixt him and Arkwright was consequently dissolved, the business being now entirely his own. Considerable opposition to the erection of these works was offered by the landed proprietors in the neighbourhood, from an unfounded apprehension that the privacy of their demesnes would be invaded by the introduction of a multitude of work-people into that rural district; and, more especially, that fresh burdens would be entailed upon them for the support of the poor. Their forebodings, however, were not realized when the mills were put in operation. The works gave employment to great numbers of peaceable and industrious operatives, who, instead of burdening the land, contributed to enhance its value by consuming its produce. Finding, likewise, that the mills were yielding large returns to the proprietor, many landlords soon evinced a desire to have similar establishments on their own estates. The capabilities of the steam-engine for impelling cotton machinery were not yet known; spinning-mills, therefore, could only be erected profitably where there were powerful waterfalls. Many of the landed proprietors in Scotland availed themselves of Mr. Dale's practical knowledge and advice as to establishing

* Mr. William Dale was twice married; by his first marriage he had two sons, David and Hugh; and by his second, one son, the late James Dale, Esq., whose son is now an eminent merchant in Glasgow.

† Mr. Dale's shop was then in the High Street, five doors north of the corner at the Cross. He paid £5 of rent, but thinking this an extravagant rent, he sub-let the one-half of it to a watchmaker for fifty shillings. But in 1783, when he was appointed agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland, the watchmaker's part was turned into the bank office, where the business of that establishment was conducted till about 1790, when it was removed to large premises, south-east corner of St. Andrew's Square.

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mills on properties where such facilities existed. He was instrumental in this way in the erection, amongst others, of the extensive mills at Catrine, on the banks of the river Ayr, and at Spinningdale, on the Firth of Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire. In several of the new works he had a pecuniary interest as co-partner. Besides the spinning of cotton-yarn at New Lanark, Mr. Dale was largely concerned in the manufacture of cotton-cloth in Glasgow.* In connection with Mr. George M'Intosh, and Monsieur Papillon, a Frenchman, he established, in 1783, the first works in Scotland for the dyeing of cotton turkey-red. He was a partner in an inkle factory; also in the Blantyre cotton-mills, and at a later period of his life held a large share in the Stanley cotton-mills.

He continued, meanwhile, his original business of importing Flanders yarn; and, in addition to all these sources of income, when the Royal Bank of Scotland established a branch of its business in Glasgow in 1783, he was appointed its sole agent, an office which he held till within a few years of his death, when, upon its business becoming much extended, an additional agent was named to act jointly with him. The individual who, some thirty or forty years before was a little herd-boy at Stewarton, was now sole proprietor of, or connected as a managing partner with, several of the most extensive mercantile, manufacturing, and banking concerns of the country, the proper conducting of any one of which would have absorbed the entire powers of most other men. Not so, however, with the subject of our memoir; for we find him successfully conducting, with strict commercial integrity, all the important enterprises in which he was embarked, together with others not included in this enumeration; besides devoting time and money to various benevolent schemes, and discharging the onerous duties of a magistrate of the city of Glasgow, to which he was elected, first in 1791, and again in 1794: moreover, every Lord's-day, and sometimes on other days, preaching the gospel to a Congregational church, of which he was one of the elders.† Mr. Dale was eminently qualified to sustain the numerous and varied offices which he had thus undertaken; every duty being attended to in its own place and at the proper time, he was never overburdened with work, nor did he ever appear to be in a hurry.

The first erected, and at that time the only mill at New Lanark, was accidentally burned to the ground a few weeks after it had begun to produce spun yarn, for which there was a great demand. When intelligence of this event reached Glasgow, many thought that a stop would be put to all further operations in that quarter. Mr. Dale heard the intelligence with calmness, formed his resolutions, proceeded to the ground to inspect the ruins, and instantly issued orders to re-erect the premises which had been consumed. The new mill was speedily reconstructed, and the manufacture proceeded with fresh energy.

Although comfortable dwellings were erected at the village of New Lanark for the workers, and good wages and constant employment insured, great difficulty was felt in getting the spinning-mill filled with operatives. There was,

* Under the firm of Dale, Campbell, Reid, and Dale, viz., Mr. Dale himself, Mr. Campbell, his brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Reid, and Mr. David Dale, jun., his nephew.

† The Congregational church here referred to, and the other churches in Scotland and England in connection with it, give the Scripture name of "elder" to that office which most other denominations designate by the title of "minister" or "pastor." In every such church, where circumstances are favourable, there is a plurality of elders, most of whom continue to follow the occupations in which they were engaged previously to being called to office.

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indeed, no want of unemployed work-people; for the change of commercial relations caused by the first American war, then raging, very much limited the labour demand, and many, especially from the Highland districts, were in consequence emigrating. It arose from prejudice on the part of the people, more particularly in the Lowlands, against all factory labour. Parents would neither work themselves nor allow their children to enter the mills. In this dilemma Mr. Dale offered employment to a number of Highland families who were emigrating from the Hebrides to America, but had been driven by stress of weather into Greenock, and most of them availed themselves of the opening for securing a comfortable livelihood in their native land. The Celts, appearing to have less repugnance to factory labour than their countrymen in the south, agents were sent to the Highlands, who engaged many other families to become workers at New Lanark; but as the mills were at last increased to four, there was still a deficient supply of labour, especially in the department best served by youths, and recourse was had to the poor-houses of Glasgow and Edinburgh, from which orphan and other pauper children were obtained, and whose moral and religious education was combined with their industrial training. From these sources were the workers in the mill and the villagers of New Lanark chiefly drawn, forming a population which, at all periods of its history, has commended itself for decent and orderly behaviour.

After Mr. Dale had been in business several years, but before he had engaged in any of the large concerns now described, he, in September 1777, married Miss Ann Caroline Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh. It is not known whether this lady brought him any fortune, but there is reason to suppose that her father's connection with the Royal Bank of Scotland as a director, led to Mr. Dale's appointment as agent of that establishment in Glasgow, and thus increased his commercial credit and command of capital. Miss Campbell, who had been brought up in the same religious connection with her husband, was also of one heart and mind with him in all his schemes of benevolence. She was the mother of seven children, whom she trained up in the fear of the Lord. Mrs. Dale died in January, 1791. Mr. Dale did not again marry.

It was, of course, not to be expected that all the undertakings in which Mr. Dale was embarked should prove equally successful. One at least was a total failure. It was generally understood that he lost about £20,000 in sinking a coal-pit in the lands of Barrowfield, the coal never having been reached, owing to the soil being a running quick-sand, which could not be overcome, although the shaft was laid with iron cylinders. Messrs. Robert Tennant and David Tod were his copartners in this unfortunate project; but they together held a comparatively small share. Mr. Dale was, however, eminently successful on the whole, and had acquired a large fortune. In 1799, being then in his sixty-first year, and nearly his fortieth in business, he resolved on freeing himself of at least a portion of his commercial responsibilities. The mills at Lanark had been uniformly prosperous, yielding returns larger perhaps than any other of his concerns; yet, possibly from his being sole proprietor, and in circumstances to relinquish them without delay, he at once disposed of these extensive and valuable works. Mr. Robert Owen, then a young man, residing in Lancashire, was in Glasgow on a visit, and being previously known to Mr. Dale as having, by his talent and persevering industry, raised himself from humble circumstances to be manager of an extensive spinning-mill at Choriton, he consulted with him as to the propriety of selling the works. The information thus

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obtained by Mr. Owen convinced him of the profitable nature of the trade, and led him to form a company of English capitalists, who purchased the property at £60,000, and carried on the business for several years, under the firm of the Chorlton Spinning Company, of which Mr. Owen was appointed manager. This situation he held from 1799 to 1827, but not all the time in the same partnership. During the twenty-eight years the mills were under Mr. Owen's management, they cleared of nett profit about £360,000, after having laid aside a sum nearly equal to 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital. Mr. Owen, sometime after his settlement at New Lanark, married Mr. Dale's eldest daughter, with whom he received a large portion.

The above-named company continued to work with profit the Lanark mills from 1799 to 1813, when the property again changed ownership. During the copartnery, most of the English partners sold their interest to Glasgow merchants, who consequently held the largest share at the close of the contract. It appears that by this time (1814) the partners and the manager had each resolved to get rid of the other; and both parties were bent on retaining, if possible, possession of the mills. Mr. Owen had now begun to promulgate some of his peculiar theories; and, for the purpose of carrying them into practice, had constructed the spacious and substantial building at New Lanark, still existing, without, it is said, receiving the formal consent of the partners, some of whom disapproved of his schemes. It was resolved to dispose of the property by public roup; and Mr. Owen, meanwhile, succeeded in forming a new company, which, when the day of sale arrived, became the purchasers, after considerable competition, at the cost of £112,000. When security was required for this large sum, the names of William Allen, Joseph Fox, Robert Owen, Jeremy Bentham, John Walker, and Michael Gibbs, Esquires, were handed in as the partners of the New Lanark Cotton-Mill Company.

The education of the common people was at this period occupying much attention. Joseph Lancaster had introduced his method of instructing large numbers at little expense. His Quaker brethren warmly espoused the cause, which speedily excited universal interest, from the highest to the humblest. Mr. Owen entered heartily into the movement, which he advocated on the platform in Glasgow, and towards which he contributed a thousand pounds to the Glasgow subscription alone out of his private funds. His zeal in the cause no doubt recommended him to the benevolent individuals who became his partners; and it is also to be observed, that he had not yet avowed the infidel principles which were destined to give him such unenviable notoriety in future years. The new copartnery laid down, as the basis of its union, an article rarely to be found in commercial contracts, namely, "That all profits made in the concern beyond five per cent. per annum on the capital invested, shall be laid aside for the religious, educational, and moral improvement of the workers, and of the community at large." And, as appears from the "Memoir of William Allen," provision was made "for the religious education of all the children of the labourers employed in the works, and that nothing should be introduced tending to disparage the Christian religion, or undervalue the authority of the Holy Scriptures; that no books should be introduced into the library until they had first been approved of at a general meeting of the partners; that schools should be established on the best models of the British, or other approved systems, to which the partners might agree; but no religious instruction, or lessons on religion, should be used except the Scriptures, according to the

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authorized version, or extracts therefrom, without note or comment; and that the children should not be employed in the mills belonging to the partnership until they were of such an age as not to be prejudicial to their health." The pious and benevolent founder of the establishment had, in like manner, provided schools and schoolmasters for the education of the workers and their children, and had maintained these throughout the successive changes in the copartnery.

Mr. Owen, being thus vested with great powers and ample means for the most enlarged benevolence, started, under the auspices of the newly-formed company, on an extensive educational plan, embracing, in addition to the ordinary school instruction, the higher branches of science. He gave lessons in military tactics, and caused the workmen to march in order to and from school and workshop in rank and file to the sound of drum and fife—a sort of training rather alien to the anti-warlike predilections of his Quaker copartners. He attempted also to introduce Socialist principles, and became himself a prominent leader of that party, which had hitherto been scarcely heard of in the country. He contributed largely in money for the purchase of an estate in the neighbouring parish of Motherwell, and to erect on it a huge building, distinguished by the name of New Harmony. In this institution, which soon went to pieces, society was to be reconstituted on Socialist principles, with a community of goods. The partners of Owen were grieved at his folly, and the public shared in their disappointment and regret. William Allen, the Quaker, a man of science and a philanthropist, and who was induced to enter into the copartnery solely in the hope of doing good to the factory population by his influence, and to the millowners by his example, writes, in 1817—"Robert Owen is in town, and I am much distressed about him. He has blazoned abroad his infidel principles in all the public newspapers, and he wishes to identify me with his plans, which I have resisted in the most positive manner. I am resolved not to remain in the concern of New Lanark, unless it be most narrowly and constantly watched by some one on whom we can thoroughly rely." Mr. Allen had been in correspondence with Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department, about the education of the people on the basis of Christianity, and had referred, in that correspondence, to what he and his partners had resolved on doing at New Lanark. The newly-avowed views of Robert Owen having, as he feared, deranged all their plans, he, in these altered circumstances, considered it necessary to apprise the Home Secretary that Owen's opinions were not those of his partners; that "they not only disavowed, but held them in abhorrence." Three of the partners, namely, W. Allen, Joseph Fox, and Michael Gibbs, visited the works in April, 1818, their "principal object being to discover whether any attempt is making there to weaken the faith of the people in Divine revelation." They made inquiry at the general superintendent of the works, who was reported to them as a steady, religious man; they inquired, also, as opportunity offered, amongst the people, at the parish minister, and at the Dissenting minister in Old Lanark, from one and all of whom they learned that Owen's infidel sentiments had hitherto made but little progress, and that the morals of the villagers were good. An address from the villagers was presented to the deputation, at a public meeting called for the purpose. In this address the people expressed their gratitude "for the gratuitous education of the children, and the humane treatment which the workers themselves experienced," but no mention is made in it of any "religious instruction, or lessons on religion, from Scripture," having been given. William Allen

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acknowledged this address in a lengthened speech, in which he says, "Although Joseph Foster and himself are members of the Society of Friends, and Michael Gibbs is a member of the Established Church of England, that while neither were desirous of proselytizing to this or that form of religion, they all were most desirous for the spiritual and temporal good of all the workers, and specially that their children be brought up in the fear of God." He, in name of all the London proprietors, avowed their firm belief in Divine revelation, appealing to the moral change which faith in Christ had produced in all ages, and pressing the blessings of religion upon the acceptance of all who heard him. The visit of this deputation was made avowedly to counteract the baneful effects of Owen's principles. He was informed of the object of the visit, was present at all the meetings, heard all that was said in opposition to the pernicious doctrines he was covertly promulgating at New Lanark—but maintained a cautious silence. He, nevertheless, pursued his own course, and the consequence was the retirement from the company of those members who had joined it from philanthropic motives, and the abandonment of their admirably-conceived plan of raising up an intelligent, right-principled, and well-conditioned factory population at New Lanark. Mr. Owen continued in connection with the mills till 1827; but during the greater part of his latter years he was occupied in propagating his visionary schemes of infidelity in England and America, in which he spent a princely fortune, derived from the profits of the business. Mr. Owen of late years has resided chiefly in London, and his children in the United States of America. Mrs. Owen did not adopt the infidel principles of her husband; on the contrary, soon after she had ascertained the nature of his sentiments, she openly avowed her faith in the Lord Jesus, connected herself with the church of which her father had been an elder, and adorned her Christian profession till her death in 1832.

But to return to the subject of our memoir. Mr. Dale, in 1782, built for his family residence the spacious mansion at the south-west corner of Charlotte Street, Glasgow, at a cost of £6000, which greatly exceeded his calculations. This tenement, after repeatedly changing owners of late years, and having been occupied as a Roman Catholic nunnery, is now the property of the incorporation of the Eye Infirmary, and is devoted to the purposes of that institution. As a retreat from the bustle of a city life, about the year 1800, when his advancing years required repose, he purchased Rosebank, a small landed property and dwelling-house on the banks of Clyde, about four miles east of Glasgow. He was in his sixty-first year when his connection with the Lanark mills ceased. Having acquired a handsome competency, he resolved on winding up his other business affairs; but the nature of his contracts and copartneries rendered it impossible to free his estate from responsibility till some years after his death. But whilst gradually withdrawing from other business engagements, he most unaccountably, through the influence of Mr. Owen, became a partner in the Stanley Cotton Mill Company, a connection which caused him much uneasiness during the latter years of his life, and is said to have involved him in a loss of £60,000. Hitherto his career as a merchant only has been described. It remains to delineate those features of his character upon which his reputation as a Christian philanthropist chiefly rests. Mr. Dale in early life appears to have been of a pious turn of mind, and a regular attendant at church. He sought the company of religious people, and became a member of a fellowship prayer-meeting at Paisley during his apprenticeship. He attached himself to the evange-

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lical party in the Established Church. The fellowship-meetings were held in the evenings, and generally in a private house, the exercises consisting of praise, prayer, reading the Word, and Christian conversation. We have no account under what minister of the Church of Scotland Mr. Dale placed himself while at Paisley, Cambuslang, and Hamilton; but we may readily suppose that his residence in the two last-named places, if not selected for that purpose, would at least give him an opportunity of attending on the many evangelical ministers who flocked to that quarter for many years after the revivals of religion which had occurred at Cambuslang shortly before. It was about 1763 when Mr. Dale took up his residence in Glasgow, being then in his twenty-fourth year. He attached himself at one time to the College Church congregation, under the ministry of Dr. Gillies, son-in-law to the well-known Maclaurin, author of the inimitable sermons on "Glorying in the Cross of Christ."

The causes which led Mr. Dale and a few others to secede from the national Church, and unite, as a separate community, under the Congregational order, will now be traced from an old manuscript, and from a pamphlet printed in 1814, entitled, "A Short Account of the Rise and Establishment of the Churches commonly called the Old Scotch Independents." This secession, like every other which has happened during the last 120 years, arose out of the question of church patronage. In general, the contending parties have been the members of the church against the crown or an individual lay-patron; but in this instance the contention lay betwixt the general session of Glasgow and the magistrates and town council of the city. The general session, composed of the ministers and elders of the eight parishes into which the city was then divided, had, prior to 1764–66, held and exercised the right of patronage to all the town churches as vacancies occurred. At this date, however, the right of the general session was challenged by the magistrates and council, and decided by the civil courts in favour of the latter, who have consequently been patrons of all the city churches ever since. The authorities being then, as for many years after, of the moderate party, filled up the first vacancy which occurred—that of the Wynd church—with a minister most obnoxious to the orthodox party. The appointment gave great offence, not only to the parishioners, but to the citizens generally, who valued their religious privileges. Great dissatisfaction was evinced by the orthodox party in the Wynd congregation, which resulted in their erecting a new place of worship in North Albion Street, which was first called "The Chapel of the Scotch Presbyterian Society," but afterwards "The Chapel of Ease." To the erection of this building Mr. Dale was an original subscriber, and voted for Mr. Cruden, the minister who first occupied its pulpit. The building continued to be used as a place of worship in connection with the Church of Scotland, the minister being chosen by the people, till about 1850, when it was sold, and is now occupied as a leather warehouse. In the year 1768, Mr. John Barclay (afterwards known as the leader of a sect which took the name of Bereans), a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and assistant minister of the parish of Fettercairn, being impressed with the evils of patronage, and lamenting the unscriptural doctrines then taught in many of the pulpits of the parish churches, heard with sympathy of the movement in Glasgow, and visited that city for the purpose of being introduced to Mr. Dale, with whom he had many interviews. His visits were repeated, when Mr. Archibald Paterson, Mr. Matthew Alexander, and others who afterwards became associated with Mr. Dale in the Congregational Church, were present. They were satisfied with the doctrines taught by Mr.

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Barclay, and were astonished at the boldness with which he denounced all human writings on divine things, and his advocacy of the Word of God as the alone standard of faith. His preaching had the effect of leading these individuals to a more thorough searching of Scripture for light and guidance, which ended in their gradually embracing Congregational principles in church government, and their abandoning the Church of Scotland and the Relief Presbytery. Mr. Dale and others like-minded, to the number of seven, having mutually professed their faith to each other, assembled for some time on the Lord's-day in a private house for prayer, praise, reading the Word, and mutual exhortation. Their number very soon increased to twenty-five, and many others expressed a desire to attend as hearers; but the place of meeting not being capable of accommodating them all, Mr. Archibald Paterson, one of the original seven, erected, out of his own means, a meeting-house in Greyfriars' Wynd, seated for about 500 persons. In this place the church assembled till 1836, when, on its getting out of repair, a larger and more commodious building was erected in Oswald Street, where the church continues its meetings.

About the time that Mr. Dale and his friends seceded, Mr. Smith, minister of the parish of Newburn, and Mr. Ferrier, minister of the adjoining parish of Largo, in Fifeshire, also left the Established Church on Congregational principles. There was no concert betwixt the two parties; the movement in Fifeshire seems to have been made known to the party in Glasgow only by the publications of the parties in Fife, giving their reasons of dissent after the secession had taken place; but the statements and doctrines in these publications being in accordance with the views of the Glasgow seceders, led to the opening of a correspondence between them, which resulted in their union. The brethren in Fife had a meeting-house erected at Balchristie. In a short time a congregation was formed, which soon became very numerous, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Ferrier were called to preside over it as elders. The church at Balchristie was prevailed upon to part with Mr. Ferrier, that he might become one of the elders in the church at Glasgow, which also unanimously elected Mr. Dale to be conjoined in office with Mr. Ferrier. He accepted the office with great reluctance, the very thought of its responsibilities having for some time affected his health. In 1769, Mr. Dale entered on the duties of a Christian pastor, which he continued to discharge till his death, thirty-seven years afterwards.

Mr. Dale and his friends discarded, as unscriptural, church government by sessions, presbyteries, and synods, maintaining that all who possessed the qualifications for the ministry, as laid down in the apostolic writings, and who were called by their brethren to the exercise of these gifts, were not only at liberty, but were bound to exercise them for the good of their fellow-creatures, although they had never entered the portals of a college or of a divinity hall. The new views, especially when acted upon by the appointment of Mr. Dale to the ministry, raised a shout of derision; he was hooted and jostled in the streets, and many times forced to take shelter under some friendly roof. The same practices were followed when he and his colleague, Mr. Ferrier, were seen together on the streets; but the latter having been a clergyman in the Established Church, more personal respect was shown to him than to Mr. Dale. Even the meeting-house in which they assembled did not escape the popular dislike; stones and other missiles were hurled against it, till the windows, roof, and other parts of the building were much injured. Nor were these practices discontinued till an action at law for damage was threatened. The ill disposed being thus deterred

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from doing injury to persons or property, next proceeded to pack the meeting-house with a rabble, that a "row" might be created, especially in the dark evenings of the Lord's-days. On one occasion their annoyance took a somewhat humorous turn. Mr. Smith, one of the pastors of the church at Balchristie, about this time came on a visit to his friends, Messrs. Dale and Ferrier. It became known that these three individuals would officiate respectively at one or other of the three services on the following Lord's-day. In the interim, a punning placard, in imitation of a country blacksmith's sign-board, was posted on the large entrance door, having the following inscription: "*Preaching here, by David Dale, Smith and Ferrier.*" It may be readily supposed that such a ludicrous advertisement would not fail to bring together a rabble for mischief or merriment. Mr. Dale and his friends outlived all this, and it may be here noticed, as an evidence of the fugitive nature of popular censure as well as of popular applause, that he who, in 1769-70, was mobbed in the streets for daring to preach without a presbyterial license, was, little more than twenty years thereafter, conducted to and from the same place of worship by the officers of the city corporation, with all the paraphernalia and pomp of a magisterial procession. In 1791, when Mr. Dale was elected a city magistrate, his brethren on the bench were all staunch churchmen. It was then, and for long afterwards, the practice of the magistrates and other civic functionaries to walk in procession to the parish church, escorted by city officers in uniform, with halberts, and other tokens of authority. Mr. Dale could not, of course, accompany the procession to the parish church, but rather than allow a magistrate to go unescorted to any place of worship, it was arranged that a portion of the city officers should, in livery and with halberts, attend him to and from his own place of worship, and wait on him while there. This it appears he submitted to, though rather inconsistent like with his religious principles.

The church over which Mr. Dale presided, though relieved of hostility from without, was, at no very distant period, tried by the withdrawal from its communion of one after another of its elders, and of many of its most respected members. Mr. Ferrier seceded on Glassite, and soon afterwards, Mr. Robert Moncrieff followed, on Baptist principles. It appears that Baptist principles had agitated the body from a very early period of its history. A pamphlet, the joint production of several of the members, in favour of infant baptism, was published in 1776. In the course of the following year it produced a reply from the pen of Mr. Archibald M'Lean, one of the pastors of the Baptist Church in Edinburgh, entitled, "Believers' Baptism in opposition to Infant Sprinkling." This reply staggered the faith of many of Mr. Dale's friends, for one of their own number of that day writes that "many of them left the church and were baptized, and amongst these was the chief compiler of the pamphlet in defence of infant baptism, which he had boasted of as being sufficient to confound all the Baptists in the world." Soon after this, Mr. Robert Moncrieff's secession from the church took place. This individual, brother of the late Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff, Bart., who had been educated for the medical profession, which he practised in one of its branches for some time, is described by the writer quoted above as "a young man of considerable knowledge of the Scripture, and has a talent for communicating what he believes in a plain, easy, and agreeable manner, having a great command of language, and fluency of words." With Mr. Moncrieff, many of the members of the church seceded, and joined the Baptists; amongst these was Mrs. Dale, who continued in that communion to the end of her days. Mr.

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Moncrieff being a popular preacher, nearly all the hearers followed him; the place in which Mr. Dale officiated was in consequence very much deserted, and continued to be so for some time. Although the church thus lost many of its members, with very few exceptions, none appear either to have left, or to have been excluded on account of error in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel; and the church itself has never swerved from the principles which it first professed.

Mr. Dale never appeared in print as an author. He was opposed to the publication of the above-named pamphlet on infant baptism, and succeeded in preventing the appearance of a second, which was written in reply. Although he did not publish his own views to the world, and discouraged others from doing so, he freely availed himself of the pulpit for expounding and vindicating the distinctive principles of his communion. A statement of these principles may here be introduced.

In 1813 a correspondence took place betwixt the churches in Scotland with which Mr. Dale stood connected (which, by this time, had assumed the name of the Old Independent Churches, to distinguish them from the more modern, raised by Messrs. Haldane, Ewing, and others), and the Inghamite churches* in England, which, in 1814, produced a union of these two bodies, which still exists. This correspondence was printed; from one of the letters of which, written by the late Mr. James M'Gavin, one of the elders of the church at Paisley, we shall transcribe, what it professes to contain, "a concise abstract of the faith, hope, and practice of these churches."

First, "We receive the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the Word of God; and that these two Testaments (not singly, but as united) are the only rule of faith and practice."

Second, "As taught in these oracles, we profess to believe, that by the first man's disobedience all are become guilty before God, and are so constituted by the imputation of his one offence, as well as by our own actual transgression against the royal law of God, which requires a perfection of godliness and humanity—hence are naturally under its curse; and that 'by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified' in his sight."

Third, "That the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God equal with the Father, was 'born of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them who are under the curse of the law'—that 'he was made a curse in bearing our sins in his own body'—that 'sin was imputed to him, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners'—that in the work the Father gave him to do as his righteous servant, he 'obeyed the law as our surety, and made atonement for sin in his own divine blood'—that in his obedience unto death, 'he magnified the law, and made it honourable, and brought in an everlasting righteousness'—and our assurance of the truth of this rests in the Father's raising him

* The Inghamite churches date their origin from Mr. Benjamin Ingham, who, in 1735, was ordained to the ministry by Dr. Potter, bishop of Oxford. He at first attached himself to John Wesley, and at his request went on a preaching tour to America. On his return, in 1741, he married Lady Margaret Hastings, sister to the Earl of Huntingdon. He founded religious bodies, about sixty in number, chiefly in the midland and northern counties of England, modelled on the plan of the Wesleyan and Moravian societies. They, however, very soon resiled from the peculiarities of Methodism, and adopted principles and practices almost the same as were afterwards adopted by the churches in Scotland. On the two parties discovering this, in 1812, a formal union of Christian brotherhood betwixt the two was formed in 1814.

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from the dead, and giving him glory and honour at his own right hand; thus testifying that he is well pleased, and requires no more offering for sin."

Fourth, "That by the work of the Lord Jesus, all who believe are justified from all things; that we are not justified on account of crediting God's testimony concerning his Son, but by his righteousness alone; and that it is given on the behalf of Christ to believe; so that faith is truly the channel through which the Divine righteousness is imputed to the ungodly just as they are—guilty criminals—and that on the footing of sovereign mercy, and according to the election of grace, viz., that God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he passeth by."

Fifth, "That the Holy Spirit, who is equal with the Father and the Son, is the grand agent in teaching of sin and of righteousness; that his operations, both in conversion and in leading to a life of holiness, are only by the means of the written Word. Almighty power keeps through the faith unto salvation; the perseverance of the saints is thus secured; for whom the Lord loves, he loves unto the end."

Sixth, "Such being our faith, we profess to have our hope for eternal life resting on the one thing needful alone, the sole requisite for justification; and although called to a life of conformity to the image of God's dear Son, without which no man shall see the Lord, yet this does not in any respect form part of our acceptance before him; it justifies our faith, as being of the operation of God to the praise of his glory."

Seventh, "Our hopes reach forth to the second coming of the Lord from heaven, to change our vile bodies, and fashion them like to his glorious body and so to be ever with the Lord."

Eighth, "We profess to hold our Lord's good confession, that his kingdom is not of this world (though in part in the world), that a church of Christ is subject to no jurisdiction under heaven, not under law even to those who are members one of another (although by love they are to serve one another), but under law to him who is the head of the body, and sole lawgiver in his own kingdom; and with respect to the subjects of his kingdom, we view infants as comprehended, so we receive such by baptism." And—

Ninth, "We profess to keep the ordinances as they are delivered to us, by (every Lord's-day) continuing steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine (*i.e.*, in reading, preaching, or exhorting, either by the elders or other male members) in fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers—the prayers also both by the elders and other brethren."

When we turn from the survey of Mr. Dale's multifarious duties as the pastor of a pretty numerous church, to his active charities as a philanthropist, we are left to wonder how he could find time and strength to go through with the many duties he took in hand. We find him, at an early period, regularly visiting Bridewell, for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the convicts; and his example in this respect was long followed by his colleagues in the church. He every year made excursions to distant parts of the country, visiting and comforting the churches with which he stood connected.

Although Mr. Dale shunned the ostentatious display of benevolence, yet his liberality could not always be hid. The present generation have, at times, had to pay very high prices for the necessaries of life, yet no dread of famine, or even partial scarcity, at least in Scotland, has been entertained for at least half a century. Not so, however, during Mr. Dale's time; for at that period the poor had

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occasionally to pay ransom prices for food, and even at these prices it sometimes could not be obtained. In the dearth of 1782, 1791–93, and in 1799, Mr. Dale imported, at his own risk, large quantities of food from Ireland, America, and the continent of Europe. To effect this, he chartered ships for the special purpose. The food thus brought in he retailed to the poor at prime cost, thereby in great measure averting the threatened famine, and preventing a still greater advance in prices.

In addition to the benefits, spiritual and temporal, conferred on his countrymen at home, he engaged with the same ardour in most of the schemes then in operation for extending a knowledge of the gospel of peace in foreign countries, especially those which had for their object the translation and circulation of the Word of God. The proposal to translate the Scriptures into the various languages of our eastern empire, as projected and accomplished by the Baptist Missionary Society, had his hearty support from the outset. Mr. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering, who travelled for the purpose of collecting funds for this object, was kindly received by Mr. Dale, and from him received large contributions for the cause. In Mr. Fuller's sermon on covetousness, preached sometime after Mr. Dale's death, and printed in the fourth volume of his works, when enjoining on his hearers *who have*, to give of their abundance, and to do so liberally, he says, "The poor people of Glasgow used to say of a late great and good man of that city—'David Dale gives his money by sho'elsful, but God Almighty sho'els it back again.'" This is nothing more than was predicted by Solomon when he said, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to penury." The printing and circulating of the Word of God without note or comment, proposed as the fundamental law of the British and Foreign Bible Society at its formation in 1804, also met with his cordial approbation; indeed, so much was he pleased with the objects of this noble institution, as to use his influence in the formation of an auxiliary to the parent institution, which was accomplished in July, 1805, being the first auxiliary to the Bible Society. The society then formed continued in operation till 1812, when it merged into the Glasgow Auxiliary, which still exists. On this subject we find, in the first report of that society, the following testimony, page 19:—"Immediately upon the arrival of the tidings that a society had been formed in London, of which the exclusive object was the circulation throughout the whole world of the pure Word of God without note or comment, the late David Dale, Esq., delighted with the grandeur and simplicity of the idea, entered into it, as all who knew him might have expected, with his whole heart. He immediately remitted a subscription worthy of his usual benevolence; he spoke of the institution to others, who instantly caught the same ardour, and expressed it in the same way; and thus, under his auspices, a society was at length formed (a meeting of the friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society having been called for this purpose by public advertisement), which appointed a treasurer, a secretary, and a committee of management, kept regular books, and continued to hold its stated and occasional meetings for several years. In this way Mr. Dale naturally came to be recognized, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, as their treasurer and general agent for Glasgow and the west of Scotland, in which capacity he continued to act till his lamented death."

After the sale of the Lanark mills, till his death six years thereafter, Mr. Dale in great measure retired from business pursuits. During this time he gave an

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hour or two daily to attendance at the bank, and the winding up of his own private concerns occupied an equal share of his attention; but at no period of his life were his public and private acts of benevolence, or his duties in the pastoral office, more attended to than at this time. For some months before February, 1806, it was seen that his health and strength were failing. About the 1st of March of that year he was confined to bed, and died in peace on the 17th day of the same month, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, in his house, Charlotte Street, Glasgow. In his last illness, he frequently expressed his confidence as resting on the fulness, freeness, and simplicity of the gospel truth which he had for so long a period preached to others. His remains were interred in St. David's church burying-ground. No sculptured marble marks the place where all that is mortal of this good man reposes. The spot is indicated by a hewn stone built into the east boundary-wall, inclosed by an iron railing, about midway betwixt the south and north corner of the ground, having on it the following plain inscription:—"The burying-ground of David Dale, merchant, Glasgow, 1780." The funeral was attended by the magistrates, clergy, and chief officials of the city, and by a numerous assemblage of private friends, amounting to several hundreds. Mr. Dale was the father of one son, named William, after his grandfather, who died in 1789, when in his seventh year, and five daughters, all of whom survived him. Two of these are now dead; of the remaining three, two are married to clergymen of the Episcopal Church. In person, Mr. Dale was short and corpulent. A small portrait of him, of no great artistical merit, was etched, which, however, is said to be a fair likeness. His name was not given, but the portrait was entitled, "The Benevolent Magistrate." It was copied into "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," and also into "Stewart's Views of Glasgow in Former Times." He was of a cheerful temperament, of easy access, lively and communicative; and, when in the company of friends, he freely relaxed all formal restraints. He had a good musical taste, and in the company of his private friends sung some of the old Scotch songs with great effect, particularly the "Flowers of the Forest," with such intense feelings as to draw tears from his auditory. Without giving offence, he could make a pithy and facetious remark; and without taking any, he could bear a joke by a friend, although the subject of it might be some peculiarity or oddity about himself. He once told a friend that he had slipped on the ice, and "fallen all his length." "Be thankful, sir, it was not all your breadth," was the apt reply.

He never took a prominent part in the keen disputes of the party-politics of his day; but, when it was necessary, he avowed himself to be of the aristocratic party then in power. At this period he had a nephew of his own name whom he put into business in Glasgow. This young man was a democrat, and sometimes attended the meetings of the "Friends of the People." Old Mr. Dale was grievously offended on such occasions at seeing it announced in the newspapers that such meetings were honoured by the presence of David Dale, Esq. The establishment of the branch of the Royal Bank in Glasgow, in 1783, proved to be of great service in promoting the trade of the city, especially in the manufacture of cotton goods, which made rapid progress from that date. Mr. Dale's management of the bank business was never objected to; he was discriminating and liberal in granting loans to the industrious prudent trader, while he had the firmness to resist the advances of the mere speculator. An anecdote has been preserved illustrative of his feelings and humanity towards an unfortunate individual who had committed forgery. A young man pre-

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sented a draft for discount, which Mr. Dale considered to be a forged document; he sent for the young man, and in private informed him of his suspicions; the fact was acknowledged: Mr. Dale then pointed out to him the risk he put his life in by such an act, destroyed the bill, that no proof of his guilt should remain, and finding that he had been led to it by pecuniary difficulties, gave him some money, and dismissed him with a suitable admonition. In regard to his usefulness as a preacher of the gospel, the late Dr. Wardlaw used to say of Mr. Dale, that he was a most scriptural and instructive teacher of a Christian church. He had not acquired in early life a knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, but this lack was amply supplied by application in after life. He could read with understanding the Hebrew and Greek; the Old and New Testaments were frequently, perhaps daily, studied by him in these languages. His public discourses were sententious. For several years before his death his pulpit services were listened to by many who came on purpose to hear his preaching.

Various estimates of the fortune which Mr. Dale had realized were made about the period of his death; the probability is that one and all were far wide of the truth. A vast amount of his effects consisted in mill buildings and machinery, which are of a very fluctuating value. A considerable part too was locked up in business concerns in operation, of which he was copartner, some of which were not closed for many years, and some of these proved to be very unprofitable. The exact, or even estimated amount, was never made known to the public, but it must, at the period referred to, have been very considerable. From the losses sustained in winding up, however, it is generally understood that a large portion was swept away, and that but a comparatively small part came ultimately to his family.

It was a general rule in the last century, in all large concerns, to engage assistants for a lengthened period, generally for ten or twelve years. The salary which, in these days, was small in comparison to what is now given, was fixed at the commencement of the term of servitude, and before the capabilities of the person were known. Mr. Dale followed this plan very generally, and from time to time elevated to higher places of trust those who evinced an aptitude for more onerous duties; but it was remarked at the time that he seldom, if ever, increased the salary in proportion to the greater responsibilities, nor in general would he allow the individual to leave till the end of the engagement, even when his doing so would have improved his circumstances. No doubt in this he acted in strict justice, but not with that generosity which his great benevolence would have led us to expect. His actings in these matters were considered by his best friends as rather sharp dealing; but he was invulnerable when remonstrated with on the subject, and would refer in justification to the usages of trade of that day. Notwithstanding, he never lost the confidence and favour of his old servants, who always spoke of him with the greatest respect. And it has been remarked, that he must have been fortunate in the selection of his confidential servants, as most of them afterwards rose to commercial eminence. It must be confessed that Mr. Dale's engaging in so many concerns, and pursuing with eagerness such a variety of large business speculations, was scarcely consistent with that moderation in all things which is enjoined on the Christian. It is true he had great business talent, forethought, sagacity, and strict integrity, which gave success to his schemes, and secured to him at an early period great commercial credit—that credit at times serving him in place

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of capital. The very success which followed his earliest enterprises would lead him on to the adoption of others, some of which, as has been shown, proved total failures, causing great loss. Whether from this or from other causes is not now known, but at various periods of his business life he was much reduced in circumstances. He used to tell his friends that three times in his life he was thrown back on the world, and on each occasion could scarcely call himself worth anything. This surely was trading on too narrow a margin, too near the verge of bankruptcy, which, had it taken place, would have involved others in injury and suffering, and brought discredit on his Christian character. But with all his shortcomings, David Dale was a great and a good man. He did essential service to the commerce of his country, at a period when it required the impetus of such a mind. He was the friend of the working-classes, whom he provided with remunerative occupation, whilst he took delight in educating their children, and training them at his own expense, to habits of intelligence and industry. His unbounded benevolence endeared him to all classes of the people and his Christian character to the church of which he was an ornament. The following tribute to the memory of David Dale, from the pen of Dr. Wardlaw, appeared as an obituary notice in the "Glasgow Herald," of March 1806:—

"The character of this good man comprehends in it so many points of distinguished excellence, that nothing more than an imperfect outline can here be inserted. He had not in the outset of life enjoyed the advantage of a polished or liberal education, but the want of it was greatly compensated by a large share of natural sagacity and good sense, and extensive and discriminating knowledge of human character, and by a modest, gentle, dignified simplicity of manner, peculiar to himself, and which secured to him the respect and attention of every company, and of men of every rank of life. A zealous promoter of the general industry and manufactures of his country, his schemes of business were extensive and liberal, conducted with singular prudence and perseverance, and, by the blessing of God, were crowned with such abundant success as served to advance his rank in society, and to furnish him with the means of that diffusive benevolence which rendered his life a public blessing, and shed a lustre on his character, rarely exemplified in any age of the world. Impelled by the all-powerful influence of that truth which he firmly believed and publicly taught, constrained by the love and animated by the example of his beloved Master, his ear was never shut to the cry of distress; his private charities were boundless; and every public institution which had for its object the alleviation or prevention of human misery in this world, or in the world to come, received from him the most liberal support and encouragement. For while the leading object of his heaven-born soul was the diffusion of the light of truth in the earth, he gladly embraced every opportunity of becoming, like the patriarch of old, 'eyes to the blind,' 'feet to the lame,' and to 'cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.' In private life his conduct, actuated by the same principles, was equally exemplary, for he was a kind parent, a generous friend, a wise and faithful counsellor, 'a lover of hospitality,' 'a lover of good men,' 'sober, just, holy, temperate;' and now, having 'thus occupied with his talents,' 'he hath entered into the joy of his Lord.'"

In "The Evening Star," a London paper, of March 22, 1806, appeared a similar eulogium, written by the editor, Dr. Alexander Tilloch, a native of Glasgow, and author of various publications—literary, scientific, and religious. "His life (said this writer) was a life of benevolence and extensive charity, without

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ostentation, without pride. Indeed, his constant aim was to hide from the eye of man his numberless acts of mercy; even the individuals who were saved from wretchedness and want by his liberality, were often ignorant of the instrument which Providence had raised up for their deliverance. Agreeably to the injunction of the Master whom he served, his alms were done in secret, but they could not be entirely hid. Mr. Dale was the first who erected cotton-mills in Scotland on the plan of Sir Richard Arkwright. His motive for doing so was highly praiseworthy; it was to extend the means of employment for the labouring poor, to introduce habits of industry among the lower orders, and render them useful to their families and the community. Nor was his attention merely confined to the object of finding them bread; he erected and maintained schools, at his own expense, for the education of all the young people employed, and every means which he could devise was used to have them instructed in religious knowledge.

"Mr. Dale was a Dissenter, and for many years one of the pastors of an Independent congregation in Glasgow. In this character he possessed the esteem, the love, and affection of not only the flock over which he presided, but of the clergy and people of every other denomination. In his conversation and uniform practice, he gave a meritorious example of the powerful influence of the Christian precepts, when men live under their influence, in leading them not only to attend with diligence to all the relative duties, making them good husbands, fathers, and neighbours, but loyal and dutiful subjects. Modest and unassuming in his manners, he endeavoured to hide himself from public notice; but 'a city set on a hill cannot be hid.' His fellow-citizens, hailing him as a father, and anxious to extend his sphere of useful action, showed their high esteem of this charitable Dissenter—charitable in the true sense of the word—by calling him into the council of the city, and making him one of its magistrates, an office which he discharged with singular diligence and paternal solicitude.

"During many years of the latter period of his life, he was consulted on all important measures, not only in matters relating to the public welfare of the city, but the private concerns of its citizens; nor did he ever refuse his services, for he considered not his life as his own, but as devoted to the welfare of his fellow-creatures."*

DALYELL, Sir John Graham, Bart.—This accomplished student and expositor of Scottish antiquarianism, like many who are devoted to that science, was the descendant of an ancient family of historical note, being the second son of Sir Robert, the fourth baronet of Binns, Linlithgowshire, while his mother, Elizabeth Graham, was of the family of Gartmore, and consequently a descendant of the "great marquis." He was born in 1777. Being devoted to more peaceful pursuits than his renowned ancestors, he studied for the Scottish bar, and was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1797. His favourite occupation, however, instead of inclining to that of a barrister on the boards of the Parliament House, was to keep aloof from the din of wordy war, and take refuge among the crypts of the Advocate's Library, absorbed in the study of that valuable collection of MSS. connected with Scottish history and antiquities, for which the library is so distinguished. The fruit of this was soon apparent; for two years had not elapsed after his enrolment as an advocate, when he pro-

* For this sketch of the life of David Dale, the publishers are indebted to a gentleman of kindred spirit—Andrew Liddell Esq.

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duced his first work in quarto, entitled, "Fragments of Scottish History," containing, among other valuable matter, the "Diary of Robert Birrell, burgess of Edinburgh, from 1532 to 1608." Little more than two years afterwards (in 1801), he published, in two volumes octavo, a "Collection of Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." Of the labour he underwent in the task, and the diligence with which he discharged it, an estimate may be formed from the fact, that in preparing this collection he had examined about seven hundred volumes of manuscripts. None, however, but those who are conversant with this kind of literature, can be fully aware of its difficulties, owing to the loose manner in which the Scottish poems of this period were transcribed, and the variety of readings, as well as amount of interpolated nonsense, with which they are disfigured. For these two works he found a fitting publisher in Mr. Archibald Constable, at that time an antiquarian, and the friend of antiquarians, whose old-book shop at the Cross was the favourite haunt of those distinguished men, by whose publications he afterwards became a prince in the realms of literature.

The next work of Mr. Graham Dalyell, was a "Tract chiefly relative to Monastic Antiquities, with some account of a recent search for the Remains of the Scottish Kings interred in the Abbey of Dunfermline." This work, which appeared in 1809, was the first of a series of four or five thin octavos, illustrative of our Scottish ecclesiastical records, which he issued at various intervals; and the chartularies which he severally illustrated were those of the bishopries of Aberdeen and Murray, the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, the Chapel Royal of Stirling, and the Preceptory of St. Anthony at Leith—the series having been carried on till 1828. But this was not his only occupation, as during the long interval he published an edition of the "Journal of Richard Bannatyne," the secretary and amanuensis of John Knox; and another, of the "Scottish Chronicle of Lindsay of Pitscottie." By way of literary divertisement amidst these labours in our national antiquities, Mr Dalyell also published, in 1811, "Some Account of an Ancient Manuscript of Martial's Epigrams," which was illustrated by an engraving, and anecdotes explanatory of the manners and customs of the Romans. Of these only thirty copies were printed, six of them being on vellum.

A more important work than any of the preceding, and requiring a larger amount of original thought as well as wider research, was published by Mr. Dalyell in 1834, under the title of "An Essay on the Darker Superstitions of Scotland." Such a title sufficiently intimates not only the extent of reading it required among books the most trying to the patience of a diligent investigator, but also those depths of time into which he was compelled to grope, in the midst of darkness and doubt, while he traced our national superstitions to their primitive homes in the forests of Germany, upon the shores of Norway, or even the more dismal and unknown wilds of Scythia. The last work which he published was the "Musical Memoirs of Scotland." This appeared in 1850, when he was now in his seventy-third year; but the vivacity of style in which it is written, and the sprightly character of the anecdotes with which the subject is illustrated, give no indications either of the feebleness or the apathy of old age. The work possesses also the additional recommendation of a splendid quarto form and many excellent engravings, for he was not only an ardent lover of music, but a thorough judge of it as a science, and through life he had always affectionately turned to it as a relief from his more severe occupations.

Besides those literary productions we have mentioned, comprising an author-

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ship of fifty years' duration, Mr. Graham Dalyell published "Observations on some Interesting Phenomena in Animal Physiology, exhibited by several Species of Planariæ," 8vo, 1814. Another work, which he published in 1847, in two splendid quartos, enriched with more than a hundred coloured plates, drawn from the living subjects, was entitled, "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland, represented from Living Subjects, with Practical Observations on their Nature." He was also the author of several articles in the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

From the foregoing brief notice, some estimate may be formed of the literary character of Mr. Dalyell. An antiquary at a time when Scottish antiquarianism was little cultivated, his labours as well as his example gave a powerful impulse to that study, which soon became so widely diffused, and has been productive of such happy results. It is owing, indeed, to this spirit of inquiry, that few histories of nations have been more effectually cleared from darkness, and purified from error, than that of Scotland, although few have undergone such a cruel process as that which was devised to annihilate it. But Mr. Dalyell was something more than an antiquary, although he stood in the front rank of the order; he was also an accomplished classical scholar, and well acquainted with mechanical science and natural history, of which his writings are an abundant proof. Although as an author he was so prolific, his diligence and perseverance are the more to be admired, when we remember that such was his fastidiousness in composition, that he would seldom commit his manuscript to the press until it had been re-written four or five times over.

Sir John Graham Dalyell received the honour of knighthood by patent in 1836, and succeeded to the baronetcy of Binns, by the death of his elder brother, in 1841. His own death occurred on the 7th of June, 1851. As he was never married, he was succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, Sir William Cunningham Cavendish Dalyell, commander in the royal navy.

DOUGLAS, Archibald, surnamed Bell-the-Cat, was the son of George, fifth Earl of Angus. The elder branch of the noble house of Douglas, that was represented by the holders of the earldom of that name, and the dukedom of Touraine in France, had become so powerful, and so dangerous to the royal family, that the Stuarts had tried by every plan, both of violence and policy, to lessen its influence and circumscribe its power. One method which they adopted was, to exalt the house of Angus, a younger branch of the family. But this only superseded one evil by another, and the Earls of Angus soon threatened to become as formidable to royal authority as the Earls of Douglas had formerly been. Archibald, who succeeded to the earldom of Angus when only six or seven years old, was born to an inheritance which his father had greatly enlarged, so that when the young minor attained to manhood, he was by far the most powerful nobleman in Scotland, and he was commonly called the "Great Earl of Angus." He married, in 1468, Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert, Lord Boyd, the all-powerful and afterwards disgraced minister of James III., by whom he had four sons and three daughters.

During the earlier part of the reign of James III., little of Angus is known, except that he was distinguished for stature, strength, and courage, like most of his race, as well as for great possessions and political influence. It was probably during this reign that an event occurred, characteristic of the man and the times. One day, at table, as the king was conversing with his courtiers, of the men of Scotland who were pre-eminent in corporeal endowments, all pre-

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sent, except Spence of Kilspindie, gave the preference to the Earl of Angus. This man, in a luckless hour for himself, began to speak disparagingly of the earl, in the true Scottish fashion of doubt, saying, "It is true, if all be good that is up-come," insinuating that the earl's valour and courage might not be quite corresponding to his appearance. Douglas heard of the taunt, and vowed a deadly revenge. One day after this, while riding from Douglas to Tantallan, having sent his train another way, the earl continued his journey, attended by a single follower, each having a hawk on his wrist; and in the neighbourhood of the town of Fala, they lighted at a brook, for the purpose of bathing their birds. While thus employed, the laird of Kilspindie approached them, travelling from the opposite direction. "Is not this Spence?" the earl asked of his retainer; "the man who made question of my manhood? I will go and give him a trial of it, that we may know which of us is the better man." The servant would have dissuaded him from encountering one his inferior in rank, and offered to go in his stead; but to this Angus answered, "I see he hath one with him; do thou grapple with the attendant, whilst I deal with the master." Having fastened their hawks, that they might not fly away, and mounted their horses, the pair rode forward to achieve this double duel. "Wherefore did you speak of me so contemptuously, and doubt whether my courage was equal to my appearance?" cried Angus, in a loud tone of challenge. Spence, thus confronted, and brought to bay, would fain have excused himself, but the other would not be so satisfied. "We are both tall fellows, and one of us must pay for it," he exclaimed; while the other, warming in anger, replied, "If better may not be, there is never an earl in Scotland but I will defend myself against him, and kill him if I can, rather than that he should kill me." They alighted from their horses, and commenced a desperate combat with their two-handed swords. But the affair was of brief continuance; for Angus, with one tremendous blow, cut asunder the other's leg by the thigh-bone, so that the limb was lopped off like a branch beneath the gardener's pruning-hook, and Spence died a few moments after. When the conflict between the principals was thus ended, Angus put a stop to that which had commenced between the two retainers, and said to Spence's follower, "Go thy way, and tell my gossip the king that there was nothing but fair play here. I know my gossip will be offended; but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in the Hermitage till his anger is over.' This he did; and the only penalty he underwent for the deed was an exchange of the lands of Liddesdale for those of Bothwell, as the king declared that no order could be kept with the Earls of Angus as long as they held the former.

In the history of Scotland, nothing can be more revolting than the feuds and factions of the nobles, by which the country was rent asunder, unless it be the readiness with which they joined the cause of England when their avarice or ambition was solicited by a tempting bribe. Such had ever been the case since the war of Scottish independence commenced. An excuse, perhaps, might be found for the earliest defaulters, in the fact that they were Anglo-Normans, who had but recently become Scotsmen; that they held estates in England sometimes more valuable than those they possessed in Scotland; and that their homage was due to the sovereign of either kingdom indifferently, as their lord paramount. But no such excuse can be offered for their unworthy successors, who continued the same course of treachery and double-dealing, after a descent of more than two centuries had made them natives of the soil. Hence it was that the reign of James III. was so full of trouble, and finally so disastrous. In conse-

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quence of his unwarlike habits, and devotedness to mean favourites, the Scottish nobles preferred his brother, the Duke of Albany, whose stirring spirit and martial disposition were more to their taste; and when the latter intrigued with the king of England to supplant his royal brother, and reign in his stead, a powerful band of the Scottish nobility were ready to support him, although the price of English aid was to be nothing less than the independence of Scotland. Albany was to be king; but he was to reign as vassal of Edward IV., and do homage to the latter for his crown. In this infamous coalition, we regret to find the Earl of Angus a leading member; and from his possessing the wardenship of the eastern marches, by which the keys of Scotland were at his belt, he seems to have been the firmest dependence of the unscrupulous Albany. On one occasion, however, in the midst of these intrigues, we find Angus acting with a more patriotic spirit. After a peaceful season of unwonted duration between the two countries, James III., at the instigation of France, resolved in 1480 to make war on England; upon which Edward IV. prepared for resistance, by appointing his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., lieutenant-general of the north, to conduct an invasion into Scotland. But before this able leader could assemble his forces, the Earl of Angus, at the head of a small army, made a furious irruption across the marches into England, and for three days ravaged the rich districts of Northumberland, and then retired unmolested, laden with plunder. After this bold deed, however, he retired again to his intrigues; and when Albany consented to hold the Scottish crown from Edward IV. as his vassal, Angus was one of the commissioners appointed by the duke to draw up the articles of negotiation, and complete the treaty.

In the meantime, the conduct of the weak infatuated king of Scotland seemed too much to justify these treasonable proceedings. In addition to the few scholars and lovers of the fine arts whom he had taken into his confidence, his chief associates were astrologers, quacks, and low mechanics, whose society he preferred to that of his high-born nobles and experienced statesmen. It was not wonderful, therefore, that not only the aristocracy, but also the commons preferred, to such a sovereign, the stately bearing, popular demeanour, and chivalrous accomplishments of his brother, Albany. But of all the favourites of James, the most valued, and consequently the most obnoxious, was Cochrane, a man of low birth, and an architect by profession, but indignantly termed in our old chronicles a stone-mason, whom the king had raised to the earldom of Mar. Such a man was well fitted, as a royal favourite, for the ruin of a weak, confiding master; for he not only outshone the nobles by the splendour of his style of living, but even excelled most of them in personal comeliness, strength, and dexterity in warlike exercises, so that he could confront the frowning courtiers with a fearlessness equal to their own. But his crowning offence, and one for which he merited full punishment, was the advice which he gave to his sovereign during a season of great dearth, to debase the current coin, by which, while he increased his own wealth, and enriched the royal treasury, the price of provisions was raised, and the bitterness of famine aggravated. It seemed to the nobles a convenient season to wreak their resentment, by sweeping the royal favourites from their path. It is also alleged, that in this crisis the Earl of Angus and his associates entertained the further design of dethroning James, and exalting Albany in his room.

All being in readiness for the accomplishment of their purposes, the Duke of Gloucester, who was privy to their design, put his forces in motion, and laid

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siege to the town of Berwick. A muster of the Scottish troops was the consequence; and an army of fifty thousand, that was assembled at the Boroughmuir, marched first to Soutra, and then to Lauder, having the king at their head, accompanied by his unworthy minions. Most conspicuous among these was Cochrane, to whom the command of the artillery was intrusted, and who, on this occasion, appeared with a splendour which few Scottish kings had hitherto equalled. His pavilion was of silken drapery, the fastening chains of which were richly gilt; his camp-furniture shone with gold and silver; and his body-guard consisted of three hundred tall retainers, dressed in rich liveries, and armed with battle-axes. It was the last glitter of a falling star before it disappeared for ever! On encamping at Lauder, the nobles assembled in the church, and proceeded to deliberate upon the best means of removing the favourites from the royal person. Cochrane, as the most obnoxious, was the chief object at which their discussion pointed; but to punish him was a task of danger, not only on account of his master's protection, but his own courage, and the military retainers by whom he was surrounded. All this was expressed by Lord Gray, who repeated on the occasion a homely apologue. "The mice," he said, "having been continually annoyed by the inroads of the cat, met in council to devise the best mode of delivering themselves from her tyranny. At length, after various measures had been proposed, it was agreed that the best plan was to hang a bell round her neck, that thus they might receive due notice of the destroyer's approach. This pleased the whole meeting; but just when they were about to break up, the question occurred, 'What mouse will adventure to hang the bell about the cat's neck?'" Here the speaker paused; upon which Angus, raising his stalwart form in the midst of the council, briefly and boldly exclaimed, "I will bell the cat!" From this answer he derived the singular cognomen by which he is known in Scottish history.

No sooner had this decision been announced than a knocking was heard at the church door; upon which Douglas of Lochleven, who kept guard there, demanded to know who it was that sought admittance. "It is I, the Earl of Mar," cried the person without. He thought that a council of war had been assembled, and was desirous to be present at their deliberations. The door was gladly opened to the victim, who entered, unsuspicious of danger. "It does not become thee to wear this collar," cried Angus, stepping up to him, and rudely snatching from his neck the gold chain which he wore; "a rope would suit thee better!" "Nor yet this horn," said Douglas of Lochleven, plucking away the jewelled hunting-horn that dangled by his side; "thou hast already hunted after mischief too long!" Cochrane, as fearless as any man present, imagined that nothing more than some rude pleasantry was intended, and asked, "My lords, is this jest or earnest?" The only answer given was his instant seizure; his hands were pinioned, and a guard was placed over him. Having thus secured the principal culprit, the conspirators strode onward to the royal tent; and, before an alarm could be raised in the king's behalf, not only his favourites, but himself also were prisoners in their hands. No trial followed of the men who were already prejudged and doomed. They were dragged to Lauder bridge; and there Torphichen the dancing-master, Hummil the tailor, Rogers the musician, Leonard, Preston, and the other royal favourites, were hanged over the parapet. Cochrane, who felt his "ruling passion strong in death," only requested to be hanged with one of the silken cords from his tent, and not strangled with a hempen rope, like a sorry cur; but, instead of

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acceding to his dying wish, they hanged him over the bridge in a halter of horse hair. After this the nobles disbanded their feudal array, being only anxious to secure the person of the king, while the Duke of Gloucester was enabled to take Berwick without resistance, and advance unopposed to the capital. It was now deemed a fitting time by Angus and his associates to hint at their plan, which they had kept in reserve, of dethroning the king, and placing Albany in his room, under English protection; but the Scottish nobles were not only astonished, but indignant at the idea. They had caballed against the king, and executed summary justice upon his favourites; but to sacrifice the liberties of their country had never entered into their calculations. Bell-the-Cat, therefore, with all his audacity, was obliged to unite with them, not only in opposing the English invasion, but effecting a reconciliation between the royal brothers. After this last measure was accomplished, Angus returned to his disloyal and unnational intrigues, as the principal negotiator of the Duke of Albany with the English government; until, at last, the duke himself was impeached by the Estates as a traitor, and obliged to flee, first to England and afterwards to France, where, a few years after, he was killed, not in actual battle, but in the chance-medley of an idle tournament.

After the departure of the Duke of Albany from the kingdom, the Earl of Angus scarcely appears in Scottish history; or, if his name occurs, it is only incidentally. It is scarcely to be supposed, however, that he remained idle during the plots that were afterwards formed against James III.; and it is certain, that when the rebellion broke out, he was one of the insurgent lords who fought against the royal army at the battle of Sauchie Burn, at which the king was assassinated while he fled from the field. On the accession of James IV., still a minor, the earl was allowed to take his full share in the government; but when the young king had arrived at manhood, his vigorous intellect soon perceived that the lords, who had arrayed him in arms against his father, and procured his advancement to the throne, had only used him as a tool for their own selfish purposes. He therefore regarded them with displeasure; and among the foremost of these was the Earl of Angus, who, in consequence, went to England full of resentment, and there entered into a secret treaty with Henry VII., the particulars of which are unknown. It appears, however, to have been so suspicious, that on his return to Scotland, he was met by an order from the king to confine himself in ward in his castle of Tantallan; and soon after, the lands and lordship of Liddesdale, and the castle of Hermitage, were taken from him, and given to the Earl of Bothwell.

The reign of James IV. was popular and energetic—one of those reigns, indeed, in which neither royal favourite nor royal antagonist can have much hope of success. For years, therefore, extending from 1491 to 1513, we hear nothing in our national annals of the bold ambitious Earl of Angus; and it is probable that during this long interval he quietly took his place as a Scottish councillor in the Estates, and a feudal chief among his retainers, neither suspected nor giving cause of suspicion. It is also not unlikely, that seeing his country in peace, and every year becoming more prosperous, his better feelings may have taught him that those turbulent schemes in which he had been formerly engaged were not, by any means, the best for ultimately accomplishing the happiness and independence of Scotland. That such was the effect of his retrospections, as years advanced upon him, may be charitably concluded from the closing scene of his career.

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That scene was connected with one of the saddest events in Scottish history. Henry VII., the leading feature of whose politics was to keep peace with Scotland, and whose endeavours to that effect had been eminently successful, died; and his son and successsr, Henry VIII., was to the full as quarrelsome as his father had been prudent and conciliatory. Between two such fiery spirits, therefore, as himself and James IV., brothers-in-law though they were, the unwonted tranquillity that had prevailed so long between the two kingdoms could scarcely be expected to last much longer; and, in 1513, James invaded England, at the head of an army one hundred thousand strong. Not only the whole military force, but all the noble houses of Scotland, had been mustered for the occasion; and among the latter was Angus, still, in spite of his former failures, the most powerful peer of the realm. But his experienced eye seems to have soon detected the blunders and anticipated the disastrous close of this expedition, which James commenced with a mere chivalrous freak. He was advancing, forsooth, three steps into English ground to vindicate the beauty and fair name of the Queen of France, as her chosen knight-errant and champion! The king's whole conduct was commensurate with this beginning. He squandered his vast resources in the capture of a few paltry castles; allowed himself to be besotted with the charms of an English lady whom he had taken prisoner, and who deliberately betrayed him to her countrymen; and loitered away his opportunities in her company, until more than half his army had deserted, while the English had assembled in full force. All this Angus witnessed, and witnessed, perhaps, with the bitter consciousness that his past dealings had deprived him of the moral influence by which he might have effectually interposed and arrested the coming ruin. At length, to crown his career of utter madness, James took up his position, and appointed his time for the approaching action, exactly according to the wishes of Surrey, the English general, who piqued the knight-errantry of the former to that effect. It was now time for the Scottish nobles to interpose; and Angus, whose experience, years, and rank entitled him to this privilege, earnestly advised the king either to make an instant attack, or commence a retreat while it was still in his power. But to these wise suggestions the king—across whose mind, perhaps, the scene of Lauder bridge at that moment flitted—replied, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." The earl burst into tears at this degrading taunt, and replied, that his former life might well have spared him such a reproach from his sovereign. "As for myself," he added, "my age renders my body of no service, and my counsel is despised; but I leave my two sons and my vassals in the field. May the end be happy, and my forebodings unfounded!" With these words he rode away from the encampment, accompanied by a few attendants.

His forebodings, alas, were but too well-founded! The battle of Flodden was fought, in which the flower of Scottish manhood and nobleness was "a' wede away;" and the old disconsolate man could scarcely have reached his home, and rested beneath its roof, when the stunning intelligence reached him. But besides this great national calamity, by which Scotland was threatened with a subjugation more complete than any she had yet experienced, Angus himself, both as a father and a feudal chief, was heavily visited by the event; for his two sons, George the Master of Angus, and Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie, were both slain, along with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. In consequence of these tidings, the earl retired to St. Mains in Galloway,

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where he led a life of austere mortification and devotion, which, however, was soon terminated; for he died there about a year after, and his body was buried in the church of St. Mains, while his heart was carried to Douglas, to the resting-place of many of his ancestry. His death occurred about the sixty-first or sixty-second year of his age.

DOUGLAS, David.—It seldom happens in the present day, when the path of knowledge is accompanied with the comforts and facilities of a railway, that the pursuit of science is closed with the honours of martyrdom. In this case, however, the subject of the present memoir forms a rare and mournful exception.

David Douglas was born at Scone, in Perthshire, in the year 1798, and was the son of a working mason. After having received a common education at the parish school of Kinnoul, he was, at an early period, placed as an apprentice in the garden of the Earl of Mansfield, at Scone Palace. In this occupation his favourite pursuit had full scope and development, so that he soon became remarkable in the neighbourhood for his love of reading during the winter, and his researches in quest of wild plants during the months of summer. Thus he continued till his twentieth year, when a still more favourable opportunity of improvement presented itself at Valleyfield, the seat of Sir Robert Preston, in whose garden, famous for its store of rich exotics, he became a workman; and the head gardener of the establishment, Mr. Stewart, having observed the ardour of his young assistant in the study of botany as a science, procured him access to Sir Robert Preston's rich botanical library. From Valleyfield, David Douglas removed to Glasgow, where he was employed as gardener in the Botanic Garden of the university; and here the valuable knowledge he had acquired was so highly estimated by Dr., afterwards Sir William Hooker, the professor of Botany at Glasgow, that he made him the companion of his professional explorations while collecting materials for his "Flora Scotica." In this way Douglas had ample opportunity of improving his knowledge of plants in the Western Highlands, over which these scientific tours extended, as well as recommending himself to the favourable notice of one who could well appreciate his acquirements. The result was, that Professor Hooker recommended his talented assistant as a botanical collector to the Horticultural Society of London, by whom he was sent in 1823 to the United States, for the purpose of enriching our home collection in botany with choice transatlantic specimens; and this he successfully accomplished, by bringing home before the close of the year many fine plants, as well as a valuable collection of fruit trees, by which the store of the society in the latter important production was materially augmented.

The zeal and ability which Douglas had shown on this occasion soon procured his employment in a wider field of enterprise. This was to explore the botanical resources of the country adjoining the Columbia River, and southwards towards California, and ascertain its multifarious productions. He left England for this purpose in July 1824, and as soon as the vessel touched the shore he commenced his operations. This was at Rio-de-Janeiro, where a large collection of rare orchidaceous plants and bulbs rewarded his labours. Among these bulbs was a new species of gesneria, hitherto unknown to the botanists of England, and which Mr. Sabine, the secretary of the Horticultural Society, named the *G. Douglassii*, in honour of its discoverer. So rich was the soil, and so plentiful the productions of this part of South America, that Douglas, who could here have increased his scientific treasures to an indefinite extent, was obliged to

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leave it with regret. In doubling Cape Horn, he shot several curious birds, only to be found in these latitudes, and carefully prepared them for being brought home. The vessel touched at the island of Juan Fernandez, that romantic residence of Alexander Selkirk; and Douglas, who was delighted with its wooded scenery and soil, sowed here a plentiful collection of garden seeds, in the hope that some future Robinson Crusoe would be comforted by the produce, should such a person again become its tenant. On the 7th of April, 1825, he arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, where his proper mission was to commence; and here his fitness for it was well attested, by the immense collection of seeds and dried specimens which he transmitted to the Horticultural Society at home. Among his discoveries were several species of a pine of enormous size, one of these, belonging to the class which he called the *Pinus Lambertiana*, in honour of Mr. Lambert, vice-president of the Linnæan Society, measuring 215 feet in height, and 57 feet 9 inches in circumference. The cones of this forest Titan, of which he sent home specimens, were sixteen inches long, and eleven in circumference. But they had something else than mere bulk to recommend them; for their kernel, which is pleasant to the taste, and nutritious, is roasted or pounded into cakes by the Indians, and used as an important article of food; while the resin of the tree, on being subjected to the action of fire, acquires a sweet taste, and is used by the natives as sugar. After having spent two years in the country adjoining the Columbia, and exploring it in every direction, Douglas, in the spring of 1827, left Fort Vancouver, and crossed the Rocky Mountains to Hudson's Bay, where he met Sir John Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Captain Back, on their way homeward from their second overland Arctic expedition, with whom he returned to England. His successful labours in botanical science, and the important additions he had made to it, insured him a hearty welcome among the most distinguished of the scientific scholars in London; so that, without solicitation, and free of all expense, he was elected a fellow of the Geological, Zoological, and Linnæan Societies. He was also requested to publish his travels, and a liberal offer to this effect was made to him by Mr. Murray, the publisher; but though he commenced the undertaking, he did not live to complete it, so that his authorship was confined to several papers which he contributed to the "Transactions" of the three societies of which he was elected a fellow; and extracts from his letters to Dr. Hooker, which were published in "Brewster's Edinburgh Journal" for January, 1828.

After remaining in London for two years, Mr. Douglas resumed his duties, and set off upon that last scientific tour which was destined to a melancholy termination. He returned to the Columbia River in 1829, and after some time spent in exploration among his former fields of research, which he prosecuted with his wonted ardour and success, he went to the Sandwich Islands. The inhabitants of these islands being in the practice of trapping wild bulls in pits dug for the purpose, Mr. Douglas, one evening, after a few months' residence, fell into one of these excavations, in which an animal had been previously snared; and the fierce creature, already maddened by its captivity, fell upon him, so that next morning he was found dead, and his body dreadfully mangled. This tragical event occurred on the 12th of July, 1834.

Thus prematurely, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, was the life of this enterprising traveller and skilful botanist cut short. The value of his discoveries, even in so brief a career, it would be difficult fully to appreciate. He introduced into our country almost all the new hardy plants that enrich our

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gardens. To these may be added many ornamental shrubs, as well as valuable timber trees that adorn our sylvan plantations, and give promise of extensive future advantage to Britain. Of the plants alone, which are too numerous to specify in this work, he introduced fifty-three of the woody, and 145 of the herbaceous genus, while his dried collection of Californian plants alone consists of about 800 different kinds. He was thus no mere curiosity hunter, but a benefactor to society at large; and it may be, that while new productions are implanted in our soil, and naturalized in our climate, the name of the humble but sagacious and enterprising individual who thus benefited our country for ages to come, will pass into utter forgetfulness. But if he has been unable to command immortality, he has done more—he has deserved it.

DOUGLAS, James, Earl of Douglas.—This distinguished warrior, the close of whose life was so brilliant and romantic, was the second who bore the title of the earldom. From his earliest years he had been trained to warfare, in which his deeds were so remarkable that he was intrusted with high command, while the utmost confidence was reposed in his valour and leadership. This was especially the case in his final expedition, which was crowned by the victory of Otterburn.

At this period, Robert II., High Steward of Scotland, and son-in-law of Robert Bruce, was seated upon the throne of Scotland. His youth had been spent in war, in which he showed great activity and courage; but after his accession to the crown, he relapsed into a peaceful state, that was supposed by his impatient nobles to be merely the result of indolence. With this character he had already ruled eighteen years, while the war of independence against England still continued to rage; but notwithstanding his inertness, the valour of the Scottish nobility, and especially the Douglases, had succeeded in repelling every English inroad. At length, in 1388, a favourable opportunity seemed to have arrived of carrying an invasion into England. The Black Prince, the great terror of France and prop of the English crown, was dead. Richard II., the King of England, now only twenty-one years old, was ruling with all the folly and arrogance of boyhood; his council was rent with divisions and feuds, the nobility were arrayed against him, while the commons, lately awakened into a sense of their rights by the Wat Tyler insurrection, were equally hostile to the king who misruled, and to the chiefs who impoverished and oppressed them. This state of things presented an opportunity for retaliation and plunder which the Scots could not resist, and they resolved to change their defensive into an aggressive warfare. A council was held for this purpose at Edinburgh; and although Robert II. was opposed to the dangerous measure, his wishes were disregarded. A military muster of the kingdom was ordered to meet at Yetholm, and on the day appointed an army was assembled, composed of the chief force of Scotland. Forty thousand spearmen, including a band of Scottish archers, and twelve hundred men-at-arms, were mustered upon the field of meeting—a greater force than that which had sufficed to achieve the victory of Bannockburn. The Earl of Fife, the king's second son, to whom the leading of this expedition had been committed, was neither a brave soldier nor a skilful general, but he had craft and policy enough to pass for both, while his chief captains were men inured to war, and well acquainted with the northern borders of England. The great question now at issue was the manner in which the invasion should be conducted, and the part of the English border that could be best assailed; and this was soon settled by a fortunate incident. The English

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wardens, alarmed at this formidable muster, had sent a squire, disguised as a Scottish man-at-arms, to ascertain its nature and purposes, in which he was fully successful; but, on returning, he found that his horse, which he had tied to a tree in a neighbouring forest, had been stolen by some border freebooter. Encumbered by his armour, and suspected to be other than he seemed, from thus travelling on foot in such an array, he was soon pounced upon by the light-heeled outposts, and brought before the Scottish lords, to whom he made a full confession of all the plans and preparations of his masters. Judging it unsafe to hazard a pitched battle against so large an army, they had resolved to remain quiet until the Scots had crossed the marches, after which they would break in upon Scotland at some undefended point, and work their will in a counter-invasion. This intelligence decided the Scottish lords upon a plan that should at once have the invasion of England and the defence of their own country for its object. Their army was to be divided, and England invaded both by the eastern and western marches, so that the enemy should find sufficient occupation in their own country. In pursuance of this plan, the Earl of Fife, with the bulk of the army, marched through Liddesdale and Galloway, intending to advance upon Carlisle, while the other inroad was to break into Northumberland. As this last was designed for the lightest part of the campaign, not more than three hundred knights and men-at-arms, and about two thousand foot, were allotted to the service; but they were placed under the command of James, Earl of Douglas, who, though young, was already accounted one of the most practised and skilful leaders of the country. He was accompanied by George and John Dunbar, Earls of March and Moray, and several of the most distinguished Scottish knights, who were proud to serve under such a commander.

All being in readiness, the Earl of Douglas commenced the campaign by entering Northumberland. He crossed the Tyne, and by swift and secret marches approached Durham, having given orders to his army not to commence plundering until they had passed that city. It was then only that the English were aware of an enemy in the midst of them, by conflagration and havoc among their richest districts, while the course of the Scots, as they shifted hither and thither by rapid marches, could only be traced by burning villages and a dun atmosphere of smoke. The English, in the meantime, kept within their walls, imagining that this small body was the advanced guard of the main army, instead of an unsupported band of daring assailants. This was especially the case in Newcastle, where Henry Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, famed in English history under the name of Hotspur; Sir Ralph, his brother, whose valour was scarcely inferior to his own, with many gallant knights and border barons, and a numerous host of military retainers, instead of sallying out, held themselves in readiness for a siege. At length, having wasted the country for miles, and enriched themselves with plunder, the Scots prepared to retreat as rapidly as they had advanced, and had marched as far as Newcastle on their return, when Douglas and his brave companions in arms resolved to halt two days before its ramparts, and dare the defenders to come forth and do their worst. This defiance, which breathed the full spirit of chivalry, was not likely to reach the Hotspur's ears in vain; the gates and sally-ports of Newcastle were thrown open, and numerous bands of the English rushed out, headed by their far-famed leader, while the skirmishes that extended over the two days were both frequent and desperate. At length, in one of these encounters, Douglas and Hotspur met front to front, and between these two, each reckoned the bravest of his country,

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a hand-to-hand combat ensued, such as the wars of Scotland and England had seldom witnessed. In the furious close of the joust, Hotspur was unhorsed, and but for the rescue that interposed, would have been taken prisoner; while Douglas, seizing the lance of his fallen antagonist, with its silken embroidered pennon attached to it, waved it aloft in triumph, and exclaimed in the hearing of both armies, "I will bear this token of your prowess into Scotland, and set it on high on my castle of Dalkeith!" "That shalt thou never do," cried Percy in return; "you may be sure you shall not pass the bounds of this country till you be met with in such wise, that you shall make no vaunting thereof." "Well, sir," replied the Douglas, "come then this night to my encampment, and there seek for your pennon." Thus ended their ominous conference.

After a challenge so given and received, a conflict was inevitable, and Douglas, in continuing his retreat, marched in order of battle, and ready for any sudden onslaught of the enemy. At length the Scots reached the castle and village of Otterburn, about twenty-eight miles from Newcastle, on the second day of their march, and would have continued their progress into Scotland unmolested, but for the earnest entreaties of Earl Douglas, who besought them to stay a few days there, to give Hotspur an opportunity of redeeming his pennon. To this they consented, and chose their ground with considerable military skill, having their encampment defended in front and on one side by a marsh, and on the other by a hill. They had not long to wait. Burning with eagerness to recover his lost pennon and retrieve his tarnished honour, and learning at length that the small force under the Earl of Douglas was unsupported by the army, Hotspur left Newcastle after dinner, and commenced a rapid march in pursuit of the Scots. By waiting a little longer for the Bishop of Durham, who was hastening to his assistance, his army might have been doubled, and his success insured; but as it was, he greatly outnumbered his opponents, as he was followed by eight thousand foot and six hundred lances. In the evening he reached the encampment of the Scots, who, after a day of weary seige against the castle of Otterburn, had betaken themselves to rest, but were roused by the cry of "A Percy! a Percy!" that announced the coming foe. They instantly sprung to their feet, and betook themselves to their weapons. But without giving further time, the English commenced with an impetuous onset upon the front of the Scottish army, drawn up behind the marsh; through which, wearied with a hasty pursuit, they were obliged to flounder as they best could. And now it was that the admirable generalship of Douglas, in selecting and fortifying his encampment, was fully apparent. The front ranks thus assailed, and who bore the first brunt of the battle, were not regular soldiers, but suttlers and camp followers, placed in charge of the plundered horses and cattle, and whose position was strongly fortified with the carriages and waggons that were laden with English spoil. Although only armed with knives and clubs, these men, sheltered by their strong defences, made such a stubborn resistance as kept the enemy for a time at bay, and still farther confirmed them in the delusion that the whole Scottish force was now in action.

Not a moment of the precious interval thus afforded was lost by the Earl of Douglas. At the first alarm he started from supper, where he and his knights sat in their gowns and doublets, and armed in such haste that his armour was unclasped in many places. The regular troops were encamped upon firm ground behind the marsh; and these he suddenly drew up, and silently marched round the small wooded hill that flanked their position, so that when the English had

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forced the barrier of waggons, and believed that all was now their own, they were astounded at the apparition of the whole Scottish army advancing upon them from an unexpected quarter, with the honoured Douglas banner of the crowned heart floating over its head. They had thus been wasting their valour upon the scum of the invaders, and the real battle was still to be fought and won! Furious with disappointment, Hotspur drew up his men in new order for the coming onset. Even yet he might be the victor, for his soldiers not only outnumbered the enemy by three to one, but were equal in discipline, and superior in military equipments. It seemed inevitable that the banner of the crowned heart must be thrown down and trodden in the dust, unless the skilful head and mighty arm of its lord could maintain its honours against such a fearful disparity. The combatants closed by the light of an autumnal moon, that shone with an uncertain glimmer upon their mail, and half revealed their movements, as they shifted to and fro in the struggle of life and death. Thus they continued hour after hour, while neither party thought of yielding, although the ground was slippery with blood, and covered with the dead and dying—each closed in deadly grapple with his antagonist, that he might make his stroke more sure in the dim changeful moonlight. At length there appeared a wavering among the Scots; they reeled, and began to give back before the weight of superior numbers, when Douglas, finding that he must set his life upon a cast, prepared himself for a final personal effort. He ordered his banner to be advanced, and brandishing in both hands a heavy battle-axe, such as few men could wield, he shouted his war-cry of "A Douglas!" and rushed into the thickest of the press. At every stroke an enemy went down, and a lane was cleared before his onset; but his ardour carried him so far in advance, that he soon found himself unsupported, and three spears bore him to the earth, each inflicting a mortal wound. Some time elapsed before his gallant companions could overtake his onward career. At length the Earl of March, with his brother of Moray, who had entered battle with such haste that he had fought all night without his helmet, and Sir James Lindsay, one of the most stalwart of Scottish knights, cleared their way to the spot, where they found their brave commander dying, while none was beside him but William Lundie, his chaplain, a soldier priest, who had followed his steps through the whole conflict, and now stood ready, lance in hand, beside his master, to defend him in his last moments. Lindsay was the first who recognized the dying Douglas, and stooping down, he asked him how he fared. "But indifferently," replied the earl; "but blessed be God, most of my ancestors have died on fields of battle, and not on beds of down. There is a prophecy in our house, that a dead Douglas shall win a field, and I think that this night it will be accomplished. Conceal my death, raise my banner, shout my war-cry, and revenge my fall." With these words he expired.

In obedience to the dying injunctions of Douglas, his companions concealed the body among the tall fern that grew beside it, raised aloft his standard that was reeling amidst the conflict, and shouted the Douglas war-cry, as if he was still at their head; while the English, who knew that some mighty champion had lately fallen, but were ignorant that it was the Scottish leader, gave back in turn at the sound of his dreaded name. The Scots, who also believed that he was still alive, seconded the fresh onset of their leaders, and advanced with such renewed courage, that the English were at last routed, driven from the field, and dispersed, after their bravest had fallen, or been taken prisoners.

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Among the last was Hotspur himself, who had fought through the whole affray with his wonted prowess; Sir Ralph, his brother, who was grievously wounded; the seneschal of York, the captain of Berwick, and several English knights and gentlemen, who were esteemed the choice of their border chivalry.

Such was the battle of Otterburn, fought in the month of August, and in the year 1388. The loss of the English attests the pertinacity of the engagement, for they had eighteen hundred killed, about a thousand wounded, and as many taken prisoners. Such a victory also evinces, more than the most laboured eulogium, the high military skill of the Earl of Douglas, so that, had he lived, his renown might have worthily taken a place by the side of the hero of Bannockburn. But he died while still young, and achieved the victory even when dead by the terror of his name—a different fate from that of his gallant rival, Henry Percy, who was first a traitor to Richard II., his natural sovereign, and afterwards to Henry IV., a usurper, whom he had mainly contributed to elevate to the throne, and who finally died a proclaimed rebel on the field of Shrewsbury, amidst disaster and defeat. On the day after the engagement, the bishop of Durham, whose movements had been anticipated by the impetuosity of Hotspur, arrived upon the field, at the head of ten thousand horse, and a large array of foot—an army sufficient, as it seemed, to trample down the victors at a single charge. But the spirit of Douglas was still among his followers, so that under the command of Moray, they drew up in their former position, and showed themselves as ready for a second combat as they had been for the first; and the bishop, daunted by their bold appearance, drew off his forces, and retired without a blow. The Scots then resumed their route homeward unmolested; but instead of a joyful triumphal march, as it might well have been after such a victory, it was rather a sad and slow funeral procession, in the centre of which was a car that conveyed the body of their hero to the burial-place of his illustrious ancestors. It is not often thus that a soldier's love and sympathy so overwhelm a soldier's pride, in the full flush of his success. The funeral was performed with pompous military honours in the Abbey of Melrose, while the epitaph of the departed was indelibly engraven in the hearts of his countrymen and the page of Scottish history.

DOUGLAS, William.—William Douglas, knight of Liddesdale, otherwise well known in Scottish history by the title of the Flower of Chivalry, has been reckoned, on the authority of John de Fordun, to have been a natural son of Sir James Douglas, the companion in arms of Robert Bruce, and as such he is generally mentioned by our Scottish historians. Others, however, make him out to have been lawful son of Sir James Douglas of Loudon. It is in vain to inquire into the date of birth, or early life of the distinguished personages of this period, as the first notice we generally receive of them is in some historic action, when they had attained the age of manhood. Sir William became possessor of the lands of Liddesdale, through marriage with Margaret Graham, daughter of Sir John Graham, lord of Abercorn. His first military exploit was the surprise and discomfiture of John Baliol at Annan, after the battle of Dupplin. On this occasion, the knight of Liddesdale marched under the banner of Andrew Murray, Earl of Bothwell; and so successful was the small band of Scottish patriots, that the adherents of the usurper were completely routed by a sudden night attack, Baliol himself escaping with difficulty, and more than half-naked, upon an unsaddled and unbridled horse, into England. In the following year (1333) Sir William was not so fortunate. Having been appointed

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warden of the west marches, in consequence of his able conduct in the surprise at Annan, his district was soon invaded by the English, under Sir Anthony de Lucy; and in a battle which ensued near Lochmaben, towards the end of March, Douglas was taken prisoner, and carried to Edward III., by whose command he was put in irons, and imprisoned for two years. During this interval the battle of Halidon Hill occurred, in which the Scots were defeated with great slaughter, and their country again subdued. But in 1335, the knight of Liddesdale was set free, on payment of a heavy ransom; and on returning to Scotland, he was one of the nobles who sat in the parliament held at Dairsie, near Cupar-Fife, in the same year. He had not long been at liberty when a full opportunity occurred of vindicating the liberties of his country, and the rightful sovereignty of his young king, now a minor, and living in France. Count Guy of Namur having crossed the sea to aid the English, invaded Scotland with a considerable body of his foreign men-at-arms, and advanced as far as Edinburgh, the castle of which was at that time dismantled. A furious conflict commenced between these new invaders and the Scots on the Boroughmuir, in which the latter were on the point of being worsted, when the knight of Liddesdale opportunely came down from the Pentlands with a reinforcement, and defeated the enemy, who retired for shelter to the ruins of the castle, where they slew their horses, and made a rampart of their dead bodies. But hunger and thirst at last compelled these brave foreigners to capitulate, and they were generously allowed to return to England unmolested, on condition of serving no longer in a Scottish invasion.

This successful skirmish was followed by several others, in which the knight of Liddesdale took an important share. He then passed over into Fife, and took in succession the castles of St. Andrews, Falkland, and Leuchars, that held out for the English. After this he returned to Lothian, and betook himself to his favourite haunts of the Pentlands, thence to sally out against the English as occasion offered. The chief object of his solicitude was Edinburgh Castle, which he was eager to wrest from the enemy. On one of these occasions, learning that the English soldiers in the town had become confident and careless, he at night suddenly rushed down upon them from his fastnesses, and slew 400 of their number while they were stupified with sleep and drunkenness. It was to a warfare in detail of this description that the Scots invariably betook themselves when the enemy were in too great force to be encountered in a general action; and it was by such skirmishes that they generally recovered their national freedom, even when their cause seemed to be at the worst. After this, by a series of daring enterprises, William Douglas recovered Teviotdale, Annandale, Nithsdale, and Clydesdale from the English. These successes so raised his reputation, that Henry, earl of Derby, who was appointed to the command of the English troops in Scotland, was eager to try his valour in single combat with the bold insurgent. They accordingly encountered on horseback at Berwick, but at the first career, Douglas was so severely wounded in the hand by accident with his own lance, that the combat had to be stayed. Soon after, the knight of Liddesdale, in an encounter with Sir Thomas Barclay, was worsted, with the loss of all his followers except three, himself escaping with difficulty through the darkness of the night. But this mischance he soon retrieved by a series of skirmishes, in which, with greatly inferior numbers, he routed the English, and shook their possession of Scotland. But his most remarkable exploit of this nature was a desperate encounter, or rather series of encounters, which he had in the course

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of one day with Sir Laurence Abernethy, a leader of the party of Baliol. On this occasion Sir William Douglas was four times defeated; but with unconquerable pertinacity he still returned to the charge, and in the fifth was completely victorious. It was by these exploits, and especially the last, that he worthily won the title of the "Flower of Chivalry." After this he was sent by the High Steward, now governor of Scotland, to France, to communicate the state of affairs to his young sovereign, David, and obtain assistance from the French king. In this mission he was so successful, that he soon returned with a squadron of five French ships of war, that sailed up the Tay to aid the Steward, at this time employed in the siege of Perth, which was held by the English. Sir William joined the besiegers, but was wounded in the leg by a javelin discharged from a springald, and unfitted for a time for further action. So opportune, however, was his arrival with the reinforcement, that the Scots, who were about to abandon the siege, resumed it with fresh vigour, and Perth was soon after taken.

The cause of Baliol was now at so low an ebb, and the country so cleared of the enemy, that little remained in their possession except the castle of Edinburgh, from which the knight of Liddesdale was eager to expel them. But the garrison were so numerous, and the defences so strong, that an open siege was hopeless, and he therefore had recourse to stratagem. He prevailed upon a merchant sea-captain of Dundee, named Walter Curry, to bring his ship round to the Forth, and pretend to be an Englishman pursued by the Scots, and desirous of the protection of the castle, offering at the same time to supply the garrison with provisions. The stratagem succeeded. The commander of the castle bespoke a cargo of victuals on the following morning, and Douglas, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, at the head of 200 followers, at this intelligence disguised himself and twelve of his men with the gray frocks of the mariners thrown over their armour, and joined the convoy of Curry. The gates were opened, and the draw-bridge lowered to give entrance to the waggons and their pretended drivers; but as soon as they came under the gateway, they stabbed the warder, and blew a horn to summon the rest of their party to the spot. Before these could arrive, the cry of treason rang through the castle, and brought the governor and his soldiers upon the daring assailants, who would soon have been overpowered, but for their gallant defence in the narrow gateway, while they had taken the precaution so to arrange the waggons that the portcullis could not be lowered. In the meantime, the followers of Douglas rushed up the castle hill, and entered the conflict, which they maintained with such vigour, that the whole garrison were put to the sword, except Limosin, the governor, and six squires, who escaped. After this important acquisition, the knight of Liddesdale placed the castle under the command of Archibald Douglas, one of his relatives.

Scotland was thus completely freed from the enemy, and the people were impatient for the return of their king from France, to which country he had been sent in boyhood, during the ascendancy of the Baliol faction. Accordingly, David II., now in his eighteenth year, landed at Innerbervie on the 4th of June, 1341, and was received with rapture by his subjects, who recognized in him the pledge of their national freedom, as well as the son of their "good king Robert." But this feeling was soon damped by the difficulties of the young sovereign's position, as well as the indiscretions of his government. As for the knight of Liddesdale, he, like his compatriots, had so long been accustomed to independent military command during the interregnum, that he was unwilling to sub-

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mit to royal authority when it opposed his own personal interests; and of this he soon gave a fatal proof, in the foul murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsie, as brave a leader and a better man than himself, because the latter was appointed keeper of Roxburgh Castle, and sheriff of Teviotdale, offices which Douglas thought should have been conferred upon himself, as he had recovered these places from the enemy with much toil and hazard. The particulars of this revolting atrocity are too well known, both from history and popular tradition, to require a further account. It is enough to state that after such a deed—as cowardly as it was cruel, even according to the principles of chivalry itself—the knight of Liddesdale continued to be entitled, as well as esteemed, the "Flower of Chivalry;" and that David II., so far from being able to punish the murderer, was obliged to invest him with the office for the sake of which the crime had been committed.

After this action, and during the short interval of peace that continued between England and Scotland, the character of Sir William Douglas, hitherto so distinguished for patriotism, appears to have become very questionable. This has been ascertained from the fact, that Edward III. was already tampering with him to forsake the Scottish, and join the English interests, and for this purpose had appointed Henry de Percy, Maurice de Berkeley, and Thomas de Lacy "his commissioners," as their missive fully expressed it, "with full powers to treat of, and conclude a treaty with William Douglas, to receive him into our faith, peace, and amity, and to secure him in a reward." Such a negotiation could scarcely have been thought of, unless Douglas, even already had been exhibiting symptoms of most unpatriotic wavering. He held several meetings, not only with these commissioners, but also with Baliol himself, and appears to have fully accorded to their proposals, and agreed to accept the wages of the English king. But whether the promised advantages were too uncertain, or the risk of such a change of principle too great, the treaty was abruptly broken off; and Douglas, as if to quell all suspicion, made a furious inroad, at the head of a large force, across the English border, although the truce between the two countries still continued; burnt Carlisle and Penrith; and after a skirmish with the English, in which the bishop of Carlisle was unhorsed, he retreated hastily into Scotland. By this act the truce was at an end, and David II., believing the opportunity to be favourable for a great English invasion, as Edward III. with the flower of his army was now in France, assembled a numerous army, with which he advanced to the English border, and took the castle of Liddel after a six days' siege. It was now that the knight of Liddesdale counselled a retreat. His experience had taught him the strength of the English northern counties, and the warlike character of their barons, and perhaps he had seen enough of the military character of David to question his fitness for such a difficult enterprise. But his advice was received both by king and nobles with indignation and scorn. "Must we only fight for *your* gain?" they fiercely replied; "you have filled your own coffers with English gold, and secured your own lands by our valour, and now you would restrain us from our share in the plunder?" They added, that England was now emptied of its best defenders, so that nothing stood between them and a march even to London itself, but cowardly priests and base hinds and mechanics. Thus, even already, the moral influence of William Douglas was gone, the patriotic character of his past achievements went for nothing, and he was obliged to follow in a career where he had no leading voice, and for which he could anticipate nothing but defeat and disaster.

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The Scottish army continued its inroad of merciless desolation and plunder until it came near Durham, when it encamped at a place which Fordun calls Beau-repair, but is now well known by the name of Bear Park. It was as ill-chosen as any locality could have been for such a purpose; for the Scottish troops, that depended so much upon unity of action for success, were divided into irregular unconnected masses by the hedges and ditches with which the ground was interscected, so that they resembled sheep inclosed within hurdles, ready for selection and slaughter; while the ground surrounding their encampment was so undulating that an enemy could approach them before they were aware. And that enemy, without their knowing it, was now within six miles of their encampment. The English barons had bestirred themselves so effectually that they were at the head of a numerous force, and ready to meet the invaders on equal terms. On the morning of the day on which the battle occurred, the knight of Liddesdale, still fearing the worst, rode out at the head of a strong body of cavalry, to ascertain the whereabouts of the English, and procure forage and provisions; but he had not rode far when he unexpectedly found himself in front of their whole army. He was instantly assailed by overwhelming multitudes, and, after a fierce resistance, compelled to flee, after losing 500 men-at-arms; while the first intelligence which the Scots received of the enemy's approach was from the return of Douglas on the spur, with the few survivors, who leaped the inclosures, and their pursuers, who drew bridle, and waited the coming of their main body. Into the particulars of the fatal conflict that followed, commonly called the battle of Durham, which was fought on the 17th of October, 1346, it is not our purpose at present to enter: it was to the Scots a mournful but fitting conclusion to an attempt rashly undertaken, and wise counsels scornfully rejected. Fifteen thousand of their soldiers fell; their king, and the chief of their knights and nobles, were taken prisoners; and among the latter was Sir William Douglas, who, along with the Earl of Moray, had commanded the right wing. He was again to become the inmate of an English prison! The capture of such an enemy, also, was reckoned so important, that Robert de Bertram, the soldier who took him prisoner, obtained a pension of 200 merks to him and his heirs, until the king, now absent in France, should provide him in lands of equal value.

The history of a prisoner is commonly a blank; but to this the captivity of Douglas forms an exception. He was still able to nurse his feuds and wreak his resentments, and of this Sir David Berkeley soon had fatal experience. This man, who had assassinated Sir John Douglas, brother of the knight of Liddesdale, was himself assassinated by Sir John St. Michael, purchased, as was alleged, to commit this deed by Sir William himself. This occurred in 1350, after the latter had been in prison nearly four years. In the meantime, Edward III. being in want of money for the prosecution of his French wars, endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by the ransom of the prisoners taken at the battle of Durham, so that many of the Scottish nobles were enabled to return to their homes; but from this favour the knight of Liddesdale was excepted. The king of England knew his high military renown and influence in Scotland; and it is probable that upon these qualities, combined with the knight's unscrupulous moral character, he depended greatly for the furtherance of a scheme which he had now at heart. This was the possession of Scotland, not, however, by conquest, which had been already tried in vain, or through the vice-royalty of Baliol, who was now thrown aside as a worthless instrument, but through the volun-

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tary consent and cession of king David himself. David was a childless man; he was weary of his captivity, and ready to purchase liberty on any terms; and the High Steward of Scotland, who had been appointed his successor by the Scottish Parliament, failing heirs of his own body, had shown little anxiety for the liberation of his captive sovereign. On these several accounts David was easily induced to enter into the purposes of the English king. The knight of Liddesdale was also persuaded to purchase his liberty upon similar terms; and thus Scotland had for its betrayers its own king and the bravest of its champions. The conditions into which Douglas entered with Edward III. in this singular treaty were the following:—He bound himself and his heirs to serve the king of England in all wars whatever, except against his own nation; with the proviso annexed, that he might renounce, if he pleased, the benefit of this exception: That he should furnish ten men-at-arms and ten light horsemen, for three months, at his own charges: That, should the French or other foreigners join the Scots, or the Scots join the French or other foreigners in invading England, he should do his utmost to annoy all the invaders "except the Scots:" That he should not openly, or in secret, give counsel or aid against the king of England or his heirs, in behalf of his own nation or of any others: That the English should do no hurt to his lands or his people, and his people do no hurt to the English, except in self-defence: That he should permit the English at all times to pass through his lands without molestation: That he should renounce all claim to the castle of Liddel: and that should the English, or the men of the estates of the knight of Liddesdale, injure each other, by firing houses or stack-yards, plundering, or committing any such offences, the treaty should not thereby be annulled; but that the parties now contracting should forthwith cause the damage to be mutually liquidated and repaired. To these strange terms Douglas was to subscribe by oath for their exact fulfilment, on pain of being held a disloyal and perjured man and a false liar (what else did such a treaty make him?); and that he should give his daughter and his nearest male heir as hostages, to remain in the custody of the king of England for two years. In return for all this he was to be released from captivity, and to have a grant of the territory of Liddesdale, Hermitage Castle, and certain lands in the interior of Annandale.

Sir William, having obtained his liberty at such a shameful price, returned to Scotland, and attempted to put his treasonable designs in execution. But during his absence another William Douglas had taken his place in influence and estimation. This was the nephew of the good Sir James, also his own god-son, who, having been bred to arms in the wars in France, had returned to Scotland, and assumed his place as the head of the Douglases, a position which his valour was well fitted to maintain, for he quickly drove the English from Douglasdale, Ettrick Forest, and Teviotdale. To him the knight of Liddesdale applied, in the hope of winning him over to the cause of Edward; but this nobleman not only rejected the base proposal, but, being made thus aware of the treachery on foot, assembled his vassals, broke into Galloway, and compelled the barons of that wild district to renounce the cause of England, and return to their rightful allegiance. Soon after, Annandale, which the treacherous knight had designed to make the head-quarters of his perfidious movements, was overrun and occupied by the High Steward and his son. Thus Sir William was foiled at every point, and that chiefly through the agency of his own god-son, whom he therefore hated with a deadly hatred. These failures were soon closed by a deadly termination. One day, while the knight of Liddesdale was hunting in

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the depths of Ettrick Forest, he was set upon and slain at a place called Galford, by a band of armed men employed for that purpose by Lord William himself. The causes of such a deed—which in the estimation of the church was nothing less than spiritual parricide, on account of the religious relationship of the parties—can scarcely be found in the contending interests of the rivals, and the mutual injuries that had passed between them; and therefore it was alleged that the "Flower of Chivalry," whose morals were those of too many knights of the period, had seduced the affections of Lord William's wife, and was thus requited for his crime. Such was the report of the time, and Fordun has quoted the following verse from an ancient ballad upon the subject:—

> "The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,
> And loudly there did she eall,
> 'It is for the lord of Liddesdale
> That I let the tears down fall.'"

The body, on being found, was carried to Linden Kirk, a chapel in Ettrick Forest, and afterwards interred in Melrose Abbey. But by his murder of Ramsay, as well as his subsequent treason, Sir William Douglas had obliterated the recollection of his great and gallant deeds, so that he died unregretted, and was soon forgot.

DOUGLAS, Sir William, was the illegitimate son of Sir Archibald, lord of Galloway, commonly called the Black Douglas; but in those days the bend sinister upon the shield of one who was otherwise a good knight and true, was not attended with the opprobrium that branded it in earlier or later periods. Of all the heroes of the illustrious house from which he sprung, Sir William appears to have been the most amiable; while in deeds of arms, although his career was cut short at an early period, he equalled the greatest of his name His personal advantages, in an age when these were of highest account, corresponded with his reputation; for he was not only of a beautiful counte nance, but a tall, commanding form; while his strength was such that few could cope with him on equal terms. His manners also were so gentle and engaging, that he was as much the delight of his friends as he was the terror of his enemies.* He was a young warrior, in short, whom Homer would have selected as his hero, or early Greece have exalted into a demigod. As his career was to be so brief, it was early commenced; for we find, that while still very young, he was distinguished not only by his personal feats of valour, but his abilities as a leader, so that in his many skirmishes with the English he was generally successful, even when the latter were greatly superior in numbers. Nor were the charms of romance wanting to complete his history. Robert II., his sovereign, had a beautiful daughter, called Egidia, who was sought in marriage not only by the noblest of her father's court, but by the king of France, who, in the true fashion of chivalry, had fallen in love with her from the descriptions of his knights that had visited Scotland as auxiliaries, and who privately sent a painter thither, that he might obtain her picture. But to the highest nobility, and even to royalty itself, Egidia preferred the landless and illegitimate, but

* John de Fordun thus sums up his qualities, both corporeal and mental:—"Hic homo niger colore; non multum carnosus, sed ossosus; forma giganteus, erectus et procerus, strenuus et affabilis, dulcis et amabilis, liberalis et lætus, fidus et facetus." The fidelity of this description may be relied upon, from the fact that de Fordun speaks of Sir William as one of his contemporaries.

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brave, good, and attractive Sir William Douglas, who had no inheritance but his sword. It was wonderful that in such a case the course of true love should have run smooth: but so it did. Robert II. approved of her affection, and gave her hand to the young knight, with the fair lordship of Nithsdale for her dowry.

Sir William was not permitted to rest long in peace with a beautiful princess for his bride; for the piracies of the Irish upon the coast of Galloway, in the neighbourhood of his new possession, summoned him to arms. Resolved to chastise the pirates upon their own territory, and in their own strongholds, he mustered a force of five hundred lances and their military attendants, crossed the Irish sea, and made a descent upon the coast in the neighbourhood of the town of Carlingford. Being unable to procure boats for the landing of his small army simultaneously, he advanced with a part of it, and made a bold assault upon the outworks of the town. Struck with terror, the inhabitants, even though their ramparts were still unscaled, made proposals for a treaty of surrender; and to obtain sufficient time to draw up the terms, they promised a large sum of money. Sir William Douglas received their envoys with courtesy, and trusting to their good faith in keeping the armistice, he sent out 200 of his soldiers, under the command of Robert Stuart, laird of Durriesdeer, to bring provisions to his ships. But it was a hollow truce on the part of the men of Carlingford, for they sent by night a messenger to Dundalk, where the English were in greatest force, representing the small number of the Scots, and the ease with which they might be overpowered. Five hundred English horse rode out of Dundalk at the welcome tidings, and came down unexpectedly upon the Scots, while the men of Carlingford sallied from their gates in great numbers, to aid in trampling down their enemies, who in the faith of the truce were employed in lading their vessels. But Douglas instantly drew up his small band into an impenetrable phalanx; their long spears threw off the attacks of the cavalry; and notwithstanding their immense superiority, the enemy were completely routed, and driven off the field. For this breach of treaty the town of Carlingford was burnt to the ground, and fifteen merchant ships, laden with goods, that lay at anchor in the harbour, were seized by the Scots. On returning homeward, Douglas landed on the Isle of Man, which he ravaged, and after this his little armament, enriched with spoil, anchored safely in Loch Ryan, in Galloway.

As soon as he had stepped on shore, Sir William heard, for the first time, of the extensive inroad that had commenced upon the English border in 1388, which ended in the victory of Otterburn; and eager for fresh honour, instead of returning home, he rode to the Scottish encampment, accompanied by a band of his bravest followers. In the division of the army that was made for the purpose of a double invasion, Sir William was retained with that part of it which was destined for the invasion of England by the way of Carlisle, and thus he had not the good fortune to accompany James, Earl of Douglas, in his daring inroad upon Durham. After the battle of Otterburn, an interval of peace between England and Scotland succeeded, of which Sir William was soon weary; and, impatient for military action, he turned his attention to the continent, where he found a congenial sphere of occupation. Of late years, the mingled heroism and devotion of the crusading spirit, which had lost its footing in Syria, endeavoured to find occupation in the extirpation or conversion of the idolaters of Europe; and the Teutonic knights, the successors of the gallant Templars, had already

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become renowned and powerful by their victories in Prussia and Lithuania, whose inhabitants were still benighted pagans. Sir William resolved to become a soldier in what he doubtless considered a holy war, and enlist under the banner of the Teutonic order. He accordingly set sail, and landed at Dantzic, which was now the head-quarters and capital of these military monks. It appears, from the history of the period, that the order at present was filled with bold adventurers from every quarter of Europe; but, among these, the deeds of the young lord of Nithsdale were soon so pre-eminent, that he was appointed to the important charge of admiral of the fleet—an office that placed him in rank and importance nearest to the grand-master of the order. Two hundred and forty ships, such as war-ships then were, sailed under his command—an important fact, which Fordun is careful to specify. But even already the career of Sir William was about to terminate, and that too by an event which made it matter of regret that he had not fallen in his own country upon some well-fought field. Among the adventurers from England who had come to the aid of the Teutonic knights, was a certain Lord Clifford, whose national jealousy had taken such umbrage at the honours conferred upon the illustrious Scot, that he first insulted, and then challenged him to single combat. The day and place were appointed with the usual formalities; and as such a conflict must be at *outrance*, Sir William repaired to France to procure good armour against the approaching trial. His adversary then took advantage of this absence to caluminate him as a coward who had deserted the appointment; but hearing this rumour, Sir William hastily returned to Dantzic, and presented himself before the set day. It was now Clifford's turn to tremble. He dreaded an encounter with such a redoubted antagonist; and to avoid it, he hired a band of assassins, by whom Sir William was basely murdered. This event must have happened somewhere about the year 1390–1. In this way Sir William Douglas, like a gigantic shadow, appears, passes, and vanishes, and fills but a brief page of that history which he might have so greatly amplified and so brightly adorned. At his death he left but one child, a daughter, by the Princess Egidia, who, on attaining maturity, was married to William, Earl of Orkney.

DRUMMOND, Captain Thomas.—Among the many distinguished engineers of whom Scotland has been so prolific in the present age, the subject of this notice will always hold a conspicuous place. He was born at Edinburgh, in October, 1797, and was the second of three sons; and being deprived of his father while still in infancy, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, who discharged her duty in that respect so effectually that the Captain ever afterwards spoke of her with affectionate gratitude, and attributed much of his professional success to her careful and efficient training. After having undergone the usual course of a classical education at the High School of Edinburgh, he was entered at Woolwich as a cadet in 1813; and such was the persevering energy and diligence with which his home-training had inspired him, that he soon distanced his school-fellows, and passed through the successive steps of the military college with a rapidity altogether unusual in that institution. It was not in mathematics alone, also, that he excelled, but in every other department of science to which he turned his attention; for such was his intellectual tenacity and power of application, that he never relinquished a subject until he had completely mastered it. Of this he once afforded a striking proof while still in one of the junior academies of the college. Not being satisfied with a difficult demonstration in conic sections contained in Hutton's "Course of Mathematics,"

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which formed the text-book of the class, young Drummond sought and discovered a solution of a more simple character, and on a wholly original principle. Such was the merit of this bold innovation, that it replaced the solution of Hutton among the professors of Woolwich College, who were proud of their young pupil, and entertained the highest hopes of his future success as a military engineer. The same reflective independent spirit characterized his studies after he had left Woolwich to follow out the practical instruction of his profession. On one occasion his attention was directed to the various inventions by which the use of the old pontoon was to be superseded; and he contrived a model, which was reckoned a master-piece of ingenuity. It was, says his friend Captain Dawson, who describes it, "like a man-of-war's gig or galley, sharp at both ends, and cut transverely into sections, for facility of transport, as well as to prevent it from sinking if injured in any one part; each section was perfect in itself, and they admitted of being bolted together, the partitions falling under the thwarts or seats. The dockyard men, to whom he showed it, said it would row better than any boat except a gig; and it was light, and capable of being transported from place to place on horseback."

After having spent some time in training, both at Plymouth and Chatham, during which he embraced every opportunity of improving his professional knowledge, not only by books and the conversation of intelligent officers and scientific scholars, but also by a visit to France, to study its army of occupation and witness a great military review, Drummond was stationed at Edinburgh, where his charge consisted in the superintendence and repair of public works. But this sphere was too limited for his active spirit; and, finding little prospect of advancement in his profession, he had serious thoughts of abandoning it for the bar, and had actually enrolled his name as a student at Lincoln's Inn, when fortunately, in the autumn of 1819, he met in Edinburgh with Colonel Colby, at that time engaged in the trigonometrical survey of the Highlands. Delighted to have such an associate in his labours, the colonel soon induced the disappointed engineer to abandon all further thoughts of the study of law, and join him in the survey. As these new duties required Drummond to reside in London during the winter, he availed himself of the opportunity not only to improve himself in the higher departments of mathematics, but also to study the science of chemistry, which he did with his wonted energy and success. While attending, for this purpose, the lectures of Professors Faraday and Brande, his attention was called to the subject of the incandescence of lime; and conceiving that this might be made available for his own profession, he purchased, on his return from the lecture-room, a blow-pipe, charcoal, and other necessary apparatus, and commenced his course of experiments. These were prosecuted evening after evening, until he had attained the desired result. He found that the light derived from the prepared lime was more brilliant than that of the Argand lamp; and that it concentrated the rays more closely towards the focal point of the parabolic mirror, by which they were reflected in close parallel rays, instead of a few near the focus, as was the case with the Argands.

An opportunity was soon given to test this important discovery. In 1824, Colonel Colby was appointed to make a survey of Ireland, and took with him Lieutenant Drummond as his principal assistant. The misty atmosphere of Ireland made this survey a work of peculiar difficulty, as distant objects would often be imperceptibly seen under the old system of lighting; but the Colonel was also aware of the improved lamp which Drummond had invented, and

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sanguine as to its results. His hopes were justified by a striking experiment. A station called Slieve Snaught, in Donegal, had long been looked for in vain from Davis' Mountain, near Belfast, about sixty-six miles distant, with the haze of Lough Neagh lying between. To overcome this difficulty, Drummond repaired to Slieve Snaught, accompanied by a small party, and taking with him one of his lamps. The night on which the experiment was made was dark but cloudless, and the mountain covered with snow, when the shivering surveyors left their cold encampment to make the decisive trial. The hour had been fixed, and an Argand lamp had been placed on an intermediate church tower, to telegraph the appearance of the light on Slieve Snaught to those on Davis' Mountain. The hour had past, and the sentry was about to leave his post, when the light suddenly burst out like a brilliant star from the top of the hitherto invisible peak, to the delight of the astonished spectators, who were watching with intense anxiety from the other station of survey. Another invention of almost equal importance with the Drummond's light was his heliostat, by which the difficulty arising from the rapid motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun, was obviated by the most simple means, and the work of survey made no longer dependent upon a complicated apparatus that required frequent shifting and removal; so that, while it could take observations at the distance of a hundred miles, a single soldier was sufficient to carry and plant the instrument upon the requisite spot.

The high scientific knowledge which Drummond possessed, and the valuable services he had rendered to the Irish survey, were not lost sight of, and demands soon occurred to call him into a higher sphere of duty. These were, the preparations necessary before the passing of the Reform Bill, by laying down the boundaries to the old and the new boroughs. This very difficult task he discharged so ably, and so much to the satisfaction of the public, as to silence the murmurs of cavillers, who complained because a young lieutenant of engineers had been appointed to so important a charge. After it was finished, he returned to his work of surveying; but in the midst of it was appointed private secretary to Lord Spencer, in which office he continued till the dissolution of the government, when he was rewarded with a pension of £300 per annum, obtained for him through the interest of Lord Brougham. In 1835, he was appointed under-secretary for Ireland, where he was placed at the head of the commission on railways; but his incessant labour in this department, along with his other duties of a political nature, are supposed to have accelerated his death, which occurred April 15, 1840. His memory will continue to be affectionately cherished, not only by the distinguished statesmen with whom he acted, but by society at large; while the scientific will regret that public duties should have latterly engrossed a mind so admirably fitted for the silent walks of invention and discovery.

DUNCAN, Rev. Henry, D.D.—This excellent divine, whose life was so distinguished by active practical usefulness, was born at Lochrutton manse, on the 8th of October, 1774. His father, the Rev. George Duncan, was minister of the parish of Lochrutton, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and his grandfather had also held the same parochial charge. Indeed, both by father and mother, Henry Duncan traced his descent from a line of ministers that almost reached to the days of the Covenant, so that he was wont to compare his family to the tribe of Levi. It was not wonderful, therefore, that not only himself, but his younger brother, Thomas, should direct their choice and their studies to the

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ministry. After a careful home education at the manse of Lochrutton, and subsequently a public one at the academy of Dumfries, Henry Duncan went to the university of St. Andrews in 1778. Two years after, a temporary interruption in his college studies occurred, in consequence of his near relation, Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, inviting him to enter a banking establishment in Liverpool, with a view to becoming a merchant. Henry, whose purposes were not as yet very definite, complied, and in 1790 exchanged the occupations of a student for those of a banker's clerk. It was a happy interruption, however, when we take into account the knowledge of the world, financial experience, and practical habits by which he was afterwards so distinguished among his classical brethren, and so useful to the church—and especially in the establishment of savings banks, by which he was so great a benefactor to society at large.

During the three years which Henry Duncan thus spent in Liverpool, his time was not wholly employed in the details of business and banking calculations. From his natural bias, talents, and previous education, he could not be happy without the enjoyments of literary exercise, and therefore he not only sought every opportunity of frequenting intellectual society, but renewed his old studies, and wrote poetry; he even went so far as to publish a theological tract, which he wrote against Unitarianism, at that time the prevalent heresy of Liverpool. It was a new feature in religious controversy for a boy of sixteen to publish his lucubrations upon such a subject, and more surprising still that the pamphlet should have been generally admired; but our wonder ceases when we are told that its principal arguments were derived from his father's letters, with whom he had corresponded on the subject. All these were significant tokens that he would not voluntarily become a banker: his choice was to be a parish minister rather than a *millionaire;* and this, too, not at the time from religious considerations, but the opportunities which he would enjoy for those literary pursuits which, in his eyes, formed the best occupation of life. After much reluctance his wishes were complied with, and he returned to Scotland in 1793, and continued his studies for five years, partly at the university of Edinburgh, and partly at that of Glasgow. Having completed the required courses, he was taken upon trial by the presbytery of Dumfries, and licensed as a preacher of the gospel in 1798, after which, like many other licentiates, he betook himself to the occupation of a family tutor, until a presentation should induct him into a settled charge. The place of his sojourn on this occasion was the Highlands; and as the whole heather was in a blaze of patriotic ardour at this period, from the threat of a French invasion, the young enthusiastic preacher caught the genial spirit, and carried it so far, that besides girding himself with the usual weapons of military exercise, he assumed the Highland garb, to the great astonishment and mirth of its legitimate wearers, who had never seen theology so habited. It was as well that all this should speedily terminate, and accordingly, in 1799, not less than two presentations and one popular call offered themselves at the same period to his acceptance: these were to the parishes of Lochmaben and Ruthwell, and to a congregation of Presbyterians in Ireland. Mr. Duncan made his election in favour of Ruthwell, although it was the least tempting of the two parishes. It presented, however, what he considered of chief account—the best opportunity of a life of clerical usefulness. His standard of such a life at this period must be taken into account, and it is thus announced by his biographer:—"If the eternal welfare of

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his flock occupied any considerable share in his thoughts, I fear it must be confessed that the hope of advancing these interests rested chiefly on the influence he might possess in cultivating their kind and benevolent affections, in promoting a social and friendly spirit among their families, harmonizing their differences, rousing their patriotism, and becoming their example in all that is amiable, worthy, and honourable. Such seems to have been his *beau-ideal* of a country minister's life; and if he could live to promote these purposes, he does not seem to have questioned that he should amply fulfil all the purposes of a Christian ministry."

The first act of Mr. Duncan after receiving the presentation was well fitted to endear him to the affections of his future parishioners. By law he was entitled to the crop upon the glebe, should his settlement take place before its removal, by merely paying the expenses for seed and labour. This right, however, he waived in favour of the widow and daughter of the late incumbent, allowing her in the meantime to put into the ground what crop she pleased; and, in order that she might reap it undisturbed by legal technicalities, he delayed his settlement till the 19th of September, when he was solemnly inducted into his parish at the age of twenty-five, with a pastoral charge delivered to him by the aged minister who presided, from the text, "Let no man despise thy youth." On being settled, he entered into his clerical duties, so far as he understood them, with all the warmth of his affectionate heart, and all the energy of his active spirit, visiting and catechising from house to house, in addition to his public labours on the Sabbath. But the deep ignorance, and somewhat lawless border character of his flock—for the parish lies on the shores of the Solway, and within the border district—were not the only difficulties with which he had to contend; for to these impediments were added the extreme poverty of the people, occasioned by a course of scanty harvests, while the landlords were at their wits' end, and knew not what remedy to devise. Finding that something must be done, and that speedily, Mr. Duncan, at his own risk, and through his two brothers settled in Liverpool, procured a cargo of Indian corn, which was retailed by his orders at prime cost, and in several cases, where no money could be forthcoming, upon credit. But while comfort was thus introduced into the cottages of Ruthwell, and himself the only loser, and that, also, to a considerable amount, he rejoiced in the expense and trouble he had undergone, as his plan was adopted by many, not only on that but subsequent occasions, in several famine-visited districts over the extent of Scotland. Another public case equally urgent, although of a less clerical character, in which Mr. Duncan at this time was involved, arose from the threats of an invasion of Britain, which the French government still continued to hold out. Justly conceiving it to be his duty to set an example of Christian patriotism on this occasion, and still animated with youthful ardour, he roused his parishioners to resistance, and in consequence of this, a corps called the Ruthwell Volunteers, was soon embodied, with the minister for their captain. This office, indeed, whether willing or not, it was necessary that he should accept, otherwise his parishioners would scarcely have cared to come forward. Mr. Duncan, although perhaps the first clerical captain of this period, did not long stand alone, as many of the other parishes of Scotland followed the instance of Ruthwell, so that the same voice which uttered the military commands of to-day, was often employed in the public religious ministrations of to-morrow. It was the old spirit of Drumclog and

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Bothwell Bridge come back again, and no Protestant country but Scotland could perhaps have given such an example.

Thus far Mr. Duncan had gone on, beloved by his people, to whom he was a fair example of all that is dignified and amiable in the natural man, as well as zealous in the discharge of all those general duties with which his office was connected. Something more, however, was still necessary to bring him into vital contact with the spiritual life of his sacred calling, and show how much as yet was wanting in his endeavours to promote the eternal welfare of those committed to his charge. His example and his efforts, excellent though they were, had still fallen short of the mark. But in 1804 the time had come when those spiritual perceptions were to be vouchsafed to him, under which he would continue his ministerial career with new ardour and redoubled efficacy. This new light, too, under which such a happy change was to be accomplished, was neither to arise from the study of the works of the great masters of theology, nor yet from the reasonings or example of his learned co-presbyters; but from a despised people, as yet almost new in Scotland, and whose names were seldom mentioned except for purposes of ridicule and merriment. One man and two women of the society called Friends, or Quakers, had arrived at Annan, and announced their intention of holding a meeting in the evening for worship. Induced by curiosity, Mr. Duncan, who was in the town, attended the meeting, and was struck by the warmth and simplicity with which these strange preachers enunciated those Christian doctrines that had long been familiar to his mind, but to which the new style, whereby they were now embodied, imparted the charm and power of novelty. An interview with the Quakers followed, and the impression was deepened; the minister gradually began to perceive that he had something still to learn before he could become an effective Christian teacher. The lesson abode with him until, through a course of years, its fruits were ripened and matured; and ever after he was wont to revert with pleasure to this visit of the "Friends," and the benefits he had derived from them. On the same year which so powerfully influenced him for the future, he married Miss Agnes Craig, the only surviving daughter of his predecessor, in whose energy of character, refined taste, and active practical disposition, he found a mind congenial to his own in the work of life that still lay before him, and a counsellor to whom he could refer in every difficulty.

And now that the stirring enterprising mind of the minister of Ruthwell had received a new impulse, as well as a fit companion and assistant, his career was to be traced in a series of benevolent parochial plans, from which he never desisted until they were realized. Ruthwell was not only a very poor parish, but subject to periodical visits of extreme destitution; and for such a population, amounting to 1100 souls, the fund for the poor, which was collected at the church door, amounted annually to only about £25. As this constitutional poverty threatened to grow with the changes of modern living, and as Mr. Duncan dreaded the establishment of that artificial and compulsory charity called a poor's-rate, by which idleness would be encouraged and the honourable independent spirit of the poor broken down, he had set in earnest from the beginning to make them a self-supporting people. A friendly society, indeed, had been established among them so early as 1796; but from the imperfection of its plan, and the inexperience of its supporters, it had come to nothing. Undismayed by the evil omen of such a failure, and the despondency it had occasioned,

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Mr. Duncan brought the whole strength and experience of his mind to a revival of the plan under better arrangements; and the result was, that several friendly societies were originated in Ruthwell, having 300 members independent of the "parish box," and happy with each other in their public meetings and temperate soirees. Coincident with this was Mr. Duncan's concern for the intellectual as well as physical and moral elevation of his people; and therefore he endeavoured, by conversational lectures which he held on the Sunday evenings, to illustrate the Divine attributes, as manifested in the sciences of astronomy, physics, and history. This, however, unfortunately staggered the people, who as yet were neither prepared for such Sabbath ministrations, nor to believe that the earth turns round, and that the stars are of such prodigious magnitude. With the same purpose of elevating the lower orders, and inspiring them with the capacities as well as right feelings of industrious manly independence, he next commenced, in 1808, a serial work, of great efficacy in its day, under the title of the "Scotch Cheap Repository." This periodical, consisting of short tracts and stories, was formed upon the plan of Mrs. Hannah More's "Cheap Magazine;" and both were the precursors of penny magazines, Chambers' journals, and the other economical popular literature of the present day. In supplying the materials for his "Repository," Mr. Duncan was assisted by five of his clerical brethren, and by Miss Hamilton, the justly-famed authoress of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie;" while his own principal contribution, entitled "The Cottage Fireside, or Parish Schoolmaster," afterwards published in a separate form, was thus eulogized by that Aristarchus of modern criticism, the "Quarterly Review:"—"In point of genuine humour and pathos, we are inclined to think that it fairly merits a place by the side of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' while the knowledge it displays of Scottish manners and character is more correct and more profound." Without going out of his way to seek it, Mr. Duncan's talents as an author were now so highly appreciated, that his pen was in demand both from the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" and the "Christian Instructor"—to the former of which he supplied the articles "Blair" and "Blacklock," and to the latter several valuable contributions extending over many years. His next principal object was the establishment of a provincial newspaper, the "Weekly Journal" of Dumfries being but a poor production, while the important events of the day, and the growing wants of the public mind, if not supplied with adequate sustenance, would have only opened the way for the productions of political discontent, false philosophy, and infidelity. Aware of this danger, and eager to avail himself of the opportunities of such a season for indoctrinating the public with substantial, healthy, and purified intelligence, Mr. Duncan had recourse to his brothers in Liverpool for the pecuniary means of action, and with their aid was enabled, at the close of 1809, to start the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," a weekly newspaper, to which, without announcing the fact, he officiated as editor for the first seven years. In this way he originated the best and most influential of all our Scottish provincial journals, and happily its reputation did not deteriorate under the able management of Mr. M'Diarmid, who, in 1817, succeeded Mr. Duncan in the editorship. All this while, the wonderful activity which the minister of Ruthwell displayed, and the amount of versatile intelligence he brought to a great variety of action, cannot be too widely known. While he was careful in all his pulpit preparations, and enriching the columns of his journal with powerful and original articles, he was conducting, as secretary, the business of the "Dumfries Auxiliary Bible

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Society," which he had formed in 1810; and as president, that of the "Dumfries Missionary Society." But this was not all. He was surrounding the manse of Ruthwell with a rich picturesque garden, and so effectually cultivating his fifty acre glebe, that while a new scenery at length rose beneath his hand out of a bleak waste, his labours were the most instructive models that could have been presented to his own people and neighbourhood of what might be achieved in horticulture and agriculture, by one's own taste and industry, independent of a plentiful capital. Within the manse, too, there was no elbow-chair repose after such out-door occupation; on the contrary, it was a fit bee-hive for such a scenery, and resounded from morning till night with the hum of happy, active industry—for a domestic school was there, composed of a few boarders whom Mr. Duncan taught in addition to his own family, and in whose training he was the most careful, as well as most affectionate of fathers and teachers. Even if we were to combine Pope's "Man of Ross" and Goldsmith's "Country Clergyman" into one, we would still have to search for a third person, learned and able in authorship, to complete a parallel picture.

But the greatest and most important of Mr. Duncan's public labours remains still to be mentioned: this was the establishment of savings banks, by which his name will be best remembered by posterity. Mention has already been made of his desire to foster a spirit of independence among the lower orders, by cherishing the principles of provident economy through the establishment of friendly societies. In his researches, to which this attempt led, he found a paper, written by Mr. John Bone, of London, containing a plan for the abolition of poor's-rates in England; and among its complicated devices, which, for the most part, were too ingenious to be practical, the idea was thrown out of the erection of an economical bank for the savings of the working-classes. Upon this suggestion Mr. Duncan fastened; although occurring as a pendicle, it contained the real pith and marrow of the whole subject, and might be easily reduced to working operation. He drew up a plan for the establishment of savings banks throughout the country, which he published in his Dumfries journal; and, knowing that this would be regarded as a mere theory until it was verified by at least one substantial illustrative fact, he proceeded to the establishment of one of these banks in his own parish. Its working was soon sufficient to convince the most sceptical. The Ruthwell Savings Bank commenced its existence in May, 1810; and although the poverty of this parish was beyond that of most in Scotland, the deposits during a course of four years were £151, £176, £241, and £922. This success was announced, and the plan of action he had drawn up in the "Dumfries Courier" was republished in several of the leading journals of Scotland; and the natural consequence was, that savings banks, established upon the model of that of Ruthwell, were opened not only in Edinburgh, but the principal towns throughout the kingdom. It was well for such a provident scheme that it had found Scotland for its birthplace and first field of action. From Scotland the example passed into England, and afterwards into Ireland; and with what happy results, the superior economy of the industrious poor throughout the three kingdoms, and the immense amount of capital that has now accumulated, can bear full testimony. During this course of operation the honoured founder of the scheme was not forgot, chiefly, however, that he might lend his gratuitous labours to the furtherance of the good work; and for this purpose applications for counsel and suggestion poured in upon him from every quarter, the answers to which would have tasked a state-secretary and whole

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staff of assistants, instead of an already overladen country minister. But, cheered with this evidence of the success of his benevolent mission, Mr. Duncan confronted the epistolary torrent, and had an answer for every inquirer. "Happily for himself and his cause," thus writes his amiable biographer, "his readiness as a letter-writer was one of his most remarkable characteristics. Whole days, indeed, were frequently consumed in this laborious occupation; but the amount of work accomplished, while thus engaged, was indeed astonishing. This may be understood when it is remembered that, among his correspondents in a scheme so entirely new, there must have been, as there were, many desirous of minute information and special explanations; many suggesting difficulties, and demanding their solution; many persevering and insatiable letter-writers, making small allowance for the overburdened and weary individual on whom had thus at once devolved the care of a thousand infant institutions. Add to this, that the soundness of some of the principles on which he was most decided was disputed by a few of the warmest friends of the measure, and that he had to maintain on these topics a tedious controversy, not the less necessary because those with whom it was carried on were among his best friends and coadjutors." While thus engaged he also published, at the beginning of 1815, an essay "On the Nature and Advantages of Parish Banks; together with a Corrected Copy of the Rules and Regulations of the Parent Institution in Ruthwell," for which production a new and enlarged edition was in demand in the following year. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Duncan was no mere benevolent dreamer, even as a savings bank was no mere "devout imagination." He was a man of fearless daring and incessant labour, and therefore, in his hands, the theory became a great, substantial, and national reality. And well was his benevolent disinterested heart rewarded in its own best fashion. To few of those who would teach truths "to save a sinking land" is the happy lot accorded to witness these truths in full operation, and producing their happiest results.

After the general adoption of the principle of savings banks throughout the three kingdoms, from which it gradually diffused itself throughout the different countries of Europe, where it was adopted as the true "cheap defence of nations," it would have been contrary to all past experience, since the days of Triptolemus, if Mr. Duncan had been allowed to sit down as a public benefactor, and no angry wind had blown to shake the laurels that grew around him. Carping questions rose as to the fitness of his scheme either in whole or in part; and when these were satisfactorily answered, attempts were made to bereave him of the honour of its paternity. A more difficult as well as more important step was to obtain for it the advantages of legislative protection, and for this purpose he repaired to London in the spring of 1819. After much negotiation with some of the leading financiers and statesmen, whom he converted to his views, the measure was introduced, and successfully carried through parliament. "You may carry with you," said a friend to him on that occasion, "the satisfaction of knowing that the Savings Bank Bill would not have been carried except by your visit to London." During the same year, and while the political discontent of the lower orders was daily threatening to merge into French infidelity and republicanism, Mr. Duncan published his "Young South Country Weaver," a tale admirably suited to the times, as well as the classes for which it was especially written, being full of Scottish humour, and vigorous descriptions of such popular meetings and noisy demagogues as were in vogue among the rabble during this stormy period. In 1823, the degree of D.D. was con-

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ferred upon him by the university of St. Andrews. In 1826, stimulated by the example of Sir Walter Scott's novels, as well as offended with the tone of the tale of "Old Mortality," in which our Presbyterian ancestors are held up to ridicule, Dr. Duncan attempted a work in the same style, but of an opposite tendency, in which he resolved to place the characters of the Covenanters in their proper light. For this purpose he wrote "William Douglas, or the Scottish Exiles," a three-volume tale, which, however excellent in its way, was by no means a match for the powerful antagonist which it attempted to confront. But *non omnia possumus omnes;* and perhaps it was not altogether fitting or desirable that the minister of Ruthwell and founder of savings banks should be as able and popular a novelist as the "author of Waverly."

In a life so active and so full of incidents as that of Dr. Duncan, it would be impossible, within our narrow limits, to give even a brief detail of his many occupations and their results. We are therefore obliged to dismiss the labours of years, filled as they were with his plans for the better instruction of the lower classes—with his attempts to avert, or at least retard, the imposition of a poor's-rate in Ruthwell, and over the country at large—and the active exertions he made in favour of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and afterwards in behalf of negro emancipation. We must even pass over his researches among the footprints of animals, which he was the first to detect in the strata of old red sandstone; by which, according to Dr. Buckland, his discovery was "one of the most curious and most important that has been ever made in geology." In all these there was abundance of literary correspondence and authorship, in which he bestirred himself with his wonted activity and success. But events were now occurring in the church of sufficient import to absorb the attention and task the utmost energies of every zealous minister, let him be of what party he might; and, under the influence of these, Dr. Duncan was summoned to abandon his favourite pursuits, and throw his whole heart into a conflict in which the very existence of the national church itself appeared to be at stake.

This controversy, which ended with the Disruption, commenced with the popular hostility towards patronage. In a mere political point of view, indeed, patronage had fully lasted its day. The people of Scotland had now become so divested of their old feudal veneration for rank and place, and withal so intelligent and inquiring, that they were no longer in the mood of implicitly submitting their spiritual guidance to any earthly patron whatever. This palpable fact, however, it was not the interest of the aristocracy to recognize, and therefore they could not see it; so that, instead of gracefully conceding a privilege which in a few years more would have been worn-out and worthless, they preferred to cling to it until it should be torn from their grasp. On the subject of patronage Dr. Duncan had meditated long and anxiously; and, being convinced that it was an evil, he joined in the great popular movement that sought its suppression. From the head-quarters of the state, also, applications were made to him for information upon the merits of the question; and this he fully transmitted successively to Lords Brougham, Melbourne, and Lansdowne. It was not, however, the entire suppression, but the modification of patronage which he sought; and, therefore, when the Veto-law was passed by the General Assembly in 1834, he hoped, in common with many of our best and wisest, that the golden mean was now attained, and a happy compromise effected between the political rights of patrons and the spiritual interests of the people.

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But, like many other such flattering combinations, the Veto satisfied neither party, and a few years of trial sufficed to show that this balancing of two antagonistic claims could only aggravate as well as protract the conflict. But, whatever may have been the diversity of opinions among the evangelical portion of the Church of Scotland upon the subject of patronage, the case became very different when the civil courts interposed their authority, and thrust obnoxious presentees into the cure of souls, in defiance not only of the deprecations of the parishes thus encumbered, but the authority of ecclesiastical tribunals, to whom alone the sacred right of induction belonged. It was no longer the rights of patronage, but the existence of the Church itself that was at stake, in which every question about the fitness or unfitness of the Veto utterly disappeared. Here was a result upon which there could be no divided opinion, a common ground upon which all could take their stand; and the sentiments of Dr. Duncan upon the subject, as well as the energy of his character in such a crisis, were so well understood, that at one of the most trying periods of the controversy (the year 1839) he was elected to the important office of moderator of the General Assembly. It was there that the cases of Auchterarder and Strathbogie were brought forward, while that of Lethendy was impending, in which a presbytery, for its obedience to the highest ecclesiastical court in a case of ordination, was threatened by the civil authorities with an interdict. His duties of moderator during this trying period were discharged with that dignity, firmness, and discretion which the occasion so urgently demanded. In the following year he was subjected to a still more critical test, in consequence of his being sent, at the head of a deputation, to London, by the commission of the General Assembly, to congratulate the Queen on the occasion of her Majesty's marriage. It was thus that the Church of Scotland had been wont on former occasions to express its loyalty, and as the representatives of a national church, its deputations had always been hitherto received with royal courtesy and regard. But late events had made it be regarded in the high places of the state with dislike, and it was now suspected as tending to radicalism at least, if not to downright rebellion. To punish, therefore, if not to reclaim the offending church, it was announced to the deputation by the minister of the crown, that their address could not be received *on the throne*, as had hitherto been the custom, but at a private audience. To have yielded to this would have been to degrade the church which they represented; and Dr. Duncan therefore frankly stated to the crown minister, that the address could not be presented unless it was received with the usual tokens of respect. This firm resolution, which he expressed both in personal interviews and by written statement, prevailed, and the deputation was at last received according to the wonted ceremonial.

The proceedings of Dr. Duncan in the subsequent measures of the church, which ended in the disruption, may be easily surmised. In the most important of these he bore an active part; and when the convocation was assembled in Edinburgh, in 1842, he attended as one of the fathers of the church, and gave the benefit of his experience to its deliberations. Up to this period, when so important a change was at hand, his position was a happy one, beyond the lot of most country ministers. "His manifold blessings," his biographer writes, "had been alloyed with few painful ingredients, and his sorrows had all been singularly mingled with merciful alleviations. His family had grown up without accident or serious evil of any kind, and without a breach. His two sons had voluntarily embraced his own profession, and were settled tranquilly, with their

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families, in parishes to which they had not only been presented by the lawful patrons, but been called by the unanimous voice of their people; and his only daughter had just been united to a minister of the Church of Scotland, long and intimately known to him, and whose views entirely corresponded with his own. And though thus his children were withdrawn from under his roof, to spheres in every respect so eligible, his home still exhibited its former aspect of affection and of enjoyment; while comforts and blessings seemed destined to follow him to the latest period of old age." In such a state of things, who that could avoid it would seek for a change? And what a motive must that be which could persuade a wise and good man, in the decline of life, and when a happy home is best enjoyed, to sacrifice all and begin life anew? But to this he steadily addressed himself, and accordingly, after the convocation, he began to look out for a new home, as well as a new sphere of ministerial duty. At length the season for action arrived. On the 18th of May, 1843, the General Assembly met, and on that occasion 474 ministers abandoned their livings, and departed, that they might constitute a church in conformity with those principles for which they had made the sacrifice. Dr. Duncan, who had been present on the occasion, and joined the solemn exodus, returned to Ruthwell, to gather together that portion of his flock which still adhered to him. They constituted nearly the half, though the least wealthy part of the church-going population of the parish; but their exertions, as well as their sacrifices, in behalf of the cause which they had embraced, even already consoled him for the loss both of church and manse. A new place of worship was soon erected, and as for a place of residence, this also was found in one end of a cottage, which the tenant resigned, for the occupation of himself and family. It was, indeed, a different habitation from that beautiful manse which he had so amplified, and the gardens of which he had so tastefully laid out and planted, during a residence of forty years, but the change was made in the name of Him who "had not where to lay his head."

The remainder of Dr. Duncan's career, after he left the Established Church, may be briefly told. It was that long-confirmed spirit of activity, which had become the chief element of his being, struggling as bravely as ever against new obstacles, and surmounting them, but struggling under the growing frailties of years, through which the trial must be all the more quickly ended. To such a man there could be but one resting-place, and to this his failing footsteps were rapidly hastening. It was also in harmony with his character, that the summons calling him to enter into his rest should find him in the midst of active duty, with his loins girt, and his lamp burning. After a journey into England, chiefly connected with the interests of the church and his own flock, he resumed, at his return home, the work of clerical visitation, and for this purpose had repaired to Cockpool, about two miles from Ruthwell, to preside at an evening prayer-meeting. In the course of the religious services on this occasion he read a text of Scripture, and was employed in illustrating it, when he was suddenly struck with paralysis, and after a short illness, died on the evening of the 11th of February, 1846, in the seventy-second year of his age.

Dr. Duncan was twice married; his second wife, who still survives him, having been the widow of the Rev. Mr. Lundie, of Kelso, to whom he was united in 1836. In mentioning the varied authorship of Dr. Duncan, we omitted the work on which his literary reputation will chiefly depend. This was "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," in four volumes, written upon the plan of

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the well-known work of Sturm, and furnishing a paper for every day in the year. Of this work several editions have already been published, and it is still in extensive demand. But the savings banks will constitute Dr. Duncan's most abiding monument, and will continue, throughout the world at large, to be connected with his name as their founder, when the best literary productions of the present day have ceased to be remembered.

DUNCAN, JOHN.—Of all the enterprises of travel, none perhaps are so dangerous or difficult as the exploration of that vast and mysterious *terra incognita*, the interior of Africa, and none have been more tempting to Scottish perseverance and intrepidity. The names of Bruce, Park, Clapperton, and others who either perished in the journey, or returned home only to die, after their expectations had been crushed and their constitutions broken, will here occur to the memory of the reader. One of this intrepid, self-devoted forlorn hope, was Mr. John Duncan.

This African traveller was born in humble circumstances, being the son of a small farmer in Wigtonshire; but the precise date of his birth we have been unable to ascertain. At an early period he enlisted in the 1st regiment of Life Guards, where he served eighteen years with an excellent character, and was discharged about the year 1840, with the highest testimonials of good conduct. After having left the army, he was attached as armourer to the unfortunate expedition sent out to explore the Niger in 1842. His office on this occasion was one peculiarly trying under a vertical African sun; for in all the treaties made with the native chiefs, he marched at the head of the English party, encumbered with the heavy uniform of a Life-Guardsman, and burning within the polished plates of a tightly-buckled cuirass. He was thus made an imposing pageant, to strike the eyes of the astonished Africans, and impress them with a full sense of the grandeur and military power of Britain. But it was a delusive show; for in such a climate all this glittering harness was an intolerable burden, and the wearer would in reality have been more formidable in the linen-quilted armour of the soldiers of Cortez, or even in a tanned sheepskin. He survived to return to England with such of his companions as remained, but with a shattered constitution, and a frightful wound in his leg, under which he was long a sufferer.

After John Duncan had recovered from the effects of such a journey, instead of being daunted by the toils and dangers he had so narrowly escaped, he only felt a keener desire than ever to attempt new discoveries in the African interior. The excitement of peril had become his chief pleasure, while the do-or-die determination to resume his half-finished adventure, and prosecute it to the close, must be gratified at whatever price. It is of such stuff that the hearts of our African travellers are composed, and how seldom therefore are they satisfied with *one* expedition, however dangerous it may have been? Duncan announced his desire to Mr. Shillinglaw, then librarian to the Geographical Society, and the latter, delighted to find one so well qualified for such a journey, introduced him to the council. The arrangements were soon made, and in the summer of 1844, Duncan set off upon his pilgrimage, under the auspices of the Society, and liberally furnished with everything that could minister to his comfort or facilitate his means of exploration. On reaching Africa, his first attempt was to explore the kingdom of Dahomey, the wealthiest and most civilized—or, perhaps, we should say, the least savage—of all those marvellous African realms which Europeans have as yet reached; and of this country he traversed a large

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portion, laying open sources of information concerning it which had hitherto been inaccessible to our travellers. But the sufferings he underwent in this journey were excruciating, chiefly owing to the old wound in his leg, that broke out afresh under the burning climate that had first occasioned it; and so serious at one time were his apprehensions of a mortification supervening, that in the absence of all medical aid, he had actually made preparations for cutting off the limb with his own hand. Happily, a favourable turn made such a desperate resource unnecessary; but the mere resolution shows of what sacrifices he was capable in the prosecution of his purpose. On returning to Cape Coast, much impaired in constitution, he resolved to start afresh on a new journey to Timbuctoo, but continuing ill health obliged him to forego his purpose, and return to England.

Our admiration of Duncan's persevering intrepidity is heightened by the fact, that he was neither a man of science, nor even a tolerable scholar, his early education having been both brief and defective; and thus he was deprived of those sources of enthusiasm which cheered onward such travellers as Bruce and Park to the source of the Nile or the parent streams of the Niger. But he had keen observation and solid sound sense, by which he was enabled materially to enrich our African geography, without the parade of learning; and as such, his communications were so justly appreciated, that after his return to England, her Majesty's Government appointed him to the office of British vice-consul at Whydah, in the kingdom of Dahomey. Nothing could be more grateful to his feelings, for besides being an honourable attestation to his services in behalf of science and humanity, the appointment furnished him with ample means for a third African expedition, in which all his previous attempts as a traveller might be perfected. He set sail accordingly, in H.M.S. Kingfisher, but was not destined to reach the expected port; for he sickened during the voyage, and died when the vessel had reached the Bight of Benin, on the 3d of November, 1849.

DUNCAN, Thomas, R.S.A., A.R.A.—This distinguished member of a class in which Scotland has of late been so prolific, was born at Kinclaven, Perthshire, on the 24th of May, 1807. In early life his parents removed to Perth, and there the education of the future artist was chiefly conducted. As the tendency towards painting, like that of poetry or music, is natural, not acquired, Thomas Duncan at an early age gave distinct indications of his future walk in life, by drawing likenesses of his young companions, or such objects as struck his fancy; and on one occasion, when himself and his school-fellows had resolved to perform the play of "Rob Roy" in a stable loft, he painted the whole of the scenery that was needed for the occasion. As it is not always that these juvenile predilections find favour in the eyes of prudent parents and guardians, the father of Thomas took the alarm, and hastened to remove his idle boy, as he reckoned him, to an occupation that would ultimately be more profitable; and, with this view, bound him as apprentice to a provincial writer; but such uncongenial drudgery only fostered the tendency which it was meant to cure, so that when Thomas Duncan had finished his time of servitude, there was less chance than ever of his becoming a country lawyer. A painter he would be, and his father was obliged to consent to his choice by allowing him to remove to Edinburgh, that he might cultivate the profession for which nature had designed him. He was so fortunate as to obtain entrance into the Scottish Academy as a pupil, and still more fortunate to have its president, Sir William

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Allan, for his preceptor. His progress was commensurate with his talents and his opportunities, for he not only rapidly mastered the rules of art, and acquired artistic skill in delineation, but soon outstripped his class-fellows in that most difficult and delicate of all departments, the drawing of the human frame. At the age of twenty he had entered the academy as a pupil, and as if even already conscious that his life was to be a brief one, he had considerably abbreviated by his diligence the usual term of probation, and become a full-grown artist. This was perceptible even in the first paintings which he produced to public notice; and the "Milkmaid," "Old Mortality," and the "Braw Wooer," which he successively produced, were so highly appreciated by the best judges of pictorial excellence, that although under the usual age of those who had hitherto held such important offices, he was first appointed to the professorship of colouring, and soon afterwards to that of drawing, in the Edinburgh Academy.

Having thus won for himself such high distinction, Mr. Duncan was resolved that it should not be merely local or temporary: he loved art for its own sake, not its emoluments, and longed to paint for immortality, rather than the easily-won celebrity of the passing day. For this purpose he turned his attention to the Royal Academy, and sent thither, in 1840, his elaborate and well-known painting of "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh after the battle of Prestonpans," a truly national production, the value of which was enhanced to the present generation of Scotchmen by the portraits of several eminent living characters whom he has introduced into the scene. In this great European exhibition of artistic merit and contention, he had a more formidable ordeal to pass than the limited one of Edinburgh; but he triumphantly went through it, and the historical painting of the young Scottish artist was spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. This he successfully followed, in 1841, by his picture of the "Waefu' Heart," a scene from the beautiful ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," in which it is enough to say, that the conception of the painter does not fall short of that of the poet; in 1842, by the picture of "Deer-Stalking;" and in 1843, by "Charles Edward asleep after the battle of Culloden, protected by Flora Macdonald." By this time his reputation was so well established that, in the same year, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. In 1844 Mr. Duncan sent to the Exhibition his ideal painting of "Cupid," and his historical one of "The Martyrdom of John Brown, of Priesthill, in 1685." These were his principal productions, which are now widely known to the world through the medium of admirable engravings; and to the list might be added his admirable portraits of several eminent Scottish contemporaries, whose features he has perpetuated with a felicity that has been universally acknowledged.

Such was the artistic career of Thomas Duncan, that was now brought to a premature close. His constitution had always appeared a sound one, giving promise of a long and healthy life; but an internal tumour had gradually been forming in his head, near the optic nerves, which at last nearly reduced him to a state of blindness. By skilful medical treatment the malady was almost entirely removed, when it fixed itself upon the brain, producing all the appearances of brain fever, under which he sank, notwithstanding the efforts of the best medical practitioners of Edinburgh, to whom he was justly endeared by his amiable character, as well as high talents and reputation. His death occurred on the 30th of April, 1845, at the age of thirty-eight; and he was survived by a widow and six children, who were not left unprovided; for Duncan, by his

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industrious, sober, and frugal habits, was enabled to bequeath to them property to the value of between £2000 and £3000, which doubtless would have been considerably increased had his life been spared a few years longer. A short time before his last illness he had received an order from the Marquis of Breadalbane for a picture, for which he was to be paid £1000. To this brief sketch, we can only add the following summary of his character, as given by a brother-artist and friend of Thomas Duncan:—"Had his life been prolonged, there is no question he would have achieved a lofty position in historical painting; nor must we omit to mention his portraits, which were faithfully and skilfully rendered. As a colourist, indeed, he had few superiors. As an instructor of his art he was kind, conciliatory, and anxious for the improvement of his pupils; and in every relation of domestic life he contrived to secure the esteem and affection of all around him."

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FORDYCE, Colonel John.—A brave and pious officer, who fell in the Caffre war in 1851, was the eldest son of Thomas J. Fordyce, Esq., of Ayton, Berwickshire, an extensive landed proprietor, of great worth and intelligence. Under the parental roof he was trained from his earliest years in the best lessons of a religious education. His accomplished and truly Christian mother, who "had no greater joy than to see her children walking in the truth," was her son's faithful instructress in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. A portion of the Sacred Volume was committed each morning to memory, and around the family altar prayer was offered daily to the Lord. At the age of twelve, the subject of this memoir had mastered several of the higher Latin classics, and acquired a tolerable knowledge of Greek. For the acquisition of languages he discovered peculiar aptitude, analyzing with much facility the passages of his favourite authors. It was manifest, from the enthusiasm with which he followed Cæsar and Hannibal, and other heroes of antiquity, through their respective fields of conflict, that he was destined, with Providence as his director, for a military life. The writer of these observations has a vivid recollection of the graphic skill with which, after rising from the pages of Livy or Tacitus, he described the successes or discomfitures of the combatants, and pronounced on the equity or injustice of the causes of warfare. Before leaving home for a private seminary in England, he was thoroughly conversant with the works of our best modern historians, travellers, and poets. After his return, he completed his literary curriculum in Edinburgh, and was resident for some time with Doctor (now Bishop) Terrot, enjoying under his able superintendence advantages equivalent to those of an English university.

His first commission as an ensign in the 34th regiment was dated in 1828. He served with that corps (then in Nova Scotia) until 1832, when he obtained an unattached lieutenancy. The same year, however, he returned to full pay, first in the 94th, and soon after in the 21st. He served with the 21st North British Fusiliers until 1836, when he obtained his company in the 35th regiment, from which he exchanged into the 11th Foot in 1839. Having in 1844 obtained his step as major in the latter regiment, he exchanged the same year into the 74th Highlanders. In 1846 he became lieutenant-colonel and com-

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manding officer of this regiment, in which important position he gained the esteem of the military authorities and the affection of all who served under him. Though possessed of a good private fortune, so strong was the *esprit de corps* of this noble officer, that in March, 1851, he embarked with his regiment for the Cape of Good Hope, where, after months of severe and harassing warfare, he fell at the head of his gallant and beloved Highlanders, in the prime of manhood, and with a name already one of renown.

Endowed with a masculine understanding, a capacious and retentive memory, an indomitable perseverence, ample promise was afforded of literary distinction. Highly gifted as was his intellect, which, as if by intuition, separated the accessories from the essentials of any subject, his moral qualities commanded still higher admiration. His bosom was the very soul of honour and generosity. "Truth in the inward parts," manly independence in forming his opinions, and unflinching courage in expressing them, were united with the meekness of wisdom, and an unaffected modesty of demeanour which shrank with sensitive aversion from all ostentatious display. In personal appearance Colonel Fordyce was considerably above the ordinary height, with a high massive forehead, and a countenance which revealed profound thought, calm decision of purpose, and delicate sensibility. There was frequently also a look of pensive reflection, which indicated that he had been no stranger to the afflictions and sorrows of life. By a stranger, indeed, he might sometimes appear chargeable with a degree of reserve, bordering even on *hauteur;* but those who knew him thoroughly could best appreciate the depth and constancy of his friendships, and his warm-hearted sympathy with his fellow-men both "of high and of low degree."

Deprived in youth of his excellent parents, to whom he was ever a dutiful and loving son, he fulfilled with unwearied fidelity and tenderness the part of an elder brother towards all the other members of the family.

In no feature of character was Colonel Fordyce more remarkable than in his strict conscientiousness. Every transaction, private or public, was conducted with a sacred regard to the authority and the glory of God. This profound sense of responsibility for his stewardship distinguished him not only in the more prominent departments of duty, but in the most minute details of every-day life. As an officer who had been called to occupy a high position in the British army, he was ardently and indefatigably devoted to his professional avocations; cheerfully expending time and strength and pecuniary resources in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the regiment which he commanded. Whilst stationed in Glasgow, a few years ago, opportunities were incidentally afforded for marking the solicitude which he evinced in regard to the intellectual and moral improvement of soldiers' children; using all practicable means, by week-day and Sabbath-schools, that they might be taught the good ways of the Lord.

The 74th, with their gallant Colonel, were ordered from Glasgow to Clonmel, Ireland. The following notice from the Rev. Mr. Dill testifies to the estimation in which he was held in that place:—

"Sir,—The death of Lieutenant-Colonel Fordyce, 74th Highlanders, has been felt as a personal bereavement by all who knew him. Clonmel was the last home-station of the 74th, where, after eight months' residence, they received orders for foreign service in November, 1850. To those even slightly acquainted with the army, it will not sound strange to hear, in the published accounts from the Cape, 'that the whole colony deplores the loss of this noble officer.

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Both men and officers feel his loss severely, and at this juncture the loss the service has sustained is incalculable.' But those who knew Colonel Fordyce, not only as a soldier, but as a man and a Christian, can truly estimate his loss to his regiment and his country. As chaplain to the 74th Highlanders, I had frequent opportunity of meeting and observing him. I can truly say that, under God, he devoted himself to his regiment and the service. Though not a member of the Presbyterian Church, he was never absent from his pew on the Lord's-day. I continually found him superintending the regimental Sabbath and week-day schools, and could trace his kind advice and charity everywhere among the sick in hospital, the families and recruits of his regiment. On the evening before the 74th Highlanders left Clonmel for the Cape of Good Hope, he called and handed me £10 for charitable purposes, requesting that I should not give his name as the donor. Besides this, he had given, through my name, within the three preceding months, £15 to other charities. What his other donations were I know not. From what I have heard, they must have been numerous, as I am sure they were unostentatious. The lamentable death of Colonel Fordyce affords me the sad pleasure of acknowledging the benevolence and worth which he would not permit to be made known while he was alive. I feel his death as if it were a personal bereavement, and I pray that our army may be blessed by many such officers.—I remain, yours truly,

"Manse, Clonmel, 10th January, 1852. "JOHN DILL."

As evincing the Christian and philanthropic spirit by which Colonel Fordyce was animated, one or two extracts from letters to the writer of these lines may be given. The following was received after a domestic bereavement:—

"MY DEAR ——,—My having been sent from Dublin with a flying column in pursuit of Smith O'Brien and other rebels, must be my apology for not having written to acknowledge the receipt of the announcement of the deprivation you have sustained, and to assure you of my unfeigned sympathy. I may express my hope that, sustained by the same consolations which you have been so long the honoured instrument of imparting to others, your own bodily health and ability for active exertion may remain unimpaired.

"I need not trespass upon you at this time with any notice of the treasonable proceedings here. The newspapers have given a full account of everything that has occurred; and so far as we (the column of troops) are concerned, we have seen no enemy excepting the continual rain, which is, of course, a very disagreeable one, as we have been marching about and encamped since the 28th July. O'Brien is, as you know, captured, and quietly lodged in jail, and I have no doubt that all thought of open armed rebellion is at an end for the present.

"However it may fare with this unfortunate country, any one of common observation must see that the whole European world is in an unprecedented state; and that whatever may be our exact place in the series of predicted events, some great overwhelming change in the whole structure of human society is impending. My reading of "Elliot's Horæ Apocalypticæ" has been interrupted by my present occupations, before I could get beyond the first volume, or form any opinion as to his system of interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy. Amidst all the changes, present and coming, upon this world, we have individually many warnings to place our hopes on a world where change and cares are alike unknown,—considerations which it is superfluous in me to suggest to your matured and practised mind, but which rise naturally *as the great*

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subjects of the day and hour. A tent does not afford a good writing-table, and damp paper renders my writing more than usually illegible. I trust that Mrs. —— is well; and again assuring you of my good wishes, beg you to believe me, ever faithfully and sincerely yours,

"Tipperary, 11th August, 1848. "J. FORDYCE."

The next extract is from a communication sent after the death of General Sir John Buchan, Colonel Fordyce's uncle, and brother of the venerable Mr. Buchan of Kelloe:—

"Although I take a Glasgow newspaper, 'The Scottish Guardian,' in which there is a full account of the debates in your General Assembly, I have been too much occupied with other matters to look at them since my return, but I glanced at one speech of Dr. Duff's regarding the Indian missions, which appeared to be one of remarkable eloquence and power. He must be indeed gifted with no common energy of character, in addition to genius, eloquence, and many acquirements, to be able to resist the depressing lassitude of an Oriental climate for so many years,—and now to electrify and command a critical audience, as he appears to have done for hours during the late meeting of the Assembly."

A subsequent letter, of date Nov. 8, 1850, inclosing a generous donation for the benefit of certain Free Church students, who were scantily provided with this world's goods, contains the following remarks:—"I have read Dr. Buchanan's book (the 'Ten Years' Conflict') with great interest; and although I may confess to you that, as to my personal taste, I prefer the Liturgy and forms of the Church of England, and cannot quite see that principle required such a sacrifice as the disruption of the Church of Scotland, I sincerely believe now that the cause of the Free Church is in Scotland the cause of Christianity, and that even persons who have not the strong personal motives which I have to look favourably upon its exertions, should, with a cardinal at Westminster, sink all minor differences in their support of Protestant Christianity."

"No one," writes his excellent brother, Major Fordyce, who had shared along with him the toils and the perils of the disastrous struggle, "knew my brother's state of mind better than I did; for I had for a long time been constantly with him, and I knew that he was a faithful follower of Christ, and he is now where there is no more sorrow—no more pain. What a great thing it is to have such consolation! How much more dreadful would have been the sad bereavement if we could not have felt the confidence we do that he died a Christian, and that his removal from this world was the end of all trial to him, and the commencement of an eternity of joy!"

The following particulars of the death of this brave officer, who fell whilst fighting against the Kaffirs at the Cape, are gleaned from letters which appear in the "Graham's Town Journal" of 15th November:—

"FORT BEAUFORT, Tuesday.—After the publication of our extra, the following came to hand, and contains an account of the melancholy fate of the gallant Colonel Fordyce:—

"November 6.—This being the promised day, all eyes were directed to the hills, which we knew to have been planted with the instruments of thunder. The clouds, however, lay piled in heaps long after sunrise; but no sooner had the rays of his refulgence escaped from the clouds which intercepted them, than the curtain gradually rose, and by seven o'clock the frequent report announced that another act of the dull tragedy had commenced. Peal after peal continued

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to reverberate among the steep acclivities of the rocky eminences which rise above the dark bush that conceals the enemy. Towards mid-day the wind changed to the south-east, which wafted the sounds from this direction. All were anxiously awaiting the arrival of intelligence from the scene of strife, as we had reason to believe that, from the rapid reports, the conflict was maintained with obstinacy and resolution. Hour succeeded hour, until long after, when in broken accents it was revealed that Colonel Fordyce had fallen. But as this report rested upon the authority of a private letter, brought in by two mounted Fingoes, hopes were entertained that, in the heat and bustle of the moment, some mistake might have occurred. About nine at night, however, the event was confirmed by an eye-witness to the melancholy fact, from whom it appears that the Colonel was leading his men into Waterkloof in column, when suddenly his march was arrested by a rocky precipice, which flanked him in the form of a semicircle ; here he found the rebels in considerable force, who knew too well the rules of military tactics to let so favourable an opportunity escape for inflicting a penalty. The bayonets of our brave countrymen in such a position were powerless ; they had therefore to contend against an enemy concealed among inaccessible rocks, whom they could not assail ; and thus fell, while showing to his men, by example, the first duties of a soldier, the good and the gallant Fordyce. Thus fell the father of his distinguished regiment, to the honour of which all his impulses were directed. The soldier, the women, and children, to whose comforts he devoted himself with parental solicitude, will long cherish his remembrance. It is to be regretted that so valuable a life should have been sacrificed in so ignoble a strife."

Extract from the leading article of the "Naval and Military Gazette," February, 1852.— . . . "And here we may observe that there must have been something singularly attractive in the noble soldier who fell at the head of the 74th Highlanders, which, in the short time (six months) he had been in the colony, and in Graham's Town in particular, should have so impressed and so endeared him to the inhabitants that the journals of that town announcing his death should be margined with black, and the bell of their distant church has tolled his funeral knell; while the colours, half-mast high, floated languidly in the air, in token of a hero's fall!"

G.

GALLOWAY, Sir Archibald, K.C.B.—An approved soldier and excellent writer, was born at Perth in 1780, and was the son of Mr. James Galloway of that city. Having chosen arms for his profession, and India for his destination, Archibald Galloway was nominated a cadet in 1799, and appointed to the 58th native infantry, of which he finally became colonel in 1836. During this long period of military service in India, extending over thirty-five years, he was present in several engagements, as well as six sieges and seven storms, in four of which he took a very active share. When Delhi, defended by a handful of British troops, maintained itself against a besieging army of 70,000 men and 130 pieces of cannon, Galloway was one of the brave defenders, and fully shared in the honours of that remarkable resistance. He was also present at the siege of Bhurtpore, conducted by Lord Lake. Captain Galloway's post on that occa-

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sion was especially the post of danger, for it was that of the Sappers, a corps so constantly under the enemy's fire, and so frequently employed in the most perilous operations during the siege, that all its officers, and most of its men, were either killed or wounded. On two occasions he headed it in the attack as part of the forlorn hope, and on the last he was dangerously wounded. Besides active services, which are too numerous to specify, and in which his share was that of a fearless, indefatigable, and skilful inferior officer, he was employed on important commissions on the staff, and for several years held high charges in India, in the military engineer department, the last of which was that of member of the Military Board under its new constitution, to which he was appointed by the governor-general, Lord William Bentinck. In this responsible office he so ably acquitted himself, as to be honoured, at his departure from India, with the highest approval of the governor-general in council. General Galloway's various services, during his military career, were also publicly acknowledged by several of our Indian commanders-in-chief upon nine different occasions—by the supreme government of India on twenty-one, and by the Court of Directors and superior authorities in England on eleven—making an amount of distinction sufficient to show that he only required a separate command, and an opportunity, to raise his name to the highest rank in the annals of our Anglo-Indian warfare.

In authorship, General Galloway also obtained a distinction which will, perhaps, outlast the remembrance of his soldiership. At a time when such knowledge was most needed by our military governors and civilians in the East, he wrote a commentary on the "Mahometan Law," and another on the "Law, Constitution, and Government of India." He also wrote a work on "Indian Sieges," which was so highly esteemed, that it was reprinted by the Court of Directors, and used as a text-book in their military college, as well as distributed for general use throughout our Indian army. In addition to these, he was author of several military treatises. He was nominated a companion of the Bath in 1838, and a knight-commander in 1848; and besides these public honours, he was elected a director of the East India Company in 1846, and officiated as its chairman in 1849. His death, which was sudden, being after a few hours' illness, occurred at his house, 18, Upper Harley Street, on the 6th of April, 1850.

GALT, John.—This popular novelist and multifarious writer was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 2d of May, 1779, and was the son of a sea-captain, who was employed in the West India trade. The stay of young Galt in a district with which he afterwards made the world so well acquainted, was not long-continued, as his parents removed to Greenock when he was eleven years old. In this town of commercial bustle and enterprise, his education was soon finished, as he was destined to follow the occupation of a merchant; and by way of acquiring a proper knowledge of his future profession, he was, in the first instance, employed as a clerk in the custom-house of Greenock, and afterwards in a counting-house in the same town. This was unfavourable training for that life of authorship which he followed with such ardour in after periods; but his diligence and perseverance in self-education during the hours of leisure, not only formed the groundwork, but the incitement of his future literary undertakings. His first attempts, as is usual with young aspirants, were in poetry; and one of these, a tragedy, founded on the history of Mary Queen of Scots, he sent to Constable for publication, but had the MS. returned unread. He was con-

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soled, however, for this disappointment by having his smaller lucubrations occasionally published in the "Greenock Advertiser," and one or two of the Scottish magazines. He thus saw himself in print, and the consequences it is easy to divine—his enthusiasm would expand into full-grown authorship. Undismayed by the rejection of his tragedy, Galt next attempted an epic, the title of which, was "The Battle of Largs." It was written in octo-syllabic rhyme, and he prided himself not a little on the fact, that in this matter at least he had preceded Sir Walter Scott. This poem, written in five cantos, was enabled partly to struggle into light in consequence of detached portions of it having been published in the "Scots Magazine" for 1803 and 1804. It is as well that the world was not troubled with it *in toto*, as the following invocation to Lok, which is in "Ercles' vein," will sufficiently testify:—

"The hideous storm that dozing lay,
Thick blanketed in clouds all day,
Behind sulphureous Hecla, we
Roused to this wrecking wrath for thee,
And sent him raging round the world,
High in a thund'ring chariot hurl'd;
Whose steeds, exulting with their load,
As the grim fiend they drag abroad,
Whisk with their tails the turrets down
Of many a temple, tower, and town."

Or take the following description of Erie, one of the Norse Eumenides, in which the sudden alternations of rising and sinking can scarcely be paralleled even by Sir Richard Blackmore:—

"Her looks sulphureous glow—
Her furnace-eyes, that burn'd below
A dismal forehead, glaring wide,
Like caves by night in Hecla's side,
And what her fangs for staff did grasp,
'Twas fired iron—Hell's hatchway's hasp.
* * * * * *
At length she stood,
And scowling o'er the weltering flood.
That louder rag'd, she stretch'd her hand,
Clutching the red Tartarean brand
Aloft, and, as the black clouds sunder'd,
Dared the high heavens till they thunder'd."

It was in London that this poetical attempt was made. He had gone to the metropolis in 1803 or 1804, and there, a few months of leisure at his first entrance, had encouraged those desperate conceptions in Runic mythology, which he extended through five mortal cantos. It was not, however, by writing epics that he could support himself in London. He therefore commenced business in good earnest, and entered into partnership with a young countryman of his own: but they soon disagreed; their affairs were unsuccessful, and in about three years the concern became bankrupt. This combination of poetry and business was not sufficient for the versatile mind of Galt; other subjects of study occupied his attention, among which were astrology, alchemy, history, and political economy. Was it wonderful then that his name, before it figured in authorship, should have found a place in the bankrupt list?

After this mercantile disaster Galt tried to re-establish himself in business

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along with a brother; but this attempt also proved abortive. Sick of merchandise, and impatient to try something else, he resolved to devote himself to the profession of law; and for this purpose entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. He was soon overtaken by a nervous indisposition, that unfitted him for the dry studies of "Coke upon Littleton;" and, by way of solace, until the malady should pass away, he sat down to write a book. The subject was ready to his hand; for, in a walk with some friends through the colleges of Oxford in 1805, he had felt indignant that Cardinal Wolsey, the founder of Christ Church College, should have been allowed to bequeath such a boon without a fitting commemoration from its learned disciples; and since better might not be, he had resolved, alien though he was, at some time or other to repair the deficiency. That season had now arrived; and accordingly, about the beginning of 1809, he commenced a life of Cardinal Wolsey, and finished it in a very few months. The short time that he took for the necessary reading and research, as well as writing, which such a subject required, will give an adequate conception of the natural impetuosity of his intellect. But with this haste and hurry there was curiously combined the grave methodical arrangement of the counting-house: he transcribed upon one part of his writing-paper the historical facts extracted from Cavendish, Fiddes, and Hume, and wove round them, upon the margin and between the interstices, his own remarks and deductions, until a gay party-coloured web was the result; after which he systematized the whole into a continuous narrative. "I was desirous," he says of it, "to produce a work that would deserve some attention." This work, which he afterwards improved and extended, was not published till three years afterwards. As his health did not improve, he now resolved to try the effects of travel before being called to the English bar; and in 1809 he left England for a tour, which extended over three years. The result of this long journey was two separate works at his return. The first was entitled, "Voyages and Travels in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, containing Statistical, Commercial, and Miscellaneous Observations on Gibraltar, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Turkey;" and the second, "Letters from the Levant, containing Views of the State of Society, Manners, Opinions, and Commerce in Greece and several of the principal Islands of the Archipelago."

These were not the only works which Galt published on his return to England. His poetical inspiration still haunted him, but so much sobered down, that during his tour he had been employing himself in writing dramas on the plan of Alfieri, where the simplicity of the plot and fewness of the characters were to be compensated by the full force of nature and poetic excellence. This was certainly a great sacrifice in one whose imagination so revelled in plot, and was so fertile in incident. The volume, which was published in 1812, contained the tragedies of Maddalen, Agamemnon, Lady Macbeth, Antonia, and Clytemnestra; and as only 250 copies were printed, the work being published on his own account, it had little chance of undergoing the test of public opinion. Even as it was, however, it was roughly handled in the Quarterly Review, by an ironical criticism, in which Galt was elevated to the rank of a second Shakspeare. Soon after his return, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Tilloch, editor of the "Philosophical Magazine," and proprietor of the "Star," a newspaper on which Galt had been for some time employed. In the same year, also (1812), so prolific in his publishing adventures, he sent through the press his "Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects."

Having now abandoned all thoughts of devoting himself to the bar, Galt was

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compelled to have recourse to authorship, until something more stable should occur. He therefore wrote in the "Monthly Magazine," and other periodicals of the day. He also projected, with Mr. Colburn the publisher, a periodical which, under the title of the "New British Theatre," should publish the best of those dramatic productions which the managers of the great play-houses had rejected. It was hoped that in this way deserving talent would be rescued from oblivion; and "many a gem of purest ray serene" be made to glitter in the eye of a delighted world, instead of being trampled among the dust of the green-room. It was a most benevolent and hopeful speculation, of which Galt, the proposer, was appointed editor. But little did he anticipate the flood-gates of mud which such a proposal opened. There was an instant jail-delivery of manuscript plays, enough to have converted the country into a literary Botany Bay or Alsatia; and Galt, amidst the heap of dramatic matter, under which he was well-nigh smothered, was obliged to confess at last that the managers of theatres were not such reckless or unjust rejectors as they had been called. The work at its commencement was successful, but soon afterwards fell off, although the plan was improved by the admission of plays that had been written but not presented. Before it expired, Galt possessed and availed himself of the opportunity of inserting some of his own dramatic productions, among which was the tragedy of "The Witness," afterwards performed in several towns with altered titles. After this, his career for some years was one of active business, combined with authorship. During his travels he had conceived the idea of importing British goods through Turkey, in spite of the continental blockade by which Napoleon endeavoured to exclude our commerce; and upon this plan he employed himself diligently for some time both in England and Scotland. But the conception appeared too bold and hazardous to those traders who were invited to the risk; and his efforts ended in disappointment. Another occupation with which he was commissioned, was to superintend a bill through the House of Commons, intrusted to him by the Union Canal Company. As enough of leisure was afforded him in London during the suspense of this bill, he wrote the "Life and Studies of Benjamin West." He also wrote a romance, of which the hero was the Wandering Jew. Of this work two considerable editions were sold, although it had never been reviewed. This neglect the author, who affectionately clung to the remembrance of his Wandering Jew to the last, regarded with some surprise. "How the work," he says, "should have been so long unnoticed, while others which treat of the same subject have attracted considerable attention, I cannot say; but this I know, that many of my own far inferior productions, in originality and beauty, have been much applauded, and yet I doubt if they have sold so well." We suspect that few of our readers have been among the purchasers of this wonderful myth, or have even heard its name till now.

Amidst all the toil and struggle of these literary attempts, John Galt had not yet discovered where his strength lay. History, biography, travels, epic and dramatic poetry, romance—he had tried them all, but attained success in none. His over-boiling imagination and erratic fancy were too much even for fiction, whether in prose or verse; and when he attempted sober narrative, his love of originality was ever leading him into some startling paradox, which the facts of history were unable to make good. The eccentricity of his political opinions had also given not a little offence to the still predominant party; for although a Tory in theory, he seemed a very Radical in practice, and had more

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than once run a muck against the powers that be, when he found them stopping up his way. On this account he had also brought down upon his head the ire of the Quarterly Review, whose censure was enough to blight the popularity of an author among Tory readers, and throw him out upon neutral ground. Thus, up to 1820, his attempts were a series of literary blunders, and his production of that year, "The Earthquake," a stern, sombre novel, in three volumes, which has shared the fate of his other productions written before this period, should, in ordinary circumstances, have been his last attempt in authorship. But in his long search in the dark he had hit upon the right vein at last. It was not in the wild and wonderful that he was to excel, but in the homely, the humorous, and the caustic. "The hero's harp, the lover's lute," with which he had tried to enchant the world, but to no purpose, were to be exchanged for the vulgar bagpipe and stock-and-horn. His first attempt in this way was the "Ayrshire Legatees"—a work which originated in mere accident. One of his enjoyments was to "show the lions" to such strangers as were introduced to him in London; and of these, as might be expected, were many original characters from the far north, whose sensations among the wonders of the great metropolis were a rich feast to his keen observant eye and quick sense of the ludicrous. It soon occurred to him that these peculiarities might be embodied in particular personages, and illustrated by correspondent adventures. the whole materials were before him like those of a rich landscape, and only needed artistic selection and combination to form a very choice picture. Upon this idea he set to work, and without any formal plot for his story, scene after scene grew upon his hand as it was needed, until the "Ayrshire Legatees" was the result. It was in this way that "Humphrey Clinker" was produced—the best of all Smollett's productions. As fast as the chapters of Galt's new attempt were written, they were published in Blackwood's Magazine of 1820 and 1821, and their appearance excited universal attention, while they continued to rise in popularity to the last; so that, when finished, they were published separately, and eagerly devoured by the novel-reading public. It was a style of writing which had been so long disused, as to have all the charms of originality, while the truthfulness of the different characters was such as to impart to fiction all the charms of reality. Galt found that he had succeeded at last, and followed up his success with the "Annals of the Parish," which was published in 1821. This work, however, although so late in its appearance, was, properly speaking, the first of Galt's Scottish novels, as it had been written in 1813, but laid aside, until the success of the "Ayrshire Legatees" encouraged him to commit it to the press. In this work, also, he had not troubled himself about the construction of a regular plot, and, like its predecessor, it was all the better for the omission. Long before he commenced the "Annals," his ambition had been to "write a book that would be for Scotland what the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is for England;" and this was the result. He certainly could not have adopted a better model.

No one can imagine that the pen of Galt, so indefatigable when success was against it, would now relapse into idleness. In the "Annals of the Parish" he had exhibited the progress of improvement in a rural district of the west of Scotland; he was now desirous of describing the same progress in a town. Such was the origin of the "Provost," which was published in 1822. He had now learned the true secret of novel-writing, as is evident from the following statement:—"In the composition of the 'Provost' I followed the same rule of art

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which seemed to me so proper in the 'Annals of the Parish,' namely, to bring impressions on the memory harmoniously together; indeed, I have adhered to the principle in all my subsequent compositions, and sometimes I fancy that the propriety of doing so may be justified by nature. I think no ingenuity can make an entirely new thing. Man can only imagine the old together; join legs, and arms, and wings as he may, only the forms of previously-created things can be imitated. The whole figure may be *outré*, and unlike anything in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth; but the imitations of the human hand in the details will ever be evident. . . . In my youth I wrote a poem called the 'Legend of St. Anthony,' which I undertook with the intention of depicting comical phantasms; but I had not proceeded far till I was induced to change my mind, by observing that my most extravagant fancies were only things of curious patchwork, and that the same defect might be discerned in all those things in which the 'creative' power of genius was said to be more indisputable. . . . I therefore give up all pretension to belonging to that class who deal in the wild and wonderful; my wish is, to be estimated by the truth of whatever I try to represent."

The next work of Galt was the "Steam-boat," a novel, published originally in Blackwood, in which he wished to give such an account of the coronation of George IV. as an "abortive bailie" from Scotland might be likely to do. This was followed by "Sir Andrew Wyllie," in which he wished to exhibit the rise and progress of an humble Scotchman in London. In this tale, however, he gave way to his literary besetting sin, a fault of which he was afterwards fully conscious; and he says of it very justly, "The incidents are by far too romantic and uncommon to my own taste, and are only redeemed from their extravagance by the natural portraiture of the characters."

But, indeed, either accurate conception or finished execution could scarcely be expected from Galt in his writings at this period, when we remember that the three last-mentioned works, viz., the "Provost," the "Steam-boat," and "Sir Andrew Wyllie," were all published in 1822. In the following year he produced his "Gathering of the West," which was also published in the first instance in Blackwood's Magazine. The subject was the visit of George IV. to Scotland—an event that appeared in so many ludicrous aspects to the mirthful satirical mind of Galt, that he could not repress his profane chuckling at this great *avatar*, even when he endeavoured to look the most composed. He therefore says of the "Gathering," and its kindred work, the "Steam-boat"—"Notwithstanding the deference for magnates and magnificence under which these works were written, the original sin may be detected here and there peeping out, insomuch that those who consider Toryism as consisting of the enjoyment of at least pensions, must be dreadfully shocked to think even a moderate politician of any sort could be so far left to himself as to speak so irreverently of things which concerned the affairs of empires and burgh towns."

We have already alluded to Galt's exuberance in the productions of 1822; but that of the following year was still more excessive, so that it might well be said of him, *vires acquirit eundo*. Thus the "Entail," "Ringan Gilhaize," and the "Spaewife"—each a three-volumed novel—were published during this year of portentous abundance. The first of these novels was founded upon an incident related by the Lord Provost of Glasgow to Galt. It was in this way that he was accustomed to make the most of everything that he had heard or witnessed, by either laying it down as the groundwork of a tale, or

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introducing it as an amusing episode; and in this faculty of adaptation lay much of the excellence of his popular works. Thus his vigorous and picturesque description of the northern coast of Scotland, in the "Entail," was expanded from an interesting account of the locality given to him by a daughter of Sir John Sinclair; while many of the grotesque events and humorous jokes with which his other tales abound, had long previously enlivened the firesides of the peasantry. In him, however, it was no small merit that he should have introduced them so happily, and told them so well. As a proof of the acceptability of his last mentioned work, Galt tells us, in his "Literary Life and Miscellanies," that Sir Walter Scott had read it thrice, and Lord Byron as often. Of "Ringan Gilhaize," he also tells us that it received the unique and distinguished honour of being recommended from the pulpit by one of the ministers of Aberdeen. This tale, in which the narrator, a persecuted Covenanter, relates the history of his grandfather, gives a sketch of the rise and progress of the Reformation in Scotland, from the days of Knox and Murray to the close of the reign of the Stuarts; and for the purpose of collecting materials, and preserving the accuracy of the narrative, Galt went to Rinsory-house to gather traditions, and collected several relics of the battle of Killiecrankie. The cause which incited him to write such a work was indignation at the popularity of "Old Mortality," in which the Covenanters were held up to ridicule; and he was animated with a chivalrous zeal to vindicate the character of these heroic but much-vilified sufferers in the cause of conscience and religion. But unfortunately Ringan Gilhaize was no match for Balfour of Burley. In this tale Galt very rashly abandoned his own field of broad reality and plain every-day life, for one where nothing but history and imagination could aid him; and therefore it exhibited a marked deficiency both in execution and popular interest. It was still worse, however, with the "Spaewife," where he went back from the Covenanting periods, with which the Scottish public can still sympathize, to the fifteenth century of Scottish history, about which they know little and care still less; and with all his attempts at the sublime, which often swelled into the turgid, he could not interest his readers one jot in the Duke of Albany and his worthless brood, or even in James I., our heroic ministrel king. It was certainly an over-ambitious attempt, and as such it failed. At this period the empire of historical romance belonged to Sir Walter Scott, and to him alone, without peer or rival. But that such an attempt was the opening of a safety-valve, and that the work would have exploded in some fashion or other, is manifest, from the following statement of the author:—"The fate of James I. of Scotland early seemed to me possessed of many dramatic capabilities; and in the dream of my youth, to illustrate by tales, ballads, and dramas, the ancient history of my country, it obtained such a portion of my attention, that I have actually made a play on the subject. In riper life, many years after, I wrote the novel; and my knowledge of the age in which the transactions lie, enabled me to complete the story in such a manner that, merely as an antiquarian essay, it merits consideration." To the "Spaewife" succeeded "Rothelan." This also is a historical novel or romance; and not content with going back so far as to the reign of Edward III., Galt transferred the scene to England, where his great *forte* as a Scottish novelist had to be utterly laid aside; and "Rothelan" was a failure. Among the manifold aims of the author's ambition, that of being a good musical composer happened to be one; and in "Rothelan," Galt had not only written two songs, but also set them to music. But it unfortunately hap-

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pened that the printer was smitten with the same ambition, and not liking the tunes, he substituted two of his own, which were printed in the work. "At the time," says Galt, "I was staying with a friend, and a copy of the book was left for me in the morning. On going down stairs I found it in the library, where we usually breakfasted; and as pleased at the sight as a hen with her egg, of which she cannot keckle enough to the world about, I lifted the volumes, and turned to the tunes. Courteous reader, sympathize! Instead of my fine airs, with an original inflection, that had been much admired by a competent judge, I beheld two that surely had been purchased at the easy charge of a half-penny a-piece from a street piper! I looked aghast, and almost fainted. There was a grand piano in the drawing-room. I rushed, book in hand, upstairs in a whirlwind. It was of no use—the piano too was a *particeps criminis*, and would only pronounce the Highland coronachs which stand in the publication even to this day; and the worst of it was, my friend, instead of taking out his handkerchief and condoling becomingly, only gave vent to 'unextinguishable laughter,' and paid no attention to my pathetic appeals at the figure I must cut, being really no deacon among musicians, at the thought of having two such horrid frights affiliated to me."

A change once more occurred in the life of Galt, in which the active laborious author was to be transformed into the equally active and enterprising man of business. Besides being reckoned only inferior to Sir Walter Scott as a delineator of Scottish character and manners, his reputation stood high as one well acquainted with the principles and practice of commerce; and on this account the inhabitants of Canada commissioned him as their agent to prosecute their claims on the home government for the losses they had sustained during the occupation of the province by the army of the United States. During the negotiations which occurred in consequence, a proposal to sell Crown lands in Upper Canada for the indemnification of the sufferers was made by Mr. Galt, and adopted by government, and a Canada Company was incorporated in 1826, to purchase land and colonize it. During the previous year he had been employed in valuing the lands that were to be exposed to sale, after which he had returned to England; but in the autumn of 1826 he went back to Canada, where he was employed by the company as their superintendent. His able and active management soon secured the confidence of his constituents; new settlements were founded, a village was called by his name, and the township of Guelph was his entire creation. But unfortunately Galt's activity was not balanced by an equal amount of prudence, and in the ardour of his proceedings he managed to involve himself in quarrels with the colonial government, and with Sir Peregrine Maitland, who was at its head. Such is too often the folly and the fate of those who go forth as the reformers of our colonies; they enter their new sphere of action with their heads filled with Magna Charta and the rights of British citizenship, forgetful all the while of the distance of these colonies from the parent seat of government, and the necessity of a more stringent rule than would be tolerated in London or Edinburgh. This seems to have been the error of Galt; and in consequence of the complaints that were sent home against him, he was superseded by the directors of the company. But, whether in the bustle of action or the chagrin of disappointment, his pen could not lie idle; and during this period he produced the "Omen," a tale that was favourably reviewed in Blackwood's Magazine by Sir Walter Scott, and the "Last of the Lairds," a novel which he meant to be the continuation of a

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class that has the "Annals of the Parish" for its commencement. For the encouragement of the drama in Quebec he also wrote a farce, entitled "Visitors; or, a Trip to Quebec," which was acted with great success by an amateur company. Another, which he wrote for New York, to propitiate the Americans, who had taken offence at his "Visitors," was entitled "An Aunt in Virginia," and was afterwards published in Blackwood's Magazine, with the scene transferred from New York to London. He intended to write a third for his own town of Guelph, where his dwelling-house was to be converted into a theatre, and the drama introduced into this infant settlement; but his design was suspended by more urgent demands, and the necessity of his speedy return to England.

This event occurred in 1829, after he had been two years and a half in America. On his return, without a situation, and almost penniless, Galt's creditors became urgent, and he was obliged, in consequence, to avail himself of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. The world was now to be commenced anew; but the elasticity of youth and the ardour of hope were exhausted, and Galt, now at the age of fifty, had already done more than most men have achieved at that period. And yet he must continue an author, no longer, however, from choice, but necessity; for of all that he had possessed, nothing but his pen remained. And bravely he girded himself for the task, and published in succession "Lawrie Todd," "Southennan," and the "Life of Lord Byron." They were written with his wonted rapidity, being produced in 1829 and 1830; but the spirit that formerly animated him had become languid, so that these works, excellent though they are, will not stand comparison with his former novels that so highly interested the Scottish public. While he was occupied with the "Life of Lord Byron," a caustic production, in which his lordship meets with somewhat rough entertainment, Galt accepted the editorship of the "Courier," a newspaper of high Tory principles. But however well-adapted in many ways for such an office, it is easy to guess that he could not continue long to hold it, and that the same independence of spirit which wrecked him in Canada, would mar him as the Corypheus of any political party whatever in the journalism of London. "The only kind of scruple that I felt," he says, "if such it may be called, was in thinking the politics of the journal a little too ardent for the spirit of the times; and in consequence, my first object was to render them more suitable to what I apprehended was the wholesome state of opinion, preparatory to introducing occasionally more of disquisition into the articles. . . . Accordingly, without manifesting particular solicitude to make myself remarkable, I began by attempting gradually to alleviate the ultra-toryism of the paper, by explanations of more liberality than the sentiments of any party." By such an honest procedure either the newspaper or the editor must go down; and Galt thus continues his narrative: "I had not been long installed as editor till I perceived that the business would not suit me. In point of emolument it was convenient; but, as I have elsewhere shown, money matters have ever been perhaps too slightly regarded by me, and my resignation, though it partook of that promptitude of enunciation which all my decisions have uniformly manifested, was, however, the result of very solemn reflection. To men who have juster notions of the value of money than I have ever entertained—not from persuasion, but from habit, if not constitutional carelessness—my resignation in such a crisis of fortune will not be easily comprehensible; but to those who think, as the old song sings, that there are things 'which gold can never buy,' no further explanation can be necessary."

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About the same period Galt, while thus busied with literature, attempted to form a new American Land Company, but was unsuccessful; and to aggravate his misfortunes, two attacks of paralysis warned him that his day of enterprise had ended—that he was now chained to the oar. He retired to his native country, there to await his time, so doubly uncertain; and to close his eyes, when his hour came, amidst the scenery and society which he had loved so well. Yet he still continued to linger on from year to year, although repeated shocks of the malady inflicted at each visitation the "bitterness of death;" and while his memory was impaired and his mind enfeebled, he was still obliged to toil for the support of a life that seemed scarcely worth having. And yet he could still be happy, for his was that healthful state of feeling that looked habitually upon the bright side of things, and could find itself occupation as long as a single faculty remained in exercise. With an amanuensis, or a chance friend to transcribe from his dictation, he continued to pour forth volume after volume, "to wrench life from famine," as he mournfully expressed it; and although these productions could scarcely bear comparison with those of his happier years, they still retained the impress of his former vivacity and inventiveness, as well as much of his vigorous talent and reach of thought. In this way he produced, among other publications, the "Autobiography of John Galt," in two volumes 8vo, and the "Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt," in three volumes 12mo, from which the materials of the foregoing sketch have been mainly derived. At length, after the fourteenth stroke of paralysis, he died at Greenock, on the 11th of April, 1839.

The works of Galt were very numerous, comprising about fifty volumes of novels, and more than a score of dramas, independently of his biographical and miscellaneous works. Of these, however, only a tithe of his tales will continue to be read and valued, not only for their intrinsic excellence, but as the transcripts of a state of society that is rapidly passing away. In this department the name of John Galt will be perpetuated as a national remembrance, and his descriptions be prized when the living reality has departed.

GARDNER, George, an eminent botanist, was born, in 1810, at Ardentinny, where his father, a native of Aberdeen, acted as gardener to the Earl of Dunmore. He was the second son. In 1816 his father became gardener to the Earl of Eglinton at Ardrossan, and there the subject of our sketch attended the parish school till 1822, when his parents removed to Glasgow. Here he was placed at the grammar-school, and, in the course of his studies, acquired a good knowledge of the Latin language. He had early imbibed, probably from his father's occupation, a taste for botany; but it was perhaps as much by accident as design that he subsequently devoted his life to the science.

He commenced the study of medicine in the Andersonian university of Glasgow, and continued, during the winter and summer sessions of 1829, '30, '31, and '32, to pursue his studies with a degree of zeal and persevering industry which won for him high distinction in college honours. He also, in 1829, '30, and '31, attended the classes of anatomy, surgery, chemistry, materia medica, &c., in the university, where he likewise distinguished himself in the prize list. In 1830 he joined the Glasgow Medical Society, and during that year, and 1831 and '32, his attendance at the Royal Infirmary was unremitting. Still, amidst these severer studies, he found leisure to indulge his early bias for botany. His first rudiments of the science were obtained from Dr. Rattray, and he continued to improve himself by botanizing rambles in

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the country, and frequent visits to the Botanical Garden, with the curator of which, Mr. Stewart Murray, he formed a friendship which continued to the day of his death. Through Mr. Murray, and from his having discovered, in one of his rambles, the rare *Nuphar minima* or *pulima*, growing in Mugdock Loch, he became known to Sir William J. Hooker, the eminent professor of botany in the university of Glasgow. He now attended Sir William's botanical lectures, and that truly amiable gentleman soon formed a high estimate of his character and talents. As a student, he made several botanical excursions to the Highlands with the Professor and his class; and to the intimacy thus produced may be attributed the important change in his future career.

From the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, Gardner obtained his diploma as surgeon, with high marks of distinction. Meanwhile he had made himself acquainted with the flowering plants of Scotland, and studied cryptogamic botany so successfully that, in 1836, he brought out a work, entitled "Musci Britannici, or Pocket Herbarium of British Mosses," arranged and named according to Hooker's "British Flora." This work was flatteringly received, and has been of great value to muscologists. The specimens are beautifully dried, and neatly attached; whilst its general accuracy can be depended upon, as he had not only free access to the splendid library of Sir William Hooker, but the benefit of his personal assistance.

A copy of the "Musci Britannici" having reached the late Duke of Bedford —well known for the interest which he took in botanical science—his grace became a liberal patron, and warmly encouraged his ambition to proceed upon a foreign exploratory mission. After the death of the lamented Drummond, whose labours in Texas and parts of Central America had greatly enriched the Royal Botanic Garden, the directors of that institution were solicitous still further to promote its scientific character; and arrangements were made for his proceeding to North Brazil, to explore the botany of that country. As in the case of Drummond, Sir William Hooker undertook to procure a number of subscribers for the dried specimens, and to be at the trouble of subdividing and forwarding them to the respective parties; the curator, at the same time, agreeing to take a similar charge of the seeds and living plants sent home. Many of the public botanic gardens, as well as a number of amateur noblemen and gentlemen, were subscribers, and by this means, for a moderate sum, had their collections largely and richly increased. Amongst others the Duke of Bedford was a munificent contributor; and all preliminaries having been arranged for Gardner's departure, his grace not only interested his son, Lord Edward Russell, R.N., commanding on the American station, in his behalf, but secured for him a free passage out in one of H.M. ships. This, however, he politely declined, preferring the greater privacy of a merchant ship, that he might have leisure to study, and especially to improve himself in his knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages. So far from being offended, the duke magnanimously sent a draft for £50 in lieu of the free passage.

In the summer of 1836 Gardner sailed from Liverpool, and, after a favourable passage, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, with the appearance of which, and the surrounding scenery, he was perfectly captivated, and wrote home in glowing terms, descriptive of his first impressions. Amidst scenes so tempting to a naturalist, Gardner did not long remain inactive. He made frequent excursions in the vicinity of Rio, and particularly to the Organ mountains. In these

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rambles he was often accompanied by Mr. Miers, a gentleman resident in the country, of whose kindness he ever spoke in the highest terms. His first collection of plants, seeds, and specimens for the herbarium, were drawn chiefly from this quarter. These came home in excellent condition, and proved highly interesting. They contained many new orchids, liliaeæ, palms, &c. He subsequently penetrated into the interior, and spent a considerable time in exploring the diamond regions. He was indefatigable in his mission, and his long and toilsome journeys were often attended with no small adventure, and even peril. Five years—from 1836 till 1841—were passed in Brazil. Before returning home, which he did in the latter year, he paid a parting visit to the Organ mountains, his object in doing so being, as he himself says, in one of his letters, to "make a collection of some of the fine shrubs and herbaceous plants which are to be found principally on the higher levels" of that range, to take home with him in the living state. After penetrating into the interior, he found the difficulty of sending home living plants almost insurmountable; yet he continued to preserve large collections for the herbarium, which, with seeds and such living plants as could endure the inland journey, prior to their long voyage, were sent home as opportunity offered. Some of the Melastomaceæ, as *Pleroma Benthamianum* and *Multiflora* may be mentioned among the number as now ornamenting every good collection of hot-house plants; also, many beautiful Franciscas, &c.

Although botany was, of course, his chief pursuit, Gardner had always an eye to what might be of interest in other departments of natural history—hence his collections were swelled with minerals, recent and fossil shells, preserved skins of birds, fishes, &c. He, at the same time, did not neglect his medical acquirements. Throughout his extended journeyings, he carried his surgical instruments along with him, and performed several important operations with entire success, which not only improved his finances, but gained him many friends—thus securing a degree of respect, comfort, and, in some cases, safety, among the native tribes, which only a medical man might expect to enjoy. Amidst his multifarious labours, he kept up his home correspondence with surprising regularity, writing often to Sir William Hooker and Mr. Murray, and occasionally communicating with the more distinguished foreign botanists of the day. Several of his papers and letters were inserted by Sir William in the "Journal of Botany." In one of these, dated Province of Minas, September 3, 1840, he refers to the death of his "generous patron, the Duke of Bedford," in terms which bespeak the deep gratitude by which he was actuated. Nor did he overlook the claims of his own relations to a share in his epistolary attention; and even his juvenile friends, such as Dr. Joseph Hooker, and Mr. Murray's family, were not forgotten.

In 1842, not long after his return, Gardner was elected professor of botany in the Andersonian university, and had prepared a course of lectures; but he did not retain that appointment, seeing, at the time, little prospect of the class being well attended. Meanwhile he occupied himself in arranging the materials of his Brazilian journal, with a view to publication. The work, however, was still incomplete, when, in 1843, he was appointed to Ceylon, as island botanist and superintendent of the botanic garden there, by the colonial government. This situation he owed to the influence of his never-failing friend, Sir William Hooker, who had himself been, some time previously, promoted to the office of director-general of the Royal Gardens at Kew. While in London,

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receiving instructions before embarkation, he experienced much kindness from Lord Stanley, now the Earl of Derby.

On arriving in Ceylon, his first consideration was bestowed on the botanic garden, which he repaired, re-arranged, and greatly improved. He then began to make botanical excursions over the island, thus enriching the garden with the fruits of his journeys. He also transmitted to the botanic gardens in Britain, especially Kew, such plants and seeds as were likely to prove acceptable, obtaining in return the productions of other climes—South America, the West Indies, &c., for the Ceylon garden. During his rambles he discovered the upas tree, which was not previously known to exist in Ceylon. A writer in one of the Ceylon papers, whose article was copied into "Chambers's Journal," says:—"When returning to Kornegalle, we were most fortunate in the pleasure of having for a companion Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist, in whose company the most insignificant plant or flower has an interest, in relation to which, he has always something instructive to tell. On our journey back to Kandy, he discovered the upas tree, growing within a few miles of Kornegalle. It was not known before that it grows in Ceylon."

Gardner's position and eminence, as a botanist, led him into an extensive correspondence, notwithstanding which, and his multifarious official duties, he so regulated his labours as to be able, not long after his arrival in Ceylon, to finish the arrangement of his Brazilian papers, which were published in London, by Reeves Brothers, in 1846. The work, 562 pp. 8vo, is entitled, "Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces and the Gold Districts, during the years 1836–41." It was very favourably received, being sufficiently popular in its style to interest the general reader, whilst it did not disappoint the expectations of the man of science.

Lord Torrington, governor of Ceylon, proved a kind friend and patron to Gardner, thereby enabling him greatly to extend his botanical labours; so also did Sir James Emmerson Tennent, the secretary. Both of these honoured names are often mentioned with grateful feelings in his letters. It was at Neuria Ellia Rest-house, the residence of Lord Torrington, that his demise took place. He arrived there on the 10th of March, 1849, about 3 o'clock P.M., and, after luncheon with Lord and Lady Torrington, retired to rest in his room, his lordship and Dr. Fleming riding out meanwhile. Next day the party was to have gone on an excursion to the Horton Plains. Lord Torrington and the doctor had not proceeded far when they were recalled by express, Gardner having been attacked by a severe fit of apoplexy. Everything was done which medical science could suggest, but all to no purpose; he died at 11 o'clock at night, surrounded by a circle of deeply grieved friends. He was in the prime of life, and, as remarked at luncheon by Lady Torrington, never seemed in better health and spirits. He had been remarkable throughout life for abstinence. Even during three years of constant travelling, irregularity, and fatigue, while exploring the interior of Brazil, he drank nothing stronger than tea, of which he had secured a good supply before leaving Pernambuco.

Lord Torrington, in communicating the afflicting intelligence to Sir William Hooker, thus warmly eulogizes the character of the deceased: "I can honestly say that the colony, and the public in general, have experienced a severe loss in this talented and excellent man—one who was loved by all—never did I see so amiable a person, one who possessed more benevolence, or was more ready to impart information to those who asked for it."

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Thus the science of botany was deprived of an enthusiastic student, and able expositor, in the prime of life and the vigour of intellect. It is believed, by those who best knew him, that his end was hastened by excessive mental labour. Amongst his numerous MSS. is one in a finished state, which he was about to send to press, designed as an elementary work on the botany of India; and, as stated by Sir W. Hooker, in noticing his death in the "Journal of Botany," he had made extensive collections towards a complete "Flora Zeylanica." As a matter of general interest, it is not unworthy of notice that Gardner had taken out a patent for preparing coffee leaf, so as to afford a beverage, by infusion, "forming an agreeable, refreshing, and nutritive article of diet."

According to Gardner's will, his books and herbarium were to be offered to the Ceylon government, to form part of the establishment at Peradinia, at a certain valuation; and, if not accepted, to be forwarded to his executor in Britain, Sir W. Hooker. The government having declined the offer, they were accordingly placed at the disposal of Sir William, by whose disinterested efforts the herbarium realized prices much beyond what could have been expected.

GEIKIE, WALTER.—It has often been observed, that the Scottish national character abounds in contradictions. Poetical though it be, it has never produced a Milton; and in spite of all its wisdom and sagacity, it has not as yet exhibited a first-rate statesman. The same inconsistency is perceptible in the fine arts; so that, in spite of the imaginative and the humorous, by which that character is distinguished, Scotland has been barren of caricaturists. From the time of Hogarth to that of H. B., England has so plentifully abounded with such artists as to be eminently the land of caricature delineation; but Scotland, with all its shrewd observation, its perception of the ludicrous, and quiet love of fun, which constitute the chief elements in this department of pictorial art, has as yet produced no specimens of it except those of poor Walter Geikie—the very man, too, be it observed, from whom, on account of his physical disqualifications, productions of this kind were least to be expected.

Walter Geikie, whose droll and homely sketches are to be found upon the table of every Edinburgh drawing-room, was the son of Mr. Archibald Geikie, perfumer, and was born in Charles Street, George Square, Edinburgh, on the 9th November, 1795. Before he had completed his second year, he was attacked by a dangerous ear disease; and although he recovered, it was at the expense of being deaf and dumb for life. It was too much the fashion at this time in Scotland to consider *dumbies* as incapable of education, so that they were generally allowed to go at large, and vegetate as they best might; but happily, Walter was the son of a pious and intelligent father, who had a better sense of his paternal responsibility: he taught his bereaved boy the alphabet, so that the latter not only learned to read, but to understand what he read. Writing and arithmetic followed, in which Walter showed himself an apt scholar. When he had thus acquired the rudiments of education, it happened, fortunately for him, that Mr. Braidwood, the successful teacher of the deaf and dumb, was invited to Edinburgh, to open an institution there, and Geikie became one of his earliest pupils. In this new school the boy's proficiency was so rapid that he was soon employed as a monitor. He showed also that he was no mere common-place learner, for he was in the practice of writing down extracts of the passages that best pleased him in the authors whose works he perused. While he was thus storing his mind with knowledge, and qualifying himself, notwithstanding his defects, for a life of usefulness, his path was determined.

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While yet a child, he had been in the practice of cutting out representations of the objects that struck him on paper; afterwards he had attempted to portray them with chalk on floors and walls; and rising higher still in pictorial art, he at length betook himself to the use of the pencil. He did not, however, satisfy himself, like other young sketchers, with merely copying the pictures of others: instead of this, he would be satisfied with nothing short of the original object; and therefore he often roamed about the suburbs of Edinburgh, or among the fields, transferring into his note-book whatever most pleased his fancy. This was the form of language in which he found he could best express himself, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that he should cultivate it so carefully. At the age of fourteen he was sent to learn drawing by regular rule, under Mr. Patrick Gibson, and such was his progress, that in 1812 he was admitted a pupil of the Academy of Drawing, established for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, where he had for his preceptor Mr. Graham, the teacher of Allan and Wilkie.

By this course of training the future profession of Walter Geikie was confirmed. He was to be an artist; and it remained to be seen in what department his excellence was to consist. It was not certainly in painting, for he soon discovered that his attempts in oil were decidedly inferior to those of others in warmth and harmony of colouring; and although his "Itinerant Fiddlers," "All Hallow Fair," and the "Grassmarket," now in the collection at Hopetoun House, were the best specimens of his painting in oil, they scarcely exceed the efforts of a mere fourth-rate artist. It was in sketching that he best succeeded, while the subjects of his preference were not the beautiful or the sublime, but the homely and the ludicrous. He would rather sketch a pig-sty than a palace, and an odd face had more attraction in his eyes than all the ideal beauty of the Venus de Medicis. It was upon this predilection that he acted. He hunted about in quest of singular visages, at which, with his ready pencil, he would take a flying shot as he passed along the street; and as such commodities are by no means scarce in Edinburgh, his collection was soon both rich and various. This kind of sportsmanship, however, was not without its dangers, for those who were best fitted for the artist's purposes were generally the least disposed to have their effigies perpetuated. One amusing incident of this kind is related by his biographer. Geikie had become desperately enamoured of the turned-up nose, rhinoceros upper lip, and pot-belly of a porter of the Grassmarket, and longed to appropriate them in such a way as not to impoverish their lawful owner. But the porter, who had seen his hungry look, and suspected his purpose, had continued to dodge him, until one day he found himself all but fixed upon the artist's paper. Enraged at the discovery, he stormed, swore, and threatened; but Geikie, who was in ecstasy with his rich attitudes, and could not hear the threats, continued the drawing, until he saw his model rushing upon him like a maddened bull in the arena. He took to his heels, but was so hotly pursued that he had to take refuge in a common stair; and the porter, thinking that his tormentor was housed, resolved to await his coming forth. Geikie, in the meantime, who was watching every movement through a dingy window in the stair, contrived to finish his sketch, and crown it with the last touch. But how to get out when his work was finished! This seemed beyond the power of strategy, for there stood his merciless enemy on the watch; and there he remained for hours. Some lucky chance at last called away the bearer of burdens, and Geikie stole from his concealment when he found the

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coast clear. He had caught the porter, and saved his own bones. The fastidious object of his sketch forms a conspicuous figure in the group of the "Street Auctioneer."

The mirthful spirit of the artist, which drew him so powerfully to congenial subjects, was not confined to drawing; it found vent also in buoyant mimicry, in which he could act the droll characters of his daily search, as well as draw them. In this way, though deprived of the power of utterance, he could deliver jokes that set the company in a roar. It is gratifying also to add, that with all this mirthfulness there was a soundness of moral principle and depth of religious feeling within him that aimed at nobler ends than the harmless amusement of society. From infancy he had received a religious education, and it was all the more endeared to him, perhaps, from the difficulty which he must have found in acquiring those spiritual ideas of which he saw so few visible symbols. Sacred and sincere, indeed, must be the devotion of the deaf and dumb! He was also eager to impart what he had learned, and therefore, with two friends under the same bereavement as himself, he established a religious meeting of the deaf and dumb, to whom, on the Sabbaths, he preached and expounded by signs. After Geikie's death this interesting congregation was kept up by a worthy successor, who, we believe, still continues the good work which the artist so laudably commenced. After an uninterrupted course of good health, a short illness of a few days occurred, under which Geikie died, on the 1st of August, 1837. He was buried in the Greyfriars' church-yard. Of his productions it is unnecessary to enter into farther analysis, as these, ninety-four in number, illustrative of Scottish character and scenery, have been published in one volume, and are familiarly known to almost every class. They are also accompanied with explanations, and a biographical introduction by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, from which the foregoing facts have been chiefly derived.

GILFILLAN, ROBERT.—This amiable poet of domestic life, and popular song-writer, was born in Dunfermline, Fifeshire, on the 7th of July, 1798, and was the second of three sons. His father was a man of respectable condition, according to the reckoning of the times in provincial towns, for he was a master weaver, and kept several looms in full employment. His mother, who died in 1844, was justly characterized as "a woman of high intellectual powers, and one who, belonging to the middle classes of society, was distinguished by high literary acquirements, united to a modesty that rather fostered the talents of others than exhibited her own." Can we easily imagine a poet of good, current, lasting songs, born in a loftier position, or independent of such a maternity? Like most bards, and especially of this particular class, Robert Gilfillan's natural tendency was called forth in early life, under the pressure of a stirring public impulse. While still a boy, he had joined a group of urchins like himself, to make merry during the Christmas holidays with the sport of *guising*, or *guisarding*—an old Saxon revel, scarcely yet disused in Scotland, but which is now generally supplanted by the drawing-room amusement of charades; and while employed in this merry street masquerade, instead of confining himself to the hundred-year-old hackneyed stanzas about Alexander the Great and Galatian, he chanted a song of his own composition on the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby, at that time a recent event, and by which the sympathies of every cottage in Scotland had been roused into full native vigour. Young Gilfillan on this occasion received more than the usual poet's meed of pence and praise from the goodwives of Dunfermline, who listened at their doors in silent admiration.

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After this sudden outburst of rhyme, a long interval succeeded: school-boy trials, and the succeeding cares and difficulties of apprenticeship, are generally sufficient to banish the muses for years, if not for life; and Robert Gilfillan, who at the age of thirteen removed with his parents to Leith, was employed during a seven years' service in the unpoetical occupation of hammering tubs and barrels, having been bound apprentice for that period to a cooper. Although he manfully endured this probation, he abandoned the trade of a cooper as soon as his term of indenture had expired; and returning to Dunfermline in 1818, he was employed for nearly three years in the superintendence of a grocery establishment. Here his first love returned upon him in full vigour, and his attempts in song-writing were accompanied with the work of self-improvement, which he prosecuted not only by general reading, but associating with the young men of his neighbourhood who were like-minded with himself. In this way, not only his acquired knowledge, but his conversational power in the use of it, made him distinguished in Dunfermline society, and caused him to be regarded as one whose future career would surpass that of his companions. After this he again settled in Leith, where he was first employed in the warehouse of a firm of oil and colour merchants, and subsequently in that of a wine merchant, as confidential clerk, until 1837, when he was appointed collector of the police rates at Leith, which situation he held till the close of his life.

In this way Mr. Gilfillan held onward in his course, and fulfilled his mission as a useful member of society; but as a poet he had continued during his several changes of store-keeper, clerk, and tax-gatherer, to labour for a wider sphere and a more permanent memorial. The first earnest of this he enjoyed in the popularity of his songs, which, although still unpublished, were circulated over the whole of Scotland, and sung not only at public festivals, but also at social and domestic meetings. How was it possible, under such circumstances, to resist the temptations of the press? It speaks much, however, for his self-denial, that he did not yield until he had attained the matured reflective age of thirty-three, and when his songs had stood the test of years. In 1831, he became an author, by publishing a small volume of about 150 pages, under the title of "Original Songs," which he dedicated to Allan Cunningham, himself, next to Burns, the prince of Scottish song-poets. So successful was this appeal to public approbation, that in 1835 he brought out a new edition, increased by fifty additional pieces; and soon after its appearance, a public dinner was given to him in the Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, and a massive silver cup presented to him on the occasion, thus inscribed:—"Presented to Mr. Robert Gilfillan, by the admirers of native genius, in token of their high estimation of his poetical talents and private worth. Edinburgh, 1835." In 1839 he published a third and still larger edition of his original volume, sixty new songs being added to the collection; and by this completed work he will continue to hold an honoured place in the third rank of Scottish song-writers—Burns being of the first and standing alone, and Hogg and Cunningham being taken as the representatives of the second. In addition to those warm, but simple and narrowed home affections, which formed the chief themes of his lyrics, and in the delineation of which he has not often been surpassed, there is a moral purity in the songs of Gilfillan in which he has very seldom been equalled. But how, indeed, could it be otherwise, when we take into account the ordeal to which he submitted them? "It was his practice," says his biographer, "to read to his mother and sister his songs as he wrote them; and he was entirely guided by their judgment

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regarding them." This was better still than the housekeeper of Moliere! One circumstance connected with this gentle home tribunal of criticism first gave him the hope that fame was within his reach. He was reading his "Fare thee well, for I must leave thee," when his sister, and a young lady, a cousin of his own, who was present, were so deeply affected, that they burst into tears. After such an incident, some of our readers might wish to know the song: it is as follows:—

"Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, O! let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!

"We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,
My love for thee will last for ever;
I leave thee—but thy image dear,
Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.

"O! dry those pearly tears that flow—
One farewell smile before we sever;
The only balm for parting woe
Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.

"Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
Without some mingling drops of sorrow!

"Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
But, O! let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
At least I wish them thine—believe me!"

The rest of the incidents in Mr. Gilfillan's tranquil life scarcely require commemoration. Independently of his devotion to poetry, which was his master affection, he took pleasure in the various departments of light and every-day literature, and was a frequent contributor to the "Edinburgh Journal," and the "Dublin University Magazine." Although he continued to the end of his days a bachelor, he was not the less subject to painful bereavements, and these, too, at that period of life when the affections are most confirmed; for his mother died in 1844, and his sister in 1849, and thus the voices that had hitherto cheered him onward were no longer heard. His own death occurred on the 4th of December, 1850, and was occasioned by a stroke of apoplexy. His remains were buried in the church-yard of South Leith, where a monument, by the subscription of his admirers, has been erected to his memory.

GILLESPIE, Rev. Thomas, D.D.—Was born in the parish of Clossburn, Dumfries-shire, but in what year we have been unable to ascertain. He received the rudiments of education at the celebrated seminary of Wallacehall, in his own native parish, and afterwards went through the curriculum of the Dumfries Academy, a place noted for its excellence among the educational establishments of Scotland. Having been designed for the church, Mr. Gillespie enrolled as a student in the University of Edinburgh; and after having been distinguished in the Divinity-hall by his talents and scholarship, was licensed as a preacher, and a few years afterwards was presented by the United College, St. Andrews, to the parish of Cults, in the presbytery of Cupar-Fife. In this ministerial charge he was the immediate successor of the Rev. David Wilkie, father of the cele-

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brated painter; and on taking possession of his manse, he was grieved to find that, in the process of cleaning and white-washing, the sketches with which Sir David Wilkie, when a little boy, had covered the walls of his nursery, were remorselessly swept away. To a man of Gillespie's taste and enthusiasm, it seemed as if his entrance into a peaceful home had been preceded by an onslaught of the Vandals; but after settling in Cults, he made many inquiries into the early history of Sir David, which he communicated to Allan Cunningham, the artist's eloquent biographer. Over the portal of the manse, also, in imitation of Gil Blas, he afterwards carved that couplet of the Latin poet—

"Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete;
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios."

This final good-bye to hope and fortune, however, was somewhat premature; for having been appointed assistant and successor to Dr. John Hunter, professor of Humanity in St. Andrews, whose daughter Mr. Gillespie had married, he relinquished the ministerial charge of Cults, and became a resident in the ancient town of St. Andrews.

In his capacity of a country divine, and afterwards as a professor, Mr. Gillespie was distinguished by superior talent, both as an able writer, and ready eloquent speaker. His chief work was a volume of sermons on the "Seasons;" but his contributions to some of our best newspapers and journals, both in prose and verse, showed how high a rank he might have attained as an author had he devoted his labours to this department. But his productions through the press were the light buoyant sallies of an occasional hour of leisure, as a relief from more important occupations, rather than serious and continued efforts; and as such they were read, admired, and forgot, amidst the gay sparkling literature of the hour to which they were contributed. It was in the pulpit, as an eloquent, persuasive divine, and in his university chair, as an effective teacher of classical literature, that his whole energies were thrown forth; and when he died, a blank was left both in presbytery and college, which his learned and reverend brethren felt would not soon be filled up. Dr. Gillespie's death, which was sudden, occurred at Dunino, on the 11th of September, 1844. He was twice married, and his second wife was daughter of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, formerly minister of Cupar, and sister of the Right Hon. Lord John Campbell.

GILLIES, John, LL.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., member of many foreign societies, and historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland. The many literary titles of this erudite and once popular historian, evince the high estimation in which he was held by the learned men of his day. He was born at Brechin, in the county of Forfar, on the 18th of January, 1747. Although of a family belonging to the middling classes, he was not its only distinguished member, as one of his younger brothers became an eminent lawyer at the Scottish bar, and finally attained the rank of Lord of Session. John Gillies was educated at the University of Glasgow, and there he so highly distinguished himself by his classical attainments, that, before he was of age, he was appointed to teach the classes of the Greek professor, who had been laid aside by old age and infirmity. Instead of waiting, however, for those turns of fortune that might have elevated him to the chair which he had filled as deputy, he repaired to London, for the purpose of devoting himself to authorship. Before he settled down in the metropolis, he resolved still further to qualify himself for his future occupation by the study of the living languages; and for this purpose he took up his residence for

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some time on the Continent. Upon his return he was engaged by the Earl of Hopetoun to accompany his second son as travelling tutor; and as it was necessary that he should relinquish certain profitable literary engagements into which he had already entered, before he set out with his pupil, he was remunerated for the sacrifice by the Earl in 1777, who settled upon him a pension for life. But in the year previous his young charge died abroad; and a few years afterwards he was induced to undertake the charge of two other sons of the Earl, who were about to travel on the Continent—one of them being John, afterwards Sir John Hope, and finally Earl of Hopetoun, distinguished by his military achievements—the other, Alexander, afterwards Sir Alexander Hope, lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital. During the interval that elapsed between his first and second tutorship, and when no such interruption was anticipated, he had commenced the purposed business of his life in earnest, by publishing his first work. This was the "Orations of Lysias and Socrates, translated from the Greek, with some account of their Lives; and a Discourse on the History, Manners, and Character of the Greeks, from the conclusion of the Peloponnesian War to the Battle of Chæronea," 1778, 4to. About the same time he received the diploma of LL.D., the first of his literary distinctions.

On returning from the Continent, when his office of travelling-tutor had ended, which it did in 1784, Dr. Gillies resumed those labours which were so congenial to his tastes and habits, and which were now continued to the end of a very long life. His previous duties had not only furnished him with such a competence as to make him independent of the many painful contingencies to which authorship as a profession is subject, but had closely connected him with the Hopetoun family, to whose early patronage and continuing kindness he was wont to attribute much of the happiness by which his tranquil course was enlivened. Two years after his return to England, he published the first portion of the work by which he is best known, entitled the "History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests, from the earliest accounts till the Division of the Macedonian Empire in the East; including the History of Literature, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts," 2 vols. 4to, 1786. This work, which was continued in a second part, was so acceptable to the scholars of Germany, that a translation of it into German was published at Vienna in 1825, while at home it was so popular that it went through several editions. Time, however, which has so much diminished the lustre that invested the literature and science of the last century, has not spared his history any more than it has done the more distinguished productions of Hume and Gibbon; and Gillies, the once distinguished historian of Greece, is now subjected to an ordeal through which few of his contemporaries have passed unscathed. Newer and juster views, the fruit of a more ample experience and sounder philosophy; a more extensive knowledge of Grecian history and antiquity, and a more rigid and severe taste in historical writing, by which the present day is in the habit of judging the labours of the past, will no longer be satisfied with any history of ancient Greece that has as yet been produced. But, notwithstanding the faults that have been objected to the work of Gillies under this new and improved school of criticism, it was certainly a most useful production in its day, and well worthy of the approval with which it was welcomed by the learned; so that, notwithstanding the complaints that have been made of the dulness of his dissertations, the pomposity of his style, and the occasional unfaithfulness of his translations, we have still to wait for a better history of Greece. By a curious

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coincidence, the first part of the work, and the first volume of "Mitford's History of Greece"—two rival publications upon a common subject—were published during the same year.

The rest of the life of Dr. Gillies presents few incidents for the biographer. In 1793 he succeeded Dr. Robertson as historiographer royal for Scotland, a sinecure office, to which a salary of £200 per annum is attached. He was also elected a member of several societies in our own country, as also a corresponding member of the French Institute and of the Royal Society of Gottingen. In 1794 he married. His various publications continued to appear at distant intervals, until the debility of old age compelled him to lay aside his pen; and, having done enough for fame and fortune, he retired in 1830 to Clapham, near London, where the rest of his life was passed in tranquil enjoyment, until he died, at the age of ninety, without disease and without pain. This event occurred on the 15th of February, 1836.

Besides his writings which we have already specified, Dr. Gillies published:—

1. "View of the Reign of Frederic II. of Prussia, with a Parallel between that Prince and Philip II. of Macedon," 1789, 8vo.

2. "Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, comprising his Practical Philosophy, translated from the Greek; illustrated by Introductions and Notes, the Critical History of his Life, and a New Analysis of his Speculative Works," 1797, 2 vols. 4to.

3. "Supplement to the Analysis of Aristotle's Speculative Works, containing an account of the Interpreters and Corrupters of Aristotle's Philosophy, in connection with the times in which they respectively flourished," 1804, 4to.

4. "The History of the Ancient World, from the Dominion of Alexander to that of Augustus, with a Preliminary Survey of Preceding Periods," 1807–10, 2 vols. 4to. This was afterwards reprinted in 4 vols. 8vo, as the "History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests, Part II.," 1820.

5. "A New Translation of Aristotle's Rhetoric, with an Introduction and Appendix, explaining its relation to his Exact Philosophy, and vindicating that Philosophy by proofs that all departures from it have been deviations into Error," 1823, 8vo.

GORDON, Rev. Robert, D.D.—This acute original thinker and eloquent preacher was born in Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, on the 5th of May, 1786. His early opportunities for obtaining a superior education appeared certain, as his father, a man of considerable natural endowments, as well as high religious worth, was parochial schoolmaster at Kirkland of Glencairn. This prospect, however, was apparently extinguished when Robert was about six years old, by the death of his father; but it often happens that such a bereavement, instead of discouraging, only braces a mind of native energy, and fits it for future excellence by a stern apprenticeship of effort and self-reliance. Besides this, he still possessed an able guide, so far as his school-boy studies and the bias of his mind were concerned, in his surviving parent, of whom he was the only son; a woman characterized in her limited circle by strong intellect, as well as pious principles. How Robert availed himself of these advantages was well attested by the fact, that when he had scarcely reached his sixteenth year he was appointed by the heritors of Kirkland to the office of parish teacher, which his father had occupied. Not only the excellence of his scholarship, but also the steadiness and energy of his character, must have been well established, when they were allowed

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to outweigh such an immaturity in point of years. The choice was justified; for though so young, he conducted himself in such a trying position with the steadiness and gravity of matured manhood; and his pupils, several of whom were older than himself, regarded him not only with affection, but deep, dutiful respect.

As it was to the office of the ministry that the wishes of Robert Gordon had been directed, he did not long remain in that of a schoolmaster. Attendance at the university was necessary, and he repaired to Edinburgh, where, like many of those who have become the most talented divines of the day, he supported himself during his course of study at the university by the scanty resources of tutorship; and thus fought his way onward, step by step, until he reached the Divinity-hall. In this rough fashion not a few of the ablest linguists, as well as profoundest thinkers, of our church are formed for active service. A situation as tutor in Perthshire occasioned his removal from Edinburgh, and the prosecution of his theological studies at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he enrolled as a student in divinity in 1809, and at the age of twenty-three. At this period, also, he was a member of the Theological Society, composed of theological students of the college, and there formed acquaintanceships with several who afterwards became distinguished ornaments in the church, and with whom his intercourse continued till the close of life. His appearances as a student at this period are thus described by one of the members. He "soon attracted much attention by his power of reasoning and of expressing his thoughts in nervous language. In fact, there was a general reluctance to encounter him in argument, or to take the opposite side of a question to that which he supported. He manifested both a great facility in dealing with principles, and a great acuteness in detecting the fallacies of an opponent. Still, his example unquestionably exercised a very salutary influence in stimulating the other members to prepare themselves on questions to be discussed, so as not to treat them in a superficial manner, as they were aware that their reasonings and averments would have to undergo a sifting process. His manner of debating, too, characterized by great fairness, tended much to correct a habit into which young controversialists are apt to fall, viz., that of triumphing in small advantages, and of substituting empty declamation for argument." While such was his intellectual character, his moral deportment was in admirable coincidence and harmony. The same commemorator of his early days thus continues:—"Modesty was a quality by which he was eminently characterized at the time of which we speak. He could bear his part well in general society, but he always showed much deference to his elders, especially if they had other claims to respect. His early friends will remember that he used to manifest the deepest abhorrence of anything in the shape of falsehood, mean selfishness, and hypocrisy, and a most withering contempt of all false and hollow pretensions." In what strong relief all these qualities of his youth were brought out when Dr. Gordon entered into public life, can be well remembered by those who enjoyed his society, and now deplore his recent departure.

The attendance of Mr. Gordon at the Divinity-hall extended over five sessions, partly at the University of Edinburgh, but more especially at Aberdeen; and with the study of theology, that of the exact sciences occupied much of his attention. It was to these, indeed, that his original bias tended, and their study influenced his intellectual character both as a scholar and theologian. He cared little for the produce of imagination, and would at any time have preferred a

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problem to a poem: instead of being contented to see an idea looming in the distance and through the mist, and taking it upon such doubtful security, he must needs gauge it in all its length, breadth, and thickness, before he could be satisfied. It was no wonder, therefore, that he was so impassive to transcendentalism, and that in after years he characterized one of Coleridge's marvellous monologues, to which he had listened with a countenance of mathematical severity, as "all puff." This intellectual tendency had made him a close and accurate meteorological observer; had enabled him to discharge successfully the duties of a factor as well as tutor to one of his employers, and had pointed him out as the fittest person to write the articles, "Geography," "Euclid," and "Meteorology," in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. It was also these powers of calculation, combined with capacity for the multifarious details of business, that procured for him the tempting offer of an important situation in the East India House. But all these capacities he devoted exclusively to the service of the church, and they were manifested not only in his mode of teaching as an investigator and expounder of the lessons of Divine truth, but the efficiency with which he managed those financial operations connected with the church's welfare that were committed to his care.

The first public situation which Robert Gordon held was that of master in the Academy of Perth; but not long after, he was appointed minister to the parish of Kinfauns, Perthshire. In this rural charge he remained only four years, having been called in 1820 to the old chapel of ease in Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh; and soon after to the *quoad sacra* church of Hope Park, which was built for him. His arrival in Edinburgh produced an unwonted stir, and he was soon one of the most popular and highly-valued preachers of the day. At this no one was so astonished as himself: his innate modesty could not perceive wherefore he was so followed after; and while he shrunk from such popularity as a misplaced and uncertain liking, it only clung to him the more pertinaciously on that account. His preaching, indeed, was in a style that was all his own—it was religious truth in its own native simplicity and distinctness, enforced with all the impassioned earnestness of one pleading upon a life-and-death question—theological speculation without its coldness and abstraction, and oratory without its meretricious ornaments. Few could refuse to listen, or listening, fail to comprehend such preaching, although it so much transcended, both in expansiveness and depth, the usual standard of pulpit ministrations. A volume of these sermons, which he published, attested its true character, so that the work went through several editions, and is still prized as a standard production, while the most intellectual of the inhabitants of Edinburgh became part of his regular congregation. As might be expected, also, the diploma of doctor in divinity was speedily conferred upon him. In 1825 he was translated from Hope Park to the new North Church, and in 1830, to the High Church of Edinburgh.

During the whole course of Dr. Gordon's ministry, he was seldom to be found engaged in the controversies of church courts; but when it was necessary in any important question to express his sentiments, they bore the stamp of his reflective conscientious character, and were received with respect. Such was the case in 1829, when the great question of Catholic emancipation would not permit him to be silent, and when he also found himself compelled to dissent from most of his brethren. In spite of all the warnings of history to the contrary, the majority had persuaded themselves into the fond belief that Popery,

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which must be all or nothing, would be contented with only a part; and that when its present demands were conceded, the question would be settled to all future time, and a vexatious controversy for ever laid to rest. His prophetic declarations upon this occasion, while they have been but too well justified by succeeding events, were very different from that uncharitable sweeping condemnation with which it is so much the fashion to condemn every item of Popery, and every individual holder of its tenets. Addressing the Presbytery of Edinburgh, who had for the most part become enamoured of the soothing system, he said:—"I know nothing in the history of Popery, and I have been able to discover nothing in the manifestations of its spirit, that will warrant me to hope that the removal of Catholic disabilities will induce the priesthood of the Romish Church to remove the seal which they have dared to put on the Word of God, and to permit us to carry the Bible, without let or hinderance, among the multitudes from whom they have hitherto excluded it. I give them credit for a deeper and a stronger attachment to their faith, than to suppose that any political boon, or, as they think it, any act of political justice on our part, will have any weight with them in rendering them more willing to see their flocks transferred to the guardianship of Protestant pastors; nor can I conceive that they will do otherwise than smile at our simplicity when we avow a hope, that by conceding to them the privileges which they now demand, we shall have disarmed their hostility to our tenets, and drawn them over to what they think our heresies and our delusions. I should be disposed to draw the very opposite conclusion. It is by their fidelity to their common cause—their determined, persevering, united efforts—such efforts as a religious union alone could make—that they have compelled Government to adopt the measures now in progress for conceding to them certain privileges. I say, *compelled;* for, after all the attempts to explain it away, this is in reality the acknowledgment of the highest political authority in the empire. And are they so unskilful either in spiritual or political tactics—so little able to avail themselves of the vantage ground on which this measure, if successful, will place them—as to be less careful of the union which has secured so important a step towards the attainment of what must be the wish and ultimate object of every consistent Catholic—the supremacy of their system?" Such were his sentiments upon the question of Catholic emancipation in 1829, and the events of the present day but too well attest their soundness.

After this decided stand, which Dr. Gordon made in opposition to the most esteemed and talented of his brethren, events succeeded of still more imperious urgency, which dragged him from his peaceful seclusion, and sent him into the arena. These were, the preludes to the disruption of the Church of Scotland, and finally the disruption itself. Still, however, his gentle spirit predominated, and throughout the storm of controversy that raged for years, his words were like oil upon the troubled waters when their commotion is at the fiercest. So high, however, was his intellectual standing, and so well understood the uncompromising conscientiousness of his principles, that this very gentleness which, in an inferior or doubtful person, might have gone for nothing, only seemed, in the case of Dr. Gordon, to give his opinions greater weight and ascendancy. The public, that looked on in doubt and uncertainty, were compelled to respect a cause which had such a man for its advocate, and even the wavering of his own party were confirmed, when they saw his hearty zeal in its behalf, and remembered his well-established character for wisdom, circumspection, and for-

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bearance. Such was especially the case when they beheld him accompanying the Presbytery of Dunkeld to the bar of the Court of Session in 1839, to be censured for ordaining a minister to the parish of Lethendy in opposition to a civil interdict. In 1841 he presided as moderator of the General Assembly, and in this capacity it was his painful duty—from which he did not shrink—to depose the seven ministers of Strathbogie. In the same year, Dr. Gordon presided at the great meeting which was held on the 25th of August in the West Church, Edinburgh—a meeting limited expressly to those office-bearers of the church who approved of its late resistance to the civil power, and were willing to persevere at every hazard; and his address on that solemn occasion, to about twelve hundred ministers and elders assembled from every part of Scotland, while he announced the principles for which they were now called to contend, and his own settled resolution to maintain them at whatever cost or hazard, sunk deep into every heart. His next public appearance was at the convocation held at Edinburgh in November, 1842, in consequence of the judgment pronounced by the House of Lords on what was called the second Auchterarder case, in which it was declared, that the refusal of a people to a patron's presentee was not only no bar to his enjoying the temporalities of his parochial charge, but none also to his being ordained as minister of the parish. It was evident that the contest had come to such a height that a separation between church and state was inevitable, if each party still continued to hold by its respective principles, and accordingly the convocation was called for the purpose of considering whether, and in what manner, the separation should take place. These meetings extended over several evenings, and were held in Roxburgh church, where between four and five hundred ministers gave their attendance. It was at one of those meetings that a speech of Dr. Gordon made a solemn impression upon the hearts of his auditory; and in the course of it he so clearly defined and so distinctly announced the duties of a church thus circumstanced, that his statements form the best apology for the disruption that afterwards ensued. "I set out," he said, "with the principle, that the state, the supreme power in the state, has an absolute, uncontrolled, uncontrollable dominion over civil things. Civil rulers may exercise their power in a bad way—they may do what is clearly wrong; but theirs is the power, as an ordinance of God: to God they are responsible; but I, as a subject of the realm, am bound to obey them. In the next place, I hold that we have a certain connection with the state, in which connection a certain temporal thing is concerned. They were entitled to offer us these temporalities on any conditions they chose at first. In the same way they may come forward at any future period and say, 'We have changed our mind:' they may propound new conditions to us; and if we cannot agree to these conditions, they may take back the temporalities they gave us. But then it may be said, 'We are not come to that; the state does not insist yet on the conditions to which we object.' It must be admitted, however, that the judgment of the supreme civil court is a *prima facie* ground for the belief that the state regards these conditions as binding, and that these decisions, unless repudiated by the state, must be so interpreted. We don't need them to pass a new statute declaring what the conditions are. The statute, as interpreted by the supreme court, is virtually a new statute. It is thought by some parties that the ecclesiastical courts will succumb to the decisions of the civil, and therefore that the interference of the state will not be required; it is therefore our duty to go to the state, and say that we cannot and will not succumb. I

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cannot understand how I, as an honest man, could retain my temporalities on other conditions than those on which they are offered me. A reverend gentleman in the house spoke of voluntarily abandoning the temporalities, and said that to do so would be to act at a disadvantage. Now, I do not go out of the Establishment voluntarily; I am forced to it by what is infinitely more terrible to me than the soldier's sword or the constable's baton—my own conscience. I am persecuted into it. You may talk of maintaining the people's privileges; I cannot maintain them at the expense of honesty. Some may think that the attachment of the people to our cause would be much stronger if they saw our ministers thrust out by violence, but that is not the sort of attachment we desire. We wish the attachment of men conscientiously holding our views, for that is the only kind of attachment which will stand the test to which our people may be exposed. Any feeling towards a minister arising from indignation at personal violence offered to him would be of very short duration."

Day by day events went onward until the moment of trial arrived. And would a disruption in very deed take place at last, and five hundred clergymen be found so true to their promise, and so self-denying, as to lay down their comfortable state endowments at the demand of what so many considered a mere abstract principle? No, it is impossible: martyrdom is only for a rough cheerless period of society, and not for the sleek comfortable days of this middle term of the nineteenth century in which our happy lot has been cast! So said statesmen; so said the well-endowed dignitaries of the Church of England; so said the moderate party of the Church of Scotland, whose violence had precipitated matters to this dangerous point. But it was not among them alone that there was either scornful scepticism or sympathetic doubt; for even among the most confirmed of the out-goers there was a painful apprehension that, even at the last moment, there might be a wavering among their ranks, and a falling away of many. Upon this point even Dr. Gordon too had experienced moments of gloomy anticipation, in which he feared that the promised disruption would finally dwindle down into a trivial dissent, whose testimony would be unheard or unnoticed. But still, the fact that he did not flinch for an instant in his purpose, whether he might be accompanied by many or by few, only places his high conscientious disinterestedness in a stronger and fairer light. To him, also, the sacrifice was accompanied with peculiar aggravations. The clerical charge he held, besides being one of the highest in Scotland, enabled him, from its being a collegiate one, to devote a considerable portion of time to his favourite studies; and he held also the lucrative office of collector of the Widows' Fund, to which he had been appointed in 1836. But high office, leisure, and emolument, were to be foregone for the labour and precariousness of a missionary life, burdened in his case by the growing infirmities of age, and the maintenance of a very large family of young children, who looked wholly to him for support, and whose interests would be deeply compromised by the sacrifice. But he rendered it cheerfully, and went forth with the rest; and perhaps, as his eye glanced backward at the long array of his brethren on their march to the new place of meeting at Tanfield, and contrasted their numbers with his previous doubts and misgivings, the devout joy of the triumph swallowed up all remembrance of the sacrifice. His speech at the new General Assembly of the Free Church gave full testimony to that effect; where, among other declarations, to which the assembled multitudes listened with breathless interest, he uttered these words:—

"Thank God, I breathe in a better atmosphere than I have done for years

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Sir Thos Lawrence. G. Stoddart.

THOMAS GRAHAM LORD LYNEDOCH, K.G.C.B.&c.

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back. I was not insensible to the taunts with which we were everywhere met—the taunt that, as honest men, we should leave the Establishment. It was very wearisome and fatiguing—very exhausting, even for the ablest of our men, to be day after day defending us and themselves from that charge. It was still more painful, perhaps, for many like me, who had not the power nor the qualifications to make that defence, to be remaining in silence, and hearing ourselves treated as men rebellious against the powers that be. We were all conscious of the injustice of this charge; we had the *mens conscia recti*, and that was our consolation. Still these trials were severe. But I feel now that *I am a free man*. Nay, Sir, I am not only a free man, but I am entitled to say to my adversaries, who have twitted me so often with dishonesty—and whatever they may think of the bearing with which I say it, I say it with a very humble heart, and full of gratitude to Almighty God—I can say to them, *I am an honest man*. I have given what ought to satisfy *you* at least that I am an honest man; I have sacrificed my all, except the promise of my heavenly Father, who will bring me support for myself and my children, through the beneficence of his own people who have been turned from darkness to light."

This trust was not disappointed, and the remaining years of the life of Dr. Gordon were spent in domestic comfort, as well as public honour and usefulness. He threw himself into his new sphere of increased duties with all the ardour of his matured manhood, and the energy with which these were discharged showed little or no abatement of his former power. If any change indeed was preceptible, it was that his style of preaching betokened the purifying furnace of trial through which his mind had passed, for his sermons had an increase of apostolic simplicity and unction, which made his pulpit ministrations even more effective than before. His studies also were more exclusively confined to his pulpit ministrations; and although he might have lightened these labours by accepting a colleague, he conscientiously persisted in encountering the same amount that fell to the lot of his younger brethren. His death, which occurred in Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, on the 21st of October, 1853, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and thirty-eighth of his ministry, was occasioned by a stroke of paralysis.

Dr. Gordon was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts; he was also one of her Majesty's master printers for Scotland. Besides the volume of sermons, and the articles in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" which we have mentioned, he published nothing; but from the care with which his discourses were written, a series of them have been deemed fit for the press, and are accordingly in course of publication, under the title of "Christ as made known to the Ancient Church," and will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

GRAHAM, Thomas, Lord Lynedoch.—This venerable warrior was descended from a common ancestor with the Dukes of Montrose. He was the third son of Thomas Graham of Balgowan, in Perthshire, by Lady Christian Hope, fourth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun, and was born A.D. 1750. He had thus reached his ninety-fourth year when he died, a period of life which few who have undergone the hardships and privations of trying campaigns are privileged to attain.

Nothing in the early course of Thomas Graham indicated that he would become not only a soldier, but a skilful and successful one. By the death of his two elder brothers he became the heir and representative of the family; and by his marriage with Mary Cathcart, daughter of the ninth Lord Cathcart, his

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affections were so completely occupied and his home endeared, that he had reached his forty-second year, with the character of an amiable country gentleman, whose highest object was the welfare of his tenants and the happiness of all around him. But all at once this tranquil happiness was brought to a close by the death of Mrs. Graham in 1792, after she had been married eighteen years; and her husband, who loved her with a surpassing affection, was inconsolable at her death. The bereavement was also still farther imbittered by the circumstance of their marriage having been without offspring, so that no child was left behind to cheer the solitude of his dwelling, and restore to him the look and accents of the departed. He felt as if he had sustained a loss for which nothing could compensate; but instead of having recourse to the miserable remedy of the suicide, he resolved at the age of forty-three to devote himself to a military life, where he might find, not a soldier's glory, for which at this time he cared not, but a soldier's early grave, the refuge best fitted for a weary and broken heart. Who would have thought that a feeling so tender and domestic was to produce the victor of Barossa? It is to this commencement of his military life that Sir Walter Scott so touchingly alludes, while describing the chief heroes of the peninsular war, in his "Vision of Don Roderick":—

"Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish, Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
He dreamed 'mid alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lynedoch's lovely rill."

This choice of a military life was made after the consolations of travel had been tried and found ineffectual. The bereaved man had wandered through France; but neither its beautiful scenery, nor gay society, nor even the wild events of its Revolution, could abstract his mind from its own sorrows. He then became a pilgrim on the shores of the Mediterranean, and passed over to Gibraltar; and it was in the society of the officers there that his choice appears to have been first adopted. He offered himself as a volunteer to Lord Hood, then about to sail to the south of France, and by the latter he was received with welcome. At the commencement of the revolutionary war in 1793, Graham landed with the British troops at Toulon, and officiated there as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, the general in command. In the numerous encounters with the enemy that distinguished this memorable siege, the new volunteer threw himself among the foremost; and on one occasion, when a British soldier fell at the head of the attacking column, Mr. Graham snatched up the musket of the dead man, and took his place. When Toulon was evacuated by the British and Spanish troops, Graham, now a pledged soldier, returned to Scotland, and raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, in which he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. With this corps he passed the summer of 1795, and was afterward transferred to Gibraltar, where he received the rank of full colonel in the army. The dulness of garrison duty, however, within a sphere so limited as the rock of Gibraltar, was only fitted to aggravate the disease for which Graham was seeking relief, and therefore he sought and easily obtained permission to join the Austrian army, at that time employed against the French on the Rhine. Here

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he bore a part in the disastrous campaign of the summer of 1796, and was afterwards shut up with the troops of the brave old Wurmser in Mantua, which was invested by the Man of Destiny, at that time known by the simple title of General Bonaparte. The siege was so tedious, that here Colonel Graham fell into the same malady that had compelled him to abandon Gibraltar; and he resolved to leave the garrison in which he served as a volunteer, for more stirring occupation. For this purpose he silently left Mantua on the night of the 24th of December, 1796, amidst a torrent of rain, and accompanied by only one attendant. It was a truly perilous exit; for all the water communications with the lake formed by the Mincio, on which Mantua is situated, were in possession of the French, so that the lake itself was to be crossed in a boat, which stranded repeatedly upon the little islands, and was every moment in danger of swamping. After groping through the midnight darkness and storm, the landing-place was at last reached; and here a new series of dangers commenced. The country round was trodden into mire and studded with swamps, among which the travellers floundered at hap-hazard; and when morning dawned, Colonel Graham, who wore his British uniform, was in danger of being arrested or shot by the enemy's pickets. He concealed himself during the day, and travelled only at night, until he reached a river, for the crossing of which he hired a boat, intending to risk a landing, where he would probably have been shot by the French sentinels, had they not been previously driven from their posts by a heavy rain. He thus crossed the river in safety, and finally reached the army of the Archduke Charles, where he continued till the pacification of 1797 by the treaty of Campo Formio, in which France dictated to Austria the terms of a conqueror and master. This termination of the war in Germany released Graham from his temporary volunteer service, and accordingly he returned to his old quarters in Gibraltar.

The rapid current of events quickly called Colonel Graham once more into the field. His first employment was in the reduction of Minorca, under the command of Sir Charles Stuart, who bore honourable testimony to the valuable services of his brave assistant. After this island had been won, Graham repaired to Sicily, and was of such use in retarding the falling fortunes of the king and queen of Naples, that they testified their sense of his merits by repeated acknowledgments. He was afterwards employed in an event of the highest importance to the naval supremacy of our country: this was the reduction of Malta, which had been basely surrendered to Napoleon by the Maltese knights, on the 10th of June, 1793, while he was on his way to the conquest of Egypt, and which he had garrisoned as a key to the future conquest of India. The strength of fort and rampart was such, that had the gates been merely kept shut, even Napoleon himself, at the head of his victorious legions, could never have entered, so that he only became master of the place because there were traitors within to open them. An assault upon this mighty ocean fortress was hopeless, garrisoned as it was by such troops; and nothing could be done except by a blockade from the land, while our ships of war intercepted every aid that could arrive to it by sea. In consequence of this decision, Graham, now holding the local rank of brigadier-general, invested the approaches to Malta with a small army, sufficient for skirmish and observation. This slow process was successful, for after a blockade of two years, Malta surrendered to the British in September, 1800. It is true, indeed, that this cession was made to Major-General Pigot, who had previously arrived with reinforcements, and by whom the account of the surrender was sent home; but the despatch bore full testimony to the able and

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successful arrangements of Graham during the protracted siege. No sooner had the latter arrived in England at the termination, than he found the whole land ringing with the Egyptian campaign, and the successful struggles by which the military glory of Britain, so long held in abeyance, had been recalled to its standards. But what chiefly concerned Graham personally, was the gallant deeds of his own regiment, the 90th, which, in conjunction with the 92d, had formed the advanced guard of the British army on their landing at Aboukir. Eager to join his brave fellows, and partake of their glory and danger, he bade a hurried adieu to England; but on arriving in Egypt he found his presence unnecessary, as the whole French army had capitulated. He therefore left the country for a tour through Turkey, during which he stayed for some time at Constantinople, and afterwards, in consequence of the peace of 1801, he visited France and its capital. The next movement of Graham was to Ireland with his regiment, where he continued from 1803 to 1805, at the end of which, his place of military service was transferred to the West Indies. Here he remained three years, but without that active employment which still continued to be the breath of his nostrils. At last a prospect of occupation occurred in 1808, in consequence of Sir John Moore being appointed to the command of the armament sent to the coast of Sweden; and having obtained permission to accompany Sir John as aide-de-camp, Graham joined the expedition. It ended, as is well known, in nothing, owing to the Quixotic freak of the Swedish king, who, instead of acting on the defensive, and fighting for life itself in his own territories thought of nothing less than rushing full tilt against the whole power of Napoleon; and on the refusal of Moore to co-operate with him, by taking the Russian empire as his share of the universal *melee*, he attempted to throw the British general into prison, so that the latter was obliged to hasten home with his reinforcements, without the opportunity of striking a single stroke. In this way Graham, after all his hopes, had only obtained a short trip to the Baltic, which was anything but a pleasant one. On the return of Sir John to England, he was forthwith commissioned upon his eventful expedition to Spain, and to that land of stirring adventure and change Colonel Graham accompanied him, still acting as aide-de-camp. He therefore participated in all the disastrous incidents of that most unfortunate campaign, without the opportunity of obtaining a commander's full share in the glory with which its termination was crowned. But all that could be won by an aide-de-camp he merited and secured. He was affectionately remembered by Moore in his dying moments at Corunna, and one of the last questions of the expiring hero was, "Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?" The services indeed which the colonel rendered to the army during its retreat were such, that Sheridan thus described them in his place in Parliament: "In the hour of peril, Graham was their best adviser; in the hour of disaster, Graham was their surest consolation." After a long and laborious run before the French columns in hot pursuit, Graham embarked with the army at Corunna, after it had dealt such a parting blow at the pursuers as sent them reeling backwards. But he was soon to return to Spain under better auspices, and there achieve a victory that should be wholly his own.

This change, so gratifying to the heart of Colonel Graham, did not occur until nearly three years afterwards. During the interval, however, he was again to be connected with those unlucky expeditions of which, it might be thought, he had already obtained somewhat more than his proper quota. This was the Walcheren expedition, in which he held the command of a division,

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having been previously raised to the rank of major-general. It was a useless and hopeless campaign against malaria and pestilence ; so that, during the siege of Flushing, he was attacked by the prevalent fever that so fearfully thinned the British ranks, and obliged to return home. On his recovery he was sent, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-general, to Spain, to take the command of the British and Portuguese troops in Cadiz. The situation of this important city was extremely precarious. Being one of the few remaining bulwarks of Spanish independence, its possession was keenly contested by the French ; and a large army under Soult had so closely invested it, that its capture was daily anticipated. One of those rapid transitions, however, with which that war so largely abounded, averted the downfall of the city. This was the invasion of Estremadura, conducted by Soult in person at the head of 20,000 of the besieging force, leaving Victor, with the rest of the French army, to continue the siege. Soult's brief campaign was one of the most brilliant episodes of the Spanish war : he captured Olivenza, routed Mendizabal at Badajoz, and obtained that powerful fortress by surrender ; after which successes he prepared to return in all haste, and resume the siege of Cadiz. But during his brief absence Graham had been as alert and ready for action as himself; and, judging the opportunity best fitted for the purpose, he resolved to raise the siege by an attack upon Victor. With the French and Portuguese under his command, he embarked on the 21st of February, 1811, and landed at Tarifa on the day following. They then pushed forward on their route for Algesiras ; but as they had no better road than a mule path, the artillery had to be transported by sea ; and, owing to contrary winds, which delayed its arrival, the attack, which was intended to be made on the 28th, was delayed for a week longer. And even this was the least of Graham's difficulties in advancing to action. On the 29th he was joined by La Pena, with 10,000 Spaniards, who forthwith took the command, as if for the sole purpose of showing his utter incapacity to hold it. Graham too soon discovered the impracticability of such a colleague, who sometimes unreasonably hung back, and at other times drove on, as if the French were already defeated and in full flight. So inexplicable, indeed, were his movements, that the British officers suspected that treachery had been ingrafted upon his natural stupidity and obstinacy. At length the combined but ill-assorted army reached the memorable heights of Barossa, upon which Victor sallied from his lines to give them battle. Even at that critical moment La Pena must needs blunder, by requiring Graham to alter his excellent position from the heights to the wood of Bermeya, towards the sea-coast; and when the latter, in compliance, commenced the movement, La Pena immediately followed, thus leaving the ridge of Barossa, the key of the army's position, undefended. Victor, who saw this change with astonishment, instantly moved his force of 9000 French veterans and fourteen guns to take possession of the heights. They advanced to the onset, and meeting with some of the Spanish troops who had not yet left the hill, they attacked and routed them in an instant. The fugitives directed their headlong flight to the British division, already in motion among the difficulties of the wood, and reported that the heights were won, and the enemy at their heels. Justly might Graham at this moment have left his worse than useless allies to their fate, and thought only of a retreat. But this neither suited his daring spirit nor warm-hearted generosity. With his own forces, upon which he could fully rely, he resolved to give battle to the enemy, notwithstanding the advantages of their new position, and the suddenness of

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the emergency. His artillery, consisting of ten guns, was instantly wheeled round, and opened upon the enemy, already descending from the hill; while his infantry, hastily formed into two columns, was led to the charge. Under these untoward circumstances was commenced the battle of Barossa.

It is not our purpose to enter into the minute particulars of this conflict, forming, as it did, only an episode of the war. The double onset of the British lines was made with the utmost bravery, and met by the French with equal courage, so that for some time the hot and heady charges that were given and received on either side kept the battle in suspense over the whole field. At length a gallant charge of one of these lines, composed of the 87th and 28th regiments, broke the division of General Laval, that was opposed to it, and drove it back so successfully that they were unable to rally; while the capture of two guns and an eagle attested the success of the victors. The other British column, under General Dilkes, was equally brave and equally fortunate. This division, composed of the Guards and two regiments, mounted the brow of the hill, and was met half-way by the columns of General Ruffin. A desperate struggle ensued, that ended in the French being driven up to the height, and afterwards down the slope on the opposite side, with great slaughter. It was in vain that they rallied with their wonted promptitude, and united their two discomfited divisions into a single compact body, for the purpose of abiding a new conflict: as fast as they formed, the well-served British artillery tore their ranks, the 200 German horse in the British service followed the cannonade with a decisive charge, and at last the enemy yielded, with the loss of six guns and more than 2000 killed and wounded. And now Cadiz might have been saved had La Pena been true to his country. But this miserable imbecile, or traitor, or both, with his army of fully 13,000 Spaniards, looked on and did nothing; while Graham, with his small force of 4000 infantry and 200 cavalry, bore the whole brunt of the battle, and achieved a glorious victory. Even when the French were put to flight, had La Pena let loose upon them his 800 dragoons and powerful horse artillery, he might have completed the defeat of the enemy without their chance of rallying. But as it was, Victor fell back upon his old position undisturbed, and the return of Soult, which occurred soon afterwards, made the battle of Barossa useless, except as a stirring incentive to the British during the rest of the campaign. Thus had the Spaniards served Moore, and Wellington himself, as well as Graham; let their generous allies fight as bravely as they pleased, they still in every case refused to co-operate, or even did their best to make the services of their defenders useless. Was it Spanish pride, that could endure no glory but its own; or Spanish bigotry, that would not suffer a heretic general to be victorious? In the meantime, General Graham, unable to follow up his success, or even to maintain his ground single-handed, was obliged to return to the Isle of St. Leon. But this retrograde movement, which he made after victory, as well as his advance before it, were equally commended by Wellington, who was too well able, from his own experience in Spain, to judge of the necessity of such seemingly inconsistent changes. The affair of Barossa was also justly appreciated by Parliament, so that the thanks of both houses were voted to the general and his gallant companions in arms. In the reply of the veteran on this occasion, after stating his high estimation of the honour conferred on him, he added: "I have formerly often heard you, Sir, eloquently and impressively deliver the thanks of the house to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most

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enviable mark of my country's regard. This honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the house."

Having been relieved from his military duties at Cadiz in the summer of 1811, General Graham joined the army under the Duke of Wellington, where he was appointed second in command. But a complaint in his eyes, by the use of a telescope in the glaring atmosphere of Spain, and frequent writing by candle-light, obliged him to quit the army while it was employed in the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. He returned to England, where he obtained a cure, after which he rejoined the British forces in the Peninsula, and commanded the left wing at the battle of Vittoria. His able services during this conflict were honourably mentioned in the despatch of Wellington on the occasion. After this he continued to share in the subsequent movements of the campaign, and commanded at the siege of St. Sebastian, where he obtained possession both of the town and castle—the former by capitulation, and the latter by storm. He also commanded the left wing of the British army when it crossed the Bidassoa into the territory of France, upon which he succeeded in obtaining a footing after a desperate resistance. In the following year (1814) he was appointed commander of the British forces in Holland, where he made an unsuccessful siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. It was no wonder that he should have failed against a fortress so strong, and so bravely and skilfully defended. Sir Thomas Graham had already shown that he was a brave, prompt, and effective soldier, fitted for all the emergencies of an open field, and able to win a decisive victory, even under untoward circumstances. But he had not learned war as a science; and to conduct such a siege would have required a thorough acquaintanceship with the whole mathematics of military service. It was only by such men as Bonaparte or Wellington that Mantua could have been reduced to a surrender, or Badajoz taken by storm. His failure at Bergen-op-Zoom, however, neither detracted from the estimation in which he was held, nor the public honours that awaited him; and in May, 1814, after having received the thanks of Parliament, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Lynedoch, of Balgowan, in Perthshire, with a pension of £2000. He had previously, during his course of service, been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and afterwards a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was also a Knight of the Tower and Sword in Portugal. But the return of peace also brought with it an honour of an exclusively peaceful character; this was the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow, which was conferred in full senate, by the votes of the enthusiastic students, upon the chivalrous victor of Barossa.

The course of Lord Lynedoch's life was now one of unobtrusive tranquillity. He had sought nothing more than forgetfulness amidst the din of war, and found in it rank and fame. In 1821, he received the full rank of general; in 1826, he was removed to the colonelcy of the 14th Foot; and in 1829, he was appointed governor of Dumbarton Castle, an office with a salary of only £170 attached to it, but still it has always been accounted of high honour in our country. "Sir William Wallace," said the valet of the Duke of Argyle, "was governor of it in the old wars of the English, and his grace is governor just now. It is always intrusted to the best man in Scotland."

The latter part of the life of Lord Lynedoch, as the infirmities of old age grew upon him, was spent chiefly in Italy; but the visit of her Majesty Queen

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Victoria to his native country so roused the ardour of the loyal old hero, that he hastened from Switzerland to pay his respects to her in person, in the ancient capital of her Scottish ancestors. This was the last public event of his life. He died at his residence in Stratton Street, London, on the 18th of December, 1843, in the ninety-fourth year of his age. As he was childless, his titles became extinct with his death, and his estates were inherited by his nephew.

GRANT, Mrs., of Laggan.—This amiable and talented authoress, in whom a manly intellect was so happily blended with woman's gentleness and delicate feeling, was born at Glasgow, on the 21st of February, 1755. Her father, Duncan M'Vicar, was an officer in the British army; her mother was a descendant of the ancient family of Stewart of Invernahyle, in Argyleshire. A short time after she was born, her father accompanied his regiment to America, with the intention of settling there; and soon after this was effected, he was joined by his wife and infant daughter, the latter being scarcely three years old. As New York, the place of her residence, was at this time thinly peopled, especially in the rural districts, where the settlers dwelt miles apart from each other, the early opportunities of education which Mrs. Grant possessed were such as to furnish little hope of future literary excellence. But, happily for her, she had a careful instructor in her mother, besides whom she had no other; and she so profited by domestic tuition, that she quickly learned to read, and before her sixth year was finished had perused the whole of the Old Testament, and was well acquainted with its contents. It was the home teaching of Scotland at this period, transplanted into the back settlements of America. She also acquired about the same time a knowledge of the Dutch language, in consequence of residing for some months with a family of Dutch colonists. Not long after, she learned to write, solely from chance lessons which she received in penmanship from the sergeant of a Scottish regiment. Observing also the eagerness of his pupil for knowledge, he presented her with an appropriate Scottish soldier's gift—even the poem of "Wallace," by Blind Harry, the patriotic Homer of Scotland. The quaint and almost forgotten language in which this work is written, as well as its obsolete orthography, would have made it a sealed book to the half-Scottish half-American little maiden, had it not been for the kindness of the sergeant, who taught her to decipher the words, and understand the meaning of the old heroic minstrel. From this source she mainly derived that enthusiastic love of her native country which, ever afterwards, was a distinguishing feature in her character. Another epic, which had a still higher influence in the formation of her mind, followed. This was Milton's "Paradise Lost," which she received from an officer in her father's regiment, who marked her love of reading; and this sublime production, which has daunted so many youthful readers at the outset, she studied with eagerness and pleasure. The expansion of intellect and improvement of taste which the careful perusal of the great English bard imparted to her conversation were so conspicuous, that the most distinguished of the New York society, young though she was, were proud to cultivate her acquaintance. The chief of these was Madame Schuyler, a lady with whose excellence and worth she afterwards made the British public sympathize, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady."

We have already mentioned that Mr. M'Vicar, the father of Mrs. Grant, had repaired to America chiefly for the purpose of becoming a settler in one of its colonies. This he effected in the state of Vermont, where he received a grant of land, to which he made large additions by purchase, while his worth and

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ingratiating manners secured him the esteem not only of the settlers, but the native Indian tribes. But this career of prosperity was interrupted by ill health, so that he was obliged to return to his native country in 1768, bringing with him his wife and daughter, the latter having now reached the age of thirteen. A few years after, Mr. M'Vicar was appointed barrack-master of Fort Augustus. Unfortunately for him, he had been obliged to leave America in such haste as to have no opportunity to dispose of his property; and on the breaking out of the American war, the whole was confiscated by the new republican government, so that he was reduced to his limited pay of barrack-master. At the same station of Fort Augustus was the Rev. James Grant, the military chaplain, an accomplished scholar of amiable manners, and connected with some of the most respectable families of the district, between whom and Miss M'Vicar an acquaintanceship, of kindred disposition, ripened into permanent affection. Soon afterwards they were married, in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Grant, in 1779, to the parish of Laggan, in Inverness-shire, a union from which the subject of our memoir received her literary name and designation.

On becoming the wife of a Highland minister, Mrs. Grant addressed herself in good earnest to become useful among the people of the parish. But a difficulty opposed her progress at the outset. Although a Mac, she was not a Highlander; and she was ignorant of Gaelic, that most essential of passports to a Highland heart. Undeterred, however, by an obstacle which few Lowlanders have ever surmounted, she commenced the study of that most difficult of all languages, and made such progress, that she was soon able to converse readily with the people in their own beloved tongue. In the woods of America she had been early trained to the labour of such a necessary task, by mastering the old Saxon Scotch of Blind Harry's "Wallace." Along with the Celtic language she studied the manners and feelings of the Highlanders, and was soon able to identify herself with the people among whom her lot had been cast. They, on their part, appreciated these kind labours of a stranger with true Highland enthusiasm, and felt that she was their own countrywoman in heart and soul, as well as in tongue and lineage. In this way tranquil years passed on in Laggan, and Mrs. Grant, the mother of twelve children, seemed little likely to commence a new life as an authoress, and obtain distinction in the literary world. But such was her *weird*, and stern misfortune and necessity were to be the instruments of its accomplishment. After four successive deaths in her family, her husband died, and she was left a helpless widow, with eight children dependent upon her exertions, while the manse, so long her happy home, must be left to the successor of her husband. In taking account also of her worldly affairs, she found that she was worth less than nothing; for the scale of Highland and clerical hospitality by which her household had hitherto been regulated, rather exceeded than equalled the amount of stipend, so that she found herself somewhat, though not greatly, in debt. But strong in her trust on that Providence which had been with her from earliest infancy, she confronted her new necessities, and her first step was to take charge of a small farm in the neighbourhood of Laggan. This expedient soon failed, and in 1803 she removed to the neighbourhood of Stirling. Something was necessary to be done, and that speedily; but the great difficulty lay in the choice. At last the friends of Mrs. Grant suggested the idea of authorship. She had written many verses which they had greatly admired in manuscript, and these, collected into a printed volume, might be equally acceptable to the public at large. Her poems, indeed,

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had been hasty productions, of which she had hitherto made little account, and it was with no little urgency that she was persuaded to try the experiment of publishing. She had not even a collection of these poems in her possession, as she generally sent them to her numerous correspondents, without retaining a copy for herself. The work was announced to be published by subscription, and so well did her friends exert themselves, that three thousand subscribers were soon procured. This publication, which appeared in 1803, although favourably received by the public, was scarcely calculated to make any lasting impression, or stamp the character of Mrs. Grant as a genuine poetess, and accordingly, it has long ago disappeared from among those works of the period which the present generation cares to read. Its profits, however, enabled her to discharge those debts which had been contracted at Laggan, and which had continued to weigh heavily upon her mind. But fresh domestic difficulties occurred. Her eldest daughter had been sent to Bristol for the cure of a consumptive complaint, which was attended with heavy expense; and one of her sons, who had got an appointment to India, through the kindness of her friend, Mr. Charles Grant, chairman of the India House, required the necessary outfit. The success that attended the former attempt suggested a fresh trial of authorship, and Mrs. Grant was advised by her friends to collect and publish her letters. These had been written in the manse of Laggan to her correspondents over a course of years, and were so full of Highland scenery, character, and legends, expressed in the happiest style of epistolary composition, that, even with the omission of whatever was private or confidential, it was thought they would form an acceptable work to the reading public. She allowed herself to be persuaded, and the result was her best and most popular production, the "Letters from the Mountains," which was published in 1806. This work went through many editions, and was so justly appreciated among the talented and influential men of the day, as to procure for her many distinguished friends, among whom may be enumerated Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, Sir William Farquhar, and Bishop Porteous. The only other works which she subsequently published, were "Memoirs of an American Lady," and "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland;" and it is enough to say, that they did not detract from the reputation she had already won. Her productions are thus characterized by Sir Walter Scott, a judge well fitted to estimate them:—"Her literary works, although composed amidst misfortune and privation, are written at once with simplicity and force; and uniformly bear the stamp of a virtuous and courageous mind, recommending to the reader that patience and fortitude which the writer herself practised in such an eminent degree. Her writings, deservedly popular in her own country, derive their success from the happy manner in which, addressing themselves to the national pride of the Scottish people, they breathe a spirit at once of patriotism, and of that candour which renders patriotism unselfish and liberal. We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and the best lessons of virtue and morality."

In 1810, Mrs. Grant removed from Stirling to Edinburgh, where she resided during the rest of her life. But still domestic calamities pursued her, and all her children died successively, except her youngest son, who survived her. In

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the midst of these afflictions, so trying to the affectionate heart of a widowed mother, it is gratifying to add that she was not wholly unaided in the struggle. Her talents and her worth had surrounded her with a circle of affectionate friends who, in the worst hour, were ready not only with sympathy but aid. In 1825 an application was made in her behalf for a pension from government, subscribed by Sir Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling), Sir William Arbuthnot, Sir Robert Liston, and Principal Baird, which was cordially granted by George IV. At first it amounted to only £50, but was afterwards increased to £100 per annum; and this, with several legacies from deceased friends, enabled her to spend the last years of her life not only in comfort, but comparative affluence. But those for whose sake she most wished to have obtained it, had one by one been snatched away! She was also, at this period, an invalid; for, nearly seven years before the pension was obtained, she had a fall in descending a stair, from the effects of which she was confined almost wholly to her house during the rest of her life. But still she was resigned and even happy, and her frequent study of the Bible during her hours of leisure, as well as her conversation with intimate friends, betokened the sure foundation upon which her comfort was established. Thus she lived, honoured and beloved, till the eighty-fourth year of her age, when a cold, that increased into influenza, ended her days on the 7th of November, 1838, and her remains were interred in the new cemetery of the parish church of St. Cuthbert's. Her chief talent lay in conversation, in which she was unrivalled, and hence the high fame she acquired among the literary circles of the day. That voice has passed away of which her works were but an echo, and thus the works themselves are now rated beneath their merits. Still, however, the "Letters from the Mountains" will continue to attest the high talent of their writer, and be perused with pleasure and profit.

GRANT, Sir William.—This able lawyer was a descendant of the Grants of Beldornie, a sept of the parent clan. His father, originally a farmer, was afterwards appointed collector of customs in the Isle of Man, an office which he held till his death. His son William, the subject of this notice, was born at Elchies, in Morayshire, in 1754, and was educated at the grammar-school of Elgin, along with his younger brother, who afterwards became collector at Martinico. William did not forget, when he had attained distinction, the place in which he had been trained, so that, thirty years afterwards, when the school was to be rebuilt, he was one of its earliest contributors. His education was completed at the old college of Aberdeen. In the choice of a profession, which was that of law, he was directed by the advice of his uncle, a merchant, who had been so successful in England, that he was enabled to purchase the estate of Elchies, on which he had been born. After the usual course of study at Aberdeen had been finished, William Grant went to London, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of twenty-five, although he had not yet been called to the English bar, he was considered competent for colonial practice, and was appointed attorney-general of Canada. In this new office his professional talents soon brought him into universal esteem. He also showed that he understood the adage of *tam Marti quam Mercurio;* for on Quebec being besieged by the American army under Montgomery, the attorney-general became a bold and active captain of volunteers, and continued to perform military duty until the siege was ended. After this he continued to discharge his civil duties for several years; but finding the position of Canada too critical, as well as

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colonial practice too limited for his aspirations, he resigned his office of attorney-general; and on returning to London, he entered with full ardour upon a more favourable arena in the courts of Westminster, after having been commissioned in 1787 to practise as an English barrister. His commencement, however, was so unpropitious as to bring all his energy and resolution into full exercise, and nerve them with double vigour; for however eminent he had been at the bar of Quebec, he found himself an utter stranger in London, while his shy retiring habits gave little promise that such a difficulty would be easily obviated. Fortunately, one of those incidents occurred by which the reserve of modest merit is often broken through, and the possessor dragged out to the sphere which he ought to occupy. Mr. Grant, after having gone the circuit year after year without obtaining a single brief, happened at length to be retained in some appeals from the Court of Session in Scotland to the House of Lords. He discharged his duty so ably on this occasion, and evinced such legal talent and force of reasoning, as to extort the highest approbation from the stern Lord Chancellor Thurlow, a man by no means profuse in compliments. He eagerly asked the name of the speaker; and having learned it, he said to a friend, "Be not surprised if that young man should one day occupy this seat." It is thought that Grant might ultimately have fulfilled this prediction had he been willing to encounter the responsible duties of the chancellorship. Thurlow's approbation did not end in empty compliment; he interested himself in the fortunes of the talented but unbefriended stranger, and in consequence of his advice, Grant left the practice of common law for that of equity, as being better fitted for his studies and habits.

From this period his career was one of honour and success, and his first step was a seat in parliament, having been returned for Shaftesbury at the general election in 1790. On entering the House he made no attempt to attract notice as a political orator; his *forte* rather lay in private consultations and committees, where his sagacity, good sense, and extensive knowledge, were seen and appreciated by the most eminent of his colleagues. Of these especially was Mr. Pitt, of whom he was a firm and effective supporter. On one occasion, in the year 1791, his colonial experience was of great service to the premier. The subject before the House for discussion was a new code of laws for the province of Canada, and on this question he enforced the proposal of Pitt with such incontrovertible arguments, drawn from his own knowledge and practice as attorney-general of the colony, that even Fox was gratified, and all but convinced. Another occasion on which Grant signalized himself in the House of Commons occurred in the following year, when he defended the measures of the ministry upon the subject of the Russian armament. At the beginning of 1794 he was returned to parliament by the borough of Westminster, and at the same time appointed solicitor-general to the Queen, and in 1796 he was chosen knight in parliament for the county of Banff. In 1798 he was appointed chief-justice of Chester, and in the year following he was made solicitor-general, on which occasion he received the usual honour of knighthood. In 1801 he was honoured with his last and highest promotion of master of the rolls. This steady rise was owing, not to his support of the predominant party in the state, but the high character which he established for himself as lawyer and judge, in which all parties coincided. He continued to represent the county of Banff until 1812, when the Parliament was dissolved, and to fill the office of master of the rolls till 1817, at which period he was anxious to retire from public life

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before age had unfitted him for its duties, or impaired his intellectual vigour. On the 24th December, therefore, he fulfilled this resolution of self denial by tendering his resignation of the mastership, on which occasion he received, among other well-deserved eulogiums, the following from the bar of the court, through Sir Arthur Pigott, the speaker appointed for the occasion:—"The promptitude and wisdom of your decisions have been as highly conducive to the benefit of the suitors, as they have been eminently promotive of the general administration of equity. In the performance of your important and arduous duties, you have exhibited an uninterrupted equanimity, and displayed a temper never disturbed, and a patience never wearied; you have evinced an uniform and impartial attention to those engaged in the discharge of their professional duties here, and who have had the opportunity, and enjoyed the advantage of observing that conduct in the dispensation of justice, which has been conspicuously calculated to excite emulation, and to form an illustrious example for imitation."

During the sixteen years of life that were still continued to him, Sir William Grant abstained from public affairs, devoting himself wholly to intellectual recreations, and the society of congenial company, in the neighbourhood of Walthamstow, and during the two last years of his life at Barton House, Dawlish, the residence of his sister, the widow of Admiral Schanck. He was never married. His death occurred on the 25th of May, 1832, when he had reached the age of seventy-eight years.

H.

HALDANE, James Alexander.—It seldom happens that when a great work is to be accomplished, in which co-operated effort is required, the same family which produced the originator should also furnish the effectual seconder of the movement. From this general rule the family of Haldane of Airthrey is an honoured exception; for while Robert was building churches over the whole extent of Scotland, his younger brother, James, was ably preparing the way by preaching in its most destitute localities, and reviving that religious spirit which had sunk for years into cold apathy and indifference.

James Alexander Haldane was born at Dundee, on the 14th of July, 1768, within a fortnight after the death of his father. He also lost his mother when he had only reached his sixth year. After attending the High School of Edinburgh with his brother, and distinguishing himself not only by holding a high place in the class, but being foremost in every school-boy frolic and adventure, he went to the university, which he attended for three years, until he had completed his studies in Latin and Greek, and gone through the curriculum of logic, metaphysics, mathematics, and natural philosophy. Having thus established a sufficient groundwork for future self-improvement, and made a tour through the north of England, he joined, at the age of seventeen, the service for which he had been early destined, by entering as midshipman the Duke of Montrose, East Indiaman, bound to Bombay and China. This department of naval life ranked high at a period when the monopoly of the East India Company, and the risks of war, made their ships be manned and armed on a scale approaching that of the royal navy. By a family compact it had also been agreed, that as soon as he was qualified by age and service, he should succeed to the command

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of the Melville Castle, which had been provided with an *interim* captain, under the prospect of this succession. This was a most unhopeful commencement of the course that afterwards awaited him, but the alternatives that were proposed against his going to sea were equally so. His female relatives wished that he should complete his studies, and take orders in the Church of England, in the hope of attaining a bishopric; while the great Crœsus of the day, Mr. Coutts, the warm friend of Haldane's father, to whom he had been greatly indebted, offered to take the youth into his own counting-house as a partner, and make him a thriving banker. Who would have thought that a youth with so many tempting offers at the outset of life, would finally prefer to them all the lowly office of an itinerant preacher!

On embarking upon his new profession, James Haldane devoted himself earnestly to his duties, ambitious to become an active seaman and skilful navigator. Besides this, his love of general literature, which his previous education had imparted, made him spend all his leisure time in the study of the best authors, of which he carried with him a well-stored sea-chest, and in this way he was unconsciously training himself to become an able theological writer and eloquent preacher. He made in all four voyages to India and China; and during the long period over which these extended, he saw much of the variety of life, as well as experienced the usual amount of hair's-breadth escapes so incidental to his profession. During his third voyage, in which he was third officer of the Hillsborough, and while returning from India, he encountered one of those dangers so frequently attendant upon the naval and military service, and so unreasonable and contemptible in services so full of perils of their own, because so utterly gratuitous. One of the passengers, a cavalry officer, notorious as a quarrelsome bully and a good shot, picked a quarrel with James Haldane, and at the mess-table threw a glass of wine in his face, which the other retorted by throwing a decanter at the captain's head. A challenge was inevitable, and Haldane was the more ready to receive it, as, from his antagonist's reputation as a duellist, a refusal might have looked like cowardice. Such was that law of honour, now so generally abjured, which in a few years more will evaporate amidst the general derision. No opportunity occurred of a hostile meeting until the ship arrived at St. Helena, where the parties went ashore early in the morning, to settle their quarrel by mortal arbitrament. James Haldane who, the night before, had made his will, and written a farewell letter to his brother, to be delivered in the event of his death, raised his pistol at the signal, and inwardly ejaculating, with fearful inconsistency, the solemn prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," he drew the trigger. The pistol burst, and one of the splinters wounded him in the face, while his opponent, whose weapon at the same instant missed fire, declared himself fully satisfied. Thus terminated the first and last affair of the kind in which he ever was engaged. His amiable disposition, as well as his acknowledged courage and spirit, alike prevented him afterwards from giving or receiving injury.

After his fourth voyage was completed, James Haldane, now at the age of twenty-five, was found fully competent to assume the command of the Melville Castle; and on passing his examinations he was promoted to that office in 1793. After his appointment, he married Miss Joass, only child of Major Joass, fort-major of Stirling Castle, and niece of Sir Ralph Abercromby. As his fortune was still to seek, while his bride was a young lady of great attrac-

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tions and high prospects, some demur was made by her relatives to her marriage with a younger brother; but the mutual affection of the pair at last reconciled all parties to the measure. At the end of the year, the Melville Castle was at Portsmouth ready for an Indian voyage, in company with a large fleet of Indiamen lying at the same port, and Haldane, having parted with his wife at London, had already joined his vessel, when delays occurred that prevented its sailing till some months afterwards. While the fleet was thus lying at anchor, a mutiny broke out in the Dutton, which grew to such a height that the chief officers were obliged in terror to abandon the ship; and the crew, arming themselves with what weapons came to hand, threatened to sink every boat that came alongside to board them, or at the worst to blow up the ship, or carry it into a French port. In this state of wild uproar, Captain Haldane threw himself into one of the boats of the Melville Castle, and approached the Dutton, amidst the cries of "Keep off, or we'll sink you!" Undeterred by these threats, he boarded the hostile deck, cutlass in hand, relieved the remaining officers, who were about to be overpowered on the quarter-deck, and by his prompt decided measures so appalled the mutineers, that they were soon brought to a surrender. But while this was going on upon deck, a noise was heard below, and on learning the cause, he rushed to the powder magazine, which two men were about to enter, with a shovel-full of live coals, after having wrenched off the doors, swearing that they would blow the ship to heaven or hell, no matter which. He clapped a pistol to the breast of the most forward, and compelled him to stand; and ordered the crew to put the two offenders instantly in irons, which was done almost as rapidly as it had been commanded. The daring demeanour and prompt decision of the young captain of the Melville Castle so completely quelled the ship's company, and recalled their habits of obedience, that the chief mutineers submitted, and order was restored.

By this time Haldane had acquired a high character in his profession. His skill as a sailor, and his excellent qualities as an officer, had endeared him to seamen and passengers alike; his courage in trying emergencies had been well proved; while the political influence by which he was supported, not only through his friends at home, but in India, where his wife's uncle, Sir Ralph Abercromby, was commander-in-chief of the British army, insured him the speedy attainment both of rank and fortune. Such a consummation was also expected of him as a duty, both on the part of his wife's relatives and his own, who saw no reason why he should sink, with all his prospects and attainments, into the rank of an obscure bonnet laird, or idle country gentleman. And yet he had even already resolved to abandon the sea, and all its alluring advantages! The cause of this is to be traced to his early religious education, which had more or less clung to him in his after-career, so that in all he had undergone and enjoyed, as well as all that he hoped or feared, he had felt the contention of two hostile elements within him—he had been a man divided against himself. With an earnest longing that the spiritual should prevail, so that he might be renewed and sanctified, he felt withal as if such an end could not be attained in his present pursuits and occupations. But as this constituted the great turning-point of his life, it is right that we should hear his own account, which he has given in his manuscript memoranda in the following words:—"Some circumstances which took place tended, before I left the sea, to render me more circumspect; yet was my heart still unchanged. I lived on board ship nearly four months at Portsmouth, and having much spare time, and being always

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fond of reading, I was employed in this way, and began, more from a conviction of its propriety than any real concern about eternity, to read the Bible and religious books, not only on the Sabbath, but a portion of Scripture every day. I also began to pray to God, although almost entirely about the concerns of a present world. During all this time I did not go on shore to public worship above once or twice, though I could have done so, and heard the gospel with the same form of worship (at Dr. Bogue's) as in Scotland. At length some impressions seemed to be made on my mind that all was not right; and knowing that the Lord's supper was to be dispensed, I was desirous of being admitted, and went and spoke with Dr. Bogue on the subject. He put some books into my hand on the nature of the ordinance, which I read, and was more regular in prayer and attending public worship. An idea of quitting the sea at this time was suggested, apparently by accident, and literally so, except in so far as ordered of God. The thought sunk into my mind, and although there were many obstacles, my inclination rather increased than abated. Being now in the habit of prayer, I asked of God to order matters so that it might be brought about, and formed resolutions of amendment, in case my prayer should be heard. Several circumstances occurred which seemed to cut off every hope of my being able to get away before the fleet sailed; yet the Lord overruled all to further the business about two days before it left England. A concern about my soul had very little influence in this step; yet I was now determined to begin to make religion a matter of serious consideration. I was sure I was not right. I had never joined at the Lord's supper, being formerly restrained partly by conscience, while living in open sin, and partly by want of convenient opportunities, and I had been prevented by my engagements in the week of quitting the sea from joining at Gosport, as I had proposed. However dark my mind still was, I have no doubt but that God began a work of grace on my soul while living on board the Melville Castle. His voice was indeed still and small, but I would not despise the day of small things, nor undervalue the least of His gracious dealings towards me. There is no doubt that I had sinned against more light than many of my companions who have been cut off in their iniquities, and that I might justly have been made a monument of his wrath."

The result of these reasons may be easily surmised, enforced as they were by the earnest entreaties of his brother Robert, who had also quitted the navy, and was about to devote himself to that career of religious usefulness by which his whole life was afterwards distinguished. James Haldane accordingly sold his interest in the Melville Castle for a sum that insured him a decent independence for life, bade adieu to the sea for ever, and, on rejoining his wife in Scotland, and establishing a peaceful home in Edinburgh, he became a diligent student in theology in the best sense of the term. It was in this way that both the brothers qualified themselves for their appointed work. In their case it was from no sudden fit of enthusiasm that they devoted themselves to a career which excited the wonderment of society, and that had to be persevered in through much scorn and opposition for years; on the contrary, they were led to the faith upon which they acted through a long course of inquiry; and this being attained, they were able deliberately to count the cost, and prepare themselves for the sacrifice. In this spirit, while Robert was earnestly straining every nerve to obtain the privilege of deportation and exile as a missionary, James was qualifying himself for the equally humble and self-denying duties of an itinerant preacher. Had such instances occurred in the Romish Church, they would

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have been emblazoned as choice episodes in the *Acta Sanctorum*, if not exalted into full claims for canonization. The steps by which James Haldane was conducted to the "highways and hedges," he has thus detailed in language of straight-forward simplicity :—"For some time after I knew the truth I had no thoughts towards the ministry. My attention was directed to the study of the Scriptures and other religious books, for my own improvement, and because I found much pleasure in them. When I first lived in my own house, I began family worship on Sabbath evenings. I was unwilling to have it more frequently, lest I should meet with ridicule from my acquaintance. A conviction of duty at length determined me to begin to have it every morning ; but I assembled the family in a back room for some time, lest any one should come in. I gradually got over this fear of man ; and being desirous to instruct those who lived in my family, I began to expound the Scriptures. I found this pleasant and edifying to myself, and it has been one chief means by which the Lord prepared me for speaking in public. About this time some of my friends remarked that I would by and by become a preacher. A person asked me whether I did not regret that I had not been a minister ? which made a considerable impression on my mind. I began secretly to desire to be allowed to preach the gospel, which I considered as the most important, as well as honourable employment. I began to ask of God to send me into his vineyard, and to qualify me for the work."—While these wishes were thus forming and growing within his heart, events were occurring to draw them into action. He first confined himself to the silent distribution of tracts, and afterwards advanced to the visitation and establishment of Sabbath-schools, where a "word of exhortation" was expected as a matter of course ; and, finally, having accompanied John Campbell (his brother's friend) and another preacher to the large collier village of Gilmerton, where a preaching station had been established, he found himself drawn, in the course of necessity, to take his turn in that apostolic labour which he had already thus far countenanced and commended. He preached his first sermon on the 6th of May, 1797, and by that decisive act committed himself to the vocation in which he persevered to the end of his long-extended life.

After having continued to preach for a short time at Gilmerton, James Haldane's views extended over Scotland at large, so that he resolved to commence the work of an itinerant preacher in good earnest. But an ambulatory ministry and lay preaching—these are irregularities which only a very urgent emergency can justify ; and yet, perhaps, Scotland at this time needed them as much as England did the labours of her Wesleys and Whitefield. James Haldane also went forth, not as a minister, to dispense the higher ordinances of religion, but simply as an evangelist, to call men to repentance. This his first tour, in 1797, extended through the northern counties of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, and was made in company with Mr. Aikman, originally settled in a prosperous business in Jamaica, but now a student in theology, with the view of becoming a minister. They preached wherever they could find a place to assemble men together —in school-rooms and hospitals, at market-crosses, and in church-yards, and upon stair-heads—and assembled their auditories by announcing their purpose through the town-drummer or bellman. In this way they itinerated through Perth, Scone, Cupar, Glammis, Kerrymuir, Montrose, and Aberdeen. At the last-mentioned place Haldane had hearers in thousands, who were attracted by the novelty of a captain of an East Indiaman turning preacher. The tourists

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then proceeded to Banff, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Inverness; and having learned that a great fair was soon to be held at Kirkwall, to which people were wont to assemble from every island of the Orkneys, they resolved to comprise this Ultima Thule of the modern as well as the ancient world—this remote nook, which even steam has as yet failed wholly to conquer—within the sphere of their operations. And miserable indeed was the spiritual state of the Orkneys at this time, where the ministers were so far removed beyond the ken of the General Assembly, that they might live as they listed; while the difficulties of navigation in the performance of their duties were so numerous, that they might leave as much undone as they pleased. Here, then, was the field for a devoted Christian, earnest in his sacred work, and fearless of wind and weather; and from Kirkwall, as his head-quarters, the bold sailor was ready to scud before the wind in an open boat, to preach the gospel at whatever island might most require his services. In some of these desolate places there had been no religious ordinances for several years; while in Kirkwall, where he and his fellow-traveller preached daily during the fair, they had congregations by the thousand. It was the old Scottish spirit of the days of Knox and the Covenant revived among a people who had long and most unjustly been neglected. After having thus visited the twenty-nine inhabited islands of Orkney, and sometimes preached three times a-day in their several places of labour, the tourists, in their return, crossed over to Caithness, and began to preach in its principal town of Thurso On this occasion Mr. Haldane laboured alone, his companion having been disabled by an accident during six weeks of their stay in Caithness, and there his usual auditory numbered from 800 to 3000 persons. The next scene of his labours was the town of Wick, and here his auditories were equally large, and his labours as abundant. A note from his journal of proceedings in this place is applicable to many others which he visited in the course of his tour, and shows the necessity that was laid upon him to labour as he did. It is as follows:—

"*Lord's-day, October* 1.—Preached in the morning to about 2500 people. Heard the minister, in the forenoon, preach from Matt. xxii. 5: 'And they made light of it.' He represented that men, in becoming Christians, first began to work out their own salvation, and that when God wrought in them, &c. He spoke much of the criminality of such as found fault with ministers, 'who were,' he said, 'the successors of the apostles—the ambassadors appointed to carry on the treaty of peace between God and man!' In the afternoon preached to about 4000 people, and took notice of what appeared contrary to the gospel in the minister's sermon, himself being present."

On the 11th of October, 1797, Mr. James Haldane left Wick, the very day on which his uncle, Admiral Duncan, gained the celebrated naval victory off Camperdown, and the firing of the guns was heard upon the coast of Caithness, while the nephew of the conqueror was preaching his farewell discourse in the market town. On his return from this evangelistic tour, Mr. Haldane preached at the different towns of his long route until he reached Airthrey, on the 7th November, having been employed nearly four months in this important mission, and undergone an amount of labour which only an iron constitution, animated by the highest sense of duty, could have endured. Although he preached almost daily two, and sometimes three times, he was no mere rhapsodist or declaimer, but a studious, painstaking preacher, anxious to instruct as well as persuade, and careful that the style of his message should correspond with its dignity and importance. "I and several other ministers," thus writes the Rev.

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Mr. Cowie, of Huntly, the Whitefield of the north, "heard Mr. Haldane on his late tour; and I confess, though I have been little short of thirty years a minister, have heard many excellent preachers, and laid my hand on many heads, I have very seldom heard anything so much to my satisfaction, and nothing that could exceed Mr. Haldane's discourses. I could even say more, but I forbear. *He carries his credentials with him, and needs not recommendatory letters.*"

This was but the first of a series of tours of a similar character, which were continued at intervals for years, not only in the north, south, and west of Scotland, but in England and Ireland, and which only ceased when the increase of a faithful ministry, and the general revival of a religious spirit, superseded the necessity of such itinerancy. They also abounded in striking incident, not only of bold adventure and fierce hostility, but of wonderful conversions from darkness and guilt to the light and holiness of a renewed life—cases by which the heart of Haldane was animated in a career otherwise so thankless and profitless. But these were only incidental advantages, compared with the influence of his labours upon the general change that was now at hand. The public attention was awakened to those great principles of religion which had been rapidly passing away, and the progress of that apathetic Socinianism arrested, which, in course of time, would have converted Scotland into a wholesale Geneva of religious doubt and indifference. Hume was already taking the place of Knox, while the theology of the pulpit was little more than the morality of Seneca without its depth, or the vague aspirations of Plato without their earnest, heart-stirring eloquence. And was it a small matter that Haldane should have been so influential in checking that downward progress which would have terminated in national degradation and destruction, and bringing back the spirit of the land to that Rock of strength from which it had so mournfully wandered?

While Mr. James Haldane was thus pursuing his course as an itinerating and lay preacher, events soon occurred by which the office of an ordained minister, and the superintendence of a regular congregation, were added to his employments. His brother Robert, after having failed in his attempt to establish a great Indian mission, was now employed in the opening of tabernacles and the extension of evangelical religion at home. It was natural that in such a work he should seek the able co-operation of his brother, and that, too, at Edinburgh, the metropolis and head-quarters of the new movement. The circus or tabernacle, a large place of worship capable of holding 2500 hearers, had been opened for this purpose, and on the 3d of February, 1799, Mr. James Haldane was ordained as its minister. It was opened upon those eclectic principles which Independency has constantly advocated; and the following extract from the account of Mr. J. Haldane's ordination will fully explain his views and purposes on entering into the solemn office. He "expressed his intention of endeavouring to procure a regular rotation of ministers to assist him in supplying the tabernacle. He declared his willingness to open his pulpit for the occasional labours of every faithful preacher of the gospel, of whatever denomination or country he might be. He signified his approbation of the plan of the church which had chosen him for their pastor, as being simple and scriptural, but disavowed any confidence in it as a perfect model of a church of Christ, to the exclusion of all others. He wished to remember himself, and ever to remind his hearers, that the kingdom of heaven was not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Finally, he declared that he meant not to confine his exertions to that church, but to devote a por-

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tion of his time every year to the labours of itinerancy, to which he conceived himself, in the providence of God, to be especially called." He thus became the first minister of the first church formed among the new Congregationalist churches of Scotland—which, however needed at the time of their appointment, are now passing, and will soon pass away. A firmer Presbyterianism than before seems the inevitable result of every Scottish religious revival.

According to the promise made at his ordination, Mr. J. Haldane devoted a large portion of every summer to an extensive missionary tour. This continued till 1805, when the increase of his congregation in Edinburgh, as well as the renewed spirit of the public mind over the country, made such arduous exertions the less imperative. He still continued afterwards, however, to make short trips to those portions of the Highlands, and the north and west of Scotland, that were as yet the least accessible to the change; and wherever he came, his stirring eloquence was calculated to rouse the attention and win the hearts of those who listened. Few, indeed, were so well qualified to redeem the office of an itinerant preacher from the obloquy and contempt into which it had fallen; for, independently of his stalwart figure, and bold, dignified, gentlemanly bearing, that commanded the respect of every class, his station in society gave him weight among a people where the old feudal feelings were still a part of the national characteristics. What but love for their souls could induce such a one to undergo labours and hardships which even the love of gain could scarcely inspire among the poorest, and from which the stoutest would have recoiled? And was this worthy descendant of the good old barons of Scotland to be treated like a gaberlunzie preaching for pence, and looking to his hat or plate more carefully than to his text? "Captain Haldane is to preach"—"the son of the Laird of Airthrey is to give a sermon"—and the stair-head or hillock upon which the sermon was delivered, instead of lowering, only aggrandized the discourse. But who in Scotland so circumstanced, except himself and his brother, would have submitted to such a trying experiment?

The rest of the life of James Haldane, as an Edinburgh Dissenting minister, although it passed over such a course of years, may be briefly summed up. It was an occupation with which, however important in its bearing upon national character and events, the trumpet of fame or the pen of the historian is seldom troubled. When the whole world rings with some heroic and virtuous achievement, by which a Christian nation creates an important epoch, how seldom is it traced to that lowly and silent ministry in which it truly originated!

The first important event that occurred in Mr. Haldane's life as the minister of a settled charge, arose from the divisions in that party of which he was so important a member. While a religious body is small, with the whole world arrayed against it, there is neither time for discord nor motive for division, and in this very feebleness its strength mainly consists. But with its expansion grows security, which promotes dissension, until it falls asunder by its own weight. This dissension had now commenced among the Independent congregations of Scotland, and it was based upon the trying questions of ecclesiastical polity and discipline. It was agreed on all hands that the apostolic model was the only authoritative rule: but what was that model? Here every one had his own theory or interpretation. The frequency with which the Lord's supper should be administered, the mode of conducting their weekly fellowship meetings for social worship, and the amount of pastoral duty that might be conceded to gifted lay members in exhorting the church and conducting the public devo-

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tions, were all severally and keenly contested as matters of religious, and therefore of infinite importance. To these, also, was added the question of Pædobaptism, in which Mr. James Haldane himself was personally and deeply interested. He had been anxiously studying the subject for several years, and after some time he announced to his flock, that "although his mind was not made up to become himself a Baptist, yet that at present he could not conscientiously baptize children." His mind was made up at last: he was baptized; but still his wish was that the difference of opinion should be no ground of disunion between Baptists and Pædobaptists. This, however, was too much to expect from any sect or class of Christians in the present state of human nature, and accordingly a disruption ensued in his congregation, of whom nearly two-thirds went away, some to the Establishment, and others to the two tabernacles in College Street and Niddry Street. By this change, also, the two Haldanes ceased to be the leaders of a sect which their labours had originated in Scotland, and their resources hitherto supported. As for James, he now ministered to a very limited congregation, and with diminished popularity, but his elevated generous heart could endure the change as far as it only affected himself. He saw that the good which he had sought to accomplish was in progress under other agencies; and he was content to be nothing, and less than nothing, if the gospel itself should become all in all.

In this way the days and years of James Haldane's life went onward. He regularly officiated to his own Edinburgh congregation, preached occasionally in the open air in its neighbourhood, and diversified his duties by journeys of similar usefulness to greater distances. He published several tracts upon the most important religious doctrines, which were widely circulated, and attended, it is believed, with much usefulness. He was also engaged as a controversialist, in which capacity he published a "Refutation of the Heretical Doctrine promulgated by the Rev. Edward Irving, respecting the Person and Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and when Mr. H. Drummond came to the rescue of his pastor, with his "Candid Examination of the Controversy between Messrs. Irving, Andrew Thomson, and James Haldane," the last replied with a volume of 277 pages. But controversy was not his congenial element, and Dr. Johnson would have rejected him because he was not a good hater. "I see many evils," he thus writes in a letter, "both at home and abroad, which I hope the Lord will correct; but I do not see anything which I can do, unless it be to live near to God, and to preach his gospel where I am placed in the course of his providence." In 1831 he published "Observations on Universal Pardon, the Extent of the Atonement, and Personal Assurance of Salvation." The next important event that occurred in his course was the decease of his brother Robert, whose death-bed he attended, and whose triumphant end he witnessed; and it was during the closing hours of his life that the dying man spoke affectionately to his wife of the great benefit he had derived from the sermons and publications of his brother James, from which, he said, he had derived more solid edification than from any others. He also spoke with fond affection of the complete harmony of mind and purpose that had subsisted between them from the beginning. It seemed as if, in the course of nature, the death of James Haldane must speedily follow, for he was now seventy-four years old, and had already outlived many of his early associates. But his term was extended eight years longer, and they were years not of inert senility, but active diligent exertion. In 1842 he published a treatise entitled "Man's Responsibility; the Nature

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and Extent of the Atonement, and the work of the Holy Spirit; in reply to Mr. Howard Hinton and the Baptist Midland Association." In 1848 he reappeared as an author, by publishing an "Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians." Between these he also published two tracts on the important subject of the Atonement. Until he had nearly reached the age of fourscore, he was wont also, in addition to these labours, to conduct three public services every Sabbath. In 1849, having completed the fiftieth year of his ministry, his flock and the Congregationalists of Edinburgh agreed to celebrate the event by a jubilee, which they did on the 12th of April; and the meeting was attended by ministers of all denominations, who were thus eager to testify their love for such a venerable father in Israel. After this his life and labours were continued till 1851, when both were terminated on the 8th of February, in the eighty-third year of his age. His last illness was gentle and brief, and his death the death of the righteous.

HALDANE, ROBERT.—The family of Haldane had, for many centuries, been possessors of the barony of Gleneagles, in Perthshire, and were connected with some of the noblest houses of Scotland. As their name implies, they were of a Norse rather than Anglo-Saxon origin, and had probably emigrated from the Danelagh of England at, or soon after, the period of Alfred. Of the representatives of this family (Captain James Haldane of Airthrey, and Katherine Duncan, his wife and first cousin) were born two sons, Robert and James, the subjects of this and the previous notice, and a daughter, who died in childhood. Robert Haldane, the eldest of the family, was born, not in Scotland, but in London, on the 28th of February, 1764; but while still an infant, he became a resident in his ancestral country of Scotland, where his father died, in 1768. His widowed mother, the daughter of Alexander Duncan of Lundie, and sister of the illustrious hero of Camperdown, was eminent not only for gentleness and maternal affection, but ardent piety; and her religious instructions to her fatherless children, as well as fervent prayers in their behalf, were long after remembered by the objects of her pious cares. Never, indeed, is religious instruction so impressive, or perhaps so effectual, as when it issues from the lips of an affectionate mother to the child who is listening at her knee, and who will remember her words, let him wander where he may, or strive against them as he will. But brief was the period of her widowed life, for she died in 1774, when Robert had only reached his tenth, and James his fifth year, and the orphans were consigned to the guardianship of their relatives, by whom their education was carefully superintended. And that they were willing to learn was attested by the following incident. Having been instructed by their tutor in the mysteries of the ancient battering-ram, they resolved to try a practical experiment of its effects, by dragging the carriage of their uncle, Admiral Duncan, to the edge of a slope, down which it would rush by its own weight against a garden wall at the bottom. The carriage was accordingly wheeled up, and let loose; and the astonished admiral, who had been alarmed by the noise, came out only in time to find the vehicle fairly lodged in the garden, and the wall as effectually breached as if one of his own broadsides had been discharged against it.

Having thus made some progress in Latin and Roman antiquities, the two boys were sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where they were boarded with Dr. Adam, its rector, and had for fellow-pupils, John Campbell and Greville Ewing, the former the African traveller, and the latter the minister of the Independent congregation in Glasgow, men with whose labours the Hal-

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danes were, in after-life, to be intimately connected. When the time arrived that they should choose a profession, the sea naturally presented itself, not only from the high naval reputation of their uncle, but the circumstance of their father having been captain of the Duke of Albany, East Indiaman, and on the eve of being elected an East India director when his unexpected death occurred. Besides this, their high family influence insured a rapid promotion, whether in the royal service or that of the East India Company. Robert accordingly was destined to the former, and James to the latter; and in 1780 the family separation commenced, by Robert's joining the Monarch at Portsmouth during that year. From this period we follow their respective careers.

On entering the naval service under such a commander as the future hero of Camperdown, Robert Haldane, now at the age of seventeen, was not likely to remain idle. After being a year in the Monarch, he was transferred to the Foudroyant, eighty guns, commanded by Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, and was present at the memorable night engagement with the Pegase, a French ship of fully greater force than the Foudroyant. In this battle, which was hotly maintained for three-quarters of an hour, Robert Haldane served his guns with the skill and coolness of a veteran, and in pointing them in the dark he persevered in using a lantern, although he thereby served as a mark for the enemy's rifles. His gallantry on this occasion obtained the approbation of his brave commander, who sent him on board the Pegase to receive its surrender; and on writing to Duncan, he congratulated him on the conduct of his nephew, and predicted that he would become an ornament to his country. On the return of the Foudroyant to Spithead, Robert Haldane pent much of his time at Gosport; and being there attracted by the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bogue, originally a Scottish Presbyterian, but afterwards the pastor of an Independent congregation at Gosport, Robert Haldane not only had those religious impressions revived which had been implanted by his mother, but his bias directed in favour of Independency. At this time he also witnessed the loss of the Royal George. He was looking at this noble ship through a telescope, and watching with much interest the process of its heeling, when suddenly it overset and went down with 1200 men on board, of whom only 300 were saved. This terrible event was fitted to impress his heart both as a British sailor and a Christian. The noblest vessel of our navy, with one of our best admirals, had thus disappeared in one instant, when their services were most needed. It had gone down in its own port, and amidst calm and sunshine, bearing 900 souls into eternity without note or warning. It was a knell whose echoes were heard for years after—and who can sum up the numbers who are thus admonished to repent, or warned to be in readiness? He who had thus gazed upon the event, was not one by whom its solemn lessons were likely to be disregarded.

The design of relieving Gibraltar, for which an expedition was sent out in 1782, under the command of Lord Howe, summoned Robert Haldane once more into action. The garrison was relieved, and at the entrance of the British fleet into Gibraltar the Foudroyant was the leading ship. On the return from the Straits an indecisive engagement with the enemy took place, after which the fleet reached Spithead unmolested. An incident occurred on the way that showed Haldane's courage and self-devotedness in his profession. A Spanish 60 gun ship occasioned a chase among some of the British vessels, in which the fast-sailing Foudroyant was foremost, as usual, with all her canvas spread, while

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Haldane was ordered to the fore-top-gallant mast, to remain on the look-out until he was recalled. In the meantime, in consequence of an order from Lord Howe, the chase was abandoned, but Haldane was forgotten in the movement; the overstrained mast had sprung with the press of canvas, and he expected every moment to be swept into the sea; but still, faithful to the letter of his orders, he would not abandon his post: his only chance of safety, which an old seaman who was stationed beside him suggested, was to keep hold of the lower part of the ropes, so that when carried into the sea they might still retain their hold of the mast, with their heads above water. While their moments were thus numbered, a sudden cry of "A man overboard!" occasioned a rapid shortening of sail; the critical situation of Haldane and the sailor was then discovered, and an instant order to descend relieved them from their peril. It was an act of obedience such as Rome would have gladly enrolled in her history. On the Foudroyant being paid off at Spithead, Haldane was removed into the Salisbury, of 50 guns, on which the broad pennant of his commander, Sir John Jervis, was hoisted, as commodore of a squadron intended for the double purpose of a voyage of discovery round the world, and an attack on the Spanish settlements of South America. But the peace between Great Britain, France, and Spain, in 1783, altered the destination of the Salisbury, so that she only made a short voyage to Newfoundland. On her return to England, Robert Haldane, finding no prospect either of active service or immediate promotion, resolved to spend the rest of his days on shore. He accordingly resigned his commission; and being as yet only twenty years old, he determined to complete the education which had been interrupted three years before, when he went to sea. For this purpose he once more became a student at the University of Edinburgh, of which he had formerly been an alumnus; and, after attending two seasons, he made the grand tour, comprising the principal countries of Europe. After his return he married, in 1786, Katherine Cochrane Oswald, daughter of George Oswald, of Scotston, and settled down upon his patrimonial estate of Airthrey, resolving to devote himself to the life and occupations of a country gentleman. Into this he now threw all his energies, and his taste in agricultural improvements soon made him conspicuous among his compeers. Airthrey was possessed of great natural capabilities, and these he so highly improved that his example was speedily followed, and the surrounding country began to assume a new aspect.

Thus passed the course of Robert Haldane's life for eight years, an even tenor such as poets delight to picture and moralists to recommend. But higher and holier duties awaited him than the transplanting of trees and improvement of lawns and gardens; and he was suddenly awoke from his innocent dream by an event that shook the very pillars of the world, and roused the dullest to alarm and inquiry. Who could sleep, or even muse, amidst the sudden and universal reel of the French revolution? The laird of Airthrey saw in this event the annihilation of feudal rights, and the destruction of heritable charters; but his generous heart did not the less sympathize in the sufferings of a great nation, and its Titan-like throes for deliverance, while he hoped that all this was but the beginning of a happy political millennium, of which France was destined to be the first-fruits. He did not at the time take into account the infidel principles upon which that revolution was based, and the utter insufficiency of such principles to produce the results he anticipated. But teachers were at hand to correct his views, and give a proper direction to his enthusiasm. In his own

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account of this period of his life, he tells us:—"At this time I was in habits of intimacy with some very worthy clergymen, residing at and in the neighbourhood of Stirling. They were acquainted with a principle I did not then admit, and which, although a fundamental part of the creeds of the Established Churches, both of England and Scotland, is not generally admitted—I mean the total corruption of human nature. Reasoning from their firm persuasion of this truth, they assured me that such effects as I expected, unquestionably so desirable in themselves, could not flow from any change of government, and that the cruelties in France, then beginning to be exercised, were the natural effect of certain circumstances in which the people of the country stood, and would, in a greater or less degree, take place in any country in a similar situation." The ultimate benefit of such discussions is given in the following summary of his condition at this period:—"Before the French revolution, having nothing to rouse my mind, I lived in the country, almost wholly engaged by country pursuits, little concerned about the general interests or happiness of mankind; but selfishly enjoying the blessings which God, in his providence, had so bountifully poured upon me. As to religion, I contented myself with that general profession which is so common and so worthless, and that form of godliness which completely denies its power. I endeavoured to be decent, and what is called moral; but was ignorant of my lost state by nature, as well as of the strictness, purity, and extent of the Divine law. While I spoke of a Saviour, I was little acquainted with his character, the value of his sufferings and death, the need I stood in of the atoning efficacy of his pardoning blood, or of the imputation of his perfect obedience and meritorious righteousness, and of the sanctifying influences of the Eternal Spirit, to apply his salvation to my soul. When politics began to be talked of, I was led to consider everything anew. I eagerly catched at them as a pleasing speculation. As a fleeting phantom, they eluded my grasp; but, missing the shadow, I caught the substance; and while obliged to abandon these confessedly empty and unsatisfactory pursuits, I obtained in some measure the solid consolations of the gospel; so that I may say, as Paul concerning the Gentiles of old, 'He was found of me who sought him not.'"

Having thus attained a vital knowledge of Divine truth, and prosecuted his first perceptions by careful reading and inquiry, Robert Haldane was eager to impart to others the knowledge he had learned and the blessings he had experienced. Such is the effect of the Christian life, especially when ingrafted upon a naturally heroic temperament. It will neither sit down amidst the silence of private life, nor withdraw itself to the solitude of the hermit's cell; not content with its own salvation alone, it is impatient for the salvation of others also, so that, while the patriot is ready to die for his country, the Christian is ready for even more than this—like St. Paul, he could wish himself "accursed from Christ for his brethren." Thus animated, he looked for a field of Christian enterprise, and soon found it in India—that empire of a hundred realms, which Britain has conquered, but still failed to christianize. The Baptist mission had just previously been established there, and the account of its proceedings been published; and Haldane, who read the first number of its periodical statements, was impatient to enter such a field, and co-operate with the efforts of Carey and his brethren. He, too, like the poor English shoemaker, would become a missionary, and devote himself to a life of danger and toil in India. It was a strange plan, but neither rashly adopted nor unwisely prosecuted. It was upon a grand and comprehensive scale. With himself, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Innes,

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minister at Stirling, Mr. Bogue of Gosport, and Greville Ewing, at that time a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, were to go out as missionaries. These were to be accompanied by an efficient staff of catechists, city missionaries, and schoolmasters; and a printing-press, with its necessary establishment of printers and bookbinders. The whole mission, thus completely equipped, was to be conveyed to India, and, when there, to be salaried and supported entirely at the expense of Mr. Haldane; and, to provide a fund for the purpose, he was prepared to bring to the hammer his rich and beautiful estate of Airthrey, for which he had already done so much. Well might such a man say, as he did, "Christianity is everything or nothing. If it be true, it warrants and commands every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be not, then let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it."

All being thus in readiness, it appeared as if nothing more was necessary than that the mission should hoist sail and be gone. It was a great national undertaking, of which our government should reap the fruits, and that, too, with the unwonted advantage of having to pay nothing in return. Still, however, permission had to be obtained from the directors of the East India Company and the Board of Control, without which the mission would have been treated as an unauthorized intrusion. It was not forgotten, also, that Carey had been obliged to commence his labours, not in British India, from which he would have been excluded, but in the Danish settlement of Serampore. But it was thought that a better spirit, the result of a more matured experience, had descended upon our Indian legislators; and that so extensive and liberal an enterprise, superintended by one of Haldane's rank, character, and high connections, would scarcely be met by a refusal. Thus also hoped Robert Haldane, and he applied accordingly, but was rejected. Politicians, who had not yet recovered from their astonishment at the facility with which our Indian empire of twenty millions of subjects had been won by a few British bayonets, and who feared that such a sovereignty might be lost as rapidly as it had been gained, could at present see no better mode of retaining their conquest than by keeping the natives in profound ignorance. If Christianity was introduced, the Hindoos would become as knowing as ourselves, and where, then, would be our superiority? It was alleged, also, that an attack upon Brahminism, like that which a Christian mission implied, would kindle such resentment throughout the whole of Hindoostan, that instant revolt would ensue, and end in the expulsion of the British from the country. To these political motives in behalf of such a selfish forbearance, religious ones were also added. It was asserted that Brahminism was a religion the best of all fitted for India; that it was a mild, innocent, and virtuous system; and that, by disturbing the faith of its worshippers, we could at best only translate them from good, pious Hindoos, into very questionable Christians. These motives prevailed, notwithstanding the powerful influence with which Haldane's application was supported, and the persevering urgency with which it was reiterated.

In this way was quenched one of the noblest and most comprehensive schemes of Christian philanthropy that distinguished the religious history of the eighteenth century. Of the proceedings of its originator, in consequence of this heavy disappointment, he has himself given the following account:—"For some time after this (1797) I did not lay aside my endeavours to go out to Bengal; and, in the meanwhile, was busied in selling my estate, that there might be no delay on my part, if obstructions from without should be removed.

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I, accordingly, at length found a purchaser, and with great satisfaction left a place, in the beautifying and improving of which my mind had once been much engrossed. In that transaction I sincerely rejoice to this hour, although disappointed in getting out to India. I gave up a place and a situation which continually presented objects calculated to excite and gratify 'the lust of the eye and the pride of life.' Instead of being engaged in such poor matters, my time is now more at my command; and I find my power of applying property usefully very considerably increased." A man thus resolved and disencumbered was not likely to remain long inactive; and his new course of enterprise embraced such a variety of religious benevolence, that we can only bestow a glance upon the objects in which the men of the present generation found him toiling, with unabated hopes and undiminished energy.

One of the first of these was the plan of christianizing Africa, through the agency of its own children. That dark continent, hitherto so impervious to Europeans, and its climate so noxious to all but its natives, presented insuperable obstacles to the zealous missionary as well as the enterprising explorer; so that, to repair thither, was considered as a journey to that country

"————From whose undiscovered bourne
No traveller returns."

In this difficulty, the idea had occurred to Mr. John Campbell, himself afterwards a successful explorer of Africa, that native children brought to Britain, there educated in Christianity and the arts of civilization, and afterwards returned to their homes, would prove the fittest missionaries and teachers of their countrymen. It was a simple expedient, the soundness of which all our subsequent experience has verified. But, with all its excellence, Campbell, at that time nothing more than a poor tradesman in Edinburgh, could only propose it, for funds were wanting for its accomplishment. In 1798 he met with Robert Haldane, to whom he mentioned his scheme; and the latter, struck with its promising character, at once offered to defray the expense, which was calculated at from £6000 to £7000. Accordingly, twenty-four African children, belonging to the families of different chiefs, were shipped at Sierra Leone, and brought safely to London. Nothing now remained than that they should be sent to Edinburgh, and placed under Mr. Haldane's care, who, in the anticipation of such an arrival, had leased the large old tenement in King's Park, well known to tourists as the house of the Laird of Dumbiedykes. But here, unfortunately, a ground of refusal had occurred. Mr. Haldane, while he defrayed the whole expense of the experiment, was not to be intrusted with the management and education of the children, which, on the contrary, was to be placed under a London committee. He could not accede to proposals so unexpected, and made at the last hour, and he found himself constrained to withdraw from the enterprise. It is gratifying to add, however, that the main purpose was not abandoned, or the children neglected. After having received a religious education, and been taught several handicraft professions, these youthful missionaries were, in due time, restored to their homes.

While this unpleasant affair was pending, and after it had terminated so unsatisfactorily, Mr. Haldane was by no means idle in the work of Christian benevolence; and the disappointments he experienced, both in his Indian and African efforts, seemed only to recal him with redoubled vigour into the field. Among his labours may be mentioned his zealous dissemination of religious

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tracts. In the present day, when publications of this kind descend like snow-showers, and too often melt away as rapidly, such a mode of doing good has come to be held in little account. But very different was the state of things at the close of the last century. As yet the Tract Society had no existence, and many can well recollect the "perilous stuff" which, under the name of "ballants," was plentiful in every cottage of Scotland, and constituted the principal reading of the people, both young and old. And what kind of training did the youthful mind receive from the "Exploits of John Cheap the Chapman," "Leper the Tailor," and "Lothian Tom?" It was much, indeed, that one man should have set himself to stem such a tide, and this Mr. Haldane did. At his own expense he caused useful religious tracts to be printed, and these he distributed over the country in myriads. In this manner slim broadsheets insinuated their way through every opening, and the attention of all classes was awakened to doctrines which they were too seldom accustomed to hear from the pulpit. While he thus anticipated the work of the Tract Society, he also forestalled that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, by a copious dissemination of the Scriptures at his own expense. He formed, and aided in forming, Sabbath-schools, at that time sorely needed in Scotland, in consequence of the new mercantile character impressed upon it, through which children became sons and daughters of the loom and the spinning-jenny, instead of the legitimate offspring of Christian men and women. And wherever missionary work was to be undertaken, whether at home or abroad, there his counsel and his purse were equally open; and the Serampore translations of the Scriptures, for the use of India, were benefited by his aid, at the same time that he was labouring for the circulation of the gospel among the huts and cottages of his own native country.

But of all the attempts of Robert Haldane, that of the establishment of a new church in Scotland was certainly the most remarkable. It was a daring, and at first sight a superfluous attempt, in the land of John Knox and of Solemn Leagues and Covenants. For was not Scotland already famed over Europe as the most religious and most spiritually enlightened of all countries? But this was the reputation of a past age, upon which a spendthrift generation had now entered, and which they were squandering away in handfuls. At the close of the last century Moderatism had attained its height, and alongside of philosophy and metaphysics, these sciences so congenial to the Scottish national character, infidelity and scepticism had kept equal pace; so that, both in college and church, the doubts of Hume and the doctrines of Socinus had well-nigh eradicated all the visible landmarks of the national faith. Happily, however, for Scotland, its creed, thus driven from both school and pulpit, found a shelter among the homely dwellings of our peasantry; and through the writings of such men as Guthrie, Boston, and Willison, of our own country, and Bunyan, Flavel, and Hervey, of England—all equally prized and carefully studied—the people were in many cases wiser than all their teachers. Still, without further aid these defences must have gone down, and the whole land been inundated with the prevalent tide. Then, however, a few ministers were raised up, by whom that aggressive warfare against the general evil was waged, which was finally attended with such beneficial results; and then also was Robert Haldane, a lay-man, a man of rank, and therefore a disinterested witness, brought forward to corroborate these clerical efforts, and give effectual aid in the coming revival.

The necessity of a faithfully-preached gospel was at that time peculiarly urgent in Scotland, and here, therefore, it was that Haldane directed his chief

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endeavours. While the population had increased twofold, church accommodation had in a great measure remained stationary; and even if additional churches should be built, the difficulty of supplying them with a proper ministry still remained. There was as little hope at the time that Government would supply the former as the Church the latter deficiency, and thus the affair was allowed to drift onward, let it finally strand where it might. To build or hire churches was Mr. Haldane's first aim, and these were speedily set up in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, Thurso, Wick, and Elgin; and to furnish them with an efficient ministry, eighty students were soon enrolled, under the pastoral instruction of Dr. Bogue, Mr. Ewing, and Mr. Innes. His chapels, or Tabernacles, as they were usually called, continued to multiply, so that by the year 1805 nearly 200 preachers from Mr. Haldane's seminaries were labouring as ministers and missionaries in Scotland, besides those who had gone to America. When the result of all this devotedness is reduced to pounds, shillings, and pence, it assumes the most tangible form to the eye and understanding: we shall therefore simply state that, from 1793 to 1810, Mr. Haldane had expended about £70,000 in his labours to propagate the gospel at home. And be it remembered, too, that he was no mere philanthropic epicure, acting upon random impulses, or impatient, through sheer laziness, to be rid of his money as an incumbrance. Instead of this, he was as much alive to the enjoyments of fortune as others—as conscious of the value of money, and as provident in securing and expending it as the shrewdest trafficker could well be. But all this he deliberately did at the solemn call of duty; toiling, calculating, and foreseeing at every step; and bestowing these princely sums, that were never to return to him, as considerately as if he had been speculating in the stocks, or investing funds in some hopeful mercantile enterprise. Never, perhaps, were Christian liberality and Scottish *canniness* so admirably combined, or so nobly illustrated; and it is upon this principle that we a to estimate the true worth and the disinterested sacrifices of Robert Haldane.

The effects produced by these tabernacles were very soon apparent throughout Scotland. They roused a spirit of inquiry; and even when the feeling was nothing more than that of alarm, it led to inquiry, of all feelings the one most needful at such a crisis. The most neglected districts, the most secluded nooks of our land, were soon pervaded with an itinerant or settled mission; and communities that had slumbered in hundreds of parishes under the drowsy influence of Moderatism were shaken from their torpor, and raised into full activity. And was Presbyterian Scotland in very deed to become Independent? Happily for the national character and its established habits, so great a violence was not to be sustained; and the public mind, once awakened, had its own beloved Presbyrianism at hand, instead of that system of tabernacle church-government, which it could not well comprehend. In this way Independency fulfilled its mission in Scotland, and having accomplished this it silently retrograded, and left what remained for accomplishment to a more efficient, or at least a more popular and congenial agency. At first, indeed, Haldane, in the establishment of these chapels, had no idea of a dissent from the church—they were only intended as auxiliaries; and both ministers and members were in the practice of going to the sacrament in the Established churches. But it was impossible that this harmony could long continue; and, as was the case of Methodism in England, the alliance was soon broken, and the new congregations were organized into a body of Dissenterism. And then followed a spirit of division, by which the

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body was rent in twain. The question of Pædobaptism was the subject of controversy; and while Haldane and his brother adopted the sentiments of the Baptists, and were followed by a large portion of the Congregationalists, the rest took a more decided stand upon those principles of Independency which had long been recognized in England. Such was the history of a religious cause which, be its intrinsic merits what they may, has never been congenial to the spirit of the Scottish nation.

In this manner the days of Robert Haldane were indefatigably occupied for a course of years, and to these general labours we must add his own individual exertions as a lay-preacher and missionary; for he was of opinion that the office of an evangelist neither needed the regular preparation of a college, nor the authoritative sanction of a presbytery. At length, finding that repose to be necessary which results from change of action, he once more turned to the occupations of a country gentleman, by purchasing, in 1809, the estate of Auchingray, in Lanarkshire—a desolate moor of 2000 acres, on which grew only a single tree; but which his exertions adorned with forests of larch, firs, birch, ash, and coppice. This, however, was not his chief occupation, for a large portion of his time was spent in the study, where his preparations for the pulpit equalled those of the most ambitious or pains-taking minister. Another important purpose to which he addressed himself was the preparation of a literary work on the Evidences of Christianity. He was dissatisfied with the established writings upon this important subject, where the authors, however learned and talented, seemed to be more solicitous about the outworks of Christianity than its inner life and spirit; and he justly thought that a more correct and more endearing view of the faith itself should be given, in addition to the arguments by which its heaven-descended authority was authenticated. The result of this wish was his "Evidence and Authority of Divine Revelation," of which the first edition was published in 1816. The work, which, at a later period of his life, was considerably extended and improved, was not only favourably received by the Christian public, but highly commended by the most influential judges.

After this publication, an important epoch in the life of Mr. Haldane followed. This was his memorable journey to Geneva and Montauban. After twenty years of toil and sacrifice, he had witnessed such a religious revival in Scotland as left him little cause to regret that Congregationalism should at last be found unnecessary. Still as earnest upon the great work of his life, and as buoyant for missionary enterprise as when he commenced his career, he now resolved to make once more a tour of the Continent, which the peace had but lately opened to the visits of British travellers. Accompanied by Mrs. Haldane, he left Edinburgh on the 9th of October, 1816. His first halt was at Paris; but finding no opening there for missionary labour, and hearing of the benighted state of Geneva, he went to that city, and there took up his residence. That home of Calvin and refuge of John Knox, and therefore so endeared to the affections of every leal-hearted Scotsman—alas! how it had fallen from its ancient supremacy! Those doctrines, of which it was once the nursing-mother and propagandist, had been so utterly forgotten, that, when the new visitor announced them, he was met with the Athenian cry, "Thou bringest certain strange things to our ears!" Not merely the Calvinistic form of Christianity, but even Christianity itself, had dwindled down into Arianism, Socinianism, Neology, Deism—anything, in short, but what it originally was, while each man was allowed to modify it according to his own pleasure, provided he did

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not disturb society, either with warnings of its apostasy or a summons to repentance. Such was especially the state of the pastors of the canton, the theological schools, and the students in training for the ministry; and although a very few suspected occasionally that they were in the wrong, and that there was some better way which they had missed, there was neither friend to encourage nor teacher to direct them in their inquiries. But, on the entrance of Robert Haldane, a change commenced in Geneva. He received a few of the students at his hotel, to whom he expounded the Scriptures; the numbers of inquirers grew and multiplied, and light increased among those who diligently sought it. "In a very short time," writes the biographer of one of this band, "a striking revival, effected by his means, was manifested in the school of theology. Around the venerable Haldane, their true professor, there gathered habitually more than twenty pupils of that auditory, converted by the instructions of that blessed Word, which they began immediately to distribute at Geneva, or, at a later period, to carry to neighbouring countries; and amongst the latter may be named Henri Pyt, Jean Guillaume Gonthier, and Charles Rieu, who died pastor at Frederica, in Denmark. It was on Thursday, the 6th of February, 1817, that Mr. Haldane undertook to read and explain to them the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. 'He knew the Scriptures,' says Pyt, 'like a Christian who has had for his Master the same Holy Spirit by whom they were dictated.' He spoke in English; first, M. Rieu, then M. Fred. Monod, of Paris, or M. James, of Breda, interpreted. Never, we venture to say, since the days of Francis Turretine and Benedict Pictet, of holy and happy memory—never had any doctor expounded the whole counsel of God with such purity, force, and fulness; never had so bright a luminary shone in the city of Calvin." These students, however, numerous as they ultimately became, did not constitute the whole of his audience. "Besides those who attended regularly," Haldane himself writes, "some, who did not wish to appear with the students, came at different hours; and in conversing with them at those times, or after finishing the public course at eight o'clock, I was often engaged till near midnight. Others of the inhabitants of Geneva, unconnected with the schools of learning, and of both sexes, occasionally visited me in the afternoon respecting the gospel." No such movement has ever occurred without opposition; and the Genevese pastors, after vainly attempting to refute the new preacher, endeavoured to procure his banishment from the canton; and, on the refusal of their free republican government, they proposed to cite him before their spiritual court, as a teacher of error and perverter of their students. But all that they could do was to frame new acts, which every student was required to sign before being licensed to preach; acts particularly framed against the doctrines of the Godhead of the Saviour, original sin, grace and effectual calling, and predestination. It was the blundering policy of persecutors, who endeavour to silence, without having power and authority to destroy. The sword, wielded by such feeble hands, was but the touch of a spur to accelerate the movement.

Having finished the good work at Geneva, and kindled a flame that was not to be extinguished, Mr. Haldane wisely resolved to retire, and transfer his labours to some other quarter. Montauban was selected as his next field, which he reached in July, 1817. Here he published, in French, his prelections to the students of Geneva, in two volumes, under the title of a "Commentary on the Romans." Although the centre of education for the Protestants of the Reformed Church in France, Montauban was too like the parent city of Ge-

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neva; it had lapsed from the faith, and was overrun with Arianism and infidelity. Here he resided more than two years, and proceeded in the same manner as he had done at Geneva. And, happily, it was with similar results. Several ministers and many young students, who had been trained in Rationalism, were awoke from their security, and converted to the faith under his apostolic ministry. At length, the near prospect of the death of his father-in-law, in Scotland, occasioned his return, but with the purpose of revisiting Montauban, which, however, he was not destined to accomplish. It would be difficult to estimate the effects of this singular tour; D'Aubigné, no mean judge of great religious movements, has characterized it as "one of the most beautiful episodes in the history of the church." Its history, we doubt not, will long continue to be read in the future religious progress of France and Switzerland. Besides the distinguished leading men in the continental churches who were reclaimed from the prevalent darkness, among whom may be mentioned Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, and Merle D'Aubigné, the eloquent historian of the Reformation, it is calculated, on the authority of M. Mejanel, that in France and Switzerland more than sixty ministers had been converted by the instrumentality of Mr. Haldane. Twenty-four years afterwards the following attestation of his labours was written by the president of the French Protestant Consistory to Mr. Haldane's nephew:—"We have borne him in our heart ever since the moment when the Lord blessed us by bringing him into the midst of us; and the good which he has done to us, and which is extending more and more in our church, renders, and will render, his name and memory for ever dear. When he first appeared in our town [Montauban] the gospel of salvation was in little honour, and its vital doctrines entirely unknown, except by a very few, who, encouraged by our venerable brother, frankly announced them, in spite of the opposition of unbelief. But, thanks be to God, now in this church, as in a great number of others in our France, the truth of God is preached with power, and without ostensible contradiction. The great majority of pastors are approaching nearer and nearer to the orthodoxy of our fathers, and many among them are truly examples of zeal for the house of God. I am often touched, even to tears, in seeing pastors, at whose ordination I did not wish to take part, preach Christ and Christ crucified with liberty of heart, full of force and blessing. I tell you these things, dear Sir, because it is most certainly the fruit of the good seed sown here and elsewhere by your venerable uncle."

On his return to Scotland Mr. Haldane, always indefatigable in the good work to which he had devoted himself, was employed with the state of religion at home and upon the Continent, intermingled with occasional preaching and a missionary visit to Ireland. In this way he occupied himself till 1821, when a painful event called him forth as a controversialist, and that too, not with the enemies, but the professed friends and disseminators of vital uncontaminated Christianity. This conflict in which he was engaged, still remembered as the Apocryphal Controversy, originated in the following circumstances:—On the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it was agreed that the Scriptures should be circulated without note and comment, and that the Apocrypha should be excluded. This condition it was easy to observe at home, and in Protestant countries abroad where the canon of Scripture has been established, and its own inspired language received as the only authority. But it was very different in Popish countries, where the prevalent errors are mainly established upon passages from the Apocryphal writings, and where, conse-

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quently, the books of Tobit, the Maccabees, or Bel and the Dragon, are of equal authority with those of the apostles and prophets. They would not receive the Bible, therefore, unless it included the Apocrypha, and in an evil hour the Society yielded to their demand. They not only gave money in aid of foreign societies that published these adulterated Scriptures, but actually printed Bibles with the Apocrypha intermingled or appended, to further the circulation of the Word among Romanist, Greek, and semi-Protestant communities. This was a bold step, which the British public would not have tolerated; it was, besides, a breach of faith against those principles on which the Society had been founded. Concealment, therefore, was added to fraud, and impunity only increased the evil. At length it became so great, that the translation of Scripture was intrusted to men who vitiated the text by neological versions of the original, in compliance with Western scepticism, or disfigured it with bombast to suit the taste of the East. It was thought enough to disseminate the Word of God, and that if this were but done, it mattered little with what extraneous or corrupt additions it might be accompanied. "I would distribute the Bible," said one advocate of this perversity, "though the writings of Tom Paine were bound up in it." "And I, too," said another, improving upon the idea, "though the history of Tom Thumb should be inclosed in it."

In this way a pious fraud was commenced, that went onward step by step, until it attained the maturity of full-grown Jesuitism. And still the unsuspecting public increased their liberality from year to year, and satisfied themselves that all was right. At length it fell to Robert Haldane, by the merest accident, to detect this monstrous evil while it was as yet in its infancy. In 1821, being in London, he had occasion to visit the offices of the Bible Society, where he left his umbrella, and called next day to recover it. While he thus "looked in," he was requested to join a sub-committee which was then sitting. He complied; but as the business went onward, he was astonished to discover how much the Apocrypha had been already circulated among the foreign translations of the Bible. His appeals on the occasion were loud and earnest, and the society agreed to discontinue the practice. Thus matters continued quiet till 1824, when it was found that the practice was still going on—and all that good might come out of it. Finding his remonstrances ineffectual, Mr. Haldane now appealed to the Edinburgh Society, which had hitherto acted in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society; and as none of those Apocryphal sympathies were harboured in the north that still lingered in England, the Edinburgh branch withdrew from the coalition, and formed an establishment of its own for the circulation of an unmixed, unadulterated gospel. Such a secession could not be accomplished without a controversy; for the parent society, that felt itself rebuked by the movement, endeavoured to justify itself to the Christian public; and thus the two parties entered into a conflict that lasted for years, and was waged with all the earnestness not only of a religious, but a national warfare. It was England and Scotland once more in the field, while the canon of Scripture itself was at issue. In behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, not only the mere advocates of expediency were enlisted, but men of the highest reputation for learning, orthodoxy, and piety, and the chief religious periodicals of the day. On the other side, Dr. Andrew Thomson, the most formidable of controversialists, and Robert Haldane, by whom the evil had been detected and the resistance commenced, were the principal champions.

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Nothing can be more unjust and ungenerous at this time of day, than to look back upon such a conflict either with contempt or indifference. Revelation itself was at stake. Driven from all their weak defences of necessity and expediency, the Apocryphal party in desperation endeavoured to justify themselves by calling in question the canon of Scripture itself, as if it were a mere matter on which every one might think as he pleased; and to make good their mischievous position, they explored the works of the old heretical writers, to show how much of the Bible was interpolated or uninspired, and how much might safely be called in question. Never indeed was such violence done to the faith of a Protestant community, or the belief of men in such danger of being unsettled. Onward went the conflict till 1830, when Dr. Thomson, exhausted by his almost super-human efforts, fell dead at his post with the banner in his hand, which was immediately caught and raised aloft by Mr. Haldane. It was much indeed that he had been able hitherto to keep pace with the onward stride of such a leader. But after many a change and trial, truth in the end prevailed; the canon of inspiration was more securely settled than ever, and the Bible Society recovered from its errors and restored to healthfulness and efficiency. During this long controversy, Mr. Haldane's exertions, both on the platform and in the press, were so numerous, that we can only particularize his chief publications upon the subject. In 1825 appeared his "Review of the Conduct of the British and Foreign Bible Society relative to the Apocrypha, and to their Administration on the Continent; with an Answer to the Rev. C. Simeon, and Observations on the Cambridge Remarks." This was afterwards followed by a "Second Review," in a pamphlet of more than 200 pages, in consequence of a "Letter addressed to Robert Haldane Esq.," by Dr. Steinkopff, impugning the statements of the first. A third work which he published was entitled "Authenticity and Inspiration of the Scriptures." A fourth was a "Review of Dr. Pye Smith's Defence of Dr. Haffner's Preface, and of his Denial of the Divine Authority of Part of the Canon, and of the full Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, by Alexander Carson." This work, written by a friend, served as a sequel to his own on the "Authenticity and Inspiration of the Scriptures." Several other works by the same Dr. Carson, on the canon of Scripture, were published by Mr. Haldane during the course of the controversy, at his own expense. After these, a series of pamphlets appeared from the pen of Mr. Haldane, in which he answered separately the Rev. John Scott of Hull, Mr. Gurney of Norwich, the Rev. Samuel Wilks, and other defenders of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

We must now hasten over the latter days of Haldane, although they were characterized by the same high sense of duty and devoted activity that had distinguished his whole career. Before the Apocryphal controversy had ended, he published a "Refutatation of the Heretical Doctrine promulgated by the Rev. Edward Irving respecting the Person and Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ;" a work, the title of which will sufficiently explain the purport. In 1834 he published a new edition of his "Evidences of Christianity," to which many valuable chapters were added that had not appeared in the original work of 1816. After this he addressed himself to the revision of his greatest work, "The Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans," upon which he had been more or less employed for thirty years, and published it, greatly improved and enlarged, in 1835. The fact of a lengthened exposition upon such a subject having reached a fifth edition within seven years, was a full attestation of its theological

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merits. It might have been hoped that his controversial warfare had now ended, and that his life would have been left undisturbed to those important theological investigations which he so greatly delighted to prosecute. But, in 1838, a generous love of fair play, and sympathy for the oppressed, obliged him once more to buckle on his armour. The clergy of the Established Church in Edinburgh were paid, as they had long been, by an annuity-tax levied upon every householder within the royalty of the city. But at this the Dissenters and Seceders had demurred, and were now in open opposition; while many, from mistaken conscientiousness, or allured by the *eclat* of martyrdom divested of its more serious pains and penalties, were willing to incur the risk of fine or even of imprisonment rather than support any longer what they called "the State Church." Thus the Established clergy of Edinburgh were surrounded by a blockade, and threatened to be reduced by famine. It was then that Haldane, himself a Dissenter, hastened to the rescue. He boldly assailed the coalition that had been formed for the non-payment of the annuity-tax; grounding his argument upon the first seven verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and startled the recusants by proving from this authority that they were guilty of rebellion against Christ himself. His appeal was addressed through one of the Edinburgh newspapers, and eleven letters followed, in which he pursued the same line of argument. So successful were these addresses that the tide of popular feeling was turned, the coalition broken, and its leader silenced. It would be well for the Established clergy of Edinburgh, if again, when the hostile feeling has been renewed, they could find such another advocate.

Old age and its decay were now doing their appointed work, and by 1840 Mr. Haldane was obliged to desist from his wonted duties as preacher in the chapel which he had erected at Auchingray. But to the last he continued to interest himself in religious and missionary movements, and to revise and improve his Exposition of the Romans, which he justly regarded as the most important of all his writings. Thus he continued to the close of his life, on the 12th of December, 1842, when he died, rejoicing in the faith he had preached, and the love and Christian charity which his whole life had so beautifully exemplified. His remains lie interred in one of the aisles of the venerable cathedral of Glasgow, awaiting the joyful resurrection of the just. Only six months after his widow also died, and her body was buried in the same vault with her husband. Their only child, Margaret, left one son and three daughters, the grandchildren of Robert Haldane, who still survive as his lineal representatives.

HALL, Captain Basil, R.N.—Sir James Hall, Bart., of Dunglass, in the county of Haddington, and M.P. for the borough of St. Michael's, Cornwall, who was father of the subject of the present biographical notice, obtained a distinguished name in the scientific world by his successful researches, as well as his writings. A part of his education was acquired at a university, where he had for one of his fellow-students no less a personage than Napoleon Bonaparte himself. Of this the fallen emperor, who never forgot anything, whether for good or evil, had a most distinct recollection; and when his son was introduced to him, more than thirty years afterwards, at St. Helena, he exclaimed, on hearing his name, "Ah! Hall; I knew your father when I was at the military college of Brienne—I remember him perfectly—he was fond of mathematics—he did not associate much with the younger part of the scholars, but rather

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with the priests and professors, in another part of the town from that in which we lived." In 1813 Sir James published a learned and elaborate "Essay on the Origin, Principles, and History of Gothic Architecture;" and was author of several justly-admired papers in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," of which he was president. He tried experiments on the fusion of stony substances, and thereby established the fact of the identity of the composition of whinstone and lava. He also ascertained that carbonate of lime (as common marble) might be fused without decomposition, if subjected to a degree of pressure equal to that which would be caused by the sea at the depth of about a mile and a half from its surface. The result of these inquiries tended to establish the truth of the Plutonian or Igneous theory of the origin of minerals, and to vindicate the authority of Hutton against that of Werner and his followers. Such was the father of Captain Basil Hall, whom, in some important points of intellectual character, the son closely resembled; his mother was a daughter of the fourth Earl of Douglas. Basil was born at Edinburgh, in 1788. His education, which was chiefly conducted at the High School of his native city, appears to have given little promise of future literary distinction; its monotony he felt to be a very weariness; and, instead of seeking a high place among his fellows, he preferred the middle of the class, because it was nearest to the comfortable fire. Still, however, his character was marked by considerable originality and independence; a startling proof of which he once gave to the master, by desiring to have the hours for study and recreation left to his own disposal, instead of his being tied down to the regulations of the school. As might be expected, this disregard of the laws of the Medes and Persians fared as it deserved, and he continued to doze by the fireside. Happily, however, his aim of life had been early chosen, so that he could think of something else than Latin conjugations. He had resolved to be a sailor, and every holiday that released him from the class-room was spent by the sea-shore, and in frequent cruises with the fishermen of the coast on which his father's estate was situated.

This early predilection of Basil Hall was soon gratified; for in 1802, when he had only reached his fourteenth year, he was entered into the royal navy. On leaving home, "Now," said his father, putting a blank book into one hand of the stripling, and a pen into the other, "you are fairly afloat in the world; you must begin to write a journal." Little did Sir James know how zealously this judicious advice would be followed out, and what fruits would germinate from such a small beginning. The education that was fitted for such a mind as his had now fairly commenced. As his biographer has justly observed, "The opportunities which the naval profession affords, both for scientific pursuits and the study of men and manners in various climes, happened, in Captain Hall's case, to lead him into scenes of more than usual interest; or perhaps it would be more correct to state, that his eager and indefatigable pursuit of knowledge induced him to seek every means of extending the sphere of his observations." After having been six years at sea, during which long period he had been only twelve days at home, he received a lieutenant's commission in 1808; and being desirous of active service, he procured his transference from a ship of the line to the frigate Endymion, employed at that time in transporting troops for Sir John Moore's army in Spain. There Lieutenant Hall witnessed many heart-stirring events, not the least of which was that of the heroic Moore borne dying from the battle of Corunna. Of the whole of this conflict, in which he was a

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spectator, he has given an interesting account in his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels."

The rest of Basil Hall's naval career is so well known from his numerous works, that nothing more is necessary than merely to advert to its leading points. In 1814 he was promoted to the rank of commander, and in 1817 to that of post-captain. Pending the period of advance from a lieutenancy, he was acting commander of the Theban on the East India station, in 1813, when he accompanied its admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, in a journey over the greater part of the island of Java. On his return home he was appointed to the command of the Lyra, a small gun brig that, in 1816, formed part of the armament in the embassy of Lord Amherst to China. On the landing of the suite, and while his lordship was prosecuting his inland journey to Pekin, Captain Hall used the opportunity by exploring those wonders of the adjacent seas, which as yet were little, if at all, known to the "barbarians" of the "outer circle." During this cruise his visit to the Great Loo-Choo island will continue to be memorable, from the Eden-like scenery and primitive innocent race which it presented to the eyes of its astonished visitors. Even Napoleon himself was justified in doubting whether such a community existed, when he was informed by Captain Hall that they not only used no money, but possessed also no lethal weapon, not even a poniard or an arrow. The ex-emperor indeed was in the right, for subsequent accounts have shown that the Loo-Chooans must have cunningly imposed both upon Hall and Captain Maxwell, by whom the Alceste was commanded in the expedition, and that these gentle islanders used not only weapons and money, but were among the most merciless pirates in the Yellow Sea. On his return to England in 1817, Captain Hall published "A Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-Choo Island in the Japan Sea," a work so novel and interesting in its materials, as well as so attractive in style, that it rapidly secured a wide popularity. In this first edition there was an appendix containing charts and various hydrographical and scientific notices, which were omitted in the second, published in 1820. In 1827 the work appeared in a still more popular form, being the first volume of "Constable's Miscellany," while it was enriched with the highly interesting account of his interview with Napoleon at St. Helena, when the Lyra was on its return from the Chinese Sea.

In 1820 Captain Hall, in the ship Conway, under his command, proceeded to Valparaiso, being charged to that effect by the British government. It was a period of intense interest to the Spanish colonies of South America, engaged as they were in that eventful warfare with the mother country, by which their independence was secured, and in such a contest Britain could not look on as an unconcerned spectator. After having touched at Teneriffe, Rio-de-Janeiro, and the River Plate, and remained at anchor in the principal seaport of the Chilian coast, according to orders, he was next sent, in 1821, from Valparaiso towards Lima, being commanded to call by the way at the intermediate ports on the coast of Chili and Peru. The object of this cruise was to inquire into the British interests at these places; to assist and protect any of his Britannic Majesty's trading subjects; and, in a general way, to ascertain the commercial resources of the district. Having discharged these pacific but important duties to the full satisfaction of government, he returned to England early in 1823, and published the result of his observations under the title of "Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822." This work, which afterwards constituted the second and third

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volumes of "Constable's Miscellany," contained not only a highly interesting account of the people of these countries, and the events of the war of South American independence, but a memoir on the navigation of the South American station, a valuable collection of scientific observations, and an article "On the Duties of Naval Commanders-in-chief on the South American Station, before the appointment of Consuls."

Captain Hall had now established for himself a higher reputation than that of a brave sailor, skilful navigator, and rising man in his profession; his scientific acquirements, which he made by close study and careful observation during the course of his professional service in every quarter of the world, had insured him the favourable notice of the most eminent in the several departments of physics, while the literary excellence of the works he had already published had given him an honoured place among the most popular writers of the day. On this account, while he was on shore, it was as an author, and in the society of authors; and in this respect his journal affords such a mass of information that we wonder how a sailor could have written it. But every phase of intellectual society, every movement, every utterance, was as carefully noted by him as if he had been on the look-out upon the mast-head amidst a new ocean studded with rocks, shoals, and sunny islands. In this way, amongst other information, he has given us one of the most minute, and at the same time most graphic and interesting, accounts which we possess of the domestic life of Sir Walter Scott. As he was living on shore at the time, he spent the Christmas of 1824 at Abbotsford, with the "Great Unknown," while the mansion itself, which was newly finished and now to be inaugurated, had a greater concourse of distinguished guests than it could well contain. "Had I a hundred pens," exclaims Hall on this occasion, "each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, 'welled out alway.'" But what man could do he did on this occasion; and during these ten or twelve happy days, every hour found him on the alert, and every evening occupied in bringing up his log. In this way his "Abbotsford Journal" alone would form a delightful volume. "Certainly Sir Walter Scott," observes his son-in-law and biographer, "was never subjected to sharper observation than that of his ingenious friend, Captain Basil Hall." But while thus observant, Hall could also be as frolicsome a Jack-ashore as ever landed after a two years' cruise, and this he showed when Hogmany-night came; that night often so destructive of merriment, because people are then, as it were, enjoined by proclamation, like those of Cyprus, to "put themselves in triumph." "It is true enough," says Hall, when philosophizing upon this perverse tendency, "that it is to moralize too deeply to take things in this way, and to conjure up, with an ingenuity of self-annoyance, these blighting images. So it is, and so I acted; and as *my* heart was light and unloaded with any care, I exerted myself to carry through the ponderous evening; ponderous only because it was one set apart to be light and gay. I danced reels like a wild man, snapped my fingers, and hallooed with the best of them; flirted with the young ladies at all hazards; and with the elder ones—of which there was a store—I talked and laughed finely." One part of this journal, and not the least interesting part of it, is a solution of one of the great literary problems of the day; viz., how Sir Walter Scott could write so much, and yet be apparently so little in his study. Did he labour while all the world was asleep, that he might mingle in its daily intercourse? Captain Hall's

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solution gives us an insight into his own literary character, and shows us how he was himself able to write so many volumes:—"I have taken the trouble," he says, "to make a computation, which I think fair to give, whichever way it may be thought to make in the argument. In each page of 'Kenilworth' there are, upon an average, 864 letters; in each page of this journal 777 letters. Now I find that in ten days I have written 120 pages, which would make about 108 pages of 'Kenilworth;' and as there are 320 pages in a volume, it would, at my rate of writing this journal, cost about 29½ days for each volume, or say three months for the composition of the whole of that work. No mortal in Abbotsford House ever learned that I kept a journal. I was in company all day, and all the evening till a late hour, apparently the least occupied of the party; and, I will venture to say, not absent from the drawing-room one-quarter of the time that the Unknown was. I was always down to breakfast before any one else, and often three-quarters of an hour before the author of 'Kenilworth;' always among the very last to go to bed; in short, I would have set the acutest observer at defiance to have discovered when I wrote this journal; and yet it is written, honestly and fairly, day by day. I don't say it has cost me much labour, but it is surely not too much to suppose that its composition has cost me, an unpractised writer, as much study as 'Kenilworth' has cost the glorious Unknown. I have not had the motive of £5500 to spur me on for my set of volumes; but if I had had such a bribe, in addition to the feelings of good-will for those at home, for whose sole perusal I write this, and if I had had in view, over and above, the literary glory of contributing to the happiness of two thirds of the globe, do you think I would not have written ten times as much, and yet no one should have been able to discover when it was that I had put pen to paper?" All this is well; but alas for the man, however talented and however active, who tasks his mind like a machine or a steam-engine, and calculates that, according to the ratio of a few days or weeks, it may be made to go onward, without interval, for months, for years, for a whole lifetime! Both Scott and Hall tried the experiment, and we know how mournfully it ended. While mentioning these two in connection, it may be as well to state that the acquaintanceship which they enjoyed during these bright but brief festal meetings at Abbotsford, was not interrupted, but rather drawn more closely, by the distressing events that clouded the latter years of Sir Walter. Such was the case especially in 1826, when, after making a visit to Scott's now humble residence in North St. David Street (Edinburgh), with the veneration of a pilgrim, Hall thus prefaced his account of the interview in his journal upon his returning home:—"A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday, the 10th of June, 1826, five months after the total ruin of his pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife." When Scott's health was so utterly broken down that a voyage to Naples, and a winter's residence there, were prescribed as a last resource, Captain Hall, unknown to his friend, and prompted by his own kind heart, applied on this occasion to Sir James Graham, first Lord of the Admiralty, and suggested how fit and graceful an act it would be on the part of government to place a frigate at Scott's disposal for his voyage to the Mediterranean. The application was successful; and Sir Walter, amidst the pleasure he felt at such a distinction, could not help exclaiming of Hall, "That curious fellow, who takes charge of every one's business without neglecting his own, has done a great deal for me in

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this matter." Here Captain Hall's good offices did not terminate, for he preceded Sir Walter to Portsmouth, to make preparations for his arrival and comfortable embarkation. Of the few days which Sir Walter Scott spent at Portsmouth on this occasion, the captain has given a full account in the third volume of his "Third Series of Voyages and Travels."

In the interview which Hall was privileged to enjoy with Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, and amidst the abrupt transitions that occurred in the manifold dialogue, where he was catechized more closely than ever he had been before, he records the following part of it, so closely connected with his own personal history:—"Bonaparte then said, 'Are you married?' and upon my replying in the negative, continued, 'Why not? What is the reason you don't marry?' I was somewhat at a loss for a good answer, and remained silent. He repeated his question, however, in such a way that I was forced to say something, and told him I had been too busy all my life; besides which, I was not in circumstances to marry. He did not seem to understand me, and again wished to know why I was a bachelor. I told him I was too poor a man to marry. 'Aha!' he cried, 'I now see—want of money—no money—yes, yes!' and laughed heartily, in which I joined, of course, though, to say the truth, I did not altogether see the humorous point of the joke." We do not wonder at Hall's blindness, for it was no joke at all to have been compelled to remain so long in celibacy (he was now in his thirtieth year), without a definite prospect of emancipation. Thus matters continued for eight years longer, when, in 1825, he married Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Hunter, consul-general for Spain.

Hitherto the career of Captain Hall had been a mixed one, being spent partly on sea and partly on shore, while the duties of his profession were alternated with the study of the sciences and the acquirement of languages; and whatever land he visited in the course of his many voyages, called forth from him a descriptive work, such as few literary landsmen could have written. And yet, with all this incessant mental action, and overflow of intellectual labour, the details of his profession had been so carefully studied, and its manifold requirements so well attended to, that he had attained a naval rank and reputation only accorded to those who have devoted themselves exclusively to the sea service. Now, however, we must briefly trace the rest of his life on shore, when, as a married man, he had settled down, and, in the words of Bacon, given hostages to fortune. By settling down, however, we are to understand nothing else than his abandonment of the sea, for his active inquiring spirit would have carried him into every corner of the earth, had time and opportunity permitted. In 1827, he repaired with his wife and child to the United States, in which they spent above a year, and where he travelled during that time nearly nine thousand miles by land and water. The fruits of his observations were given soon after his return, in his "Travels in North America," in three vols. 8vo, which he published in 1829. His next work was "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," which formed three serial publications, each consisting of 3 vols. 12mo. In 1834, he was travelling in Italy, and at Rome he formed the acquaintanceship of the distinguished Countess of Purgstall, who had been an early friend of his father. This lady, originally Miss Cranstoun, a native of Scotland, and sister of George Cranstoun, advocate, afterwards Lord Corehouse, was so famed for her eccentric liveliness, beauty, wit, and accomplishments, as to have been supposed by many to have been the original Diana Vernon, who so fascinated the novel-reading world in the pages of Rob Roy. Although this

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identity is denied by the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, it is certain that she was the early friend of the great novelist, and bore a strong family resemblance to the subsequent heroine of his creation. In 1797 she was married to Godfrey Wenceslaus, count of Purgstall, an Austrian nobleman, possessing large establishments in Styria. But although surrounded with almost regal splendour, the latter part of the life of this once happy creature was a mournful one; for first her husband died in 1811, and finally, a few years afterwards, her only son, a youth of high promise and attainments, at the early age of nineteen, by which death the illustrious race of Purgstall was extinct; and the forlorn wife and mother, who had vowed to her son upon his death-bed that her dust should finally be mingled with his, resisted every solicitation of her early friends to return to her native Scotland, and preferred a residence for the rest of her days in her now lonely and deserted Styria. Captain Hall gladly accepted an invitation to visit her, at her *schloss* or castle of Heinfeld, near Gratz; and from the journal which he kept there, he afterwards published his work of "Schloss Heinfeld, or a Winter in Lower Styria." The lady had now reached the advanced age of seventy-eight, but her recollections of early days were still so fresh and vivid, that they formed the chief theme of her conversation, while she found in Captain Hall a delighted listener. "The Countess's anecdotes," he says, "relating to this period (of her intimacy with Sir Walter Scott), were without number; and I bitterly regretted, when it was too late, that I had not commenced at once making memoranda of what she told us. It was, indeed, quite clear to us, that this accomplished and highly gifted lady was the first person who not merely encouraged him to persevere, but actually directed and chastised those incipient efforts which, when duly matured, and rendered confident by independent exercise, and repeated though cautious trials, burst forth at last from all control, and gave undisputed law to the whole world of letters." It was at this huge Styrian castle, also, that Captain Hall spent his forty-sixth birth-day, upon which occasion he gives us the following retrospect of his past existence:—"I have enjoyed to the full each successive period of my life, as it has rolled over me; and just as I began to feel that I had had nearly enough of any one period, new circumstances, more or less fortunate and agreeable, began to start up, and to give me fresher, and, generally speaking, more lively interest in the coming period than in that which had just elapsed. As a middy, I was happy—as a lieutenant, happier—as a captain, happiest! I remember thinking that the period from 1815 to 1823, during which I commanded different ships of war, could not by any possibility be exceeded in enjoyment; and yet I have found the dozen years which succeeded greatly happier, though in a very different way. It is upon this that the whole matter turns. Different seasons of life, like different seasons of the year, require different dresses; and if these be misplaced, there is no comfort. Were I asked to review my happy life, and to say what stage of it I enjoyed most, I think I should pitch upon that during which I passed my days in the scientific, literary, and political society of London, and my nights in dancing and flirting till sunrise, in the delicious paradise of Almacks, or the still more bewitching ball-rooms of Edinburgh! Perhaps next best was the quiet half-year spent in the Schloss Heinfeld. What the future is to produce is a secret in the keeping of that close fellow, Time; but I await the decision with cheerfulness and humble confidence, sure that whatever is sent will be for the best, be it what it may."—How blessed a boon is our ignorance of futurity! Through this ignorance, years of

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happiness were yet in store for Captain Hall, and at their close, "sufficient for the day were the evils thereof."

Hitherto we have noticed the carefulness with which he had been accustomed, wherever he went, to keep a daily journal. The advantage of this plan is obvious in all his writings. Every object he describes as if he had just left it, and every event as if its last echo had not yet died away. Thus, his "Schloss Heinfeld," which is such a lively fascinating work, was but an episode in one of three trips to the Continent, and out of these visits he purposed to make a whole series of similar writings from the copious memorials he had taken of his every-day movements. This, however, he did not accomplish, and his last production, entitled "Patchwork," in three volumes, was published in 1841. It is a light sketchy collection of tales, recollections of his travel in foreign countries, and essays, and evinces that his intellect was still as vigorous and his heart as buoyant as ever. But here the memoir of Captain Hall must be abruptly closed. Mental aberration, perhaps the result of so much activity and toil, supervened, after which his existence was but a blank; and being necessarily placed in confinement, he died in the Royal Hospital, Haslar, Portsmouth, on the 11th of September, 1844, at the age of fifty-six.

In the preceding notice, instead of enumerating the whole of Basil Hall's numerous writings, we have confined ourselves to those that were connected with his personal history. Allusion has already been made to his scientific researches, which he commenced as a young midshipman, and continued to the end of his career. Besides the interspersion of these researches among his popular works, he produced several detached papers, of which the following list has been given:—

"An Account of the Geology of the Table Mountain."

"Details of Experiments made with an Invariable Pendulum in South America and other places, for determining the Figure of the Earth."

"Observations made on a Comet at Valparaiso."

Besides these three papers, which were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, Captain Hall produced—

"A Sketch of the Professional and Scientific Objects which might be aimed at in a Voyage of Research."

"A Letter on the Trade-Winds, in the Appendix to Daniell's Meteorology."

Several scientific papers in Brewster's Journal, Jamieson's Journal, and the Encyclopedia Britannica.

It is only necessary to add to this account, that Captain Hall was a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and a member of the Astronomical Society of London.

HENDERSON, Thomas, Professor of Practical Astronomy, Edinburgh.—This distinguished astronomer was born at Dundee, on the 28th of December, 1798. His father, who was a respectable tradesman, after giving him the best education which his native town could furnish, apprenticed Thomas, at the age of fifteen, to Mr. Small, a writer or attorney, in whose office his elder brother was then a partner. Here he served a term of six years with great diligence; and on the expiration of this period he removed to Edinburgh, to perfect himself in the study of law, as his future profession. Having obtained a situation in the office of a writer to the signet, his abilities and diligence attracted the notice of Sir James Gibson Craig, by whose recommendation he was appointed secretary or advocate's clerk to the talented and eccentric John Clerk, after-

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wards raised to the bench under the title of Lord Eldin. On the retirement of the latter into private life, Mr. Henderson obtained the situation of private secretary to the Earl of Lauderdale, which he afterwards quitted for the more lucrative appointment of secretary to Francis Jeffrey, then Lord Advocate, in which office he continued till 1831.

All this was nothing more than the successful career of a diligent young lawyer, devoted to his profession, and making it the means of advancement in life; and as such, his biography would not have been worth mentioning. But simultaneous with his application to the law, another course of study had been going on, from which he was to derive his future distinction. It often enough —too often—happens, that dry legal studies send the young mind with a violent recoil into the opposite extreme; and thus many a young Hopeful of a family is

> ——"Foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
> Who pens a stanza when he should engross."

Henderson, however, chose more wisely, for his favourite by-study was that of astronomy, which he commenced so early as during the period of his apprenticeship—which he prosecuted so as not to retard his professional pursuits—and to which he did not wholly resign himself, until he found that he could do it with safety and advantage. In Dundee he applied to astronomical investigations during the leisure hours of his apprenticeship, and continued in like manner to prosecute them after his arrival in Edinburgh, where his proficiency in the science gradually introduced him to the acquaintanceship of Professors Leslie and Wallace, Captain Basil Hall, and other distinguished scientific men of the northern capital. At this time it was fortunate for him that an observatory had been erected upon the Calton Hill, which, though poorly furnished with the necessary apparatus, had yet enough to satisfy the wants of ordinary inquirers. Of this establishment Professor Wallace had charge; and finding that he could intrust Mr. Henderson, though a stranger, with free access and full use of the instruments, the latter gladly availed himself of the opportunity, by which he improved himself largely in the practical departments of astronomical science, in addition to the theoretical and historical knowledge of it which he had already acquired. These studies upon the Calton Hill were the more commendable, when we take into account his weak health, his tendency to a disorder in his eyes, and his diligence in the duties of his laborious profession, which he had too much wisdom and self-denial to neglect.

It was not till 1824 that Mr. Henderson presented himself to notice as an astronomer, which he did by communicating with Dr. Thomas Young, at that time superintending the "Nautical Almanac." To him he imparted his method of computing an observed occultation of a fixed star by the moon, which Young published as an improvement upon his own, in the "Nautical Almanac" for 1827, and the four following years, to which Henderson added a recent method and several calculations. These methods were also announced to the scientific world by being published in the "London Quarterly Journal of Science," while Mr. Henderson received for them the thanks of the Board of Longitude. In 1827 he communicated a paper to the Royal Society of London, "On the Difference of Meridians of the Royal Observatories of London and Paris," which the society published in its "Transactions." Mr. Henderson's reputation, as a scientific and practical astronomer, was now established, while his communications to Dr. Young were about to change his public career in life for one more

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congenial to his favourite pursuits. The latter, who held the important office of secretary to the Board of Longitude, died, and after this event a memorandum was found in his hand-writing, which he had deposited with Professor Rigaud, desiring that, on the event of his death, the Admiralty should be informed that no one was so competent, in his opinion, to succeed him as Mr. Henderson. The Admiralty were pleased to think otherwise, and appointed Mr. Pond, the Astronomer-Royal, to the charge. Soon after another important vacancy occurred by the death of Mr. Fallows, who had charge of the observatory at the Cape of Good Hope; and on the Admiralty offering it to Mr. Henderson, he closed with the proposal, and repaired to the Cape in 1832, although it was to sojourn among strangers, and with a disease of the heart, which, he knew, might at any time prove fatal. His scientific exertions during his short residence at the Cape of Good Hope, attested his self-devoted zeal in behalf of astronomy; for, independently of his official duties, the mass of observations and calculations which he had stored up, would have sufficed for the lifetime of a less earnest astronomer. Such incessant labour proved too much for his constitution, and in little more than a year he was obliged to return home, where, fixing his residence in Edinburgh, he devoted himself to the task of arranging the large mass of valuable materials which he had collected at the Cape. While he was thus employed, an agreement was entered into, in 1834, between the government and the Astronomical Institution of Edinburgh, by which the Institution agreed to give up the use of their observatory on the Calton Hill to the University, while the government engaged to convert it into a public institution, furnish it with suitable instruments, and provide for an observer and assistant. This movement made it necessary to fill up the professorship of practical astronomy, which had been vacant sixteen years; and on Lord Melbourne applying to the Astronomical Society of London for advice upon the subject, Mr. Henderson was recommended to the chair, to which he was appointed, with the honorary office of Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, being the first that had held it. Having thus obtained a situation that realized the *beau ideal* of his ambition for scientific distinction, opportunities of study, and means of comfort, he, in 1836, married Miss Adie, eldest daughter of Mr. Adie, the talented inventor of the sympiesometer.

Hitherto we have scarcely alluded to Professor Henderson's astronomical writings, upon which his fame depends. A list of these, however, amounting to upwards of seventy communications, has been published in the "Annual Report of the Astronomical Society for 1845." To these also must be added his five volumes of observations from the Calton Hill, which were made between the years 1834 and 1839, as well as the selections from them which were given to the world after his death. To all this labour, the exactness, and, in many cases, the originality of which is more wonderful than the amount, great as it was for so short a life, he brought that methodical diligence and application which he had acquired in youth at the desk of a writer, and through which he became a prosperous lawyer. It was not merely in astronomical calculation that he excelled; the different departments of natural science also had occupied his studies, so that at different periods he was enabled to supply the places of the professors of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His death, which was sudden, and occasioned by that disease of the heart under which he had laboured for years, occurred on the 23d of November, 1844.

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HEPBURNE, James, Earl of Bothwell.—Little is known of the early career of this man, who holds so unenviable a place in the annals of Scotland. A considerable portion of his youth appears to have been spent in France, where he not only acquired the accomplishments, but learned those profligate habits by which the French court was distinguished. Fatally, indeed, was the nature of this training afterwards illustrated! His first return from that country to Scotland was in 1560, at which time he is thus characterized by Throckmorton in a letter to Queen Elizabeth: "He is a glorious, rash, and hazardous young man, and therefore it were meet his adversaries should both have an eye to him, and also keep him short." Six years afterwards, when he stood more distinctly out to public notice, Cecil wrote of him: "I assure you Bothwell is as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to the detestable vices." After events showed but too well that this was neither the language of prejudice nor malignity. It is probable that he was now about the age of thirty. He does not appear to have been distinguished for personal beauty, having, on the contrary, rather an ill-favoured countenance; but his ingratiating arts and showy manners were more than enough to counterbalance any defects of personal appearance. The outbreak that ended in the Chace-about-raid, which was so unfortunate to the Earl of Murray and his party, was of the utmost benefit to his enemy, the Earl of Bothwell; he was called to court, restored to his hereditary office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and appointed Lieutenant of the West and Middle Marches. He was not long idle, for we find him in the field with the queen about three weeks after, when Murray's dispirited troops fled before her and took refuge in England. When the assassination of David Rizzio occurred, Bothwell, who was in the Palace of Holyrood at the commencement of the uproar, and heard the distant outcries that accompanied the deed, put himself, with the Earl of Huntly, at the head of the menials, who had snatched up whatever kitchen weapons came first to hand, and hurried to the rescue; but this motley band was easily dispersed by the armed retainers of the Earl of Morton, who were stationed at the inner court. On this occasion Bothwell and Huntly, finding themselves prisoners in the palace, and fearing that their own death was to follow the assassination of Rizzio, descended from the back windows by a cord, and made their escape through the fields. After this event it soon appeared that Bothwell was to enter into the place, and enjoy the envied favour, which the unfortunate Italian had held, let the termination be what it might. He was called to the queen's counsels, and every day he rose in her esteem, while her contempt of Darnley increased. It was easy, indeed, for a woman's eye—and such a woman as Mary—to distinguish between the shallow-minded poltroon whom she had placed by her side on the throne, and the bold, gay, chivalrous courtier, who added to the graces of his continental manners and education the unscrupulous ambition of the Frenchman and the daring courage of the Scot. Unfortunate it was for Mary that her education, and the examples by which her youth had been surrounded, had little qualified her either to regulate such feelings or check them at the commencement, and her admiration was soon followed by a culpable affection, which at last she was unable to conceal, even from the most unsuspecting of her subjects. At the beginning of October (1566) she had resolved to make a justiciary progress to Jedburgh, in consequence of the rebellious conduct of the border chieftains on the south-eastern frontier; and, as a preparative, she sent Bothwell thither, two days previous, with the title and authority of Lord-Lieutenant of the Border. But on reaching his destina-

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tion he was so severely wounded by a desperate freebooter, whom he endeavoured to apprehend with his own hand, that he was obliged to be carried to the neighbouring Castle of Hermitage. Mary, who was then at the Castle of Borthwick, no sooner heard of his disaster than, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the danger of such a journey, and the smallness of her train, she hurried with all speed to Jedburgh, and from thence to Hermitage, to visit him. A dangerous fever was the consequence of this violent exertion, under which she was insensible for several days at Jedburgh; and on recovering her consciousness, she was so impressed with the thought that death was at hand, that she requested the nobles who were present to pray for her, commended her son to the guardianship of Queen Elizabeth, and sent for her neglected husband, who arrived two days after the crisis had passed. But now that the danger was over, she received him with her wonted aversion, and treated him with such discourtesy as made him glad, on the following day, to set off to Stirling. But very different was the reception of Bothwell, whom she caused to be brought to her own temporary residence until he was fully recovered. The same marked difference in the conduct of the queen towards her husband and her paramour, was equally apparent in the baptism of her son, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. On such an important occasion the father of the child, whatever might have been his faults, should have been a prominent personage in the ceremonial. But no. Bothwell was placed in his room as master of the arrangements, while poor Darnley, though living under the same roof (the Castle of Stirling), was required to confine himself to his apartments, on the plea that his apparel was not good enough to appear among the lordly throng at the baptismal font. And this was not all, for the ambassadors assembled there were forbid to hold conference with him, and the nobility to wait on him or escort him. Even James Melvil, who had compassionated the poor fallen consort-king, and presented him with a spaniel, was rated by the queen for so doing, declaring that she could no longer trust him, as he had made a present to one for whom she entertained no affection.

Bothwell was not a man to bear these honours meekly, or content himself with the love of the queen without sharing in her power. Already, also, he knew too well her wishes on the subject. She would have divorced Darnley to make room for his rival, but besides the difficulty of procuring a divorce, the legitimacy of her son would thereby have been called in question. No remedy remained but the death of Darnley, let it occur as it might. Upon this hint Bothwell was now in action. He sounded the principal nobles upon the expediency of removing him, alleging the queen's consent to that effect, and besought their co-operation. He spoke to those whose minds were already familiar with the idea of assassination, and whose power, when banded together, could brave discovery when it ensued, while so many concurred in his design that he thought he might now prosecute it without scruple. As for the poor victim of these machinations, he had left Stirling; the queen, at his departure, causing his silver plate to be taken away, and paltry tin vessels to be substituted in their stead. He had fallen sick when he was scarcely a mile on his journey, and on reaching Glasgow eruptions resembling the small-pox broke out over his whole body, and confined him to a sick-bed. But, in the meantime, the plot against his life was so fully matured that nothing more remained than to bring him within reach of his murderer. Mary repaired to Glasgow to persuade him to return with her, and take up his abode in the Castle of Craigmillar, in the neighbour-

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hood of Edinburgh, where his recovery would be more speedy, and Darnley, allured by her kind words and relenting endearments, assented to all her wishes. He had received, indeed, some obscure intimations of a conspiracy formed against his life, and been warned that the queen had spoken harshly of him previous to her journey; but while she sat beside his bed, and addressed him so tenderly, all his first love returned, so that he treated these reports as idle tales. As for Mary, on retiring from his company she wrote a full account of the whole interview to Bothwell; and so completely was the after-tragedy settled between them, that she alluded to his contemplated divorce from Lady Jane Gordon and marriage with herself, and besought him neither to be moved from his purpose by his wife's tears nor her brother's threats. Soon after Darnley, not yet recovered, was removed in a litter from Glasgow to Edinburgh, not, however, to be accommodated in the princely castle of Craigmillar, but an obscure habitation called Kirk of Field, belonging to one of Bothwell's creatures; a place sufficiently within reach of Edinburgh, but lonely enough for the perpetration of a deed of murder.

So fully was the plan already matured, that Bothwell had false keys made of the house, and sent to Dunbar for a barrel of gunpowder, that was to be placed under Darnley's apartment. Matters now began to look so mysterious, that some of the king's servants, under that vague inexplicable terror which often precedes some terrible tragic deed, withdrew their attendance. Not so, however, the queen, who continued to lavish upon him every assurance of endearment, and spent two nights in an apartment adjoining his own. On Sunday night Darnley was to be no more; and while she was spending the evening with him in his room upstairs, the preparations were silently going on in the apartment below; and at ten o'clock the gunpowder was strewed in heaps upon the floor, and all put in readiness for the explosion, after which Bothwell's servant, Paris, a chief actor in the deed, entered the room above, where the pair were conversing. Mary, only the night before, had caused a bed of new velvet to be removed from the room, and also a rich coverlet of fur; and it was now full time that she should remove herself also. She then called to mind that she had promised to be at a masquerade in Holyroodhouse, that was to be given in honour of the marriage of her servant Bastian, with Margaret Carwood, a favourite female attendant, and passed onward to Holyrood with torch-light. When she was gone, an hour intervened before Darnley retired to bed, during which he entertained his servants, in the full overflow of his gladness, with an account of the queen's gracious speeches before they parted, and the hopes of his return to favour and influence. But one part of the interview still strangely haunted him, and marred his triumph. Why had the queen reminded him that, just at the same time a twelvemonth back, David Rizzio had been assassinated—that deed of which his conscience told him he had been the chief promoter? Ill at ease with the past, and having a gloomy anticipation about the future, he turned to the Bible for consolation, and read the 55th Psalm, after which he went to bed, and was soon overtaken by his last sleep.

In the meantime, the return of Mary to Holyrood was a signal to Bothwell that all was in readiness. After lingering in the hall until about midnight, when the most wakeful in Edinburgh were usually asleep, he exchanged his rich gala dress for a common suit, in which he could not easily be recognized, stole out of the back of the palace through the garden, and accompanied by four

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of his servants, went through the gate of the Nether Bow, giving to the sentinel's question of "Who goes there?" the answer of "Friends of Lord Bothwell." Between the hours of two and three, a terrible explosion shook the houses nearest the Kirk of Field, and roused the townsmen from their slumbers, while the assassins ran back to the city, and re-entered Holyrood as stealthily as they had left it. A crowd of citizens, whom the din had alarmed, repaired to the spot, and found the house a heap of ruin, and the bodies of the king and the page of his chamber lying dead in a neighbouring orchard. But it was remarked that neither the corpses nor their night-clothes were scorched with powder, and that they were too far from the house to have been thrown there by the explosion; it was evident that other and surer agencies had been at work, and that gunpowder had been resorted to, merely to mislead inquiry, or make the deed appear the work of accident. The full particulars that afterwards came out on trial justified these surmises. Darnley had been strangled, and, as it was asserted, by the hands of Bothwell himself; the page had undergone the same fate; and the bodies being afterwards removed into the orchard, the match had been lighted that communicated with the gunpowder. While the crowd were still gazing upon the ruins, and bewildering themselves in speculation, Bothwell himself arrived among them at the head of a party of soldiers. On returning to Holyrood, he had gone to bed, that he might receive the expected tidings like an innocent man; and when, half-an-hour afterwards, a hasty messenger knocked at his door, and told him what had happened, he shouted, "Treason!" repaired with the Earl of Huntly to the queen to advertise her of the misfortune, and afterwards passed on to the spot, as if anxious to hold inquest upon the fact, and discover the authors of the deed. But he only dispersed the crowd, whose sharp curiosity he must have felt unpleasant, and caused the bodies to be removed to a neighbouring house, where no one was permitted to see them. That of Darnley was soon after carried to the palace; and, instead of an honourable funeral, such as was befitting a king-consort, it was carried at night by pioneers, and interred without solemnity beside the grave of David Rizzio.

As soon as tidings of the murder had reached her, Mary shut herself up in her apartment, where she would admit no one to see her but Bothwell, or hold intercourse with any of her servants but through himself. According to the custom of the country, forty days should have been spent in seclusion and mourning, with closed doors and windows; but on the fourth day the windows were unshaded, and before the twelfth she repaired with Bothwell to Seton Castle, where they mingled in the gay amusements of the place, shot at the butts, in trials of archery with Huntly and Seton, and crowned their victory with the forfeit of the losers, which was a dinner at Tranent. In the meantime, was any diligence, or even show of diligence, given to apprehend the murderers? Strange to tell, it was not until three days after the deed that such a step was taken; and on Wednesday, the 12th of February, a proclamation was made, offering a reward of two thousand pounds (Scotch?) for the detection of the criminals. No sooner was this done than every tongue was ready to name the name of Bothwell. But the bold bad man was too powerful to be accused, as well as too unscruplous to be provoked, and no one was found so hardy as to step forth to criminate him. Still it was impossible for the general suspicion to remain wholly silent, and while voices were heard in the darkness of midnight through the streets proclaiming Bothwell to be the king's murderer, placards and pictures were affixed on the public places to the same effect. It

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was then only that judicial activity, which had hitherto slumbered, was roused to detect the libellers; and such of the citizens as could write a fair hand, or limn a sketch, were submitted to a sharp examination, while an edict was published denouncing the punishment of death, not only to the writers, but the readers of these libels. Bothwell, also, alarmed at these indications of public feeling, rode into Edinburgh with fifty armed men at his back, warning publicly that he would wash his hands in the blood of these traducers, and clutching the hilt of his dagger in guilty suspicion when he spoke to any one of whose good will he was not certain. At length a movement was made to convict him, and from the proper quarter, by the Earl of Lennox, father of the murdered king. On the 20th of February he wrote to the queen, entreating that a public assize should immediately be held on the subject of his son's assassination; but to this most reasonable request, Mary sent for answer that the Parliament had already been invoked, and that its first business on meeting should be an inquiry into the deed. Now, be it observed, that this meeting of Parliament was not to take place till Easter; and during the interval that elapsed, most of the persons implicated in the charge were quietly allowed to depart, some to France, and others to the English border. And all this Mary did, notwithstanding the suspicions of her subjects, who had no scruple to charge her as an accomplice in her husband's murder; notwithstanding the astonishment of foreign courts, that could not comprehend her wonderful remissness; and notwithstanding the urgent solicitations of Queen Elizabeth, who adjured her to act on this occasion "like a noble princess and a loyal wife." In the meantime, she seemed to have no thought but for Bothwell, and, notwithstanding the general odium, she conferred upon him the command of the Castle of Edinburgh, and soon after that of the castles of Blackness and the Inch, and the superiority of Leith, as if eager to arm him against every accuser, and make him too powerful to be punished.

As the cry still waxed louder for a public trial, it was thought that this might now be safely granted; and so late as the 12th of April, the Earl of Lennox was ordered to compear in Edinburgh, and adduce his charges against Bothwell. But the accomplices in the crime had been suffered to escape; the other evidences had been destroyed; even the smith who had made the false keys by which the murderers obtained access to the king's lodging, and who had anonymously offered to come forward and reveal the name of his employer, if his safety should be guaranteed for so doing, had obtained no such promise, and therefore could not make his appearance. Under such circumstances, and after so long a delay, the invitation to the Earl of Lennox was the most cruel of mockeries. The trial was arranged by Bothwell himself; the tribunal was occupied by one of his friends, and fenced with 200 of his hacbutters; 4000 armed men, devoted to Bothwell, occupied the streets of Edinburgh, and the castle was under his command. Thus prepared, the accusing party was wholly at his mercy, for Lennox was required to enter the city with not more than six in his company. To come under such circumstances would have been to enter into the shambles, where all was in readiness for the slaughter, and Lennox refused to appear. But Bothwell himself rode to trial, mounted on the late king's horse, and surrounded by a guard, and fearlessly advanced before a tribunal where he had taken order that none should accuse him. The trial that followed was a farce, in which the criminal had nothing to do but to plead "not guilty," and the judges to absolve him, which was done unanimously. To wind up the whole

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proceeding in the fashion of the age, Bothwell then offered the trial of combat to any one of his degree who should charge him with the late king's murder, but the challenge was nothing more than the idle blast of a trumpet, for he was not likely to find an opponent where he had met with no accuser.

After this mock trial, new honours were heaped upon Bothwell by the queen; the lordship and Castle of Dunbar were conferred upon him, his powers as high admiral were extended, and on the assembling of Parliament, two days after the assize, he carried "the honours," that is, the crown and sceptre before her in procession at the opening of the House. He was now the most powerful nobleman in Scotland, and only one step more remained to which all this aggrandizement had been but a preparative. He must be king-consort in the room of Darnley, whom he had murdered. True, he had been but lately married to Lady Jane Gordon, and her brother, the Earl of Huntly, was not a man to be lightly offended; but even these difficulties had been already calculated, and the plan of their removal devised. The marriage tie was to be loosed by a divorce, and the brother appeased by the restitution of the Huntly estates, which had been forfeited to the crown. But to win the consent of the nobility at large, whose united opposition could have checked him at any moment, or crushed him even when the eminence was attained, was the principal difficulty; and this Bothwell resolved to surmount by the same unscrupulous daring that had hitherto borne him onward. Accordingly, on the 19th of April, the day on which the sittings of Parliament terminated, he invited the chief nobles to supper in a tavern; they assembled accordingly, and when their hearts were warmed with wine, Bothwell presented to them a bond for signature, in which they recommended him as a suitable husband for the queen, and engaged to maintain his pretensions to her hand against all who should oppose them. Confusion and remonstrance followed, but the house was surrounded by 200 hacbutters, so that escape was hopeless, and remonstrance unavailing. The revellers therefore complied with the demand, and the signatures of eight earls, three lords, and seven bishops were adhibited to the bond.

And now nothing but the master-stroke remained. The marriage must be accomplished without delay, before a recoil of public feeling occurred. But Mary had been little more than two months a widow; and if she should thus hastily throw aside her weeds, and enter into a new union, the whole world would cry "shame" upon such indecency! Even this difficulty had been already provided for, and that, too, seven days before Bothwell's trial occurred. Certain beforehand of his acquittal, he had devised, and Mary consented, that he should carry her off by force, and thus save her the odium of a free deliberate choice. Even the time and place of abduction were also contrived between them. Accordingly, on the 21st of April the queen repaired to Stirling Castle to visit her infant son, then under the guardianship of the Earl of Mar; but the earl, who seems to have had strange misgivings, would only admit her with two of her ladies, while the armed train were obliged to remain without. Three days afterwards she returned, and had reached Almond Bridge, near Edinburgh, when she and her escort were suddenly beset by Bothwell and 600 armed horsemen, who conducted her to the Castle of Dunbar. And now events went on with accelerated speed. The earl's divorce from his wife was hurried through the courts with scandalous haste, the lady being obliged to accuse him of adultery and incest for the purpose. And on the same day Bothwell and the queen returned to Edinburgh at the head of a numerous cavalcade, the earl leading her horse by

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the bridle, and his followers throwing away their spears, to show that she was unconstrained; and in this fashion they rode up to the Castle of Edinburgh. As soon as tidings of her seizure had arrived, her friends offered to arm for her rescue; but to this she answered, that though taken against her will, and compelled to spend several days in the Castle of Dunbar with Bothwell, she had found no cause of complaint. This was not all; for she now presented herself before the nobles, expressed her satisfaction with Bothwell's conduct, and declared that, high as she had raised him, she meant to promote him higher still. Accordingly, on the 12th of May, seven days after her return to Edinburgh, she created him Duke of Orkney, and placed the coronet on his head with her own hands; two days afterwards she signed the contract of marriage, and on the succeeding day the marriage ceremony was performed in Holyrood, at four o'clock in the morning. And this after three short months of widowhood! Well might the people shudder, especially when they remembered the disgusting mixture of tragedy and farce with which it had been preceded. And still the nobles were silent under a deed that soiled, nay, besmeared the escutcheons of Scottish knighthood and nobleness with a universal reproach, which all the rivers of their land could not wash away. Only one man, and he, too, a minister of peace, had courage to speak out. This was John Craig, pastor of the High Church of Edinburgh, and colleague of John Knox, who was now absent. On being commanded to proclaim the banns between the queen and Bothwell, he steadfastly refused until he had been allowed to confront the parties in presence of the Privy Council; and when this was granted, he there charged the Duke of Orkney with the crimes of rape, adultery, and murder. This being done, he proclaimed the banns, as he was bound to do, but not without a stern remonstrance. "I take heaven and earth to witness," he exclaimed before the congregation in the High Church, "that I abhor and detest this marriage as odious and slanderous to the world; and I would exhort the faithful to pray earnestly that a union against all reason and good conscience may yet be overruled by God, to the comfort of this unhappy realm."

Bothwell had now attained an elevation at which himself might well have been astounded. Sprung from no higher origin than that of the house of Hailes, and but the fourth of his line who had worn the title of earl, he was now the highest of Scotland's nobles, and, what was more, the sovereign of its sovereign. She to whom he was united had been Queen of France, the most powerful of kingdoms, and was the unquestioned heir to England, the richest of sovereignties. She who had been sought in vain by the proudest princes of Europe had come at his call, and co-operated in humble compliance to his exaltation, and submitted to be his leman before she became his bride. And yet even this did not satisfy him; for on the very day after their marriage she was heard to scream in her closet, while he was beside her, and threaten to stab or drown herself. He persisted from day to day in arrogant conduct, more befitting a sated voluptuary or merciless taskmaster than a newly-mated bridegroom; and Mary, otherwise so proud and impatient, submitted with spaniel-like docility, while her affection seemed only to increase in proportion to the growth of his brutality. Strange love of woman's heart! and strange requital of a love so misplaced! She was all the while writing to France, to Rome, and England announcing her marriage, describing her happiness in having such a husband, and craving the favour of these courts in his behalf. She even declared before

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several persons that "she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and would go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat before she would leave him."

This Fata Morgana had now reached its brightest, and it was time that it should melt away. The nobles of Scotland awoke as from a dream, and prepared themselves for instant action. It was indeed not more than necessary; for, independently of the foul dishonour that had accumulated upon the nation and themselves through the late transactions, Bothwell was now aiming at obtaining the guardianship of the young prince; and under such a custody the royal infant would soon have been laid beside his murdered father, that a new dynasty might be planted upon the Scottish throne. In the meantime, the queen and Bothwell were at Borthwick Castle, unconscious of the gathering storm, until the associated lords, at the head of 2000 men, advanced and invested the stronghold. As resistance was hopeless, Bothwell, at the first tidings of their coming, stole away, and soon after was joined by Mary, booted and spurred, and in the disguise of a page. They rode through the night at full speed to Dunbar, and there exerted themselves with such activity, that in two days they were at the head of 2500 armed followers, with whom they returned to the encounter. The lords, whose forces now amounted to 3000 men, advanced to meet them mid-way, and the two armies soon confronted each other at Carberry Hill, six miles from Edinburgh. But very different was the spirit that animated them, for while the insurgent army was eager to revenge the death of the late king, and preserve his son from the murderer, the troops of Bothwell wavered, and talked of negotiation and compromise. It was necessary to restore their courage by an example of personal daring, and accordingly he sent a herald to the opposite host, offering the trial of single combat in proof of his innocence. Instantly, James Murray of Tullibardin started forward as an opponent, but was rejected by Bothwell as being not his equal in rank. Murray's elder brother, William, the laird of Tullibardin, then offered himself, alleging that he was of an older house than that of his adversary; but him also Bothwell refused, claimed an earl for his opponent, and specified in particular the Earl of Morton, the leader of the insurgents. Morton, as fearless a Douglas as any of his ancestors, accepted the challenge, and prepared for a combat at *outrance* on foot, and with two-handed swords. But before he could step forth to the affray, Lord Lindsay, the Ajax of the Scottish Reformation interposed, with the entreaty that he should be allowed to meet the challenger, as being the kinsman of the unfortunate Darnley. Morton assented, and armed him with the two-handed sword of that Douglas who was called Bell-the-Cat. But here Mary interfered: she had no wish to expose her husband to a meeting with such a redoubted champion, and Bothwell yielded to her entreaties. His repeated hesitations, when he should at once have drawn his weapon and marched to the encounter, had so confirmed the timidity of his followers, that already most of them had disbanded, leaving none with him but sixty gentlemen and a band of hacbutters, while the opposite army were surrounding the hill, and cutting off the means of retreat. In this emergency, nothing remained for Bothwell but flight, which the queen earnestly counselled: she would surrender to the lords, and win them back to their allegiance; after which his recal would be easy, and their future course a happy one. After assuring him of her fidelity, which she would keep to the last, and giving her hand upon the promise, Bothwell rode from the field, accompanied by a few

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attendants, and Mary surrendered to her subjects. She, indeed, continued to love him to the last; but they never met again.

Brief though the rest of Bothwell's history is, it reads the most solemn of warnings to princes and politicians. One month only he had held the empty title of king, for which he had sinned so deeply; and now, not even the poor shelter of the monk's cell or anchorite's cave over the whole wide land was ready to receive him. Almost alone, he hastened to his sea-girt castle of Dunbar, intending there to await the change of events, which he hoped would end in his restoration; but Mary, no longer a queen, was a helpless prisoner in the hands of those who were busied in framing a new government, while a price was set upon his own head. Thus finding that at any hour he might be plucked from his place of strength, he fled with three ships to the Orkneys; but such was the barrenness of these islands, that he was obliged to have recourse to piracy for the subsistence of himself and his followers. And even this miserable shift soon failed, for a naval squadron was sent against him, under the command of Kirkcaldy of Grange, who captured two of the vessels, and obliged the third, with the pirate-king on board, to take to flight. But his ship, one of the largest in the Scottish navy, struck upon a sandbank; and when he took to shelter in a pinnace, he was driven by a storm to the coast of Norway, and there taken by a Danish man-of-war. He was asked for his papers, but having none, he was arrested as a pirate, and carried to Denmark. There it was not long before he was recognized as the notorious Bothwell of Scotland; upon which Frederic II., the Danish king, instead of surrendering him to the Scottish regency or Elizabeth of England, threw him into close prison in the castle of Malmoe, where he languished ten years in misery and privation, mingled with attacks of insanity, until death at last threw open the gate of his dungeon. Never was the avenging Nemesis of the Greek drama more terribly realized, or poetical justice more completely fulfilled.

HERIOT, John.—This talented and industrious writer in miscellaneous literature, was the son of the sheriff-clerk in East Lothian, and was born at Haddington, on the 22d of April, 1760. He belonged to a literary family, his elder brother George having been the author of a poem on the West Indies, and Travels in Canada. At the age of twelve, the subject of this memoir was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, from which, after having studied the usual course, he was transferred to the University of Edinburgh. But whatever might have been the profession for which he was educated, the plan was frustrated by domestic misfortune, and the consequent dispersion of his father's family. This event obliged him, in 1778, to repair to London, and afterwards to betake himself to the naval service, by enlisting in the marines. In this capacity he first served in the Vengeance, afterwards in the Preston, and finally in the Elizabeth. During these changes, his experience of a nautical life was chiefly confined to cruises upon the coast of Africa and the West Indies; but in the Elizabeth, commanded by Captain Maitland, he saw more active service, both at Port Royal, and in the engagement of the British fleet, commanded by Sir George B. Rodney, and that of France under de Guichen, on the 17th of April, 1780. On this occasion the action was indecisive; for although the French line was broken, many of the British captains hung back, from their political dislike to Rodney, because he was a Tory, so that he was fully seconded by only five or six ships. Of these the Elizabeth, in which Heriot served as a subaltern officer of marines, was one; and in the unequal contest, in which his

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ship bore up against two of the enemy, he was among the wounded. During the same year, having exchanged into the Brune frigate of thirty-two guns, he was exposed off the coast of Barbadoes to that tremendous hurricane of the 10th of October, 1780, by which the island was so fearfully devastated, and nearly reduced to ruin. So imminent was the danger to which the Brune was exposed on this occasion, that Heriot ever afterwards commemorated the return of that day as one of solemn festival and devout gratitude. After continuing in the service till the peace of 1783, Mr. Heriot, in consequence of the general reduction, retired with the rank and half-pay of a first lieutenant, after he had been afloat five years.

On coming ashore, Heriot found that his life was to be commenced anew. Upon this occasion, his first proceeding was one of such filial piety as to insure him both long life and success in whatever career he might select; he mortgaged his half-pay that he might assist his parents in their reduced circumstances, although he thereby left himself wholly destitute. Having learned no regular occupation before he went to sea, and having now neither time nor means for such a purpose, he proceeded to turn such scholarship and experience as he had acquired to their best account, by becoming author; and for several years his life was that precarious scramble to which authorship is often doomed before it attains its proper footing. Among his attempts in this way, he wrote a poem entitled "Sorrows of the Heart," and two novels, one of which, entitled "The Half-pay Officer," contained an account of several adventures in which he had been personally engaged; and from the profits of these works he contrived to subsist nearly two years. His next occupation was that of journalism, and he was employed in the "The Oracle," until a misunderstanding with the proprietor occurred, when he removed his services into "The World," of which he became sole editor. This "World," however, was so completely a falling one, that no literary Atlas could have propped it up; and in a short time he was glad to escape from the burden. Still it was fortunate that while journalism was now obtaining that ascendency which the keen and public discussion of great political questions had occasioned, Heriot, by practice, had become an able journalist. His support was therefore worth having; and being a staunch Conservative, and opposed to the over-liberal opinions which the French revolution had engendered in Britain, it was natural that the officers of government should secure the services of such an efficient advocate. Accordingly, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, who admired his talents, proposed that he should start a daily paper, while two other influential government functionaries engaged to support it with funds from their own pockets. Thus assisted, Mr. Heriot, on the 1st of October, 1792, issued the first number of "The Sun," a daily paper, that soon outstripped its contemporaries in the rapidity and wideness of its circulation. Animated by this success, he also started, on the 1st of January, 1793, a daily morning paper called "The True Briton," and continued to edit both journals with great success until 1806, when he was relieved from this oppresive double labour, by being appointed a commissioner of the Lottery. Even while employed in superintending his two daily newspapers, he gave, in 1798, a proof of his indefatigable industry and application, by publishing an interesting account of the battle of the Nile, drawn up from the minutes of an officer of rank in the squadron, which passed through several editions.

After this, the career of Mr. Heriot was one of honour, profit, and comfort. In 1809 he was appointed deputy paymaster to the troops in the Windward

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and Leeward Islands, where he resided till 1816, and discharged the duties of the office so much to the satisfaction of the Duke of York, that at his return to England he was appointed comptroller of Chelsea Hospital. In this tranquil situation he remained till his death, which occurred on the 29th of July, 1833.

HEUGH, Rev. Hugh, D.D.—This estimable divine was born at Stirling, on the 12th of August, 1782. He was the ninth child of the Rev. John Heugh, minister of a Secession congregation in Stirling. In his education he was so fortunate as to have for his teacher Dr. Doig, who presided over the Grammar-School of Stirling, and was one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. After having made considerable proficiency in classical learning under this able preceptor, Mr. Heugh, who, from his earliest years, had selected the ministerial office as his future destination, repaired at the age of fifteen to the University of Edinburgh, and after undergoing the prescribed course of study, was licensed as a preacher by the General Associate or Antiburgher Presbytery of Stirling, on the 22d of February, 1804. His youth and timidity at the outset, on one occasion at least, had nearly marred his prospects. Having preached in a church at Leslie, at that time unprovided with a minister, and being obliged to deliver his discourse *memoriter*, without which compliance he would not have been allowed to enter the pulpit, his recollection suddenly failed; he was at once brought to a dead stop, and no remedy remained but to give out a psalm, while he refreshed his memory during the interval of singing. This disaster sealed his fate so far as that vacancy was concerned; and though his father, fifty years before, had received a call to the same church, the son was rejected. Two years of preaching overcame this timidity, and made him so acceptable to his auditories, that three different congregations presented calls to him to be their minister. Of these calls, that from Stirling, where he was invited to become the colleague of his aged father, was preferred; and accordingly he was ordained to this charge by the General Associate Presbytery of Stirling, on the 14th of August, 1806.

The life of a country minister is seldom one of public interest. Let him be as talented as he may, he is confined within a particular locality, and fixed to a particular routine of duty; and thus it often happens, that the very men from whom society receives its prevailing impress, live unnoticed and die without record. Such was the case of Mr. Heugh while labouring at Stirling; and to the common eye he was nothing more than a diligent, pains-taking, Dissenting minister, instant in his daily occupations, and anxious for the spiritual interests of his flock. But in his diary there is ample evidence to be found that his exertions and struggles were to the full as heroic as those which insure distinction to the best men of every-day life. His twofold aim, of which he never lost sight, was self-improvement, and the improvement of his people, the former closely connected with, and stimulated by the latter; and the result was his own advance in wisdom, eloquence, efficiency, and spiritual-mindedness, accompanied with the increasing attachment of his people, and their growth in religious wisdom and piety. While thus employed, he was married, in 1809, to Isabella Clarkson, only daughter of a minister of his own religious denomination; and on the following year his father died, leaving him sole minister of the congregation. The important charge which had thus devolved upon him only doubled his diligence, and increased his acceptability among his flock; while his diary at this period is filled with notices of his daily and hourly labours, and his earnest desire to be continually doing good. In this way the life of

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Mr. Heugh went onward for years, alternated by two visits to London upon ministerial duties, in which he showed himself a sharp observer of public characters and the signs of the times, and by his earnest labours to promote that union between the two bodies of the Secession, which was afterwards happily accomplished.

As Mr. Heugh had now attained a distinction that placed him in the foremost rank of the religious community to which he belonged, the town of Stirling, venerable though it be from its ancient historical remembrances, was thought too limited a sphere for his exertions; and accordingly, in 1819, an attempt was made to secure his services for the populous and growing city of Glasgow. This was done by a call from the newly-formed congregation of Regent Street, Glasgow. But this call, and another from the same congregation, which followed soon after, was refused; his people in Stirling had become so endeared to his affections, that he could not reconcile himself to the pain of parting, or the uncertainties of a new career. Bent, however, upon what they considered a point of most vital interest, by securing him for their minister, the congregation of Regent Street made a third call; and the Secession Synod, overcome by this determined perseverance, agreed, though with reluctance, to transfer their valued brother to the great mercantile metropolis of Scotland. Accordingly, he was inducted into his new charge on the 9th of October, 1821. But how to part from his old congregation, among whom he had officiated so long—among whom, indeed, he had been born! "The feelings of tenderness," he said in his farewell discourse from the pulpit, "which this crisis awakens, I dare not attempt to express; but these may well be allowed to give place to this most solemn and paramount consideration—the responsibilities incurred both by you and by me for the opportunities which are now over. Eight hundred Sabbaths have well nigh elapsed since my ministry in this place began. What have you and I been doing on so many days of the Son of Man?" His personal adieus from house to house were also of the most painful description. "I enter no house," he writes, "connected with the congregation, in which tears are not shed; and the looks, and language, and grasp of the hand—of some of the poor especially—altogether overcome me. . . . It is, indeed, a sort of living death." "Never," he added a few days afterwards, "have I passed through such a scene, and I often start and ask myself, is it real? But I must yield myself to the necessity. I have now no control over arrangements which were made without any agency of mine. Over these arrangements the Lord of the church has presided, and his grace is sufficient for me, and his strength can be made perfect in my weakness." In these feelings he tore himself from Stirling, and commenced his labours in a new field.

The transition of this affectionate-hearted pastor from Stirling to Glasgow was, in the first instance at least, anything but a change to greater ease and comfort; and at the commencement, Mr. Heugh had large demands upon his secular prudence, as well as Christian liberality. In the communion to which he belonged, there still lingered in Glasgow some of those old prejudices which had disappeared from other parts of the country. It was not allowed, for instance, for a family to pass from one pastoral superintendence to another, unless they removed their residence within an imaginary boundary line belonging to that other congregation, which had been fixed by the church courts. Then, too, in public worship there were certain trifles insisted upon as stiffly and keenly as if they had formed part of the creed or the decalogue. Thus, a

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gown and bands, however becoming in the eyes of the younger portion of tho congregation, as proper clerical distinctions in the performance of the duties of the pulpit, were, in the judgment of the older members, an utter abomination, as the badges of Erastianism, Prelacy, or even downright Popery. Psalmody also had of late been somewhat attended to (and verily there was need!); and not only was the slavish practice of reading the psalm line by line, while singing, beginning to be discontinued, but new tunes were introduced, in which the last line, or part of the line, of each verse, was repeated. This was astounding to the orthodox: it was like the introduction of the Liturgy itself in the days of Charles I.; and although no joint-stools flew on the occasion, it was only, perhaps, because such modes of church controversy could no longer be available. These prejudices, so silly, and worse than silly, were even tolerated and connived at by not a few of the Secession ministers, who were afraid, by a more manly course of action, to thin their congregations and lessen their influence. Such was one of the inevitable consequences of the Voluntary system, by which Dissenterism will be hampered to the end. It speaks not a little for the intrepid disinterestedness of Mr. Heugh, that in spite of these obstacles he held onward in his own course, both in gown-wearing and psalmody, as well as in the more important dogma of territorial distinction, to which some of the most distinguished leaders of his own party were obstinately wedded. Another duty, in which he was worthy of the highest commendation, consisted in the faithful diligence of his pulpit preparations. On being transferred from one charge to another, it is natural for a minister to draw upon his old stock of sermons, while few think of blaming him for such a convenient substitution. But Mr. Heugh could not be thus satisfied. Although he brought with him to Glasgow about two thousand discourses, which he had written during the fifteen years of his past ministry, scarcely more than twenty of these were delivered during the quarter of a century over which the rest of his labours extended. Combined with all this diligence, he possessed the true spirit of an orator, in never rising to address an audience without a certain degree of anxious diffidence and tremor. "I scarcely ever enter a pulpit," he said, "without a temporary hectic." Such a preacher can never be dull or uninteresting; independently of feeling the sacred nature of his message, he is keenly sensitive to the propriety and effectiveness of its delivery. Accordingly, his hearers were in the habit of remarking the singular *equality* of his pulpit labours, where every sermon was essentially a good one. All this was nothing more than the result of that careful preparation that would not permit him either to trust to extemporaneous oratory, or delay the study of his subject to the last. In 1831, he enjoyed one of the earlier drops of that thunder-shower of Doctors' caps which has lately crossed the Atlantic, and descended upon our island—whether to fertilize or impoverish our literary spirit, time will reveal. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the college of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Such distinctions he seems to have estimated at their real worth—and nothing more. "Considering all things," he said, "they are of vastly little value; a mere tinsel shoulder-knot—neither helmet, sword, nor shield, much less brawny arm or valorous soul."

Such was the character and such were the labours of Dr. Heugh in Glasgow —an earnest, diligent, pains-taking minister, and eloquent instructor in the truths of the gospel, while every year added to the affection of his flock and the esteem of the public at large. Of his share in the ecclesiastical controversies

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of the day, and his visits to England and the Continent, important though they were to himself, it is unnecessary to speak in a short biographical sketch. He died at Glasgow, on the 10th of June, 1846, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

HOGG, James.—This delightful poet of nature's own rearing, who, of all our national bards under similar circumstances, ranks nearest to Burns, was born in Ettrick Forest, on the 25th of January, 1772. Whence he derived his most unpoetical of names it is not easy to determine, unless we are to suppose that it was the name of some honoured follower of the Conqueror, subsequently fattened into its present form by the rich fruits of the conquest, or finally by a profitable emigration into Scotland in the days, it may be, of Malcolm Canmore. But upon this dangerous question we have no particular wish to enter. At all events, we know that James Hogg was fully sensible of this grunting incongruity in connection with the tuneful avocation of minstrel, and therefore chose for himself the name of the Ettrick Shepherd as the more fitting appellative. Whatever may have been the good fortune of his earliest ancestors in Scotland, we well know that none of it descended to himself; for his predecessors had been shepherds as far back as he could trace them. His father, who followed the same humble calling, had been so successful in it as to save some money, which he invested in a farming speculation soon after James was born. The young poet, who was the second of four sons, was therefore sent to school, and would probably have received the usual amount of education bestowed upon the children of our Scottish peasantry, had it not been for a reverse of fortune, by which his father was stripped of all his earnings. This happened when James was only six years old; and he was taken from school in consequence of his parents and their children being "turned out of doors," as he informs us, "without a farthing in the world." After a resting-place had been found, James was obliged to enter into service at the early age of seven. His occupation was to herd a few cows, upon a half-year's wage of a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. In this lonely occupation, with nothing but his cows for companions, the imaginative boy could find no better amusement than to run races against time, or rather against himself. For this purpose he was wont to strip like a regular athlete, until his clothes were lost piece by piece, so that he was reduced to primitive nudeness; and it was only by a diligent search of the other servants that the lost articles were found. After a year spent in this kind of servitude, he was sent once more to school. Hitherto his education had advanced so far as reading in the "Shorter Catechism" and the Proverbs of Solomon; but now he was transferred into a higher class, where the Bible itself was the text-book of lessons. He also learned writing, after a fashion, in a large coarse hand, where every letter was nearly an inch in length. A quarter of a year spent in this way completed his education; all that was afterwards to be done depended upon his own efforts.

Having thus received a more limited tuition than usually happens to the children even of the poorest in our country, Hogg was again obliged to return to the occupation of a cow-herd, the lowest grade of rural employment; and after serving in this capacity for several years, under different masters, he was raised to the more honourable office of a shepherd. But long before he attained this promotion, and while still a mere boy, the first stirrings of the poetical spirit came upon him; and like almost every poet, past, present, and to come, his inspirations were awoke by female beauty, tenderness, and worth. He had already found the being who afterwards was, in all likelihood, the "bonny Kil-

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meny," who bewitched the world, as well as the animating muse of his first rugged efforts in song. That episode, so important in a poet's life, we give in his own tender and truthful language :—"When only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads, with a rosy-cheeked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike-head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Puir little laddie! he's jist tired to death;' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he I would know well what to do."

From love to music was but a step in one of such a temperament, and when Hogg had reached the age of fourteen he laid out five shillings, which he had saved from his wages, in the purchase of an old violin. This new charm of existence occupied him so wholly that all his leisure was devoted to it; and as his only spare hours were taken from sleep, while his only dormitory was a stable or a cow-house, his desperate attempts in music had commonly no better auditory than that which was wont to gather around the harping of Orpheus. He ever after retained his love of music, and by dint of perseverance became a tolerable violinist. However trivial, or even ridiculous, such a pursuit may be in common life, it is no frivolous matter in that of a poet. It indicates that the soul of harmony is within him, and that whether he learns to fiddle well or not, he will turn it to the best account in that music of words which forms so necessary an adjunct in poetry. Who does not recognize this fact in the singular melody which characterizes the Ettrick Shepherd's versification? No sounds can be sweeter, and no notes more appropriate, than those which embody "Kilmeny" and the Abbot M'Kinnon, in the "Queen's Wake." The first of these poems, as illustrative of the mere music of language, independently of its poetical merits, has never been surpassed.

In the meantime the education of the future poet went on, and that, too, so oddly as to give most uncertain promise of his future destination. He had already committed the Psalms of David in metre to memory; but though he liked their rhymes, he seems to have understood nothing else than the short measure into which they are rendered. In his eighteenth year, "The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," modernized by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and forming the choice epic of our Scottish peasantry, fell into his hands, and also the equally popular pastoral of the "Gentle Shepherd." But partly from having almost forgotten the art of reading, which he had learned so imperfectly, and partly from his scanty reading having been hitherto limited to English, the Scottish dialect, in which "Wallace" and the "Gentle Shepherd" are written, was so new and so puzzling, that Hogg struggled on from line to line at a snail's pace. But what was more ominous still was his dislike at their versification, so that he felt as if he would have relished them better had they been written in prose. His love of reading having been noticed by his employers, books were lent him, chiefly of a theological character, and newspapers; through the

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last of which he was wont to wade, from the title at the beginning to the names of printer and publisher at the end, without stint or omission.

At length, when he had reached his twenty-fourth year, Hogg commenced the life of a poet in earnest. He had now read much, although very miscellaneously; and his imprisoned ideas, after struggling for a vent, burst forth in the language of song. His first attempts were of a humble description, being chiefly ballads and songs, intended to be sung by the lasses of the district; while the name of "Jamie the poeter," by which they soon learned to distinguish him, was the "muses' meed" with which he rested satisfied for the present. It was easy, indeed, for him to compose verses: they sprang up in his mind as rapidly as prose does with ordinary mortals; but to embody them in form to the eye, so that others might read and learn them—here was the crowning difficulty. We have already noticed his very scanty education in penmanship, and from want of occupation it had slumbered since his boyhood until now, that it was urgently called into full exercise. His writing, at the best, was a sort of laborious printing, letter by letter; while his model was the Italian alphabet, for want of a more concise character. To add to his difficulties, his chief opportunities for writing were derived from the chance intervals that occurred in the management of his unruly flock. Armed with a few sheets of paper, stitched together, in his pocket, and a phial, instead of an ink-horn, dangling from his button-hole, he used to sally to the hill-side with his sheep; and as soon as a season for writing occurred, he stripped off coat and waistcoat, like one preparing for a desperate deed, and squared his elbows for the feat. In this way his earliest poems were committed to paper. One advantage of this slow and toilsome process was that it afforded sufficient time for reflection and correction; so that his MS., however uncouth, was not defiled with those many erasures and alterations that so sorely trouble the author, as well as perplex the printers. The word once down was as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The habit thus established was of immense service to Hogg when he acquired greater facility in penmanship, and to this, perhaps, we may attribute the ready accuracy he afterwards acquired, both in prose and verse, and the numerous productions which he was enabled to give to the world in the midst of his other avocations.

It was now full time that Hogg should have higher models than Ettrick ballads, and better judges than the rude peasantry of the district. Accordingly, after he had harped and preluded for a twelvemonth, he was so fortunate as to hear of Robert Burns, who had died only a year before. His informant was a "half-daft man," who recited to him the whole of "Tam O'Shanter," and told him that its author was the sweetest poet that ever was born; that he was now dead, and had left a place that would never be filled. Hogg, who was so delighted with "Tam O'Shanter" that he quickly learned every line by heart, had now full proof that there was still higher poetry than his own, and a better poet than himself; and his whole enthusiasm thenceforth was to become the rival, or at least the worthy successor of Robert Burns. And why not? For had he not been born, of all days in the year, upon the 25th of January, the very birthday of Robert Burns? And was he not, in a great measure, an uneducated and self-taught man, even as Burns was? And, moreover, was not his own occupation of herding sheep every whit as poetical as following the plough, if not even more so? All this was such proof demonstrative, that he never afterwards seems to have lost sight of the hope that the Ettrick Shepherd would at last

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become as famed as the Ayrshire ploughman. In other individuals such soaring ambition is not only kept a secret from the world, but as much as possible from their own hearts also; but with James Hogg there never was such concealment. He uttered what he felt, so that those who loved were often compelled to laugh at him, and reckon him not only the simplest of poets, but the most vain-glorious of poetical simpletons. For this, however, he cared very little, while he felt within himself that new-born ardent enthusiasm which, he judged, would carry him far, even though it should fall short of the mark. And in this he was right; for if he did not become wholly a Burns, he still distanced others as far as he was himself distanced by his prototype.

The first publication of Hogg was a song, and nothing more—but it was such a song as the best of our poets would not have been ashamed of. Such was the general suffrage, by the high popularity which this patriotic lay, called "Donald M'Donald," attained, and continued to hold for years. It appeared in 1800, in consequence of Napoleon's threatened invasion; and, while it denounced all manner of calamity and disaster upon the intruder—which, luckily, were not brought to the test—it kindled, wherever it was sung, such an ardent spirit of patriotism as Alcæus himself would have longed to second.

In the following year he made a still more intrepid plunge into authorship. Having come to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale, and being incumbered with several days of interval, he resolved to spend the time in writing out such of his compositions as he could most readily remember, and publishing them in the form of a poetical pamphlet. He transcribed them accordingly, placed them in the hands of a publisher, and then retired to the Forest; where his production afterwards followed him, unrevised and uncorrected, with not a few blunders gratuitously added by the printer. This was but a sorry commencement; and like many poets after their first work appears, his lucubrations seemed in his own eyes so inferior in the form of a published book, that he wished them cancelled and annihilated. But the press had clutched them, and their recal was too late.

Soon after this commencement, Hogg, impatient of the narrow circumstances within which he was hampered, and conscious that he was fitted for something better, resolved to amend his fortunes, by migrating either to the Highlands or the Hebrides, and finding occupation as the superintendent of an extensive sheep-farm. But, strongly recommended though he was, especially by Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, who had thus early recognized a kindred genius in the Shepherd, the attempt was unsuccessful; and poor Hogg, on returning home, lost all the money he still possessed, and that, too, in the short space of a week. Something was needful to be done immediately; and in this strait he was advised, by his steadfast friend, Sir Walter Scott, to publish a volume of poetry. The materials were already at hand; for Hogg, dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads which Scott had published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," had made several attempts of the same kind himself, which were highly estimated. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that the three great poets of Scotland—Scott, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham—commenced their poetical career, not upon the refinements of the modern school, but the rough spirit-stirring songs of shepherds and moss-troopers. Hogg's collection was soon in readiness; and on reaching Edinburgh, Scott introduced him to Constable, by whom the volume was published, under the title of "The Mountain Bard." By this work, which, notwithstanding the roughness of a

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still uncultivated mind, possessed indications of great originality and poetical merit, and by a prose work which he produced about the same period, being an "Essay on Sheep," Hogg cleared the sum of three hundred pounds.

It was at this time, and, we believe, during this visit to Edinburgh in search of a publisher, that Scott, who admired the genius of Hogg, and was amused with his rough-spun simplicity, invited him to dinner in Castle Street, where a party, admirers of the "Mountain Bard," were assembled to meet with its most singular author. Hogg arrived, but in the dusty shepherd costume in which he had attended the cattle-market, and with hands embrowned with the processes of recent sheep-smearing. In this state he entered the drawing-room:

> "Gentles, methinks you frown:
> And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
> As if they saw some wondrous monument,
> Some comet, or unusual prodigy?"

But Hogg does not appear to have disturbed himself with their astonishment: he had made up his mind to be a finished courtier by imitating the lady of the house. Mrs. Scott, who was in a delicate state of health, was reclining upon a sofa; upon which Hogg, faithful to his fair exemplar, threw himself in the same attitude upon a sofa opposite, to the great dismay of the lady, who saw her fine chintz crushed and soiled beneath its unwonted burden. During the dinner, he delighted the company by his pithy and orginal conversation, his Doric breadth of dialect, his stories and songs, which were all produced as from a long-imprisoned fountain. But as the conversation warmed and the wine circulated, he became less and less mindful of the pattern of manners he had adopted, and more completely, at every step, the unsophisticated boon companion of Ettrick Forest; and after addressing his host successively as "Mr. Scott," "Sherra," "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," he wound up the climax at supper, by hailing Mrs. Scott with the familiar title of "Charlotte."

The Ettrick Shepherd, as we have already seen, had now made considerable advance in his resemblance to Robert Burns. When his hour was at the darkest, he had published a volume of poetry that raised him at once from poverty to comparative wealth. He had established for himself a poetical reputation, and obtained an entry into the literary society of the capital. But, unfortunately, the parallel was not to end here, for, like Burns, he was to lose the fortune which his genius had created almost as rapidly as it had been won. Master of the enormous sum of three hundred pounds, Hogg seems to have thought that it could accomplish everything; and, accordingly, he rushed headlong into agricultural speculations, to more than ten times the amount, and soon found himself penniless and in debt. After struggling, or rather floundering on, impeded at every step by the new character he had acquired, of a man that could win but not keep—a character most unfavourable in the eyes of his countrymen—Hogg cast about for other occupation. But his choice was more poetical than prudent: he wished to obtain a commission in a militia regiment. This was about the year 1808, when our captains of militia were menaced with something more serious than the annoyances of pipe-clay and parades; for an invasion was imminent, and it was thought that Hogg, although a poet and admirable writer of war-songs, was more likely, in a charge of bayonets, to play the part of a Horace than a Tyrtæus. Such, at least, was the suspicion of Sir Walter Scott, a good judge in such matters, whose influence Hogg solicited in this affair, but who endeavoured to dissuade his friend, by representing the smallness of pay

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attached to a militia ensign's commission. Disappointed in this, his next ambition was a place in the Excise; but although in this case Scott exerted himself with all his influence, the Ettrick Shepherd soon found that he had as little chance of becoming an exciseman as a soldier. It was perhaps as well for him that this further assimilation to Burns was not accomplished.

Thus frustrated in all his efforts, Hogg now resolved to embrace authorship as a profession. It was his last resource, for nothing remained to him but his pen, and he had already tried its efficacy. Full of this purpose, he threw his plaid over his shoulders, turned his back on Ettrick Forest, and entered Edinburgh as if he had dropped from the clouds. Prudence, experience, tact; a graceful conciliatory manner, and money-making money-saving habits—in each and all of these, indeed, he was wofully wanting; all that he brought to the tug of life, which was now to begin in earnest, was high enthusiastic genius and indomitable perseverance. He was now at the age of thirty-eight, and therefore too old to study the graces, or unlearn the habits of his former life. His first application was to journalists, publishers, editors of magazines, and booksellers; but after going the round in quest of literary occupation, he found himself rebuffed at every point. At last he resolved to try a volume of poetry; but so much had he discontinued for years the practice of verse-making, that he was obliged to draw for materials upon his early compositions. The result was the "Forest Minstrel," a collection of songs, of which two-thirds were his own; but as they were almost wholly the crude productions of his early days, they acquired little popularity, and brought him no profit—if we are to except the kindness of the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom they were dedicated, who sent him a present of a hundred guineas through the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and afterwards befriended him still more substantially when she became Duchess of Buccleugh. Chagrined at the bad success of his "Forest Minstrel," he resolved to abandon publishers as the enemies of all genius, and turn to the printers; but these he found as stiffnecked as the former class, for they would not print his lucubrations without the name of a bookseller as publisher on the title-page. His proposal also was little calculated to win them, for it was, to publish a weekly newspaper called the "Spy," devoted to *belles-lettres*, morals, and criticism. Such a journal, and by such a man!—the whole trade cried out against it. At length, in his researches, he stumbled upon an obscure bookseller, who undertook the office of printing and publishing, and the "Spy" in due time came forth; but its language by the third or fourth number waxed so unruly and indecorous, that many of the subscribers sent in their resignation. But Hogg, who was stiffly confident in his own good intentions, and unable to comprehend what he reckoned their unreasonable fastidiousness, persisted in his delinquency, until he managed to drive all the subscribers out of the field, and bring the "Spy" to an untimeous end before it had lived and fretted for a short twelvemonth.

Hogg had now plunged into the unfathomed sea of authorship, and found that he must sink or swim as the case might be. He still felt his deficiency for a literary life, and laboured earnestly to amend it; but as he was too old for a regular training *ab initio*, he endeavoured to attain his end by a short cut, and for this purpose attended a forum, or debating society, that had been set up by a few aspiring young men in Edinburgh, who opened their meetings to the public at the rate of sixpence a-head as the price of admission. Here the Shepherd, who entered with his wonted ardour into the work, became a

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frequent speaker; and his strange medley of broad Scotch and homely quaint phraseology, combined with the rich original ideas that flashed from him at every movement, made him a wondrous favourite with his auditors, who laughed, wondered at, and admired this most singular orator all in one breath. He ever afterwards retained a grateful recollection of the benefits he derived from this kind of schooling, and declared that without these weekly lessons he never could have succeeded as he did. As this was only preliminary to something better, he now set himself in good earnest to produce a work that should surpass all he had yet written, and give him a place among the poets of the day—an aim that was not a little strengthened by the success of Scott and Byron, whom he secretly hoped to rival. As on former occasions, he had lying beside him sundry ballads and tales, the composition of his former days, which he was unwilling to lose; and in the plan of his new production these were to be interwoven with new materials into the form of a consecutive story. A few months of application sufficed to complete the work, and the result was the "Queen's Wake." To find a publisher was now his task. He repaired to head-quarters at once, by applying to Mr. Constable; but "the Crafty," who, no doubt, was inundated with similar applications, and was too wise to buy a pig in a poke, refused to have anything to do in the affair until he had seen the manuscript. This reasonable request the poet refused, with "What skill have you about the merits of a book?" "It may be so, Hogg," replied the Jupiter Tonans of Scottish publishers, "but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours, and I know how to buy one, too." Another publisher was ultimately found, and in the spring of 1813 the "Queen's Wake" appeared.

Of this beautiful poem, universally known and admired as it has been and still continues to be, nothing can now be said, whether in criticism or laudation, that has not already been said a hundred times over. It has appropriately taken its permanent place in British poetry, where it promises to be as highly valued, and to last as long, as anything that has been produced by Campbell, Scott, or Byron. On its appearance the whole reading public were struck with astonishment. That tales so striking, that pictures so full of ethereal beauty and grandeur, and a versification so graceful and musical, should have been the produce of an uneducated shepherd!—it was one of those literary phenomena which occur only at rare intervals, for the perplexity of criticism, and the subversion of its authority and rule. By what strange power or chance had such a man been able to describe the fairy queen and her glittering train riding along to the music of their own silver bells; or the unearthly voyages and revels of the witch of Fife; or that vast pillared temple of nature, Staffa, amidst the deep, eternal anthem of its waves; or the phantom-seer Columba, bewailing the iniquities of his once hallowed isle, and dooming its sinful abbot and monks to the ruin they had merited? But, above all these, the tale of Kilmeny bore the pre-eminence; for in it the poet's excellencies were concentrated, whether in the wild and wonderful of conception or beauty of execution; while the music of the language arrested the ear, as did the rich compositions of Weber, when his "Der Freischutz" and "Oberon" first broke upon the public.

By the publication of the "Queen's Wake," its author was recognized not only as a veritable poet, but one of the highest order; and as it went through five editions in a short time, it tended greatly to relieve his straitened circumstances. At this time also he was in the practice of contributing articles to the

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"Scottish Review," a quarterly periodical of some literary reputation; and on the appearance of the "Isle of Palms," by John Wilson, then little known to fame, Hogg, who was delighted with the striking incidents and rich imagery of the poem, wrote a eulogistic criticism, which was published in the "Review." But amidst so much warm-hearted commendation which he doled out, it was necessary to find fault somewhere; and, accordingly, he fastened upon the incident of the hero and heroine having been sent in an open boat over some hundred leagues of ocean, without the slightest mention of any victualling for such a voyage. Had Hogg but read a romance or two of the chivalrous ages, he would have known how easily people can live without food, as well as be hacked to pieces without dying. He was impatient to come into contact with the talented author of the poem, and as no one was at hand to introduce him, he introduced himself. On this occasion he quoted once more what he thought the crying grievance of the "Isle of Palms," with "Ye ken that it was arrant nonsense to set a man and wife awa sailing ower the sea wi' naething to fill their stamach but the cauld wind. You should most certainly ha'e put some o' provisions in the boat." "O, Sir," replied the future Christopher North, with a look of great gravity, while inwardly the cockles of his heart were dancing with laughter, "they were on the water only a single night; and, moreover, let me tell you, filling the belly is scarcely one of the poetical occupations. You know, sir, *they may have had bread and cheese in their pockets* without my taking the trouble of mentioning that in the poem!" This was perfectly satisfactory to his unsophisticated hearer, who replied, "Faith, I dare say you're right after a'; but, do you ken, the thing never struck me, man?"

Before proceeding with the literary labours of James Hogg, it may be as well to notice an incident characteristic of so singular a man, in which he endeavoured to re-establish himself in life as a farmer—the department for which he thought himself best fitted. For this, as in most of his other attempts, patronage was necessary; and he bethought himself of the Duchess of Buccleuch, whose kindness and condescension he had more than once experienced already. Having screwed up his courage to the point of requesting, he made his application to her Grace in the following strange epistle:—

"*To her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Dalkeith Palace. Forwarded by Messrs. Grieve and Scott, hatters, Edinburgh.*

"May it Please your Grace,—I have often grieved you by my applications for this and that. I am sensible of this, for I have had many instances of your wishes to be of service to me, could you have known what to do for that purpose. But there are some eccentric characters in the world, of whom no person can judge or know what will prove beneficial, or what may prove their bane. I have again and again received of your Grace's private bounty, and though it made me love and respect you the more, I was nevertheless grieved at it. It was never your Grace's money that I wanted, but the honour of your countenance; indeed, my heart could never yield to the hope of being patronized by any house save that of Buccleuch, whom I deemed bound to cherish every plant that indicated anything out of the common way on the braes of Ettrick and Yarrow.

"I know you will be thinking that this long prelude is to end with a request. No, madam! I have taken the resolution of never making another request. I will, however, tell you a story, which is, I believe, founded on a fact:—

"There is a small farm at the head of a water called . . . possessed by a

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mean fellow named . . . A third of it has been taken off, and laid into another farm; the remainder is as yet unappropriated. Now, there is a certain poor bard, who has two old parents, each of them upwards of eighty-four years of age, and that bard has no house nor home to shelter these poor parents in, or cheer the evening of their lives. A single line from a certain very great and very beautiful lady, to a certain Mr. Riddle [the Duke's chamberlain], would insure that small pendicle to the bard at once. But she will grant no such thing! I appeal to your Grace if she is not a very bad lady that? I am your Grace's ever obliged and grateful, "James Hogg,

"Ettrick Bank, March 17, 1814. "The Ettrick Shepherd."

This curious application, which the Duchess received only a few months before her death, remained unanswered—not from remissness, however, but the fear of "seeing herself in print," should she vouchsafe a reply. She sent the letter to Sir Walter Scott, requesting him to inform his poetical friend of the Duke's unwillingness to displace a tenant, and assure him withal of her wish to serve him whenever a suitable opportunity occurred. On Scott's first visit to the Duke after the death of the Duchess, the case of Hogg was introduced, and his Grace feelingly said, "I must now consider this poor man's case as *her* legacy." The ultimate result of this resolution was the establishment of Hogg, three years afterwards, in a snug farm on Altrive Lake, at a merely nominal rent, where he might have every opportunity of securing comfort and independence.

In the meantime, however, it was necessary for Hogg to bestir himself to keep poverty both from hearth and door. Notwithstanding the fame of the "Queen's Wake," its publication was attended with so many mischances, that the profits were inadequate and at wide intervals. Besides, it must be remembered that money, which can make to itself wings even in the custody of the prudent, has its chances of escape multiplied fifty-fold when in the keeping of a poet, and such a poet as the Ettrick Shepherd, whose knowledge of man and life was anything but practical. In 1815 his "Pilgrims of the Sun" appeared. But, notwithstanding its many powerful descriptions and poetical passages, the reception which the public gave to the work betokened disappointment: their hopes had been raised so high by the "Wake," that anything short of it had little chance of success. In America, however, it had a better reception, where the sale of 10,000 copies extended the author's reputation, but without bettering his finances. A rebuff like this would have deterred most authors; but Hogg had such an implicit faith in his own genius, that he believed himself to be right in his estimate of the poem, and the whole literary world in the wrong, and that the publishers were in a conspiracy to arrest the progress of the "Pilgrims." This was soon after followed by "Mador of the Moor," a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and which he reckoned his masterpiece of versification. But here again the world out-voted him, for "Mador of the Moor" was reckoned inferior even to its predecessor—a judgment which has never as yet been reversed.

"My next literary adventure," says Hogg in one of his autobiographies, "was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune." It was easy to ask, but to obtain such a favour was the difficulty; for the best poets refused a contribution of any kind, while those of a second or third rate, who

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complied, sent what was little better than the dregs of their inkhorns. Of these refusals, that of Sir Walter Scott especially incensed him; and in an angry letter which he wrote to the great minstrel on the occasion, he changed the prefatory "dear sir" into "damned sir," and ended with "yours with disgust, &c." A quarrel of some weeks' standing was the consequence between the reckless, hot-headed, but warm-hearted shepherd, and equally warm-hearted but wiser friend and patron. At length, finding that he could not obtain materials, or at least such as were fitted for his purpose, he resolved to create them. With great glee he accordingly set to work to produce such an imitation of each distinguished poet as might be mistaken for an original, and frolicked through this arduous task as if it had been capital fun. The whole series of imitations, except a very small proportion, was written in three weeks; and when completed, the volume was published under the title of "The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain." It was so successful that the first edition was sold in six weeks. Still, it must be owned, that it never attained the same universal popularity as the "Rejected Addresses," notwithstanding its superior poetical merit to the latter production. The imitation was, in most cases, too exaggerated to pass current, so that the public lost the luxury of being cheated. Of this he was himself partly conscious, and says, "I was led to think that, had the imitations of Wordsworth been less a caricature, the work might have passed, for a season at least, as the genuine productions of the authors themselves, whose names were prefixed to the several poems."

On the year after the appearance of the "Poetic Mirror," Hogg published two volumes under the title of "Dramatic Tales." Among his poetical aspirations had been that of producing something for the stage; but, in common with most candidates for such honour, he had been repelled by the difficulties of access to the green-room, so that "'sdeath I'll print it!" the only alternative of a disappointed dramatic poet, was adopted by the Shepherd. But the drama was not his forte, notwithstanding his own opinion to the contrary; and the cold reception of his plays by the reading public so incensed him, that, with the exception of an occasional idle song to beguile a leisure hour, he resolved to write poetry no more. Still, write he must, for his necessities required it, and therefore he turned to prose. Like Sir Walter Scott, he would become a novelist, and perhaps succeed as well as Sir Walter had done. He accordingly produced "The Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales," which was published in two volumes. Unfortunately for the "Brownie," the ground which it entered was so fully occupied by "Old Mortality," that there was little chance of its obtaining fair play, even had its merits been greater than they were; and although it advocated the cause of the aspersed Covenanters, it was regarded after all as a humble and unsuccessful imitation of the "Great Unknown," who was then in the ascendency. Hogg, in his own vindication, has told us that the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" was written considerably prior to the publication of "Old Mortality," and might have appeared a year before the latter, but for the obstinacy of the publisher, whose taste it did not happen to suit.

The next attempt of Hogg was to collect the "Jacobite Relics of Scotland" for publication, a measure which had been proposed to the Highland Society of London, by its noble chairman, the Duke of Sussex. Of his quest on this new tract, Sir Walter Scott thus writes in one of his letters: "Hogg is here, busy with his Jacobite songs. I wish he may get handsomely through, for he is profoundly ignorant of history, and it is an awkward thing to read, in order that

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you may write. I give him all the help I can, but he sometimes poses me. For instance, he came yesterday, open mouth, inquiring what great dignified clergyman had distinguished himself at Killiecrankie—not exactly the scene where one would have expected a churchman to shine—and I found with some difficulty that he had mistaken Major-General Canon, called, in Kennedy's Latin song, *Canonicus Gallovidiensis*, for the canon of a cathedral." This was ridiculous enough; but we suspect there are hundreds in Scotland who have passed through the High School, and, it may be, the college to boot, who would have fallen into the same mistake. This ignorance of Latin and history was not the only difficulty that Hogg encountered, for he found the Highland peasantry themselves very jealous about giving up their old tokens of Jacobitism to a stranger, fearing that they might be manufactured into a matter of high treason. But he persevered stoutly in his task; and the first volume of the work was brought out in 1819, and the second in 1821. To his industry as a collector was also added his own native poetical talent, for some of the best songs were his own composition; and nothing delighted him so much as the mistake of the Edinburgh Review, when, in its sweeping condemnation of these Jacobite Relics, it made a most favourable exception in behalf of Donald M'Gillavry—the produce of his own pen. Hogg, who was wont to praise or blame himself as unscrupulously and frankly as if he had been speaking of some neutral person, regarded the completion of this work with no little complacency, and has said of it in one of his autobiographies, "I am sure I produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics, such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself." Between the interval of the first and second volume of the Relics, he published, in 1820, his "Winter Evening Tales," the greater part of which he had written in early life, when he was a shepherd among the mountains. These tales, though written under such circumstances, are among the best of his prose productions; and none who read them can fail to be struck with the life-like reality and air of truthfulness with which they are pervaded. Let the event narrated be however absurd or impossible, the reader is compelled to swallow it; for while the author writes as if he were deponing upon oath, and descends to the minutest circumstantiality, he goes onward with such earnestness as leaves little room for doubt or disputation.

We have already mentioned the singular manner in which Hogg obtained his little farm at Altrive, upon a merely nominal rent, which, by the way, was never exacted. One would have thought that here, even in spite of the precariousness of authorship, he would have been able to seat himself in comfort under his own vine and fig-tree. But he soon showed that while he had too little prudence to be a money-making poet, he had too much genius to be a plodding successful farmer. He removed to his farm in 1817, and after building upon it a handsome cottage, he took to himself a partner of his home and his cares in 1820, when he had reached the ripe age of forty-eight. After his marriage, finding the farm of Altrive Lake too small for his wants or ambition, he took on lease the larger adjoining one of Mount Benger; but although the profits of his past literary labours enabled him to expend a thousand pounds in stocking it, he soon found that this was not half enough. He therefore encountered such difficulties at the outset as obliged him to renew his literary labours, and continue his dependence upon publishers. Commencing now the trade of novelist in good earnest, he wrote, on the spur of the moment, the "Three Perils of Man, viz., War, Women, and Witchcraft," a strange medley

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of extravagant incident and beautiful description; and soon after, a similar work in three volumes, entitled the "Three Perils of Women." Before these works were published, the coronation of George IV. occurred, and Sir Walter Scott, thinking that a memorial of this august spectacle from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd would be a rich originality, and might produce him a golden requital, solicited and obtained a place for Hogg, as well as himself, in the Hall and Abbey of Westminster, to witness the coronation. With this permission was coupled an invitation from Lord Sidmouth, to dine with him after the solemnity, when the two poets would meet the Duke of York and a few other Jacobites. Here was an opportunity of princely patronage such as few peasant-poets have enjoyed; and Scott accordingly announced the affair to Hogg, requesting him to join him at Edinburgh, and set off with him to the great metropolis. But poor Hogg!—he wrote "with the tear in his eye," as he declared, to say that his taking such a journey was impossible—and why? because the great yearly Border fair, held in St. Boswell's Green, in Roxburghshire, happened at the same period, and he could not absent himself from the meeting! In the following year (1822) the king's visit to Edinburgh occurred; and Hogg, either infected with the national epidemic, or to vindicate his loyalty, that had slumbered so strangely at the time of the coronation, produced a poetical welcome to the memorable advent, entitled "The Royal Jubilee, a Scottish Masque." As such courtly masques are but forced productions at the best, that of the Shepherd was scarcely better than the best laureate lays, if we except a few genuine poetical touches here and there, such as royal favour can seldom purchase. In speaking of this effusion, the Shepherd *naively* adds, "I got no money for it; but I got what I held in higher estimation—his majesty's thanks for this and my other loyal and national songs. The note is written by Sir Robert Peel, in his majesty's name, and I have preserved it as a relic."

After this Hogg continued for several years to write in prose and verse for the periodicals, "sometimes receiving liberal payment," he tells us, "and sometimes none, just as the editor or proprietor felt disposed." But the periodical to which he chiefly adhered, and of which he had been one of the original founders, was Blackwood's Magazine. And who that has read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* can fail to recollect the full portrait of the Shepherd given there as he dressed and looked, as he thought, spoke, and acted; even as he ate, drank, and slept? Overcharged the picture certainly was, and of this he vehemently complained; but still, how few have sat to such a limner, and have received such justice, where justice was most required? Still more reasonably he complained of the many sentiments attributed to him which he never conceived, as well as the tales and songs which he had never composed, although they were given as his own in these widely-admired *Noctes*. He now collected his own veritable prose contributions to Blackwood, and published them in two volumes, under the title of the "Shepherd's Calendar," a work more vigorously written, and which attained a higher popularity than any of his former prose productions.

But, in the meantime, what had become of the Ettrick Shepherd's farming? The reader may well conclude that all this authorship was either cause or effect—that it either brought his farm to nought, or was the desperate resource of utter failure in all his agricultural endeavours. Both conjectures are but too correct. His extensive connection with the literary society of Edinburgh, and the taste he had acquired for popular laudation, made the occupations of a farmer

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a perfect weariness to his heart, so that he was more frequently to be found among the intellectual throng of the metropolis, than with the ploughmen and shepherds of Mount Benger. Nor was it better when he betook himself to his rural home; for every idle tourist, every lion-hunter, every wandering poet, every effete or embryo scribbler, must needs make a pilgrimage to the wonderful poet of Altrive Lake; and Hogg, whose heart overflowed with hospitality, entertained them at his board, and not only squandered upon them his hard-won resources, but, what was more valuable, his time also. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when his lease of Mount Benger had expired, he found himself, at the age of sixty, not a sixpence richer than when he began the world. One resource was still in prospect. It was now the fashion to bring out the well-established works of our popular authors in reprints of monthly volumes, by which plan the gleaning was often more abundant than the original harvest; and Hogg resolved to avail himself, like others, of such a promising opportunity. For this purpose he entered into negotiation with a London publisher, to bring out a selection of his prose productions in volumes every two months, under the title of "Altrive Tales;" and, to perfect the engagement, he resolved to repair in person to the metropolis. This he did on the 1st of January, 1832, when, for the first and last time in his life, he who had appeared to the English admirers of the "Queen's Wake" as a poetical myth, and not an uneducated shepherd of real flesh and blood, presented himself, in all his rustic simplicity and reality, to the wondering coteries of London. It is needless to add how he was welcomed and feted. He was not only a lion, but such a lion as the whole kingdom of Cockaigne had never been privileged to witness; and they could not sufficiently admire the whole man, combining, as he did, such warmth of heart and richness of thought, with such genuine unvarnished simplicity of speech, appearance, and bearing. He was a real shepherd after all—and he was *the* shepherd. But in spite of all this flattery and welcome with which he was received by wonder-loving London during a three months' stay, his ill luck, which abode with him to the last, made his coming a mere holiday visit, and nothing more. As soon as the first volume of the "Altrive Tales" appeared, the publisher failed, and the work was stopped, so that, with hopes utterly blighted in a matter upon which he had placed so much reliance, he fell back upon the precarious resource of magazine writing. Two years after he published a volume of Lay Sermons, or rather Essays, which issued from a London press, but brought him slender remuneration. A third attempt, which he made the following year (1835), was the publication of the "Montrose Tales," in three volumes. This was also published by the same luckless bookseller in whose hands the "Altrive Tales" had become bankrupt; but a fresh insolvency, only eight months after the new work had appeared, sent the author's hopes of profit to the winds. Certainly none but a genuine child of nature to the last—one holding to the very end of his days the confiding faith of infancy and the unexperienced simplicity of boyhood, in spite of all that had come and gone—could have so failed, and failed continually! But such was Hogg; and if before a bargain he neither doubted nor suspected, so, after its failure, he neither desponded nor despaired. He was always elate with cheerfulness and hope, and ready for new adventure.

But the most elastic bow, however enduring, must finally yield; and Hogg, who had now reached his sixty-fourth year, and enjoyed such a state of robust health, activity, and vigour as falls to the lot of few poets, combined with a

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constitutional cheerfulness of temperament, such as the most fortunate might have envied, was to close his eventful career. Much as he had written, the wonder had continued to the last that one so educated and circumstanced could write so well. His closing days, which at first gave no premonition of their result, found him employed in compiling a small volume of sacred poetry, while his walks in the moors, amidst the fresh heather-bells and the bleating of flocks, made him feel as if the season of decay were still distant. But his complaint, which was an affection of the liver, so rapidly increased, that after an illness of four weeks he died at his cottage of Altrive Lake, on the Yarrow, on the 21st of November, 1835, leaving a widow and five children, dependent upon the gratitude of a country whose scenes he has described, and whose worth he has eulogized so eloquently.* His works, of which we have not enumerated the full amount in poetry and prose, have since been published at Glasgow, entire in eleven volumes. Thus passed away a man whose name will continue to be coeval with that of Ettrick or the Yarrow, and whom Scotland at large, as long as she cherishes the remembrance of her past national genius, will never willingly forget.

HORSBURGH, James, F.R.S.—This eminent hydrographer, whose charts have conferred such inestimable benefits upon our merchant princes and the welfare of our Eastern empire, was a native of Fife, that county so prolific of illustrious Scotchmen from the earliest periods of our national history. James Horsburgh was born at Elie, on the 23d September, 1762. As his parents were of humble rank, his education in early life at the village school was alternated with field labour. Being intended, like many of those living on the coast of Fife, for a sea-faring life, his education was directed towards this destination; and at the age of sixteen, having acquired a competent knowledge of the elements of mathematics, navigation, and book-keeping, he entered his profession in the humble capacity of cabin-boy, to which he was bound apprentice for three years. During this time the different vessels in which he served were chiefly employed in the coal trade, and made short trips to Ostend, Holland, and Hamburg. These were at length interrupted, in May, 1780, in consequence of the vessel in which he sailed being captured by a French ship off Walcheren, and himself, with his shipmates, sent to prison at Dunkirk. When his captivity, which was a brief one, had ended, he made a voyage to the West Indies, and another to Calcutta; and at this last place he found an influential friend in Mr. D. Briggs, the ship-builder, by whose recommendation he was made third mate of the Nancy. For two years he continued to be employed in the trade upon the coasts of India and the neighbouring islands, and might thus have continued to the end, with nothing more than the character of a skilful, hardy, enterprising sailor, when an event occurred by which his ambition was awakened, and his latent talents brought into full exercise. In May, 1786, he was sailing from Batavia to Ceylon, as first mate of the Atlas, and was regulating the ship's course by the charts used in the navigation of that sea, when the vessel was unexpectedly run down and wrecked upon the island of Diego Garcia. According to the map he was in an open sea, and the island was elsewhere, until the sudden crash of the timbers showed too certainly that he had followed a lying guide. The loss of this vessel was repaid a thousand-fold by the effects

* After a lapse of nearly twenty years, the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd has been pensioned by government.

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it produced. James Horsburgh saw the necessity for more correct charts of the Indian Ocean than had yet been constructed, and he resolved to devote himself to the task, by making and recording nautical observations. The resolution, from that day, was put in practice, and he began to accumulate a store of nautical knowledge that served as the materials of his future productions in hydrography.

In the meantime Horsburgh, a shipwrecked sailor, made his way to Bombay, and, like other sailors thus circumstanced, looked out for another vessel. This he soon found in the Gunjava, a large ship employed in the trade to China; and for several years after he sailed in the capacity of first mate, in this and other vessels, between Bombay, Calcutta, and China. And during this time he never lost sight of the resolution he had formed in consequence of his mishap at Diego Garcia. His notes and observations had increased to a mass of practical knowledge, that only required arrangement; he had perfected himself, by careful study, in the whole theory of navigation; and during the short intervals of his stay in different ports, had taught himself the mechanical part of his future occupation, by drawing and etching. It was time that these qualifications should be brought into act and use by due encouragement, and this also was not wanting. During two voyages which he made to China by the eastern route, he had constructed three charts, one of the Strait of Macassar, another of the west side of the Philippine Islands, and a third of the tract from Dampier Strait through Pitt's Passage, towards Batavia, each of these accompanied with practical sailing directions. He presented them to his friend and former shipmate, Mr. Thomas Bruce, at that time at Canton; and the latter, who was well fitted to appreciate the merits of these charts, showed them to several captains of India ships, and to Mr. Drummond, afterwards Lord Strathallan, then at the head of the English factory at Canton. They were afterwards sent home to Mr. Dalrymple, hydrographer to the East India Company, and published by the Court of Directors, for the benefit of their eastern navigation, who also transmitted a letter of thanks to the author, accompanied with the present of a sum of money for the purchase of nautical instruments. In 1796 he returned to England in the Carron, of which he was first mate; and the excellent trim in which he kept that vessel excited the admiration of the naval connoisseurs of our country, while his scientific acquirements introduced him to Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Maskelyne, the royal astronomer, and other men distinguished in science. After a trip to the West Indies, in which the Carron was employed to convey troops to Porto Rico and Trinidad, he obtained, in 1798, the command of the Anna, a vessel in which he had formerly served as mate, and made in her several voyages to China, Bengal, and England. All this time he continued his nautical observations, not only with daily, but hourly solicitude. His care in this respect was rewarded by an important discovery. From the beginning of April, 1802, to the middle of February, 1804, he had kept a register every four hours of the rise and fall of the mercury in two marine barometers, and found that while it regularly ebbed and flowed twice during the twenty-four hours in the open sea, from latitude 26° N. to 26° S., it was diminished, and sometimes wholly obstructed, in rivers, harbours, and straits, owing to the neighbourhood of the land. This fact, with the register by which it was illustrated, he transmitted to the Royal Society, by whom it was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1805. Having also purchased, at Bombay, the astronomical clock used by the French ships that had been sent in quest of the unfortunate La Perouse, he used it in ascertaining the rates of his own chronometers, and in mak-

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ing observations upon the immersions and emersions of Jupiter's satellites, which he forwarded to the Greenwich Observatory. About the same period, he constructed a chart of the Straits of Allas, and sent it, with other smaller surveys, to Mr. Dalrymple, by whom they were engraved.

It was now full time that Captain Horsburgh should abandon his precarious profession, which he had learned so thoroughly, and turn his useful acquirements to their proper account. It was too much that the life of one upon whose future labours the safety of whole navies was to depend, should be exposed to the whiff of every sudden gale, or the chance starting of a timber. Already, also, he had completed for publication a large collection of charts, accompanied with explanatory memoirs of the voyages from which they had been constructed, and these, with his wonted disinterestedness, he was about to transmit to his predecessor, Mr. Dalrymple. Fortunately, Sir Charles Forbes interposed, and advised him to carry them home, and publish them on his own account; and as Horsburgh was startled at the idea of the expense of such a venture in authorship, his whole savings amounting by this time to no more than £5000 or £6000, the great Indian financier soon laid his anxieties to rest, by procuring such a number of subscribers for the work in India as would more than cover the cost of publishing. Thus cheered in his prospects, Captain Horsburgh returned to England in 1805, and forthwith commenced his important publication, from which his memory was to derive such distinction, and the world such substantial benefit. So correct were these charts, that even this very correctness, the best and most essential quality of such productions, threatened to prevent their publication; for with such accuracy and minuteness were the bearings and soundings of the harbour of Bombay laid down, that it was alleged they would teach an enemy to find the way in without the aid of a pilot. It was no wonder, indeed, that these were so exact; for he had taken them with his own hands, during whole weeks, in which he worked from morning till night under the fire of a tropical sun. In the same year that he returned to England, he married, and had by this union a son and two daughters, who survived him. In 1806 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1810 he was appointed hydrographer to the East India Company, by the Court of Directors, on the death of Mr. Dalrymple. Just before this appointment, however, he published his most important work, entitled "Directions for Sailing to and from the East Indies, China, New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, and the interjacent ports." These "Directions," undertaken at the request of several navigators of the eastern seas, and compiled from his journals and observations during twenty-one years, have ever since continued to be the standard and text-book of eastern ocean navigation.

On being appointed hydrographer to the East India Company, Mr. Horsburgh devoted himself, with all his wonted application, to the duties of his office. He constructed many new charts, the last of which was one of the east coast of China, with the names of the places in Chinese and English; and published an "Atmospherical Register" for indicating storms at sea, besides editing Mackenzie's "Treatise on Marine Surveying," and the "East India Pilot." From 1810, the year of his appointment, till 1836, the year of his death, he was indefatigable in that great work of humanity to which he may be said to have ultimately fallen a martyr—for his long-continued labours among the scientific documents contained in the cold vaults and crypts of the India House, and his close attention to the countless minutiæ of which the science of hydrography is

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composed, broke down a constitution that, under other circumstances, might have endured several years longer. But even while he felt his strength decaying, he continued at his post until it was exchanged for a death-bed. His last labour, upon which he tasked his departing powers to the uttermost, was the preparation of a new edition of his "Directions for Sailing," &c., his favourite work, published in 1809, to which he had made large additions and improvements. He had completed the whole for the press except the index, and in his last illness he said to Sir Charles Forbes, "I would have died contented, had it pleased God to allow me to see the book in print!" His final charge was about the disposal of his works, so that they might be made available for more extensive usefulness: and to this the Directors of the East India Company honourably acceded, while they took care that his children should be benefited by the arrangement. He died of hydrothorax on the 14th of May, 1836. His works still obtain for him the justly-merited title of "The Nautical Oracle of the World." It is pleasing also to add, that the lessons which he learned from his pious, affectionate father, before he left the paternal roof, abode with him in all his subsequent career: he was distinguished by the virtues of gentleness, kindness, and charity; and even amidst his favourite and absorbing studies, the important subject of religion employed much of his thoughts. This he showed by treatises which he wrote in defence of church establishments, where his polemic theology was elevated and refined by true Christian piety. Of these occasional works, his pamphlet of "A National Church Vindicated" was written only a few months before his death.

I.

INGLIS, Henry David.—This is one of a class of authors, unfortunately too numerous, who have failed in winning that literary reputation which their labours justly merited. How often it happens that, amidst a mass of neglected books ready to be sold by the pound as waste paper, some stray volume is picked up, which, on being opened, is found to contain an amount of learning, genius, and talent, such as would entitle its writer to a respectable place in the authorship of the present day! But who was he? No one can tell; for either his name has been slightly recorded, or allowed to pass away without notice. Among these victims of the world's unjust neglect, we fear that David Henry Inglis has already been enrolled.

He was born in Edinburgh, in 1795. He was the only son of a barrister, who belonged to an ancient Scottish family: his maternal grandmother was daughter of Colonel Gardiner, who fell so nobly at Prestonpans. This lady was also the authoress of a heroic poem, which, even though written by a hero's daughter, has ceased to be remembered. Through this ancestress, David Inglis was allied to the Earl of Buchan, and the Erskines. Being intended for the mercantile profession, he passed from the college to the counting-house; but after devoting himself for a short time to business, he found that his affections lay elsewhere: the distinctions of literature, rather than the profits of mercantile speculation, were the objects of his aspirations. He was also anxious to visit foreign countries, and contemplate the scenes of great past events, and stirring living incidents, instead of being chained to the desk, and confined to the chapter of

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profit and loss. He therefore early became a traveller, and a writer of travels. His first work of this nature was entitled "Tales of the Ardennes," which he published under the assumed name of Derwent Conway; and this work was so favourably received by the public on its first appearance, that he was encouraged to continue in the same strain. His next production was "Solitary Walks through many Lands," a work of still higher talent than the preceding, and possessing passages and descriptions of great beauty, originality, and power. This was followed by "Travels in Norway and Sweden," and his "Tour through Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees," both of which works appeared in Constable's Miscellany. While these volumes were publishing, Inglis was employed as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but the same impatience and yearning for travel that made him abandon the stool of the counting-house, soon drove him from the editorial chair, to resume his beloved life of wandering. He again started for the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain; and on returning home, he published two works, containing an account of his travels and observations in these countries. Of these volumes, his "Spain in 1830," was the most successful, and with justice, in consequence of the great amount of interesting information with which it was stored about that land of changes and disasters. After his return from Spain, Mr. Inglis again became editor of a newspaper, and, of all places in the world, the little island of Jersey was the locality in which he was fixed. A permanent stay in such a place was the last thing to be anticipated of such a man; and he had not, therefore, been long in Jersey, when he girded up his loins for fresh rambles and adventure. But whither was he now to wing his course, after he had pretty well exhausted the wide field of Europe? Luckily, a country quite at hand, even Ireland, had not as yet been the subject of his explorations, and thither accordingly his flight was directed. And that his tour was a useful one was well attested by his "Ireland in 1834." While the extensive information and impartial spirit of this work obtained for it a favourable reception from all parties, the correctness of his views on the condition of the country made it be frequently quoted in the House of Commons, during the important parliamentary debates about Ireland in 1835. It is seldom that the soundness and accuracy of an Irish tourist are stamped with such a high attestation.

Hitherto, as we have shown, the literary labours of Inglis had been well appreciated by the public; but still, this was not enough. As all the world is travelling everywhere, the individuality of each aspiring pilgrim, let him go where he will, is lost in a crowd; and let him write what marvels he may, "of the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po," and "of the cannibals that each other eat, the Anthropophagi," there are others who behold them as well as himself, and are taking notes of them, to put them in a book. And thus his narrative, however ably written or full of interest, lasts only for to-day; for to-morrow a fresh tourist issues from the press, while the latest intelligence will be always accounted the best. It was thus that Inglis seems to have felt, when he found himself ousted successively from every country in which he had roamed so diligently, and about which he had written so well. Literary distinction was not to be won by travelling. Already he had written of what many have seen; but now let him tell what no man ever saw—let him create a world for himself, and fill it with the creatures and deeds of his own imagining. It was toward this department of fiction, also, that, amidst all his wanderings and authorship, his intellectual longings had been the most

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directed. His resolution was formed; his choice of a subject was fixed; and after the success of his work entitled "Spain in 1830," he produced his novel of "The New Gil Blas," in which he endeavoured to embody Spanish life as it exists in the present day. It was the best of all his writings, for it combined truthful delineation with the highest efforts of fancy and creative power; and while he brought to it all the resources of his genius, and all the affections of his heart, he seems to have regarded it as the great effort by which, like Sir Walter Scott, he would open for himself a new world of distinction and success, after the old had been exhausted. But, alas! for the unlucky title. Many thought that the first "Gil Blas" was enough, and would not read the second; many opened it, and then threw it aside, mistaking it for a mere paltry imitation; while the few who dared to read on, were troubled with thoughts of Le Sage at every turning of the leaf. And thus the unfortunate production was doomed at the very moment of its birth, and consigned to the fate of a Spartan ill-shapen infant, but without the formality of a Spartan inquest. It was a sore calamity to Inglis, who loved it with a mother's love, and his lamentation over it could only find comfort in a lingering of hope. "Alas!" he would exclaim, "I fear I have written my 'Gil Blas' for posterity!" We suspect that posterity will have too many novels of their own to busy themselves withal instead of attending to those which their fathers neglected.

After his return from Ireland, Mr. Inglis began to prepare for publication his "Travels in the footsteps of Don Quixotte," a work the nature of which is indicated by the title. Undeterred, also, by the failure of his chief attempt in fiction, he had already planned, and even commenced other works of a similar character, when his overtasked physical endurance gave way under such constant intellectual pressure; and a disease of the brain ensued, of which he died in London, before he had completed his fortieth year. His decease occurred on the 20th of March, 1835.

IRVING, Rev. Edward, A.M.—This remarkable pulpit orator, and founder of a sect, was born in Annan, Dumfries-shire, in the year 1792. His family was originally from France, but had long been settled in the west of Scotland. His father, Gavin Irving, followed the business of a tanner, in which he was so successful, that he became a substantial burgess in Annan, and possessed considerable landed property in the neighbourhood of the town. The mother of Edward Irving was Mary Lowther, daughter of one of the heritors of Dornock. She had three sons, of whom Edward was the second, and five daughters; but the male part of her family died before her; the eldest in the East Indies, the youngest in London, and the second in Glasgow. Edward Irving's earliest teacher was an aged matron named Margaret Paine, an aunt of the too celebrated Thomas Paine, whom, it was said, she also taught to read; and thus, at different periods of her life, she was the instructress of two men entirely unlike in character, but both remarkable for their religious aberrations. From her charge Edward Irving passed to that of Mr. Adam Hope, an excellent teacher of English and the classics; but his progress as a school-boy gave little promise of the talents which he afterwards manifested. From Annan he went as a student to the university of Edinburgh, and there his proficiency in mathematics was so distinguished, that before he had reached the age of seventeen he was recommended by Professor Leslie as the fittest person to teach that department of science in an academy at Haddington. After having occupied this situation for a year, he was translated to a similar office in the larger establish-

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ment at Kirkcaldy, where he also kept boarders, and employed his leisure hours in private tuition. In this way he was occupied nearly seven years at Kirkcaldy, attending the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh as what is termed an "irregular student;" that is to say, giving attendance a certain number of weeks annually for six years, instead of four complete winters; this accommodation being made in favour of those students for the church who occupy settled situations at a distance from the college. During all this period his application to study must have been intense, and his progress considerable, though silent and unobstrusive. Of this he afterwards gave full proof, by his acquaintance with several of the living languages, as well as the wide range which his reading had comprised. At an early period, also, the subject of religion had occupied much of his solicitude; and, when only seventeen years old, he was appointed one of the directors of a missionary society. This fact he afterwards stated more than once, when his violent invectives against the secularity of missions made his attachment to missionary enterprise itself be called in question.

After completing the appointed course of study, Mr. Irving was licensed as a preacher, in his native town of Annan. But the prospect of a church was dim and distant, for he had secured no patron; indeed, even long before, he had regarded patronage as the great abomination of the Kirk of Scotland, while in those days popular suffrage went but a little way in the election of a minister. The inaction of an unpatronized probationer was, however, too much for one of his chivalrous love of enterprise, and he resolved to become a missionary, and follow the footsteps of Henry Martyn. Persia was to be the field of his labour; and he began to qualify himself by studying the languages of the East. It was, perhaps, as well that the experiment of what effect a career in the "land of the sun" would have produced upon such an inflammable brain and sturdy independent spirit was not to be tried. At all events, it is certain that his course would have been out of the ordinary track, whether for evil or for good. While thus employed, he was invited by Dr. Andrew Thomson to preach for him in St. George's church, Edinburgh, with the information that he would have Dr. Chalmers, then in search of an assistant, for his auditor. Mr. Irving complied; but after weeks had elapsed, in which he heard nothing further of Dr. Chalmers, he threw himself at haphazard into a steam vessel at Greenock, resolving to go wherever it carried him, previous to his departure for the east, on which he had now fully determined. He landed at Belfast, and rambled for two or three weeks over the north of Ireland, where he associated with the peasantry, slept in their cabins, and studied with intense interest the striking peculiarities of the Irish character. During this eccentric tour, a letter reached him at Coleraine, that quickly brought his ramble to a close: it was a letter from Dr. Chalmers, inviting him to Glasgow, for the purpose of becoming his assistant. To the great metropolis of northern commerce he accordingly hurried; and true to his anti-patronage principles, which were now brought to the test, he stipulated that he should be proved and accepted by the people as well as their minister, before he entered the assistantship. The trial was made, and was successful. Dr. Chalmers himself had made the choice, and this was enough to satisfy the most scrupulous.

It would have been difficult to have selected a pair so unlike each other, and yet so congenial, as Dr. Chalmers and his assistant. The latter, now twenty-eight years old, had at last found a sphere in which he could display, not only his

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striking advantages of person, but his cherished peculiarities of disposition. There was, therefore, even already, a measured stateliness in his bearing, and authoritative accent in his conversation, that were in full keeping with his tall figure, rich deep-toned voice, and remarkable Salvator Rosa countenance; and although the on-looker felt as if there was something too artificial and melodramatic in all this, yet he was obliged to confess withal, that it sat gracefully upon him, although it would have suited no other man. But what a contrast to Dr. Chalmers, the very personification of unstudied, unaffected simplicity! This contrast, so startling, but yet so amusing, was especially perceptible in a crowded company. The Doctor generally sat with all the timidity of a maiden, and was silent unless addressed, or even dragged into conversation; but as for his assistant—

"Stately step'd he east the ha',
And stately step'd he west."

He was too impatient to be at rest, and too full of stirring thoughts to be silent; while the eloquence of his continuous stream of conversation, or rather discourse, made him always sure of a willing audience, with Chalmers himself at their head. This very circumstance of contrast, however, is often the strongest ground of affection; and it was delightful to witness the cordiality with which the pair moved together through their common duties in St. John's parish. As a preacher, indeed, Mr. Irving enjoyed no great share of popularity; and for this two reasons may be assigned. In the pulpit of Dr. Chalmers, the established standard of excellence was so high, that no preacher but himself could reach it. Mr. Irving's peculiarities, also, both of manner and style, which were afterwards such a rich treat to the people of London, were too highly seasoned for the simple tastes of the Glasgow citizens. It was chiefly among the students, who were able to appreciate the sterling worth of his sermons, that he was popular; and by many of these competent critics he was reckoned scarcely inferior to Chalmers himself. But it was in pastoral visitation that Mr Irving was best appreciated, both by Dr. Chalmers and the community at large. And, indeed, for such a duty he was admirably fitted, for the dark places of St. John's parish were crowded with that sort of people who are seldom insensible to such personal advantages as he possessed; and while his kindness soothed the afflicted and encouraged the timid, his regal bearing or reproving frown could dismay the profligate and silence the profane. His warm-hearted open-handed benevolence kept pace with his zeal, so that among the poor of that populous but indigent district he was enthusiastically beloved. On one occasion, indeed, he manifested in a striking manner that utter disregard of money which he entertained to the close of his life. He had received, by the bequest of a departed relative, a legacy amounting to some hundreds of pounds. He threw the mammon into an open desk; and, without keeping count of it, was wont, in his daily rounds, to furnish himself with a sheaf of these notes, which he doled among the poor of his people until the whole sum was spent, which very soon was the case.

After living three years in Glasgow as assistant to Dr. Chalmers—the happiest portion, we doubt not, of his life, and perhaps, also, the most useful—a change occurred, by which Mr. Irving was to burst into full notoriety. Already he had been offered a call to a church in Kingston, Jamaica, which he would have accepted had he not been dissuaded by his relatives. He also, it was said, had got the offer of a living in one of the collegiate charges of Scotland, but refused

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it on account of his conscientious feelings regarding patronage. Now, however, instead of obscure exile, he was to be called into the vast and stirring world of London, and become a minister there independent of the presentation of a patron. A Presbyterian chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, attached to the Caledonian Asylum, was at this time not only without a minister, but without a congregation; and a popular preacher was needed to fill both pulpit and pews. One of the directors of the Asylum had heard of Mr. Irving, and judged him the fittest person for the emergency: he represented the case to his brethren in office, and, in consequence, Mr. Irving was invited to London to preach before them. This was the kind of election that suited him, and he preached four Sundays in Hatton Garden with such acceptance to the handful of auditors, that he received a harmonious call to enter upon the charge. The only difficulty in his way was an old statute, by which the Scotch minister of Hatton Garden was obliged to preach in Gaelic as well as English; but this difficulty was soon got rid of through the influence of the Duke of York, the patron of the institution; and in August, 1822, Mr. Irving commenced his clerical duties as minister.

Few sights could have been more interesting than the growth of his popularity from such a small grain of mustard-seed. On the first day he seemed daunted, as he stepped from the vestry to ascend the pulpit, at the array of empty seats before him, and the very scanty number of his congregation; he had never seen the like in Scotland, and for a moment he turned pale: this, then, was his sphere of action, upon which he had prepared to enter with such tremulous hopes and fears! Besides this, his church, by its locality alone, was most unlikely to force itself upon public notice, being situated in an unknown and untrodden street, upon the very edge of the Alsatia of Saffron Hill and Fleet Ditch; and as if this was not enough, the building itself was at the extremity of an obscure court off the street, where no one, however curious, would have been likely to search for a place of worship. And yet his four Sabbaths of probation had not passed when there was a perceptible change. Strangers who happened to stroll into Cross Street in the course of their Sunday wanderings passed an open gate, and were arrested by the far-off tones of a deep, rich, solemn voice, that came like distant music to the ear; and on crossing the court with cautious steps, and peeping into the church, they saw a colossal man, of about six feet three, who, in this heart-subduing tone, and with commanding impressive gestures correspondent to the voice, was addressing them in a style of appeal such as they had never heard before. Could they retreat, and walk idly away?—it was impossible; and therefore they sat down, and listened entranced, while the next Sabbath and the next was sure to find them returning, until they became a part of the flock. And it was not enough that they were themselves delighted; they must have others also either to share in their delight or justify their preference; so that every new-comer brought his kinsfolks and acquaintances to hear this wondrous style of pulpit oratory. Thus the congregation grew with a rapidity that in a few weeks filled the building. But here the popular admiration did not pause. The strange advent in Hatton Garden attracted the notice of journalists; reporters from every metropolitan paper hurried to the spot; and, in consequence of their published manifestoes, the fashion, the literature, and the sight-seeing spirit of London were roused to their inmost depths, and borne onward to the hitherto unknown region of Hatton Garden. On the Sabbath morning Cross Street was filled—nay, wedged—with crested and coroneted carriages; and a torrent of lords, senators, and merchant-princes, of duchesses

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and ladies of fashion, might be seen mingled pell-mell with shopkeepers and mechanics, all sweeping across the open court, so that the church was filled in a twinkling; while disappointed hundreds pressed towards the porch, and clustered like bees round the open windows, to catch the swelling tones of the speaker, even if his words should be inaudible. It was a sudden growth—was it to pass away as suddenly? When mere curiosity is thus agog, the only question is, with how many trials will it rest satisfied?

We must now turn to the object of this dangerous experiment,—to Mr. Irving himself. Even at his earliest entrance into Glasgow he had shown that he was no ordinary man. But he had done more, for he had shown his determination not to be confounded with ordinary mortals. Even his conversation, therefore, as well as his style of preaching, was evidently with the aim to astonish; and he was not satisfied with a striking idea unless it was also arrayed in striking language. And this aim, so faulty in a common orator, but absolutely sinful in a preacher, instead of being repressed, was nourished into full growth in London, amidst the hot atmosphere of his new popularity; so that his pulpit style assumed a luxuriance and rankness such as no oratory of the day could parallel. It was the language of the sixteenth century engrafted upon the nineteenth; the usages, the objects, and the wants of the present day embodied in the phraseology of a long-departed style of life. The same aiming at singularity was perceptible in his attitudes, which disdained the simple rules of elocution; in his dress, which imitated the primness of the ancient Puritans; and even his dark shaggy locks, which he kept unpruned until they rivalled the lion's mane, and from which he was wont to shake warnings of most ominous significance. He had gone to London with the determination of being noticed, admired, and wondered at; and all this was but the fulfilment of his purpose. Gladly, however, we reverse the picture. In the first place, this *outre* manner, which would have sat so ludicrously upon any ordinary man, was in him so set off by his appearance, that, while the many delighted in it as something rich and new, the fastidious and the critical suspected that after all it was nothing more than the true natural expression of such a singular personage. In this way even the susquepedalian words and rolling sentences of his oratory were in full keeping with the deep thunder of his voice and majestic swing of his arm; while the most startling of his assertions were enforced by the singular squint of one of his eyes, that rivetted the attention with a sort of mesmeric power. But better far than all this, there was a fertility and richness of mind in Mr. Irving that would have made him remarkable under any circumstances; so that, while he imitated the ancient masters of England in his quaint phraseology, and stern abrupt simplicity, he resembled them in the more valuable qualities of profound thought, vivid imagination, and fearless uncompromising honesty as a preacher of the word. It was evident, in short, that while he wished to be an Elijah the Tishbite or John the Baptist, he was also animated by their righteous intrepidity, that would utter the most unpalatable truths, let them be received as they might. But was a crowded gay metropolis, instead of the wilderness, a fit place for such a John or Elijah? We shall soon see.

Hitherto Mr. Irving had not been known as an author, his only production from the press, which he acknowledged, being a farewell discourse to the congregation of St. John's, at his departure to London. He was now, however, to give the public an opportunity of testing his powers, and ascertaining whether the popularity that crowned him had been justly bestowed. He had scarcely

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been a year in London, when he published a collection of sermons in a closely printed octavo volume of 600 pages. These discourses, which had already been preached in Hatton Garden, he afterwards prepared for the press; and as no ordinary title-page was sufficient for him, the work was thus inscribed, "For the Oracles of God, Four Orations: for Judgment to come, an Argument in Nine Parts." They were not sermons; he wished them to be considered something better; and the quaint title with which they startled the first glance of the reader, had cost him no little deliberation. And yet, they were sermons after all. It must be acknowledged, however, that as such they were no ordinary productions; for with all their literary faults and oddities, they contained an amount of rich original thought and stirring eloquence such as few pulpit productions of the present day can exhibit. This was indeed apparent at the first opening of the volume, where the following magnificent exordium caught the eye, and rivetted the attention. It would be difficult, however, to conceive its full power when it was first delivered in the pulpit, and when it pealed upon the ears of the congregation like the stately solemn sound of a church organ uttering the notes of the *Te Deum*:—

"There was a time when each revelation of the Word of God had an introduction into this earth which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came nor wherefore it was sent. If, at the giving of each several truth, a star was not lighted up in heaven, as at the birth of the Prince of Truth, there was done upon the earth a wonder, to make her children listen to the message of their Maker. The Almighty made bare his arm, and through mighty acts shown by his holy servants, gave demonstration of his truth, and found for it a sure place among the other matters of human knowledge and belief.

"But now the miracles of God have ceased, and nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure to write his purposes in letters of flame. The vision is shut up, and the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended; and this solitary volume, with its chapters and verses, is the sum total of all for which the chariot of heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us."

The announcement of a work from the press by the Rev. Edward Irving, acted upon the critics as a view-halloo does upon a band of huntsmen beating about for game, but at a loss as to its whereabouts. As yet, they had got nothing but the tidings of the diurnals, and the scraps of the penny-a-liners, which they had regarded as the mere yelping of the curs of the pack; but now the start was made in earnest, and off went the hunters in full cry. Never, indeed, had a volume of sermons, even from Chalmers himself, excited such a stir, and every review was immediately at work, from the Jupiter Tonans of the Quarterly, to the small shrill whistle of the weekly periodical. And never, perhaps, on any one occasion was criticism so perplexed and contradictory, so that Mr. Irving was represented as the truest of talented men and the most deceptive of quacks—a profound thinker, and a shallow smatterer—a Demosthenes of the real sublime, and a Bombastes Furioso of mere sound and nonsense. It often happened, too, that the very same paragraphs which were quoted by one set of critics as master-pieces of eloquence, were adduced by another class to prove that his oratory was nothing but sheer noise and emptiness. And whereabouts lay the truth? With both parties. Scarcely was there an excel-

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lence attributed to him which he had not manifested, or a defect of which he had not been guilty; and the work itself, after the personal interest excited by its author had passed away, was dispassionately tried, and in spite of its manifold excellencies consigned to oblivion. As it was, however, such was its immediate reception, that six months after its appearance a third edition was in demand, which he prepared accordingly, with the following defiance to his reviewers in the preface:—

"I do now return thanks to God, that he hath saved these speculations (whatever they be) from the premature grave into which the aristocracy of criticism would have hastened them; and that two large editions are now before the world, which can judge for itself whether the work be for its edification or not. I have been abused in every possible way, beyond the lot of ordinary men, which, when I consider the quarters whence it hath come, I regard as an extraordinary honour. I know too well in whom I have believed to be shaken by the opposition of wits, critics, and gentlemen of taste, and I am too familiar with the endurance of Christians, from Christ downwards, to be tamed by paper warfare, or intimidated by the terrors of a goose quill. Even as a man I could have shaken a thousand such unseen shapeless creatures away from me, and taken the privilege of an author of the old English school, to think what I pleased, and write what I thought; and most patiently could I have born exile from the ranks of taste and literature, if only the honest men would have taken me in. But as a Christian, God knoweth, I pray for their unregenerate souls, and for this nation which harboureth such fountains of poison, and is content to drink at them. Their criticisms show that they are still in the gall of wickedness and the bonds of iniquity, and I recommend them once more to look unto themselves, and have mercy upon their own souls."

But the head and front of Mr. Irving's literary offences, and the chief subject of merriment or condemnation with his judges, had been his antiquated style of English—his obvious imitation of the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Upon this point, therefore, he was most earnest to defend himself; and for this purpose he states that Hooker, Taylor, and Baxter, in theology—Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy—and Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, in poetry, had been the chief objects of his study. "They were the fountains," he adds, "of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. I perceived a sweetness in every thought, and a harmony in joining thought to thought; and through the whole there ran a strain of melodious feeling which ravished the soul, as vocal melody ravisheth the ear. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason all at once, and the result is to take the whole man captive in the chains of sweetest persuasion." Having thus, as he opines, completely exonerated himself by such sacred examples, Mr. Irving again turns with tenfold ardour upon those losel critics who, in pronouncing his condemnation, had condemned not only him, but the honoured company in which they found him. The following is but a portion of his terrible objurgation:—

"'*They are not always in taste!*' But who is this Taste, and where are his works, that we may try what right he hath to lift his voice against such gifted men? This taste, which plays such a part in these times, is a bugbear, an ideal terror, whose dominion is defended by newspaper scribblers, reviewers, pam-

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phleteers, and every nameless creature. His troops are like King David's: 'Every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented.' And what are his manifestoes?—paragraphs in the daily papers, articles in magazines, and critiques in reviews. And how long do they last?—a day, a week, a month, or some fraction of a year—aye and until the next words of the oracle are uttered. And what becomes of the oracles of the dreaded power?—they die faster than they are born; they die, and no man regardeth them."

Such was but one specimen among many of the magnificent disdain with which Mr. Irving could trample down whatever withstood him in his career. Strong in the uprightness of his own purpose, and with his eye exclusively fixed upon the goal, he regarded everything that crossed his path as an unhallowed obstacle, and treated it accordingly. It need not be added that his critics, whom he chastised so roughly, were by no means disposed either to accord with his views, or submit in silence to the insolence with which he elbowed them aside; and, accordingly, they treasured up the injury for future count and reckoning. In the meantime, two events, important in the life of a clergyman, had taken place with Mr. Irving. The first was his marriage. It will be recollected that, when a mere stripling, he had been settled at Kirkcaldy, where he not only taught in the Academy, but gave lessons as a private tutor in the town. One of his pupils was Miss Isabella Martin, daughter of the Rev. John Martin, one of the ministers of Kirkcaldy; and between this young couple, so employed, a mutual attachment sprang up, which led to an engagement of marriage as soon as the unpatronized teacher should be provided with a living. Mr. Irving never lost sight, amidst the uncertainties that followed, and the blaze of beauty and fashion by which he was afterwards idolized in London, of the sacred compact of his youthful days; and, accordingly, as soon as he was permanently settled in the metropolis, he hied down to Kirkcaldy, and returned with his long-expecting bride. Stories, of course, were rife at the time of more than one lady of rank and fortune who would willingly have taken her place, to be the partner of such a goodly man, and eloquent widely-famed divine. The other event was the building of a new church for the crowds that had settled under his ministry. The chapel in Hatton Garden, which, at his arrival, did not muster more than fifty hearers, had, at the end of three months, about fifteen hundred applicants for church-sittings, although the building could scarcely have accommodated half the number. And this, too, irrespective of the unnumbered crowds that thronged round the walls, unable to find standing-room, or even a footing upon the threshold. The necessity of a larger building was urgent, and preparations were promptly adopted, which were so successful, that the Scotch National Church in Regent Square was commenced, which was finally completed in 1829—a stately building, capable of accommodating at least 2000 persons.

In the meantime, how fared the popularity of Edward Irving? A "nine-days' wonder" has generally a still shorter date in London, and he who can sustain it beyond that point must have something within him worth more than merely to be wondered at. Mr. Irving's, however, continued, with little visible abatement, for nearly two years; and although much of this was owing to the fact that only a limited number could hear him at one time, while myriads waited for their turn, much was also owing to his solid sterling qualities, about which there could neither be controversy nor mistake. His peculiarities were innumerable, from the stilted style of his oratory down to the squint of his eye;

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while each was the subject of discussions innumerable, both in conversation and print. And yet, with all this, one fact was incontestable, which was, that he was the most eloquent and original preacher in London, and this even his maligners were compelled to confess. But, unfortunately, a fault was growing upon him for which no human eloquence can atone. He was now becoming prolix—prolix to a degree which no mortal patience, in modern life, at least, can well endure. It was not unusual with him to give an opening prayer of an hour long, and follow it by a sermon that took at least two hours in the delivery. This, too, was not only in the earlier part of the day, but in the evening also. It was a trial which mere hunters in quest of pulpit popularity could not sustain, and therefore the crowd melted away, and left him in undisturbed possession of his own regular auditory. And even they, too, much as they admired and loved him, were growing restive at services by which their attention was worn out and their domestic arrangements subverted. But this Mr. Irving could not understand; with him it was enough that what he felt it his duty to preach, it was the duty of his people to hear. The tide had reached its height, and the ebb was commencing. Such was the state of matters when he was invited to preach the anniversary sermon of the London Missionary Society, in May, 1824. He complied, and on the 14th he preached in Tottenham Court Chapel, on Mat. x. 5–42. He was still, with every drawback, by far the most popular preacher in London; so that, notwithstanding a heavy continued rain, the spacious building was filled at an early hour. But on this occasion he outdid even his wonted prolixity. Twice he was obliged to rest in the delivery of his almost interminable sermon, during which the congregation sang a few verses of a hymn; and when it was published it occupied 130 large and closely-printed pages, while the dedication and preface bulked the volume into thirty pages more.

But faults more serious than that of lengthiness pervaded this unfortunate discourse, and made Mr. Irving's best friends wish that it had been unpublished, and even unpreached. It was his practice, like other men of ardent minds, to see too exclusively, and condemn too unsparingly, whatever error he detected; and the exaggerated language which he used on such occasions was more fitted to irritate than persuade. Such was his fault in the present instance. He thought there was too much secularity and self-seeking in the management of missions, and was impatient to announce the fact, and point out a better mode of action; but, wound up exclusively in this one idea, his discourse looked too much like a violent condemnation of all modern missionary enterprise whatever. After having sorely handled the missionary directors, and the missionaries themselves, as if they had been mere hucksters of religious truth, and sordid speculators, who thought of nothing pertaining to the sanctuary but its shekels, he proceeded to propound the remedy. And this was tenfold more extravagant than his exposure of the offence. All money provision for missions was to be foregone, and all prudential considerations in their management given to the winds. Missionaries were to be considered as the veritable successors of the seventy, and, like them, therefore, were to be sent forth without money and without scrip. It was enough for them that they were to be wafted to their destination, and thrown upon its shores, after which they were to go forward, nothing doubting. The world had been thus converted already, and thus it would be converted again. He forgot that the seventy were sent on this occasion, not into heathen and savage countries, but to the towns and villages of

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their own Judea; while their commission was simply to announce their Master's coming, and prepare the people for his arrival. This, however, was not enough for Mr. Irving. His missionary must go forth in faith, without a farthing for his journey, or even a purse to hold it. It was only by thus making himself nothing that the sacred cause could become all in all; and in proportion to his trials and necessities would be the greatness and number of the miracles by which he would be assuredly relieved. Who does not see in all this the germ of that strange system of religious error of which Mr. Irving was afterwards the hierophant. Becoming every day more impatient of the world of reality, he was hungering and thirsting for miracles; and these, any man whatever, in such a mood, is sure either to make or find. But another fact, almost equally significant, in this published sermon, or, as he called it, "Oration," was its dedication to S. T. Coleridge, a man certainly of rich original mind and splendid endowments, and yet not the fittest guide for so enthusiastic a theologian as Mr. Irving. But the latter thought otherwise; and, discarding all his former preceptors, he now sat at the feet of this eloquent mystic, in the new character of a silent, humble listener.

The signals of a downward course had thus been given, and the thoughtful friends of Mr. Irving looked on with sad anxiety. His popularity also was wearing out, and he might be tempted into some strange measure to revive it. A change was evidently at hand, but what was to be its commencement? As yet he was unprepared for a departure from his old standards, or the promulgation of a new doctrine. But the field of prophecy lay temptingly in his way—that field which has been common to expositors for eighteen centuries, and in which every one has been held free to entertain his own opinion. Here, then, lay the allurement, and for this also he had, for some time, been unconsciously under a course of training. In 1824 he had met, in company, Mr. Hatley Frere, a gentleman whose mind was much employed in the exposition of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, and by whom he was asked to take a walk into the fields on the breaking up of the party. As they strolled along, Mr. Frere took the opportunity of expounding his views on the fulfilment of prophecy, and found in Irving a willing auditor. After a year they again met, when the subject was resumed, and Irving listened with the same docility which he was wont to bestow upon Coleridge. He had now found a new guide to direct, as well as a new theme to interest him. Thus stood matters when he was invited to preach the anniversary sermon of the Continental Society in 1825. And will it be believed that, on this occasion, he plunged right downwards into a new interpretation of prophecy? A few conversations with Frere, who, as he thought, had furnished him with the right key, and his own miscellaneous readings upon the subject, were enough to qualify him as a guide upon a path where so many thousands had erred! The "oration," as may well be supposed, was perplexing in the extreme; and while some of his audience thought that he was advocating Catholic Emancipation, others thought that he was battling against it. Some of the leading members of the committee had not even patience to wait the issue of the question, but left the church before the sermon was finished. To set himself right with the public, as well as announce his new interpretation, Mr. Irving published the substance of this sermon, which swelled, as he wrote, into a work of voluminous bulk, under the title of "Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God." He was the first expositor who ventured to connect particular predictions with the events of the French

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Revolution. According to him, the Papacy commenced in A.D. 533, which, with the 1260 prophetic days or years of its continuance, brings Popery down to the year 1793, the year when the French Revolution commenced, at which date Mr. Irving considers the reign of Popery to have been superseded by that of Infidelity, and the judgments upon Babylon to have commenced. From that period to the date of his preaching, comprising a period of thirty years, six vials, as he imagined, had been poured out upon the seat of the beast. The seventh and last vial, which was reserved for the destruction of Infidelity, he calculated would occupy forty-five years more, thus bringing the consummation of judgment to the year 1868, when the millenial kingdom was to commence on earth, with Christ himself, and in person, as its sovereign.

Such is but a brief sketch of that system expository of the fulfilment of prophecy into which Irving now threw himself with headlong ardour, and of which he talked as if it were the sum and substance of revelation. His pulpit rang with it, and with it alone; his whole conversation was imbued with it; and while his fervent imagination revelled with almost superhuman excitement among pictures of Armageddon and the millenium, the Inferno and Paradiso of his preaching, his finger incessantly pointed to the year 1868 as the date emblazoned upon the heavens themselves, at which all old things were to pass away, and all things become new. And with what desire he longed to live to this year, that he might behold its glories with his own bodily eyes! Besides his work, also, of "Babylon and Infidelity Foredoomed of God," his active pen was soon resumed upon the same subject. In the course of his studies on the completion of prophecy, he had met with a production that in some measure accorded with his own views. This was a large work, written by a Spanish ecclesiastic, who shrouded his liberal and Protestant sentiments under the character and name of a Jewish convert, to escape a controversy with the Inquisition; and, deeming it well worth the notice of the British public, Mr. Irving immediately studied the Spanish language, translated the volume into English, and published it in 1827, under the title of "The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty, by Juan Josafat Ben Ezra, a Converted Jew." It was not long before his zeal and eloquence procured many converts to his opinions, who held their stated meetings at Albury, near Guildford, in Surrey, in the mansion of Mr. Drummond, the banker, a warm friend and coadjutor of Mr. Irving. The result of these meetings was given to the world by Mr. Drummond, in three volumes, entitled "Dialogues on Prophecy." A quarterly periodical, also, called the "Morning Watch," was soon commenced by the "Albury School of Prophets" and their supporters, in which their peculiar views about prophecy and the millenium were advocated and illustrated with great talent and plausibility.

Well would it have been for Mr. Irving if he had now stopped short. As yet his views, if eccentric, had been comparatively harmless; and even if his calculations had been erroneous, he had only failed in a subject where such men as Bacon, Napier, Sir Isaac Newton, and Whiston had been in fault. But here he could not stop. He had commenced as an independent expounder of prophecy, and he must needs be the same in doctrine also. It was about the year 1827 that he was observed to preach strange sentiments respecting the human nature of our blessed Redeemer, as if the Holy One, while on earth, had been peccable like any son of Adam, although completely sinless in thought, word, and deed. It may be that his ideas of the second advent of Christ, in

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1668, and the nature of the millenial reign, which was then to commence, had thus secularized and degraded his conceptions respecting the second person of the Godhead. His first public annunciation of these most culpable opinions was before the London Society for the Distribution of "Gospel Tracts," in whose behalf he preached a collection-sermon. Many of his hearers were astonished, and not a few shuddered. He still continued to preach upon the same subject, at every step entering into additional error, until a monstrous heresy was fully organized, which he fearlessly published to the world in 1828, in a work of three volumes, closely printed in octavo, entitled "Sermons, Lectures, and Occasional Discourses." These discourses, and his new creed, one might think, should have been immediately followed by trial and deposition. But heresy is a difficult subject even for the grasp of a church-court, as it does not always wear a sufficiently tangible and specific form. Besides, it was not always easy, from Mr. Irving's language, to ascertain the full amount and nature of his meaning. On every subject he spoke as if there was no degree of comparison but the superlative. He soon, however, received a silent, but significant warning. Having gone down to Scotland in 1829, he was desirous of the honour of a seat in the General Assembly, and was nominated a ruling elder, for that purpose, by his native burgh of Annan. But the Assembly refused the appointment. His heretical sentiments were already too well known, and would, of themselves, have been sufficient for his rejection. But the refusal of the venerable court was founded upon a more merciful principle; as a non-resident in the kingdom of Scotland, and as an ordained minister beyond its bounds, he could not at that time take his seat as a ruling elder among them. During this tour Mr. Irving was not otherwise unoccupied; and in Dumfries and its neighbourhood he preached in the open air, and in a style that astonished his sober-minded countrymen. His sermons on these occasions comprised all his errors in doctrine, and all his singularities of exposition, from the downfall of Popery and the peccability of our Saviour's human nature, to the millenial reign, and the restoration of all things, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral—from man, the lord of creation, to the crawling worm or the senseless stone.

But even farther yet Mr. Irving was to go. A strange religious frenzy had commenced at Row and Port-Glasgow, on the Firth of Clyde, engendered by extravagant notions about the assurance of faith and universal redemption, under which several weak minds became so heated, that they began to prophesy and attempt to work miracles. But the most remarkable part of the delusion consisted in wild pythoness contortions into which the favoured of the sect were thrown, under which they harangued, raved, and chanted in strange unintelligible utterances, that were asserted to be divine inspiration, speaking miraculously in languages which neither speaker nor hearer understood. It was a craziness as contemptible as that of the Buchanites in the preceding century; and, like the system of Elspeth Buchan, it was unsuited for a permanent hold upon the Scottish intellect; so that, while its action was chiefly confined to hysterical old women and nympholeptic girls, it fell into universal contempt, and passed away as rapidly as it had risen. But just when this moon-governed tide was at the height, one of its female apostles went to London, and connected herself with Mr. Irving's congregation, many of whom were fully ripened for such extravagances. They were wont to assemble for prayer-meetings and religious exercises at the early hour of six in the morning, and there the infection spread with electric rapidity; while prophesying, denouncing, and speaking

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in unknown tongues, took the place of prayer and exhortation. As in the cases of Row and Port-Glasgow, also, these visitations were chiefly confined to the female sex, and a few unlucky men, the victims of feminine susceptibility. But the London form of the disease soon took a higher flight than that of Scotland. Private rooms and session-houses were found insufficient for such important manifestations, and they were daringly transferred to the church, and incorporated with the solemn public services. And how could the spirit of Mr. Irving brook such arrogant interruptions? But, alas! the lion within him was tamed, cowed, and chained; and he who daringly sought to be more, was now less than man. He believed that the second Pentecostal day had come, of which the first was but a type; that these were the divine supernatural manifestations by which the second coming and reign of Christ upon earth were to be heralded; and that himself, the while, was the honoured John the Baptist, by whom the coming had been heralded and the way prepared.

These were proceedings which the church could no longer tolerate, and the case was taken up by the London presbytery in the early part of 1830. As yet, the charge brought against him was only that of heresy, one, as we have already mentioned, so difficult to substantiate; and, therefore, the discussion was prolonged for eighteen months without any final result. But during the interval the excesses at the Caledonian Church, Regent Square, had become so wild, and withal so notorious, that the question of his offence was no longer one of nice metaphysical subtlety. These were matters of fact, not of mere opinion, and soon received from the depositions of examined witnesses their full amount of proof. It is to be observed that, for some time, Mr. Irving had been in the practice of exalting the authority of the church as paramount and supreme, while, by the church, he meant the ministers and office-bearers exclusively, in their courts assembled for the purposes of ecclesiastical legislation. Their dictates were infallible, and therefore to be received without disputation or scruple. It was the system of his favourite Hooker pushed into the extremes of Puseyism, and even of downright Popery. According, therefore, to his own teaching, he should have accepted the presbytery's award with implicit submission. But it happened with him, in his own case, as it has done with many others, that this particular instance was an exception to the general rule. His light and knowledge, his vocation and labours, were superior to those of his brethren; they were working and blundering in darkness, upon subjects which they were not worthy to comprehend; and how, then, could they be qualified to judge in such a case as this? This, his conclusion, was apparent in his conduct during the course of trial. He lost patience during the cross-examination of the witnessess, and charged the presbytery with being a "Court of Antichrist." His defence, which occupied four hours in the delivery, was more the language of denunciation and rebuke, than confession or exculpation; it was even a fierce defiance and full rejection of Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies to boot, when they came in contravention with himself and his kirk session. The result of this trial was, that he was found guilty of the charges libelled against him, and sentenced to deposition from his local cure as minister of the Scotch National Church in Regent Square. Regarding, or pretending to regard this sentence as a mere nullity, he attempted to hold his early morning meetings in that building as before; but when he presented himself, with his followers, for that purpose, he found the gates locked, and all access refused. True to his new character, he uttered an

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awful prophetic denunciation at this rejection, and turned away in quest of another place of meeting.

This was but the first step of Mr. Irving's ecclesiastical punishment; for, though deprived of his church, his standing as a minister of the Church of Scotland was still untouched. The question whether he should thus continue was, therefore, to be next tried before the bar of that presbytery by which he had been ordained—the Presbytery of his native Annan. This ecclesiastical assize was held on the 13th of March, 1833, and Mr. Irving appeared at the summons. His conduct on this occasion was, if possible, still more wild and fanatical, as well as more peremptory, than it had been before the Presbytery of London. The most serious part of his offence was now to be taken into account; and therefore, the charge against him was, of "printing, publishing, and disseminating heresies and heretical doctrines, particularly the doctrine of the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature." His answer was rather an authoritative harangue to the by-standers, justifying his doctrine, and commanding them to receive it, than the reply of an office-bearer to his court of judicature; and at the conclusion he wound up his rebellion in the following words: "I stand here, not by constraint, but willingly. Do what you like. I ask not judgment of you; my judgment is with my God; and as to the General Assembly, the spirit of judgment is departed from it. Oh! ye know not how near ye are to the brink of destruction. Ye need not expedite your fall. All are dead around. The church is struggling with many enemies, but her worst is within herself—I mean that wicked Assembly!" After full trial, he was found guilty, and the sentence of deposition was just about to be prefaced with prayer, when a loud voice was heard from a pew behind Mr. Irving, exclaiming, "Arise, depart!—arise, depart—flee ye out, flee ye out of her! Ye cannot pray. How can ye pray? How can ye pray to Christ, whom ye deny? Ye cannot pray. Depart—depart—flee—flee!" The church, at this late hour, was almost enveloped in darkness; and the crowd of 2,000 people within the walls started to their feet, as if the cry of "Fire!" had been suddenly sounded. But a minister, on lifting up the solitary candle to which they were now reduced, and searching cautiously about, discovered that the words were uttered by Mr. Dow, late minister of Irongray, who had been deposed for holding sentiments similar to those of Mr. Irving. The latter, who seemed to consider the call as a command from heaven, rose up to depart; and turning his colossal form toward the passage, which was almost blocked up, he thundered in a tone of impatience, "Stand forth! Stand forth! What! Will ye not obey the voice of the Holy Ghost? As many as will obey the voice of the Holy Ghost, let them depart." He strode onward to the door, and, pausing for a moment, he exclaimed—"Prayer indeed! Oh!" Such was his parting salutation to the church of which he had been so distinguished a minister. In a few minutes more the sentence of the presbytery was pronounced, and his connection with the church dissolved.

The subsequent history of an individual so good and talented, but whose course withal was so erratic, and worse than useless, may be briefly told. Immediately after his deposition, he commenced a tour of open-air preaching in Annan, Dumfries, and other places, and then returned to London. On his ejection from the Caledonian Church in Regent Square, he had settled, with a great portion of his congregation, who followed him, in a building in Newman Street, formerly the picture gallery of Benjamin West, which was fitted up for

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a place of worship; and here, completely removed beyond the control of church courts, Mr. Irving gave himself up to his prophets and prophetesses, whose exhibitions became wilder, and revelations more abundant than ever. A new creed, a new church, and new office-bearers and rites were soon established; itinerant preachers were sent forth to proclaim the advent of a better world at hand, while miracles, effected upon the weak-minded and hypochondriacal, were announced as incontestable proofs of the divine authority of the new system. At length 50,000 worshippers, and numerous chapels erected throughout England, proclaimed that a distinct sect had been fully established, let its permanency be what it might. And now Mr. Irving had attained that *monstrier digito* which, with all his heroic and disinterested labours, he never appears to have lost sight of since his arrival in London. But as the honoured and worshipped mystagogue, with a church of his own creation, was he happy, or even at peace with himself? His immeasurably long sermons, his frequent preachings and writings, his incredible toils both of mind and body, were possibly aggravated and imbittered by the apostasy of some of the most gifted of his flock, and the moral inconsistencies of others; while the difficulties of managing a cause, and ruling a people subject to so many inspirations, and exhorted in so many unknown tongues, would have baffled Sir Harry Vane, or even Cromwell himself. His raven locks were already frosted, and his iron frame attenuated by premature old age; and in the autumn of 1834, he was compelled to return to his native country, for the recovery of his health; but it was too late. His disease was consumption, against which he struggled to the last, with the hope of returning to his flock; but on arriving at Glasgow, his power of journeying was ended by the rapid increase of his malady; and he was received under the hospitable roof of Mr. Taylor, a stranger, where, in much pain and suffering, he lay down to die. In his last hours he was visited by his aged mother, and his sister, Mrs. Dickson, to the first of whom he said, "Mother, I hope you are happy." Much of the time during which he was sensible was employed by him in fervent prayer. A short time before he expired, the Rev. Mr. Martin, his father-in-law, who stood at his bed-side, overheard him faintly uttering what appeared a portion of the 23d psalm in the original; and on repeating to him the first verse in Hebrew, Mr. Irving immediately followed with the two succeeding verses in the same tongue. Soon after he expired. This event occurred on the 6th of December, 1834, when he was only forty-two years old. His death occasioned a deep and universal sensation in Glasgow, where his ministry as a preacher had commenced, and where he was still beloved by many. He left a widow and three young children, one of them an infant only six months old, at his decease.

IVORY, James, LL.D.—This excellent mathematician was born at Dundee, in 1765. After he had attended the public schools of his native town, until the usual course of an English education was finished, his father, who was a watchmaker in Dundee, being anxious that his son should be a minister, sent him to the university of St. Andrews, to prosecute those studies which the church has appointed. He entered the college at the age of fourteen, and continued there six years; but of the various departments of study comprised within this course, mathematics attracted his chief attention; and in this he made such proficiency as to attract the notice of his fellow-students, as well as of the Rev. John West, one of the professors, who encouraged and aided him in his scientific pursuits. After these college terms had been finished, Ivory spent two

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years at St. Andrews in the study of theology, and a third in Edinburgh, where he had Sir John Leslie for his class-fellow. But on completing his theological course, and leaving the university in 1786, instead of becoming a licentiate of the church, as his father had proposed, he became assistant teacher in a newly-established academy in Dundee, where he continued three years, and afterwards engaged with some other persons in a factory for spinning flax, which was erected at Douglastown, Forfarshire. How this last occupation, of which he was chief superintendent, coincided either with his previous studies as a theologian, or his predilections as a mathematician, does not distinctly appear; but the result was a failure; for, after fifteen years of trial, the company was dissolved in 1804, and the factory closed. During all this period, Ivory had probably employed his leisure in the study both of English and foreign works upon his favourite science—pursuits not of a favourable nature certainly for the mechanical operations of flax-spinning. He had done enough, however, at all events, to show that his leanings were not towards the office of the ministry.

The next change that Mr. Ivory underwent was of a more congenial character, for it was to a professorship of mathematics in the Royal Military College, instituted a few years previous at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Here he laboured with great assiduity in his new charge, and afterwards at Sandhurst, Berkshire, when the college was removed to that quarter. The manner in which he discharged the duties of his important professorship not only met with the high approval of the governor of the institution, but also the cordial esteem of the students, whom he was never weary of instructing in a science so essential to the military profession. He endeavoured, in his lessons, to simplify those demonstrations that had hitherto been of too complex a character; and for the more effectual accomplishment of this purpose, he also published, but without his name, an edition of "Euclid's Elements," in which the difficult problems were brought more within the reach of ordinary understandings. So earnestly and indefatigably, indeed, were these duties discharged, that in 1819 his health unfitted him for further public exertion, and he resigned his chair in Sandhurst College before the time had elapsed that entitled him to a retiring pension. But the value of his services was so justly estimated, that the full pension was allowed him, with which he retired into private life, in or near London, where he prosecuted his favourite studies till the period of his death, which occurred on the 21st September, 1842, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Such were the few events of a public nature that characterized the life of Professor Ivory; but his actions are chiefly to be found in his scientific writings, which were highly estimated by the mathematicians of his day. Of these we give the following brief enumeration:—

In 1796, 1799, and 1802, he sent three communications to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The first of these was entitled, "A New Series for the Rectification of the Ellipse;" the second, "A New Method of Resolving Cubic Equations;" and the third, "A New and Universal Solution of Kepler's Problem."

To these succeeded, between the years 1809 and 1839, fifteen papers, transmitted to the Royal Society of London, and published in their "Transactions." The first of these, "On the Attractions of Homogeneous Ellipsoids," possesses remarkable merit, in which he solved, in a new and simple manner, the attractions of these ellipsoids upon points situated on their exterior. Three of these

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were on the Attractions of Spheroids, in which he substituted a process of analysis so much superior to that of the celebrated Laplace, that the latter frankly acknowledged the superiority. Another communication, published in the Transactions for 1814, is entitled "A New Method of deducing a First Approximation to the Orbit of a Comet from three Geocentric Observations." Two of the articles contain his investigations on the subject of Astronomical Refractions; and four on the Equilibrium of Fluid Bodies. These titles will suffice to show the subjects that chiefly occupied his attention. Only one of these papers was purely mathematical, and was entitled "On the Theory of Elliptic Transcendents."

The honours that were conferred upon a silent, recluse student, such as Mr. Ivory was, showed how greatly his scientific acquirements and his writings were valued. In 1814, the Copley medal was awarded to him for his mathematical communications to the Royal Society; in 1826, he received one of the royal medals for his paper on Astronomical Refractions, published in 1823; and in 1839, another royal medal was bestowed on him for his Theory of Astronomical Refractions, which was published in the previous year. In 1815 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of London; he was also an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; a corresponding member of the Institute of France, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and of the Royal Society of Gottingen. In consequence of a recommendation of Lord Brougham to William IV., Mr Ivory, in 1831, was honoured with the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and a pension of £300 per annum; and in 1839, he received the diploma of Doctor in Laws from the university of St. Andrews.

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JAMIESON, Rev John, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.—The debt of gratitude which Scotland owes to this laborious and successful antiquary of her language, it would not be easy to estimate. At a time when the words of her ancient literature were, indeed, ἐπεα πτεροεντα—when they had made to themselves wings, and were about to fly away for ever—he arrested and fixed them in a copious dictionary, where they promise to remain as long as our modern English endures. Our Scottish tongue may become a disused, or even a dead, but never an unintelligible language; and the antiquaries of future ages, who explore the early literature of Scotland, will bless the labours of Jamieson, whose dictionary will form the chief guide of their inquiries.

This excellent national philologist was born in Glasgow, in March, 1759. His father, the Rev. Mr. Jamieson, was one of the early ministers of the Secession, and presided over the Antiburgher congregation of Duke Street, Glasgow. As John was also designed for the ministry, he was sent, in early life, to the university of his native city, where his philological capacities obtained for him respectable notice as an apt and diligent scholar in Latin and Greek. But this was by no means the field in which he was ultimately destined to excel; and his bent was already indicated, in his love of ancient ruined towers, and black-letter books. His vocation evidently was not to master a dead, but to revive a dying language; by far the more glorious achievement of the two.

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After the usual course of logic, ethics, and physics, he became a student in theology, and his proficiency excited the highest expectations of future success as a minister. At the close of his theological course, he was taken on trials as a licentiate by the General Associate Presbytery of Glasgow, and licensed as a preacher in 1780. Two congregations were soon desirous to have him for their minister; the one in Dundee, and the other in Forfar. In this question of contending claims, it was for the Associate Synod to decide; and, in consequence of their preference to the call from Forfar, Mr. Jamieson was ordained to the pastoral charge in that town by the Secession Presbytery of Perth, in 1781.

At the early age of twenty-two Mr. Jamieson thus entered upon the sacred office of a minister. It was at that time one of peculiar difficulty among the Secession body; for the ferment produced in this country by the French Revolution, and the political suspicions which it diffused through the whole community, caused all who did not belong to the Established Church to be considered as disloyal, or at least discontented subjects. Mr. Jamieson, of course, was regarded, at his entrance into Forfar, as one who might become a teacher of sedition, as well as a preacher of the gospel of peace. But he had not been long there when his conduct disarmed the suspicious, and procured him general confidence and esteem; while his able clerical labours were rewarded with a full congregation and permanent usefulness. He thus made trial of his ministry for sixteen years, during which period he married the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, who gladdened the course of his long life, and died only a year before his own decease. It was in Forfar also that he commenced his life of authorship, and his first production was of a kind the least to be expected from a plodding, word-sifting antiquary—it was a poem! It was published in 1789, and entitled, the "Sorrows of Slavery, a Poem, containing a Faithful Statement of Facts respecting the Slave-trade." We suspect that, though most of our readers may have read the splendid lyrics of Cowper and Montgomery on the same subject, they have not chanced to light upon this production of Jamieson. He made another attempt of the same nature in 1798, when he published "Eternity, a Poem, addressed to Free-thinkers and Philosophical Christians." But during the interval between these two attempts, his pen had been employed in more hopeful efforts. These were, an "Alarm to Britain; or, an Inquiry into the Causes of the Rapid Progress of Infidelity," which he published in 1795, and a "Vindication of the Doctrine of Scripture, and of the Primitive Faith concerning the Divinity of Christ, in reply to Dr. Priestley's "History of Early Opinions," which appeared in the same year. The last was a work of great scholarship and research, as well as cogent argument; and in these departments, at least, he showed himself a full match for his formidable antagonist. Another work, which he published during his ministry in Forfar, was of a different bearing, as may be learned from its title, which was, "Sermons on the Heart."

By these labours Jamieson won for himself an honourable name in literature, that was especially grateful to the religious community to which he belonged, and they testified their feeling in a way that was not only creditable to him, but to themselves. A call was sent to him in 1796, from the congregation in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, whose pastor, the Rev. Mr. Banks, had left them for America. The Synod at the time judged his transfer from Forfar to Edinburgh inexpedient, and decided accordingly; but the Nicolson

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Street congregation thought otherwise, and renewed their call, and were successful, so that he was inducted as their minister in June, 1797. Jamieson's clerical duties were thus multiplied by a new and more extensive field of labour; but he did not remit those literary exertions which had thus far been crowned with success. In 1799 he published his "Remarks on Rowland Hill's Journal." In 1802 appeared his work, in two volumes octavo, entitled the "Use of Sacred History;" and in 1806, the "Important Trial in the Court of Conscience." His next work, and by far his most important, was the "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language." The Herculean attempt which he proposed to himself in this work, and which he has so successfully accomplished, was the following:—

1. To illustrate the words in their different significations, by examples from ancient and modern writers.

2. To show their affinity to those of other languages, and especially the northern.

3. To explain many terms which, though now obsolete in England, were formerly common to both countries.

4. To elucidate national rites, customs, and institutions, in their analogy to those of other nations.

The history of this national production of Jamieson is worthy of particular notice. When he first engaged in a task to which his early studies and pursuits had been so congenial, he had meant to produce nothing more than a work of small dimensions—a mere vocabulary or glossary of the Scottish tongue; and in the notes which he had prepared for the occasion, the names of his authorities were merely mentioned, without further reference. It was then suggested to him that the Dictionary would be more acceptable to the public, as well as more satisfactory as a standard, if he quoted those passages at full by which his definitions were confirmed. He acted upon this advice, being fully persuaded of its correctness, and the consequence was, that his drudgery was again to be undergone, and that, too, with many heavy additions, so that he went over the whole ground not only a second, but, in many cases, a third time. It was not wonderful if, under such a process, the result was two goodly quarto volumes, instead of a slim duodecimo. The new light, also, which broke upon him in the course of his studies, was sufficient to inspire him with tenfold ardour in the task. At the outset he had supposed, in common with the prevalent opinion, that the Scottish language was, in fact, no language at all, but a mere dialect of the Anglo-Saxon; and that, as such, its fountain was at no greater distance than England, and of no higher antiquity than the days of Hengist and Horsa. His interviews, however, with a learned Icelander, suggested another and more important theory: this was, that the primitive words of the Scottish dialect were not Saxon, nor even Celtic, but Gothic. Were the Lowlanders of Scotland, then, the descendants not merely of Anglo-Saxon captives and refugees, but of a still more illustrious race—even of those who conquered Rome herself, and opened the way to the regeneration of Europe? Such, he concluded, *must* be the case; and the only difficulty that remained was to prove it. This he endeavoured to accomplish, by demonstrating that the Picts were not a Celtic but a Gothic race; and that from them, and not the Welsh or the Saxon, we derive these peculiarities of the Scottish tongue. This theory, which he supported with a great amount of learning and probability, is published in his "Dissertation on the Origin of the

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Scottish Language," prefixed to the Dictionary. The Dictionary itself was published in 1808–1809, to which a Supplement, in two other quarto volumes, was added in 1825. As the first portion of the work was soon out of print, he published an abridgment of it in 1818, in one volume octavo. All this was an immense amount of labour for a single mind, and the literary world was astonished at his long-continued, unshrinking perseverance, as well as the successful termination that requited it. But still he never considered it completed, and continued his additions and improvements to the last; so that, at his death, two large volumes in manuscript had accumulated, nearly ready for the press. And besides all this, his antiquarian industry was employed upon other tasks of a kindred nature. In 1811 he published "An Historical account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona, and of their settlement in England, Scotland, and Ireland." In 1814 appeared his "Hermes Scythicus, or the Radical Affinities of the Greek and Latin languages to the Gothic." In 1817 he contributed to the Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions a paper "On the origin of Cremation, or Burning of the Dead." In the year following he unexpectedly appeared in a "Grammar of Rhetoric and Polite Literature." He also edited two important national productions which, on account of their obsolete language, were fast hastening into general forgetfulness. These were, the "Wallace" of Blind Harry, and the "Bruce" of Barbour.

This list of Jamieson's publications, of a strictly scholastic nature, may startle some who recollect that, all the while, he was minister of an Antiburgher congregation; and that, too, in the heart of Edinburgh. How were his clerical duties fulfilled, and his people satisfied? But while he was delighting the literary world by his valuable productions, and winning the foremost place in Scottish antiquarianism, he was not regardless of theology as his proper sphere. In 1811 he published a sermon, entitled "The Beneficent Woman;" in 1818, a sermon on "The Death of the Princess Charlotte;" and in 1819, "Three Sermons concerning Brotherly Love." His close attention to his pastoral duties had also endeared him to his congregation, while they were proud of the high reputation of their minister, which was thrown with a reflected lustre upon themselves. An event also occurred in their religious body that highly gratified his Christian feelings of brotherly affection and unity, as well as the enlarged and liberal aspirations of his intellectual character. This was the union of the Burgher and Antiburgher divisions of the Secession Church, who, after having kept apart until there were no longer grounds for separation, at length agreed to reunite, and be at one. This consummation he had long earnestly sought; and besides using every effort to procure it, he preached and published two sermons recommendatory of the union, which was accomplished in 1820. Ten years after this gratifying event, Dr. Jamieson, whose age had now passed the three score years and ten, and had entered the last decade of the series whose "strength is but labour and sorrow," resigned his charge of Nicolson Street congregation, and withdrew into private life. And in his old age he was soon alone, for his numerous family, of fourteen children, had gone successively to the grave before him, many of them when they had reached the season of manhood, and one of them, Robert Jamieson, when he had become one of the most distinguished lawyers in Scotland. Last of all his wife died, also, only a year before his own death, and while his final illness was creeping upon him. But it was then, when nothing more remained for him, that he felt the immeasurable superiority of religion, and the comfort

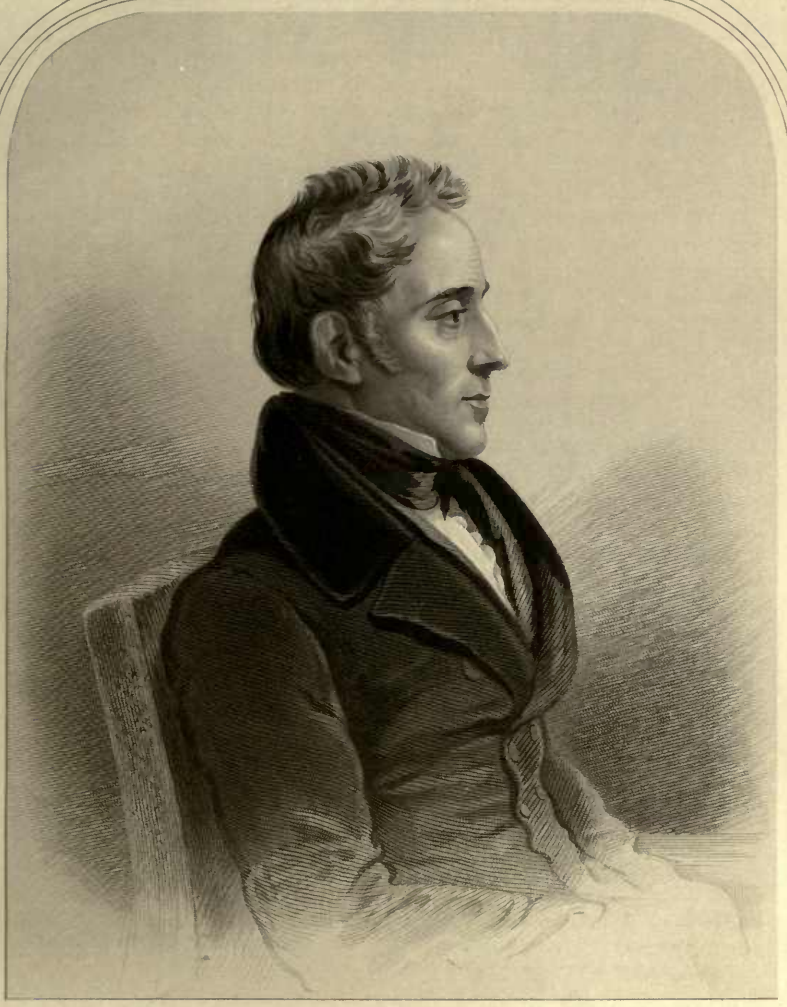
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which it can impart, when even literary fame, the purest of all earthly consolations, has no longer the power to charm. He died at his house in George Street, Edinburgh, on the 12th of July, 1838, in the eightieth year of his age.

JEFFREY FRANCIS.—This eminent barrister, and still more distinguished critic, was born in Edinburgh, on the 23d of October, 1773. His father was George Jeffrey, one of the depute-clerks of the Court of Session; his mother was Henrietta Louden, daughter of Mr. John Louden, farmer, in the neighbourhood of Lanark. Francis, the subject of our memoir, was the eldest son of a family of five children; and it will be seen, from the foregoing particulars, that the success of his future career, be it what it might, could derive little aid from paternal wealth or interest. After having learned to read and write, he was sent, at the age of eight, to the high school of Edinburgh, and there he continued six years, employed almost entirely in the dry study of Latin—for in those days the high school *curriculum* had not expanded beyond its ancient limits. The first four years of this long course were spent under Mr. Fraser, one of the teachers, who had the distinguished honour of being preceptor successively to Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham; the last two years he was taught by Dr. Adam, rector of the institution, and author of the "Roman Antiquities," under whose able tuition he matured his knowledge of Latin. One day, towards the close of this course, an incident occurred which seldom fails to influence a young aspiring mind at its outset: he saw one of the truly great, whom the world is proud to worship. One day, on the High Street, his notice was arrested by a plain country-looking man, in whose appearance there was nothing remarkable but a pair of large dark eyes, which, when animated, were wont to glow from their deep recesses like lighted charcoal. The young critic even already seemed to have discovered that no ordinary merit was thus passing before his view, so that he continued to gaze after the stranger, until a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns!" After this Jeffrey might say, "*tantum Virgilium vidi*," for although he afterwards enjoyed the intercourse of Campbell, Scott, and Byron, he never saw Burns again.

Having finished his preparatory education at the High School, Jeffrey, now in his fourteenth year, was sent to the university of Glasgow. His first year was devoted to the study of Greek under Professsor John Young, one of the most finished Grecians and elegant scholars of his day; the second to Logic, under Professor Jardine, a teacher in whom the faculty of calling forth the latent capacities of his pupils, and turning them to good account, seemed to be a kind of instinct. He was thus singularly fortunate, in having two such preceptors as an educational institution seldom possesses at the same time; and to the benefits which he derived from their instructions he bore a most honourable and enthusiastic testimony many years after, in his inaugural address to the college on being elected its Lord Rector. Of Jardine he said, "It is to him, and his most judicious instructions, that I owe my taste for letters, and any little literary distinction I may since have been enabled to attain." Such was his declaration when he had attained the very highest literary distinction; and there are some who can still remember how the tears rolled down the cheeks of the good old professor, when he found himself thus gratefully and unexpectedly requited. During his third season at college, Jeffrey attended the course of Moral Philosophy under Professor Arthur, the successor of Reid, a man whose promise of high distinction was closed by an early death. Thus fortunate in

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Sir G. Hayter. G. Stoddart.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

ONE OF THE LORDS OF SESSION.

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his opportunities of superior instruction, the young student devoted himself with earnestness to his successive tasks, and appears, even then, to have indicated not only his future bent, but the eminence he would attain in it. His note-books at the different classes were not merely *memoranda*, but regular digests of the lectures; he was already a keen critic both of sentiment and composition; and in the debating society of the students, of which he was a member, he was soon distinguished as one of its most ready speakers. These aptitudes, however, were still more distinctly exhibited in his private studies from May 1789, when he left the college of Glasgow, till September 1791, when he went to Oxford. This interval of a home life, which so many youths of seventeen regard as a season of rest, or spend they know not how, was with Jeffrey anything but a period of repose or frivolity, as his piles of manuscript written between these dates sufficiently attested. Seated by the light of his "dear, retired, adored little window," as he called it, of the garret of his father's house in the Lawnmarket, he handled his already indefatigable pen upon subjects of poetry, history, criticism, theology, metaphysics; and the result of his diligence is attested by twelve letters in the manner of the "Spectator," and thirty-one essays, the latter being written within the compass of six months, while his criticisms alone comprise fifty authors, chiefly French and English. Even then, too, the voice of prophecy was not wanting to predict his future renown. One night, while taking his "walk of meditation," he found James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, utterly prostrated upon the pavement by intoxication. It was a fresh case of that *Quare adhæsit pavimento*, for which Boswell, on awakening from one of his bivouacs in the street, found in his right hand a brief and retainer. Jeffrey, aided by some lads, carried the fallen worshipper of Paoli and Johnson to his home, and put him into bed. On the following morning Boswell, on learning who had been his benefactor, clapped young Jeffrey's head, and among other compliments said, "If you go on as you have begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet."

At the close of the last century a conviction or prejudice was prevalent in Scotland, that the education of an English university was necessary to complete that of a Scottish one. It was deemed essential, therefore, that Francis Jeffrey, after having ended his curriculum at Glasgow, should amplify and confirm it at Queen's College, Oxford; and thither, accordingly, he repaired at the close of September, 1791. But there he found neither the happiness nor improvement he had expected. His hopes, perhaps, had been raised too high to be fulfilled; and to this disappointment was superadded such a pining consumption of home-sickness as would have been enough for either Swiss or Highlander. It is no wonder, therefore, if, among his letters of this period, we find such a lugubrious sentence as the following:—"I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a poet." In the following month he writes: "Whence arises my affection for the moon? I do not believe there is a being, of whatever denomination, upon whom she lifts the light of her countenance, who is so glad to see her as I am!" A poet, it is evident, he was in danger of becoming, instead of a censor and scourge of poets; and this melancholy and moon-staring was but the commencement of a hopeful apprenticeship. With the same morbid feelings he contemplated the society around him, and characterized them all as drunkards, pedants, or coxcombs. Few men depended more upon locality for happiness than Jeffrey, and Scotland was not only his native country, but his native element. To this, therefore, and not to any inherent defects in the education or students of Ox-

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ford, we may trace his querulous murmurs; so that the whole world was changed when he looked at it from Arthur's Seat or the Pentlands.

On returning to Edinburgh, at the age of nineteen, Jeffrey appeared little changed by his sojourn in England. He was the same vivacious, slim, short stripling as before, with the same wide range of thought and fluency of language that had so often charmed or nonplussed his companions. In one respect, however, a material change had occurred: he had abandoned his native Doric dialect for that sharp, affected, ultra-English mode of pronunciation, that afterwards abode with him more or less through life, and which was in such bad taste, that Lord Holland declared, "though he had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English." It was now full time to make choice of a profession in good earnest, and prepare for it, as hitherto his law studies at Oxford had been little more than nominal. He might, if he pleased, be a merchant under his paternal uncle, who was settled at Boston, in America; but he felt no vocation for mercantile labour and adventure. Literature he would have chosen in preference to anything, and, of all literary occupations, that of poetry; but authorship as a trade was too precarious, and the fame of a poet too unsubstantial. Then, there was the English bar, which gave full scope to the utmost ambition; but Jeffrey knew withal that the great expense of preparation, followed by that of waiting for practice, was more than his resources could encounter. Nothing remained for him but the profession of a Scottish advocate, for which his father's legal acquaintanceships could secure him as much practice as would suffice for a commencement. Here, then, his choice rested, and he became a student of the classes of Scotch Law in the university of Edinburgh. But besides these he had, in the Speculative Society, of which he became a member at the end of 1792, a still more effectual spur to progress, as well as better training both for law and criticism. This society had been established in the college of Edinburgh, in 1764, for the purposes of reading literary and scientific essays, and holding forensic debates upon the subjects of these essays; it had already produced, during the forty-eight years of its existence, some of the most distinguished characters of the day; and when Jeffrey enrolled he found himself a fellow-debater of those who afterwards obtained the foremost name in their respective walks of life. Of these it is sufficient to name Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Lord Moncrieff, Francis Horner, and William Scarlett, at that time young men, but with whom it was impossible for the most talented to contend without being braced by such formidable exercise. It was no wonder, therefore, that by such weekly meetings Jeffrey soon perfected himself in the practice of composition, and became a ready and eloquent debater. Three years was the usual period of attendance; but after this term he continued for four years a voluntary visitor, and took part in its proceedings with unabated interest. In 1834, when he had reached the full summit of his reputation as sovereign of the empire of criticism and champion of the Scottish bar, he presided at a dinner, to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the institution, and gloried in acknowledging the benefits he had derived from it.

Jeffrey had now reached his twentieth year, and was busy in preparation for passing as a Scottish advocate, while he thus characterized himself: "I have lived on this earth very nearly one score of years, and am about to pass some professional trials in a few months, who have no fortune but my education, and who would not bind myself to adhere exclusively to the law for the rest of my life for the bribery of all the emoluments it has to bestow." He had so learned

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to love literature for its own sake that, be his occupation what it might, his favourite recreations would still be found in criticism and the *belles-lettres*. This he afterwards more distinctly intimated in a letter to his brother, where he writes: "I shall study on to the end of my days. Not law, however, I believe, though that is yet in a manner to begin; but something or other I shall—I am determined." But what was that something? as critic or poet—reviewer or reviewed? It will scarcely be believed that while studying law he had also been equally diligent in verse-making, so that a poetical translation of the "Argonauticon" of Appollonius Rhodius, two dramatic productions, and a large bundle of descriptive and sentimental poems, were the fruits of this dangerous pursuit. Happily, however, a healthier spirit was rising within him; and it was manifested by keeping his poetry not merely from the press, but the perusal of his friends. At length, the full cure of this intermittent disease was effected on the 16th of December, 1794, for on that day he was admitted to practise as an advocate at the Scottish bar—an occupation from which there is no retreat except to politics or agriculture, and a place at which, of all others, the Muses have least dared to intrude.

The position which the northern barristers at that period occupied, could only be peculiar to such a country as Scotland. In England, indeed, the occupation could raise a talented practitioner to greater wealth and higher political rank; but the English bar was only a part of the great whole, and had but a single voice in the complicated administration of the common weal; and to whatever height it might lead its best and ablest, there was still a summit above them which they could not reach, and under which they were overshadowed. But in Scotland the case was different. The Union, that had annihilated every national distinction, had left our tribunal untouched. Here, then, was the place around which the whole nationality of the country could rally, and through which the *ingenium perfervidum* could find utterance; and therefore, the Parliament House, besides being a court of law, was palace, council, and senate of the now abrogated kingdom of Scotland. Such were the attractions which the Scottish bar possessed, and hitherto they had sufficed, not only for the highest talent, but the best aristocracy of the country. But here, also, the old feudalism of Scotland had made its last rallying effort, so that the divine right of kings, the unquestionable right of lairds, and the superiority of everything that was ancient, were the favourite axioms of the Edinburgh Court of Session. All this, indeed, would soon have died out, had it not been for the French Revolution, which ministered new fuel to an already decaying flame, and made it burst forth with greater vigour than ever. While every nation took the alarm, and began to draw the old bands of order more tightly around its institutions, this process was judged especially necessary for Scotland, which had neither king nor parliament of its own, and was therefore deemed the more likely to join the prevalent misrule. Modern Toryism was therefore ingrafted upon the ancient Scottish feudalism, and unqualified submission became the order of the day. Even the distance from the seat of government only made our northern politics the more sensitive to every indication of independent thought or action; and thus, what was nothing more than Whiggery within the precincts of Westminster, was sheer rebellion and high treason in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh.

Such was the condition of that honoured and influential class into which Jeffrey was now admitted. It will at once be seen that the difficulties of his

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new position were of no trivial amount. Even at the outset his undistinguished birth was against him; and those who belonged to the "lordly line of high Saint Clair," could scarcely be expected to admit the son of a clerk-depute into full fraternity. He undoubtedly possessed a superiority of talent that might more than counterpoise such inferiority; but here, instead of holding the field without a rival, he had many who were fully his match—competitors as well equipped for the encounter, and who attained as high professional rank and reputation as himself. Still, however, one remedy remained. The tide of Toryism was at the height, and by throwing himself implicitly upon it, he would be borne onward to fortune. And this, too, he might do not only without degradation, but with universal approval; for loyalty was the order of the day, and every step was commended that went against the anarchy with which throne and altar were menaced. But Jeffrey was a Whig. From an early period he had revolved the questions of civil and political liberty, and instead of discarding them as the mere Brutus and Cassius dreams of college boyhood, he had clung to them with all the greater tenacity as years went onward; and, now that he was about to enter into active life, he boldly avowed them as the conclusions of his matured judgment, and the principles of his future political conduct. And what chance had he, then, of success in a profession where his opinions of popular rights were not only condemned as mischievous, but despised as vulgar and mobbish? There were men, indeed, not only in Edinburgh, but even the Court of Session, who in political principles were like-minded with himself; but they were for the most part so independent either by family, or fortune, or position, that they could better afford to oppose the prevailing current than a young man to whom the pathway of life was just opened, with nothing but his own energies to bear him forward. Taking all these circumstances into account, there is none, be his principles in politics what they may, who can refuse to Jeffrey the award of unswerving integrity and high heroic consistency. And, truly, he reaped the reward he merited, not only in his own advancement, but the final ascendency of those obnoxious political doctrines which he so bravely advocated and consistently maintained through good and through evil report.

On commencing practice at the bar, Jeffrey laboured under a difficulty upon which, perhaps, he had not calculated. This was the unlucky half English mode of speaking which he had learned or assumed at Oxford, but which he had not the good taste to discard at Edinburgh; and such was the strength of popular prejudice at this period, that there were few who would not have scrupled to intrust the management of a law case to an "Englified" pleader. With this mode of speech, which was thought to savour of affectation, he combined an oppressive sharpness of tone, volubility of words, and keenness of sarcasm, calculated to wound the self-love of those who could not parry and return the thrusts of such an agile fencer. His business, therefore, as an advocate went on very slowly, and his fees were proportionably scanty. Most of the cases, indeed, which passed through his hands, were obtained by the influence of his father. The necessity of having some other dependence than the bar became so strong, that in 1798 he conceived the idea of commencing authorship in London as his future profession; and for this purpose he repaired thither, furnished with introductions to the editors of some of the principal reviews and newspapers, and buoyed up with the expectation that he would quadruple the scanty revenue that he could ever hope to enjoy from his pro-

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fession in Edinburgh. But London was not destined to be his sphere, and notwithstanding his introductions, he got so little encouragement, that he was soon glad to return. He resumed his very limited practice as an advocate, although with a thousand plans of emancipation, that ended as such dreams generally do, but still improving his knowledge, as well as increasing the circle of his literary acquaintances. At length, as if to place the cope-stone upon his desperate fortunes, he adventured upon marriage, and in 1801, became the husband of Catherine Wilson, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, professor of Church History at St. Andrews, a second cousin of his own. Jeffrey's income at this time averaged nothing more than £100 per annum, while his wife had no fortune, except the inestimable one of an amiable affectionate disposition and pleasing manners, that shed a gentle charm over her whole household economy. The happy pair established their domicile in a third story of Buccleugh Place, which they furnished upon the most cautious scale of economy. But it was in the study of this dwelling, and around the plain table and few chairs of which the study could boast, that a plan was formed by which not only the literature of Scotland, but of Europe itself was to be revolutionized, and upon which Jeffrey himself was thenceforth to depend for the high literary reputation and prosperous career that accompanied him to the end.

We allude to the establishment of the "Edinburgh Review." Hitherto, in the Critical department of literature in England, a review had been little more than a peg upon which to hang a book for advertisement; and the individual merits of each work were more attended to than the great general questions of science, literature, or politics, which it more or less involved. In Scotland the department of criticism was at a still lower ebb; for the country had no regular review, the only one which it possessed, called the "Edinburgh Review," having expired in 1756, after a short twelvemonth of existence. But the world was ripe for change, and the whole framework of intellectual and political society was already loosening, for the purpose of being resolved into new forms and combinations. It was evident, therefore, that either in London or in Edinburgh some standard periodical should be established, to meet, and, if possible, to direct and control the coming change—and this, it was evident, could only be done by a more ample system of reviewing than had hitherto been attempted. Such was the impression that for some time had been floating through the minds of the more observant in Edinburgh; but to embody that impression, and reduce it to action, was still the difficulty. This, however, was soon obviated. A meeting of Jeffrey's literary friends was assembled at his dwelling in Buccleugh Place, and there the idea of such a review was started, and the plan of its management deliberated. The proposal was due to the Rev. Sydney Smith, who is entitled "The original projector of the Edinburgh Review;" an eager discussion followed; and as the night without was very tempestuous, the coterie made themselves merry with the thought of the still greater storm they were devising within. The plan, after several such meetings, was settled, and it was resolved to bring out the first number of the work in June, 1802, but, from several causes, the publication was delayed till the 10th of October. Its descent upon the literary world was followed by a burst of astonishment —it exhibited such a form and character of criticism as the British public had never yet thought of—and that such should have been produced in a remote nook like Edinburgh, greatly heightened the general wonderment. The contributions of Jeffrey on this occasion were five in number, and his critique upon

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"Mourier on the Influence of the French Revolution," was the first in the work. His importance in the future character and success of the "Review" was even thus early predicted by Horner, also one of the contributors, who made the following entry in his private journal:—"Jeffrey is the person who will derive most honour from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best. I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse. He has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy, but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding." It was no small praise that Jeffrey should already have acquired so high a character in a talented community such as we might now look for in vain in Edinburgh. The chief of these, besides Horner himself and Sydney Smith, were Lord Brougham; Brown the professor of Moral Philosophy; Lord Webb Seymour; Mr. Hamilton, afterwards professor of Sanscrit at Haleybury College; Dr. John Thomson, who became professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh; Mr. Reddie, afterwards town-clerk of Glasgow; Mr. Thomas Thomson, the eminent Scottish antiquary; and Lord Murray, now judge of the Court of Session. All these were young men full of talent and ambition, to whom the "Edinburgh Review," at its commencement, was a vent for feelings and theories that had been accumulating for years. Above all, it enabled them to give full utterance to those political principles that were so obnoxious to the rulers of the day, and so doubly proscribed in Scotland. Each individual no longer stood alone, but was part of a collected and well-disciplined phalanx; and instead of being obliged to express his opinions in bated breath, and amidst an overwhelming uproar of contradiction, he could now announce them in full and fearless confidence, through a journal which was sure of being heard and feared, at least, if not loved and respected.

As the "Edinburgh Review" was a new experiment in literary adventure, its outset was accompanied with many difficulties, arising from want of experience among its chief conductors; and therefore it was obliged, in the first two or three years of its existence, to grope its way, step by step, as it best could. It was launched even without a pilot, for Sydney Smith edited no more than the first number. The meetings of the contributors were held with all the dread and mystery of a state conspiracy, in a little room off Willison's printing-office in Craig's Close, to which each member was requested to steal singly, by whatever by-way would be least suspected; and there they examined and criticised each other's productions, and corrected the proof-sheets as they were thrown off. These contributions, also, for the first three numbers at least, were given gratuitously. No journal, it was soon felt, could long make head against such deficiencies; and the first important advance in improvement was, to appoint Jeffrey sole and responsible editor. The dismal and ludicrous secret meetings in the back room of the printing-office quickly disappeared—for what author, however in love with the anonymous, could long continue to be ashamed of being a writer in the "Edinburgh Review?" The rapid sale of the work, and the large profits it realized, made the payment of articles a necessary

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consequence, and therefore the first remuneration was fixed at ten guineas a sheet, which rose to sixteen as the *minimum* price, while the editor was salaried at £300 per annum. By these changes, a coalition of talented writers were bound together, and pledged to the furtherance of the work. But the life and soul of that coalition was Jeffrey, and nothing could have been more appropriate than his appointment to the editorship. Unconsciously, he had made his whole life a training for the office, not only by the multifariousness of his studies, but his early practice of analyzing the authors he read, as well as his own miscellaneous compositions, so that the practice as well as the talents of a critic were ready for instant action. On the appointment being offered to him, he had some dubitation on the subject, which he thus expresses at full to his excellent friend and adviser, Francis Horner:—"There are *pros* and *cons* in the case, no doubt. What the *pros* are I need not tell you. £300 a-year is a monstrous bribe to a man in my situation. The *cons* are—vexation and trouble, interference with professional employment and character, and risk of general degradation. The first I have had some little experience of, and am not afraid for. The second, upon a fair consideration, I am persuaded I ought to risk. It will be long before I make £300 more than I now do by my profession, and by far the greater part of the employment I have will remain with me, I know, in spite of anything of this sort. The character and success of the work, and the liberality of the allowance, are not to be disregarded. But what influences me the most is, that I engaged in it at first gratuitously, along with a set of men whose character and situation in life must command the respect of the multitude, and that I hope to go on with it as a matter of emolument along with the same associates. All the men here will take their ten guineas I find, and, under the sanction of that example, I think I may take my editor's salary also, without being supposed to have suffered any degradation. It would be easy to say a great deal on this subject, but the sum of it, I believe, is here, and you will understand me as well as if I had been more eloquent, I would undoubtedly prefer making the same sum by my profession; but I really want the money, and think that I may take it this way, without compromising either my honour or my future interest."

Such was the train of reasoning by which Jeffrey committed himself to the "Review." It was that important step in life which a man can take but once, and by which the whole tenor of his after-course is determined. In Jeffrey's case it was both wise and prosperous, notwithstanding the manifold feuds of authorship in which it necessarily involved him. It was not merely from the small fry of writers, who writhed under his critical inflictions, that these quarrels arose, but also from men of the highest mark, whom he tried by a standard proportioned to their merits, and therefore occasionally found wanting. In this way he offended such distinguished authors as Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; but in most instances the resentment he kindled was transient, and followed by a cordial reconciliation. Even Byron, the most indignant and most formidable of the whole, recanted his vilifications of Jeffrey in a much higher strain of poetry than that which characterized his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But of all these quarrels, that with Thomas Moore threatened to be the most serious. In 1806 the young poet of Erin published a volume, which will ever remain a blot upon his fair fame. It was entitled "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems;" and notwithstanding its undoubted merits, which no one was more ready to acknowledge than Jeffrey, he opened

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his critique with such a burst of indignation as the offence of the poet merited. After acknowledging the high talents of Moore in a few sentences, the reviewer thus continues: "He is indebted, we fear, for the celebrity he actually enjoys to accomplishments of a different description; and may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality. We regard his book, indeed, as a public nuisance, and would willingly trample it down by one short movement of contempt and indignation, had we not reason to apprehend that it was abetted by patrons, who are entitled to a more respectful remonstrance, and by admirers, who may require a more extended exposition of their dangers." The article throughout was judged to be so personal, that the poet resolved to redress himself in another way than by writing a rejoinder, either in prose or verse. In short, he resolved to call the critic out, a purpose which he was enabled to effect in consequence of a visit that Jeffrey made to London a short time after the article was published. The hostile parties met in a field near London, and Jeffrey was attended on this occasion by his friend Horner. The police, however, had got intelligence of their purpose, and arrested the combatants when the duel was about to commence. On reaching the police-office the pistols were examined, when it was found that Jeffrey's contained no bullet, as it had probably dropped out when the weapon was snatched from him; while that of the poet was furnished with the usual complement of lead, and ready for execution. A foolish affair in itself, the meeting was rendered more ridiculous still by the reports that were founded upon the harmless pistol, both weapons being represented as in the same condition, and fit to produce nothing more than a little noise. The offending parties, being bound over to keep the peace, resolved to adjourn the combat to the neutral ground of Hamburg. But better thoughts occurred, and an explanation followed, in which Jeffrey declared that it was the morality of the book, and not of the man, which he had judged and condemned; while Moore professed himself satisfied with the explanation. Nothing was more natural than that two such fiery spirits should pass from the extreme of dislike to that of friendship; and such was the case with Moore and Jeffrey, whose affection for each other continued till the close of life.

We have already seen the misgivings of Jeffrey as to the effect which his literary censorship would produce upon his progress at the bar. In this respect his fears were happily disappointed; for, although his progress was not rapid, it was steadily growing from year to year, accelerated on the whole, rather than retarded, by his office of reviewer. The literary society of Edinburgh, also, was constantly increasing, and among these he was enabled to take an important stand, as the highest and most influential of British critics. Even the death of his amiable wife, which occurred in 1805, and which he felt more deeply than any calamity that ever befell him either before or after, only drove him more keenly into the duties of active life. And these were neither few nor trivial; for, besides his practice, both in the civil and criminal courts, he took an important share in the legal business of the General Assembly, in which he continued a pleader for twenty years. Saving this mournful domestic bereavement, all things went prosperously onward, so that by the commencement of 1807 he thus writes to his brother: "I work at the 'Review' still, and might make it a source of considerable emolument if I set any value on money. But I am as rich as I want to be, and should be distressed with more, at least if I were to

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work more for it." Of the journal itself, also, Sir W. Scott, who disliked its political principles with a full measure of feudal and Tory dislike, thus testifies to its popularity: "Of this work 9000 copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it; because, independently of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with." This unprecedented success not only alarmed the enemies of political innovation, but excited their literary ambition. Could not a coterie be assembled in London as learned and talented as that of Edinburgh, and an antagonist journal be started as formidable as this critical Goliah? At length the decision was precipitated by an article in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1808, on "Don Pedro Cevallos on the French Usurpation of Spain." This talented paper, written by Jeffrey himself, which ventured to run counter to the political enthusiasm of the day upon the subject of Spanish patriotism, excited the Tory resentment to the highest pitch; and the feeling was expressed in every form, from the magnificent disdain of the Earl of Buchan—who kicked the offensive number through his lobby, and into the street, believing that thereby he had sealed for ever the fate of the "Edinburgh Review"—to the calm but stern disapproval of Sir Walter Scott, who thus wrote to its publisher: "The 'Edinburgh Review' *had* become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it; *now* it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."

The plan of the "Quarterly," which had for some time been contemplated, was soon arranged, and its first number appeared in February, 1809. It is honourable to the "Edinburgh Review" to state, that its system of management was the one adopted by the new rival journal, at the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott. This plan was unfolded by Sir Walter in a letter to Gifford, the newly-appointed editor of the "Quarterly," previous to its commencement. His letter, from which we give the following extract, sufficiently shows how essential Jeffrey had been to the prosperity of the Edinburgh periodical, as well as the sagacious measures which he had adopted for the purpose. Indeed, they may be said to have formed the exemplar of all the numerous magazines of our day:—"The extensive reputation and circulation of the 'Edinburgh Review' is chiefly owing to two circumstances: first, that it is entirely uninfluenced by the booksellers, who have contrived to make most of the other reviews merely advertising sheets to puff off their own publications; and, secondly, the very handsome recompense which the editor not only holds forth to his regular assistants, but actually forces upon those whose circumstances and rank make it a matter of total indifference to them. The editor, to my knowledge, makes a point of every contributor receiving this *bonus*, saying that Czar Peter, when working in the trenches, received pay as a common soldier. But there is still something behind, and that of the last consequence. One great resource to which the Edinburgh editor turns himself, and by which he gives popularity even to the duller articles of his 'Review,' is accepting contributions from persons of inferior powers of writing, provided they understand the books to which the criticisms relate; and as such are often of stupifying mediocrity, he renders them palatable by throwing in a handful of spice—namely, any lively paragraph, or entertaining illustration that occurs to him in reading them over. By this sort of veneering, he converts, without loss of time, or hinderance of business, articles which, in their original state, might hang in the market, into such goods as are not likely to disgrace those among which they are placed." In this way Jeffrey plumed many a heavy article, and sent it soaring heaven-

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ward, which, without such aid, would have been doomed to dabble in the mud. It is evident, however, that this, the most important, was also the most difficult of all editorial labours; and without a very skilful hand, would have converted the process of fine veneering into clumsy patchwork. It must have been amusing in not a few cases, to see a grave contributor to the "Edinburgh Review" reading his article for the first time in print, and wondering at his own wit and vivacity!

Notwithstanding the merited success of the "Quarterly," Jeffrey felt neither envy nor alarm; there was now room enough in the literary world for both journals, and the excellence of the one was a healthy stimulus to the other. His affairs were also so prosperous, that after successive removals to more fashionable mansions in Edinburgh, he was enabled, in 1812, to occupy a country house at Hatton, near Edinburgh, once a seat of the earls of Lauderdale. This antique residence was soon enlivened by an additional tenant. In 1810, Jeffrey had met with Miss Charlotte Wilkes, grand-neice of the celebrated John Wilkes, who was on a visit to Edinburgh with her uncle and aunt, and this acquaintance ripened into an attachment, that was followed by marriage in 1813. As the lady, however, resided in New York, it was necessary that Jeffrey should repair to America for his bride; and thither accordingly he went, notwithstanding his invincible abhorrence of the sea, and impatience of the restraints of navigation. His journal of the voyage, as might be expected, is a wrathful enumeration of cloudy skies, gales, sea-sickness, lumbered decks, soured companions, and squalling children; ending with, "If I get back safe to my own place from this expedition, I shall never willingly go out of sight of land again in my life." It was well that such a consolation awaited his landing, in one who, for thirty-four years, was the comfort of his life and enlivener of his home. At his return to Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1814, he threw himself into the work of the "Review" with fresh ardour, for the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia, and the series of important events that rapidly followed, by which the whole history of the world was changed, gave full scope to his political prelections. In 1815, he removed his country residence from Hatton to Craigcrook, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh, and there his summers were spent till the close of his life. The mansion at first consisted of nothing but an old tower; but this and the adjacent grounds he enlarged, improved, and beautified, as he would have done with some article for the "Review" that was too dull to be published in its original state, but too good to be neglected. By successive additions, the building was expanded into a stately baronial residence, while the thirty or forty acres that surrounded it gave full exercise to that taste for the pleasing and the beautiful which hitherto he had expressed only in theory. There, also, he gathered round him such distinguished characters as Atticus himself might have envied. "What can efface these days," exclaims his affectionate biographer, "or indeed any Craigcrook day, from the recollection of those who had the happiness of enjoying them!"

A change in the Scottish tribunal at the beginning of 1816, brought Jeffrey into greater legal practice than ever. This was the introduction of juries for the trial of facts in civil causes; and for such a department he soon showed himself well fitted, by his versatile intellectual powers, the variety of his knowledge, and ready command of every kind of oratory. Here, too, the fact of his connection with the "Review," instead of retarding his progress, only brought him clients in multitudes, for he was now recognized as the champion of popular

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rights, as well as a most able and accomplished pleader. Yet, with this great addition to his professional duty, neither his diligence nor productiveness as a writer was abated, so that, independently of his wonted labours in the "Review," he wrote the article "Beauty" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—a treatise that, notwithstanding the fluctuating nature of every theory upon that subject, will always continue to be admired for the metaphysical depth of its sentiments, and the classic finished elegance of its style. This tide of success, however, was on one occasion interrupted. Strange to tell, Jeffrey stuck a speech! In 1818, John Kemble was about to take leave of the Scottish stage; and as his admirers proposed to give him a public dinner in Edinburgh, Jeffrey was commissioned to present him a snuff-box at the banquet. He rose for the purpose with full confidence in that extemporaneous power which had never failed him; but when the dramatist raised his kingly form at the same instant, and confronted him with magnificent obeisance, the most fluent of speakers was suddenly struck dumb—he sat down, with his speech half-finished and his gift unpresented!

It was now time that honorary distinctions as well as substantial profits should descend upon the successful critic and barrister, so that he should become something more than plain Francis Jeffrey. These were now at hand; and the first that adorned him, appropriately enough came from a seat of learning. His own college of Glasgow had not lost sight of its early *alumnus;* and after having elected the highest and most talented to the office of Lord Rector of the University, the claims of the prince of critics to fill it ought not to be overlooked. So felt the young students, by whose suffrages the rector is chosen, and in 1820, notwithstanding the hostility of the professors, whose dislike of Jeffrey's Whiggism could not be overcome, he was invested with the honoured distinction. After this, proposals were made from influential quarters to obtain for him a seat in parliament; but these he declined: it was from the court of law and not the senate that his next honours were to be obtained. Accordingly, in 1829, he was unanimously elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, the highest honour which his own profession can bestow, and all the more honourable that the election was by the votes of his brethren. It was no trivial indication of political change, that the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" should have been appointed to such an office, in the very heart of Edinburgh, and by a body of men who had in former times been the keenest and most influential champions of Toryism. It was necessary, however, that his editorship should cease, and he gladly resigned it into younger hands. On his election to the deanship, he thus announced the fact of his resignation, and its reason: "It immediately occurred to me that it was not quite fitting that the official head of a great law corporation should continue to be the conductor of what might be fairly enough represented as in many respects a party journal, and I consequently withdrew at once, and altogether, from the management." It was not an easy sacrifice to relinquish an office so congenial to his tastes and habits, which he had held for twenty-seven years, and which he had raised by the force of his talents to such high distinction in the literary and political world. The list of his contributions during this period is truly astounding, not only for quantity, but variety. They amounted in all to 201 articles, a selection from which was published in eight volumes, under his revision, in 1843. After having been Dean of Faculty for a very short period, Jeffrey, in 1830, was appointed Lord Advocate. This office, although resembling that of the Attorney-General in

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England, has few recommendations beyond those of mere distinction, to a successful practitioner at the Scottish bar; for, besides affording a salary of only £300 per annum, it has legal and political duties attached to it, sufficient for the utmost energies of the most talented individual. For three years and a half he continued in this laborious office, during which period he was almost exclusively occupied with the important measures of parliamentary and burgh reform, and spent much of his time in attendance upon the House of Commons, which he did as member for the Forfarshire burghs, and finally for the burgh of Malton. His situation in the House of Commons was anything but a sinecure, as the passing of the Reform Bill for Scotland, of which he was the official manager, cost him many speeches and sleepless nights, as well as a vast amount of daily anxiety. After this great work was successfully accomplished, his chief ambition was to represent his native city in the first reformed parliament. Nothing, indeed, could be more legitimate than such ambition after the toils he had undergone in the cause of reform, not merely as Lord Advocate of Scotland, but also as the ablest of political writers in behalf of the measure, when its very idea was reckoned tantamount to high treason. His wish was gratified. He was put in nomination as candidate for the representation of Edinburgh, and returned by a majority of votes on the 19th of December, 1832, after which he resumed his parliamentary duties, and the incessant worry with which the adjustment of the details of the Reform Bill was connected. While thus employed, a vacancy occurred on the bench of the Court of Session, in 1833, and Jeffrey was appointed to this, the highest office which a Scottish lawyer can attain. But what he valued more highly was, that it freed him from the harassing labours of parliament, and those of Lord Advocate, and restored him to the society of his friends, and full enjoyment of his home. It was the natural feeling of one who had already passed threescore years of life, and passed them in toil and intellectual exertion such as had well purchased the boon of repose.

Having ceased from his avocations as lawyer and reviewer, and passed into that peaceful but dignified office to which his merits had so honourably won their way, the rest of the narrative of Jeffrey's life may be briefly told. On the 7th of June, 1834, he took his seat on the bench, with the title of Lord Jeffrey, instead of assuming a territorial one from the landed property which he possessed. Was this humility, eschewing a pompous designation as savouring too much of aristocracy and feudalism?—or pride, that felt as if his own family name had now been raised to such distinction as to make a lordly change unnecessary? Both feelings may have been so curiously blended in the choice, that it would be better to leave them unquestioned. At all events, the familiar name of Jeffrey was more grateful to the literary ear than Lord Craigcrook, or any other such title could have been. His official duties required his attendance in the court every morning at nine o'clock, and thus, with him, the virtue of early rising was enforced by necessity. During the winter, when the court was sitting, his place of residence was Edinburgh; he then usually repaired in spring to London or its neighbourhood; and in autumn he lived at his residence of Craigcrook, which seemed every year to become more and more endeared to his affections. Having now so much leisure upon his hands, and that, too, it may be added, for the first time in his life, he was often urged by his friends to write some important original work, in which his whole intellectual power would be condensed, and his fame embodied for the esteem of posterity when

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the "Edinburgh Review" itself would be supplanted by younger and more popular candidates. But to this his answer was, "I have no sense of duty that way, and feel that the only sure, or even probable result of the attempt, would be hours and days of anxiety, and unwholesome toil, and a closing scene of mortification." It was the apology of one who had already written so much that he had become weary of the task—or who had written so well, that he was afraid of risking all he had already won upon such a final and decisive cast. At all events, he rested satisfied with the fame he had already acquired, and in this way it may be that he acted wisely. On the 27th of June, 1838, his daughter, and only child, was married to William Empson Esq., professor of Law in the East India College, Haileybury; and this union, besides imparting an additional charm to his yearly visits to England, produced to him those solaces for his old age, which, perhaps, a new successful literary undertaking would have failed to impart. These were the little grandchildren, who were soon entwined like rich tendrils around his affectionate heart, and in whose society he renewed all the freshness and buoyancy of his early youth.

In his capacity of judge, Lord Jeffrey was connected with those decisions of the Court of Session that preceded the disruption of the Church of Scotland; and his award was in favour of that party by whom the Free Church was afterwards constituted. He took an intense interest in the whole controversy from the commencement, and even at an early period foresaw that a disruption was inevitable, while he lamented such a fatal necessity. But still his heart was with the dissentients, for he saw that they could not act otherwise, consistently with their convictions as to the spiritual independency of the church. Thus he felt while their case was discussed in the Court of Session, and afterwards removed by appeal to the House of Lords, and he regarded the final award of the supreme tribunal as short sighted, unjust, and tyrannical. At length, the crisis approached, for the meeting of the General Assembly of 1843 was at hand. His interest about the result in the great coming conflict of the church was thus expressed: "I am anxious to hear what her champions and martyrs are now doing, and what is understood to be their plan of operation at the Assembly. It will be a strange scene any way, and I suppose there will be a separation into two assemblies." He knew too well the elements of the Scottish character, and was too conversant with the history of our national church, to believe, as most of the politicians of the day believed, that the opposition of the evangelical party would break down at the last moment under the argument of manse, glebe, and stipend. But would the secession be on such a scale as to constitute a great national movement? Or when the crisis came, might there not be such a fearful winnowing as would reduce the protesting party to a mere handful? At length the day and the hour of trial arrived. Jeffrey was reading in his study, when tidings were brought to him that the whole body had departed as one man—that four hundred and fifty ministers had fearlessly redeemed their pledge to sacrifice their earthly interests at the command of duty, and had left the Assembly to constitute another elsewhere! He threw the book from him, and exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "I am proud of my country! no other than Scotland," he added, "would have acted thus."

The remainder of Lord Jeffrey's life was passed in the enjoyment of a happy old age, his duties of judge, to which he attended to the last, being alternated with social intercourse, domestic enjoyment, and reading—that incessant process of acquiring new ideas, without which it seemed as if he could not have sur-

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vived for a single hour. Thus his course went on till the close of 1849; but though still exhibiting much of his former activity, as well as enjoying every source of happiness, he knew that this must soon terminate. "I have made," he thus writes to his son-in-law and daughter, "a last lustration of all my walks and haunts, and taken a long farewell of garden, and terrace, and flowers, seas and shores, spiry towers, and autumnal fields. I always bethink me that I may never see them again." He had, indeed, seen the last of his autumns; for on the 22nd of January following, after a brisk afternoon walk round the Calton Hill, he was attacked by bronchitis, a complaint to which he had for several years been more or less subject; but so little did he apprehend the consequences, that he thought that, at the worst, they would only compel him to resign his place on the bench. But death was advancing with a swift though silent step, and after four days of illness, in which he suffered little, and anticipated a speedy recovery, he breathed his last. This was on the 26th of January, 1850. He, too, felt his ruling passion strong in death; for in his dreams during the three nights previous to his dissolution, the spirit of the Edinburgh reviewer predominated, so that he was examining proof-sheets, reading newspapers, and passing judgment upon arguments or events as they rose before his mind's eye in the most fantastical variety. During the last year of his life, his walks had carried him to the Dean Cemetery, where, amidst its solemn vistas, enlivened with the song of the blackbird, he had selected the spot which he wished to be his final resting-place; and there, accordingly, his remains were deposited on the 31st of January.

Mrs. Jeffrey outlived her husband only a few months. She died at Haileybury, on the 18th of May, and her remains were interred beside his, in the Dean Cemetery.

K.

KEITH, Sir Robert Murray, K.B.—In this distinguished personage we have presented before us the rare character of a high-minded, honourable, upright diplomatist. But, what is perhaps equally rare, he was a *Scottish* diplomatist. That our country, which has produced so many distinguished men, should have left such a profitable walk almost unoccupied, and that a people so accustomed to veil their feelings, so habituated to self-command, and so shrewd and penetrating, should yet be able to produce so few names illustrious for diplomatic talent, is one of those inexplicable anomalies that stand out so strongly in the national character, to the great perplexity of ethnical psychologists. It classes with the fact that the Scot, who at any moment is ready to die for his country, is equally prompt to quit it, and in no great hurry to return to it.

That branch of the Keiths to which the subject of this memoir belonged, was descended from the Keiths of Craig, in Kincardineshire. He was the eldest son of General Sir Robert Keith, who for some time was ambassador at the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg; his mother was a daughter of Sir William Cunningham, of Caprington; his sister, Mrs. Anne Murray-Keith, the intimate and esteemed friend of Sir Walter Scott, was beautifully delineated by the great novelist, under the name of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, in the "Chronicles of the Canongate." Robert was born on the 20th of September, 1730. His father being

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much abroad, employed in his public duties, and his mother having died when he had only reached the early age of eleven, the youth was thus left in a great measure to his own management; but even already the maternal care had cultivated that high moral sense and delicacy of feeling which his character afterwards exhibited; while his father's letters prepared him for those diplomatic employments by which he was to secure for himself an honoured name in the political world. The education of Robert Murray Keith was for some time conducted at the High School of Edinburgh, and this he turned to good account in after years, by using Latin, which he could do fluently, both by speech and writing, in various parts of Europe, when his communications could not be so fitly expressed in ordinary language. At the age of sixteen he was removed to an academy in London; and as the military profession was at this time his choice, he studied riding the great horse, fencing, French, fortification, music, and drawing. All this was enough for an accomplished soldier, but to these he added a thorough knowledge of modern languages, at that time too much neglected in education; so that besides French he had a complete command of Dutch, German, and Italian—a circle which he afterwards widened so greatly, that among his studies he was able to specify his "ten tongues" as part of his daily employment.

On completing his education, Robert Murray Keith received a commission in a Highland regiment employed in the Dutch service, and known by the name of the Scotch-Dutch, where he continued till the age of twenty-two, and had attained the rank of captain when the regiment was disbanded. He then entered the service of one of the German states, but found it the roughest of all military schools, on account of the hardships and privations that attended it. Among the other necessaries of life, the article of fuel was dealt out with such a sparing hand, that he was obliged, in the depth of winter, to keep constant watch over it—a necessity that brought upon him the habit of sleep-walking. With all this, the chance of military glory as a recompense was somewhat uncertain, for he was attached as adjutant-general and secretary to Lord George Sackville, who commanded the English contingent of the allied army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Sackville found it necessary to resign; but Keith, through the influence of his father, was soon appointed to serve in a new Highland corps, raised for the war in Germany, with the rank of major-commandant. He was now one of the leaders of a body of men from whom much was expected, and who by no means disappointed the expectation. Although these Celts were raw undisciplined lads, fresh from their native hills, they were marched into the fire only the third day after their arrival; and under Keith they attacked a village sword in hand, and drove out of it a regiment of veteran dragoons with great slaughter. In consequence of their gallant behaviour more Highlanders were sent to Germany, and well did they justify the wise policy of Chatham in employing them, as well as the declaration of the Prince of Brunswick, that "they did wonders." Such was the case throughout the campaign of 1760, and at the battle of Fellinghausen, in July, 1761. On this occasion the claymore was more than a match for the bayonets of the choicest troops of France, whom the Highlanders defeated with great loss; while their kindness to the wounded and prisoners after the battle, if possible, surpassed their valour in the field. In fact, the celebrated but diminutive Marshal Broglie, who commanded against them, and contrasted their prowess with their light, short, spare figures, declared, when the fight was over,

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that "he once wished he were a man six feet high, but now he was reconciled to his size, since he had seen the wonders performed by the little mountaineers."

Soon after, Keith's military career terminated, for the Highland corps was disbanded in 1763. After a year spent in Paris, where his manners and accomplishments made him a universal favourite, he returned to London, and was promoted to the rank of colonel. Four years were spent in the metropolis, when, in 1769, Colonel Murray Keith, whose high civil capacities and aptitude for business had been discerned by Mr. Pitt, was appointed British envoy to the court of Saxony. To Dresden he accordingly repaired, where he appears to have had little occupation besides that of keeping open the friendly relationship between that country and Great Britain, and playing a conciliatory part with all the gay assemblies in which Dresden abounded. His letters at this period give an amusing sketch of the nature of his duties, and the manner in which they were performed :—"I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living.—Morning, *eight o'clock:* Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets-doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors. *Ten:* Business of Europe, with a little music now and then, *pour égayer les affaires*. *Twelve: Devoirs* at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four), from thence to fine ladies, toilettes, and tender things. *Two:* dine in public—three courses and a dessert; venture upon half a glass of *pure wine*, to exhilarate the spirits without hurting the complexion. *Four:* Rendezvous, sly visits, declarations, *ecclarissemens*, &c., &c. *Six:* Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven:* Opera, *appartement*, or private party; a world of business, jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber of whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten:* Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos galans*, scandal, and *petites chauson*. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand, and at *twelve* steal away mysteriously *home to bed*." "And is this the way a kingdom may be ruled?" exclaims the disappointed reader. But why not, if peace instead of war is to be the order of the day? From this drolling sketch it will be evident that Colonel Keith always kept his head cool for action, whatever might occur, and that, too, in a country where dissipation and deep drinking, even in courtly halls, made the latter half of the day little better than a nullity.

If Keith secretly felt that he occupied an unworthy position, from having so little to do, he was soon cured of this uneasiness by being transferred to the court of Denmark. At Copenhagen the whole scene was changed. There, foreign influence was jealously watched, and the diplomatists of Europe held at a wary distance. The gay parties, in which public measures could be openly and frankly discussed, were discountenanced; and so completely was the society of the court broken into circles, that even at the theatre they were obliged to confine themselves to their separate places. "Those who sit two boxes from me," he writes, "might as well be in Norway, for any manner of communication I can have with them. It is really ridiculous to see how the world is parcelled out here into no less than nine classes, six of whom I must never encounter without horror." All this, however, he endured and surmounted with his usual tact, and performed the duties of his mission to the satisfaction of his own court, but without exciting the suspicion of the Danish government. It was much, indeed, that a heart so open and a disposition so buoyant should have maintained this tranquillity in such a freezing atmosphere; and, therefore, while he waited for orders, and fulfilled them punctually when sent,

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he thus expressed his private feelings:—"In the meantime I heartily consign that old harridan, Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils."

A fatal necessity soon occurred for Keith to give all these jealous court restrictions to the winds, and hurl defiance at the very throne of Denmark. To understand this the most important event of his life, we must premise that the Danish sovereign, Christian VII., had for his queen, Matilda, sister of George III. But Christian, unfortunately, was a strange compound of idiot and madman, such as Europe had scarcely seen, even in the worst days of the Roman empire. In the course of his travels he had picked up a certain physician, Struensee, whom he ennobled and appointed to the first place in the government; and so implicitly did he put trust in his favourite, that every measure, whether of court or kingdom, was wholly regulated by the parvenu Count Struensee. It is easy to imagine with what feelings both nobles and people regarded his elevation; but as if their united dislike had been insufficient for the ruin of the luckless stranger, Christian himself aggravated their hatred of the man of his choice, by the incredible fooleries in which it was his pleasure to indulge. Among these, one of his royal pastimes was to go down on all fours, and play the part of a horse!—and not content to top his part by gamboling and neighing, he must needs also complete the resemblance by receiving a due portion of the kicks and cuffs too often bestowed upon the nobler animal which he aspired to imitate. Count Brandt, the friend of Struensee, who was compelled to play the part of the surly groom on this occasion, by being threatened with the punishment of a traitor if he disobeyed, was afterwards beheaded for his compliance. Such was the husband of Matilda! But this was not the utmost of her calamity; for an ambitious and unprincipled queen-mother was also dominant in the court of Copenhagen; one who had studiously perverted poor Christian both in mind and body from infancy, that she might pave the way for the succession of her son, Prince Frederick, and was now bent upon the ruin of Matilda, as one by whom her aims were likely to be defeated. It was by this Até that the court was set against the young and beautiful queen, and her husband, who really loved her, withdrawn from her society; and when Matilda, thus forsaken, was obliged in self-defence to form a coalition with the powerful minister, it was foully insinuated that their meetings were for the purpose of adulterous intercourse. She was thus traduced, that she might be the more easily and effectually destroyed. Even the high talents which Struensee undoubtedly possessed, and his superior accomplishments and manners, were quoted to confirm the accusation. To seize the queen and minister was now the aim of their enemies; but although several schemes were laid for the purpose, they were always defeated by accident. At length a masked ball was given one night at the palace; and amidst the rest and security that usually follow a revel, the conspirators entered the king's bed-chamber, and by frightening him with the report of a conspiracy against his life, obtained from him an order for the instant arrest of the queen, Count Struensee, and their followers. Struensee and Brandt were seized in their beds, and hurried off to the citadel of Copenhagen; Matilda, in her night-dress, was apprehended in her own bed-chamber, and after an agonizing struggle to gain access to the king, which was prevented by the guards with their crossed muskets, was incarcerated in the fortress of Cronenburg. On the following morning the streets of Copenhagen rang with huzzas of mob-loyalty, and in the evening they were lighted with

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an illumination. The people were taught that the queen was not only an adulteress, but had attempted to poison her husband; and while the churches were filled with thanksgiving for the preservation of such a valuable sovereign, it was easy for the senate, without waiting the ceremony of trial, to declare her guilty of both charges.

It was now the season for Colonel Keith to despise etiquette, and dare the utmost. Hitherto he had seen and lamented the situation of his sovereign's sister; but the jealousy with which the proceedings of the court were guarded had prevented his interference, and the astounding explosion had taken him, as it did every one else but the queen-mother and her agents, at unawares. Alone, amidst an excited and infuriated capital, he forced his way into the council where the fate of the queen was at issue, and denounced war against Denmark if a single hair of her head was touched. The British fleet was to be immediately summoned to Copenhagen, and the bombardment of the capital commenced. It was an act worthy of the proudest days of Rome, when her ambassador drew a line upon the sand, and commanded the king of Egypt not to cross it until he had decided whether he would have peace or war. After having delivered this stern declaration before the council, upon whom it fell like a thunderbolt, Keith despatched a messenger to his own court with an account of the proceedings, and a request for further orders, and till these should arrive, he locked up himself and his household, and remained for four weeks in a state of quarantine, or rather of siege and defiance. At the end of that time the expected packet arrived, and on eagerly opening it, the insignia of the Order of the Bath fell at his feet. It had been inclosed by the king's own hands, to mark his sense of Sir Robert's heroic conduct, and was accompanied with a command to invest himself forthwith, and appear at the Danish court. It was thus seen that the ambassador's menace was no idle threat, but would be made good, if need were, by a British armament. Brandt and his patron, Struensee, were, indeed, tried as traitors, and executed with revolting cruelty, having first their right hands cut off, and afterwards their heads. But against Matilda they dared not proceed to the extremities they intended. After being confined two months in a fortress, she was sent to the castle of Zell, in Hanover, where she died before her day, the broken-hearted victim of infamous accusations.

After this tragic event, Sir Robert was weary of Copenhagen. During nearly a twelvemonth that he had resided there he had never experienced anything like kindness, and this reserve would soon, in all likelihood, have been changed into downright rudeness. For was Danish pride likely to forget how he had braved it at its height? Fortunately he was not subjected to the experiment; for in November, 1772, he was appointed to hold at Vienna the situation of British ambassador, the same office which his father had held nearly twenty years before, at the court of Maria Theresa. Vienna appears to have been more to Sir Robert's taste than Copenhagen, but it was only because it was the least of two evils, for, in other respects, the Austrian capital appears to have been a huge compound of frivolity and dullness. The following is his sketch of it: "The ephemeral fly, which is born in the morning to die at night, might hold up the conversation of one half of our most brilliant aides. The play, the dance, your horse, my coach, a pretty embroidery, or a well-fancied lining, these are the favourite topics; upon every one of which I am a numskull of the first water. I never play at cards; *ergo*, I am not only a stupid fellow, but an useless one." Cards, indeed, he held in utter detestation, and could not be

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persuaded to touch them, either in jest or earnest; and yet the Viennese were such a gambling, card-playing people, that a diplomatist could have little chance among them, unless he countenanced them in their folly. Sir Robert, in this case, hit upon the following compromise, on the ingenuity of which he valued himself not a little: "A lady who is generally remarkably lucky at cards, but who had lately a bad run of about a week, complained t'other day loudly of her misfortunes, and said she must soon relinquish cards, her favourite amusement. I immediately thought I might strike an advantageous bargain with this dear creature, and satisfy all mankind. I therefore agreed to attack Dame Fortune with *my* money and *her* fingers; and now she plays her three parties every day in my name, and at my risk; and I am now one of the prettiest card-players in Vienna—*by proxy!*" All this was dull enough at the best; but one of his official duties was to endure it with a contented countenance, and appear happy with everything around him. His chief consolation consisted in epistolary correspondence with his friends at home, and while he freely imparted to them those lively communications in which his duties of political secrecy were not compromised, he was urgent for a full requital. Amidst these interchanges, also, the thought of his own country, of which he had seen so little, was always uppermost, and he was anxious for its improvement; so that amidst his diplomatic cares he would attend to the welfare of Scottish plantations as zealously as if he had been a retired country gentleman. Upon this head, among many other topics, he thus writes to his only sister, the Margaret Bethune Baliol of Sir Walter Scott: "And now pray, my dear Anne, let me appoint you my substitute with G—— (his bailiff in Tweeddale), to din into his ears '*Trees, trees, trees,*' every time you meet him. I have not a twig of his planting at the hall, and I own I expected a forest. This is no joking matter; I would rather be master of a handsome plantation and *hedge-rows*, than a mine of gold; so you know you can and will pursue it. You shall be the ranger of the new forest in Tweeddale, and your husband, when you get one, shall be Lord Warden of the Marches." Want of trees at this time did indeed constitute the nakedness and the shame of Scotland; and though exertions had for some time been going on to repair the deficiency, all that had as yet been done was little better than Adam's fig-leaf. It is pleasing to contrast with this the gay costume of foliage with which our country is clothed in the present day.

After having ably discharged his duties of envoy at Vienna, Sir Robert was a second time appointed to the office. The sky of Europe was already lowering with the coming French Revolution, so that the utmost political foresight and circumspection was necessary; and here he showed himself a statesman fitted for the crisis. In his duties he was grievously hampered by the remissness of the home government, that left his despatches unanswered; and in 1788 we find him writing to the Marquis of Caermarthen, then Secretary of State, upon the subject, with an honesty somewhat rare in diplomatic correspondence, and with a strict, stern disinterestedness, which few of our envoys would venture to use towards their official superiors. Fifty-three letters he had already written to the Secretary's office, without receiving an answer to any of them. After an indignant remonstrance at such neglect, he adds: "A complete change of system, in regard to German politics, has become not only expedient, but indispensably necessary. But that it should have taken place in the king's councils without any secretary of state's having ever given me the most distant

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intimation of such a decision, is what I cannot comprehend. I am bold to say (and I should not deserve the honour of serving the king as his minister at the first court of Germany if I refrained from saying it *loudly*) that such concealment is disgraceful to me in the position in which the king has placed me, and likewise prejudicial to his service." The conclusion to this remonstrance was inevitable:—unless the injury was "immediately repaired by confidential information and instructions," he must tender his resignation of an office for which he was thus declared unfit. The integrity and decision of the justly offended statesman were too well known to be trifled with, and his appeal was followed with due acknowledgment.

The political career of Sir Robert Murray Keith was closed with the pacification of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, previous to the excesses of the French Revolution—a pacification which his labours tended greatly to accomplish. He died at Hammersmith, near London, in 1795, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

KEMP, GEORGE MEIKLE.—This architect, whose great work, the Scott Monument, one of the noblest ornaments of Edinburgh, has secured the admiration of Europe, and the approbation of the highest judges of architectural excellence in every country, was the son of a lowly shepherd, who pursued his occupation on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills. Such a scenery, where nothing but nature predominated, in the form of bare brown mountains and dashing waterfalls, was the least of all adapted to create a perception of the beautiful in art; so that, had not Kemp been born an architect, he would probably have been to the end of his days a shepherd or a mechanic. But at the age of ten years, having been sent on a message to Roslin, only six miles distant, he then, and for the first time, beheld the creative power of man, in the remains of the ancient castle of Roslin, and above all, in its exquisite gem, the chapel. The delight he experienced at this new revelation, and the earnestness with which he gazed at each portion of the work, not only confirmed his choice of life, but abode with him as vivid remembrances to the end of his days. The present, however, had to be cared for in the meantime; and young Kemp, as soon as he was fit for work, became apprentice to a joiner near Eddlestone; and when his term of service had expired he went to Galashiels, where he was employed nearly a twelvemonth in the workshop of a millwright. This last-mentioned locality brought him into the neighbourhood of those districts where some of the richest specimens of ancient cathedral architecture which our island contains are all but grouped together; and thus he had many an opportunity of inspecting the remains of the abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Jedburgh. After having fully studied these inspiring lessons, until Kemp, the humble millwright, had become heart and soul an architect, he went to England, where he worked a short time as a joiner, but omitting no opportunity of pursuing his natural vocation by studying the remains of Gothic architecture. A specimen of his zeal in this way was his walking fifty miles to York, to inspect its cathedral, and afterwards returning on foot. From Lancashire he removed to Glasgow, where he lived some time as a journeyman at his craft, and as a student within the massive shadows of the cathedral. Mr. Kemp came to Edinburgh in 1816 or 1817, and remained in the employment of the same party, as a joiner, until May, 1824, when he went to London. During this period he displayed the same bent of mind, as he was in the constant habit of making excursions into the country, even to remote districts, to examine some object of interest. A Roman camp, a fragment of Norman or early Gothic architecture, a battle-field,

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or the birthplace of some poet or warrior, all alike interested him. In pursuit of some such object he would often leave his work for days together. He was fortunately an excellent pedestrian, and could walk forty miles a-day with ease; for in those days the facilities of railway travelling did not exist. Kemp was an ardent admirer of our older poets. Chaucer, Sir David Lindsay, and Drummond, were his favourites; Burns he could almost repeat by heart; and he wrote occasional verses himself. Nor did he entirely neglect his musical powers. He was fond of the violin, and could bring out his favourite Scotch airs on that instrument with taste and feeling. Kemp, therefore, while following his humble calling, was recognized by his immediate friends as a man of genius; and, during the whole period of his residence in Edinburgh, he was on terms of closest intimacy with the family of his employer, with whom, on all festive occasions, he was a welcome guest.

Having learned, in this manner, all that Britain could teach him in the science of Gothic architecture, Mr. Kemp resolved to carry his researches into a more ample field. His design was to travel over Europe, inspecting its ancient remains of architecture, wherever they were to be found, and supporting himself, during his stay in the neighbourhood of each, by working at his ordinary trade. It was the spirit of the ancient builders, who roamed in companies from land to land, and whose footsteps a thousand years have not erased—men who were content to merge their individual names into the band of which they were a part, and into the art which they so devotedly and disinterestedly loved; and who cared not, if their works only survived to future ages, whether posterity should retain or throw aside the memory of those by whom such permanent sanctuaries for peace and contemplation were created in the midst of universal strife and havoc. It must have been such men as Kemp who were the leaders and master-spirits of such bands. In 1824 he commenced his tour, which extended from Boulogne to Abbeville, to Beauvais, and Paris, halting at each place for some weeks, and studying their architectural remains during every hour of leisure in his handicraft employment. In such a city as Paris his pecuniary difficulties might have been increased but for the demand of English workmen in France for mill machinery; and as Kemp was skilful in this department, he obtained full and profitable employment, so that he could confront the expenses of living in the capital, and study at leisure the details of Notre-Dame, and other less noted structures. After two years' travel of this kind in England and France, Kemp, on returning to Edinburgh, commenced business as a joiner, but was unsuccessful—and could he well be otherwise, when his heart was neither in the wood-yard nor at the planing-board? His hand, indeed, was more conversant at this time with the pencil than with axe or saw; and he was busy in the study of drawing and perspective, in which he soon became a proficient without the aid of a master. Having been unsuccessful in business as a master-joiner, Kemp returned to his former station as journeyman, to which he added the employment of an architectural draughtsman; and such was now the superior beauty and correctness of his drawings, that they soon found purchasers. One of the commissions of this kind he received was from Mr. Burn, the eminent architect, by whom he was employed to copy some of the working-drawings for the palace proposed to be built at Dalkeith, as the future mansion for the princely house of Buccleuch. Instead, however, of proceeding with the drawings, he set about modelling a section of the building in wood, and with such success, and so greatly to the satisfaction of the architect, Mr. Burn, that

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it resulted in a commission to do the whole edifice in the same style. On receiving this commission, he commenced the model with characteristic enthusiasm, and his own modest apartments soon becoming too small for the work, the architect's ample drawing-room was, for the time being, converted into a workshop, and in it this remarkable specimen of zeal, ingenuity, and neat-handedness, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, after occupying Kemp and an assistant for two whole years. After the miniature palace was finished, it was transferred to the vestibule of the ducal residence at Dalkeith, of which it forms an attractive ornament.

Amongst the engagements into which the occupation of draughtsman brought him, was that of furnishing drawings for a work illustrative of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland, similar to Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities," projected by Mr. James Johnston, engraver, Edinburgh. For this his intimate knowledge of architectural detail eminently qualified him; and he accordingly, during the years 1832, 1833, executed a number of drawings of singular correctness and beauty, besides a large series of preparative sketches, embracing Elgin, Pluscardine, Kinloss, Melrose, Roslin, and other of our ecclesiastical remains. During the progress of these drawings, Mr. Kemp and the publishers of the present work became acquainted. After Mr. Johnston's premature death, the drawings made for him came into their possession, and Mr. Kemp subsequently completed, at their expense, the measurements and drawings of the Glasgow Cathedral, during the years 1834-35. While he was making these drawings, the project of repairing and completing this beautiful specimen of early pointed architecture was put forth by Mr. M'Lellan, in Glasgow. This led Kemp to prepare a design for the restoration and completion of the building. Fully to exhibit the character of this design, and to demonstrate his ability to construct it if employed to do so, he, in the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, at much sacrifice and labour, prepared a model of the entire cathedral, in which so perfectly did the new portions harmonize with the old, that it would have puzzled any architect, not conversant with the building as it really stood, to tell what part was old, and what were Mr. Kemp's additions. Unhappily, the design would have cost more money to execute than there was at that time any expectation of obtaining, from government or otherwise; and it remains only an evidence of Mr. Kemp's persevering patience, skill in handicraft, and architectural genius.

Thus matured in taste, talent, and skill, by an apprenticeship that was unique in the history of modern architecture, it was now full time that the knowledge of Mr. Kemp's abilities should be extended beyond the circle of his admiring friends, into the world at large. Nothing less, indeed, than a great national work was adequate to such a genius; but what chance was there that an aproned, hard-handed mechanic would be intrusted with such a commission, especially when so many learned Vitruvios were in the field? Happily enough, however, the chance did come. The more than national, the *universal* desire to erect a monument to Sir Walter Scott in the fair metropolis of that country for which he had done so much, and the proposals that were issued for plans of the work, excited an unwonted stir of artistic emulation; it was an opportunity by which the fortunate candidate might link himself to the undying fame of the great poet and novelist. Fifty-four plans sent to the head-quarters of the committee of subscribers in Edinburgh were the fruits of this competition, of which plans there were twenty-two Gothic structures, eleven statues combined

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with architectural accompaniments, fourteen Grecian temples, five pillars, one obelisk, and one fountain. Amidst such a profusion the committee made no decisive choice; but, in terms of their agreement, they selected the best three for the prize of £50 a-piece, and laid themselves open for fresh competition. Of the three designs thus distinguished above the rest, two were by eminent English architects, and the third by some individual who as yet had no name of his own, or was shy of bringing it into notice, for he signed himself John Morvo. Who was this John Morvo? It was no other than Kemp himself, who had thus come timidly forward, and secured a safe retreat in case of failure. In five days he had drawn the plan, during which period he had suspended his work on the model of the Glasgow Cathedral, with which he was at this period occupied; and as soon as it was done he resumed his labour, apparently thinking no farther of a trial in which the chances were so hopelessly against him. In this mood he trudged home from Linlithgow on the evening of the day of decision, and on crossing his threshold was met by his wife, with news of the three lucky candidates, which she had learned from an acquaintance, and whose names she repeated. What a happy moment it must have been for both when the real John Morvo was revealed!

As the lists were now opened for a second trial, Kemp, animated by his late success, was ready to resume it with double ardour. His first plan had been a tall Gothic tower or spire, whose original conception and details he had adapted from Melrose Abbey, a structure the lines of which had been for years impressed upon his memory, and of which, also, three drawings that he had executed in 1830 first brought him into notice as an architect in the highest sense of the term. Adopting his earlier design as the groundwork, he now produced such an improvement upon it as secured for it the choice of the whole committee, with the exception of only two dissenting voices—one on the plea that Kemp was unknown, and the other that his plan was a plagiarism. The declaration, however, of the committee, that the "design was an imposing structure of 135 feet in height, of beautiful proportions, in strict conformity with the purity in taste and style of Melrose Abbey, from which it is in its details derived," and the attestation of Mr. Burn, who expressed to the committee "his great admiration of the elegance of Mr. Kemp's design, its purity as a Gothic composition, and more particularly the constructive skill exhibited throughout in the combination of the graceful features of that style of architecture, in such a manner as to satisfy any professional man of the correctness of its principle, and the perfect solidity which it would possess when built"—these testimonies sufficed, in the first instance, to show that Mr. Kemp's plan was a congenial inspiration, not a plagiarism, and that, if he was still unknown to the world, he ought to be so no longer. But who would now think of adducing such frivolous objections, with the testimony of the whole world against him? The Scott Monument has been visited from every land; engravings of it are diffused over the wide earth; and as long as it stands in its majestic and imposing beauty, the pilgrims of future centuries, who gaze upon it in silent admiration, will connect the name of its builder with the thought of him whom it commemorates.

Mr. Kemp had thus passed, by a single stride, from the condition of a humble mechanic to the highest rank in architectural talent and distinction; and having won such an elevation while life was still in its prime, a long perspective of professional achievements, and the rank and profit by which they would be

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accompanied, was naturally anticipated for him by his friends, and perhaps by himself also. The building, too, which he had planned, was rapidly rising from base to summit, while at each step the public eye detected some new beauty, and waited impatiently for the completion. But here the life of the artist was brought to a sudden and most disastrous termination. He had been absent from home, employed in matters connected with the structure; and on the evening of the 6th of March, 1844, was returning to his dwelling at Morningside, through Fountainbridge, when, in consequence of the darkness of the night, he had diverged from the direct road, and fallen into the canal-basin at the opening. His body was found in the water several days afterwards, and the whole city, that had now learned to appreciate his excellence, bewailed the mournful event as a public calamity. It was intended to deposit his remains in the vault under the Scott Monument, as their fitting resting-place; but at the last hour this purpose was altered, and the interment took place in St. Cuthbert's church-yard; while every street through which the funeral passed was crowded with spectators. Such was the end of this promising architect, when his first great work, now nearly completed, surpassed the latest and best of those of his cotemporaries, and gave promise that architecture would no longer be classed among the *artes perditæ* in Scotland. Mr. Kemp was married in September, 1832, to Miss Elizabeth Bonnar, sister to the eminent artist, Mr. William Bonnar. He left four children, two boys and two girls, three of whom survive him. His eldest son, a student of architecture, died in December, 1853, at the age of twenty. He was a youth of rare promise and amiable manners, inheriting all his father's genius and enthusiasm for art.

KEMP, Kenneth G.—Of this talented scientific experimenter and lecturer, our notice must necessarily be brief, in consequence of his premature departure while his high fame was yet in progress. He was born in 1807; and as soon as he was able to make choice of a particular path in intellectual life, he selected that of chemistry, into which he threw himself with all the ardour of a devotee, or even of a martyr—this last expression being fully needed to express the daring investigations into which he directed his studies, and the equally dangerous experiments by which he arrived at new and important results in chemical science. Not the least of these were his experiments on the theory of combustion, and the liquefaction of the gases, with which he delighted the British Association at their meetings in Edinburgh in 1836. It was not surprising, also, that in such pursuits his inquisitive energetic mind should have made not only discoveries on several chemical compounds, but have recommended the science itself, as yet too generally neglected in Scotland, to the attention of his countrymen—more especially when he had obtained the situation of lecturer on practical chemistry in the university of Edinburgh. Besides his researches into the compounds of substances, and the evolvement of gases, Mr. Kemp studied deeply the mysteries of electricity and magnetism, and was so fortunate as to be the discoverer of the use of zinc plates in galvanic batteries, by which that invisible power of galvanism can be controlled at pleasure, and directed to the most useful purposes. "Let us never forget to whom we owe this discovery, which, of itself, enables galvanic batteries to be used in the arts. Ages to come will, perhaps, have to thank the inventor, whom we are too apt to forget—yet still the obligation from the public to Mr. Kemp is the same." This testimony, from an eminent writer, who could well appreciate the subject, will, we trust, have its weight in identifying the discovery with its originator. Another,

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which Mr. Kemp was the first to make—at least the first in Scotland—was the solidifying of carbonic acid gas.

Thus, even at an early period of life, Mr. Kemp had attained to high scientific distinction, and made the abstruse researches of chemistry a subject of popular interest in Scotland, while his example had stimulated those kindred intellects by whom further progress in the science was certain to be secured. Although this was much, still more was anticipated, when his career was cut short by a disease of the heart, under which he had laboured for years, and which, perhaps, the peculiar nature of his studies among strange substances and deleterious atmospheres had tended silently to aggravate. He died in Edinburgh, on the 30th of December, 1843, at the early age of thirty-six.

KNOX, WILLIAM.—"It may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, 'The Lonely Hearth,' far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses. . . . . For my part, I am a bad promoter of subscriptions; but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired; and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets, or poetry that is reckoned very good, *considering*. I had him (Knox) at Abbotsford, about ten years ago, but found him unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him, but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on writing for the booksellers and magazines, and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons of former days, though I do not know that he was in extreme want. His connection with me terminated in begging a subscription, or a guinea, now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his own line of society he was said to exhibit infinite humour; but all his works are grave and pensive—a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy, affected for the nonce."

In this extract from Sir Walter Scott's Diary, an outline of the life, moral character, and literary productions of an erring and unfortunate son of genius is briefly sketched; but with the great novelist's wonted perspicuity, sharp intuitive sagacity, and immeasurable good-nature, that never could see a fault where there was a tolerable *per contra* to recommend.

William Knox was born upon the estate of Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburgh, on the 17th August, 1789, and was the son of an extensive and pastoral farmer in the shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk. As his parents were in comfortable circumstances, he received a liberal education, first at the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Musselburgh. After having become a tolerable classical scholar, and acquired a taste for reading, especially in poetry and romance, he was sent, at little more than the age of sixteen, to a lawyer's office, not, however, for the purpose of studying the law as a future profession, but acquiring the general knowledge and practical habits of business. This was necessary, as he was the eldest son of a family of six children, and would naturally succeed to his father's extensive farming; but as a school of morals and virtuous habits, a lawyer's office, at the beginning of the present century, could scarcely be reckoned the happiest of selections. After a few months' training at law, in which he made little progress, he was called home

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to assist his father; and in 1812 he commenced farming on his own account, by taking a lease of the farm of Wrae, in the neighbourhood of Langholm. But steady though he appears to have been at this period, so that he soon acquired the reputation of a diligent and skilful farmer, he was so unsuccessful that he lost all interest in agriculture, threw up the lease of Wrae in 1817, and commenced that precarious literary life which he continued to the close. Indeed, while he was ploughing and sowing, his thoughts were otherwise occupied; for even at the schoolboy age, he had been infected, as half of the human race generally are at that ardent season, with the love of poetry; but instead of permitting himself, like others, to be disenchanted by the solid realities and prosaic cares of life, he cherished the passion until he become irrecoverably a poet. Unhappy is such a choice when it can lead no higher than half-way up Parnassus! His boyish efforts were exhibited chiefly in songs and satires written in the Scottish dialect; and although, when his mind was more matured, he had the good sense to destroy them, it was only for the purpose of producing better in their season. In this way his first publication, "The Lonely Hearth and other Poems," was nearly ready for the press before he had quitted his farm.

It would be too much to follow each step of Knox's progress after he had committed himself to the uncertainties and mutations of authorship. His life was henceforth occupied not only in writing works which issued from the press, but others which were not so fortunate. It was not merely to poetry that he confined himself, in which case his stock, as a source of daily subsistence, would soon have failed; he also wrote largely in prose, and was happy when he could find a publisher. Such a course, sufficiently pecarious in itself, was rendered tenfold worse by those intemperate practices that had already commenced, and which such a kind of life tends not to cure, but to aggravate. Still, amidst all his aberrations, his acknowledged talents as a genuine poet, combined with his amiable temperament and conversational powers, procured him many friends among the most distinguished literary characters of the day. We have already seen the estimate that Sir Walter Scott had formed of him: to this it may be added, that Sir Walter repeatedly supplied the necessities of the unfortunate poet, by sending him ten pounds at a time. Professor Wilson also thought highly of the poetical genius of Knox, and was ever ready to befriend him. Nor must Southey, a still more fastidious critic than either Scott or Wilson, be omitted. Writing to William Knox, who had sent him a copy of one of his poetical works, he thus expresses himself: "Your little volume has been safely delivered to me by your friend, Mr. G. Macdonald, and I thank you for it. It has given me great pleasure. To paraphrase sacred poetry is the most difficult of all tasks, and it appears to me that you have been more successful in the attempt than any of your predecessors. You may probably have heard that the Bishop of Calcutta (before he was appointed to that see) was engaged in forming a collection of hymns and sacred pieces, with the hope of having them introduced into our English churches. Some of yours are so well adapted to that object that I will send out a copy of your book to him."

The principal works of Knox besides the "Lonely Hearth," which we have already mentioned, were a Christmas tale, entitled "Mariomne, or the Widower's Daughter," "A Visit to Dublin," "Songs of Israel," and the "Harp of Zion." Much of his authorship, however, was scattered over the periodicals of the day, and especially the "Literary Gazette." As a prose writer, his works are of little account, and have utterly disappeared; but the same cannot be said

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of his poetry, which possesses a richness and originality that places it on a higher intellectual scale, and insures it a more lasting popularity. It is pleasing also to record, that it is not only undefaced by a single line which a dying author would wish to blot, but elevated throughout into the highest tone of pure devotional feeling and religious instruction. In these cases, Sir Walter Scott seems to think that poor Knox was assuming a part—that he was speaking "according to the trick," and nothing more. We would fain charitably believe, however, that the pensiveness of the erring bard was something else than affectation, and his religious feeling than hypocrisy. Had he not cause to write sadly when he yielded to his better feelings, and sat down to give vent to them in the language which he had learned in happier and purer days? Or was he singular under that

——"video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor——"

which meets so many an unfortunate genius midway, like a sign-post between time and eternity, where he can do nothing more than direct others upon their heavenward journey. In the following stanzas, by which his "Songs of Zion" are prefaced, we can both recognize and understand his sincerity, notwithstanding all those unhappy inconsistencies with which it was contradicted:—

Harp of Zion! pure and holy!
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And, with throbbing heart awake thee
To the songs I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day,
When a mother sooth'd my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay—
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
While the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain—
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again.

It is only necessary to add, that this life of literary adventure to which William Knox committed himself, and in which he unwisely squandered his resources of health and strength, was a brief one, for he died at Edinburgh, on the 12th of November, 1825, in his thirty-sixth year. The cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, which he survived only three or four days.

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LANDSBOROUGH, David, D.D., a successful cultivator of natural history. He was born in Dalry, Galloway, in 1782, and received the rudiments of his education in his native parish. He next studied at the Dumfries Academy, preparatory to entering the university of Edinburgh, where he went through the usual curriculum of a theological education for the Established Church. Whilst attending college he was for some time tutor in the family of Lord Glenlee, who afterwards took a friendly interest in him, and exercised his influence on his behalf. On receiving license, he became assistant in the Old Church of Ayr; but was soon presented to the parish of Stevenston, by the patron, then Mr. Hamilton of Grange. He was accordingly ordained in 1811, and continued pastor of the parish till 1843, the period of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, when he became the Free Church minister of a congregation at Saltcoats. He laboured as formerly, with equal fidelity and acceptance, till September, 1854, when he was suddenly cut off by cholera. What Gilbert White was to his parish of Selborne, Dr. Landsborough was to Stevenston, and the sea-coast of Ardrossan and Saltcoats. In the intervals of professional duty, he studied their natural history in all its departments, showing an equal aptitude for all. The plants, flowering and cryptogamic, the shells, land and marine, fossil botany, and algology, successively passed under his review. But it was more especially to the algæ of the Ayrshire and Arran coasts that he devoted his attention during the latter years of his life; and the pages of Dr. Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica" bear ample testimony to the industry and success with which he prosecuted his researches upon these productive shores. Dr. Harvey acknowledged his contributions by naming an algæ after him; Dr. Johnston in like manner gave his name to a zoophyte; and a shell is similarly distinguished. An allusion to the latter in one of his books, illustrates the meekness and piety which blended harmoniously with his scientific enthusiasm:—"When, on another occasion, a friend had given the specific name of *Landsburgii* to a shell, I said jestingly to the friend who told me of it, 'Is it possible to sail far down the stream of time in a scallop?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'the name that is written on nature will be had in remembrance when sceptres are broken, and thrones overturned, and dynasties have passed away.' The humble name in question," he adds, "is so faintly inscribed, that the rough wave of time will soon totally efface it; but there is a higher and more permanent honour, that we should all supremely court—that our names be written in the Book of Life; then, when the sun, and the moon, and the stars are darkened, we shall shine with the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever." Dr. Landsborough's first published work was a poem on "Arran;" but he was more successful in proclaiming the praise of his favourite island in his subsequent volume of "Excursions," in which he describes its natural history in a very pleasing manner. He was also the author of a "Popular History of British Sea-weeds," and a "Popular History of British Zoophytes," both successful works. A little volume of religious biography, entitled, "Ayrshire Sketches," was his only publication more immediately connected with his profession. He maintained an extensive correspondence with naturalists in all parts of the kingdom, by whom he was esteemed for his varied attainments.

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His theological acquirements and pastoral fidelity won for him the warm attachment of his flock, and the respect and veneration of the adherents of all religious denominations. His disposition was gentle and amiable in a remarkable degree, and those who enjoyed his friendship loved him with filial affection.

LAING, WILLIAM.—This well-known collector of rich and rare literary productions, whose shop was a Herculaneum of the treasures of past ages, was born at Edinburgh, on the 20th of July, 1764. After having received his education at the grammar high school of the Canongate, he made choice of the trade of a printer for his future occupation, and served to it a six years' apprenticeship. This selection was an unlucky one, owing to the weakness of his eyes; and therefore, instead of following it out, he became a bookseller, for which his apprenticeship had completely qualified him. In his case, too, it was not the showy and ephemeral, but money-making books of modern literature that constituted his stock in trade, but the choicest British and foreign editions of the old classical authors of every language—works which only the learned could appreciate, in spite of the dust and dingy vellum with which they were covered. His shop for this species of unostentatious, slow-going, and precarious traffic, was first opened in the Canongate, in 1785; afterwards he removed lower down the street to Chessel's Buildings, where he remained till 1803, at which date he removed to the South Bridge, where he permanently established his emporium. During these changes, his reputation as a collector of valuable old books continued to increase, until it was established among the learned over the whole island, so that his shop became a well-known repertory for those scarce volumes which his thriving brethren in the trade did not possess, and probably had never even heard of. All this, too, was the fruit of ardent disinterested zeal, and untiring diligence in his profession. From the year 1786 he had continued to issue an almost annual succession of catalogues. He knew all the scarce works of antiquity, as to the best editions in which they had been published, the places at which they were to be found in Britain, or upon the continent, and the prices at which they were to be purchased. And he was ready to communicate this valuable information to the literary inquirers who frequented his shop for intelligence that could not well be obtained elsewhere. The labour of travel was added to that of painstaking home research and inquiry, and that, too, at a time when Edinburgh booksellers and traffickers in general limited their journeys to the coast of Fife, or even the ranges of the Pentlands. Thus, in 1793, when the French revolution was at the wildest, he visited Paris, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with such knowledge of his vocation as his own country could not supply, and ascertaining what were the best editions of those authors that are most in request. It was no ordinary zeal that made him pursue such a task amidst the roar of the Parisian pikemen and the clank of the guillotine—more especially, when every stranger there was at least "suspected of being suspected." Another similar pilgrimage he made in 1799. Learning that Christian VII., King of Denmark, had been advised to dispose of the numerous duplicates contained in the royal library at Copenhagen, and being instigated by the advice of the celebrated Niebuhr, at that time a student in the university of Edinburgh, Mr. Laing repaired to the Danish capital, and there made such arrangements upon the sale of the duplicates with the privy councillor Dr. Moldenhawer, as was satisfactory to both parties. When the peace of Amiens had introduced a breathing

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interval in the wars of the revolution, Mr. Laing repeatedly visited France and Holland, still for the purpose of extending his professional knowledge, which he readily imparted to the scholars of his own country. The immense amount of information he had thus acquired, was enhanced by his kind generous temper, and modest unassuming manners.

During the war that followed the delusive peace of Amiens, by which the whole continent was closed against British visitors, Mr. Laing was worthily employed in raising the literary character of his native country in the department of printing. And for this, indeed, he saw that there was too much need. The distinguished brothers, the Foulis of Glasgow, had passed away, and left no successors in their room. In Edinburgh, so soon to assume the name of "Modern Athens," the case was still worse; for, except Ruddiman's "Livy," and Cunningham's "Virgil," no classical work had issued from her press worth mentioning. In 1804 he commenced the attempt, by publishing the works of Thucydides, in six volumes, small 8vo, under the following title, "Thucydides Græce et Latine. Accedunt Indices, ex Editione Wassii et Dukeri." In printing this work, Mr. Laing was fortunate in having for the superintendent of the press the Rev. Peter Elmsley, who attained such a high European distinction in Grecian literature. In 1806, the works of Thucydides were followed by those of Herodotus, in seven volumes, small 8vo, under the title of "Herodotus Græce et Latine. Accedunt Annotationes seclectæ, necnon Index Latinus, ex Editionibus Wesselingii et Reizii." For editing this work Mr. Laing had secured the valuable services of Professor Porson; but as the latter went no farther than the second book, the rest was carried on and completed under the superintendence of Professor Dunbar. The next classical author whose writings Mr. Laing published, in 1811, was Xenophon, in ten volumes, also of small 8vo, under the the title of "Xenophontis quæ extant opera, Græce et Latine, ex Editionibus Schneideri et Zeunii. Accedit Index Latinus." This important publication was admirably edited by Mr. Adam Dickinson, whose Greek scholarship was only equalled by his retiring modesty, that prevented his worth from being more widely known. Mr. Laing would have followed these with similar editions of the works of Plato and Demosthenes, but was prevented, chiefly by the difficulty of obtaining competent Greek scholars to superintend such important publications. Still, however, he had done much: the editions which he had published were standard specimens of their class, and have given an impulse to classical reprinting in Scotland which, we trust, will neither be fruitless, nor yet soon abandoned.

During the latter part of his life, when Mr. Laing was in easy and comfortable circumstances, he was able to devote himself to the more general interests of merchandise, and to this purpose was one of the original founders of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, and also a director. After having nearly completed his sixty-eighth year, and attended business till within three days of his death, he died at his house, Ramsay Lodge, Laurieston, Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, 1832, leaving a widow and family. His name honourably survives in one of his sons, whose valuable labours are well known in Scottish history and antiquarianism.

LAUDER, Sir Thomas Dick, Bart.—When Sir Walter Scott commenced that series of novels with which he so greatly delighted the reading world, we can well remember what a host of imitators sprung up, and how much Scottish novel-writing became the rage, and even the frenzy of the day. But

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the second-hand productions of this new school disappeared as rapidly as they rose; for unless the imitator has a large portion of the genius of his original, his copy can be little better than a wretched caricature. A few writers, however, there were who survived this general annihilation, for in them the imitative principle was supported by strong native talent. Among these we may quote, as the foremost, Miss Ferrier and John Galt; and, perhaps, immediately after them, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the last eminent writer of that school of novelists by whom our national dialect was arrested from the oblivion into which it was hastening.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was the eldest son of Sir Andrew Lauder, Bart., of Fountainhall, Haddingtonshire, and was born in 1784. The family was originally of Norman extraction, its founder, De Lavedre, having come from England with Malcolm Canmore, when the latter drove Macbeth from the Scottish throne; and from him descended a race who took part in all the subsequent wars of Scottish independence, and fought gallantly under the banners of Wallace, Bruce, and the Douglasses. It was natural that these family recollections should influence the early studies of Sir Thomas, and inspire him with that love of chivalry and antiquarian research which he afterwards turned to such good account. At an early period he entered the army, and was an officer in the 79th Regiment (Cameron Highlanders). Here he continued only a short period; and, on quitting the army, he took up his residence in Morayshire, where he married Miss Cumming, only child and heiress of George Cumming, Esq. of Relugas, a beautiful property on the banks of Findhorn. From this time till the close of life, he was fully occupied with the civil appointments he held, and with the pursuits of science and literature, in which he sustained a high reputation to the end.

The first efforts of Sir Thomas in authorship, so far as can be ascertained, were in the departments of natural science; and his diligence in these studies is well attested by his numerous contributions to the scientific journals of the day, and especially to the "Annals of Philosophy," edited by the late Thomas Thomson, professor of chemistry in the university of Glasgow. To this magazine we find him, in 1815, and the three following years, contributing papers on the following subjects, from which the nature of his researches can best be understood:—"Account of a Toad found in the trunk of a Beech;" "Account of the Worm with which the Stickleback is infested;" "Account of the Aluminous Chalybeate Spring which has lately appeared on the property of Sir Andrew Lauder Dick, Bart., at Fountainhall, in East Lothian." (To this he subsequently added a register of its diurnal alternations contrasted with the barometer, during nineteen months, a daily list of which had been made by his father, who was also a lover of natural science.) "An Account of the Earthquake in Scotland;" "Account of Different Currents of Wind observed at the same time." But the most important of his philosophical investigations, upon which he had spent much study, and made more than one exploratory journey to the wilds of Lochaber, was contained in his paper "On the Parallel Roads of Glenroy," which he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1818. These singular roads, it was generally supposed, had been constructed either by the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland when their royal abode was the Castle of Inverlochy, or by the Fingalian "car-borne" chiefs who had flourished at a still earlier period. Sir Thomas, however, attempted to show, by a careful induction, that these stupendous pathways, instead of being constructed by kings, heroes,

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or primitive giants, had been formed by the action of the waters of a lake that had stood at different heights, corresponding with those of the shelves, until it had finally burst through its latest barrier in consequence of some great natural convulsion—probably the same that formed the great glen of Scotland through which the Caledonian Canal has been carried. This simple theory, although it sorely discomfited the lovers of the wonderful, and worshippers of "superstitions eld," was greatly admired by the sober and scientific, not only for its originality, but the powerful array of facts and arguments that were adduced to support it, illustrated as it farther was by eight drawings, with which Sir Thomas accompanied his dissertation. This essay, with engravings of his sketches, was published in the "Transactions" of the Society. He had thus not only the merit of throwing new light upon the theory of natural geological formations in opposition to the artificial, but of directing particular attention to these phenomena of Lochaber, which have been investigated by subsequent geologists, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Milne, and Sir G. S. M'Kenzie. Another subject, of scarcely less importance, that occupied the researches of Sir Thomas, was the natural transport, by means of ice, of a large boulder on the shore of the Moray Frith. His account of this huge isolated stone, and his conjectures as to the mode in which it had found its ultimate landing-place, was published in the third volume of the "Wernerian Transactions," while his theory formed the basis on which several scientific writers afterwards endeavoured to account for still more important revolutions by means of ice, which had been effected over a large portion of the earth's surface.

The nature of these studies, extending over so many fields, and the reputation which they had already won for him, would have constituted a stock in life upon which most of our comfortable country gentleman would have contentedly reposed to the end. But the mind of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder possessed an amount of intellectual vigour that could not be so easily satisfied; he had only thus commenced, not concluded his career; and after having begun with science, he turned, by way of relief, to the lighter departments of literature, through which he was to be better known to the world at large, than by his more laborious investigations among migratory rocks and water-chiselled highways. On the commencement of "Blackwood's Magazine," at the beginning of 1817, he became one of its earliest contributors; and his first tale which appeared in it, under the title of "Simon Ray, gardener at Dumphail," was written with such vigour and truthfulness, that, for a time at least, it was supposed to have proceeded from no other pen than that of Sir Walter Scott himself. Some impression of this kind, indeed, seems at first to have been made by the anonymous contribution upon the conductors of the magazine also, for they appended to the tale the flattering announcement of, "Written, we have no doubt, by the author of Waverley." The great era of magazines had now fully commenced, as well as that of steam, in which the impatient mind, no longer booked for the slow conveyance of folios and quartos, was to be carried onward with railway speed; and to the most important of these periodicals Sir Thomas became a frequent and welcome contributor. Besides these light but attractive sketches, he also became a writer in the grave methodical pages of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," for which he drew up the statistical account of the province of Moray. It was in the midst of these, and such other literary occupations, that he succeeded to the baronetcy of Fountainhall, by the death of his father in 1820, and was the seventh who had enjoyed that title.

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After having preluded for some time in the department of fiction, and as an anonymous contributor to the periodicals, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, having now fully essayed his strength, adventured upon the decisive three-volumed experiment, by publishing his historical romances of "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf of Badenoch." The scenery of both of these works was laid in Morayshire, a county with which he was so well acquainted, while the time of action was that which succeeded the days of Bruce, the period when chivalrous warfare was at the hottest in Scotland, while it had Froissart for the chronicler of some of its best passages of arms. It was a right perilous attempt to follow the sandalled steps of the warrior-monk; and Sir Thomas, stalwart though he was, and a knight to boot, was scarcely able to keep pace with his mighty leader. But who, indeed, would read modern chivalrous romances in the hope of finding newer and more stirring deeds of warlike emprise, after what Froissart has written?—or search for keener ridicule of the fooleries of chivalry than can be found in the pages of Cervantes? The attempts of Sir Thomas, therefore, in these productions, partook somewhat of the inferiority of Smollet, when the latter endeavoured, in his "Sir Launcelot Greaves," to produce an English similitude of Don Quixote de la Mancha. It happened unfortunately also for "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf of Badenoch," that their author, not content with entering a field so preoccupied, must needs accommodate himself to the language of the period, by interlacing his phraseology with antique and consequently uncouth words; and thus his style, which after all would have been a *patois* unintelligible to the 14th century, of which it purports to be the type, becomes utter barbarism to readers of the 19th, for whose gratification it was written. This is generally the fate of such literary compromises; and Sir Walter Scott was guilty of the same blunder, when, in his romance of "Ivanhoe," he jumbled together the characters and events of the early period of Richard Cœur de Lion with the refinements of that of Richard III., and crowned the whole with the English phraseology of the days of Queen Elizabeth. But, in spite of these incongruities, "Ivanhoe" is a magnificent epic, and "Lochindhu" and the "Wolf" are heart-stirring, captivating romances. In scenic description and delineation of events, Sir Thomas has approached the nearest to Scott of all the ambitious imitators of the "great unknown" of the period. But it is in individuality of character that he chiefly fails, and his knights, like the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthes, are little more than facsimiles of each other. They have all the same complement of thews and bones, and are equally prompt to use them; and they only differ by virtue of the scenery with which they are surrounded, and the historical actions of which they form a part.

But of all the works which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has produced, that entitled "The Moray Floods in 1829," is perhaps the one by which he will continue to be best appreciated. He had himself not only been an eye-witness of these tremendous inundations, but an active philanthropist in the relief of those who had been ruined by the havoc; and the account which he wrote of the event will long be prized by the lovers of vigorous writing, and vivid, poetical, and truthful description. Another descriptive work which he produced, commemorative of a great national event, was the "Queen's Visit to Scotland in 1842." But reverting during this long interval to that kind of study which gave full scope to his imagination, as well as brought the varied resources of his experience and observation into complete act and use, he published his "High-

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land Rambles, with long Tales to shorten the way;" a work which, independently of its attractive narratives, is an interesting memorial of the Celtic character, manners, and superstitions, and the intimate knowledge which he had acquired of them. Besides these original productions, he edited "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," and "Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque." To the latest period of his life, also, he continued to be a contributor to our periodicals, in which his articles, chiefly consisting of Highland and Lowland Tales and Sketches, were always gladly welcomed by the reading public. These, we doubt not, if collected and published in a separate work, would soon become the most popular of his literary productions.

From the foregoing account, it might be supposed that the life of Sir Thomas had been chiefly spent in the study; and that when he emerged into society, it was rather for the purpose of enjoying relief, than taking an active part in its occupations. But, on the contrary, he was an industrious, public-spirited man, fully conscious of the duties of his position, and indefatigable in promoting the best interests of his country. In this way he bestirred himself in the great political questions of the day, and was one of the most active promoters in Scotland of the Reform Bill. In 1839, he was appointed secretary to the Board of Scottish Manufactures, which was soon afterwards united by the Lords of the Treasury to the Board of White Herring Fishery; and as secretary of both, his labours were sufficiently diversified, as well as widely distinguished from each other. It was a Janus-like office, that required a double and opposite inspection—or rather, a planting of "one foot on sea, and one on shore," like the very personification of an inconstant man, which Shakspeare's ditty so touchingly describes. But faithfully and ably were these opposite functions discharged. In his department of manufactures, Sir Thomas quickly perceived that, in consequence of the extension of our commercial and manufacturing operations, the original purpose for which the Scottish Board had been created was in a considerable degree superseded. He therefore endeavoured to restore it to full efficiency, by adapting it to the progress of modern improvement; and for this purpose he proposed that its surplus funds should be employed in the extension of schools for teaching pattern drawing. On the proposal being sanctioned, he carried it into execution so zealously, that artistic taste was diffused anew throughout our manufactories of fanciful design, and a love of the fine arts promoted among those classes that had hitherto been contented with humble imitations of foreign excellence. His task as secretary of the White Herring Fishery Board was fulfilled with equal diligence; and as one of its duties was an annual voyage round the British coast, and an examination of its places of export, he turned the experience he thus acquired to good account, by aiding in the supply of materials for a narrative of the voyage in 1842, which was written by Mr. Wilson, the naturalist, who accompanied him. He also wrote several books of directions for the taking and curing of herring, cod, ling, tusk, and other fish, which were translated into Gaelic for the instruction of the Highlanders. While so much was accomplished in the course of his professional duties, he was not neglectful of those public movements which concerned the general weal, and from which he might have excused himself under the plea of a press of occupation elsewhere. Among these public-spirited exertions, we can only allude in passing to the interest he took in the proceedings of the original Scott Monument Committee, of which he was one of the most active agents—and his efforts for the construction of the Queen's Drive

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round Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, already become the fairest ornament of the fairest of European cities.

Such was the life of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder to the close—a twofold life of diligent study and active exertion, in each of which he was a benefactor to society, and a distinguished ornament of his country; while several of his writings, translated into the French and German languages, acquired for him a European reputation. His private worth and amenity of character, had endeared him also to the learned and talented, so that scholars, authors, and artists, sought his society, and were benefited by his counsel and conversation. Even strangers were arrested as he passed along the streets of Edinburgh, by the sight of his noble, stately form, long white locks, and remarkably handsome expressive countenance, and felt convinced at once that this man must be some one as much distinguished above his fellows by intellectual as by personal superiority. This round of activity was only interrupted by his last illness, which was occasioned by a tumour on the spine, that for fifteen months incapacitated him for attendance at the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, &c., and finally obliged him to lay aside a work descriptive of the rivers of Scotland, of which part had already appeared in a serial form in "Tait's Magazine." He died at his residence called the Grange, near Edinburgh, on the 29th May, 1848, at the age of sixty-four.

Independently of the offices we have mentioned, Sir Thomas held that of Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Haddington; he was also a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was survived by two sons and six daughters, and succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Captain Dick, who, a short time previously, had retired from the army after fourteen years of military service, as an officer in the East India Company.

LISTON, Robert, F.R.S.—This great medical teacher and practitioner was born on the 28th of October, 1794, and was son of the Rev. Henry Liston, minister of Ecclesmachen, Linlithgowshire. After having finished his course of classical and professional education, he, at the termination of the latter, practised as ordinary house-surgeon in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. It speaks much for his professional attainments at this period—for he was only at the age of twenty-one—that he perceived the defects that prevailed in the management of that institution; and not a little for his courage as well as disinterestedness, that he set himself in earnest to reform them. Like most of those daring young geniuses, however, who look too exclusively to the good end in view, and are satisfied with the rectitude of their own motives, he pursued his plan of reform with such ardour as to waken the wrath of the directors, who were little disposed to be taught that they were in the wrong by such a juvenile instructor. Liston, however, persevered, while his growing reputation coming to his aid, at length gave his representations such weight, that, when his connection with the Infirmary terminated, a full acknowledgment of the important services he had rendered was entered upon its records. In 1817, Mr. Liston became a graduate of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of Edinburgh and London, and commenced practice in the former city, where his reputation as a surgical operator grew yearly, until he attained that pre-eminence which left him without a rival. For this department, indeed, he was admirably fitted by nature; for independently of his acquired skill, he possessed a decision of will, firmness of nerve, strength of muscle, and quickness of eye, which qualified him for successful operations, where many of his gentler or less prompt and active brethren would

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have failed. But with all this, he was neither a rash experimenter nor merciless practitioner: on the contrary, he not only performed boldly and skilfully what was necessary, but stopped short where danger was to be apprehended. His manner, also, combined such gentleness with firmness, as secured the confidence and esteem of his patients. In addition to his practice, he delivered lectures, first on anatomy, and afterwards on surgery, between the years 1822 and 1834, which were highly valued and numerously attended.

Having thus won for himself a high reputation both as practitioner and instructor, it was natural that Mr. Liston should anticipate those professional honours which are so often bestowed upon candidates of greatly inferior pretensions. His hopes were directed to a professorship of surgery in the university of Edinburgh, which no one in Scotland was better (if as well) qualified to fill; but as the wished-for vacancy did not occur, or was won by a more favoured competitor, he formed a professorship for himself, with the world for his auditory, by publishing, in 1833, his "Principles of Surgery," a work which he afterwards repeatedly revised, and which went through several editions. Subsequently, many of his lectures on various subjects, and especially on lithotomy, were published in the "Lancet." Of the merits of these writings, which were recognized at once by the whole medical profession, and which have spread his fame though every medical school in Europe and America, it would now be superfluous to speak; their scientific correctness and thorough practical character, as well as the improvements which they have introduced into practical surgery, are sufficient evidences of their worth. Disappointed in his hopes of Edinburgh, and having fully tested his own powers, Dr. Liston was now desirous of a wider field, which was opened to him in 1834, by his being appointed surgeon to the North London Hospital. He left the Scottish capital in the November of that year; and so fully was his value now appreciated in Edinburgh, that before his departure a public dinner was given to him, at which the Lord Provost presided, while the addresses delivered on the occasion by the most eminent of the medical and surgical professions, who attended, made eloquent acknowledgment of his high talents and eminent services, as well as regret at their transference to another sphere of action.

In London the fame of Dr. Liston became so distinguished, that his private practice annually increased, and the most difficult and critical operations were reserved for his experienced hand. After having filled for some time the office of surgeon to the North London Hospital, he was appointed professor of clinical surgery in University College; and in 1846, in addition to that situation, which he raised to honour and distinction, he was appointed one of the examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. In this way, notwithstanding a certain bluntness of manner which he had preserved from the beginning, his private worth, as well as professional knowledge, procured him not only the highest distinction in his own country, but a world-wide reputation, which as yet has suffered no abatement. Here, however, his career was unexpectedly closed when it was at the brightest. After enjoying almost uninterrupted good health till within a year of his death, he was attacked by a malady, the causes of which his medical advisers could not ascertain, but which was found, on a *post mortem* examination, to have been occasioned by aneurism in the aorta. He died in Clifford Street, London, on the 7th of December, 1847, at the age of fifty-three.

LOCKHART, John Gibson.—This distinguished miscellaneous writer, who occupied so high a station in the tribunal of literary criticism, was born at

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Glasgow, and, as is generally supposed, in the year 1793. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, who, for nearly fifty years, was minister of the College or Blackfriar's Church, Glasgow, will not soon be forgot by the denizens of that good city, not only on account of his piety and worth, but also his remarkable wit and extreme absence of mind—two qualities which are seldom found united in the same character. The stories with which Glasgow is still rife, of the worthy doctor's occasional obliviousness, and the amusing mistakes and blunders it occasioned, are even richer than those of Dominie Samson; for, when he awoke from his dream, he could either laugh with the laughers, or turn the laugh against them if necessary. But his remarkable powers of sarcasm, as well as his creative talents in embellishing an amusing story, were so strictly under the control of religious principle and amiable feeling, that he would often stop short when sensitiveness was likely to be wounded, or the strictness of truth violated. It would have been well if the same power, which was so conspicuous in his talented son, had been always kept under the same coercion.

Of this amiable divine John Gibson Lockhart was the second son, and the eldest by a second marriage, his mother having been a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. At an early age he prosecuted his studies at the university of Glasgow, and with such success, that he received one of its richest tokens of approval in a Snell exhibition to Baliol College, Oxford. Here he could prosecute, with increased facilities, those classical studies to which he was most addicted; and in a short time he took a high station as an accomplished linguist, even among the students of Oxford. His studies at Baliol College, which were directed to the profession of the law, were followed by a continental tour; and, on returning to Scotland, he was called to the Scottish bar in 1816. It was soon evident, however, that he was not likely to win fame or fortune by the profession of an advocate. He lacked, indeed, that power without which all legal attainments are useless to a barrister —he could not make a speech. Accordingly, when he rose to speak on a case, his first sentence was only a plunge into the mud; while all that followed was but a struggle to get out of it. Had the matter depended upon writing, we can judge how it would have gone otherwise; had it even depended on pictorial pleading, he would have been the most persuasive of silent orators, for, during the course of the trial, his pen was usually employed, not in taking notes, but sketching caricatures of the proceedings, the drollery of which would have overcome both judge and jury. As it was, he became a briefless barrister, and paced the boards of Parliament House, discussing with his equally luckless brethren the passing questions of politics and literary criticism. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner, which was given by his friends in Edinburgh, on his departure to assume the charge of the "Quarterly Review." He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual, but covered his retreat with, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we would not have been here."

In Mr. Lockhart's case it was the less to be regretted that he was not likely to win his way to the honours of a silk gown, as he had already found a more agreeable and equally distinguishing sphere of action. He devoted himself to literature, and literature adopted him for her own. He had already made attempts in periodical writing, and the favour with which his contributions were regarded encouraged his choice and confirmed him in authorship. A more settled course of exertion was opened up for him in 1817, the year after

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he had passed as advocate, by the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine." Of this distinguished periodical he became, with John Wilson, the principal contributor; and now it was that the whole torrent of thought, which the bar may have kept in check, burst forth in full profusion. Eloquence, and wit, and learning distinguished his numerous articles, and imparted a prevailing character to the work which it long after retained; but unfortunately with these attractive qualities there was often mingled a causticity of sarcasm and fierceness of censure that engendered hatred and strife, and at last led to bloodshed. But into this painful topic we have no wish to enter; and the unhappy termination of his quarrel with the author of "Paris Visited" and "Paris Revisited" may as well be allowed to sleep in oblivion. It is more pleasing to turn to his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," a wonderful series of eloquent, vigorous, and truthful sketches, embodying the distinguished men in almost every department, by whom Scotland was at that period distinguished above every other nation. Not a few, at the appearance of this, his first separate work, were loud in their outcry against the author, not only as a partial delineator, but an invader of the privacies of life and character; but now that years have elapsed, and that the living men whom he so minutely depicted have passed away from the world, the condemnation has been reversed, and the resentment been superseded by gratitude. How could we otherwise have possessed such a valuable picture-gallery of the great of the past generation? All this Sir Walter Scott fully appreciated when he thus wrote to the author of "Peter's Letters" in 1819:—"What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago; and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have now mouldered away! When I think that, at an age not much younger than yours, I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Horne, &c., &c., and at last saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours."

It was in May, 1818, that Lockhart first formed that acquaintanceship with Sir Walter Scott, which so materially influenced the course of his after-life. The introduction to the "Great Unknown" took place in Edinburgh, at the house of Mr. Home Drummond, of Blair-Drummond, where a small but select party was assembled; and Scott, who understood that Mr. Lockhart had but lately returned from a tour in Germany, held with him an amusing conversation on Goethe, and German literature. This introduction soon ripened into an intimacy, in which Miss Scott became a principal personage, as a marriage treaty, with the concurrence of all parties, was settled so early as the February of 1820. On the 29th of April, the marriage took place at Edinburgh, and Sir Walter, who was the worshipper as well as recorder of good old Scottish fashions, caused the wedding to be held in the evening, and "gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple." Mr. Lockhart and his bride took up their abode at the little cottage of Chiefswood, about two miles from Abbotsford, which became their usual summer residence —and thither Sir Walter, when inundated by sight-seers and hero-worshippers, was occasionally glad to escape, that he might breathe in a tranquil atmosphere, and write a chapter or two of the novel that might be on hand, to despatch to the craving press in Edinburgh. These were happy visits, that spoke of no coming cloud; "the clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and

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Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveillee* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to 'take his ease in his inn.' On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's axe for himself, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning." By the year 1837 how completely all this had terminated! In the last volume of the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," Lockhart thus closes the description: "Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. . . . She whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my own place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she, too, is no more." In December, 1831, John Hugh Lockhart, the Master Hugh Littlejohn of the "Tales of a Grandfather," died, and in 1853, Lockhart's only surviving son, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, leaving no remains of the family except a daughter, Charlotte, married in August, 1847, to James Robert Hope-Stuart, who succeeded to the estate of Abbotsford. In this way the representatives of both Sir Walter Scott and John Lockhart have terminated in one little girl, Monica, the only surviving child of Hope-Scott of Abbotsford.

Leaving this domestic narrative, so full of happiness, disappointment, and sorrow, we gladly turn to the literary life of John Gibson Lockhart. After the publication of "Peter's Letters," his pen was in constant operation; and notwithstanding the large circle of acquaintance to which his marriage introduced him, and the engagements it entailed upon him, he not only continued his regular supplies to "Blackwood's Magazine," but produced several separate works, with a fertility that seemed to have caught its inspiration from the example of his father-in-law. The first of these was "Valerius," one of the most classical tales descriptive of ancient Rome, and the manners of its people, which the English language has as yet embodied. After this came "Adam Blair," a tale which, in spite of its impossible termination, so opposed to all Scottish canon law, abounds with the deepest touches of genuine feeling, as well as descriptive power. The next was "Reginald Dalton," a three-volumed novel, in which he largely brought forward his reminiscences of student-life at Oxford, and the town-and-gown affrays with which it was enlivened. The last of this series of novels was "Matthew Wald," which fully sustained the high character of its predecessors. It will always happen in the literary world, that when a critical censor and sharp reviewer puts forth a separate work of his own, it will fare like the tub thrown overboard to the tender mercies of the whale: the enemies he has raised, and the wrath he has provoked, have now found their legitimate object, and the stinging censures he has bestowed upon the works of others, are sure to recoil with tenfold severity upon his own. And thus it fared with Lockhart's productions; the incognito of their author was easily penetrated, and a thunder-shower of angry criticism followed. But this hostile feeling having lasted its time, is now dying a natural death, and the rising generation, who cannot enter into the feuds of their fathers, regard these writings with a more just apprecia-

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tion of their excellence. After a short interval, Lockhart came forth in a new character, by his translations from the "Spanish Ballads;" and such was the classical taste, melody of versification, and rich command of language which these translations evinced, that the regret was general that he had not been more exclusively a poet, instead of a student and author in miscellaneous literature. His next productions were in the department of biography, in which he gave an earnest of his fitness to be the literary executor and historian of his illustrious father-in-law—these were the "Life of Robert Burns," which appeared in "Constable's Miscellany," and the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which was published in "Murray's Family Library."

The varied attainments of Mr. Lockhart, and the distinction he had won in so many different departments of authorship, obtained for him, at the close of 1825, a situation of no ordinary responsibility. This was the editorship of the "Quarterly Review," the great champion of Toryism, when the political principles of Toryism were no longer in the ascendant, and which was now reduced to a hard battle, as much for life itself as for victory and conquest. It was no ordinary merit that could have won such a ticklish elevation at the age of thirty-two. Lockhart gladly accepted the perilous honour, linked, however, as it was with the alternatives of fame and emolument; and for twenty-eight years he discharged its duties through the good and evil report with which they were accompanied. In his case, as might be expected, the latter prevailed, and the angry complaints of scarified authors were loudly swelled by the outcries of a political party now grown into full strength and activity. With the justice or the unreasonableness of these complaints we have nothing to do; but it speaks highly for the able management of Lockhart, that in spite of such opposition, the "Review" continued to maintain the high literary and intellectual character of its earlier years. His own contributions to the "Quarterly" will, we trust, be yet collected into a separate work, as has been the case with the journalism of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay; and that they will be found fully worthy of such a distinguished brotherhood. During the latter years of his life, his health was greatly impaired; but for this, his intellectual exertions, as well as family calamities and bereavements, will sufficiently account. In the summer of 1853, he resigned his editorship of the "Quarterly Review," and spent the following winter in Italy; but the maladies under which he laboured, although assuaged for a time, came back with double violence after his return home, and he died at Abbotsford, now the seat of his son-in-law, on the 25th of November, 1854.

Although not directly enumerated in the list of his authorship, the ablest, the widest known, and probably the most enduring of all Lockhart's productions, will here naturally occur to the mind of the reader. Who, indeed, throughout the whole range of educated society, has failed to peruse his "Life of Scott," or will forget the impressions it produced? But even here, too, the angry objections with which "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk" was encountered, were revived with tenfold bitterness, and the charges of violated confidence, unnecessary exposure, or vainglorious adulation, were raised according to the mood of each dissatisfied complainer. But could a more perfect and complete picture of the whole mind of Sir Walter Scott, in all its greatness and defects, have been better or even otherwise produced? Posterity, that will recognize no such defects in this great master-piece of biography, will wonder at the ingratitude of their predecessors, whom it so enlightened, and who yet

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could "cram, and blaspheme the feeder." Faults, indeed, it possesses; how could these have been wholly avoided? but by no means to such extent as the charges seek to establish. Only a few days have closed over the departure of John Gibson Lockhart, and calumny is still busy with his reputation; but time, the impartial judge, will vindicate his character, and a very few years will suffice to teach us his full value.

LOUDON, JOHN CLAUDIUS.—This eminent improver of our gardening and agriculture, was born at Cambuslang, Lanarkshire, on the 8th of April, 1783. His father was a respectable farmer, who resided at Kerse Hall, near Gogar, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh: his mother was only sister of the mother of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, so well known by his philanthropic labours in behalf of the Hindoos, and his work entitled "Christian Researches in Asia." Even when a child, John Claudius Loudon evinced that taste in gardening for which he was afterwards so distinguished; and his chief pleasure at that time was to lay out, and make walks and beds in a little garden which his father had given him. He was early sent to Edinburgh for the benefit of his education, where he resided with his uncle; and besides studying botany and chemistry, he learned Latin, and afterwards French and Italian, contriving to pay the fees of his teachers by the sale of his translations from the two last-mentioned languages. Being placed at the age of fourteen under the charge of a nurseryman and landscape gardener, he continued his studies in botany and chemistry, to which he added that of agriculture, at the university of Edinburgh; while to obtain as much time as possible from the duties of the day, he was wont to sit up two nights during each week, a practice that grew into a habit, and which he continued for years during his subsequent studies.

In 1803, when he had now reached his twentieth year, and obtained a considerable reputation in landscape gardening, Loudon went up to London, carrying with him numerous letters of introduction to some of the first landed proprietors in England. On entering the great metropolis, the tasteless manner in which the public squares were laid out caught his observant eye: their gloomy trees and shrubs were planted as if the places had been designed for church-yards rather than haunts of recreation. As the solitary voice of a stranger would have been unheard upon such a prevalent evil, he had recourse to the press, and published an article, entitled "Observations on Laying out the Public Squares of London," in the Literary Journal, in which he recommended the Oriental plane, almond, sycamore, and other lighter trees, instead of the lugubrious plantings that had hitherto been in vogue. The advice gradually prevailed, and the effect is to be seen in the cheerful, graceful aspect of our public squares in London, as well as over the kingdom. He now became an author as well as practical workman, and his pen went onward with little intermission for forty years, until his life terminated. His first publication, which appeared in 1804, was entitled, "Observations on the Formation and Management of Useful and Ornamental Plantations." In the following year he published "A Short Treatise on some Improvements lately made in Hothouses;" and in 1806, "A Treatise on Forming, Improving, and Managing Country Residences; and on the Choice of Situations, appropriate to every Class of Purchasers." As Loudon was an excellent artist, this work was enriched with thirty-two copperplate engravings of landscape scenery, drawn by himself.

A disaster which soon after befell him, and under which the activity of others would have been paralyzed, only opened up for Loudon a wider range of action.

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In consequence of travelling upon a rainy night on the outside of a coach, and neglecting afterwards to change his clothes, so severe an attack of rheumatic fever ensued that he was obliged to take lodgings at Pinner, near Harrow. Here, during the days of convalescence, he had an opportunity of observing the cumbrous, wasteful, and unskilful modes of farming pursued in England, and so much at variance with those which were beginning to be put in practice in his own country. With Loudon, to see an evil was to labour for its removal, and persist until it was removed. For the sake of giving practical illustrations of his proposed amendments, he induced his father to join with him in renting Wood Hall, near London, where their operations were so successful, that in 1807 he was enabled to call public attention to the proof, in a pamphlet entitled "An Immediate and Effectual Mode of Raising the Rental of the Landed Property of England, &c., by a Scotch Farmer, now farming in Middlesex." This excellent work introduced him to the notice of General Stratton, by whom he was induced to farm Tew Park, a property belonging to the General in Oxfordshire. On moving to this new locality, Mr. Loudon did not content himself with reaping the fruits of his superior farming; anxious that others should share in the benefit, he established an academy or college of agriculture on the estate of Tew Park, where young men were instructed in the theory of farming, and the best modes of cultivating the soil; and anxious to diffuse this knowledge as widely as possible, he published, in 1809, a pamphlet, entitled, "The Utility of Agricultural Knowledge to the Sons of the Landed Proprietors of Great Britain, &c., by a Scotch Farmer and Land-Agent."

In this way, while Loudon was generously doing his uttermost to be the Triptolemus of England, and teaching the best modes of increasing and eliciting the riches of its soil, his own success was a practical comment upon the efficacy of his theories; for, in 1812, he found himself the comfortable possessor of £15,000. This was enough for one who had a higher aim in life than mere money-making, and to fit himself more effectually for that aim, he resolved to improve his mind by travel. Accordingly, he resigned his profitable farm, and in March, 1813, commenced his travels on the continent, visiting the principal cities of Germany and Russia. Short though this tour was, for he returned to England in the following year, it was associated with a variety of interesting adventures, of which he published a full account, illustrated by sketches from his own pencil. On returning to London, he found that the greater part of his property had disappeared, from the faithlessness of the investments to which it had been intrusted, and thus he had to begin the world anew. He returned to his original occupation, that of landscape gardening, on which he resolved to produce an extensive work; and for the improvement of his knowledge on this subject, he made, in 1819, a tour of France and Italy. Three years after the work appeared, under the title of "The Encyclopædia of Gardening;" and such was the high reputation it acquired, that its author was reckoned the first horticulturist of his day. Of this work a second edition appeared in 1824, containing great alterations and improvements. Encouraged by the success that attended it, Loudon commenced another equally copious, and upon the same plan, which appeared in 1825, entitled "The Encyclopædia of Agriculture." In 1826 he commenced the "Gardener's Magazine," the first periodical that had ever been devoted to horticultural subjects. In 1828 he commenced the "Magazine of Natural History," which was also the first periodical of the kind.

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In 1829 he published the "Encyclopædia of Plants," which was less his own work than any of its predecessors, as he claimed nothing of it beyond the plan and general design. During the two years that followed, he was chiefly employed in producing new editions of his Encyclopædias of Agriculture and Gardening, and of these, the first was almost wholly re-written, and the latter entirely so. But these occupations, although so laborious, were not his sole nor even his chief task at the time, for he was also closely engaged with the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture,"—so closely, indeed, that himself and Mrs. Loudon used to sit up the greater part of every night employed upon it, never having more than four hours' sleep, and drinking strong coffee to keep themselves awake. It would have been hard, indeed, had such labour been in vain; and therefore it is gratifying to add, that this was not only one of the most useful, but also most successful of all his works, and is still a standard authority upon the subject. His next, and also his greatest work, which would of itself have been sufficient for any ordinary lifetime, was his "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum," in which he gave an account, with pictorial illustrations, of all the trees, wild or cultivated, that grow in Great Britain. This production, which was published in 1838, at his own risk, was so unsuccessful, that after paying artists and other persons engaged in it, he found himself in debt to the amount of £10,000 to the printer, stationer, and wood-engraver, while the sale of such a splendid publication was so slow, that there was no prospect that it would ever pay its own expenses.

Up to this period Loudon had been one of the most prolific of authors, while all that he had written, he had written well. Nothing, indeed, could exceed his indomitable resolution, unless it might be the philanthropic spirit by which it was animated. Independently of the subjects which we have enumerated, he wrote several minor productions, supplemented his own works from time to time, and was a contributor to Brande's "Dictionary of Science." Even, also, while the pressure of these numerous avocations was at the greatest, he was discharging the office of editor to four separate periodicals, all of them established by himself, and which he superintended at one and the same time. All this suggests the idea of a frame of iron, and a constitution impervious to human weaknesses and wants, as well as the most unflinching energy of purpose. But our wonder is heightened when we find that, during the greater part of these labours, poor Loudon was an invalid and a cripple. The rheumatic fever with which he was attacked in 1806, ended in an anchylosed knee, and a contracted left arm. Thus he continued till 1820, when, while employed in compiling the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," he had another severe attack of rheumatism, that compelled him to have recourse in the following year to Mohammed's Baths, at Brighton. Here he submitted to the rough process of shampooing; but this remedy, so available in many cases like his own, was too much for his feeble bones: his arm broke so close to the shoulder, that it could not be set in the usual manner; and in a subsequent trial, it was again broken, and this time so effectually, that in 1826 amputation was found necessary. But a general breaking up of the system had also been going on, by which the thumb and two fingers of the left hand had been rendered useless, so that he could only use the third and little finger. Yet though thus so maimed and mutilated, as apparently to be unfit for anything but the sick-chamber or a death-bed, the whole energy of life seemed to rally round his heart, and be as ready for fresh encounters as ever, so that his work went on unchecked and

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unabated; and when he could no longer write or draw, he had recourse to the services of the draughtsman and amanuensis.

We have already mentioned the ill success of Loudon's "Arboretum Britannicum." This was the heaviest blow of all, and tended to accelerate the disease that terminated in his death; but still, come what might, he resolved that to the last he would be up and doing. Accordingly, as soon as the above-mentioned work was finished in 1838, he began the "Suburban Gardener," which was published the same year, and also his "Hortus Lignosus Londonensis;" and in the year following he published his edition of "Repton's Landscape Gardening." In 1840 he undertook the editorship of the "Gardener's Gazette," and in 1842 he published his "Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs." During the same year he finished his "Suburban Horticulturalist;" and, in 1843, appeared his last work, on "Cemeteries." Disease in the lungs had been meanwhile going on for three months, from which he endured much suffering, until his life and labours were terminated together on the 14th of December, 1843, in the sixty-first year of his age. Few men have written so much under such depressing circumstances as John Claudius Loudon, or whose writings were so well adapted to the purpose for which they were produced; and while their practical character and utility have been universally acknowledged, they are pervaded throughout with an earnest desire to improve the character and elevate the standing of those classes whose occupations are connected with gardening and agriculture. Add to this that "he was a warm friend, and most kind and affectionate in all his relations of son, husband, father, and brother, and never hesitated to sacrifice pecuniary considerations to what he considered his duty."

We have already made a passing allusion in this memoir to Mrs. Loudon, by whose aid he was materially benefited when aid was most needed. To her he was married in 1831, and in her he found a fellow-student and literary co-operator, as well as a domestic companion and comforter. Her works, which also were numerous, were chiefly connected with her husband's favourite departments of gardening and botany; and these she endeavoured to simplify and recommend to the attention of her own sex, a labour of love in which she was highly successful. She and one daughter survived Mr. Loudon, of whom she has written an affectionate and truthful biography.

LOVE, Rev. John, D.D.—This profound theologian and eloquent preacher, whose reputation, though confined within a limited circle, has survived that of many distinguished characters in the church whose high popularity seemed to insure a more lasting remembrance, was born in Paisley, on June 4th, 1757. Even during his early education in the grammar-school of his native town, he was distinguished not only for his remarkable aptitude in learning, but the precocious gravity and thoughtfulness of his disposition—circumstances which probably influenced his parents in directing his training towards the clerical profession. When only ten years of age, John Love became a student of the university of Glasgow; and during the long career of study which he prosecuted at that ancient seat of learning, he distinguished himself by his classical attainments, and his proficiency in the several departments of mathematics. These studies he continued to the end of his life; and there are several yet living who can remember his happy facility in the quotation of Greek and Roman authors upon any subject of conversational intercourse. With the contents of Scripture, however, which formed his chief study, he was more conversant still; and even before he was twelve years old, he had read the Bible, according to his

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own statement, six times over. A favourite practice, which he continued to the end of his life, was to write short daily meditations, in a regular series, upon connected passages of Scripture. These, as well as his sermons, were written in short-hand, and therefore unintelligible, until the key to his alphabet was found; and from this discovery several of his posthumous discourses were published, which otherwise would never have seen the light.

Having finished the appointed course of study at college, and undergone the usual trials of presbytery, Mr. Love was licensed as a preacher in 1778, being then only in his twenty-first year. Soon afterwards he was employed as assistant by the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, minister of Rutherglen, near Glasgow; and in 1782 he was transferred to Greenock, where he officiated in the same capacity to the Rev. David Turner, minister of the West or Old parish; and here he continued till the death of Mr. Turner, in 1786. It will thus be seen, that while Mr. Love had no church patron, or at least an efficient one, he had not that kind of popular talent which secures the greatest number of votes among town-councillors or seat-holders His, indeed, was that superior excellence which can only be appreciated by the judicious few, and after a considerable term of acquaintanceship. After leaving Greenock, Mr. Love, toward the close of 1786, was called to the ministerial charge of the Scottish Presbyterian congregation in Artillery Street, Bishopsgate, London, and here he continued to labour for nearly twelve years. It was, indeed, no inviting field for one of his peculiar talents. His massive and profound theology, his sententious style of preaching, in which every sentence was an aphorism, and the very impressive, but slow and almost monotoned voice in which his discourses were delivered, were not suited to the church-going citizens of London, who required a livelier manner, and more buoyant style of oratory. From these causes, added to the ignorance of the English about Presbyterianism in general, and the tendency of the Scotch in London to forsake the church of their fathers, Mr. Love's place of meeting was but slenderly attended, while his name, as a preacher, was little known beyond its walls. One important work, however, was committed to the hands of Mr. Love, from which, perhaps, more real usefulness redounded, than could have been derived from mere pulpit popularity. He was one of those honoured men who rolled away the reproach from Protestantism, as not being a missionary, and, therefore, not a genuine church of Christ—a serious charge, that had often been brought against it by the Papists—by his exertions and effective aid in founding the London Missionary Society. This occurred during the latter part of his residence in London. Often he afterwards reverted with delight to the fact of his having written the first circular by which the originators of this important society were called together, for the purpose of forming themselves into a directory, and organizing their plan of action; and when the society was embodied, he was very properly appointed one of its secretaries. One important duty which he had to discharge in this capacity was, to select the fittest agents for missionary enterprise over the newly-opened field of the South Sea Islands. Not resting satisfied with this onerous and somewhat critical duty, he endeavoured to qualify the missionaries for their trying office, by planning such a series of discourses upon the principal doctrines of revelation as he judged would be best fitted to persuade a primitive, simple-minded people, and which would serve as models, or at least as suggestions, for the use of the Christian teachers who were to be sent among them. With this view, he wrote and

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published a volume, under the title of "Addresses to the Inhabitants of Otaheite." It was a series of short discourses upon the chief and simplest points of Christian theology, and such as were thought best suited, by their earnest, impassioned style, to be addressed to the poetical children of nature, seated beneath the spreading shadow of their palm-tree, or around the genial glow of their council-fire. And eloquent indeed were these strange model discourses, and such as the Christian world—especially the young, who devoured them with delight and wonder—have seldom seen within the range of theological authorship. But little as yet were the South Sea Islanders known, for whose behalf these sermons were written, and it was soon enough discovered that they were more prone to eat a missionary than to digest his doctrines. But that such ravening *anthropophagi* should be changed into men, such besotted idolaters into Christians, and the principles of humanity, civilization, and order be established among them, and that, too, in the course of a single generation, was certainly the greatest, as well as the most encouraging achievement which modern missionary enterprise has yet accomplished. Mr. Love was permitted to witness the dawn of this bright morning of promise, after so deep a midnight of despondency; and he saw his poor Otaheiteans christianized, although the process had differed from his plans and anticipations.

In 1798 Mr. Love's official connection with London and the Missionary Society terminated, and two years afterwards he was called to the ministerial charge of a chapel of ease newly formed in Anderston, one of the suburbs of Glasgow. He must have felt it a happy change from the echoes of the lonely walls in Artillery Street, to a populous city, in which his training for the ministry had commenced, and where he could find a congenial people, by whom his worth would be fully appreciated. In Glasgow, accordingly, he soon gathered a congregation, by whom he was enthusiastically beloved, and who rejoiced under his pastoral charge to the close of his valuable life. Here, also, he selected for his friend and chief companion the Rev. Dr. Balfour, a congenial spirit in learning, talent, piety, and apostolic zeal. Besides his labours in the pulpit, to which he brought all his powers of study and close application, as well as the resources of a singularly vigorous and richly endowed intellect, Mr. Love held the office of secretary of the Glasgow Missionary Society, and presided in its chief enterprise, the establishment of the mission to Caffraria. Notwithstanding his habitual reserve, and dislike of popularity, his reputation as a scholar and theologian was so fully acknowledged, that in November, 1815, he was invited to be one of the candidates for the professorship of divinity, at that time vacant in King's College, Aberdeen. Mr. Love complied; but notwithstanding his fitness for the chair, which was tested by long trial and examination, the question was one not so much of ability and learning, as of party feeling; and the Moderates being still in the ascendant, were enabled to return a candidate of their own election. Soon afterwards Mr. Love was honoured with the degree of doctor in divinity. After this the quiet unostentatious course of the good man went on in its wonted tenor, until the cares and toils of the Caffre mission, already giving tokens of those dangers by which it was afterwards all but overthrown, tasked the sensitive spirit of Dr. Love for the last four years of his life, until December 17, 1825, when death terminated his anxieties, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

From his retiring spirit, that shrunk from popular distinction, and from the general state of his health, that agreed best with retirement and tranquillity,

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the authorship of Dr. Love has been limited, compared with his well-known talents, and the wishes of his many admirers. During his own lifetime, indeed, he published nothing, as far as is known, except his "Addresses to the People of Otaheite," and a few sermons. After his death, however, a careful research among his papers enabled his friends to give the following posthumous works to the world—deprived, however, of that careful correctness which his own revising pen would undoubtedly have bestowed on them:—

1. A reprint of sermons preached by him on various public occasions; including also his Otaheitean addresses. This volume was republished soon after Dr. Love's death.

2. Two volumes of sermons and lectures, from his unrevised manuscripts. These were published in 1829.

3. In 1838 was published a volume containing about three hundred of his letters.

4. In 1853, a volume containing thirty-four sermons, which he preached in the West Church, Greenock, during the years 1784-5.

M.

MACADAM, JOHN LOUDON.—Since the days of the Appian and Flaminian highways, it has been unusual to convert a great public road into a memorial of its founder, by investing it with his name. Cities have been linked together, impassable highways penetrated, and kingdoms themselves converted into thoroughfares, while few have thought of inquiring by whom these facilities were planned, or constructed, or even kept in repair. Was it that, after these matchless road-makers, the Romans, had passed away, they left no successors worth commemorating? This, and the fact that even our best highways were the work not of individuals but communities, not of years but centuries, will explain the universal ignorance. Thus Europe went on for two thousand years, until a startling change occurred. Roads were now *macadamized*, because a new way of constructing them had been adopted; and that new way had been discovered by John Loudon Macadam.

This distinguished father of modern highways was born in the town of Ayr. The precise date of his birth we are unable to assign, but it appears to have been in the year 1756. He was the second son of James Macadam, Esq., of Waterhead, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. This family, originally descended from the Macgregors, while the clan was still powerful and unproscribed, held the rank of Scottish barons at Waterhead previous to the accession of James VI. to the English throne; and the name passed into that of Macadam, in compliment to the first baron, whose name was Adam Macgregor. The last of these barons was James Macadam, father of the subject of this memoir, whose ill luck or profuse expenditure occasioned the family estate to pass by purchase into the possession of a younger branch of the original family. The maternal descent of John Loudon Macadam was still more distinguished, as his mother, Miss Cochrane of Waterside, on the banks of the Ayr, was related to the illustrious house of Dundonald. His earliest education was received at the school of Maybole, at that time taught by Mr. Doick; and even already it appears that the planning and construction of roads had attracted his attention.

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This he evinced by showing to his wondering school companions the model of a section of the Girvan road, extending from Maybole to Kirkoswald, which he had executed during his half-holidays.

In consequence of the impoverished circumstances of his father, and being a younger son, John found that he must begin betimes to shift for himself. He therefore left Scotland for New York, where he had an uncle, Dr. William Macadam, by whom he was kindly received, and adopted as a son. He had only reached the age of fifteen when he was thus thrown upon the world; but he appears to have had his full share of that spirit that carries his countrymen successfully onward. He passed his apprenticeship in a mercantile establishment, and soon after this was finished, he commenced business on his own account, as an agent for the sale of prizes, in which he continued till the close of the revolutionary war, and realized a considerable fortune, besides that which he obtained by his marriage with Miss Nichol, a young lady of great beauty. But the success of the Americans in their war of independence was fatal to the party to which he belonged, being that of the royalists; and he experienced, with his brethren in political opinion, the *vae victis* of an unsuccessful cause, in the loss of a considerable part of his property. Still, however, on his return to Scotland he had enough to purchase the estate of Sauchrie in Ayrshire. Here he resided for thirteen years, and held the offices of magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county. From Sauchrie he removed to Falmouth in 1798, in consequence of being appointed agent for victualling the navy in the western ports of Great Britain. He afterwards changed his place of residence to Bristol, where he resided many years; and subsequently to Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire.

During these changes of scene and occupation, Mr. Macadam never appears to have lost sight of his early predilections in road-making. It formed the principal subject of his study while acting as one of the trustees upon certain roads in Ayrshire, and afterwards, when he had removed to England. It was certainly a bold experiment he proposed in a mode of constructing roads, by which the practice that had prevailed for thousands of years was to be abandoned in favour of a new theory. But it was the proposal of an eminently practical, sagacious, and scientific mind, that had revolved the subject in all its bearings during the period of an ordinary lifetime, and whose days were still to be continued, to carry it into execution. A full opportunity for the commencement of his plan occurred in 1815, when he was appointed surveyor-general of the Bristol roads; and after the first trials were made, the result was so satisfactory, that the new mode of road-making came into general adoption over the whole kingdom. After the excellence of his method had been sufficiently tested for highways, the fitness of its adoption for streets came next in question; and upon this subject Mr. Macadam was examined by a committee of the House of Commons in 1823. He then so clearly demonstrated the propriety and advantage of converting the ruble granite causeway of the principal streets of cities into a smooth pavement, like the country roads he had already constructed, that the change was adopted in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and our principal towns.

An immense quantity of public labour was thus brought under the superintendence of Mr. Macadam, by which he might have accumulated profits to an indefinite amount, while his character as a public benefactor would have remained untouched. But superior to every selfish consideration, he confined his services to superintendence, and nothing more—for he thought that an engineer should never act as a contractor, because where the offices are combined,

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the public was too often the loser, that one man might be enriched. It would have been well, also, if this conscientious generosity had been reciprocated by our government towards such an upright, faithful, and useful servant. But this, we are sorry to add, was not the case. After having advanced many thousands of pounds from his own resources to expedite the works in which he was engaged for the public benefit, he received in compensation from government only £10,000, in two instalments—a most inadequate return for his services, independently of his outlays. He thus might be said to have been rewarded with less than nothing. The honour of knighthood, indeed, was offered to him; but this, on account of his growing infirmities, he declined in favour of his son, the late Sir James Macadam, who prosecuted his father's profession, with the superintendence of the roads around London.

During the latter part of his life, Mr. Macadam resided chiefly in the British metropolis, where he was greatly esteemed by the literary and scientific society with which he was surrounded, on account of his conversational powers and varied accomplishments. He finally returned to Scotland, and died at Moffat, on the 26th of November, 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was twice married. By his first wife he had three sons and three daughters, of whom two sons and two daughters survived. His second wife was Miss De Lancey, a lady of American extraction, and sister-in-law of Cooper, the novelist, by whom he had no children.

M'CHEYNE, Rev. Robert Murray.—This young divine, whose brief life and labours produced such a wide and lasting impression, was born in Edinburgh, on the 21st of May, 1813. At the age of eight he entered the High School of his native city, where he continued a pupil for six years, during the course of which he was distinguished among his class-fellows not only by his proficiency in the usual studies of the class, but his amiable, enthusiastic disposition and engaging manners. From the High School he passed to the university of Edinburgh, and there, besides gaining prizes in the several classes, he distinguished himself by his proficiency in the study of modern languages, and his taste in drawing, music, and poetry. On finishing the usual course of a university education, it is probable that his direction in life would still have remained to be decided, but for one of those solemnizing events which sometimes, at such a crisis, has confirmed the current and directed the course of those who have become eminent in the church. This was the death of his eldest brother, David, eight or nine years older than himself. In the same year (1831) he entered the divinity hall, which at this time enjoyed Dr. Chalmers for its professor in theology, and Dr. Welsh for the chair of church history. Under such teachers, it would have been difficult for a pupil of even ordinary capacity to remain inert and unaccomplished; in the case of Robert M'Cheyne, there was an ardour that not only carried him onward in the studies over which they presided, but into that life of Christian activity and practical usefulness which they were so desirous to combine with the intellectual acquirements of young students in training for the ministry. Many of our living clergymen can still remember how, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers converted the divinity halls into evangelistic seminaries of Sabbath-school teachers and religious instructors of the poor; and with what hearty good-will they themselves, while students, enlisted in the good work, and plunged boldly into those recesses of ignorance and crime which, but for his exhortations, they would have never thought of entering; and how they thereby acquired that

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knowledge and aptitude for their future duties, which the mere lectures of the class-room could never have imparted.

After having finished the usual course appointed for students in divinity, and exhibited an amount of talent and acquirements that might have opened for him an entrance into the fairest fields of literary ambition, Mr. M'Cheyne was licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery of Annan, on the 1st of July, 1835. The sphere of action to which he turned at the outset was both humble and laborious, being an assistantship of the joint parishes of Larbert and Dunipace, having a population of 6000 souls, most of whom were colliers, and workmen of the Carron Iron-works—a population sufficiently repulsive in station and manners, as well as in general moral character. His situation and his feelings are well described in his poem on "Mungo Park finding a Tuft of Green Grass in the African Desert"—a poem, by the way, which John Wilson, our prince of critics, has stamped with his honoured approval:—

"No mighty rock upreared its head
To bless the wanderer with its shade,
In all the weary plain;
No palm-trees with refreshing green
To glad the dazzled eye were seen,
But one wide sandy main.

"Dauntless and daring was the mind,
That left all home-born joys behind
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it bubbling from its source
In wilds untrod before.

"And ah! shall we less daring show,
Who nobler ends and motives know
Than ever heroes dream—
Who seek to lead the savage mind
The precious fountain-head to find,
Whence flows salvation's stream?"

Thus he felt, and in this spirit he laboured during the ten months of his assistantship, not confining himself to the duties of the pulpit, careful and anxious though his preparations in that department were, but visiting in every house, and endeavouring to make himself acquainted with the character, spiritual condition, and wants of every individual. A happy proof of his diligence and discriminating character in this the most important part of clerical duty, is contained in a letter which he afterwards wrote to his successor, recommending to his attention the persons in whom he felt most solicitude. "Take more heed to the saints," he writes, "than ever I did. Speak a word in season to S. M. S. H. will drink in simple truth, but tell him to be humble-minded. Cause L. H. to learn in silence; speak not of *religion* to her, but speak to her case always. Teach A. M. to look simply at Jesus. J. A. warn and teach. Get worldliness from the B.'s if you can. Mrs. G. awake, or keep awake. Speak faithfully to the B.'s. Tell me of M. C., if she is really a believer, and grows? A. K., has the light visited her? M. T. I have had some doubts of. M. G. lies sore upon my conscience; I did no good to that woman; she always managed to speak of things *about the truth*. Speak boldly. What matter in eternity the slight awkwardnesses of time?" In these *notanda* what a beauti-

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ful practical illustration we have of that chapter in the work of Herbert on clerical duties, which he has entitled, "The Parson Visiting!"

While Mr. M'Cheyne was thus occupied in the united parishes of Dunipace and Larbert, he was only in training for the full work of the ministry, which he was now about to enter. This event occurred in November, 1836, when, after having been invited by the managers and congregation of the new church, St. Peter's, Dundee, to become a candidate for that charge, he preached on trial two several Sundays before them, and was accepted as their minister. The duties into which he now entered were of the most arduous description. His parish of St. Peter's, detached from that of St. John's, as a *quoad sacra* parish, contained a population of 4000 souls; and the church itself, built in connection with the Church Extension Scheme, contained a congregation of 1100 hearers. His health, lately subject to severe trials, was in very indifferent condition, while the religious apathy of the townsfolks of Dundee, was such as to strike him at first with anxiety. Here he commenced the same ministerial labours to which he had been accustomed as a preacher, but with a sense of still deeper responsibility—not only preaching faithfully on the Sabbath, after careful preparation and prayer, but visiting from house to house during the week-days, and often extending these evangelistic visits of examination and instruction, not only over the families of his own parish, but those of Dundee at large. Such superabundant labour was perhaps an error—but an error upon the safe side. In addition to these tasks, he superintended the labours of his elders over the several districts into which his parish was divided, held weekly evening classes for the young of his congregation, and trained the more advanced of their number for becoming Christian communicants. He also held prayer-meetings on the Thursday evenings. These manifestations of earnest, tender, indefatigable solicitude for the spiritual interests of the community among which he was placed, could not but be felt and appreciated, and the multitudes that repaired to his ministrations on the Sabbath, soon became permanent members of his flock, arrested as they were by the unction of his preaching, so correspondent to his whole character and actions; by the distinct arrangement of his ideas, and the clear as well as eloquent language in which they were expressed—even by the tones of his expressive voice, and unstudied yet graceful and appropriate action of his limbs, that had excelled in dancing and gymnastics before he became a student in theology. In the pulpit itself, such natural and personal advantages are no trivialities—and but for them, perhaps, even Whitefield himself, that prince of pulpit orators, would have lived and died an undistinguished Methodist preacher. As the fame of his popularity and usefulness extended over the country at large, other parishes wished to have Mr. M'Cheyne for their minister; but tempting though such offers were, on account of higher emolument and lighter labour, he respectfully declined them. His motives for this were well explained in his remarks on an application of this kind from the parish of Skirling. Writing to his father, he says:—"I am set down among nearly 4000 people; 1100 people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every Sabbath-day. I dare not leave this people. I dare not leave 3000 or 4000 for 300 people. Had this been offered me before, I would have seen it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock —to watch over every family—to know every heart—to 'allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down

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among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid his taxes from a fish's mouth, will supply all my need."

From Scotland to Palestine, from Dundee to Jerusalem, is a strange transition—but this Mr. M'Cheyne was now called to undergo. The incessant action of mind and body during his ministerial course, upon a constitution naturally delicate, had, towards the close of 1838, completely impaired his strength, and occasioned such a violent palpitation of the heart, that he was imperatively ordered by his medical advisers to discontinue his public labours, and seek a cure in change of place and occupation. He reluctantly complied, and passed over to Edinburgh, where he had not been long domiciled, when a proposal was made to him to join a deputation about to be sent by the Church of Scotland into the East, for the purpose of making personal inquiries into the condition of the Jews. Nothing could have been more opportune than such an offer. It gratified the longing for missionary enterprise that had stirred up his heart from an early period, but hitherto without scope; it promised to restore that health of which he was now in quest, without dreary useless inaction as its price; and it would lead him through those hallowed scenes and localities, the memory of which is so dear to every Christian heart, and which it recognizes to the very end as its native birthplace and home. As one of the four ministers who composed the mission, he commenced that interesting journey of which a full account has been given to the public in the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church of Scotland, in 1839." After a six months' tour, in which every day brought a change of scene and incident, he returned home in November, 1839, renewed in health, and impatient to resume his wonted duties. It was time that he should return, for one of these mysterious religious epochs, called a "revival," had occurred within his own parish, as well as the town of Dundee at large. It was similar to the event which, under the same title, had occurred nearly a century earlier at Cambuslang. On departing upon his mission to the East, the assistant whom Mr. M'Cheyne left in his place had preached in Kilsyth, and there such a revival of religious feeling had occurred as seemed to recall the days of Pentecost. From Kilsyth the impulse reached Dundee, where its original agent was now stationed, and afterwards went with an electric sympathy through other parishes of Scotland. This religious popular movement, so peculiar to Scotland, and yet so alien to the national character—as if that were the fittest place where such a doubtful impulse could be best tried and tested—was in full operation among his people when Mr. M'Cheyne returned, and in its working he recognized the finger of God. On this account he threw himself without hesitation into it, and was now more employed than ever in speaking comfort to the afflicted, and giving instruction to the doubtful and inquiring. The immediate fruits of this revival, also, were such as to fill him with the most triumphant hope, notwithstanding the frequent instances that occurred among the seemingly converted, not only of wavering inconsistency, but even of positive downfall. As is well known, this great national religious stirring among the people preceded the Disruption, for which it served in some measure to prepare the way; and in these events, by which the Church of Scotland was finally rent in twain, Mr. M'Cheyne could not do otherwise than feel a deep vital interest. That principle of spiritual independence for which his brethren were contending, he had cherished and advocated from the beginning, and now

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that it was in peril, he prepared himself to sacrifice all for its sake. He therefore attended the solemn clerical meeting held in Edinburgh on the 11th of August, 1841, and subscribed the engagement by which the Commission of the General Assembly bound itself to vindicate the liberties of the church, by proceeding against the recusant ministers of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, notwithstanding the state protection, within which they had intrenched themselves. In the following year he was one of a clerical deputation that visited the north of England, for the purpose of preaching in chapels or in the open air, and instructing all who repaired to them in the great common principles of religion, without reference to sect or party.

On returning to his charge at Dundee, Mr. M'Cheyne resumed his duties, and pursued them with a diligence which neither frequent attacks of sickness, nor a gradually decaying constitution, seemed in any way to abate. But his days were numbered, and his anticipations of a short life were about to be realized. In the midst of his preparations for the disruption that soon took place, in the event of which he had expressed his resolution to go forth as a missionary to our convict colonies, he was attacked by fever, the violence of which soon left no doubt of what would be its termination. Delirium followed, and in a few days he breathed his last. So intensely was he beloved, not only by the members of his flock, but the inhabitants of Dundee in general, that his death, coming especially with such suddenness, was lamented as a public calamity. The event occurred on the 25th of March, 1843, in the thirtieth year of his age, and seventh of his short but most useful and honoured ministry.

It is difficult, in so brief a notice, and in a life marked by so few striking incidents and changes, to convey a distinct idea of the worth of Mr. M'Cheyne, or the important character and results of his public labours. As a minister, he might be called the Whitefield of Scotland; and in that one word we endeavour to comprise, as well as to convey an impression of his apostolic life, character, and labours. Many indeed are the thousands still living, not only in his native land, but in England and Ireland, who will recognize the justice of such a title.

M'CRIE, Thomas, D.D.—This most able and eloquent writer, whose generous selection of the chief subject of his authorship, as well as the felicitous manner in which he discharged the task, will connect his memory with the illustrious name of John Knox, was born in the town of Dunse. He was the eldest of a family of four sons and three daughters, and was born in November, 1772. His father was a manufacturer and merchant of the above-mentioned town, and lived to witness the literary celebrity of his son, as his death did not occur till 1823. The subject of this memoir was peculiarly fortunate in his parentage, especially in having a mother whose deep-toned, devoted, feminine piety seems, at a very early period, to have directed the feelings and moulded the religious character of her eldest son. As his parents belonged to that class of the Secession called Antiburghers, Thomas M'Crie was born and nursed in that communion, at a time, too, when it still retained much of the primitive earnestness and simplicity of the old days of the covenant. "What is the best book in the world?" was the first question usually put to his young compeers; to which the answer was prompt, "The Bible." "What is the *next* best book?" was the question that followed; and to this the answer was equally prompt, "The Confession of Faith." Could the covenanting banner lack a future champion from children so educated? On being sent to the parish school, young M'Crie soon became not only an apt scholar, but distinguished for those

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habits of laborious application by which he was trained to his future work of historical and antiquarian research. This progress, however, was somewhat alarming to his cautious father, who saw no reason for impoverishing a whole family to make his first-born a finished scholar; and had his paternal purposes been carried out, perhaps the future biographer of Knox and Melville would have become nothing better than a thriving Berwickshire store-keeper, or, it may be, a prosperous mercantile adventurer in London. But kind relatives interposed, and the boy was allowed to follow his original bent. This he did so effectually, that before he had reached the age of fifteen, he was himself able to become a teacher in two country schools successively, and thus to proceed in his studies without occasioning the apprehended incumbrance.

It was soon settled that aptitudes so decided, and acquirements which had already brought him into notice, should be devoted to the work of the ministry; and accordingly, at the age of sixteen, Thomas M'Crie left home to be enrolled as a student in the university of Edinburgh. His pious, affectionate mother, accompanied him part of the way; and when the painful moment of farewell had arrived, she took him aside into a field upon Coldingham Moor, and there, kneeling down with him behind a rock, she solemnly commended him and his future career to that God who gave him, and to whose service she now willingly resigned him. In a year after she died; but the memory of that prayer abode with him, while its answer was attested in his future life and labours. His favourite studies at the university, as might be surmised, were those allied with ethics, philology, and history—all that is closely connected with the development of human character, and the most effectual modes of delineating its manifold and minute phases. It is no wonder, therefore, if, among the professors who at this time were the ornaments of the college, Dugald Stewart was his favourite instructor. In this way his course went on from year to year, his studies being frequently alternated with the laborious work of the schoolmaster, but his mind exhibiting on every occasion a happy combination of student-like diligence, with healthful elastic vigour. In September, 1795, he was licensed to be a preacher by the Associate Presbytery of Kelso; and in this capacity his first public attempts were so acceptable, that in little more than a month after being licensed, he received a call from the Associate congregation in the Potter Row, Edinburgh, to become their second minister. Thus early was he settled in the precise sphere, where not only his talents as a minister could be turned to best account, but the proper facilities afforded for that important literary career in which he was destined to become so eminent.

A short time after he had entered the work of the ministry, he married Miss Janet Dickson, daughter of a respectable farmer in Swinton, to whom he had long been attached, and found in her a suitable domestic friend and comforter, until death dissolved their union.

At the outset of his ministry, Mr. M'Crie's sermons were distinguished by a careful attention to those requirements of eloquence and rules of oratory, in which he was so well fitted to excel. Indeed, the more aged of his brethren seem to have been of opinion that he carried these to such an undue length, as to be in danger of recommending himself more highly than the great subject of which he was but the herald and messenger. He soon appears to have been of the same opinion himself, more especially after a missionary tour through the Orkney Islands, hitherto in a state of grievous spiritual destitution, but now eager to hear the word of life, in whatever form it was proclaimed; and there

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he saw, in the demeanour of his primitive audiences, the vast importance of the great doctrines of salvation, as compared with those mere human appliances by which it is adorned and recommended. This wholesome conviction brought him back, not however with a recoil into the opposite extreme, but into that happy medium where the true grandeur of the subject is allowed its full predominance, and where its expression is only valued by how much the speaker himself is absorbed and lost sight of in his all-important theme. This, indeed, is the secret of true pulpit eloquence; and to this eloquence Mr. M'Crie attained after his return from the Orkneys. The consequence was, that his acceptability as a preacher increased, his auditory became greatly more numerous, and a deeper spirit of earnestness was manifested in the general bearing and character of his congregation. Such were the fruits of that act of self-denial, which talented aspiring young clergymen find so difficult to perform. The same spirit of disinterested devotedness to his work was also evinced by Mr. M'Crie in trials which some may reckon equally hard to be withstood. Though his flock was numerous, it was chiefly from the humbler classes, so that his income was a small one; and in 1798, the price of provisions rose so high that families of limited means were reduced to unwonted privations. In this state of things, the congregation of Potter Row adopted the generous resolution of increasing the salary of their minister; but no sooner did he hear of it, than he wrote to them a letter, earnestly dissuading them from the measure. "The allowance which you promised me," he said, "when I first came among you as your minister, and which has been always punctually paid, though not so liberal as what may be given to others of the same station in this place, has hitherto been sufficient. From any general knowledge I have of the state of your funds, it is as much as you can be supposed to give, especially considering the burdens under which you labour. The expense of living has indeed been increasing for some time past, but the incomes of trades-people have not increased in proportion; and as the most of you are of that description, I don't consider myself entitled to make any increasing demand upon you." This kind negation was gratefully received, and inserted in the minute-book of the congregation. Here, however, the disinterestedness of their pastor did not terminate. That period of famine, so universal throughout Britain, and still well remembered in Scotland under the title of "The Dearth," had reached its height in 1800, so that the middle were now transformed into the lower classes, while the lower were little better than paupers. At this crisis the minister stepped forward with a generous proposal; it was that, in consequence of the prevalent poverty, the amount of his stipend should be reduced. The people, however, who were able to appreciate his motives, refused to consent, and thus ended a contest that was equally honourable to both.

After this the life of Mr. M'Crie was fated for some time to be imbittered by ecclesiastical controversy. It is well known to our readers, that the great subject of religious debate in Scotland has been, since the Reformation, not so much about Christian doctrine as about Christian polity. What is the duty of the state in aiding, upholding, and fortifying the spiritual government of the church? And what is the nature and amount of that deference which the church should render to the state in return, compatible with her spiritual independence—or rather, her allegiance to her great Head and Sovereign? The relationship between these powers was fully established in Scotland by the first and second Books of Discipline, and finally ratified by the Confession of

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Faith at Westminister. But toward the close of the last century, the principles of the French revolution, so active in other countries, had also found their entrance into Scotland; and there they menaced not only the civil but also the ecclesiastical authority of the state. This was especially the case in that body called the Secession, to a part of which Mr. M'Crie belonged. The Seceders had caught that Gallican spirit so hostile to kings and rulers, and they now found out that all connection between church and state should cease. Each was to shift for itself as it best could, without the aid or co-operation of the other; while kings and magistrates, instead of being bound by their office to be nursing fathers of the church, were engaged to nothing more, and could claim nothing higher, than what they might effect as mere members and private individuals. In this way the Voluntary principle was recognized as the only earthly stay of the church's dependence, and the party who adopted it thenceforth became, not seceders from the Establishment, but Dissenters. It was thus that they closed and bolted the door against any future reunion with the parent church, let the latter become as reformed and as pure as it might. In this painful controversy Mr. M'Crie was deeply involved; and, superior to that restless spirit of modern innovation by which it was animated, he took the unpopular side of the question, and held fast by those original standards of the Secession which the majority were so eager to abandon. The result was that numbers and votes prevailed, so that he, and three conscientious brethren of the church who held the same principles with himself, were formally deposed in 1806. The dissentients, under the new name of the Constitutional Associate Presbytery, were thus dispossessed of their churches, but not of their congregations, who still adhered to them; and in the new places of worship to which they repaired, they continued to exercise their ministry as before. In this way they formed a separate and distinct, though small and unnoticed body, until 1827, when they united themselves with another portion of protesters from the same synod, under the common title of Original Seceders.

During the progress of these events, which extended over a course of years, and with which Mr. M'Crie was so vitally connected, their whole bearing had a most momentous influence upon his future literary labours. They threw his mind back upon the original principles of the Scottish Reformation, and made them the chief subjects of his inquiry; they brought him into close contact with those illustrious characters by whom the Reformation was commenced; and they animated and strengthened that love of religious consistency, and hostility to ecclesiastical tyranny and oppression, that accorded so materially with his original character. In the following sentence from one of his letters in 1802, we can well recognize the man who set at nought the demolition of such things as cathedrals and monasteries, when they hindered the erection of a true church, and who was well fitted to become the biographer of him whose stern principle was, "Pull down the nests and the rooks will flee." "There is something," he thus writes, "in the modern study of the fine arts, *belles-lettres*, and mere antiquities, that gives the mind a *littleness* which totally unfits it for being suitably affected with things truly great in characters eminent for love of religion, liberty, and true learning. To demolish a Gothic arch, break a pane of painted glass, or deface a picture, are with them acts of ferocious sacrilege, not to be atoned for, the perpetrators of which must be *ipso facto* excommunicated from all *civil* society, and reckoned henceforth among savages; while to preserve these magnificent trifles, for which they entertain a veneration little

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less idolatrous than their Popish or Pagan predecessors, they would consign whole nations to ignorance or perdition." Sentiments thus inspired, and researches so conducted, were not allowed to lie idle; and accordingly, from 1802 to 1806, he was a contributor to the "Christian Magazine," the pages of which he enriched with several valuable historical and biographical sketches. The titles of these sufficiently indicated the nature of his present studies, while their excellence gave promise of what might yet be accomplished. The chief of them were an "Account of the concluding part of the Life and the Death of that illustrious man, John Knox, the most faithful Restorer of the Church of Scotland," being a translation from the work of Principal Smeton; a "Memoir of Mr. John Murray," minister of Leith and Dunfermline, in the beginning of the 17th century; a "Sketch of the Progress of the Reformation in Spain, with an account of the Spanish Protestant Martyrs;" "The Suppression of the Reformation in Spain;" the "Life of Dr. Andrew Rivet," the French Protestant minister; the "Life of Patrick Hamilton;" the "Life of Francis Lambert, of Avignon;" and the "Life of Alexander Henderson." The journal in which they appeared was of but limited circulation, and its literary merits were little appreciated, so that these admirable articles were scarcely known beyond the small circle of subscribers to the "Christian Magazine," most of whom were Seceders. But it was better, perhaps, that it should be so. These were only prelusive efforts, and preparations for great achievements, that are generally best conducted in silence, and which the gaze of the public will only interrupt or impede.

In this way the mind of the author had been imbued with the subject of the Reformation at large; and he had been thus led to study its developments, not only in Scotland, but in Spain, France, and Italy. But in which of these important departments was his first great attempt in historical authorship to be made? Happily, his mind was not out at sea upon this conclusive question, for by the close of 1803 his choice had been decided. It was that of a leal-hearted Scotsman and zealous Covenanter, and on the proposal that had been made to him of writing a separate work instead of unconnected articles, he thus replies: "As you have suggested this, I shall use the freedom of mentioning to you a floating idea which has sometimes passed through my mind, without ever assuming the formality of a resolution or design; namely, a selection of lives of Scottish reformers, in some such order as to embrace the most important periods of the history of the Church of Scotland; in which a number of facts which are reckoned too minute and trivial for general history might be brought to bear upon, and occasionally illustrate it. The order, for instance, might be (I write merely from the recollection of the moment), Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, John Knox, John Craig, Andrew Melvine, Patrick Simpson, Robert Bruce, &c." It is easy to see how this variety, comprising the chief personages of the first and second great movements of the Scottish Reformation, would finally resolve themselves into Knox and Melville, to whom the others were merely subsidiary. With Knox, therefore, he commenced; and the task was not an easy one. Obscure authors had to be discovered, and long-forgotten books resuscitated; contending facts had to be weighed, and contradictory statements reconciled; while a mass of manuscripts, such as might have daunted the most zealous antiquary at a period when Scottish antiquarianism was still in infancy, had to be pored over and deciphered, in quest of facts that were already fading away with the ink in which they were

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embodied, but whose final extinction his patriotic zeal sufficed to prevent. And all this was to be accomplished, not by the snug Fellow of a college, reposing in learned leisure in the deep shadow of Gothic halls which the sound of the world could not reach, with half-a-mile of library before and behind him; or a church dignitary, whose whole time could be devoted to the defence of that church in which he was a high-titled and richly-guerdoned stipendiary; but by one who had the weekly and daily toil of a Scottish Secession minister to interrupt him, as well as its very scanty emoluments to impede his efforts and limit his literary resources. And all this for what?—not to write the life of one whose memory was universally cherished, and whose record all would be eager to read. The whole literary world was now united against John Knox, whose very name was the signal for ridicule or execration. The man whose heart was so hard and pitiless, that the tears of Mary fell on it as upon cold iron—who demolished stately architectures and fair churches from sheer hatred of whatever was grand or beautiful—who shared in, or at least who countenanced the foulest assassinations of the period—and who had finally imposed upon the land a sour, shrivelled, and soul-stunting creed, under the name of a reformation, which, thanks to *Moderatism!* the country was now getting rid of—this was he whom M'Crie, under every disadvantage, and at every hazard, was resolved to chronicle and to vindicate. Of all the thousands and myriads whom his "Life of Knox" has delighted, how few are able to take into account the difficulties under which the author laboured, and the high heroic devotedness in which the task was pursued to the close!

The materials for this important work, as may readily be surmised, had been long in accumulating: as for the Life itself, it appears to have been fairly commenced in 1807, and it was published in 1811. On its appearance, the public for a while was silent: many were doubtless astonished that such a subject should have been chosen at all, while not a few must have wondered that it could be handled so well. A complete change was to be wrought upon public feeling, and the obloquy of two centuries to be recanted; but by what literary organ was such a palinode to be commenced? At length "the song began from Jove,"—for the first key-note was sounded, and the chorus led by no less a journal than the "Edinburgh Review," now the great oracle of the world of criticism, while the article itself was written by no less a personage than Jeffrey, the hierophant and Pontifex Maximus of critics. After commencing his critique with an allusion to those distinguished benefactors whose merits the world has been tardy in acknowledging, the reviewer thus continues: "Among the many who have suffered by this partiality of fortune, we scarcely know any one to whom harder measure has been dealt, than the eminent person who is the subject of the work before us. In the reformed island of Great Britain no honours now wait on the memory of the greatest of the British reformers; and even among us zealous Presbyterians of the north, the name of Knox, to whom our Presbyterian Church is indebted, not merely for its establishment, but its existence, is oftener remembered for reproach than for veneration; and his apostolical zeal and sanctity, his heroic courage, his learning, talents, and accomplishments, are all coldly forgotten; while a thousand tongues are still ready to pour out their censure or derision of his fierceness, his ambition, and his bigotry. Some part of this injustice we must probably be content to ascribe to the fatality to which we have already made reference; but some part, at least, seems to admit of a better explanation." After having stated these

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palliating circumstances, in which a portion of the general prejudice originated, the critic adds: "From these, or from other causes, however, it seems to be undeniable that the prevailing opinion about John Knox, even in this country, has come to be, that he was a fierce and gloomy bigot, equally a foe to polite learning and innocent enjoyment; and that, not satisfied with exposing the abuses of the Romish superstitions, he laboured to substitute for the rational religion and regulated worship of enlightened men, the ardent and unrectified spirit of vulgar enthusiasm, dashed with dreams of spiritual and political independence, and all the impracticabilities of the earthly kingdom of the saints. How unfair, and how marvellously incorrect these representations are, may be learned from the perusal of the book before us—a work which has afforded us more amusement and more instruction than any thing we ever read upon the subject; and which, independent of its theological merits, we do not hesitate to pronounce by far the best piece of history which has appeared since the commencement of our critical career. It is extremely accurate, learned, and concise, and, at the same time, very full of spirit and animation, exhibiting, as it appears to us, a rare union of the patient research and sober judgment which characterize the more laborious class of historians, with the boldness of thinking and force of imagination which is sometimes substituted in their place. It affords us very great pleasure to bear this public testimony to the merits of a writer who has been hitherto unknown, we believe, to the literary world either of this or the neighbouring country; of whom, or of whose existence at least, though residing in the same city with ourselves, it never was our fortune to have heard till his volume was put into our hands; and who, in his first emergence from the humble obscurity in which he has pursued the studies and performed the duties of his profession, has presented the world with a work which may put so many of his contemporaries to the blush, for the big promises they have broken, and the vast opportunities they have neglected."

This was much, coming as it did from the "Edinburgh Review," a work that hitherto had been by no means distinguished for its advocacy of Christian principles, or love of evangelical piety; and nothing, therefore, was better fitted to arrest the attention of the world in behalf of the volume that had lately appeared. The subject thus discussed in the great northern journal for July 1812, was taken up by its powerful southern rival, and in the "Quarterly Review" of July, 1813, appeared a critique, in which the reviewers, in their admiration of John Knox, seem to have allowed their well-known devotedness to Episcopacy and Toryism for the time to go to sleep. After expressing their admiration that the Scottish reformer should have found a better biographer than had yet fallen to the lot of even Calvin and Luther, they thus characterize the literary merits of the work:—"Compact and vigorous, often coarse, but never affected, without tumour and without verbosity, we can scarcely forbear to wonder by what effort of taste or discrimination the style of Dr. M'Crie has been preserved so nearly unpolluted by the disgusting and circumlocutory nonsense of his contemporaries. Here is no puling about the 'interesting sufferer,' 'the patient saint,' 'the angelic preacher.' Knox is plain Knox, in acting and in suffering always an hero; and his story is told as an hero would wish that it should be told—with simplicity, precision, and force." Still, however, the reviewers could not well get over the demolished monasteries, or the tears of Queen Mary, and in their wrath they administered the following rebuke to the biographer, which, however, he accepted as no small compliment:—"But

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of the literal subversion of many noble buildings, which, perhaps unavoidably, took place in the course of this great revolution, Dr. M'Crie permits himself to speak with a savage and sarcastic triumph, which evinces how zealous and practical an helper he would himself have proved in the work of destruction, had he been born in the 16th century. Less, we are persuaded, would then have been heard of Row or Willock, as auxiliaries of Knox, than of M'Crie." "Like Knox himself, he has neither a tear nor a sigh for Mary; and we doubt not that, like him, he would have voted to bring the royal adulteress and murderer, for such they both esteem her, to the block." "Is not that great praise?" says M'Crie, with good humour, while quoting to a friend this portion of the criticism. The other journals followed the lead of their two Titans; and encouraged by the reception of the work, and the high importance it quickly attained, the author commenced a second edition, in which he judiciously availed himself not only of the advice, but in many cases of the harsh censures of his numerous reviewers. The result was that in 1813, he published a second edition of the "Life of John Knox," so greatly amplified and improved, as to be almost a new work; and this, in course of time, was translated and published in French, Dutch, and German. Previous to the appearance of the second edition, the author had been honoured with the degree of doctor in divinity by the university of Edinburgh, the first instance in which it had ever conferred the title upon a Dissenting minister. *O si sic omnes!* This distinction, however, Dr. M'Crie had neither sought nor expected; it was frankly given upon the application of Mr. Blackwood, his publisher, and the chief difficulty lay in persuading the author to allow the initials to be appended to his name in the second edition of the work. His opinion was, that such distinctions were incompatible with the strictness of Presbyterian parity. A compromise, however, was effected. He could not prevent the world from terming him *Doctor*, or become deaf when he was thus hailed; but when he went to the church courts he there sought equality with his brethren, and nothing more, and would allow himself to be designated as nothing higher than the Rev. *Mr.* M'Crie. It would, indeed, have been passing strange if our northern seats of learning had failed to confer their highest honours upon him who had achieved a literary feat so difficult, and achieved it so well. For by one great effort he had rolled back the tide of obloquy under which the most honoured of our national names had been buried so long, and restored it to its proper eminence and lustre. He had enabled Scotsmen to avoid the shame which they and their fathers had felt when that name was mentioned in their hearing, and inspired them with an honest pride in the character of their reformer. He had even carried this success into England, and made John Knox as popular there as he was at first, when he was the friend and assistant of Cranmer, the chaplain of Edward VI., and the solicited but recusant object of an English mitre. But wider and wider still the circle of intelligence upon the character of the Scottish reformer had been expanded, until the pious and reflective of Europe at large were enabled to perceive, and obliged to confess, that the ruthless demolisher of goodly architecture, which every other country had spared, was neither an illiterate Goth nor a ferocious Vandal, but one of those illustrious few of whom history is so justly proud. All this was much, but it was not yet the utmost which Dr. M'Crie had effected. Knox had, as it were, been recalled to life, and sent once more upon his momentous mission. His presence was seen and his voice heard in every district in Scotland. A heedless generation, by whom he was

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despised or neglected, had been compelled yet again to hear the instructions which he had formerly uttered, and to bethink themselves how wofully these instructions had been forgot. In short, their attention had been irresistibly called to the subject of the Scottish Reformation, and the principles upon which their church had been founded, and to the inquiry as to whether these principles were still in operation, or hastening to become a mere dead letter. And this inquiry was neither unnecessary nor in vain. A death-blow was struck at that Erastianism which had lately become so predominant in the Church of Scotland; and such was the spirit of research among the mouldering records of its long-neglected library, and the ardour with which they were published and diffused, that the former ignorance and indifference could be tolerated no longer. These effects went on from year to year, and their result we know. Scotland is now awake, and the creed which was almost filched from her relaxing hand, is held with as tight a grasp as ever.

The next literary undertaking in which we find Dr. M'Crie employed, was a conflict with an antagonist every way worthy of his prowess. The "Great Unknown" was now in the ascendant, and as he wrote to amuse, he was sure of the sympathies of at least three-fourths of the community. Such he must have felt when he gave to the world the tale of "Old Mortality," in which the Covenanters were held up to derision, while their sufferings were described as justly merited. All this was enough for the novel-reading public, that was too ignorant to know, and too idle to inquire, and accordingly the statements of Sir Walter Scott, embodied as they were in so attractive a form, were received as veritable history. Nothing was now more common in England, and it may be added in Scotland also, than to hear the martyr-spirit of the days of the covenant laughed at, and its choicest adherents represented as madmen, fanatics, and cut-throats. It was needful that the "Author of Waverley" should be met by a fitting antagonist, and this he soon found in the author of the life of John Knox. No two such other men could have been culled from the crowded ranks of British literature—the one so completely the type of ancient feudalism and Episcopacy ingrafted on modern Toryism, and the other of the sturdy independence of the good old Whiggamores, and the Presbyterian devotedness of Drumclog and the Grassmarket. Dr. M'Crie had also the greater right to step forward on this occasion, as the prince of novelists had intruded into a field too sacred for a mere holiday tale. An elaborate review of "Old Mortality" was therefore written, and published in the first three numbers of the "Christian Instructor" for the year 1817. It could scarcely have been expected from one so competent to the task as Dr. M'Crie, that it would have been otherwise than a complete historical refutation of the misstatements of the novel, and a successful vindication of the villified Covenanters. But it was also something more than this in the eyes of Scott and his admirers; for it attacked him with a strength of wit and power of sarcasm that threatened to turn the laugh against himself, and foil him at his own chosen weapon. So at least he felt, and his complaints upon the subject, as well as his attempted defence in the "Quarterly Review," bespoke a mind ill at ease about the issue of such a controversy. The result was that the novelist was generally condemned, and that his tale, notwithstanding the popularity which at first attended it, sank in popular estimation, and became one of the least valued of all his admired productions.

The success with which the Life of Knox was attended, would have been

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sufficient to make most authors repeat the attempt; but, besides this, the task of Dr. M'Crie had already been chosen, of which his first great effort had only been the commencement. The distinguished lights of the Scottish Reformation had long stood arrayed before his view as successively demanding their due commemoration; and after having completed the first and best in the series, the choice of the next was not a matter of difficulty. "If the love of pure religion, rational liberty, and polite letters," he writes, "forms the basis of national virtue and happiness, I know no individual, after her reformer, from whom Scotland has received greater benefits, and to whom she owes a deeper debt of gratitude and respect, than Andrew Melville." Upon this, therefore, he had been employed for years, and towards the close of 1819 the "Life of Andrew Melville" was published. Such was the toil which this work occasioned him, that he was wont to say it had cost him "a hundred times more labour than the life of Knox." This will be apparent when we consider not only the immense quantity of facts which such a narrative involved, but the difficulty of finding them, as they were no longer the broad, distinct, and widely-published statements which so largely enter into the history of our first reformers. And yet, though the life of Melville is to the full as well written as that of Knox, and exhibits still greater learning and research, it never attained the same popularity. The cause of this is to be found in the subject itself. After the national hero has crossed the scene, all who follow in his path, be their deeds and merits what they may, must possess an inferior interest. Besides this, Melville was not a reformer from Popery, the common enemy of the Protestant Church, but from Episcopacy; and therefore, while the interest of the event was mainly confined to presbyterian Scotland, it excited dislike in England, while it awoke scarcely any sympathy in the continental reformed churches. But will the work continue to be thus rated beneath its value? —we scarcely think so. The great question of centuries, the question of the rights of the church in reference to its connection with the state, promises to become more generally felt and more keenly agitated than ever; and in this important controversy, the opinions and example of Andrew Melville are likely to assume their due weight. And where, in this case, will posterity be likely to find a record better written than that of Dr. M'Crie? It may be, that before the present century has closed, his "Life of Andrew Melville" will be more widely perused and deeply considered than the author himself could have anticipated.

Calamities and afflictions of various kinds were now at hand to try the temper and purify the patience of the hitherto successful author. The perils by which the principle of church establishment was beset, and the prospect of further division among Christian communities, clouded his spirit with anxious forebodings—for his was not a temper to rest satisfied that all should be well in his own day. Domestic sorrow was soon added to his public anxieties; for his amiable partner in life, who for the last six years had been an invalid, was removed from him by death in June, 1821. Soon afterwards his own health began to fail, in consequence of his intense application to study; and even his eyesight was so impaired with the poring of years over dim and difficult manuscripts, as to threaten total blindness. Cessation from labour and the recreation of travel were judged necessary for his recovery; and accordingly, in the summer of 1822, he made a short tour of two months to the continent, during which his studies were only changed, not suspended, and he returned home considerably

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invigorated in health and spirits. On his return, a new and soul-inspiring subject quickly brought him into action; it was the cause of Greece, that land so trampled under foot and crushed into the dust by centuries of oppression, but now rising from the dead; the first to attempt the great historical problem, as to whether a whole nation may be capable of a resurrection and a new life, after ages of death and burial. But something more than mere historic curiosity was aroused by the event. Sympathy was also kindled throughout our whole island for the sufferings of the Greeks in their new war of independence, so that British swords and British money were freely tendered in their behalf. And not the least or the latest in this good cause was the city of Edinburgh, now rejoicing in the title of "Modern Athens," and prompt, by its brotherly sympathy, to make that title good. Public meetings were called for the purpose of raising money for the relief of the inhabitants of Scio, and for the promotion of education in Greece, and on both occasions Dr. M'Crie was enlisted as the advocate of suffering Hellas. He was now to appear before the public in a new phase. Hitherto he had carefully avoided addressing such meetings, while his pulpit oratory was the stern, unadorned, didactic theology of the old school. But eloquent as was the historian of Knox in the closet, and amidst historic details, was he also capable of eloquence in the crowded popular assembly, with a subject so delicate as Greece for his theme? The answer was given in addresses so imbued with the spirit of ancient heroism and Marathonian liberty, so pervaded by the classical tone of Athenian poetry, and so wide in their range, from playful, refined, subtle wit, to the most vehement and subduing appeals of outraged indignant humanity, that the audiences were astonished and electrified. Under what strange bushel had Dr. M'Crie hid such eloquence so long? It was now evident that, had he so pleased, he might have been among the first of our orators. But hitherto he had been content to be known as a theologian and historian, while he magnanimously left it to others to shine upon the platform; and having now performed his allotted task, he retired, amidst the deep wonderment of his hearers, to the modest seclusion of his study, and the silent labours that awaited him there.

And these labours were not pursued remissly. Besides his studies for the pulpit, which he prosecuted with all the diligence of his early days, he continued his researches into the history of the period of the Reformation; and in 1825 he published his edited "Memoirs of Mr. William Veitch and George Bryson, written by themselves," narratives which he considered of high importance, as illustrative of the covenanting days of Scotland, and to which he appended biographical sketches and illustrative notes. In 1827 appeared his "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy," a work that had formed the subject of his earlier studies, but for many years had been laid aside. It was a most complex and laborious task, as he was obliged to trace the origin, progress, and decline of the Reformation through twenty-five of the Italian states, among which the great movement was divided. Such was the interest of this work, that it was translated into French, German, and Dutch, and inserted by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Rome in the *Index Expurgatorius*. In 1829 he published "The Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century," a sequel to "The History of the Reformation in Italy" during the same period. As a proof of his indefatigable diligence and zeal in the study of history, it may be mentioned here, that in order to make himself fully acquainted with the two last subjects, he had mastered, in

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the decline of his days, the Spanish and Italian languages, that he might study the proper authorities from their original sources. While Dr. M'Crie was thus occupied, the bill introduced in 1829 for the emancipation of Roman Catholics from political restrictions, and their admission into places of authority and trust, was passed. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that one who had studied and written as he had done, was entirely opposed to the measure. He not only thought it unsafe to concede such privileges, in a Protestant country, to men doing homage to a foreign ecclesiastical power and a hostile creed, but he was also of opinion that by such concessions our country abandoned the solemn covenants to which it had pledged itself since the Reformation, and forfeited the privileges which it enjoyed as the head of European Protestantism. In the old covenanting spirit, he carried the subject to the pulpit, where it had but too much right to enter, and in his lectures on the book of Ezra, where it could be appropriately introduced, he uttered his prophetic warnings. "We have been told from a high quarter," he said, "to avoid such subjects, unless we wish to rekindle the flames of Smithfield, now long forgotten. Long forgotten! where forgotten? In heaven? No. In Britain? God forbid! They may be forgotten at St. Stephen's or Westminster Abbey, but they are not forgotten in Britain. And if ever such a day arrives, the hours of Britain's prosperity have been numbered." He drew up a petition against the measure, which was signed by 13,150 names, but this, like other petitions of the same kind, was ineffectual. The bill was passed, and silly, duped, disappointed Britain is now ready, like the Roman voter in favour of Coriolanus, to exclaim, "An' it were to do again—but no matter!"

The career of Dr. M'Crie was now drawing to a termination. His literary labours, especially in the lives of Knox and Melville, combined with his extreme care that every idea which he gave forth to the public, and every sentence in which it was embodied, should be worthy of those important subjects in which he dealt—all this, connected with the daily and almost hourly avocations of his ministerial office, and the numerous calls that were made upon him, in consequence of his interference with the great public movements of the day, had reduced him to the debility and bodily ailments of "threescore and ten," while as yet he was ten years short of the mark. But his was a mind that had never rested, and that knew not how to rest. In 1827 he had enjoyed the satisfaction, after much labour and anxiety, of seeing a union effected between the church party to which he belonged, and the body who had seceded from the Burgher and Antiburgher Synods in 1820, under the name of Protesters; and in 1830 his anxieties were excited, and his pen employed, in endeavours to promote a union between his own party, now greatly increased, and the Associate Synod of Original Burghers. Many may smile at these divisions as unnecessary and unmeaning, and many may wonder that such a mind as that of Dr. M'Crie should have been so intent in reconciling them. But religious dissension is no triviality, and the bond of Christian unity is worth any sacrifice short of religious principle; and upon this subject, therefore, the conscientious spirit of Dr. M'Crie was as anxious as ever was statesman to combine jarring parties into one, for the accomplishment of some great national and common benefit. While thus employed, a heavy public bereavement visited him with all the weight of a personal affliction; this was the death of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, who, in the full strength and vigour of his days, suddenly fell down and expired upon the threshold of his home, which he was just about to enter.

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By this event, which occurred on the 9th of February, 1831, Dr. M'Crie was bereaved of a close affectionate intercourse which he had for years enjoyed with a most congenial heart and intellect, and saw himself fated to hold onward in his course, and continue the "good fight," uncheered by the voice that had so often revived his courage. After he had rallied from the unexpected blow, Dr. M'Crie was employed in what was called the "Marrow Controversy," which, notwithstanding the uncouth title it bore, had for its object the vindication of the important doctrine of justification by faith from the perversions of Arminianism. This was followed by the Anti-patronage controversy in 1833, a subject which the Kirk of Scotland had never lost sight of since the time when patronage was first imposed upon it, and which was now fast ripening into such important results as neither friend nor enemy could anticipate. As might be expected, Dr. M'Crie was no mere onlooker. He belonged to a body whose conscientious hope was a return to the church of their fathers, when it was loosed from its bonds and purified from its errors; but who saw no prospect of the realization of that hope until the right of pastoral election was conceded to the people. Upon this question Dr. M'Crie published what proved to be the last work he was to produce as an author, in the form of an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "What ought the General Assembly to do at the Present Crisis?" His answer to the question was express and brief: "Without delay, petition the legislature for the abolition of patronage." The outcry in Scotland against patronage became so loud—so deafening—that statesmen saw they must be up and doing, and a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to hold an inquest upon the alleged grievance. It was natural that the most distinguished of Scotland's ecclesiastical historians should be heard upon the subject, more especially as his testimony was likely to be unbiassed either by party feeling or self-interest; and accordingly, besides the many eminent ministers of the Established Church who were summoned before the committee, Dr. M'Crie was called to give his statement upon the effects of ecclesiastical patronage. He repaired to London at this authoritative summons, although with reluctance, and underwent two long examinations before the committee, the one on the 2d, the other on the 7th of May, 1834. It was not thus, however, that the question was to be settled; and he returned from London, wondering what would be the result, but comforting himself with the conviction that an overruling wisdom predominated over earthly counsels, and that all would be controlled for the best.

Amidst these public cares, and a debility that was daily increasing, Dr. M'Crie now addressed himself in earnest to accomplish what, in all likelihood, would have proved the most laborious of his literary undertakings. It was nothing less than a Life of Calvin, to which his attention had been directed during his studies upon the progress of the Reformation on the continent, and for which he had collected a considerable amount of materials. This, however, was not enough, for he felt that to accomplish such a work in a satisfactory manner, it would be necessary to consult the ancient records of Geneva, a step which his ministerial duties prevented. His friends, aware of his wishes on the subject, had offered to send, at their own expense, a qualified person to Geneva to transcribe the required documents; but this kind offer, which was made in 1831, he declined. In 1833, however, his son John, a young man of high talent, who was studying for the church, had repaired with two pupils on a travelling excursion to Geneva, and to him the task was committed of making

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the necessary extracts upon the subject. The commission could not have been better bestowed. "John has been so laborious in his researches," said the affectionate father, "and sent me home so many materials, that I found myself shut up to make an attempt, if it were for no other reason than to show that I was not altogether insensible to his exertions." He felt more and more the growing lassitude that was stealing upon him, and thus wrote, eight months afterwards, about the materials that were pouring in upon him from Geneva: "I have neither time nor leisure to avail myself of them; and instead of rejoicing, as I used to do, at the sight of such treasures, I rather feel inclined to weep. Yet if I can make nothing of them, some other may." Thus he went on till the middle of the following year, his attention to Calvin being in the meantime divided by the great ecclesiastical events that were hastening onward to the disruption of the Church of Scotland. Of the Life of the great Reformer, however, he had already written out, and prepared for the press three ample chapters, in which Calvin's career was traced through the studies of his youth, onward to his adoption of the reformed doctrines, his preface to the "Institution of the Christian Religion," and his residence in Geneva. But here the historian's task was to terminate, and terminate most unexpectedly and abruptly. On the 4th of August, 1835, he was suddenly taken unwell; a stupor succeeded, from which it was impossible to rouse him; and on the following day he breathed his last, without a groan or struggle, but insensible to the presence of his grieving friends who were assembled round his death-bed. Thus died, in the sixty-third year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry, the Rev. Dr. M'Crie, whose whole life had been a preparation for death, and whom death, therefore, could not take at unawares. His remains were buried in the churchyard of Greyfriars, and over the grave a simple monument was erected by his congregation, with an inscription commemorative of his worth and their regret. At his death he left a widow, for he was twice married, upon whom government, to show their sense of his worth, settled a liberal pension. His children, who were all by his first marriage, consisted of four sons, of whom John, the third, his faithful assistant among the archives of Geneva, died only two years after his father. Besides these, he had one daughter, married to Archibald Meikle, Esq., Flemington. It is pleasing to add, that of the family of such a man, there is one who inherits not only his name and sacred office, but also his tastes and studies, and not a small portion of his talent.

Besides those works to which we have already adverted, Dr. M'Crie was author of the following publications:

"The Duty of Christian Societies towards each other, in relation to the Measures for Propagating the Gospel, which at present engage the attention of the Religious World; a Sermon, preached in the meeting-house, Potter Row, on occasion of a Collection for promoting a Mission to Kentucky." 1797.

"Statement of the Difference between the Profession of the Reformed Church of Scotland as adopted by Seceders, and the Profession contained in the New Testimony and other Acts lately adopted by the General Associate Synod; particularly on the Power of Civil Magistrates respecting Religion, National Reformation, National Churches, and National Covenants." Edinburgh, 1807.

"Letters on the late Catholic Bill, and the Discussions to which it has given rise. Addressed to British Protestants, and chiefly Presbyterians in Scotland. By a Scots Presbyterian." Edinburgh, 1807.

"Free Thoughts on the late Religious Celebration of the Funeral of her

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Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales; and on the Discussion to which it has given rise in Edinburgh. By Scoto Britannus." 1817.

"Two Discourses on the Unity of the Church, her Divisions, and their Removal." Edinburgh, 1821.

"Sermons" (posthumous volume). Edinburgh, 1836.

"Lectures on the Book of Esther" (posthumous). Edinburgh, 1838.

MACDONALD, Lieutenant-Colonel John, F.R S., F.A.S.—This scientific soldier and voluminous writer possessed, by the mere accident of birth, a distinction which his productions in authorship, excellent though they were, would have failed to acquire; for he was the son of Flora Macdonald, that heroine whose name is so intimately connected with the romantic history of "the young Chevalier." All know the dangers she underwent, and the address she exhibited, in procuring his escape from his pursuers in 1746, and the enthusiasm which her romantic fidelity excited among the Jacobites of the day, after her exertions had been successful. She was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, a tacksman or gentleman farmer of Melton, in South Uist; and in 1746, the period of her adventurous career, she was about twenty-four years old. After her return from London, whither she was summoned to answer for her political offence in effecting the escape of such an enemy, she married; but notwithstanding the rich gifts with which her generous conduct had been rewarded by the adherents of the Stuart cause in the great metropolis, she and her husband had become so poor at the time of Dr. Johnson's visit to her in 1773, that they had resolved to emigrate to America. This they afterwards did; but either having not succeeded to their wish, or finding the love of country too strong for voluntary exile, they returned to Skye, where Flora died, on the 4th of March, 1790, leaving behind her a son, John, the subject of the present memoir, and a daughter, married to a Mr. Macleod, a distant relation to the chief of that name. "It is remarkable," writes Sir Walter Scott, "that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled Flory."

At an early period John Macdonald went to India, and on his way thither had occasion to reside for a short time in London. This was at a period when the alarm of the Jacobite war of 1715 and 1745 had ceased to be remembered, and when the Celtic dress had not as yet become familiar to the English eye. At this transition period, the Highland costume of our young Scottish adventurer appears to have excited as much astonishment, and also displeasure, as the kaross of the Caffre, or the sheep-skin of the Tartar would have done, had they been paraded upon the pavement of Cheapside. Writing of this event in the "Gentleman's Magazine," in 1828, he says, "I well recollect my arrival in London, about half a century ago, on my way to India, and the disapprobation expressed in the streets of my tartan dress; but now I see with satisfaction the variegated Highland manufacture prevalent, as a favourite and tasteful costume, from the humble cottage to the superb castle. To Sir Walter Scott's elegant and fascinating writings we are to ascribe this wonderful revolution in public sentiment."

As it was to the scientific departments of the military profession that Macdonald devoted his labours, his career to the close was that of a studious observer and philosophic writer, rather than a stirring, adventurous soldier. He passed many years in the service of the East India Company, and attained the rank of Captain of Engineers on the Bengal establishment. While thus employed, the

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important subject of the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle occupied much of his attention, and on this he made a series of observations in 1794 and the two following years, at Bencoolen, Sumatra, and St. Helena, which he communicated in 1798 to the Royal Society, who published them in their Transactions, and elected him a Fellow in 1800. About the last-mentioned period he also returned to Britain, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Clan-Alpine Regiment, and commandant of the Royal Edinburgh Artillery.

After his arrival, the life of Colonel Macdonald was one of diligent useful authorship, so that his history from this period is best comprised in the titles of his works, and the dates of their publication. Of these we give the following list:—

In 1803 he published "Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manœuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791; translated from the French, with Explanatory Notes and Illustrative References to the British and Prussian systems of tactics," &c., &c., in two volumes 12mo.

In 1804, when he belonged to the 1st Battalion of Cinque Ports Volunteers, and when every kind of military instruction was most needed for our home-bred soldiery, while in training against the menaced invasion of the country from France, Colonel Macdonald published another work, in one volume, entitled, "The Experienced Officer; or, Instructions by the General of Division, Wimpffen, to his sons, and to all young men intended for the military profession, being a series of rules laid down by General Wimpffen, to enable officers of every rank to carry on war in all its branches and descriptions, from the least important enterprises and expeditions, to the decisive battles which involve the fate of empires. With Notes and an Introduction."

In 1807, while chief engineer at Fort Marlborough, he published "Instructions for the Conduct of Infantry on actual Service." This was also translated from the French, and published in two volumes, with explanatory notes.

In 1808 appeared his first work upon a subject which had employed his attention for years. This was "A Treatise on Telegraphic Communication, Naval, Military, and Political," 8vo, in which he proposed a different plan from that hitherto adopted.

In 1811, Colonel Macdonald produced a work in startling contrast to his former subjects, but which was only one among the studies of a comprehensive philosophic mind, under the title of "A Treatise, explanatory of the Principles constituting the Practice and Theory of the Violoncello." This work was published in one volume folio.

In 1812, reverting to his military avocations, he published a translation of "The Formations and Manœuvres of Infantry, by the Chevalier Duteil," 12mo. This was the last of his productions in military science, and, as may be surmised from the date, the last that was needed—for the French science of warfare was now well understood by our armies, as their hostile instructors were learning to their cost. This fact, however, shows the judiciousness of the plan which Macdonald had adopted as an expositor of warlike science, and indicates in some measure the probable benefit with which his own individual labours were followed.

In 1816, Colonel Macdonald returned to the important subject of telegraph communication, by publishing his "Telegraphic Dictionary," a laborious work, containing 150,000 words, phrases, and sentences. The estimate formed of the value of this work was shown by the directors of the East India Company, who

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voted the sum of £400 to assist in defraying the expense of publication; it was also highly recommended by the Secretary of the Admiralty, and the Adjutant-General of the Army.

In addition to these separate productions, Colonel Macdonald was a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine" for several years, until the close of his life; but the subjects of these essays are too numerous to specify. They were chiefly connected, however, with the philosophical studies which had occupied his attention from an early period, and were characterized by the philanthropy that had always animated his pen in seeking to promote the best interests of society. The same spirit was manifested in his personal exertions; and during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life, which were spent in Exeter, the charitable institutions of that city always found him an active co-operator, as well as liberal contributor. He died there on the 16th of August, 1831, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Exeter Cathedral.

MACGILL, Stevenson, D.D., professor of theology in the university of Glasgow, was born at Port-Glasgow, on the 19th January, 1765. His father, Thomas Macgill, a native of Dunbar, had been apprenticed to a ship-builder of that town; and one evening, when only seventeen years of age, he happened to step into a prayer-meeting, kept by a party of pious Methodist soldiers who had just returned from Germany. Such was the influence produced by this incident, that he joined the Methodist connection, and from that period, till his death in 1804, adhered steadily to that body, while his piety and worth were an example to every Christian community. The mother of the professor was Frances Welsh, daughter of Mr. Welsh, of Locharet, in East Lothian, a family supposed to be connected with that of John Welsh, the son-in-law of our great reformer, John Knox. She too, in the words of her son, "was a true Christian, of fervent piety, and habitually animated by the Divine principle of faith in the Son of God." Stevenson Macgill received the earlier part of his education in the parish school of Port-Glasgow; and at the age of ten, was sent to complete it at the university of Glasgow. Here, as his destination was for the ministry, he went through a nine years' course, where his proficiency in literature, science, and theology, obtained a considerable number of class honours, and secured the approbation of his professors. On the completion of his studies, Mr. Macgill was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery of Paisley in 1790, and soon after, received the offer of the chair of civil history in St. Andrews, a charge which was to be united with a small country parish. But even thus early, and in spite of so alluring a temptation, he was the uncompromising enemy of ecclesiastical plurality, and therefore the offer was refused. In the year after he was licensed to preach, he was presented to the parish of Eastwood; and while he continued there, his ministry was distinguished not only by careful study and preparation for the duties of the pulpit, but also by his attention to the moral and religious instruction of the young of his parish, and the proper support of the helpless poor. The diffusion of infidel and revolutionary principles, which the recent events in France had occasioned, also called forth the anxiety of Mr. Macgill; and in 1792, he published a small tract, entitled "The Spirit of the Times," particularly addressed to the people of Eastwood, in which he temperately and judiciously warned them against the anarchical theories of the day. After having been for six years minister of Eastwood, he was translated, in 1797, to the charge of the Tron Church of Glasgow, that had become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. M'Call. Here his pastoral labours were at

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least of threefold amount, in consequence of the rapid growth of the population, and the increase of poverty, ignorance, and crime, with which it was accompanied. But to these he addressed himself in a right apostolic spirit, and with an effectiveness of which Glasgow still reaps the fruits. Soon after his arrival in Glasgow, the well-known period called "the dearth" occurred, and Mr. Macgill became an active advocate for the establishment of soup-kitchens, and other means for the relief of the poor. The comforts and cure of the sick, and the coercion and reformation of the criminal, were continual objects of his pastoral solicitude, and therefore he became a careful superintendent of the wants of prisons and the infirmary. In him, too, the Lunatic Asylum of Glasgow, which has been so efficient an institution for the relief of the worst of all maladies, found not only its best friend, but also its chief originator, in consequence of the impulse which he gave towards the erection of that noble structure. One defect also under which Glasgow laboured, until it had grown into an evil of the first magnitude, called forth his active exertions. This was the deficiency of church accommodation, which, although common to Scotland at large, from the increase of the population, was particularly felt in Glasgow, where the ratio of increase had been unprecedented, and was still continuing to go onward with a constantly growing magnitude, while the number of the city churches remained stationary. Nothing could more effectually encourage dissent than such a state of things; and accordingly, the great mercantile city of the west, once so famous for its hearty attachment to the Kirk which the Reformation had established within its walls, was now becoming the great emporium of Scottish sectarianism. Nor was this the worst; for even the numerous chapels that were erected by the different sects were still inadequate either for the growth of the population, or for the poverty of the masses, who were unable to contribute their prescribed share for the maintenance of the self-supporting principle. All this struck the observant eye of Dr. Macgill, who tried every method, both with the church-court and town council, to have the evil removed, by the erection of new churches, as well as the way prepared for their full efficiency, by the extension and improvement of the civic parochial education. For the present, however, he laboured in vain; for the city dignitaries of the day were more intent upon the great wars of the continent, and the movements in the peninsula, than those evils around them that required no far-seeing sagacity to detect; and thus "the righteousness that exalteth a nation" was left to a future hearing. But his appeals were not ineffectual, although, for the present, they seemed to be scattered to the winds, or buried in the earth; for after many years the harvest shot up, and before he closed his eyes he had the satisfaction of seeing the principle of church extension reduced to vigorous action, in that very city where his former appeals on the subject had been unheeded.

While Dr. Macgill was thus actively employed upon the important subject of civic economy as developed in prisons, schools, and churches, he was far from being remiss in those studies with which the more sacred duties of the ministerial office are connected. Seldom, indeed, in any man, was a life of contemplation more harmoniously blended with a life of action; and, therefore, amidst a career of practical hard-working usefulness, which he continued until he was stretched upon a death-bed, he was an inquiring and improving student, who felt that he had still something to learn. Such was the disposition with which he commenced his ministry in Glasgow. He knew the quantity of out-

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door work that would beset him in the discharge of his duty, and he was aware of its tendency to mar the occupations of the study, and arrest or throw back the mind of the minister, and shut him up within the narrow circle of his early acquirements. But he knew, withal, that the duty of intellectual self-improvement was equally urgent with that of active everyday usefulness. On this account, he proposed to his brethren of the presbytery the plan of a literary and theological association for mutual instruction, by the reading of essays, and oral discussions; and the proposal was so acceptable, that in 1800 a society for the purpose was formed, whose meetings were held once a-month. The important subjects which it kept in view, and its plan of action, were admirably fitted for the clergy of a large city, who, of all men, must keep abreast of the learning and intelligence of the age. While he was a member of this literary and theological association, Dr. Macgill read, in his turn, a series of essays which he had written on the pastoral office and it duties, and the best ways of discharging them with effect. These essays, which were afterwards published in the form of letters, entitled, "Considerations addressed to a Young Clergyman," gave ample proof of his high appreciation of the ministerial office, and sound views of an appropriate clerical training. The work, also, as well as the consistent manner in which he had always acted upon its principles, pointed him out as the fittest person to occupy a most important office in the church. This was the chair of theology in the university of Glasgow, which became vacant in 1814, by the death of Dr. Robert Findlay, who had held it for more than thirty years.

On his election to the professorship of divinity, Dr. Macgill addressed himself in earnest to the discharge of its onerous duties. And that these were neither few nor trivial, may be surmised from the fact, that the general number of the students in the Divinity Hall was above two hundred, while their exclusive instruction in theology, instead of being divided among several professors, devolved entirely upon himself. The mode, also, of teaching that most complex, as well as most important of sciences, was still to seek; for as yet the training to the ministerial office was in a transition state, that hovered strangely between the scholastic pedantry and minuteness of former years, and the headlong career of innovation and improvement that characterized the commencement of the 19th century. And in what fashion, and how far, was it necessary to eschew the one and adopt the other? It is in these great periodic outbursts of the human mind that universities stand still in astonishment, while their learned professors gaze upon the ancient moth-eaten formulas, and know not what to do. To teach theology now was a very different task from the inculcation of Latin and Greek, which has continued the same since the days of Alfred. The first years, therefore, of Dr. Macgill's labours as a professor, consisted of a series of experimenting; and it was fortunate that the duty had devolved upon one so patient to undergo the trial, and so observant of what was fittest and best. At length the whole plan of theological instruction was methodized into a system that worked harmoniously and effectively under the control of a single mind. It was felt to be truly so by the students who passed under its training; so that each fell into his own proper place, and the daily work of the Divinity Hall went on with the regularity of a well-adjusted machine. It was sometimes objected to the course of lecturing, that it attempted to comprise too much; that it descended to too many minutiæ; and that the fit proportion which each subject should bear to the whole, was thus lost

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sight of. Dr. Macgill himself was sensible of these defects, and many years before his death employed himself in lopping off whatever he considered to be redundant in his lectures, and condensing whatever was too diffuse. But let it be remembered, also, that when he commenced he was groping his way along an untried path. Even his learned predecessor, Dr. Findlay, had laid out for himself a theological course of such vast range as an ordinary life would have been utterly insufficient to overtake; and thus, at the end of each four years' course, his pupils escaped with a few theological ideas that had been extended and ramified to the uttermost; a little segment, instead of a full body of divinity. But in the other duties of his professorship, where his own individuality was brought into full play, unfettered by forms and systems, Dr. Macgill was unrivalled. In his oral examinations of the class, he seemed to have an intuitive sagacity in entering at once into the character of each pupil, and discovering the kind of management which he most needed. In this case, it was most gratifying to witness with what gentleness, and yet with what tact, he repressed the over-bold and animated the diffident, stimulated the slothful and encouraged the career of the diligent and enterprising; while his bearing, which was in the highest degree that of a grave divine and accomplished scholar, adorned by the graces of a Christian gentleman, won the reverence, the confidence, and affection of his students. But it was not alone in the class-room that these qualities were exhibited in their fullest measure. His evenings were generally devoted to his students, of whom he was wont to have a number in rotation around the tea-table, so that at the end of the session none had been omitted; and while, at these *conversaziones*, he could unbend from the necessary formality of public duty, and encourage a flow of cheerful intercourse, it always tended more or less to the great object which he had most at heart—the formation of a learned, pious, and efficient ministry. Nor was this all. Few, indeed, can tell or even guess his cares, his labours, and his sacrifices in behalf of these his adopted children, whom once having known, he never ceased to remember and to care for, and for whose welfare his library, his purse, and his personal labours were opened with an ever-flowing liberality. These were the very qualities most needed by a professor of theology, and best fitted to influence the pupils under his training. Dr. Macgill, indeed, was neither a man of high genius nor commanding eloquence; at the best he was nothing more than what might be called a third-rate mind —a man who, under different circumstances, might have passed through life unknown and unnoticed. But with a mind so balanced, and animated with such high and holy principles, he was enabled to acquire an ascendency and accomplish a work which first-rate intellects have often attempted in vain.

After having continued for several years exclusively devoted to the duties of the theological chair, Dr. Macgill suddenly found himself summoned to the arena of a church-court, and that, too, upon a question where the conflict would be at *outrance*. Hitherto he had been the enemy of ecclesiastical plurality, modified though it was in the Church of Scotland by the union of some professorship with the ministerial charge of a parish, instead of the care of two or more parishes vested in one person. And while some confined their hostility to the objection that the chair and the pulpit generally lay so far apart that the holder must be a non-resident, the objections of Macgill were founded upon higher principles. He knew that plurality was totally opposed to the laws and spirit of the Scottish Church; and he was too well aware of the important

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duties of a minister, to have his office conjoined with any other pursuit. And now the time and occasion had arrived when he must boldly step forward and speak out. In 1823, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, principal of the university of Glasgow died, and the Rev. Dr. Macfarlan, minister of Drymen, was appointed to succeed to the office. And few were better fitted to occupy that important charge, which he still so worthily adorns. But, hitherto, the principal of the college had also been minister of St. Mungo's, or the High parish of Glasgow, and it seemed a matter of course that Dr. Macfarlan should hold both livings conjointly, to which he was appointed accordingly. It was the gentlest form in which plurality had ever appeared in Scotland, for both charges were in the same city, while the one, it was thought, could not infringe upon the duties of the other. But to Dr. Macgill it appeared far otherwise. By the statutes of the college, the principal was bound to superintend its secular affairs, and teach theology, which was a task sufficient for any one man; and thus the holder would be compelled either to give half-duty to both offices, or reduce one of them to a sinecure. It was upon these arguments that Dr. Macgill opposed the double induction. It was a stern and severe trial that thus devolved upon one who had hitherto been such a lover of peace; and it was harder still, that his opposition must be directed against one who was thenceforth, let the result be what it might, to become his daily colleague as well as official superior. Many in his situation would have contented themselves with a simple *non liquet*, whispered with bated breath, and thought their vote a sufficient testimony of their principles. Superior, however, to such considerations, and anticipating the great controversy that would be at issue upon the subject, Dr. Macgill, several months before it took place, brought the question before the senate of the university, and finding that his learned brethren would not coincide with him, he had entered, in the college records, his protest against the induction. In the keen debates that afterwards followed upon the subject in the presbytery of Glasgow, the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and at last the General Assembly, to which it was carried for final adjudication, Dr. Macgill assumed the leadership; and few, even of his most intimate friends, were prepared for that masterly eloquence which he exhibited at the first step of the controversy. In taking his chief ground upon the argument of the responsibility of city ministers, and the immense amount of labour which they had to undergo, especially in such a city as Glasgow, he invoked his brethren of the presbytery in language that was long afterwards felt and remembered. The question, as is well known, was lost by the evangelical party; and the union of the offices of principal of the university of Glasgow, and minister of the church and parish of St. Mungo was confirmed, as well as the continuance of plurality sanctioned. But this was only a last effort. The opposition which Dr. Macgill so boldly and bravely commenced, had aroused the popular feeling so universally upon the subject, as to command the respect of the government; and the Royal Commission, which was afterwards appointed for visiting the universities of Scotland, confirmed the popular expression. Let us trust that the evil thus denounced and banished, will never again find an entrance into our national church.

Besides his hostility to ecclesiastical plurality, Dr. Macgill was decidedly opposed to patronage, and earnest for its abrogation. He did not, however, go the whole length of his brethren in advocating the rights of popular suffrage. On the contrary, he was opposed to merely popular elections, and

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held that they had never been the law of the Church of Scotland. Still, he was of opinion that the existing patronage was a great evil, that required a total amendment. He declared it to be a hard thing upon the people of Scotland, that an individual, who might be deficient in principles, knowledge, and morals, should dictate to the worthy and respectable the man whom they should receive as their minister. And it was harder still, he thought, that this patron might be of any or of no religious belief, and in either case, opposed to the faith of those over whom he appointed a minister. But, worst of all, this right, originally intended for the good of the people in their highest interests, might be bought, like any marketable commodity, by a person wholly unconnected with the parish, and who had no interest in its welfare. The church, indeed, had power to judge and decide on the qualifications of the presentees, by previously trying them as licentiates, and finding them competent for the work of the ministry in general, in life, doctrine, and knowledge. But the preacher thus approved of might be unqualified for the particular charge to which he was designated; so that, however orthodox, learned, and pious, his manners, his habits, and mode of preaching might be such as to make him unsuitable for the people over whom he was appointed. For all this a remedy was necessary; and that which Dr. Macgill had long contemplated, he propounded before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to try the question of patronage in Scotland. For this purpose his first desideratum was, the abolition of the act of Queen Anne for the restoration of patronage in our church. This being obtained, he proposed to divide the representation of the parish between three bodies, consisting of the heritors, the elders, and the male communicants, each body to be represented by three delegates, to whom the nomination of the future pastor might be intrusted. Let this committee of nine, after having weighed the case, present to their constituents the person of their choice, whom they had approved by a majority of votes; and should any disputes afterwards arise upon the concurrence of the people, let the case be settled by the decision of the church-courts. Such is an abstract of his plan, by which he hoped the despotism of patronage on the one hand, and the anarchy of popular election on the other, would be equally avoided. But subsequent events showed that this, as well as many other such plans, was but a "devout imagination." The agitation against patronage was followed by the Veto-law, and finally by the Disruption. No compromise or half measures—nothing short of a total abrogation of the evil complained of, was found sufficient to satisfy the remonstrants.

After this the course of Dr. Macgill's life went onward tranquilly but usefully; and of the events that occurred till the close, a brief notice may suffice. In 1824, in consequence of a discovery by Dr. M'Crie, the able biographer of John Knox, that our Scottish reformer was educated, not at St. Andrews, as had hitherto been supposed, but at the university of Glasgow, Dr. Macgill conceived that Glasgow was the proper place in which a monument should be erected to his memory. The idea was eagerly caught by several of the spirited citizens, and the result was that stern column on the height of the Fir Park, better known as the Glasgow Necropolis, surmounted by the statue of Knox himself, with the Bible in one hand, and the other stretched out towards the rapidly-growing city, as if he were in the act of uttering the old civic motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." In 1828, Dr. Macgill was unanimously elected to the office of moderator of the General Assembly—an office which it was thought

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he should have occupied at a still earlier period, but for the predominance of that party in the church to which his views in doctrine and discipline were opposed. In 1835 he was made one of the deans of the Chapel-Royal, a merely honorary appointment, having neither emolument nor duties at that time attached to it. Three years after (1838) he was busily occupied with the plan of erecting a house of refuge for juvenile delinquents in Glasgow—one of his many successful public efforts for the instruction of the young, and reformation of the vicious. During 1838 and 1839 he was also employed in preparing two volumes for the press. In 1839, though now borne down by age, and the pressure of domestic misfortunes, he resolved to encounter the labours of the winter as he had been wont; and in October, he opened the Divinity Hall, and went through the half-year's course without having been absent a single day. But it was life's last effort. In the end of July, while returning from Bowling Bay, where he had been visiting a friend, he was caught in a heavy shower of rain: a cold and sore throat ensued, that soon turned into fever, accompanied with delirium, in which he was generally either in the attitude of prayer, or employed in addressing an imaginary audience. It was indeed the ruling passion strong in death—the predominance of that piety and activity which had formed his main characteristics through life. He died on the morning of the 18th of August, 1840, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Macgill was not a voluminous writer; this, his devotedness to his daily public duties prevented, as well as the fastidious views which he entertained of authorship, that made him unwilling to commit to the press anything which he had not deeply studied and carefully elaborated. Whatever, therefore, he has written, he has written well. Besides his "Letters to a Young Clergyman," he published "Discourses and Essays on Subjects of Public Interest," "Collection of Translations, Paraphrases, and Hymns"—several of which were his own composition—"Lectures on Rhetoric and Criticism, and on Subjects introductory to the Critical Study of the Scriptures," and a volume of Sermons, dedicated "to his former pupils, now his brethren, as a remembrancer of past times." But even when his writings are forgot, his labours in the Scottish Church, rent asunder though it has been since his death, and the benefits of these labours upon all parties, will continue to remain a unanimous and hallowed remembrance.

MACINTOSH, Charles, F.R.S., an inventor of several chemical manufactures, was born at Glasgow, December 29, 1766. He was the son of Mr. George Macintosh, who introduced the manufacture of cudbear and Turkey-red dyeing into Glasgow. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Moore, of Stirling, the brother of Dr. John Moore, author of "Zeluco," and her nephew was Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B., who fell in the disastrous retreat at Corunna. Charles received the elements of his education in his native city, and afterwards was sent to a school at Catterick Bridge, in Yorkshire. On his leaving the latter, he was placed in the counting-house of Mr. Glassford, of Dugaldston, to acquire habits of business. He studied chemistry under the celebrated Dr. Black, then settled in Edinburgh, and turned his knowledge to practical account at an early period, having embarked in the manufacture of sal-ammoniac before he had attained the age of twenty. He subsequently introduced from Holland into this country, the manufacture of acetate of lead and acetate of alumina, employed in calico-printing. In 1797 he was associated with Mr. Charles Tennant, then a bleacher at Darnley, near Glasgow, in working the patent for the production of chloride of lime in the dry state and in

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solution, since employed so extensively as a bleaching agent. In the same year he became a partner in a firm at Hurlet for the manufacture of alum from alum schist; and, in 1805, similar works, on a larger scale, were established by the same company at Campsie. On the death of his father, in 1807, Mr. Macintosh took possession, with his family, of the house at Dunchattan, near Glasgow, where he continued till the end of his life to prosecute his chemical researches. In 1822 he obtained a patent for his celebrated invention of the waterproof cloth distinguished by his name. With a view to the obtaining of ammonia to be employed in the manufacture of cudbear, Mr. Macintosh, in 1819, entered into a contract with the proprietors of the Glasgow gas-works, to receive the tar and other ammoniacal products of the distillation of coal in gas-making. After separating the ammonia, in converting the tar into pitch, the essential oil named naphtha is produced; and it occurred to the inventive mind of Mr. Macintosh to turn this substance to account as a solvent of caoutchouc or India rubber. He succeeded in producing a waterproof varnish, the thickness and consistency of which he could vary, according to the quantity of naphtha employed in the process. Having obtained a patent for this process, he established a manufactory of waterproof articles, which was first carried on in Glasgow, but was eventually transferred to a partnership in Manchester, under the name of Charles Macintosh & Co. In 1828 Mr. Macintosh joined a copartnery in working the hot-blast patent of Mr. J. B. Neilson. He first established in Scotland the manufacture of Prussian blue and prussiate of potash; invented the mode of topical printing of calico, silks, &c., by the application of the caoutchouc and naphtha varnish; and invented and patented a process for converting iron into steel, by means of carburetted hydrogen gas. Mr. Macintosh closed a career of great usefulness to science and the arts on the 25th of July, 1843, in his seventy-seventh year.

M'KAIL, Hugh.—Of this young martyr for the cause of religious liberty little has been recorded, except his martyrdom itself. That, however, was an event so striking, that it stands out in strong relief among the similar events of the period, filled though it was with such atrocities of religious persecution as made Scotland for the time an Aceldama among the nations.

Hugh M'Kail was born about the year 1640. His boyhood and youth were thus spent among the most stirring incidents of the Covenant, when the patriotic and religious spirit of our country made a life of ease or indifference almost an impossibility. His studies were prosecuted, with a view to the ministry, at the university of Edinburgh, and when he had entered his twenty-first year he was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery. At this time, also, he appears to have lived with Sir James Stuart of Kirkfield, as his chaplain.

In those days preaching behoved to be a very different matter from what it generally is at present; and when we wonder at the frequency with which public measures were introduced into the pulpit, as well as the severity with which they were often reprobated, we must remember that this was nothing more than what necessity required and duty justified. The age of journalism had not yet fully commenced; and those political movements by which the interests of religion were affected, had no place of discussion or reprobation but the church, so that to "preach to the times" was reckoned the duty of the minister, not only in Scotland, but in England. The pulpit was thus constrained to occupy that place from which the public press has happily relieved it. Besides, a war at this time was going on in Scotland, that proposed nothing

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short of the utter annihilation of the national church; and every faithful minister, therefore, felt himself standing upon a watch-tower, from which he was to look anxiously over the whole country, and sound the alarm whenever danger approached, let the quarter from which it issued be what it might.

To this duty, so full of imminent peril, M'Kail, as a preacher, was soon summoned. The bishops, who had been imposed upon the country by royal authority, complained that their offices were not respected, nor their behests obeyed; and Middleton's mad parliament had passed, under the inspiration of wine and strong drink, that sweeping decree by which 400 ministers were ejected from their charges for non-compliance. It was in September, 1662, while this measure was impending, by which the best pulpits of Edinburgh as well as Scotland at large were soon to be deprived of their ministers, that Hugh M'Kail, who had frequently officiated in the city as a preacher with great acceptance, delivered his last public sermon in the High church, on the Sabbath before the edict was to take effect. His text was from Canticles I. 7; and in illustrating this passage as applicable to the persecutions which religion had generally endured, he declared that the "church and people of God had been persecuted both by an Ahab on the throne, a Haman in the state, and a Judas in the church." He made no particular or personal application of this general truth; he merely stated it as a well-known historical fact; but so close was the parallel to the present state of affairs, that Charles II. was found to be the Ahab, the persecuting royal favourite, Lord Middleton, to be the Haman, and the apostate Sharp, now Archbishop of St. Andrews, to be the Judas Iscariot whom the preacher meant. To suspect was to convict and condemn, and a party of horse was sent to his residence near Edinburgh to apprehend him. But having received a hasty notice a moment previous to their arrival, he escaped from his bed into another chamber, and managed to elude the pursuers. He fled, in the first instance, to his father's house, where for a time he was safe from detection. But, as some victim was necessary, M'Kail's patron, Sir James Stuart, and Walter Stuart, his second son, were apprehended instead of the preacher, and accused of having listened to, or at least having been informed of, the aforesaid sermon, which "had maliciously inveighed against, and abused his sacred majesty, and the present government in church and state, to the great offence of God, and stumbling of the people;" and that, notwithstanding their knowledge of it, they had still continued to harbour and entertain its author. Both were imprisoned, and did not obtain their liberty until they had cleared themselves of the charge. In the meantime, M'Kail went abroad, and, as Wodrow informs us, "accomplished himself in travelling for some years."

After a residence of four years upon the continent, Mr. M'Kail returned to Scotland in 1666. It was not to a peaceful home that he returned, for the persecution was hotter than ever; and in the desperate insurrection which commenced at Dumfries, and ended in the defeat at Pentland, he joined the devoted band, and shared in the toils and privations of their march until they came to Cramond, on their way to Rullion Green, where his strength, unfitted for such rough service, broke down, so that he was left behind. He then endeavoured to shift for himself; but while on his way to Libberton, he was set upon by some peasants on the watch for stragglers, and apprehended, his enfeebled state, and the light rapier which he wore, being insufficient for the least resistance.

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This was upon the 27th of November; and on the following day he was examined by a committee of the secret council. He refused to criminate himself by answering their questions or subscribing to their charges; but on the following day he complied so far as to confess that he had joined in the insurrection. This, however, was not enough: the rulers of Scotland were determined, for their own purposes, to prove that the rising of Pentland was a great national conspiracy, abetted by the Presbyterians of England and our enemies upon the continent; and if proof could not be obtained from the confessions of the prisoners, it was resolved to wring it from them by torture. The selection of their victims from among the prisoners for this experiment was in keeping with the injustice of the infliction; for these were Hugh M'Kail, who had not been at Pentland at all, and John Neilson, of Corsack, in Galloway, a gentleman who, though he had been plundered of his all, and driven to the fields for his adherence to the covenant, had yet saved the life of Sir James Turner when the latter was taken prisoner, and behaved throughout the insurrection with gentleness and clemency. It was in vain they protested that they had already confessed all, and knew nothing of a conspiracy; the boot, the instrument of torture, was laid upon the council table, and they were assured that on the morrow, if they still refused to confess, they should undergo its infliction. The very name of that engine can still raise a shudder in Scotland, though few are acquainted with its peculiar construction. It was a wooden frame composed of four pieces of narrow board hooped with iron, into which the leg was inserted; wooden plugs of different sizes were then successively introduced between the boards and the limb, and driven home by the executioner with the blows of a heavy mallet, while at each stroke the sufferer was exhorted to confess whatever might be demanded by the judges. In this way the anguish of the victim was increased or prolonged at pleasure, until it often happened that nature could endure no more, so that for present relief he was ready to confess whatever might bring him to the more merciful alternative of the axe or the halter.

On the following day the council assembled, and, true to their promise, they proceeded to examine the prisoners by torture. The experiment was first tried upon Mr. Neilson, and as the wedges proceeded to crush his leg at each descent of the mallet, his cries were so loud and piteous, that even savages would have melted with compassion to hear them. But not so the judges: bent upon learning the particulars of a plot that had no existence except in their own craven fears, their command at each interval was, "Give him the other touch!" As no confession was forthcoming after their worst had been inflicted, they next proceeded to deal with M'Kail, hoping, perhaps, to find greater compliance, from his youth and gentleness of disposition. It was in vain for him to allege that he was aware of no conspiracy—that he had confessed all that he knew already: although so much time had elapsed, they still remembered what he had said about an "Ahab on the throne." His leg was placed in the boot, and after the first blow, while every nerve was tingling with the shock, the usual questions were put to him; but he was silent: the strokes were repeated, until seven or eight had been given; but to the questions he solemnly declared, in the sight of God, that he could reveal nothing further, though every joint of his body should be subjected to the same torture as his poor leg. This was unsatisfactory to the judges, who ordered another and another "touch," which their victim endured without a murmur of impatience or

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bitterness; and after ten or eleven strokes in all, and given at considerable intervals, he swooned, and was carried back to prison.

Thus, no crime had been either discovered or confessed, and even according to the barbarous law of torture, it might have been thought that M'Kail should have been set at liberty, as one against whom no offence could be proved. And had he not suffered enough already to satisfy the most vindictive? But such was not the reasoning of the day, and the judges resolved to fall back upon the fact that he had joined the insurgents, and accompanied them to Ayr, Ochiltree, Lanark, and other places. It mattered not to them that he had not been present at the battle of Pentland; it was enough that he would have been there if he could, and therefore must be punished as a convicted traitor for his traitorous intentions. The day after his examination, ten of these unfortunate insurgents were tried and sentenced to execution; and only five days afterwards, other seven were ordered to prepare for trial. It was resolved that among these already foredoomed victims, M'Kail should be impanelled; but the torture he had undergone had thrown him into a fever, accompanied with such debility, that compearance was impossible, and this he represented, while he craved a few days of delay. Nothing could be more natural than his present condition after the treatment he had experienced, or more reasonable than his request; and yet his judges would not be satisfied until they had sent two physicians and two surgeons to examine the patient, and attest, "upon soul and conscience," that his case was as he had stated. Of what did these men think the bones and flesh of Covenanters to be composed, that they could endure so much, and yet recover so quickly? It would be well, we opine, if no judges were to inflict torture, until they had previously tried its effect upon themselves. In this way, William III. adventured upon a taste of the thumbscrew, and declared that under it a man might confess anything.

On the 18th of December, while still a sufferer, M'Kail was brought out to trial. Into this we do not enter more particularly, as it was a matter of daily occurrence in the justiciary proceedings of the period. The answers he gave, and the arguments by which he justified his conduct, were such as his judges cared nothing about; and while he talked of conscience and the Divine law as binding upon every community, they silenced him with the statute-book, and charged him with rebellion. The sentence, which was probably nothing else than he expected, was, that on Saturday, the 20th of December (only two days after), he should be taken to the market-cross of Edinburgh, there to be hanged on a gibbet till dead, and his goods and lands to be escheated for his Highness's use. This was summary work; and three others, who were tried along with him, were sentenced to the same doom. He was then led back to the Tolbooth, the people lamenting him as he passed by, to whom he addressed the words of consolation and comfort, as if they, and not himself, were to suffer. Among others, to some tender-hearted women, who bewailed such an untimely termination of his labours, he said, "Weep not: though I am but young, and in the budding of my hopes and labours in the ministry, I am not to be mourned; for one drop of my blood, through the grace of God, may make more hearts contrite, than many years' sermons might have done." As the time allowed him to dissolve the affectionate ties of nature was so brief, he requested that his father might be allowed to visit him in prison, which was granted. And of how many such tender yet heroic partings, were the cells of the Tolbooth

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of Edinburgh to be witnesses at this period! The meeting of father and son was accompanied with much affectionate endearment, as well as earnest Christian prayers for support and resignation. "Hugh," said the senior, "I called thee a goodly olive-tree of fair fruit, and now a storm hath destroyed the tree and his fruit." The son deprecated this estimation as too high; but the other burst forth into the declaration that he had spoken only the truth, and that it was assuredly his own sins, and not those of his amiable boy, that had brought the latter to such a close. "It is I," he cried, "who have sinned; but thou, poor sheep, what hast thou done?" The other blamed himself that, for failure in the observance of the fifth commandment, his days were to be short in the land. He added also his fear, that God had a controversy with his father for over-valuing his children, and especially himself.

During his short stay in prison, M'Kail was employed in private devotion, and in the duty of encouraging and confirming his fellow-sufferers. At times, also, such was his cheerfulness, that his language was full of humour. To a friend who visited him in prison, and condoled with him upon his mangled limb, he replied, "The fear of my neck makes me forget my leg." On the evening of the 19th of December, while eating his final supper with those who were to be executed with him on the following day, he said to them merrily, "Eat to the full, and cherish your bodies, that we may be a fat Christmas-pie to the prelates." After supper he read to them the 16th psalm, and then said, "If there were anything in the world sadly and unwillingly to be left, it were the reading of the Scriptures." He comforted himself, however, with the thought that he would soon be in that place where even Scripture is no longer necessary. After writing his will, which was an easy work, as it consisted of the bequest of the few books he possessed to his friends, he slept soundly, and on wakening his comrade at five o'clock in the morning, he said pleasantly, "Up, John, for you are too long in bed; you and I look not like men going to be hanged this day, seeing we lie so long." Before going to execution, he bade farewell to his father, with the assurance that his sufferings would do more hurt to the prelates, and be more edifying to God's people, than if he were to continue in the ministry twenty years. Such was his heroic hope, and the history of Scotland has told us how fully it was verified.

As soon as M'Kail appeared on the scaffold, a sound of wailing arose from the numerous spectators. And indeed it was no wonder, for he had a high reputation for learning and talent, such as was rare among the persecuted of this period. He was also in much estimation for his fervent piety and steadfast devotedness. And then, too, there were other circumstances that never fail to deepen the popular sympathy at such a tragic spectacle, for besides being still in the bloom of early youth, we are told that he was a "very comely, graceful person." "There was scarce ever seen," it is added, "so much sorrow in onlookers; scarce was there a dry cheek in the whole street or windows at the cross of Edinburgh." With gentleness and dignity he prepared for his departure, and after delivering his testimony, which he had written out, and sung his last psalm, he exclaimed to his friends as he ascended the ladder, "I care no more to go up this ladder than if I were going home to my father's house. Friends and fellow-sufferers, be not afraid; every step of this ladder is a degree nearer heaven."

Having seated himself mid-way, M'Kail addressed the spectators with his parting farewell. He expressed his belief that all this cruelty which drove so

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many to the scaffold, was not so much owing to the Scottish statesmen and rulers, as to the prelates, by whom the persecution was urged onward, and at whose hands the blood of the sufferers would be required. He then declared his cheerful readiness to die for the cause of God, the covenants, and the work of reformation, once the glory of Scotland. Here, on being interrupted by loud weeping, he told the people that it was their prayers not their tears which were needed now. After expressing his triumphant assurance of the bliss into which he was about to enter, and consoling them with the thought, he suddenly broke off into the following sublime, prophet-like declaration, which has so often stirred the heart of Scottish piety to its lowest depths: "And now, I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell father and mother, friends and relations, farewell the world and all delights, farewell meat and drink, farewell sun, moon, and stars! Welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus Christ, the mediator of the new covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation; welcome glory, welcome eternal life, and welcome death!"

Such was the departure of Hugh M'Kail, standing upon an ignominious ladder, and yet upon the threshold of heaven, and all but glorified before he had departed. And below was a crowd among whom nothing was heard but heavy groans and loud lamentation. It was a death such as only a martyr can die, and which the living might well have envied.

MACKENZIE, Sir Alexander.—In the list of those adventurers who have explored the wild recesses of North America, and acted as the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie occupies a place inferior to none. Originally, however, an obscure mercantile adventurer, we are unable to ascertain the early training through which he not only became such an enterprising and observant traveller, but so excellent a writer in the account he has left of his journey. He is supposed to have been a native of Inverness, and to have emigrated to Canada while still a very young man. The first account we have of him is from himself, in his general history of the fur trade prefixed to the narrative of his travels, when he held a situation in the counting-house of Mr. Gregory, one of the partners of the North-West Fur Company. After he had been in this situation for five years, Mackenzie, in 1784, set off to seek his fortune at Detroit, having been intrusted for this purpose with a small venture of goods, on condition of proceeding to the back settlements or Indian country in the following spring. He accordingly set off on this half-mercantile half-exploratory journey with a party of associates; but on arriving at the scene of enterprise, they soon found themselves regarded as intruders by those Europeans who had established themselves in the country and full pre-occupation of the trade, and who not only opposed their progress, but stirred up the natives against them; and after the "severest struggle ever known in that part of the world," in which one of the partners of the company was murdered, another lamed, and a clerk shot through his powder-horn, by which the bullet was prevented from passing through his body, the jealous occupants at last admitted the new-comers to a share in their trade in 1787.

The acquaintanceship which Mackenzie had acquired of the country and the native tribes, during a residence of several years at Fort Chipewyan, situated at the head of the Athabasca Lake, in the territory of the savages to the west of Hudson's Bay, and the intelligence, courage, and enterprising character which he had already displayed, pointed him out to his employers as a fit person to be

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sent out on an exploring expedition through the regions lying to the northwest of their station—at this time still a *terra incognita* to British exploration, and supposed to be bounded by the Arctic Ocean. Upon this Argonautic quest he accordingly set off, in a canoe of birch bark, from Fort Chipewyan, on the south side of the Lake of the Hills, on June 3, 1789. His crew consisted of a German, four Canadians, two of whom were attended by their wives, and an Indian chief; and in a smaller boat were the chief's two wives, and two of his young men who were to serve as hunters and interpreters: a third canoe that followed was in charge of one of the company's clerks, and carried also their provisions, clothing, and ammunition, as well as mercantile presents for the Indians along whose territories they would have to pass. This voyage, which continued 102 days, was of a sufficiently eventful character; and the difficulties, dangers, and privations which the party encountered, as well as the courage, wisdom, and perseverance with which Mackenzie encountered and surmounted them, can scarcely be appreciated in the present day, when the districts which he visited have now become familiar, while the wild tenants by whom they were occupied have disappeared. Six days after he had embarked on the Slave River he reached the Slave Lake, that was almost wholly frozen over; and after encamping six days among the ice, that sometimes gave way under them, he once more embarked, and skirting along the edge of the lake, he reached, on the 29th of June, the entrance of the river which flows from its western extremity, afterwards called, in honour of his discovery, the Mackenzie River. On the 15th of July, the principal purpose of his search was crowned with success, for after having followed the north-west course of the river, he arrived at the great Northern Ocean, in lat. 69°. After having erected a post at the place of discovery, on which he engraved the latitude of the place, his own name, and the number of persons who accompanied him, he retraced his course, and arrived in safety at Chipewyan Fort, on the 12th of September.

After little more than a year of repose at home, or rather a year of active trading, the bold traveller was alert upon a new journey, and one of greater importance than the former, being nothing less than an attempt to reach the Pacific—an adventure which no European in North America had as yet accomplished, or, as far as is known, had even attempted. Again, therefore, he left Fort Chipewyan, on the 10th of October, 1792, and proceeded up the Peace River. "I had resolved," he says, "to go as far as our most distant settlement, which would occupy the remaining part of the season, it being the route by which I proposed to attempt my next discovery, across the mountains from the source of that river; for whatever distance I could reach this fall would be a proportionate advancement of my voyage." He set off, accompanied by two canoes laden with the necessary articles of trade, and prosecuted the enterprise partly by water and partly by land. The dangers he underwent were, if possible, still greater than before, not merely from natural obstacles, but the hostility or the blunders of the wild tribes with whom he came in contact; and it is strange, as well as not a little interesting, to read in his narrative, not only of manners that are fast disappearing from the world, but of large Indian communities that have either dwindled into families, or utterly passed away. After nine months of persevering travel his aim was accomplished, for he had penetrated across the mountains, and through the North American continent, to the shores of the Pacific; and having reached the point of his ambition, he mixed up some vermilion in melted grease, and inscribed upon a rock on which he had passed the

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night, this short memorial: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." It was a necessary precaution, as only the day after, when he was upon his return homeward, he very narrowly escaped assassination from the natives. He arrived at the fort on the 23d of August, 1793, and thus takes leave of his readers: "Here my voyages of discovery terminate. Their toils and their dangers, their solicitudes and sufferings, have not been exaggerated in my description. On the contrary, in many instances language has failed me in the attempt to describe them. I received, however, the reward of my labours, for they were crowned with success."

After he had returned to Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie appears to have devoted himself, for a time at least, to that profitable trade in furs which his enterprises had so greatly tended to enlarge and benefit. He also prepared for the press his narrative, which was published in London in 1801, with the following title: "Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Lawrence, through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the years 1789 and 1793. With a Preliminary Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Fur Trade of that Country. Illustrated with Maps, 4to." The value of his exertions were so justly appreciated, that soon after the publication of this work he received the honour of knighthood. From this period we so completely lose sight of Sir Alexander, that we know neither his after history, nor the period of his death; but from a biographical volume of living authors, published in 1816, we ascertain that he was still alive at that date.

MACKINNON, Colonel Daniel.—This brave soldier, who acquired high military reputation in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo, was born in 1791, and was second son of William Mackinnon, chieftain of the ancient clan of that name in the Western Highlands of Scotland. This chieftainship, however, had dwindled into a mere lairdship, in consequence of the abolition of the patriarchal government in the Highlands, and Daniel, whose energies a century earlier might have been wasted in some petty feud or *spreagh*, was reserved to be one of the honoured heroes in a great European warfare. At the early age of fourteen he entered the army as ensign in the Coldstream Guards, and quickly won the esteem of his brother officers by his activity, cheerfulness, and kind disposition, which was further increased when he had an opportunity of showing his valour in the field. His first service, however, was nothing more than a little harmless marching and countermarching; for his regiment, which was ordered to Bremen in 1805, to co-operate with the Prussians and their allies, never came in sight of the enemy. After its return, the Coldstream in 1807 was sent with the armament against Copenhagen, where the land-service was not in requisition. Two years more elapsed of mere parade and warlike demonstration, which, however, was brought to an end when Mackinnon embarked with his regiment for the Peninsula in 1809, after he had attained the rank of lieutenant in the Guards.

The military life of an officer so young as Mackinnon, and holding his subordinate rank, can be nothing else than a record of personal daring and hairbreadth escapes; he obeys the commands and fulfils the wishes of his superiors, through every difficulty and at whatever risk, and thus establishes his claim to be a commander in turn. Such was the case with the subject of this brief notice. He was appointed aide-de-camp to General Stopford, who commanded the Guards, and had thus an opportunity of distinguishing himself through the

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whole course of that terrible and eventful war from 1809 to 1814. And these opportunities were neither shunned nor neglected, so that the bivouac and the mess-table were enlivened with tales of his personal prowess and daring. On one occasion, his supreme contempt of danger partook of the ludicrous. While our army was passing a defile, and debouching from it, there was one spot in which part of the troops were exposed to a very heavy fire. But in this post of peculiar peril, Captain Mackinnon was found performing the duties of the toilet, and lathering and shaving his chin, as coolly as if he had been fifty miles from the scene of action. No sight was better calculated to animate dispirited soldiers; they rushed immediately to the onset, and drove the French before them. No wonder that the soldiers loved and were ready to follow an officer who, let the risk be what it might, was ready to encounter or abide his full share. But he was equally endeared to his brother officers, by his overflowing kindness and invincible good nature, so that, during the whole of these trying campaigns, in which patience was tempted to the uttermost, he never gave offence, or adopted a subject of quarrel. Some of these veterans still survive, by whom the amiable qualities of the gallant Celt are affectionately remembered.

After having taken part in every battle from Talavera to Toulouse, the peace of 1814 released Mackinnon from active military duty. It is pleasing also to add, that his services had been appreciated, for he was at once raised from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant-colonel in the Coldstream regiment. Relying upon the promise of a lasting peace, he returned to England, but was suddenly roused, like many of his brethren upon leave of absence, by the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, and the astounding events that followed in quick succession. Napoleon was once more upon the throne of France, and a fresh war was inevitable. Knowing this, Colonel Mackinnon hurried to Ramsgate to join his regiment, now quartered in Brussels, but not finding the expected vessel ready to sail, he threw himself, with another officer, into an open boat, and reached Ostend in time to join in the engagements of the 16th and 17th of June, and finally, in the great battle of Waterloo.

Of the many hundreds of episodes that constitute this great military assize of the nations, and out of which so many volumes of history and biography have been constructed, and amidst the *mêlée* of wonderful charges and brave deeds that occurred every moment, and over every part of the field, we must limit our attention to a thousandth part of the great event, and attend exclusively to the movements of Mackinnon. Amidst the fire, he had three horses shot under him. In one of these volleys by which he was successively brought down, he was himself shot in the knee, his sword flew from his hand, and in falling, he alighted upon a prostrate French officer, who was wounded like himself. Mackinnon immediately took possession of the Frenchman's sword, with an apology for using it, as he had lost his own, mounted a fresh horse, and continued to charge at the head of his regiment, until he was detached with 250 of his Coldstreams, and 1st regiment of Guards, for the defence of the farm of Hougoumont. This was the key of Wellington's position, and Mackinnon was ordered to defend it to the last extremity. And well do the records of Waterloo testify how faithfully this command was obeyed. For a considerable period, the whole interest of the conflict was converged round this farm and its outhouses, the possession of which was of the utmost importance to Napoleon, so that mass after mass of French grenadiers was hurled against it in rapid suc-

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cession, with golden promises to the first who entered; but as fast as they approached the walls, the close, steady fire from within tore their ranks into shreds, and strewed the ground with the dead and wounded; and as fast as they fell back, Mackinnon and his little band sallied from their defences, piled up the dead bodies in front of the doors as a rampart, and hurried back to their posts as soon as a fresh inundation of fire and steel came sweeping down upon them. Again and again was this manœuvre successfully performed, but in the midst of imminent peril, by which the brave band of defenders was reduced to a handful. Still, the utmost efforts of Napoleon upon this point were defeated, and Hougoumont was saved. At last the farm-house was relieved, and Mackinnon with his party joined the British army, now assailants in their turn. But the wound which he had previously received in his knee from a musket-shot, and which he had disregarded during the whole of the action, now occasioned such pain, accompanied with loss of blood, that he fainted, and was carried off the field in a litter to Brussels, where he was treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness. The wound was healed, but the buoyant activity which had hitherto made exercise a necessary of life to him was broken. As for the sword, which he had appropriated to his own use at such a curious crisis, he not only fulfilled his promise, by using it gallantly in the defence of Hougoumont, and through the whole action, but ever afterwards wore it on field-days and parade, as a fair trophy of Waterloo.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-four, the military career of this intrepid soldier was closed by the return of universal peace—not, however, without a ten years' service, and having won by his merits a rank which few soldiers so young are privileged to occupy. He still continued to hold his commission in the army; and a majority in the Coldstream having become vacant, he was induced to purchase it, by which he obtained the rank of a full colonel in the service, and the ultimate command of the regiment.

From the foregoing account, it could scarcely be expected that Colonel Mackinnon should also obtain distinction in authorship. Entering the army at the raw age of fourteen, when a stripling's education is still imperfect, and returning to domestic life at a period when few are willing to resume their half-conned lessons, and become schoolboys anew, we are apt to ask, how and where he could have acquired those capacities that would enable him to produce a well-written book? But this, by no means the easiest or least glorious of his achievements, he has certainly accomplished. Soon after the accession of William IV., his majesty was desirous that a full history of the Coldstream Guards should be written, and he selected no other than the gallant colonel of the regiment to be its historian. Such a choice, and the able manner in which it was fulfilled, show that Mackinnon must have possessed higher qualities than those of a mere swordier however brave, and that he must have cultivated them with much careful application after his final return to England. For this, indeed, if nothing more than recreation had been his motive, there was an especial inducement, arising from his wound received at Waterloo, by which he was prevented from more active enjoyments. Although such a task required no small amount of historical and antiquarian research, the origin of the Coldstreams dating so far back as the year 1650, he ably discharged it by his work in two volumes, entitled "The Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards," published in 1833, and dedicated by permission to his Majesty. In this work he has traced the actions of this distinguished brigade in England and Scotland during the wars

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of the Commonwealth, Restoration, and Revolution; its services in Ireland, in Holland, and upon the continent; and finally in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo; and while he has shown a thorough acquaintanceship with the history of these various wars, his work is pervaded throughout not only with the high chivalrous magnanimity of a British soldier, but the exactness of a careful thinker, and the taste of a correct and eloquent writer.

The rest of Colonel Mackinnon's life may be briefly summed up, as it was one of peace and domestic enjoyment. After he had settled in England, he married Miss Dent, the eldest daughter of Mr. Dent, M.P. for Pool, a young lady of great attractions, but who brought him no family. With her he led a happy and retired life, surrounded by the society of those who loved him; and cheered, as we may well think, by those studies which he turned to such an honourable account. It was thought that, from his strong robust frame and healthy constitution, he would have survived to a good old age; but the sedentary life to which his wound confined him, proved too much for a system so dependent upon active and exciting exercise. After having scarcely ever felt a day's illness, he died at Hertford Street, May Fair, London, on the 22d of June, 1836, being only forty-six years old.

MACNISH, Robert, LL.D.—The literary age in which we live, the age of periodical writing, is peculiarly unfavourable to individual distinction. A magazine or even a newspaper of the present day, instead of being the mere thing of shreds and patches which it usually was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is now a repertory of the best writings, both in prose and verse; and the ablest of our writers, instead of trying their mere infant strength and boyish preludings in the columns of a journal, where, in the event of failure, they can hide themselves in the incognito of a letter of the alphabet, often spend their whole intellectual existence as periodical writers, and under a fictitious signature. Hence it is, that in the columns of a common daily print, or a weekly or monthly magazine, we find such essays, tales, and poems, such profound, original thinking, and eloquent writing, as would compose whole libraries of good standard authorship. But who is the Thunderer of this newspaper, or the Christopher North of that magazine?—the A and B and Z whose contributions we so eagerly expect, and from which we derive such pleasure or instruction? We cannot tell: their individuality is only known to their own personal circle, while beyond they are mere letters of the alphabet, and as such, are but undistinguished particles in the mighty world of thought. Thus would many of our best writers pass away, were it not that the biographer arrests them in their passage to oblivion, and gives them a local habitation and a name. And among these was a personage only known under the mystic title of the "Modern Pythagorean," but who was no other than Robert Macnish, the subject of the present notice.

This physician, philosopher, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born in Henderson's Court, Jamaica Street, Glasgow, on the 15th of February, 1802. As his father and grandfather were both of the medical profession, it was resolved that Robert should be devoted to the same course; and, with this view, his education was conducted first at the private schools of Glasgow and Hamilton, and afterwards at the university of his native city. At the age of eighteen, having passed his examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ* from the college of Glasgow. Being thus qualified to commence the duties of his profession, he went as assistant of Dr. Henderson

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of Clyth, to Caithness, where he endured for eighteen months the labour of professional visiting over a wide and wild circuit of country. Although he lost his health under such labour, so that at last he was glad to escape to the more genial region of his native city, he seems to have pursued in the Highlands, and with success, those poetical and literary studies from which his after-life derived its chief distinction. Here, also, influenced no doubt by the bleak and scowling scenery, he wandered in thought among the lands of the sun and their scenes of enchantment, by way of pleasing contrast, until he composed the greater part of a poetical tale, of which the locality was an Armida garden at the foot of the Himalaya mountains, and the actors, Pharem, a mighty Indian magician, and Ima, daughter of the Khan of Shiraz. Besides this lucubration, which he no doubt found beyond his powers to finish, the young dreamer had already tried his strength in authorship in the columns of the "Inverness Journal." The chief of these contributions was "The Tale of Eivor, a Scandinavian Legend," and the "Harp of Salem," a lament over fallen Jerusalem.

On returning from Caithness to Glasgow, Macnish made a journey to Paris, where he resided a year, for the double purpose of recruiting his constitution and continuing his medical education. In the French capital, among other opportunities of improving his taste, he frequented the Louvre, while its vast collection of the treasures of art, the spoils of conquered nations, were as yet unreclaimed; and here he learned to appreciate the beauties of painting and sculpture, without expressing his emotions in that artistic phraseology which is too often made the cloak of ignorant pretension. But of all places in Paris, the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, that city of the dead, became his favourite resort; and it was there that, in all likelihood, he increased that love of strange musing and mysticism which he had commenced in Caithness, and among the second-sighted Highlanders. On coming home he became assistant to his father, and completed his medical education at the university of Glasgow, where he took out his diploma of surgeon in 1825. His thesis which he delivered on this occasion, was an essay on the Anatomy of Drunkenness, which he afterwards expanded into his well-known work of the same title.

Before this period, however, Macnish had written articles, both in prose and verse, for the "Literary Melange," and for the "Emmet," periodicals of the Glasgow press. In 1822, also, he sent two productions to Constable's "Edinburgh Magazine," the one entitled "Macvurich the Murderer," and the other, "The Dream Confirmed." Both were incidents which he had learned in the Highlands, and expanded into regular stories. But in 1825, a more popular and lasting field was opened to him in "Blackwood's Magazine," of which he afterwards became one of the most distinguished contributors. His first contribution to this periodical, was his tale entitled "The Metempsychosis;" and he was encouraged to persevere from its being published in the monthly number as the leading article. This was no small distinction; for it will be remembered by the admirers of this most famed of magazines, that at the period we mention, it was in no want of highly talented correspondents. During the same year were inserted his "Man with the Nose," and the "Barber of Gottingen;" and on the following, the "Adventures of Colonel O'Shaughnessy," and "Who can it be?" articles whose classical style and rich, racy, original humour, arrested the attention of Ebony's readers, who at this time might well be called the reading *public*, and raised the question of

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loud and general interest, Who is this "Modern Pythagorean?" In 1827, while Macnish was employed in these fugitive but important literary avocations, he was introduced by Mr. Blackwood to Dr. Moir, ever after his fast friend, who loved him like a brother, and lived to commemorate his worth.

It was not only in prose but in verse that Macnish excelled, and had he devoted himself to the Delilah of poetry, we doubt not that he would have been still more highly distinguished in this department of intellectual excellence, than he was as a prose writer of essays and tales. But already the field of the Muses had been so over-trodden and be-mired, that the best of our bards had escaped from it into the more ample and diversified regions of prose—Scott, Coleridge, Southey, and Moore, who were a-weary of having their kibes trode upon and grazed by the eager ambitious toes of awkward followers and imitators. Macnish, however, had been wont to express his deeper feelings in verse; and an event in 1827 called from him more than one mournful lyric of domestic sorrow. This was the death of his youngest sister, Christian, a child only ten years old, who was drowned on the banks of the Clyde near Glasgow, while crossing a plank laid athwart a small arm of the river.

The life of a man who devotes himself to the settled profession of a physician, and the peaceful occupations of authorship, presents few materials for the biographer. As a physician, indeed, we have little to say of Macnish, except that his career in this capacity was of even tenor, and was attended with a fair proportion of profit and success in his native city of Glasgow. In his literary capacity, every moment of spare time seems to have been fully occupied; and the articles which he contributed, both in prose and verse, not only to "Blackwood's Magazine," but also to Frazer's, and other less distinguished periodicals, obtained a prominent place in that species of light literature, and made the good folks of Glasgow justly proud of their fellow-citizen. These productions it is the less necessary to particularize, as they have been published in a compact volume under the editorship of his biographer, Delta. It may be merely mentioned in passing, that they are all more or less distinguished by a lively creative fancy, and chaste subdued classical style, reminding us more of the best writers of the Addison and Goldsmith periods, than the slashing, *outré*, and abrupt, though sparkling tales and essays that form the staple of our modern periodical writing. Among the happiest of these attempts of Macnish, we may particularly specify the "Metempsychosis," an "Execution at Paris," a "Night near Monte Video," and "A Vision of Robert Bruce." Still, Macnish might soon have been forgot by the magazine-reading public, had he not established his literary reputation upon a more secure basis; and it is by his "Anatomy of Drunkenness" and "Philosophy of Sleep," two able and substantial treatises, and his "Book of Aphorisms," that he is now best known and estimated.

The first of these works, which Macnish commenced before he had reached the age of twenty, and during his toilsome sojourn in Caithness, was the fruit of much reading and research, aided, perhaps, occasionally by the practical illustrations which he witnessed among the inhabitants of that whisky-smuggling county. Afterwards, he matured it into a thesis, which he read before the Medical Faculty in 1825, when he took out his degree, and published it in 1827 in a thin octavo of fifty-six pages. The subject was comparatively an untrodden field, as hitherto the vice of drunkenness had been rather analyzed by the divine and moralist, than anatomized by the surgeon. The novelty of

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such a work, and the felicity of his style and mode of illustration, excited a deeper interest among the readers than generally falls to theses, the most neglected of all literary productions, so that Macnish was encouraged to prosecute his inquiries. The result was, that the subject grew and improved upon his hands, while each edition was more popular than its predecessor, until, in 1834, a fifth edition of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness" was published by its author. Such success upon so unpromising a theme, was one of those triumphs which only true genius can accomplish. In this treatise he contemplates the vice in its physiological character, and writes like a learned physician on its origin, growth, and effects upon the constitution. He then expatiates upon its moral character, and illustrates with fearful power, but yet with the utmost patience and gentleness, the influence of this pernicious habit upon the intellectual and moral organization of its victim. And finally, knowing that all this is not enough, and that people will get drunk in spite of every dissuasive, he shows them in what way this crime may be committed in its least odious form, and with the smallest harm, upon the same benevolent principle that he would have applied the stomach-pump to those who had refused to be benefited, either by his warnings or instructions. His next work, the "Philosophy of Sleep," although of a more metaphysical character, fully sustained the reputation which his "Anatomy" had acquired, and rapidly passed into a second edition. These works not only obtained a wide popularity both in Scotland and England, but in America, where they were republished; they were also translated into the French and German languages, an honour exclusively accorded to philosophical treatises that possess unquestionable merit.

In 1833, Macnish published his "Book of Aphorisms." This little work, which is now almost forgotten, consisted of some fifty dozen fag-ends and quaint remarks, in the fashion of Rochefoucalt, or rather of Lord Bacon, but without pretending to soar to the eminence of these illustrious models. It was thought, however, a clever work in its day, among the circle to which it was limited. Another literary task which he executed, was an "Introduction to Phrenology," which he published in 1835. A second edition of this volume, which he had carefully prepared for publication, appeared two years after—but by this time Macnish had finished his appointed round of labour, and was beyond the reach of criticism; and this event, as well as a just appreciation of his character, was so well expressed in the "Phrenological Journal," in giving a review of the work itself, that we cannot refrain from quoting it, as a fitting close to this brief narrative:—

"This work appears breathing with life, spirit, and observation, as if its author were himself ushering it into the world. There is no indication within it, or announcement about it, that would lead the reader to believe that the mind which had conceived it had fled, and that the hand which had written it was cold in death; yet such are the facts! The work was just completed, and the last sheets of the appendix prepared for the press, when, in the beginning of January, 1837, the gifted author was seized with influenza, which speedily degenerated into typhus fever, and on the fourteenth day after the attack, he died. One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Macnish's mind was vivacity. Whether he gave way to ridicule and sarcasm, of which he was a master; or to fancy, with which he was brilliantly endowed; or to tenderness and affection, which he felt strongly, and could touchingly express; there was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages, and animated and

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delighted his readers. This quality abounds in every page of the present work, and invests it with a new and extraordinary interest, when we regard it as the last words of a talented intellect now in the grave."

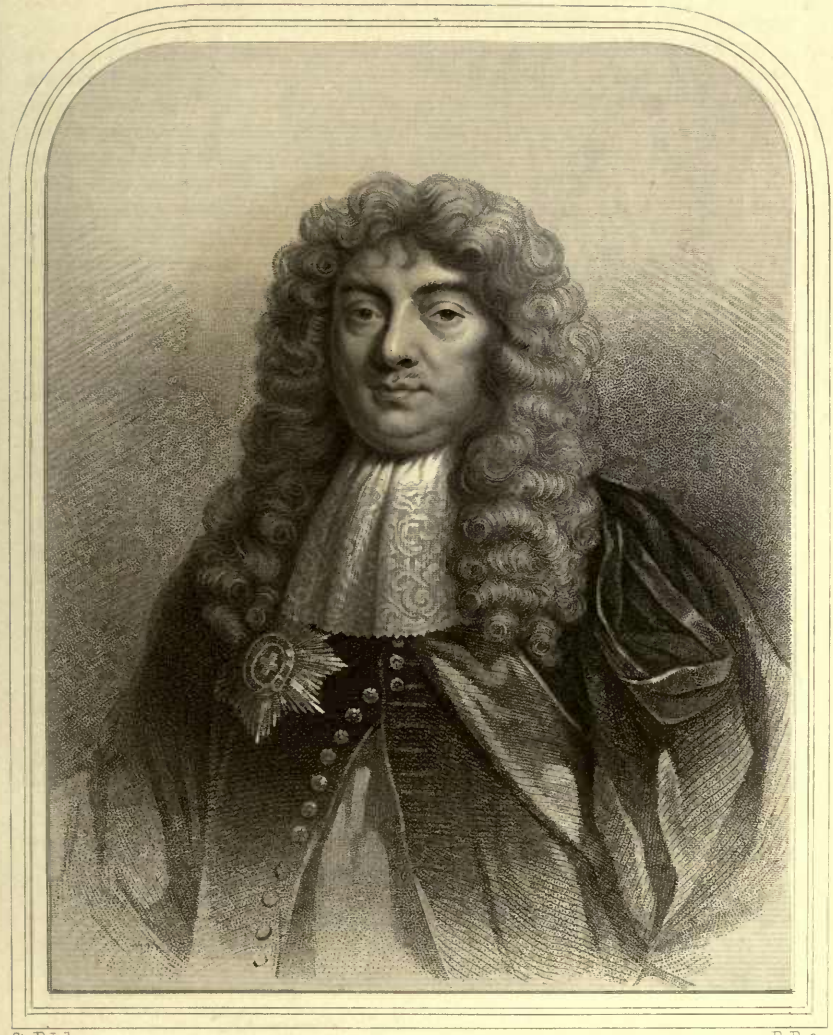
A circumstance sufficiently trivial in the literary life of Macnish, so that we had almost forgotten it, was, that in 1835 he was made an LL.D. by Hamilton College, United States, America. That deluge of doctorships had already commenced which threatens to level all literary distinction. His remains were interred in the burial-ground of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow, but with neither tablet nor inscription to mark the spot, as his fellow-townsmen were soon bestirring themselves in collecting subscriptions to erect a monument to his memory.

MAITLAND, John, Duke of Lauderdale.—This nobleman, who occupies so unenviable a position during one of the most disastrous periods of his country's history, was descended from the Maitlands of Lethington, a family undistinguished among the barons of Scotland, until it was brought into notice by that talented and versatile personage who officiated as secretary to Mary of Guise, and also to her daughter, Mary Stuart, whom he successively benefited and betrayed, and who was an adherent and afterwards an opponent of the Scottish Reformation. As the Macchiavelli of Scotland, he will long continue to be admired for his remarkable political talents, as well as wondered at for those manifold changes of principle that only ended in disappointment and a miserable death. The subject of our present notice was grandson of John Maitland, Lord of Thirlstane, the younger brother of the famous statesman; and eldest son of John, second lord of Thirlstane, and first earl of Lauderdale, by Isabel, daughter of Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, and Chancellor of Scotland.

John Maitland, the future duke, was born at the ancient family seat of Lethington, on May 24, 1616. In the learned languages, which at that period constituted almost the whole round of education, he made great proficiency; and as he was carefully trained in Presbyterian principles, he entered public life as a keen abettor of the Covenant, and adherent of its principal champions. On this account, as well as his talents, he was employed by them in confidential commissions, and especially in their negotiations with the Presbyterians of England during the Civil war; and in 1643 he was one of a deputation of the principal men of Scotland sent to reason with Charles I. on his despotic views both in church and state government, and endeavour to bring him to milder measures, as a preparative for the restoration of monarchy. During the same year, also, he attended, as an elder of the Church of Scotland, the Assembly of Divines held at Westminister. On the following year, having succeeded to the earldom of Lauderdale and family estates by the death of his father, he was sent by the Scottish Parliament, a few weeks after, as one of their four commissioners for the treaty of Uxbridge. Here his zeal was so hot and his language so intemperate, that it has been thought the negotiation was considerably retarded on that account. As events went onward, he crowned his anti-monarchical and anti-prelatic zeal by being a party to the act of delivering up Charles I. to the English army at Newcastle.

Having gone thus far with the men whose cause he had adopted, and even exceeded them in some of his proceedings, the Earl of Lauderdale was now to undergo that change to which extreme zeal is so often subject. The recoil was manifested in 1647, when he was sent, with other Scottish commissioners, to persuade the king to sign the Covenant. This was at Hampton Court,

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Sir P. Lely. R. Page.

JOHN MAITLAND.

DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

BLACKIE & SON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & LONDON.

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while his majesty enjoyed a temporary liberty; but after Charles was confined as a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, Lauderdale and the commissioners so effectually wrought, that they prevailed with him to sign the Engagement, a secret proposal, which formed a separate treaty for Scotland. By the terms of this compact the king agreed, among other important concessions, that the Scots should be equally admitted into all foreign employments with the English; that a third part of all the offices about the king, queen, and prince, should be bestowed upon Scotchmen, and that the king and prince, or one of them, should frequently reside in Scotland. But the crowning concession of all was contained in his consent that the church throughout his dominions should be subjected to the provisions of what he had already termed their "damnable covenant." It requires no profound knowledge of that kind of kingcraft which Charles inherited from his father, to surmise with what facility he would have broken these engagements, had he been restored to place and power. His reposition they engaged on their part to do their utmost to effect, by raising an army for the invasion of England. The Earl of Lauderdale, thus pledged to become a staunch royalist, and with the restoration of royalty in full perspective, of which he might hope to reap the first-fruits, returned to Scotland, and set everything in train for the accomplishment of his promises. In conformity with the terms of the Engagement, he also went to Holland, for the purpose of persuading the Prince of Wales to put himself at the head of the Scottish army destined for the invasion of England; but in this delicate negotiation he conducted himself with such dictatorial arrogance of temper, and in such a coarse blustering manner, that the prince saw little temptation to follow such a leader, especially into the dangers of a doubtful war, and therefore contented himself with his residence at the Hague. Here, too, Lauderdale was compelled to remain, just when he was on the point of embarking for Scotland, for at that critical moment tidings arrived of the utter defeat of the Scottish army by Cromwell at Preston, the condemnation of the Engagement by the Scottish Parliament, and the pains and penalties denounced against its authors and subscribers. He returned to the little court at the Hague, which he appears only to have disturbed by his divisive counsels and personal resentments. Such was especially his conduct in the plan of the last fatal campaign of the Marquis of Montrose, whom he seems to have hated with a perfect hatred. On Charles II. being invited to Scotland, to be invested with the ancient crown of his ancestors, Lauderdale accompanied him, but was so obnoxious to the more strict Presbyterians for his share in the Engagement, that he was forbid to enter the royal presence, and even compelled to fly into concealment until the popular anger had abated. On being recalled to the royal councils, he seems to have ingratiated himself wonderfully with the young king, who perhaps found in him a less severe censor than Argyle, and the other leaders of the Covenant by whom he was surrounded. This favour, however, for the present was of little advantage to him, as it made him a necessary participator in the ill-fated expedition into England, where he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. For nine long years after he was subjected to close confinement in the Tower of London, Portland Castle, and other places, until the arrival of Monk in London, in 1660, by whom he was set at liberty.

On recovering his freedom, and seeing how the wind was setting in favour of royalty, Lauderdale repaired to the Hague, and was received by Charles II.

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with greater favour than before. To this, indeed, his nine years of bondage must have not a little contributed. Perhaps the king also saw in Lauderdale the fittest person through whom he might govern Scotland with absolute authority, and revenge himself upon the Presbyterians, by whom he had been so strictly curbed and schooled. Shortly after the Restoration, therefore, he was appointed secretary of state for Scotland, and soon after, the influential offices were added of president of the council, first commissioner of the treasury, extraordinary lord of session, lord of the bedchamber, and governor of Edinburgh Castle. In the meantime, however, he did not rule alone; for while his place was the court at London, from which his influence could only be indirect upon Scotland, the Earls of Middleton and Rothes, bitter enemies of Presbyterianism, and unscrupulous actors in the restoration of Episcopacy, had the chief direction of Scottish affairs, which they signalized by a frightful course of persecution. But on Middleton being disgraced in 1662, and Rothes in 1667, Lauderdale, who had procured their removal, was now enabled to rule the north without rival or impediment.

This change in the government of Scotland had at first a propitious appearance. Lauderdale had all along been the advocate of a limited monarchy, as well as a staunch adherent of Presbyterianism; and it was hoped, by a people who had been trampled into the dust by the rule of Middleton, Rothes, and Archbishop Sharp, that his sympathies would have been awakened in their behalf. Nor were these expectations in the first instance disappointed. He procured the demolition of those fortresses which Cromwell had erected to overawe the country. He prevented the establishment of a Scottish Privy Council that was to sit in London, by which the liberties of Scotland would have been imperilled. He also obtained the royal pardon for those of his countrymen who had been arrayed against Charles I. during the Civil war. But more than all, he steadily resisted the imposition of Episcopal rule upon the country, disbanded the standing army, by whom the people had been persecuted and plundered, and dismissed the principal agents under whom this misrule had been conducted. But events subsequently showed that he cared neither for religion nor liberty, neither for Presbyterianism nor constitutional government, but was all for royal supremacy, and his own personal interests as connected with it; and that for these he was prepared to sacrifice everything, or worship anything, whether in church or state. He thus became the most merciless persecutor of the Covenanters, whom he sent "to glorify God at the Grassmarket;" and the most despotic of tyrants, when, upon a remonstrance of the noblest and highest of the kingdom, he made bare his arms above the elbows at the council board, and "swore by Jehovah that he would make them enter into these bonds." In the meantime, the king took care that so compliant an instrument for the entire subjugation of Scotland to the royal will, should have ample means and authority for the purpose, for in May, 1672, he created him Marquis of March and Duke of Lauderdale; a month afterwards, Knight of the Garter; and in June, 1674, he elevated him into the English peerage, by the titles of Viscount Petersham and Earl of Guilford, and appointed him a seat in the English Privy Council.

It was these last honours, which raised Lauderdale to the culminating point, that occasioned his downfall. Having now a place in the English government, he endeavoured to bring into it the same domineering arrogance which had disgusted the people of Scotland, and was a member of that junto of five ministers

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called the "Cabal," from the initials of their names, by which the whole empire for a time was governed. But he soon became odious to his colleagues, who were weary of his arrogance; to the people, who regarded him as an upstart and an alien; and to the Duke of York, who thought he had not gone far enough in severity, and suspected him of being a trimming Presbyterian and secret enemy to the divine right of kings. Thus mistrusted and forsaken by all parties, he was deprived of all his offices and pensions in the beginning of 1682, and thrown aside as a worn-out political tool, that could be serviceable no longer. These bitter reverses, combined with old age and gross unwieldiness of body, hastened his death, which occurred at Tunbridge, in the summer of the same year. It was recorded by Burnet, and eagerly noticed by the Covenanters of Scotland, whom he had so cruelly betrayed and persecuted, that when he died, "his heart seemed quite spent; there was not left above the bigness of a walnut of firm substance; the rest was spungy; liker the lungs than the heart."

Such is but a brief sketch of the political life of one with whose proceedings so large a portion of Scottish biography is more or less connected. The character of the Duke of Lauderdale is thus severely but truthfully limned by Bishop Burnet, who knew him well, but was no admirer of his proceedings:—"He was very learned, not only in Latin, in which he was a master, but in Greek and Hebrew. He had read a great deal of divinity, and almost all the historians, ancient and modern, so that he had great materials. He was a man, as the Duke of Buckingham once called him to me, of a blundering understanding. He was haughty beyond expression; abject to those he saw he must stoop to, but imperious to all others. He had a violence of passion that carried him often to fits like madness, in which he had no temper. If he took a thing wrong, it was a vain thing to study to convince him; that would rather provoke him to swear he would never be of another mind. . . . . He at first despised wealth; but he delivered himself up afterwards to luxury and sensuality, and by that means he ran into a vast expense, and stuck at nothing that was necessary to support it. . . . . He was in his principles much against Popery and arbitrary government; and yet, by a fatal train of passions and interests, he made way for the former, and had almost established the latter; and whereas some, by a smooth deportment, made the first beginnings of tyranny less discernible and unacceptable, he, by the fury of his behaviour, heightened the severity of his ministry, which was liker the cruelty of an inquisition, than the legality of justice. With all this he was a Presbyterian, and continued his aversion to King Charles I. and his party to his death." So unfavourable a disposition and character was matched by his personal appearance. "He was very big," says the same authority; "his hair red, hanging oddly about him. His tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a court."

Although twice married, the Duke of Lauderdale left no male issue; and his sole heir was Anne, his daughter, married to John Hay, second Marquis of Tweeddale, while he was succeeded in the title of his earldom by his brother, whose son Richard was the author of a poetical translation of Virgil.

MALCOLM III., or Canmore, King of Scotland.—Few sovereigns in the obscure and barbarous periods of nations have been more fortunate in their chances of posthumous renown than Malcolm Canmore. He has had Buchanan for his historian, and Shakspeare for his eulogist. What the former learned of

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him from Fordun, and detailed with all the grace and majesty of the Roman language, the latter embodied in poetry, and such poetry as will endure till the end of time. Every age will feel as if Malcolm Canmore had lived but yesterday, and was worthy of every inquiry.

He was the son of Duncan, who succeeded to the throne of Scotland by the assassination of his grandfather, Malcolm II. This "gracious Duncan" of the great poet appears to have been a soft, easy king, and little fitted for the stormy people over whom he was called to rule. Still less does he appear to have been adapted to those difficult trials by which he was quickly beset, in the first instance, from the insurrection of Macdonald, one of the powerful thanes of Scotland, who called in the Islesmen to his aid; and afterwards, from the invasion of the Danes, who tried the barren shores of Scotland, after they had wasted to the uttermost the rich coasts of France and England. In both cases, however, he was delivered by the military prowess of his cousin, Macbeth, who not only quelled the revolt of the islanders, but drove the Danes to their shipping with great slaughter. To understand aright the importance of these military services of Macbeth, we should remember that the great question at issue in Scotland now was, what race should finally predominate in the country. So large a portion of what had been England during the heptarchy, had been won and incorporated into Scotland, that the Anglo-Saxon race bade fair to outnumber and surpass the Celtic; and the rebellion of Macdonald was nothing more, perhaps, than one of that long series of trials between the two peoples, in which the Celt finally succumbed. As for the Danish invasion, it might have ended either in a permanent settlement in Scotland, like that which had been effected by the Danes in Normandy, or a complete conquest, like that which they had achieved in England, while, in either case, Scotland would have been a sufferer.

After these dangerous conflicts had terminated, Duncan made his eldest son, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, by which he designated him heir to the Scottish throne. This appointment, however, was anything but pleasing to Macbeth. Here the reader will remember the predictions of the weird sisters, which form a very important fact in the strange history of the period. But Macbeth had enough to incite him in his ambitious career independently of witch or prophetess. By the Tanist law of succession, common to the Celts of Scotland as well as Ireland, Macbeth, who was the cousin german of Duncan, should have succeeded to the government on the death of the latter, should his son be still a minor; but Duncan, by this movement in favour of young Malcolm, set aside the Tanist law, which had been the general rule of Scotland, and precluded Macbeth from all hope of being king. To be requited for his public services by exclusion from his inheritance, was too much for such an ambitious spirit, while the only chance of remedy was the possible death of Duncan, before Malcolm was old enough to be his father's successor. We know how such a prospect has paved the way to a throne in every nation, whether barbarous or civilized. Duncan was assassinated. This foul deed of Macbeth, however, was not committed under trust, and in his own castle, as Shakspeare, for the purposes of poetry, has represented; but at Bothgowan (or the Smith's Dwelling), near Elgin, by an ambuscade appointed for the deed. This event is said to have occurred A.D. 1039. Macbeth immediately placed upon his own head the crown which he had so violently snatched, while the two sons of Duncan fled, Malcolm, the elder, to Siward, Earl of Northumber-

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land, his mother's brother, and Donald, the younger, to his father's kindred in the Hebrides.

The commencement of the reign of Macbeth, like that of many usurpers, was one of conciliation. He won over the powerful by donations of crown lands, and the common people by a vigorous administration of justice, through which their safety was secured and their industry encouraged. He also made several excellent laws; and if those attributed to him by Boece are to be relied on, they give a curious picture of the times, and the condition of Scotland. They begin with the rights of churchmen, in this manner: "He that is in orders shall not answer before a secular judge, but shall be remitted to his judge ordinary." Then comes the royal authority: "No man shall possess lands, rents, offices, or buildings, by any other authority than by the king's license." Following the heels of lord or laird, that vice of Scotsmen during the feudal ages, found no favour in the eyes of Macbeth, for he thus enacted: "He that follows a man to the kirk or market shall be punished to the death, unless he lives by his industry whom he follows." But the most terrible of all is the following sharp statute: "Fools, minstrels, bards, and all other such idle people, unless they be specially licensed by the king, shall be compelled to seek some craft to win their living: if they refuse, they shall be yoked like horses in the plough and harrows." All this was well; but either fearing the nobles whose power he so vigorously curbed, or being naturally of a cruel disposition, Macbeth began to oppress them with such severity that revolts in favour of Malcolm, whom they regarded as the true heir, ensued, which, however, were easily suppressed. At last, after a reign of ten years, during which he daily became more unpopular, his cruel conduct to Macduff, Thane of Fife, procured his downfall. The latter fled to Northumberland, where young Malcolm was sheltered, and besought him to march against the tyrant, whose doom he represented as certain; but Malcolm, who had been previously tried in a similar manner by the emissaries of Macbeth, and who had learned to suspect such invitations, is said by our historians to have made those objections to Macduff's appeal which Shakspeare has little more than versified in his immortal tragedy. Truth and patriotism finally prevailed over the doubts of Malcolm; and aided by an English force from Siward, the prince and thane entered Scotland, where they were joined by the vassals of Macduff, and a whole army of malcontents. Even yet, however, Macbeth was not without his supporters, so that the contest was protracted for a considerable period, Macbeth retiring for that purpose into the fastnesses of the north, and especially his strong castle of Dunsinane. At length, deserted by most of his followers, he intrenched himself in a fort built in an obscure valley at Lunfannan, in Aberdeenshire. Here Boece records, with his wonted gravity, all the marvels that accompanied the dying struggle of the tyrant as facts of unquestionable veracity. Leaving these, however, to histrionic representation, it is enough to state that Macbeth fell by the hand, it is generally supposed, of Macduff, who had personal injuries to revenge, and who, like a true Celt, was prompt enough to remember them. Instead of claiming from the grateful Malcolm what rewards he pleased in lands, titles, and pre-eminence, the thane of Fife contented himself with stipulating that himself and his successors, the lords of Fife, should have the right of placing the Scottish kings upon the throne at their coronation; that they should lead the van of the Scottish armies when the royal banner was displayed; and that if he or any of his kindred committed "slaughter of suddenty," the

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deed should be remitted for a pecuniary atonement. Malcolm's next duty, immediately after his accession, was to replace those families that had been deprived of land or office through the injustice of Macbeth. It is also added, that he caused his nobles to assume surnames from the lands they possessed, and introduced new titles of honour among them, such as those of Earl, Baron, and Knight, by which they are henceforth distinguished in the histories of Scotland.

By these changes Malcolm Canmore became king of Scotland without a rival, for although Macbeth left a step-son, called Lulach (or the Fool), his opposition did not occasion much apprehension. A greater subject of anxiety was the consolidation of that strange disjointed kingdom over which he was called to rule, and here Canmore was met by difficulties such as few sovereigns have encountered. A single glance at the condition of the country will sufficiently explain the severe probation with which his great abilities were tried.

Scotland had originally consisted of the two states of Pictland and Albin, comprised within the limits of the Forth and the Clyde, while all beyond these rivers formed part of England. The troubles, however, of the latter country, at first from the wars of the heptarchy, and afterwards the Danish invasions, enabled the Scots to push the limits of their barren inheritance into the fertile districts of the south, and annex to their dominion the kingdom of Strathclyde, which comprised Clydesdale, Peebles-shire, Selkirkshire, and the upper parts of Roxburghshire. The conquest of this important territory was accomplished by Kenneth III., about one hundred years before the accession of Malcolm Canmore. In addition to this, the district of Cumbria had been ceded by Edmund I., the English king, in 946, to Malcolm I. of Scotland. Thus Malcolm Canmore succeeded to the kingdom when it was composed of the three states of Albin, Pictland, and Strathclyde. But besides these there was a fourth territory, called Lodonia or Lothian, which at one period appears to have formed part of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, but had been partially conquered by the Picts in 685; and as it lay between the two countries, it had formed, from the above-mentioned period, a bone of contention between the English and the Scots until A.D. 1020, or about thirty-seven years before Malcolm Canmore's accession, when it was finally ceded by Eadulf, Earl of Northumberland, to Malcolm II., the great-grandfather of Canmore.

Thus the sovereignty of Scotland at this time, barren though it was, consisted of four separate kingdoms, all the fruits of successive conquests, and as yet not fully incorporated, or even properly united; and each was at any time ready either to resume an independent national existence of its own, or commence a war of conquest or extirpation against the others. And for such an explosion there was abundance of fierce materials in the population by which the country was occupied. For there were first the Caledonians or Picts, the earliest occupants of the land, who had successfully resisted the Roman invaders; after these were the Scoti or Irish, from Ulster, who had entered Scotland about the middle of the third century; and lastly, the Saxons, of different race, language, and character from the others, who, though originally conquered by the Scots and Picts, already bade fair to become the conquerors of both in turn. But besides these there was a large infusion of a Danish population, not only from the annexation of Strathclyde, but the invasions of the Danes by sea, so that many of the northern islands, and a portion of the Scottish coast, were peopled by the immediate descendants of these enterprising rovers.

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Turning to another part of the kingdom, we find a still different people, called the "wild Scots of Galloway," who had emigrated from the opposite coast of Ireland, and occupied Galloway and part of Ayrshire, along with the wildest of the Pictish population among whom they had thus won a footing. Here, then, we have a strange medley of Caledonians, Cymbrians, Celts, Anglo-Saxons, and Danes, men of different race and language, and of rival interests, all thrust into one sterile country, to contend not merely for empty glory, but absolute subsistence. And by whom was the scanty loaf to be finally won?—but the loaf had first to be created from a flinty soil, that had hitherto produced nothing but thistles; and of all these races, the Anglo-Saxon, by its skill, industry, and perseverance, showed itself the best adapted for the purpose. On the accession of Malcolm Canmore, it was evidently necessary that he should identify himself with some one of these rival parties; and had he followed a short-sighted or selfish policy, he would have placed himself at the head of the Celtic interest, not only as it was still predominant, but also as he was the lineal descendant and representative of Kenneth Macalpine, the founder of the Scoto-Irish dynasty. But he was the son of an Anglo-Saxon mother; he had resided in England for fifteen years; and he had been finally established in his rights chiefly by Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries, in spite of the Tanist law of succession, which had favoured the usurpation of Macbeth. Besides, his long stay in England must have convinced him of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons in civilization, industry, and the arts of life, as well as aptitude for order and a settled government. He therefore adopted the chance of becoming a Saxon king, rather than the certainty of being a Celtic chief of chieftains; and the result showed the wisdom of his choice. He was thenceforth the Alfred of his country; and the Scots under his rule became a nation and a people, instead of a heap of tribes and chieftainries.

During the first nine years of Canmore's reign, England was governed by Edward the Confessor, who was more intent on building churches than making conquests, and thus a friendly relationship was maintained between the two countries, which allowed the Scottish king to consolidate his dominions. On the death of the Confessor, and accession of Harold, the latter king was soon occupied with a civil war, at the head of which was his own brother, Tostig, whom he had made Earl of Northumberland. At this period, indeed, there was some danger of Malcolm being drawn into a dangerous war with England; for while there, he had formed an acquaintanceship with Tostig, whom, according to an old English chronicler, he loved as a brother, so that when the Northumbrian earl fled after his first unsuccessful attempt, he betook himself for shelter to the Scottish court, and endeavoured to stir up its king to an English invasion. But Malcolm had too much good sense, or too much right feeling, to be allured by such a tempting opportunity where two brothers were at deadly variance. Disappointed in Scotland, Tostig obtained an ally in Hardrada, king of Norway, with whom he invaded England; but in the battle of Stamford Bridge, their forces were completely defeated, and both king and earl were left among the slain.

Events soon followed that made the continuance of peace between the two kingdoms impossible. The veering of the same wind that had brought Hardrada from Norway, wafted William the Conqueror from Normandy to England; and Harold, weakened by the victory at Stamford Bridge, fell, with all the flower of his military array, at the terrible battle of Hastings. William

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was now king of England, and Scotland became not only a place of refuge to Saxon fugitives, but a mark for Norman ambition and revenge. Among those who thus fled to the Scottish court, was Edgar Atheling, nearest of kin to Edward the Confessor, and chief claimant to the throne of England, with his mother Agatha, widow of Edmund Ironside, and his sisters Margaret and Christina. On reaching Dunfermline, the royal seat of the Scottish king, they found many of the English nobles, who had preceded them, while from Malcolm they experienced that full hospitality which he had himself enjoyed in England. Of the two sisters of Edgar, Margaret, who was young and beautiful, captivated the heart of her royal host, and a marriage quickly followed. Seldom has a marriage union been fraught with such advantages to a nation as that of the king of Scotland with this descendant of the noble line of Alfred, for Margaret was not only gentle, affectionate, and pious, but learned and accomplished beyond the people of her new country, and anxious to introduce among them the civilization of England. Her labours in this way form a beautiful episode in the history of the period, and have been fully detailed by her biographer, Turgot, who was also her chaplain and confessor. Her first care was the improvement of her husband, whose vigorous mind she enlightened, and whose fierce spirit she soothed by the wisdom and gentleness of her counsels. The effect of this upon Malcolm was such, that though unable to read her missals and books of devotion, he was wont to kiss them in token of reverence, and he caused them to be richly bound, and ornamented with gold and jewels. On arriving in Scotland, Margaret, as a Christian according to the Romish Church, was grieved to find the Eastern form predominant, which she had been taught to regard as heresy, and not long after she became queen, she set herself in good earnest to discountenance and refute it—for hers was not a mind to comprehend the uses of persecution in achieving the conversion of misbelievers. She invited the Culdee clergy to a debate, in which the chief subject was the proper season for the celebration of Lent—the great theological question of the day between the Eastern and Western churches; and as she was unacquainted with the language of these Culdees, Malcolm, who spoke the Celtic as well as the Saxon tongue, attended as her interpreter. This strange controversy lasted three days, and on this occasion, says Turgot, "she seemed another St. Helena, out of the Scriptures convincing the Jews." The temporal concerns of her husband's subjects were also taken into account, and she invited merchants from various countries, who now for the first time pursued their traffic in Scotland. Their wares chiefly consisted of ornaments and rich clothing, such as had never been seen there before; and when the people, at her persuasion, put them on, he informs us they might almost be believed to have become new beings, they appeared so gay and comely. Who does not see in this, the commencement of an industrial spirit—the first great step of a people from barbarism to civilization? Her influence was also shown in the royal household, the rude coarseness of which was exchanged for a numerous retinue, and orderly dignified ceremonial, so that when Malcolm appeared in public, it was with a train that commanded respect. Not only his attendants, but his banquets were distinguished by the same regal splendour, for Turgot informs us that Margaret caused him to be served at table from vessels of gold and silver plate; but suddenly checking himself, he adds, "at least they were gilt or silvered over."

From this pleasing picture we must now turn to the stormy career of Malcolm Canmore. The arrival of Edgar Atheling was followed by a fresh

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immigration of Saxons, and soon after of Normans, whom William had either disgusted by his tyranny or defrauded of their wages, while Malcolm, who needed such subjects, received them with welcome, and gave them broad lands; and from these refugees the chief nobility of Scotland were afterwards descended. The latter country became of course very closely connected with the struggles of the English against the Norman ascendency, while Malcolm by his marriage was bound to support the pretensions of his brother-in-law to the crown of England. But Edgar was no match for William, and, in an attempt that he made in Northumberland and Yorkshire with the aid of a Danish armament, he was so effectually defeated, that he was obliged a second time to flee to Scotland. How Malcolm, who was considered as the head of this coalition, failed to invade England when his aid was most expected, does not clearly appear, but he thereby escaped the evils of an ill-concerted and most disastrous enterprise. Two years after (in 1070) he crossed the border with an army, but found the northern counties so wasted by the previous war, that after a hasty incursion into Northumberland and Yorkshire, he was obliged to retreat. But brief as this inroad was, and unaccompanied with battle, it was not without its share of the horrors of war, for Malcolm commanded his soldiers to spare only the young men and women, who accordingly were carried into Scotland, and there sold as slaves. So great was the number of these unhappy captives, that according to Simeon of Durham, there was not a village, and scarcely even a hovel in Scotland without them. And yet those English who escaped the visitation, in many cases seem to have envied their fate, for such was the general desolation which their own Norman sovereign had inflicted, that they repaired in crowds to Scotland, and sold themselves into slavery, to avoid certain death from famine or the sword.

Had William the Conqueror not been otherwise occupied, a swift retaliation would have been certain; but from the dangerous revolts of the English, he found no leisure for the purpose till 1072, when he entered Scotland with such an army as the undisciplined forces of Malcolm were unable to meet. The whole of the Norman cavalry, in which William's principal strength consisted, and every foot soldier that could be spared from garrison, were mustered for the purpose, while his advance on land was supported by a fleet that sailed along the coast. He marched as far as the Tay, the Scots giving way as he approached; but in their retreat they laid waste the country in the hope of driving him back by famine. In this way, Malcolm Canmore anticipated the wise plan of defence that was afterwards so successfully adopted by Bruce and Wallace. He also refused to deliver up those English and Norman nobles who had fled to him for protection. At last, William, finding "nothing of that which to him the better was"—nothing in the shape of booty or even of subsistence, was obliged to abandon his purposes of a complete conquest of Scotland, and content himself with terms of agreement. These, which were ratified between him and Malcolm at Abernethy, consisted in the latter giving hostages, and doing homage to William, as his liege lord. But for what was this homage rendered? Not for Scotland certainly, the greater part of which was still untouched, and which William would soon be obliged to leave from sheer hunger. It appears that this homage was merely for the lands of Cumberland and part of the Lothians, which Scotland had formerly held of the English crown, but which feudal acknowledgment Canmore had withheld, as not judging the Norman to be the lawful king of England. Now, however, he prudently

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yielded it, thus recognizing William as the English sovereign *de facto* at least, if not *de jure;* and with this concession the latter seems to have been satisfied, for he returned to England without any further attempt. And this homage, as is well known, implied neither inferiority nor degradation, for even the most powerful sovereigns were wont to give such acknowledgment, for the dukedoms or counties they might hold in other kingdoms. In this way, the kings of England themselves were vassals to the French crown for their possessions which they held in France. At the utmost, Malcolm did nothing more than abandon the claims of Edgar Atheling, which experience must have now taught him were scarcely worth defending. Edgar indeed was of the same opinion, for soon after he abandoned all his claims to the crown of England, and was contented to become the humble pensionary of the Norman conqueror.

A peace that lasted a few years between England and Scotland ensued, during which, although little is heard of Malcolm Canmore, it is evident from the progress of improvement in his kingdom, that he was by no means idle. Scotland was more and more becoming Anglo-Saxon instead of Celtic or Danish, while the plentiful immigrations that continued to flow from England filled up the half-peopled districts, enriched the barren soil with the agriculture of the south, and diffused the spirit of a higher civilization. The superiority of these exiles was quickly manifested in the fact, that they laid the foundations of those great families by whom Scotland was afterwards ruled, and by whom the wars of Scottish independence were so gallantly maintained. Malcolm, too, their wise and generous protector, was able to appreciate their worth, for he appears to have been as chivalrous as any man of the day, whether Norman or Saxon. Of this he on one occasion gave a signal proof. Having learned that one of his nobles had plotted to assassinate him, he concealed his knowledge of the design, and in the midst of a hunt led the traitor into the forest, beyond the reach of interruption. There dismounting, and drawing his sword, he warned the other that he was aware of his purpose, and invited him to settle the contest, man to man, in single combat, now that there was no one at hand to prevent or arrest him. Conquered by such unexpected magnanimity, the man fell at the feet of Malcolm, and implored forgiveness, which was readily granted. This generosity was not thrown away, for the noble was converted from an enemy and traitor into a faithful and affectionate servant.

Peace continued between England and Scotland during the rest of the Conqueror's reign; but in that of William Rufus, the national rancour was revived. An invasion of England was the consequence, while Rufus was absent in Normandy; but the English nobility, who governed during his absence, offered such a stout resistance, that the invaders retreated. On the return of Rufus, he endeavoured to retaliate by a counter-invasion both by land and sea; but his ships were destroyed before they arrived off the Scottish coast, and the army on reaching a river called *Scotte Uatra* (supposed to be Scotswater), found Malcolm ready for the encounter. Here a battle was prevented by the interposition of mutual friends, and the discretion of the Scottish sovereign. "King Malcolm," thus the Saxon Chronicle states, "came to our king, and became his man, promising all such obedience as he formerly rendered to his father; and that he confirmed with an oath. And the king, William, promised him in land and in all things, whatever he formerly had under his father." In this way the storm was dissipated, and matters placed on their former footing; but thus they did not long continue. On returning from Scotland, Rufus was

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struck with the admirable position of Carlisle, and its fitness to be a frontier barrier against future invasions from Scotland; upon which he took possession of the district without ceremony, drove out its feudal lord, and proceeded to lay the foundations of a strong castle, and plant an English colony in the town and neighbourhood. It was now Malcolm's turn to interpose. Independently of his kingdom being thus bridled, Carlisle and the whole of Cumberland had for a long period belonged to the elder son of the Scottish kings, and was one of the most valuable of their possessions on the English side of the Tweed. War was about to commence afresh, when Malcolm was invited to Gloucester, where the English king was holding his court, that the affair might be settled by negotiation; but thither he refused to go, until he had obtained hostages for his safe return—a sure proof that he was an independent king of Scotland, and not a mere vassal of the English crown. His claims were recognized, and the hostages granted; but on arriving at Gloucester, he was required to acknowledge the superiority of England by submitting to the decision of its barons assembled in court. It was an arrogant and unjust demand, and as such he treated it. He declared that the Scottish kings had never been accustomed to make satisfaction to the kings of England for injuries complained of, except on the frontiers of the two kingdoms, and by the judgment of the barons of both collectively; and after this refusal he hurried home, and prepared for instant war.

That war was not only brief, but most disastrous to Scotland. At the head of an army composed of different races not yet accustomed to act in concert, Malcolm crossed the border, and laid siege to Alnwick. While thus occupied, he was unexpectedly attacked by a strong English and Norman force, on November 13, 1093. His troops, taken by surprise, appear to have made a very short resistance, and Malcolm himself, while attempting to rally them, was slain in the confusion of the conflict. With him also perished his eldest son, Edward, who fell fighting by his side.

While an event so mournful to Scotland was occurring before the walls of Alnwick, another was about to take place within the castle of Edinburgh. There Queen Margaret, the beloved of the kingdom, lay dying. She had already received the viaticum, and was uttering her last prayer, before her eyes should be closed in death, when her son Edgar, who had escaped from the battle, entered the apartment, and stood before her. She hastily asked, "How fares it with the king and my Edward?" The youth could not speak. Eagerly perusing his face with her looks, "I know all," she exclaimed, "I know all; by this holy cross, and by your filial love, I adjure you to tell me the truth." He told her that husband and son had fallen. She raised her eyes to heaven, and said, "Praise and blessing be to thee, Almighty God, that thou hast enabled me to endure such bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby purifying me, as I trust, from the corruption of my sins. And thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who, through the will of the Father, hast given life to the world by thy death, O deliver me!" Instantly after she was dead. To this a touching legend has been added. After being canonized by the church, her relics were to be removed from their grave to a more honourable tomb; but it was found impossible to lift the body until that of her husband had been removed also.

It is to be regretted that for the biography of such a man as Malcolm Canmore, the particulars are so few, so obscure, and, in several cases, so contradictory. His life, however, is chiefly to be read not in particular incidents, but in its great national results. If Bruce was the liberator, and Knox the reformer

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of Scotland, Canmore was its founder; and should a future age expand the few pillars upon the Calton Hill into a National Monument, these three illustrious men would undoubtedly be selected as the impersonations of Scottish character, and the sources of Scottish history.

MALCOLM, Sir Charles.—The family to which this naval commander belonged, was remarkable for producing not less than four brothers, who all won their way to rank and distinction by the greatness of their public services. Sir Charles was the tenth and youngest son of George Malcolm, and was born at Burnfoot, Dumfriesshire, in 1782. Being destined for the naval profession, he entered it when only nine years old, and was so fortunate in a course of active service that followed, as to have his brother, Pulteney, for his commander, under whom he was master's mate of the Fox, 32. In this ship he served in 1798, when, in company with the Sybille, 38, they entered the harbour of Manilla under Spanish colours, made a dashing attack upon three ships of the line and three frigates, and captured seven boats with a large quantity of military stores, and took 200 prisoners. Rising still in the service, he was in course of time promoted to the command of the Narcissus, 32, and in 1807 was slightly wounded in an attack upon a convoy of thirty sail in the Conquet Roads. In 1809 he aided in the capture of the Saintes Island in the West Indies. In June of the same year, having been appointed to the command of the Rhine, 38, he was employed in active co-operation with the patriots on the north coast of Spain, a service in which several of our most distinguished naval commanders were occupied at the same period. After this, he was employed in the West Indies, and upon the coast of Brazil; and on the 18th of July, 1815, he landed and stormed a fort at Corigion, near Abervack. Thus briefly are we obliged to sum up a course of service that lasted several years, with little intermission. It was a period, however, of great naval events, in which the public attention was regaled with such a succession of splendid victories by sea, that it had little inclination for the exploits of single ships, or the details of privateering. Still, an idea of the active and important nature of Captain Malcolm's services may be gained from the fact, that while in command of the Narcissus and the Rhine, he not only captured great numbers of merchantmen, but took more than twenty privateers, carrying 168 guns and 1059 men.

On the return of peace, Malcolm's services were not to be dispensed with; and in 1822 he was appointed to the command of the William and Mary, royal yacht, lying at Dublin in attendance upon the Marquis of Wellesley, lord-lieutenant; and on the following year, he had the honour to receive knighthood from the vice-regal hand. In 1826 he was appointed to the command of the Royal Charlotte yacht, also commissioned on the same service. But these, though sufficiently honourable employments, and indicative of a due sense of his past services, were of too quiescent a character for an active spirit still in the prime of life; and in 1827 his best aspirations were gratified by his being appointed superintendent of the Bombay Marine. To this service he diligently devoted himself for ten years, and so highly improved it, that from an imperfect sea establishment, it grew into a regular Indian navy, adequate to the extensive wants and protection of our Eastern empire. Sir Charles was also the promoter of many important surveys within the extensive sphere of his command, and took an influential part in the establishment of steam-navigation in the Red Sea. Well-merited promotion continued to follow these exertions, for he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral in 1837, and to that of vice-admiral in 1847.

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In turning to his personal history, it is only necessary to add, that in 1803 Sir Charles married his cousin Magdalene, daughter of Charles Pasley, Esq., by whom he had one daughter; and on becoming a widower, he married in 1829 Elmira Riddell, youngest daughter of Major-General Shaw, by whom he had three sons, two of these being now in the royal navy. In his character, he fully abounded in that seaman-like courage, frankness, and courtesy, which Napoleon so much admired in his brother, Sir Pulteney Malcolm. The death of Sir Charles occurred at Brighton, on the 14th June, 1851, at the age of sixty-nine.

MALCOLM, Sir Pulteney, Admiral of the Blue, G.C.B. and G.C.M.G.—This gallant admiral was one of that brotherhood of the Malcolms, whose talents raised them to such high distinction. He was born on the 20th of February, 1768, at Douglan, near Langholm, Dumfriesshire, and was the third son of the family. Having chosen the naval profession as his path to fame and fortune, he embarked as midshipman on the 20th of October, 1778, on board the Sybille frigate, commanded by Captain Pasley, afterwards Admiral Sir James Pasley, Bart., his mother's brother. Thus launched at the early age of ten, young Pulteney's first trial of his profession was a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope; and at his return he was transferred to the Jupiter of 50 guns. His first promotion, after nearly five years' service, was to the rank of lieutenant in 1783. After having served successively in several ships, and upon various stations, he was employed as first lieutenant of the Penelope of 32 guns at Jamaica; and as the war kindled by the French Revolution had commenced, it was not long until he was called into active employment. Among his services was the capture of the French frigate, the Inconstante, and a corvette, in which he assisted as first lieutenant, and afterwards carried the prizes to Port Royal. He also saw hot service as commander of the Penelope's boats, in cutting out vessels from the ports of St. Domingo, and was so successful that he was promoted to the rank of commander in 1794, in which capacity he had the charge of the seamen and marines who were landed at the mole of Cape Nicola, to garrison that place, which had been surrendered to the British by their allies, the French royalists. After his return from that station to England, Lieutenant Pulteney Malcolm was advanced to the rank of post-captain in October, 1794, and on the following month was appointed to the command of the Fox frigate. In the early part of the next year he convoyed a fleet of merchantmen to Quebec, and afterwards another to the East Indies; and upon that station he captured La Modeste, a French frigate of 20 guns. In 1797 he was employed in the China seas, under the command of Captain Edward Cooke of the Sybille; and during the same year he had for his passenger homeward, Colonel Wellesley, who was then returning from India. Neither storm nor enemy occurred by the way to put the *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis* to the test.

In this manner Captain Malcolm was making way by useful services, in which his courage and professional skill were fully attested, and the singular fortune that seemed to have rested upon his family insured his well-merited advancement. In 1798 he was appointed to the command of the Suffolk, a third-rate of 74 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Rainier, commander-in-chief in the Indian seas, and was afterwards transferred to the Victorious, in consequence of the flag being removed to the latter ship. On this station Captain Malcolm served till the end of the war; and on his passage homeward in 1803, he encountered one of those casualties to which his profession must be always subject.

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In the Bay of Biscay the Victorious encountered such a violent gale, that it was kept with the utmost difficulty from foundering; all that could be done was to make for the Tagus, where she was run on shore and broken up, while her commander and crew returned in two vessels that were hired at Lisbon for the purpose. After this disaster, Captain Malcolm had the command of several ships successively in the Mediterranean, until, in 1805, he was appointed to the Donegal, a third-rate, where he continued for six years. His ship formed part of the fleet under Nelson employed in the pursuit of the combined French and Spanish squadron to the West Indies; and at its termination he was sent to reinforce the ships under Collingwood off Cadiz. As the Donegal had been long at sea, it was necessary to refit her; and for this purpose she was carried to Gibraltar, where she lay at anchor in the mole almost wholly dismantled. This was on the 17th of October, only four days before the victory of Trafalgar. While thus reduced to inactivity, tidings reached Captain Malcolm on the 20th, that the combined fleet were in the act of leaving Cadiz, and knowing that when Nelson was afloat and on the watch a fight would follow, he strained every nerve to get the Donegal ready for action. He was so successful that before night his ship was out at sea; and on the 23d, he joined Collingwood in time to capture the El Rayo, a large Spanish three-decker, which had issued with Gravina's division from the port in which they had taken shelter, to attempt the recovery of the disabled prizes. Malcolm continued on this station till near the end of 1805, under the command of Admiral Sir John Duckworth, whom he accompanied in pursuit of a French squadron that had left port for the West Indies. In the naval engagement that ensued off St. Domingo on the 6th of February, 1806, the Donegal took an ample share, and at the close was intrusted with the charge of the prizes, which were safely conveyed to Port Royal, Jamaica, and afterwards to England. On returning home Captain Malcolm, for his gallant conduct in the action, received, with his brother-commanders, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was honoured with a gold medal; he was also presented with a silver vase of one hundred pounds value, by the committee of the Patriotic Fund.

It often happens that services of the highest importance, even in warfare itself, are neither conducted with the roar of cannons, nor signalized with the fanfare of trumpets; and yet their right performance demands not only the highest amount of skill, but also of devoted patriotism. Such was the next duty in which Captain Malcolm was employed in the summer of 1808; it was to escort the army of Sir Arthur Wellesley from Cork to Portugal, and superintend its debarkation. And how strangely the veriest nautical flaw upon this momentous occasion might have altered the whole course of European history! With Cæsar and his fortunes once more committed to his care, Captain Malcolm conveyed the officers to their destination in Mondego Bay, and superintended the landing of the troops, which was accomplished with the utmost precision and success, notwithstanding the obstacles of a heavy surf. This critical task being happily accomplished, he returned to England, where an affair of some importance to himself was his next transaction. This was his marriage to Clementina, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Fullerton Elphinstone, and niece of Admiral Lord Keith, which occurred on the 18th of January, 1809. Brief, however, was his enjoyment of a new and happy home on shore; for in little more than two months after, we find him afloat, and employed under Lord Gambier in the successful attack upon the French ships in Aix Roads. After

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this event, he was invested with the command of a squadron sent out on a cruise; and subsequently to superintend the blockade of Cherbourg, where he captured a number of privateers, and shut up others within the shelter of their land batteries. Little afterwards occurred till 1812, when he was appointed Captain of the Channel fleet; and in the year following raised to the rank of rear-admiral. In this capacity he was employed to convey a body of troops under General Ross to North America, and afterwards to assist Sir Alexander Cochrane in the conveyance and subsequent return of our forces employed against Washington and New Orleans. As great deeds and important services had accumulated to an immense amount during this stirring period, it was found necessary, at the commencement of 1815, to extend the order of the Bath into three classes; and on this occasion Admiral Malcolm was not forgot. He was created a knight-commander; and it was an unwonted spectacle to see three brothers, all distinguished in their several departments, invested with this honour at one and the same period.

On the return of peace by the deposition of Napoleon, Sir Pulteney Malcolm's naval career seemed to have been terminated. But the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, compelled the weather-beaten admiral to weigh anchor once more; and he was appointed on this occasion to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington and the allied armies in their last great campaign. At its close, which consigned Napoleon to perpetual exile, Sir Pulteney was appointed commander-in-chief of the St. Helena station — a ticklish office, which brought him into frequent and friendly intercourse with the man whose movements he was obliged to watch, and whose chances of escape it was his duty to frustrate. In this trying situation, however, he conducted himself with such firmness and gentleness combined, and so greatly to the satisfaction of the fallen hero, that the latter, while he discharged the whole brunt of his indignation upon the unlucky head of Sir Hudson Lowe, had an entirely different feeling for the admiral. "Ah! there is a man," he exclaimed, "with a countenance really pleasing: open, frank, and sincere. There is the face of an Englishman—his countenance bespeaks his heart; and I am sure he is a good man. I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine soldier-like old man. He carries his head erect, and speaks out openly and boldly what he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face at the time. His physiognomy would make every person desirous of a further acquaintance, and render the most suspicious confident in him." Such was the striking portrait of Sir Pulteney drawn by the hand of a master—one who was the greatest of painters through the medium of language, as well as the first of epic poets by deed and action. On one occasion, when the impatient spirit of the exile burst forth, he exclaimed to the admiral, "Does your government mean to detain me upon this rock until my death's-day?" "Such, I apprehend, is their purpose," replied Sir Pulteney, calmly. "Then the term of my life will soon arrive," cried the indignant ex-sovereign. "I hope not, Sir," was the admiral's answer, "I hope you will survive to record your great actions, which are so numerous, and the task will insure you a term of long life." Napoleon bowed at this gratifying and well-merited compliment, and quickly resumed his good humour. Sir Pulteney continued in the command of the St. Helena station from the spring of 1816 till near the close of the following year; and when he left it he was on the best terms with Napoleon, who frequently afterwards used to speak of the pleasure he had enjoyed in his society.

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As there was no further naval service for Sir Pulteney Malcolm, his rank in the navy continued to rise according to the established routine. He was advanced, therefore, to the rank of vice-admiral in 1821, and of full admiral in 1837. During this interval he was also invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath in 1833. To some of our narrow-minded political economists, who can only measure the value of public services by their noise and glitter, the rewards that had been conferred upon him were thought to be beyond his deserts; and an attack of this kind upon Sir Pulteney in Parliament, produced from one of his friends an indignant reply. We quote from it the following just and rapid summary of the admiral's career:—

"He was the son of a humble sheep farmer, and had won his fame, as his brother, Sir John, also had done, without the aid of powerful friends. He had risen to the highest honours of his profession by his own exertions, and his honour, till the other night, had never been questioned; he enjoyed a spotless reputation, and possessed the friendship not only of the great men that were at present in existence, but those who had departed. He was the comrade in arms of the gallant Nelson; and in the last action in which that great man was engaged, he commanded a ship which had the splendid distinction of being called the Happy Donegal. He had the friendship of the first general of the day (the Duke of Wellington). He had the honour of conveying in the ship under his command the hero of Assaye. Sir Pulteney Malcolm at Vigo, landed the future conqueror of the Peninsula. At the special desire of the Duke of Wellington, the flag of Sir Pulteney Malcolm was flying at Ostend when the destinies of the convulsed world were decided in the field of Waterloo. As a conqueror, he became the friend of the conquered. His flag was at St. Helena during the time Napoleon was there, and by the cordiality of his disposition and manners, he not only obtained the confidence, but won the affections of that great man, who, in his last moments, acknowledged his generosity and benevolence."

Thus honoured in his public, and beloved in private life, Sir Pulteney Malcolm died at East Lodge, Enfield, on the 20th of July, 1838, in the eighty-first year of his age. A public monument has since been erected to his memory.

MAYNE, John.—This amiable and talented poet was born at Dumfries, on the 26th of March, 1759, and was educated at the grammar-school of that town, under Dr. Chapman, whose learning and worth his grateful pupil afterwards commemorated in the "Siller Gun." His stay at school was a short one, and his progress in scholarship afterwards was chiefly accomplished by self education, as he became a printer at a very early age, and was employed upon the "Dumfries Journal," which was conducted by Professor Jackson. He had not been long thus occupied, when he left Dumfries for Glasgow, to which latter city he accompanied his father's family, and took up his residence with them at the farther extremity of the Green of Glasgow, this locality being commonly called Greenhead by the citizens, who have, time out of mind, been proud of this their place of public recreation on the banks of the Clyde. At a very early period, the chief predilection of John Mayne appears to have been towards poetry, and that, too, in his own native dialect, instead of the statelier and more fashionable diction of Pope and Addison. In him such a preference was the more commendable, because it was before the poetry of Burns had arrested the decay of our Doric tongue, and given it a classical permanency. It deserves

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to be noticed also, that one of Mayne's poems on Halloween appears to have suggested to Burns both the subject and style of the happiest production of the national muse of Scotland.

So early as 1777, John Mayne's chief poem, entitled the "Siller Gun," was published. The history of this poem is curious, as indicative of a mind that steadfastly adhered to a single idea until it had completely matured it, and that would not rest satisfied with an inferior amount of excellence. At first tho "Siller Gun" consisted of not more than twelve stanzas, which were printed at Dumfries on a single quarto page. Soon afterwards it was reprinted in the same town, extended into two cantos. It became so popular that other editions followed, in the course of which it swelled into three cantos; afterwards it extended to four, in an edition printed in 1808; and when the last version, with the author's improvements and final corrections, appeared in 1836, the same year in which he died, the poem, that originally consisted of only a dozen stanzas, had expanded and grown into five goodly cantos. It should be mentioned, also, that this unwonted process of amplification had by no means impaired either the strength or the excellence of the original material; on the contrary, every successive edition was an improvement upon its predecessor, until the last was also the best.

This poem, at present too little known compared with its remarkable merit, is founded upon an ancient custom in Dumfries, called "Shooting for the Siller Gun." This practice, strangely enough, was instituted by James VI., who, of all sovereigns, was the one most averse to every kind of lethal weapon, and has continued till modern times, while the events of such a weaponshaw, were generally well adapted for the purposes of a comic poet. Mr. Mayne selected that trial which was held in 1777; and in his subsequent editions he took the opportunity of introducing many of the public characters of his native Dumfries, who were wont to figure at these annual competitions. The preparations for the festival are thus humorously described:—

"For weeks before this fete sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—
At marks practising—
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—
A' sodgerizing.

"And turning coats, and mending breeks,
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks;
(Nae matter though the clout that eeks
Be black or blue);
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The hose anew!"

The shooting, as he describes it, was by no means the most efficient kind of practice for the contingency of a French invasion:

"By this time, now, wi' mony a dunder,
Auld guns were brattling aff like thunder;
Three parts o' whilk, in ilka hunder,
Did sae recoil,
That collar-banes gat mony a lunder,
In this turmoil.

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"Wide o' the mark, as if to scar us,
The bullets ripp'd the swaird like harrows;
And fright'ning a' the craws and sparrows
About the place,
Ramrods were fleeing thick as arrows
At Chevy Chace."

After the first publication of the "Siller Gun," Mr. Mayne continued to write poetry, but with that careful fastidiousness, in which quality rather than quantity was the chief object of solicitude. These productions generally appeared in "Ruddiman's Magazine," a weekly miscellany, and it was there that his "Halloween," which was to be honoured by such an illustrious successor, first saw the light. He also exchanged verses in print with his fellow-townsman, Telford, afterwards so distinguished among our Scottish engineers. Among Mayne's few and short poetical productions of this period, may be mentioned his beautiful song of "Logan Water," which first appeared about the year 1783. The tune of "Logan Water," one of our most simple and touching old national melodies, for which the verses were composed, and especially the intrinsic merits of the verses themselves, made the song such a universal favourite, that after taking complete hold of Scotland, it was published with the music in England, and established as one of the choice performances of Vauxhall. Burns, also, who mistook it for one of our old Scottish songs, as it was published anonymously, produced an imitation, under the same title, which scarcely equals the original. In simplicity, in tenderness, and classic elegance, we would match the "Logan Water" of Mayne even with the "Fountain of Bandusia" of Horace.

The other chief poetical production of Mr. Mayne, next to the "Siller Gun" in point of extent, was "Glasgow," a descriptive poem, which was published with illustrative notes in 1803. It is a work of considerable merit, and all the more worthy of attention, that it describes a state of men and things that has utterly passed away. Who would recognize in the Glasgow of that day the gorgeous Tyre of the west, whose merchants are princes, and whose population is numbered by myriads? In the same year that his "Glasgow" appeared, he also published "English, Scots, and Irishmen," a patriotic address to the inhabitants of the three kingdoms.

Although John Mayne loved his country with all the patriotic ardour of a Scotchman, and celebrated its people and its scenery as few Scotchmen could do, yet, like many of his countrymen, he was doomed, during the greater part of his life, to contemplate it at a distance, and to speak of it to strangers. As a printer, his occupation was chiefly with the Messrs. Foulis, of the University Press, Glasgow, under whom he entered into an engagement that continued from 1782 to 1787. He visited London, probably for the first time, in 1785; and, having been attracted by the facilities that presented themselves there of permanent and profitable occupation, he moved thither in 1787, when his engagement in Glasgow had expired, and, during the rest of his long life, never happened to revisit the land of his nativity. It is well that Scottish patriotism, instead of being impaired, is so often enhanced by the enchantment of distance. In London he was singularly fortunate; for after the usual amount of enterprise and perseverance in literature, to which all his hopes and energies were devoted, he became printer, editor, and joint proprietor of the "Star" evening paper. Under his excellent management, the journal was a thriving

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one; and, from year to year, he continued to indulge his poetical likings not only in its columns, but also in the "Gentleman's Magazine," to which he occasionally contributed from 1807 to 1817. After a long life of usefulness and comfort, which extended to seventy-eight years, he died in his residence, No. 2, Lysson Grove, South, on the 14th of March, 1836, and was buried in his family vault, Paddington church-yard.

As a poet, John Mayne must be allowed a much higher standing than is usually given to the Scottish bards of the present century; and in comparing him, it must be with Ramsay, Ferguson, and Hogg, to whom he approached the nearest, rather than with inferior standards. The moral character of his writings, also, cannot be too highly commended. "He never wrote a line," says a popular author, "the tendency of which was not to afford innocent amusement, or to improve and increase the happiness of mankind." Of his private character, Allan Cunningham also testifies that "a better or warmer-hearted man never existed."

MIDDLETON, John, Earl of Middleton.—This man, although neither good nor great, demands, like the Duke of Lauderdale, a place in Scottish biography, in consequence of the pernicious influence he exercised upon Scottish events, and the destinies of better men than himself. He was the eldest son of John Middleton, of Caldhame, in the county of Kincardine, the descendant of an ancient Scottish family, that derived its name from the lands of Middleton, in the same county, which had been a donation to the founder of the race by the "gracious Duncan." John, the future earl, like many of the nobly-descended, but scantily-endowed young Scots of this period, appears to have devoted himself to the profession of arms, and "trailed a pike" in Hepburn's regiment during the Huguenot wars in France. Returning from that country during the civil wars of his own, he took service in the parliamentary army of England, and, in 1642, commanded a troop of horse, with the rank of lieutenant-general, under Sir William Waller. After this he returned to Scotland, and obtained a command, first under Montrose, while still a Covenanter, and afterwards under General Lesley; and with the former of these he saw hot service at the Bridge of Dee, and had a considerable share in the defeat of the Gordons, who were in arms for the king. When the Marquis of Montrose abandoned the ranks of the Covenanters for the service of the king, he afterwards found in Middleton one of his most determined opponents; and for this, indeed, according to all Scottish reckoning, there was but too good a cause, for his father had been shot by the soldiers of the marquis in 1645, while sitting peacefully in his hall in the mansion of Caldhame. Middleton soon obtained both revenge and honour, for he greatly contributed, as Lesley's lieutenant-general, to the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, on the 13th September, during the same year; and so highly were his services valued on this occasion, that the Scottish parliament voted him a gift of 25,000 marks. When the formidable marquis raised a fresh army, and renewed the war, Middleton was sent against him as commander of the Covenanters; and so well did he acquit himself in this charge, that he raised the siege of Inverness, and pressed so vigorously upon Montrose as to compel him, in July, 1646, to sign a capitulation, by which he agreed to leave the kingdom, on condition of an indemnity being granted to his followers.

The change of political events now threw Middleton into a new course of action, and prepared him for that life of apostasy and persecution by which he was afterwards signalized. The Scottish parliament, that had done so much

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not to destroy, but repress royalty, and confine it within due limits, found it time to interpose when the life of Charles I. was menaced, and the throne itself overturned; and, accordingly, when the Duke of Hamilton was about to be sent into England as commander of the Scottish army, Middleton was appointed major-general of the cavalry. But while the army was in the act of being assembled for their march, tidings arrived at head-quarters of a formidable muster of not less than 2000 foot and 500 horse at Mauchline, composed of malcontents hostile to the movement in behalf of royalty, and resolved to oppose it, upon which Middleton was detached with six troops of horse to break up the meeting. If, however, we are to believe Wodrow, who had his account from some of the parties engaged in it, this gathering on Mauchline moor was nothing more formidable than a sacramental meeting of the peasantry, who were not only few in numbers, but peaceable, and entirely unarmed. Still, following the royalist accounts, which afterwards obtained the ascendency, Middleton charged and routed this army with his wonted courage and success; but, in turning again to the simple covenanting story, it appears that he had agreed to permit the people to depart peaceably, and that, while they were doing so, hard words had passed between them and the soldiers, and that the latter, in consequence, had driven them off the moor with unnecessary bloodshed. After this, Middleton accompanied the expedition into England, and was present at the battle of Preston (August 17, 1648), but, being wounded, and his horse shot under him, he was taken prisoner, and sent to Newcastle, from which, however, he contrived to make his escape. Next year he appeared in the Highlands at the head of a body of royalists; but his rising in favour of the royal cause was as unseasonable as that of Montrose at the same period, and was attended with the same untoward result; for, in 1650, his handful of troops were dispersed by Colonel Strachan. It is probable that the arrival of Charles II. from Breda, and the necessity for mustering every good sword in his cause, allowed Middleton to escape the fate of Montrose, and even caused his trespass to be overlooked. His restless spirit, however, and rash zeal for royalty, soon involved him in fresh difficulty, so that, in the conspiracy which was formed to detach the young king from the Covenanters, and invest him with unlimited rule, in defiance not only of Scotland, but England to boot, Middleton was to assume the command of the emancipating army in the Highlands, and wage the war of absolutism in the true Montrose fashion. It is well known how this blundering scheme was strangled in the outset, when Charles and his compeers were pursued and led back to head-quarters like runaway schoolboys. Although Middleton, on this occasion, escaped the civil penalties of the trespass, in consequence of a general indemnity, he did not escape the censures of the church, by whose decree he was excommunicated, the Rev. James Guthrie executing the sentence to that effect in the church of Stirling. This sentence was soon relaxed, but Middleton never afterwards forgave it. During the same year (1651) he marched with the Scottish royalist army into England, and behaved gallantly at the battle of Worcester, where the chief resistance was attributed to his bold charges and persevering efforts; but here he was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower of London. As he was too dangerous an enemy to be spared, his end now seemed certain, more especially as he had held a commission in the parliamentarian army, so that Cromwell resolved to proceed against him as a traitor; but here Middleton's usual good luck prevailed, for he managed to escape from prison,

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and even to find concealment for some time in London itself, notwithstanding the vigilant espionage which the Protector had established over the metropolis. At length he reached Paris, where Charles II. resided, and by whom he was sent to Scotland, in 1653, to attempt a diversion in his favour at the head of the Scottish royalists in the Highlands. But Monk, who exercised a watchful rule over Scotland, attacked and routed him at Lochgeary, on the 26th of July, 1654, and Middleton, after vainly lingering and shifting a few months longer in the country, escaped in the following year to Cologne, where Charles at that time resided, and with whom he remained in exile till the Restoration.

Hitherto the career of Middleton had been that of an unscrupulous and successful soldier of fortune, veering with the changing wind, and adapting, or at least trying to adapt, every mutation to his own advancement. He was not, therefore, slow to avail himself of the advantages which the Restoration promised, more especially to those who had amused the king in his exile, as well as fought for him in the field. Accordingly, in 1660, he was created Earl of Middleton, and Lord Clermont and Fettercairn; appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, governor of Edinburgh castle, and royal commissioner to the Scottish parliament. Perhaps it was not without a deep purpose on the part of the king, or the counsellors by whom he was directed, that such a man as Middleton should have been thus invested with almost unlimited power over his native country. "The commissioner, the Earl of Middleton," says Wodrow, with his usual shrewdness; "his fierce and violent temper, agreeable enough to a camp, and his education, made him no improper instrument to overawe Scotland, and bring us down from any sense of liberty and privilege, unto a pliant submission to arbitrary designs, absolute supremacy and prerogative. And this was the more easily accomplished, that this nation, now for ten years, had been under the feet of the English army, and very much inured to subjection." Let Middleton, too, rule as despotically as he might, there was no lack of instruments with which to execute his wildest purpose. For during the late civil wars, a new generation of Scottish nobles and gentlemen had sprung up, whose finances were exhausted and estates incumbered, but whose thirst for pleasure, under the new state of things, was only the more keen, in consequence of their former abstinence, and who were ready, for pay and plunder, to second the commissioner, let him violate the laws as he pleased. These men were little likely to care either for Presbyterianism or patriotism, more especially when it interposed against their career of unlimited indulgence. It was out of such wretched elements, too, that the Scottish parliament was chiefly constituted—men who hated alike the strictness of the national church, and the rebuking lives of its faithful ministers, and were therefore ready, in their official and collective character, to pass laws for the coercion of the former and persecution of the latter, without examination or scruple. Such was the ominous state of unhappy Scotland when Charles II., one of the worst and most depraved of its royal house of the Stuarts, ascended the British throne.

As Middleton was no politician, his first proceedings went in soldier fashion to the mark, which was the suppression of Presbyterianism, and the overthrow of everything that opposed the absolute rule of his master. This was apparent in his first opening of parliament, upon the 1st of January, 1661, an opening accompanied with an amount of pomp and splendour to which Scotland had long been unaccustomed. The deed was prefaced by the appointment of ministers, not by the General Assembly, as heretofore, to preach during the sittings of

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parliament, but by the king's advocate, who selected men that would prophesy smoothly; and, accordingly, their sermons were laboured condemnations of solemn leagues, national covenants, and rebellion, and eulogiums on passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Then came the oath of parliament, modelled in new fashion upon the English oath of supremacy, and so worded that it acknowledged the king to be "only supreme governor of this kingdom, over all persons, and in all causes;" thus making him not only a supreme civil, but also ecclesiastical power. To this the oath of allegiance succeeded, by which the subject was bound to acknowledge the supreme power of the king in all matters civil and religious, and making it high treason to deny it. In this way they established the kingly power in its fullest latitude, and could bring every religious assembly that might displease them within a charge of high treason. But this process of rescinding the established order of things piece by piece, and the necessity of devising cunning pretexts for so doing, and clothing each enactment in words that had either a double meaning, or a deeper meaning than met the ear, was too slow for such impatient legislators, and they resolved to end such a war of skirmishes at once by a decisive onslaught. "Accordingly," says Wodrow, "in the 15th Act, they came at one dash, to rid themselves of all the parliaments since the year 1633." All that had been done since that period they stigmatized as "troubles, upon the specious but common pretext of REFORMATION, the common cloak of all rebellions," and declared that his majesty held the crown "immediately from God Almighty alone." Such was the famous, or rather most infamous of all the measures that had ever signalized a parliament, perhaps, since the days of Odin—"a most extravagant act," says Burnet, "and only fit to be concluded after a drunken bout." And that it was passed under some such inspiration, he makes but too probable, from his account of Middleton and his compeers. "His way of living," he tells us, "was the most splendid the nation had ever seen; but it was likewise the most scandalous, for vices of all sorts were the open practices of those about him. Drinking was the most notorious of all, which was often continued through the whole night to the next morning; and many disorders happening after those irregular heats, the people, who had never before that time seen anything like it, came to look with an ill eye on everything that was done by such a set of lewd and vicious men." Such were now the legislators of Scotland, and such the trim in which they repaired to their places in parliament. As for the all-sweeping measure commonly called the "Act Recissory," which was proposed half in jest, as something that the jaded members might make themselves merry withal, but passed in earnest after a single reading, it still remains unrepealed in our statute book, as if to astound all posterity with the humbling fact, that wise, cautious, deliberative Scotland had once, during her national existence, been actually ruled by a senate of bedlamites.

These wild specimens of legislation were soon to produce most disastrous fruits. And first in the list of victims was the Marquis of Argyle, whom Middleton hated, and whose rich estates he coveted, and who was sent down from London to stand trial for high treason before this Scottish parliament, with the commissioner at its head. The proceedings of such a tribunal could be neither slow nor doubtful; and, in the same year, the marquis perished on the scaffold. Another victim, not to Middleton's cupidity, but his revenge, also behoved to be sacrificed; and he, too, perished, only five days after, upon the same scaffold. This was James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, who, in 1650, had pronounced

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the sentence of excommunication upon the earl, and who was now condemned to die the death of a traitor under those new laws from which no man could be safe. Having thus gratified his resentment, Middleton now turned his attention more exclusively to his personal interests, which he resolved to further by fine and confiscation; and, accordingly, in the second sitting of parliament, held in 1662, a list was drawn out of those who were to be excepted from the act of indemnity now about to be reluctantly granted to Scotland, although England had enjoyed its full benefit since the commencement of the Restoration. It was a monstrous list, constructed chiefly with an eye to the wealth and means of the proscribed, and included seven or eight hundred noblemen, gentlemen, burgesses, and others, whose fines, it was calculated, would amount to one million, seventeen thousand, three hundred and fifty-three pounds, six shillings, and eightpence. True, indeed, this money was in Scottish, not English coinage, and therefore scarcely a tenth of the usual sterling amount; but the imposition of such a fine upon so poor a country, implied the infliction of such destitution and suffering, as to render it one of the heaviest of national calamities. In this decree it was also stated, "that the fines therein imposed were to be given for the relief of the king's good subjects who had suffered in the late troubles," while Middleton resolved that these "good subjects" should mean no others than himself and his dependents. Little was he aware that this harvest of iniquity, which he so diligently sowed, he was not destined to reap: the fines, indeed, were afterwards levied to the full, but only to pass into other coffers than his own; even as in war, the wretched camp-followers, who have kept at a wary distance during the battle, rush down upon the spoil while the conquerors are securing the victory.

But wilder, baser, and more mischievous, if possible, than this purpose of wholesale spoliation, was his tour to the west for the establishment of Episcopacy. He knew that this was his master's prevailing wish; and therefore, although originally himself a Covenanter, and an honoured one, he now seconded the royal desire with all the zeal of a place-hunter, and all the rancour of a renegade. A favourable opportunity, as he thought, had now occurred. Although the Presbyterian church courts had been arbitrarily closed as illegal meetings, the pulpits were still open; and it was indignantly complained of by the newly-made Scottish bishops, that these recusant ministers, who were thus permitted the free exercise of their office, would neither recognize the authority of their diocesans, nor give attendance at the episcopal court-meetings. Middleton, accordingly, designed a justiciary progress for the purpose of enforcing the authority of the bishops; and as the west of Scotland was the stronghold of recusancy, he resolved to make Glasgow his head-quarters. And never, perhaps, went such a troop of mortal men upon so sacred a commission; it was a procession of Silenus and his bacchanals, of Comus and his rabble rout. On Middleton's arrival in Glasgow with his motley array of senators and councillors, Archbishop Fairfoul repeated his complaints of the refusal of these Presbyterian divines to acknowledge his authority, and proposed that an act should be passed banishing all those ministers from their manses, parishes, and districts, who had been admitted into office since 1649, when patronage was abolished, unless they consented to receive presentation from the lawful patron, and collation from the bishop of the diocese. In this way it was asserted Episcopacy would be fully established, and that not even so many as ten ministers would consent to forego their livings by refusing compliance. It was a mad decree, which none but

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madmen would have passed; but, says Burnet, "Duke Hamilton told me they were all so drunk that day, that they were not capable of considering anything that was laid before them, and would hear of nothing but executing the law, without any relenting or delay." This impetuous haste was fully shown by the fact, that though the enactment was proclaimed on the 4th of October (1662), the 1st of November was specified as the last day of grace, beyond which all submission would be fruitless—thus allowing their victims little more than three weeks for deliberation upon a step in which their all was at stake. The national stubbornness of Scotland, even in the absence of a better motive, would have fired at such an insult, and confronted it with a dogged resistance; but what was to be expected when conscience, and principle, and every high and holy inducement were called into full exercise? The answer was given on the 1st of November, when nearly four hundred ministers, with their families, forsook their homes, and abandoned all except their trust in God, and hope of a life to come. Is it strange that after this Episcopacy could take no root in Scotland, or that Presbyterianism should be endeared to her people not only as the best of creeds, but the most patriotic of national distinctions?

In this way the Earl of Middleton showed his utter unfitness whether for civil or religious government. He had awoke a spirit of resistance in Scotland which abler men than himself could not allay, and utterly damaged the purposes of his master by the means with which he hoped to advance them. But retribution was at hand, and it was to be imbittered tenfold by coming from a sovereign whom he had so unscrupulously served, and through the machinations of a rival whose overthrow he planned, and hoped soon to accomplish. Although he had ruled "every inch a king," it was with a sore misgiving that he had a "viceroy over him" in the person of the Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, who, as secretary for Scotland, had, when he pleased to exercise it, the chief influence at court in the direction of Scottish affairs. Middleton was eager to remove this unwelcome associate, before whom his spirit stood rebuked; but in the struggle that followed between these unscrupulous rivals, the blundering, hot-headed soldier was no match for the learned and wily politician. On finding that his credit with the king was failing, he repaired to London in 1663, hoping by his presence to recover the royal favour; but, on his arrival at court, he was severely accused by Lauderdale of mismanagement in the government of Scotland. This, and the mischievous consequences that had accrued from it, he could not deny; and his only plea was, that he was a soldier, and therefore ignorant of law and its forms, and that all he had done was designed for his majesty's service, and the establishment of the royal authority. This last apology, although so boundless in its extent, fared as it generally does in such critical emergencies, and his deposition and disgrace followed, although Monk, Clarendon, and the English bishops interposed in his behalf.

After having been thus blighted, the earl retired into obscurity, living for that purpose at a mansion called the Friary, near Guildford, which belonged to a Scottish gentleman named Dalmahoy, who had married the widow of the Duke of Hamilton; and to requite the kindness of his host, the earl built a large and handsome bridge across the river that flowed through the estate, which was called after his own name, "Middleton Bridge." At length the government of the fort of Tangier in Africa having become vacant by the death of Lord Rutherford, this poor appointment was bestowed upon Middleton, to requite, as was alleged, his services in establishing Episcopacy in Scotland, but in reality,

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as was generally thought, to remove him from the court and country by a sort of honourable banishment. To Tangier he accordingly repaired, where his life was soon brought to an abrupt and miserable termination. In falling down stairs, he broke his arm, and at the next tumble the broken bone was driven into his side, inflicting a mortal wound, of which he soon after expired. A report had been current in Scotland, that in his better days, when he subscribed the covenant, he had declared to the gentlemen present that this was the happiest day he had ever seen; and holding up his right arm, he wished to God that that might be his death if ever he did anything against the blessed work to which he had thus pledged himself. Men trembled at the recollection when tidings of his tragic end arrived from Tangier. This event occurred in 1673. He was succeeded in the earldom by his only son, Charles, second earl of Middleton.

MILL, James.—This talented writer, who distinguished himself as a historian, philosopher, and political economist, was born in the parish of Logie Pert, Forfarshire, on the 6th of April, 1773. Like a great majority of his countrymen who have risen to eminence, he was of humble origin, his father being a small farmer upon the estate of Sir John Stuart, Bart., of Fettercairn. After a course of preliminary education at the grammar-school of Montrose, young James, who was originally destined for the church, was sent, through the patronage of his father's landlord, to the university of Edinburgh, where he underwent the usual course of study prescribed to candidates for the ministry. His progress in general literature, although unnoticed at the time, was afterwards well attested by the character of his various writings. Of all the ancient philosophers, Plato seems chiefly to have attracted his attention—a proof, by the way, that his proficiency in the classical languages was greater than that of the generality of our Scottish students; and the impression produced upon his mind by the works of this most eloquent and persuasive of all the philosophers of antiquity, he often afterwards affectionately remembered.

After the usual course of study, Mr. Mill was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and had fair hopes, both from patronage and his attainments, to occupy that most comfortable of earthly situations—the situation of a Scottish country minister. But somehow it happened that even this was insufficient to allure him. It may be that his Platonism, and the peculiarity of some of his ideas both in theology and ethics, may have disinclined him to Calvin's Institutes; or he may have felt that his intellectual aptitudes required a different field of action than that of a secluded country minister. In his capacity of tutor to the family of Sir John Stuart, he accompanied them to London in 1800; but instead of returning with them to Scotland, he resolved to devote himself to a literary life in the metropolis. London, therefore, became, thenceforth, his home, where he betook himself to authorship as a profession, and patiently endured all its precariousness, until his talents had secured for him that honourable and independent position to which he was so well entitled. The first writings of Mr. Mill, in this character, were such as to obtain admittance among the most distinguished periodicals of the day; and among these, the "Edinburgh Review," the "British, the Eclectic, and Monthly Reviews," may particularly be mentioned. He also edited, for some time, the "Literary Journal," and was a frequent contributor to a periodical established by the Quakers, called the "Philanthropist."

All this labour, however, was but means to an end, for, at an early period of

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his career, Mr. Mill had devoted himself to the collection of materials for a history of British India; and while his researches for this most difficult, but necessary undertaking, were continued with unflinching perseverance, his other literary occupations were conducted as the means of present subsistence. It is amidst such pressure that intellectual activity is often best nerved for its greatest and most important task; and amidst the many distinguished productions by which the literature of every age is most impressed, the common wonder is, that the author, amidst his other avocations, should have found time to accomplish it. The history of British India was commenced in 1806, and published in the winter of 1817–18. At first it appeared in three volumes quarto, and afterwards in five volumes octavo; and the narrative, which is comprised in six books, commences with the first intercourse of our nation with India, and terminates with the conclusion of the Mahratta war, in 1805.

Among the literary productions of the present day, we have histories of India in abundance, while the labour of writing them, on account of the copious supply of materials, has become a comparatively easy task. But far different was it when Mill commenced his celebrated work, and opened up the way for his talented successors. At that time, nothing could be more vague than the commonly received ideas at home respecting our growing eastern empire, and the nations of which it was composed. Every sultan or rajah was thought to be a Xerxes or Giamshid, and every region was flooded with gold, which only waited the lifting; while an Englishman had nothing to do but to enter, and sit down as undisputed possessor, amidst a crowd of worshipping and salaaming natives. To bring down these monarchs to their real dimensions, and states to their native poverty—to show how starvation and taxes prevailed more abundantly there than even among ourselves—and, above all, to show how our East India Company, notwithstanding its crores and lacs of rupees, was continually hampered upon the beggarly financial question of "ways and means," with bankruptcy in perspective; all this was not only a difficult, but a most ungracious task for the historian: he was the African magician, who filched from us our Aladdin's lamp, by giving us a mere common one in exchange. When he passed from these popular delusions to the authenticated records, in order to construct a veritable history instead of an eastern romance, his materials were the most impracticable that can well be imagined—parliamentary speeches and documents; masses of examinations and trials; pamphlets for and against every form of Indian administration, mixed with political intrigues, and warlike campaigns to which the general current of history could afford no parallel. To wade through this seemingly boundless ocean—to reduce this chaos into form and order—was an attempt at which the most enthusiastic historian might well have paused. And then, too, the usual aids that might have helped to counterbalance such a difficulty, were wanting in the case of Mr. Mill. It is true, indeed, that in England there were scores of adventurers who had spent years in India, and returned enriched with its spoils; but, in most cases, they knew as little of Hindoo character, and the formation of our Indian empire, as if they had remained at home: all they could tell was, that they had fought or traded under the banner of British supremacy, and found cent. per cent. accumulating in the enterprise. In the absence of better information than these, some personal knowledge was necessary, especially to the first recorder of our wonderful Anglo-Indian empire; but Mill had never been in India, and was little, if at all, acquainted with the languages of the East.

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All these obstacles it is necessary to take into account, if we would understand the nature of that Herculean task which he undertook and accomplished. Under these difficulties, he proposed:—

1. To describe the circumstances in which the intercourse of this nation with India commenced, and the particulars of its early progress, till the era when it could first be regarded as placed on a firm and durable basis.

2. To exhibit as accurate a view as possible of the people with whom our countrymen had then begun to transact; of their character, history, manners, religion, arts, literature, and laws, as well as the physical circumstances of climate, soil, and production, in which they were placed.

3. To deduce to the present times a history of the British transactions in relation to India, &c.

The history of British India which Mr. Mill produced, under these circumstances, and upon such a plan, in spite of subsequent histories written under more favourable auspices, will ever remain a distinguishing monument of his high talents, research, and perseverance. Much, of course, had to be written that militated not only against national prejudices but individual interests; and therefore the work, at its first appearance, encountered no small amount of rancorous criticism. It was also faulty in point of style, being frequently marked by carelessness, and sometimes, though not often, disfigured by obscurity. But the immense body of information he had collected, the skill of its arrangement, and vigorous style in which it was embodied, made these defects of little account. On the one hand, the nature and character of the British proceedings in India, and especially the administrations of Hastings and Lord Wellesley, were given with clearness and dispassionate fairness; while, on the other, the account of the condition and character of the Hindoos, and their state of civilization, was illustrated by an amount of learning and depth of investigation such as history has very seldom exhibited. The effects of his labours were soon apparent. Not only was a greater interest excited at home upon Indian affairs, of which the public had hitherto remained in contented ignorance, but more enlarged and practical views in the legislation, government, and political economy of India, were suggested to our countrymen there, by whom our eastern empire was extended and consolidated.

While Mill had been thus generously devoting himself for years to a labour from which no adequate return, in the way of profit, could be expected, and while the expenses of a growing family were increasing upon him, his literary by-labours appear never to have yielded him above £300 per annum—a small amount for the support of a respectable household in the British capital, and small compared with what his talents and industry might have procured him, had he consented to become a mere trader in literature. But his was a contentedness of mind that could be satisfied with little, as well as a dignity and independence that would not stoop to solicitation for either place or patronage. But he who could not seek was now to be sought. His "History of India" had well shown what he was worth; and the East India Company was not long in discovering that one so well acquainted with their interests could not be dispensed with. Accordingly, soon after the publication of his history (in 1819) he was appointed, by the East India Court of Directors, to the second situation in the examiner's office; and, on the retirement of Mr. William M'Culloch, he was raised to the place of chief examiner. His important duties, for which he was so thoroughly qualified, consisted in preparing the despatches

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and other state papers connected with our Indian government, and to correspond with it in the management of the revenue; in fact, he might be considered as chief minister for Indian affairs to that most extensive and powerful of all senates, the East India Company.

Notwithstanding the onerous duties with which he was now invested, Mr. Mill did not throw aside his pen, or confine himself exclusively to his office. He wrote several valuable articles in the "Edinburgh Review," upon Education and Jurisprudence, and was a frequent and distinguished contributor to the Westminster and London Reviews. Some of the best essays, also, which appeared in the Supplement of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and were afterwards published in a separate form, were of his production, comprising the important subjects of Government, Education, Jurisprudence, Law of Nations, Liberty of the Press, Colonies, and Prison Discipline. In 1821-2, he published his "Elements of Political Economy," which professed to be nothing more than a handbook of that Science; and in 1829, his "Analysis of the Human Mind," a work on which he had bestowed long and careful reflection. These productions gave him a high standing both as a metaphysician and political economist, and added no trivial contribution to these growing and improving sciences in which there is still so much to be accomplished.

In this way, the years of Mr. Mill were spent in a life of silent and unostentatious, but honourable and useful industry; and while he enjoyed the intercourse of such leading minds as Bentham, Brougham, Romilly, Ricardo, and others of a similar stamp, his society was eagerly sought, and highly relished by young men preparing for a public career in literature, who were enlightened by his experience, and charmed with his enthusiasm, as well as directed in their subsequent course by his watchful, affectionate superintendence. He thus lived, not only in his own writings, which had a powerful influence upon the opinions of the day, but in the minds which he thus trained for the guidance of a succeeding generation. As the political opinions of such a man were of no trivial importance, we may add that he belonged to the Radical party, and adhered to its principles with uncompromising integrity, at a time when they were least valued or regarded. It was a natural consequence of that love of Greek literature and philosophy which he retained to the end of his life. His last five years were spent at Kensington, where he died of consumption, on the 23d of June, 1836, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, leaving behind him a widow and nine children, of whom five had attained to manhood.

MOIR, David Macbeth.—This gentle, amiable, and talented poet and physician, whose worth secured for him the esteem which his genius awakened, and whose recent death is still felt and bewailed as a national bereavement, was born at Musselburgh, on the 5th of January, 1798. His father was a respectable citizen of that ancient burgh, and had a family of four children, of whom David was the second. After having learned the usual branches of education at one of the private town seminaries, the young poet attended the grammar-school of Musselburgh for six years, where he studied the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and the elementary departments of algebra and mathematics. But however diligent a pupil he might be, and whatever might be his usual standing in the class, he was not, in after life, particularly distinguished for his attainments either as a geometrician or a linguist. Like many other men of genius, especially those of a sensitive and poetical temperament, he used these departments of learning merely as the means to an end, and not as the

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end itself. At the early age of thirteen he commenced the study of his future profession, by becoming apprentice to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, and soon began to evince that devotedness to the duties of the healing art which he continued till the close of his life.

So early as 1812, David Moir wrote poetry. This, however, in a lad of fifteen, is nothing wonderful; and among the well educated, perhaps, it might be found that, in most cases, the earliest attempts at composition have been made, not in prose, but in verse. It is only when the poetical temperament predominates that the boyish rhymer or rhapsodist becomes a veritable poet, while his companions subside into the language of ordinary life. Not long after this, he showed the bent of his ambition for authorship, by sending two short prose essays to a little Haddington periodical, called the "Cheap Magazine," and their appearance in print was enough to confirm the tendency. It is gratifying to learn that, in these youthful preludings, he, like many who have attained a much higher elevation than himself, was fortunate in possessing not only an affectionate but a talented mother, to whom he read his early productions, and by whom his efforts were encouraged and his taste improved. And well was she rewarded for her care; for she lived till 1842, when her son's reputation was at its height, and strangers regarded her with respect as the mother of Delta.

After a four years' apprenticeship, and attendance upon the medical classes in Edinburgh, David Moir, at the age of eighteen, obtained the diploma of surgeon. He was as yet young for business, and especially the laborious and anxious business of a country doctor; but in 1817 his mother was a widow, and no labour or sacrifice was too much for his filial affection. He therefore became partner of Dr. Brown of Musselburgh, who had an extensive practice, and toiled so earnestly in his profession, that his mother's difficulties were removed, and her home made comfortable. Such conduct at the outset of life is the cause, as well as the earnest, of future success. As his love of literature, instead of abating, continued to grow and strengthen, he was wont, when he returned home at nine or ten o'clock at night, after the harassing labours of the day, to light his candle in his bed-room, and continue his studies into the hours of morning. Under these circumstances, he produced many excellent contributions, both in prose and verse, to "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine." His regular mode of life, and close application to business, may, in the meantime, be learned from the fact, that, from the year 1817 to 1828, he had not slept one night out of Musselburgh.

Soon after the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine," Moir became one of its most frequent and popular contributors, and was known to its numerous readers under the name of Delta, from the Greek letter Δ, with which he was wont to subscribe his graver productions. From this signature, he was wont to be called the Pyramid or the Triangle, by his mirthful literary companions. But besides the tender lays and ballads with which he enriched the pages of the magazine, drolleries occasionally appeared of which he was the author, but to which he did not append the serious triangular *imprimatur;* and while the world laughed loudly and heartily at these effusions, they little wotted that their own sentimental Delta had penned them, or that all this was the production of a young surgeon in an obscure country town. Some of these were imitations of the most distinguished living poets; and, to our thinking, they were better caricature resemblances than even the "Rejected Addresses," that obtained such a wide popularity. We would particularly instance Moir's "Eve

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of St. Jerry," "Billy Routing," and the "Auncient Waggonere," in which Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge were successively imitated, or rather mimicked, with most comic aggravations. We can remember, as if it had been yesterday, the loud explosion of laughter, from the Tweed to Caithness, which the last-mentioned poem produced, when the readers of "Maga," who had been wont to revere the "Ancient Mariner" as the most awe-inspiring of poetical productions, were suddenly shaken from their propriety at finding it, notes and all, travestied with such singular effect. In 1823, he had for his neighbour and acquaintance John Galt, who was then residing near Musselburgh; and so well was the literary reputation of Moir now established, that the distinguished novelist, on being suddenly called off to America before he had finished the "Last of the Lairds," intrusted the winding-up of the tale to Delta, which he accomplished to the author's satisfaction.

As his poetical productions in "Blackwood" had met with such success, Mr. Moir collected and published the best of them, with a few new additions, at the close of 1824, under the title of "Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." But the wide circulation of the magazine had already made them so well known that they had no longer the freshness of novelty, and therefore the reception of the volume, as compared with its merits, was but indifferent. At the same period, he was employed in a prose work, from which, perhaps, he has derived a wider, if not so lasting a popularity as he has done from his poetical productions. This was the "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch," which he supplied in a series of chapters, during three years, to "Blackwood's Magazine," and afterwards published as a separate work, with several additions and improvements. And what reader of this singular tale can fail to persuade himself that he has met with the veritable Mansie in flesh and blood? He is sure that he has seen the man somehow and somewhere, although whether as a flying tailor or not he cannot distinctly remember. Such is the great charm of the tale: the character and events are thrown off with such truthfulness, that the fun and fiction have all the worth of reality, or something very like it. Like Scott and Galt, midway between whom Delta at once took his place as a novelist, he collected events that had actually happened, and sayings that had been audibly uttered, and, after improving them, grouping them, and throwing over them such a colouring of his own imagination as gave them harmonious uniformity, as well as picturesque effect, he embodied them all in the doings and blunders of a half-silly, half-pawkie, vainglorious, and good warm-hearted creature, who lives, fights on, stumbles through the ups and downs of life, but still manfully does his duty, and finally attains comfort, substance, and worship as the most thriving of village tailors. The work was also admirably suited to the Scottish national character, which abounds in sly, grave humour, rather than in the buoyant and more imaginative attribute of wit. Hence the favour with which "Mansie Wauch" was received, especially in Scotland, where it was best understood, and the permanent place which it has obtained in our northern literature of fiction, as one of the choicest productions of its day; and he who holds an interview with Mansie departs, not a sadder, but a merrier, and, withal, a wiser man than before.

While Mr. Moir was thus so industrious in authorship, and deriving from it the reputation he so justly merited, he did not on that account suffer himself to be allured from the daily toils of his profession. How many young aspirants for literary fame, after reaping but a tithe of Delta's success, have flung

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their occupation to the winds, in the fond conceit that they had entered upon the track that would lead them to fame and fortune—and have found, when too late, that they had foregone the substance for a shadow, which at the best was not worth catching. And a strong proof it was of Moir's well-balanced, well-regulated mind, that instead of devoting all his energies to win his way into the front rank of poetry or novel-writing, he still persevered in his laborious, self-denying vocation, as if he had never compounded aught but a drug, or written anything higher than a prescription. Instead of making literature his crutch, it was his staff, or rather, perhaps, we should say his switch—a light, graceful thing, to flourish in very buoyancy of heart, and switch with it the hedges as he bounded onward in the path of duty. In this way he was better known among the good folks of Musselburgh as a painstaking, skilful physician, than a poet of high mark and standing; and his sphere of occupation kept steadily on the increase. This professional ability suggested to his friends in Edinburgh a change, by which his position in life, as well as the means of gratifying his literary tastes, would have been greatly increased. This was nothing more than to locate himself as a physician in the Scottish capital, where his medical reputation was as well established as his poetical excellence, and where troops of influential friends were ready to insure him an extensive practice. It was a tempting offer, more especially as no risk was involved in it. And yet it was rejected. Moir thought himself already so well circumstanced, that he would not venture to invade his well-established contentment by seeking to make it better; and besides, his affections had so thoroughly entwined themselves with the families of that circle in which he had grown up, and among whom he moved and laboured, that he could not endure the thought of forsaking them, even though it should be for wealthier and more numerous patients. Besides, was he not now the healing as well as tuneful Apollo of Musselburgh; and, like Apollo, might say, though with a very slight variation, "Opiferque per *ur*bem dicor?" Even genuine ambition, had there been no better motive, would have told him, with the authoritative voice of Julius Cæsar, that it was better to be the first man in Musselburgh, than the third or even the second in Edinburgh, to which rank he must inevitably be limited there. These were sound dissuasives, and Moir showed his good sense by estimating them at their full value, and acting accordingly. Such a man was worthy, more than most men, of the highest of domestic rewards, and this he obtained on the 8th of June, 1829, at Carham Church, Northumberland, where he received the hand of Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith:

> "Catherine, whose holy constancy was proved
> By all that deepest tries, and most endears."

After his happiness in the married state had been crowned by the birth of his first-born, a daughter, the life of Moir went on as usual, with the daily task and evening recreation, till 1831, when even those the least disposed to meddle with politics were obliged to take a side, and speak stoutly in its behalf. This was the year of the Reform Bill, and Moir, although a Conservative, was an earnest advocate for its passing, and officiated as secretary to the Reform Committee. It seems, however, to have been mainly in a religious spirit that he saw the need of a political reform, and he thus writes upon the subject to a friend:—"When a House of Commons could pass a detestable Catholic bill, against the constitution of the country, and the petitions of nineteen-twentieths of its inhabitants, it was quite time that an end should be put to such a delu-

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sive mockery of representation." Towards the close of the same year, he was presented with the freedom of his native town, and elected a member of its town-council. This year, also, he ventured upon a new field of authorship, by publishing his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians." This work was intended to have been comprised in three parts; but the second and third, in which the history of the medical sciences was to be brought down from the dark ages to the middle of the last century, were never written. The first part of the work, which appeared under the title of the "Ancient History of Medicine," was favourably received, both by the faculty and the critical press. In the following year, another and still more urgent demand was made upon his pen, on a subject connected also with his own profession. Europe will not soon forget that terrible visitation of cholera, which, after quivering like the bolt of heaven in its erratic progress, blasting and destroying wherever it happened to strike, fell at last upon Britain, and shook it to its deepest sea-girt foundations. Never was medical aid more needed, or the medical practitioner more imperilled; and never, perhaps, were the true chivalry and martyr-like devotedness of the healing art more severely tried and tested. On this occasion, while many physicians abandoned their duty in despair, or fled from it in terror, Moir was to be found daily and hourly at the bedsides of the infected, endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of the sick by the resources of his skill, or to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion. Even this was not enough; and, therefore, after doing and daring the uttermost within his own round of occupation, he set himself to write his experience of the nature and treatment of the disease, and published a pamphlet, called "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera." At this time, any suggestion by which the terrible pestilence could be retarded, was clutched as with a death-grasp; and no wonder, therefore, if a work on the subject by such a writer, went through two editions in a few days. Soon after he produced his equally interesting "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera."

When the disease had abated and the danger passed away, it was full time that Dr. Moir, never at any time a wanderer from home, should enjoy the recreation of travel. He decided upon a trip to London, not so much, however, for the purpose of a pleasure tour, as to visit his talented and beloved friend, Galt, now shattered with paralysis, and hastening to decay, but with a mind shining as fiercely as ever through the crevices of the material ruin, and bearing up as bravely against the coming downfall. Moir also attended the meeting of the British Association, and made a visit to Cheltenham. Among the few intellectual giants with whom he came in contact during his short residence in London, was Coleridge, then living at Highgate; but, like many others who have enjoyed the privilege of an interview with this marvellous poet, philosopher, and theosophist, Moir came away delighted, he could not tell wherefore, and musing upon he knew not what. He had been in a land of dreams, and breathing an atmosphere of poppies, but the fresh air of reality brought him round in a few minutes. Indeed, the Archimagus of Highgate always found our Scotsmen the most stiff-necked of all his worshippers. Soon after his return from England, and in the beginning of 1833, Dr. Moir, from the retirement of his senior partner, became head of the business, a change which, while it increased his occupation, also lessened his opportunities for literary study and authorship. "Our

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business," he writes to his friend Macnish, "has ramified itself so much in all directions of the compass, save the north, where we are bounded by the sea, that on an average I have sixteen or eighteen miles' daily riding; nor can this be commenced before three or four hours of pedestrian exercise has been hurried through. I seldom get from horseback till five o'clock, and by half-past six I must be out to the evening rounds, which never terminate till after nine. Add to this the medical casualties occurring between sunset and sunrise, and you will see how much can be reasonably set down to the score of my leisure." The wonder is, that with such a harassing amount of occupation, and almost total want of leisure, Moir should have continued to write so much as he did, or even that he should have written at all.

In February, 1838, affliction visited the happy home of Delta, and bereaved him of two children, the eldest four-and-a-half years old, the other only fifteen months. The first of these, Charles Bell, who named himself in childish frolic, Casa Wappy, is well known to the world, and especially to many a mother's tender heart, by the touching poetical commemoration of his grieving father, who lamented him in an elegy which he never surpassed, or perhaps even equalled. Who can read unmoved the following stanzas?

"Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till, O! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

* * * * * *

The nursery shows thy pictur'd wall;
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club, and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!"

Of his five children he could still remember that three were left to him, and he consoled himself with the thought; but only a year after he was bereaved of a third child, David Macbeth Moir, his little namesake. "Three blessed beings," he thus exclaims—

"Three blessed beings! ye are now
Where pangs and partings are unknown,
Where glory girds each sainted brow,
And golden harps surround the throne:
O! to have hail'd that blissful sight,
Unto the angels only given,
When thy two brothers, robed in light,
Embraced thee at the gates of heaven!"

In this manner Delta was wont to express and chronicle the chief feelings of his own private life, and at first they were only circulated among his friends. But the approbation they called forth from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Montgomery among the poets; from Jeffrey and Lockhart among the critics, and

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from Dickens, Warren, and Ferrier among our eminent writers of fiction, and their urgent request that these productions should be given to the world, was a call too powerful to be refused, and he published them accordingly in 1843, under the title of "Domestic Verses."

Moir, now at no more than the age of confirmed manhood, when health is strongest, and hope often at the brightest, bade fair, from his firm constitution and temperate habits, to be destined for a long life of usefulness, that to the eyes of his friends loomed in bright perspective. But even at this period a series of accidents commenced, by which his term was to be hastily drawn to a close. In 1844, from sitting in wet clothes a whole night by the bedside of a patient, he caught a severe internal inflammation, from the effects of which his constitution never fully recovered. Two years after, while visiting Borthwick Castle with a small party of friends in a phaeton, the horse took fright, ran off, and upset the carriage; the whole party, who were thrown out, escaped with little hurt, except Dr. Moir, whose hip-joint was so injured by the fall, that it made him lame for life. As his medical duties still continued, he was obliged on this account to remit his literary avocations, as the evening usually found him fit for nothing but his bed. And, truly, it was no wonder, for on an average he travelled about two hundred and twenty miles per week, independently of his numerous professional visits to short distances on foot. With all this, and diminished bodily powers, he was still able, however, to give attendance to those literary and scientific meetings at which his name was in high request; and his last exertion of this kind, in which he delivered six lectures at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in 1851, on the poetical literature of the past half century, will long be affectionately remembered by the lecture-loving inhabitants of our capital. These lectures, too, be it remembered, were composed after the hours of ten and eleven at night, when over toiled mortals like himself had contentedly retired to rest. At length, on the 22d of June, 1851, while dismounting from his horse, a work of difficulty in his case, on account of his lameness, he sustained so severe a wrench, that pain and debility followed, so that on the 1st of July he set off on a jaunt to Dumfries, in the hope that change of scene and cessation from labour might restore him. It was a vain hope, for at Dumfries he rapidly sank, and expired on the morning of the 6th of July. His last hours were spent in Christian peace and hope, and he died in the assurance that his solemn petition was answered, "May the Lord my God not separate between my soul and my body, till he has made a final and eternal separation between my soul and sin."

In consequence of the request of the inhabitants of Musselburgh, the funeral of Dr. Moir, which took place on the 10th of July, was a public one; and it was attended not only by the provost, magistrates, and town council of the burgh, and the kirk session of Inveresk, but the chief professors, clergymen, and literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood. A subscription is now in progress for the erection of a public monument to his memory in the churchyard of Inveresk, where his ashes repose. His widow and eight children still survive.

MONCREIFF, Sir James Wellwood, Bart., of Tullibole.—This eminent judge, one of those distinguished ornaments of the Scottish bar and bench for which the present century has been so remarkable, but who have successively disappeared, and left a void which will not easily be filled, was the second son of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, one of the ministers of St. Cuth-

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Sir H. Raeburn, R.A. Charles Hall.

SIR JAMES WELLWOOD MONCRIEFF, BART.

OF FULLIEBOLE.

ONE OF THE LORDS OF SESSION.

BLACKIE & SON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & LONDON.

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berts, Edinburgh.* His mother was Susan Robertson, eldest daughter of James Robertson Barclay, of Keavil, in Fifeshire. He was born in the second-charge manse of St. Cuthberts, Edinburgh, on the 13th of September, 1776. As he was one of a family of five sons and two daughters, and as the hereditary estate of the ancient family of the Moncreiffs had lapsed into the possession of a younger branch nearly two centuries previous, James, the subject of the present memoir, was destined to a life of active industry, for which purpose his education was commenced at the high school of Edinburgh, and afterwards continued at the university of Glasgow. At the latter institution he was so fortunate as to obtain one of its exhibitions to Baliol College, Oxford—an appointment which secured to him for ten years a complete course of literary and professional training at the same seminary which has produced, for many generations, the master-spirits and leading intellects of Europe. Sir James, however, found that, even in Oxford, the attainment of this high distinction depended more upon a diligent course of self-training than the parental care of his new *alma mater*, whose monastic institutes, worn out with old age, could no longer be screwed up to the full coercive pitch. That happy reformation had not yet commenced under which Oxford has assumed a new life, and commenced a fresh history, that promises to be more glorious than its old. In spite, however, of the prevalent looseness which at that time characterized the discipline of these colleges, and the facility with which their pains and penalties could be eluded or confronted, he became an accomplished scholar, and was enabled to prepare for active exercise those high intellectual qualities for which he was so distinguished in the course of his future career.

As Mr. Moncreiff had selected the law for his profession, and the Scottish bar for his place of occupation, his studies at Oxford had been chiefly directed to this effect; and on the 26th of January, 1799, he was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh. At first, his progress as a barrister was slow, and his prospect of advancement unpromising; but for this, the solid, substantial character of his mind, which required longer time for full development, was a sufficient excuse. A profound, reflective lawyer, seldom starts into full maturity at the age of twenty-three, or even gives large promise of his future excellence. But a still greater obstacle to early success might be found in Mr. Moncreiff's politics, which were by some years in advance of the period; they were those uncompromising, independent principles which he had learned, from the example of his venerated father, to cherish and avow, in spite of Tory ascendency and government patronage; and in this way Mr. Moncreiff, instead of having the tide at its height to bear him onward, was obliged to confront it in its rise, and when it was set full against his progress. Like his illustrious contemporary, Jeffrey, he adopted the losing side in politics when there was least hope of its obtaining the ascendency.† But both were finally no losers

* For the Life of Sir Henry, see Division VII. p. 456.

† His early adoption and avowal of Whig politics, is thus commemorated in Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey":—"The public meeting in 1795, for attending which Henry Erskine was turned out of the deanship, was held in the Circus, which their inexperience at that time of such assemblages had made them neglect to take any means to light, and Erskine was obliged to begin his speech in the dark. A lad, however, struggled through the crowd with a dirty tallow candle in his hand, which he held up during the rest of the address, before the orator's face. Many shouts honoured the unknown torch-bearer. This lad was James Moncreiff, then about sixteen."

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by their disinterestedness. In the meantime, Mr. Moncreiff held onward perseveringly in his course, and the first distinguished token of his growing success occurred on the 7th of February, 1807, when he was appointed sheriff of the united counties of Clackmannan and Kinross. This fortunate rise, by which his income was doubled, and a fresh starting-point attained, occurred during the short-lived administration of Lord Grenville. In the following year (1808) he married Ann, daughter of Captain George Robertson, of the royal navy.

The career of an advocate at the bar is not an eventful one: it is simply a history of pleadings and their results, with which none but the parties concerned can be expected to feel any interest. On this account it is enough to state that every year increased Mr. Moncreiff's professional reputation; and at a period when the most illustrious of our Scottish pleaders were at the full height of their fame (Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Cockburn, Clerk), he held a rank inferior to none. Some of them, indeed, might excel him in ready or persuasive eloquence; but this inferiority was more than counterbalanced by the depth and accuracy of his legal knowledge, and his power of turning it to the best account. In this way his professional character is thus summed up by one of that illustrious confraternity who knew, and could well appreciate his merits:—"Though a good thinker, not quick, but sound, he was a still better arguer. His reasoning powers, especially as they were chiefly seen concentrated on law, were of the very highest order. These, and his great legal knowledge, made him the best working counsel in court. The intensity of his energy arose from that of his conscientiousness. Everything was a matter of duty with him, and therefore he gave his whole soul to it. Jeffrey called him the whole duty of man. Simple, indifferent, and passive when unyoked, give him anything professional or public to perform, and he fell upon it with a fervour which made his enemies tremble, and his friends doubt if it was the same man. One of his cures for a headache was to sit down and clear up a deep legal question. With none, originally, of the faculties of speaking which seem a part of some men's nature, zeal, practice, and the constant possession of good matter, gave him all the oratory that he required. He could in words unravel any argument, however abstruse, or disentangle any facts, however complicated, or impress any audience with the simple and serious emotions with which he dealt. And for this purpose his style, both written and spoken, was excellent—plain, clear, condensed, and nervous." In another sketch, by a different writer, we have a view of all these intellectual equipments in full vigorous action, at the time when Moncreiff was in the prime of his manhood, as well as professional reputation: "He has a countenance full of the expression of quick-sightedness and logical power, and his voice and manner of delivering himself are such as to add much to this, the natural language of his countenance. He speaks in a firm, harsh tone; and his phraseology aspires to no merit beyond that of closeness and precision. And yet, although entirely without display of imagination, and though apparently scornful to excess of every merely ornamental part of the rhetorical art, it is singular that Mr. Moncreiff should be not only a fervid and animated speaker, but infinitely more keen and fervid throughout the whole tenor of his discourse, and more given to assist his words by violence of gesture, than any of the more imaginative speakers whom I have already endeavoured to describe. When he addresses a jury, he does not seem ever to think of attacking their feelings; but he is determined and resolved that he will omit no exertion which

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may enable him to get the command over their reason. He plants himself before them in an attitude of open defiance: he takes it for granted that they are against him, and he must and will subdue them to his power. Wherever there is room to lay a finger, he fixes a grappling-iron, and continues to tear and tug at everything that opposes him, so that incredulity is glad to purchase repose by assenting to all he demands. . . . His choleric demeanour gives a zest to the dryness of the discussions in which he is commonly to be found engaged. His unmusical voice has so much nerve and vigour in its discords, that after hearing it on several occasions, I began to relish the grating effect it produces upon the tympanum." *

From these two delineations, although the latter is somewhat overcharged, a distinct idea may be formed of James Moncreiff in his professional character and bearing. These also had won their way to such just estimation, that on the 22d of November, 1826, he was elected dean of faculty, although the senior, and in some respects superior claims of Jeffrey to the office were against him. But in Jeffrey himself, with whom he had fought many a hard legal tournament, he found that best of all friends—a generous, open-hearted antagonist—and the great critic and eloquent barrister not only maintained Mr. Moncreiff's claims as superior to his own, but seconded his nomination. While he held this office, the dean showed his upright disinterested love of justice in a case where many in similar circumstances would have quailed. This was in reference to the West Port murders, and the trial of their infamous perpetrators, Burke and Hare. So deep was the popular abhorrence over the whole of England and Scotland on the detection of this hideous system of Thuggism, and so overwhelming was the outcry for justice—for vengeance—that it was thought no advocate could be so hardy as to plead the cause of these assassins, who were already tried and doomed by universal acclamation. It was then that several leading advocates of the Scottish bar, with Mr. Moncreiff as dean, at their head, stepped forward in defence of truth and right against the universal cry, and while the storm was at the wildest; and through their exertions the two malefactors obtained a fair dispassionate trial, in which one of them was absolved, when both might otherwise have been torn to pieces without a hearing. The exertions of the dean of faculty in this thankless and most revolting case—his earnestness to vindicate the claims of justice, whether to acquit or condemn, though a whole world might be arrayed against them—and the discriminating talent with which he sifted the evidence of the whole perplexing affair, until it stood out in all its distinct reality—were long afterwards remembered with grateful commendation, not only by his professional brethren, whom the example honoured and encouraged, but the public at large, whose hasty judgments it restrained and rebuked.

By the death of his revered father, on the 7th of August, 1827, Mr. Moncreiff succeeded to the family baronetcy, under the title of Sir James Wellwood Moncreiff, of Tullibole; his elder brother, who was king's advocate in the Admiralty Court of Malta, having died unmarried in 1813. In 1829 Sir James was appointed a lord of session, in consequence of a vacancy in the bench, occasioned by the death of Lord Alloway. This appointment was the more honourable to Sir James, that it proceeded, not from his own party, but his political opponents. They had no occasion to regret their choice, for as a judge he

* "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk."

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equalled, or perhaps even surpassed the reputation he had won as a barrister. "In the civil court," it is stated in a short notice of his life, "his judgments were admirable for learning and sagacity; and on the bench of the criminal court his dispassionate weighing of evidence, his sound appreciation of the rules of law, the impressive solemnity of his charges on great occasions, carried a conviction, and gained a confidence, which the people of Scotland have not always yielded to their judges." Before his elevation to the bench he had also risen to high public mark and importance, independently of his professional displays, by his speeches at public meetings, on affairs both political and ecclesiastical. This was especially the case at the great meeting held in Edinburgh in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and when Dr. Chalmers and Lord Jeffrey delivered their eloquent and memorable speeches on that important occasion, the first resolution had been previously moved and enforced with great power by Sir James Moncreiff. It was, however, as a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland that his great talents for investigation and debate, combined with his well-known integrity, were chiefly valued; so that, on several important occasions, he was called to lead the deliberations of that august body.

So close a connection with the church, and such a hearty devotedness to its interests, which marked the professional career of Lord Moncreiff, is not to be wondered at when we remember his clerical descent through not less than seven generations! Like his father, also, he adhered to that party in the church known by the title of Evangelical, in opposition to the Moderate side, which might be called the Toryism of the Scottish Kirk. While he held the office of a ruling elder, his attendance at church courts was frequent and his aid effectual, and he had the satisfaction to witness the rise, from year to year, of those principles of religious doctrine and ecclesiastical polity with which he was connected. At length, when his party had acquired such strength as to bring their controversy to a decisive issue upon the great question of patronage, he was called, in 1832, to give evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed to inquire into the origin and exercise of church patronage in Scotland. His lordship's answers to the searching questions which were put to him on his examination, the flood of light which he threw upon this difficult subject, and the simple, earnest, impressive language and manner in which his testimony was delivered, were long afterwards remembered. For a considerable time before the Disruption he had retired from the conflict in consequence of his judicial position; and when at last it occurred, in 1843, his attention was too mournfully engrossed by the death of his lady, which happened at the same period, to allow him to join in the events of that great movement. After the Disruption, although he ceased to be an elder, he continued to hold church-membership in the Free Church of Scotland, with whose leading principles his whole course of life had been identified.

On nearing the venerable age of seventy-five, Lord Moncreiff began to yield to the decay of nature; and for several weeks before he died, the state of his health was such, that although the physicians held out hopes of his recovery, he felt assured that his end was at hand—a result which he contemplated without dismay, and for which he prepared with Christian resignation and confidence. His death occurred at his house in Moray Place, Edinburgh, on the afternoon of March 30, 1851, and his remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, within a few feet of the grave of his old friend, Lord Jeffrey. His character is thus briefly and emphatically summed up by Lord Cockburn: "I am

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T. H. Hodge. F. A. Roberts.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD", "SONGS OF ZION," &c.

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not aware how his moral nature could have been improved. A truer friend, a more upright judge, or a more affectionate man, could not be."

The family of Lord Moncreiff consists of five sons and three daughters. Of these, the eldest son, Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, is minister of the Free West church of St. Cuthberts, Edinburgh; the second, who followed his father's profession, is now her majesty's Lord Advocate for Scotland.

MONTGOMERY, James, was the last of the brilliant galaxy of poets (excepting Samuel Rogers) which illuminated the hemisphere of British literature in the early part of the present century. He was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian minister stationed at that time in Irvine. The house where the poet was born still exists, and is an object of interest to strangers visiting the town. It was originally a detached building, situated in the centre of an open space, and consisted of a pretty large room, which was used as a chapel by the Moravian congregation, and a separate apartment in which the family lived, and where the poet was born. The house is now surrounded by other buildings, and what was once the chapel is occupied as a weaver's shop. The poet's father must have been in straitened circumstances, as he found it necessary to devote part of his time to a manual occupation; and a townsman and friend of the poet's, who has furnished the writer with several other particulars of his early history, remembers being informed by an old friend, thirty years ago, that he recollected attending the chapel one evening in his youth, when the poet's father closed the service by addressing the congregation in substance as follows:—"I am a man of simple tastes and habits, but I cannot live upon air; and therefore, individuals present will have an opportunity, when they retire, of leaving behind them what they think proper towards my support." The Moravian cause seems not to have found a genial soil in Irvine, as, on the removal of the poet's father to Ireland, in 1775, no preacher appears to have succeeded him. The town of Ayr now possesses the only Moravian congregation in Scotland. From the period when his father was ordered by the Moravian body to do duty at their establishment of Gracehill, near Ballymena, in Ireland, and whither he accordingly removed his family, till the year 1841, being a period of sixty-six years, James Montgomery had not once visited Scotland. He was between four and five years of age when he left Irvine, but his recollections of his early years were extremely vivid, and on the occasion of his visit to his native town, he related some of them with great delight to a meeting of the inhabitants assembled to do him honour. One of these anecdotes was connected with his removal from Ireland to the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. He had received the elements of his education from "Jemmy M'Caffery," the village schoolmaster at Gracehill, and being now between six and seven years of age, it was determined to send him to school in England. Taking a child's farewell of his mother, he and his father embarked in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and were overtaken by a violent storm. The poet remembered how his childish terror was soothed by the affection of his father, and his confidence restored by his expressions of trust in the providence of God and the love of his Redeemer. The effect produced upon the boy attracted the attention of the master of the vessel, who, himself evincing considerable solicitude in the trying circumstances, observed—"I would give a hundred guineas for the faith of that child." Mr. Montgomery took great pleasure in looking back upon the incidents of the voyage, as having called forth memorable evidence of the simple faith and piety

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of his father. James was placed in the Moravian institution at Fulneck in October, 1777. Another of his early reminiscences related to this school. It was visited on one occasion by the celebrated Lord Monboddo, whose figure the poet recalled as dressed in a rough closely-buttoned coat, with top boots, and carrying in his hand a large whip, such as huntsmen use. He inquired if there was any Scotch boy in the school; and the teacher having produced young Montgomery, Lord Monboddo looked the future poet sternly in the face, and, after addressing to him some counsels suitable to his years—holding the whip towards him, as the boy thought, in unpleasant proximity—"Mind, Sir," he added, "that I trust you will never do anything to disgrace your country." "This," said the poet, "I never forgot, nor shall I forget it while I live. I have, indeed, endeavoured so to act hitherto, that my country might never have cause to be ashamed of me; nor will I, on my part, ever be ashamed of her." In 1783, John Montgomery and his wife, the father and mother of the poet, proceeded to the West Indies, as missionaries. The only allusion in Montgomery's poems to the place of his birth occurs in the verses written on revisiting Fulneck school in 1806, and the remembrance of Irvine recalled the image of his sainted parents, both of whom had died in the West Indies:—

"The loud Atlantic ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hailed their first-born boy;
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy;
My father, mother—parents now no more!
Beneath the Lion Star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

The boy remained for ten years at Fulneck, where he was carefully educated, it being the wish of the Brethren to train him for the ministry; but the bent of his mind not being in that direction, the intention was not persisted in. His first poetical impulse was received from reading Blair's "Grave." At the age of twelve he produced some small poems, and his taste for poetry was cherished by reading extracts from Milton, Thomson, and Young, together with such books as he could procure and enjoy by stealth. He was sent to earn his bread as an assistant in a chandler's shop, but did not take kindly to the occupation, ran away from his master, and after another year of service with a second, at last set off to London with 3*s*. 6*d*. in his pocket, to seek fame and fortune. He offered a manuscript volume of verse to Mr. Harrison, publisher, Paternoster Row, who rejected the poetry, but engaged the poet as a clerk. In this situation he continued for eight months, but feeling the drudgery irksome, he made his way back to Yorkshire. In 1792 he obtained employment in the establishment of Mr. Gales, a bookseller in Sheffield, who had commenced a newspaper named the "Sheffield Register." Montgomery found the labour of a journalist congenial to his tastes; but those were difficult times for men who

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entertained and propagated liberal opinions, as the young poet soon discovered. Mr. Gales was obliged to flee from England, to avoid prosecution for printing an article which incurred the displeasure of the despotic government of the day. The poet now became the editor and publisher of the paper, changing its name to the "Sheffield Iris." Although more prudent and moderate than his predecessor, he was also more gifted, and therefore more obnoxious to men in power, who set a watch for his halting. The whole nation was convulsed by the example and influence of the French revolution, and political feeling ran high in Sheffield, when Montgomery undertook the labours and responsibility of editorship. Reverting, thirty-one years afterwards, in his valedictory address to his readers, to this era of his life, he said:—"With all the enthusiasm of youth, for I had not then arrived at years of discretion, I entered into the feelings of those who avowed themselves the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity. Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience, which (I may fearlessly say so) long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words raging in the neighbourhood, beyond occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of showing my literary than my political qualifications. Ignorant of myself, and inexperienced in the world as a child of seven years old, having actually not lived so long among its everyday inhabitants, even when I became editor of the "Iris," I nevertheless was preserved from joining myself to any of the political societies till they were broken up in 1794, when, I confess, I did associate with the remnant of one of them for a purpose which I shall never be ashamed to avow; to support the families of several of the accused leaders, who were detained prisoners in London, under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and who were finally discharged without having been brought to trial." The rule of his editorial conduct, he adds, was "a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right." It was in 1794 that the "Iris" was commenced, and it was carried on "through a series of sufferings, desertions, crosses, and calamities without a name," persecuted by the aristocrats and abandoned by the Jacobins; yet the editor outlived the hostility of his enemies, won their confidence and friendship, and for years after 1805, which ended, as he observes, the "romance" of his life, he was supported, by the same arms that had fought against him, in a path of moderate prosperity. The more romantic incidents of the period referred to were his being twice prosecuted and imprisoned for alleged political offences. An example was wanted, as he tells us, to deter others from doing what *he* had not yet done, but what *they* were doing with impunity. He had scarcely been installed a month in the editorial chair, when he was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business-orders were received, to see an old grotesque-looking ballad-monger, who was offering twelve songs for a penny, and running glibly over a catalogue of their names. Presenting Montgomery with a specimen of the article, he inquired what would be the cost of six quires of the same. The reply was, that the presses were better employed than in printing such commodities, and he was recommended to apply elsewhere. "But you have *this* standing in your office," was the rejoinder; whereupon, expressing his ignorance of the fact, Montgomery took up the printed leaf, and found that it contained two copies of verses, with each of which he had long been familiar, although he had never before seen them in that particular form. In a wood cut figure of

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Liberty and the British Lion, he now recognized the frontispiece of an extinct periodical conducted by his predecessor; and on inquiring in the printing-office, he found that the ballads had been put in type surreptitiously by one of Mr. Gales' apprentices, for the use of his companions, and that the ballad-vender had lately, for old acquaintance sake, been furnished by the foreman with a quantity for sale. On learning these particulars, Montgomery allowed the poor fellow to obtain what he wanted. Eighteenpence worth of the ballads was accordingly worked off, and paid for. In two months afterwards Montgomery was arrested, on a magistrate's warrant, for publishing a certain seditious libel respecting the war then waging between his majesty and the French government, entitled, "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast," which song had, in fact, been composed in 1792, a year before the war with France commenced, and referred solely to the invasion of France by the armies of Austria and Prussia. It was enough that the song had been printed by Montgomery, and vended by a ballad-monger, who went about crying "Straws to sell!" and giving away the ballad into the bargain. A constable purchased a straw, obtained the ballad to boot, and took the ballad-seller into custody. Upon the evidence of the constable and the ballad-monger, Montgomery was found guilty of the publication, by a jury, at Doncaster sessions, January 22, 1795; and the sentence of the court was three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and a fine of £20. Forty-four years afterwards, in 1839, Mr. Montgomery received a packet, containing several of the original documents connected with his trial. Amongst these was a letter from the Duke of Portland, then the home-secretary, to a local magistrate, approving of the steps taken against the song-seller and the publisher. The "compliments" of the attorney-general, Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, were, according to instructions from Mr. White, solicitor to the treasury, to accompany the brief to three counsel named, and the Sheffield solicitor's bill of costs was indorsed *Rex* v. *Montgomery*. "Thus (says the poet) I learned that I had actually suffered, not to say enjoyed, the honour of a State prosecution." A fragment of the original draft of the brief was also received, stating that "this prosecution is carried on chiefly with a view of putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield; and it is hoped that, if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested." The second offence for which Mr. Montgomery was tried and imprisoned, was the printing, in his paper, of a paragraph reflecting hardly upon the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield in 1795. The trial took place at Doncaster sessions in 1796, a verdict was given against the defendant, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the king, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. Mr. Montgomery never complained of this trial and sentence; and he records, in the introduction to his "Prison Amusements," that the magistrate whom he had offended, took the opportunity, a few years afterwards, of showing him both kindness and confidence in an affair of business, and that his conduct evinced that his mind was as much discharged of hostile feeling towards his editorial opponent, "as, I trust (says the latter), mine was of resentment against him." In the same spirit, the poet in his valedictory address in 1825, said—"I can now add that all the persons who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795 are dead, and without exception they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from

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each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness."

Having failed to obtain poetical renown by his youthful effusions, Mr. Montgomery informs us that he resolved to secure it by such means as made many of his contemporaries notorious. He wrote doggrel verse after the model of Peter Pindar, and prose in the style of Fielding and Smollett, occasionally imitating the wild flights of the German plays and romances. To the failure of these attempts he refers in this characteristic remark:—"A Providence of disappointment shut every door in my face, by which I attempted to force my way to a dishonourable fame;" and he congratulates himself on having been saved from appearing as the author of works of which he should afterwards have felt ashamed. His first successful poetical effort was "The Wanderer of Switzerland," which appeared in 1806. This poem, descriptive of the sufferings of the Swiss, when the independence of their country was destroyed by France, was severely handled in the "Edinburgh Review," and afterwards defended by Lord Byron. It was followed by "The West Indies," written to accompany a series of pictures published as a memorial of the abolition of the slave-trade. In this genial labour, to which the poet says he gave his whole mind, as affording him an opportunity of exposing the iniquities of slavery and the slave trade, he was associated with Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath," and Miss Benger, who wrote several works in history and biography. In 1813 appeared "The World before the Flood," suggested to the poet by a passage in the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost," referring to the translation of Enoch. This was followed in 1819 by "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, the plan, which was not fully carried out, being to describe the original condition of the country and its people, and exhibit the changes wrought by the introduction of the gospel by the Moravian missionaries. The last and best of Montgomery's works, "The Pelican Island," was published in 1827, and confirmed the author's title to a high place amongst the British poets. It is the most imaginative of all his writings, and abounds in fresh and vigorous description. Each of the principal poems, issued at intervals, was accompanied by minor and miscellaneous compositions, many of them of great merit, and possessing the elements of lasting popularity. "The Prison Amusements" is the name given to a series of small poems on various subjects, written during his incarcerations in York Castle. "The Grave" appeared in the first volume of the poet's works, and is one of the best known of his minor pieces.

In "Thoughts on Wheels," the poet denounced the national wickedness and folly of the State lotteries, and powerfully contributed to the abolition of this disgraceful method of replenishing the public treasury. In this poem, Montgomery introduces an apostrophe to Britain, breathing a lofty strain of patriotism and piety. When he visited Scotland in 1841, he read these verses at a public breakfast to which he was invited in Glasgow, as expressing his personal feelings towards his native land and its noble institutions. The sufferings of chimney-sweepers' apprentices engaged his sympathy, and drew from his pen a series of verses, under the title of "The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies." He paraphrased a number of the Psalms of David in "Songs of Zion," but admitted, when in Scotland, that no version of the Psalms came up to that used in the Presbyterian Churches for scriptural simplicity and truthfulness to the original. "The Common Lot," "The Little Cloud," "Night," "Robert Burns," "The Daisy in India," "Friends," "A Voyage Round the World,"

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and numerous hymns, are amongst the minor compositions which have made his name familiar wherever there is piety to feel their force and taste to appreciate their beauty. His collected poetical works were published by Longman and Co., London, in four 12mo volumes, in 1841, and an edition in one volume appeared in 1851. This was followed in 1853, by "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." Montgomery also produced several prose writings, lectured on poetry, and edited "The Christian Poets," published by Collins in Glasgow. The religious character of his larger poems has, no doubt, limited the range of his readers, but both in this country and in America, his works enjoy a high reputation; and in the United States, have run through numerous editions. The purity of his language, the fluency of his numbers, and above all the evangelical spirit of his religious compositions, have exerted a considerable influence upon public taste and feeling. The tendency of all he wrote was to purify and elevate. The catholicity of his religious poems reflects the spirit of their author, who was singularly free from sectarian narrowness. His latter years were devoted to active usefulness and works of beneficence in Sheffield, where he was universally known and beloved. He died at his residence, the Mount, in that town, April 30, 1854, in his eighty-third year, and was honoured with a public funeral. The venerable poet had enjoyed, for some years, a well-deserved literary pension from government, of £150 a-year.

The ostensible object of Mr. Montgomery's visit to Scotland, in 1841, when he was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Latrobe, was the promotion of the missions of the United Brethren; but he also avowed a strong desire to see the place of his nativity before he died. His reception by the magistrates and inhabitants of Irvine was most enthusiastic. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, also, he was received with the utmost respect. In Irvine he visited, at her own request, Mrs. Thomson, an aged lady, who had been intimate with his parents, and had often carried him in her arms when a child. His interview with this venerable person, and his visit to the house where he was born, excited profound feeling in the heart of the poet. In the old chapel, where the weavers were at work, he was gratified to find a copy of the verses quoted above, glazed, framed, and hung up in a conspicuous place, where it had often previously been seen by visitors. One of the gentlemen present commenced to read the verses, but his reading not pleasing the poet, he repeated them himself with peculiar grace and tenderness. Whilst these pages are passing through the press (1855), a proposal is being favourably entertained by the townsmen of the poet to purchase the house in which he was born, and preserve it as a monument to his memory.

MOTHERWELL, William.—This poet, antiquary, and journalist, was born at Glasgow, on the 13th of October, 1797, and was the third son of William Motherwell, an ironmonger in that city. His education, owing to family movements, was received partly in Edinburgh, and afterwards in Paisley, but was brought to a close at the age of fifteen, when he was placed as clerk in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley. During so brief a training in literature, he was distinguished merely as an active, clever boy; but independently of school lessons, he had already prepared himself for his future career by his aptitude in copying and imitating old MSS., and by writing verses. The object of his early poetical inspiration was Jeanie Morrison, a beautiful young girl, who attended with him the same school in Edinburgh, and sat with him on the same form, according to the fashion of teaching at that period, even in our

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metropolis. The exquisite song in which he commemorated this fair theme of his youthful enthusiasm, and whom he never afterwards forgot, would have reached a higher celebrity than it has ever attained, had there not been a "Mary in Heaven."

After William Motherwell had completed his apprenticeship, he was appointed, at the early age of twenty-one, sheriff-clerk depute of the county of Renfrew, an office that brought him a considerable income. But it was also fraught with no little danger, on account of the Radical commotions of that manufacturing district, where every weaver, under the enlightenment of Paine and Cobbett, was persuaded that all things were wrong both in church and state, and that there was no remedy except a universal subversion. With this turbulent spirit Motherwell was often brought into perilous contact, from being obliged by his office to execute the unpalatable behests of law; and on one of these occasions, in 1818, he was assailed by a frantic mob, who hustled him to the parapet of the bridge across the Cart, with the intention of throwing him into the river. Up to this period, like most young men of ardent poetical temperament, he had dreamed his dream of liberty, but such rough handling was enough to extinguish it, and he settled down into a Conservative.

While he was thus compelled by duty to issue ungracious writs, prepare copies of the Riot Act, and occasionally wield the truncheon of a constable in the disturbed streets of Paisley, William Motherwell steadily pursued those literary occupations upon which his claims to public notice were founded. He enlarged his reading, until his library was stored with a miscellaneous but rich collection, in which antique works predominated, especially those connected with poetry, romance, and the old Runic mythology. He also wrote pieces in prose and verse, which he readily bestowed upon his friends; and was, so early as 1818, a contributor to a small work published at Greenock called the "Visitor." He edited the "Harp of Renfrewshire," containing biographical notices of the poets of that district, from the 16th to the 19th century, which was published in 1819. This work was but the prelude to one of greatly higher importance, which he published in Glasgow in 1827, under the title of "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in which his researches into Scottish antiquarianism were turned to best account. In 1828 he commenced the "Paisley Magazine," the pages of which he enriched with some of his best poetical productions; and during the same year he succeeded to the editorship of the "Paisley Advertiser," a Conservative newspaper, previously under the management of his friend, William Kennedy, author of "Fitful Fancies." As Motherwell had now acquired considerable reputation, not only as a poet, but political journalist, this last step was followed by one more important two years afterwards. The "Glasgow Courier" having lost the able superintendence of Mr. James M'Queen, its proprietors applied to Motherwell, who closed with their proposals, and became editor of the Courier in February, 1830, an office in which he continued till his death, nearly six years after.

However profitable this change might have appeared in a pecuniary point of view, or even as an opportunity of acquiring higher literary distinction, it is certain that the result was far from being favourable. Motherwell's knowledge of general, and especially of modern history, was defective, owing to his exclusive love of antiquarianism; and his habits of composition, from the scantiness of his early training, were irregular, slow, and laborious. But thus imperfectly equipped, he was obliged, as editor of the "Glasgow Courier," to step forth as

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the champion of Toryism in a locality where Toryism was at a mercantile discount, and at a period when the tide of public events throughout Europe was rushing in an opposite direction. In a newspaper that was issued three times a-week, and at a season when every throne was overturned or rudely shaken, he found it equally impossible to command his attention to every scene of action, and his temper upon every variety of subject; and although he bore up and fought gallantly, so as to command the approval of both friends and enemies, the termination, in an overworn intellect and premature death, was nothing more than a natural penalty. Such was the result, on the 1st of November, 1835, when he was suddenly struck with apoplexy in bed, at four o'clock in the morning, and expired four hours after, at the early age of thirty-eight, although his robust frame, active habits, and happy temperament promised a healthy longevity. He was buried in the Glasgow Necropolis, while the persons of every class of political opinion who attended the funeral, betokened the general esteem in which he was held, and the regret that was felt on account of his departure.

During his short life of toil in Glasgow, Motherwell was not wholly occupied with his editorial duties; his devotedness to poetry continued unabated, and although he found little time for new productions, he was a considerable contributor to "The Day," a periodical conducted in Glasgow by Mr. John Strang. He also joined with the Ettrick Shepherd in preparing an edition of Burns's works, but which he did not live to see completed. In addition to these he left unfinished at his death a prose collection of Norse legends, said to be of great power and beauty, and materials for a life of Tannahill. It is as a poet, however, that Motherwell will continue to be best known and distinguished; and of his larger productions, his ballads of "The Battle-Flag of Sigurd," and "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi," fully attest his ability in the wild and stirring runes of the north; while his songs of "My heid is like to rend, Willie," "The Midnight Wind," and above all, "Jeanie Morrison," will make those who read them regret that he did not throw journalism to the dogs, and become wholly and devotedly a song-writer. Indeed, it has been well said of him, by no less a critic than Professor Wilson:—"All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound; he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. . . . . His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine; he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

MURRAY, Sir George.—This gallant soldier and able statesman was the second son of Sir William Murray, Bart., and Lady Augusta Mackenzie, seventh and youngest daughter of George, Earl of Cromarty. He was born at the family seat in Perthshire, on the 6th of February, 1772, and received his education, first at the high school, and afterwards at the university of Edinburgh. Having chosen the military profession, he obtained an ensigncy in the 71st regiment of foot at the age of seventeen, from which he rapidly transferred himself, first to the 34th, and afterwards to the 3d regiment of Guards. He first saw service in the campaigns of Flanders in 1794 and 1795, and shared in the disastrous retreat of the allied army through Holland and Germany, and subsequently, during the last of these years, he served in the West Indies under Sir Ralph Abercromby, until ill health obliged him to return home, where he served upon the staff, both in England and Ireland, during 1797 and 1798. Such is but a

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scanty outline of his military services during this stirring period, when war was the principal occupation, and when it was successively shifted to every quarter of the globe. During these changes, the promotion of Sir George went onward steadily, so that he rose through the various ranks, from an ensign to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Guards, to which he was appointed in 1799.

It is well known that at this period the military profession had few of those attractions which it subsequently possessed, when Wellington, and the heroes whom he trained to victory, directed the operations of our armies; in too many cases, our commanders groped their way in the dark, while the soldiers had little more than their characteristic bull-dog obstinacy and courage to rely upon, when they found themselves out-marched and out-manœuvred. This Colonel Murray was doomed to experience in his next campaign, which was the expedition to Holland, an expedition attended with an immense amount of loss, suffering, and disaster, and with very little honour as a counterpoise. Of course, Murray came in for his full share of hardship and privation during the retreat, and was wounded at the Helder, but was able to proceed with his regiment to Cork. A better promise of distinction dawned for him when he was sent with his regiment from Cork to Gibraltar, to serve under the brave Sir Ralph Abercromby in the Egyptian campaign; and in this successful expedition he performed an important part, having been placed in the quarter-master-general's department, and sent forward to Egypt for the purpose of making arrangements previous to the arrival of the British army. Here Murray's active enterprising spirit found full occupation; he was present at every engagement, where he rendered most effectual service, and had his merit acknowledged by the Turkish government, which conferred upon him the order of the crescent.

After the termination of this prosperous expedition, Colonel Murray's services were transferred from Egypt to the West Indies, for which he embarked in 1802, with the rank of adjutant-general to the British forces in these colonies. His stay there, however, was brief; and on returning home, and occupying for a short period a situation at the horse-guards, he was next employed in Ireland, with the appointment of deputy quarter-master-general. From this comparatively peaceful occupation, after holding it for two years, he was called out, in 1806, to the more congenial prospect of active service, in consequence of the projected expedition to Stralsund, which, like many others of the same kind, was rendered abortive through the unprecedented successes of the French, upon which few as yet could calculate, owing to the new mode of warfare introduced by Napoleon, and the startling rapidity of his movements. Colonel Murray's next service was of a diplomatic character, and to the court of Sweden; but its freakish sovereign, whose proceedings were perplexing alike to friend and enemy, was not to be reasoned into moderation; and therefore neither Murray, nor yet Sir John Moore, who was sent out with a military force, could avert those disasters which terminated in that monarch's deposition. From Sweden Colonel Murray, now holding the rank of quarter-master-general, went with the British troops in that country to Portugal, where they joined Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had now commenced that splendid career which scarcely encountered an interruption, and led to such important results in the history of Europe, of which ages must tell the termination.

It would be too much to detail the career of Colonel Murray while he served in Spain and Portugal under the command of Wellington. At almost every engagement he was present, while his conduct was such as to elevate him into that

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chosen band whom history will recognize as the "heroes of the peninsular war." The sense of the value of his services was also shown in his appointment to the rank of major-general in 1812, to the command of a regiment in 1813, and to the honorary title of knight of the bath in the same year. With the exile of Napoleon to Elba, when it was thought that every chance of further war had ended, Sir George Murray was not to retire, like so many of his companions in arms, into peaceful obscurity; on the contrary, his talents for civil occupation having been fully experienced, he was appointed to the difficult charge of the government of the Canadas. He had scarcely fully entered, however, upon the duties of this new appointment, when he was advertised by the secretary of state of Bonaparte's escape from Elba and landing in France, accompanied with the choice of remaining in his government of the Canadas, or returning to Europe, and resuming his military occupations. Sir George at once decided upon the latter; but though he made the utmost haste to rejoin the army, such delays occurred that he did not reach it until the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and Paris occupied by the allies. In the French capital he remained three years with the army of occupation, holding the rank of lieutenant-general, and honoured with seven different orders of foreign knighthood, independently of those he had received from his own court, in attestation of his services and worth. At his return home, also, when Paris was resigned by the allies to its own government, he was appointed governor of the castle of Edinburgh, afterwards of the royal military college, and finally, lieutenant-general of the ordnance. Literary distinctions, moreover, were not wanting; for in 1820 he received from the university of Oxford the degree of doctor of common laws, and in 1824 he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society.

Such is a very scanty outline of the history of Sir George Murray; and it gives but a faint idea of his long military career. "Very few men," says one of his biographers, "even among our distinguished veterans, have seen such severe and active service as Sir G. Murray. Sharp fighting and military hardships seemed to be his lot, from the first moment at which he carried the colours of his regiment, till the last cannon resounded on the field of Waterloo. With the single exception of India, he was absent neither from the disasters nor the triumphs of the British army. France, Ireland, Sweden, Portugal, Spain, the West Indies, Denmark, and Egypt, have witnessed the services of this able and experienced commander. . . . . It has often been remarked of the Duke of Wellington, as of all great men, that he is singularly prompt in discerning the particular individual who happens to be the man above all others best fitted for the particular duties which he requires to have discharged. His great general of division was Lord Hill, and his great cavalry officer Lord Anglesey; his great organizer of raw levies, Lord Beresford, and his best of all quarter-masters, General Sir G. Murray."

Sir George was now to astonish the world by equal excellence in a very different department. He had left the university of Edinburgh for the army at the early age of seventeen, and from that period to the close of his military career his life had been one of incessant action and change, so that it was evident he could have had very little time for study and self-improvement. And yet he was distinguished throughout as an accomplished scholar, eloquent orator, and able writer, and was now to bring all these qualities to bear upon his new vocation as a statesman. Men who wondered how or at what time he could have acquired those excellencies, which are generally the result of a life of

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peaceful avocation and study, were obliged to settle upon the conclusion that his mind must have been of such a singularly precocious character as to be able to finish its education at the early age of seventeen! He commenced his career as a politician in 1823, when he was chosen member of parliament for the county of Perth, and in 1826 he changed his condition in life, by becoming a husband and a father, at the age of fifty-four, his wife being Lady Louisa Erskine, sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, and widow of Sir James Erskine, by whom he had one daughter. In 1828 he resigned the command of the army in Ireland for the office of secretary of state for the colonies—and it was in this department especially that he astounded his cotemporaries by his political sagacity, aptitude for business, and talents as an orator and debater. "He possessed," we are told, "the power of logical arrangement in a remarkable degree; and though his speeches did not 'smell of the lamp,' they always had a beginning, middle, and conclusion; besides that, they possessed a coherence and congruity rarely found in parliamentary speeches, a force and appropriateness of diction not often surpassed, an eloquence and copiousness which a soldier could not be expected to attain, and an agreeable style of delivery which many more professed speakers might imitate with advantage."

After these explanations, it becomes the less necessary to enter into a full detail of Sir George Murray's political proceedings. His office of secretary for the colonies was discharged with ability and success; and his ascendency in the House upon general questions was universally felt and acknowledged. He supported the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and opposed the Liberal government in 1830 and 1831. In 1832, upon the passing of the Reform Bill, and dissolution of Parliament that followed, Sir George was again candidate for Perthshire, to which he had been repeatedly elected as representative; but on this occasion the tide was against him and in favour of Lord Ormelie; but when the latter succeeded to the peerage in 1834 as Marquis of Breadalbane, Perthshire again presented a parliamentary vacancy, to which Sir George was called, in preference to Mr. Graham, the Whig candidate. This seat he again lost under Sir Robert Peel's administration in 1834–5, Mr. Fox Maule, now Lord Panmure, being the successful candidate; but Sir George held the important appointment of master-general of the Ordnance to console him under his defeat. Such were the political fluctuations of this stirring period, in which the chief war that was waged by the country was one of hot and hard words, with the floor of the House of Commons for its battle-field. In 1837, when there was a general election, in consequence of the accession of Queen Victoria, Sir George Murray stood for Westminster; but his political opinions were so different from those of the many in this stronghold of Liberalism, that he was unsuccessful. Scarcely two years afterwards he was tempted to stand for Manchester, which had become vacant by the promotion of its representative, Mr. Paulett Thompson, to the peerage; but here again Sir George was unsuccessful. Still, however, he remained a minister of the crown, as master-general of the Ordnance, to which he was reappointed in 1841. His last public effort was in a literary capacity, when he edited five volumes of the Duke of Marlborough's despatches, by which an important addition was made to the historical annals of Britain.

After so long a course of active exertion, Sir George's strong constitution gave way, so that for more than a year previous to his death, he was unable to leave his house in Belgrave Square: there, however, he continued to attend to

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the duties of his office until the last six months, when, unable for further exertion, he tendered his resignation. His death occurred on the 26th of July, 1846, at the age of seventy-four.

N.

NAPIER, Macvey.—This learned lawyer, professor, and encyclopedist, was born in 1777, and was the son of John Macvey of Kirkintilloch, by a natural daughter of Napier of Craigannet. He was educated for the profession of the law, and passed as a writer to the signet in 1799. As his training had been of no ordinary kind, while his talents and attainments were of a very high order, a career of profit and reputation was anticipated for him by his friends, which, however, was not fulfilled, as he was not only of too sensitive a disposition for the practical department of his profession, but too exclusively devoted to the abstract philosophy of legislation, and the charms of general literature. These researches, however, were such as to win him distinction in the path he had chosen. His first production as an author appeared in 1818, when he published, but for private circulation, "Remarks illustrative of the Scope and Influence of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon." In 1825 he was appointed professor of conveyancing in the university of Edinburgh, having been the first who held that chair of the law faculty; and his lectures, while he officiated in this capacity, evinced the vigorous and thoughtful attention he had bestowed upon the subject. In 1837 he was finally raised to one of the clerkships of the Court of Session, an office of sufficient honour, as well as emolument, to satisfy the ambition of the most thriving legal practitioner.

The elevation of Mr., afterwards Lord Jeffrey, to the deanship of the faculty of advocates in 1829, was the cause of bringing the literary talents of Macvey Napier into full exercise. On becoming dean of faculty, the great Aristarchus of criticism was obliged to abandon the editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," and this responsible charge was forthwith devolved upon Mr. Napier. To have been summoned to such an office, and to succeed such a man, shows the high estimate that had been formed of his talents. Afterwards a still more important claim was made upon his labours: this was to undertake the editorship of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," of which a seventh edition was about to be published, with many additions and improvements. Such, indeed, had been the progress of art and science in the course of a few years, that not only a new edition of the work, but also a nearly new work itself was deemed necessary, so that such an editorship was in the highest degree a most complex and laborious task. Of the manner in which this was discharged by Mr. Napier there can be but one opinion. He not only wrote able articles for the work, but secured the co-operation of the most talented writers of the day; and the result was, that the "Encyclopedia," on being completed, took the highest place in that important class of publications to which it belongs. Years, which are now accomplishing the work of centuries, have once more left the "Encyclopedia Britannica" in abeyance, and a fresh effort is now in operation to bring it up to the mark of the present day. Such must always continue to be the fate of colleges and cyclopedias: knowledge will not submit to the imprisonment of stereotype.

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From the foregoing account, it will be seen that the literary life of Macvey Napier was of that kind in which the individuality of the author is lost in the association of which he forms a part. In this way, it would be difficult to particularize his writings, which are scattered over such extensive fields as those of the "Encyclopedia" and "Edinburgh Review." But such is now the fate of many of the most talented of our day, whose anonymous productions melt away into the mass of journalism, and are forgot with the occasion that called them forth. Such men, however, do not live idly nor in vain, and their history is to be read in the progress of society, which continues to go onward with an always accelerating step. This was eminently the case of Macvey Napier during a life of literary exertion that continued over a course of thirty years. He died at Edinburgh, on the 11th of February, 1847, in the seventieth year of his age.

NASMYTH, ALEXANDER.—This excellent artist, the father of the Scottish school of landscape painting, was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1758. Having finished his early education in his native city, he went, while still a youth, to London, where he became the apprenticed pupil of the Scottish Vandyke, Allan Ramsay, son of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd." Under this distinguished master, Nasmyth must have been a diligent scholar, as his future excellence in portrait painting sufficiently attested. Italy, however, was the land of his artistic affections; and in that beautiful country, where nature and art equally unfold their rich stores for the study of the painter, he became a resident for several years. During this period he ardently devoted himself to his chosen profession of historical and portrait painting. But this was not enough to satisfy his aspirations. The silent but attractive beauty of nature, over its wide range of varied scenery, led him at his leisure hours among the rich Italian landscapes, which he studied with the fondness of an enthusiast and the eye of a master; and in this way, while he was daily employed in copying the best productions of the Italian schools, and learning, for the purpose of imitating, their excellencies, he was also a diligent attendant at the fountain-head, and qualifying himself to be a great landscape painter, in which, afterwards, his distinction principally consisted. To these were added the noble productions of ancient and modern architecture, that breathe the breath of life through inanimate scenes, and speak of man, the soul of creation—the mouldering walls and monuments of past generations and mighty deeds, alternated with those stately palaces and picturesque cottages that form the homes of a living generation. It was not enough for Nasmyth to delineate these attractive vistas and noble fabrics, and store them in his portfolio, as a mere stock in trade upon which to draw in future professional emergencies. He, on the contrary, so completely identified himself with their existence, that they became part and parcel of his being. This he evinced some fifty years after, when Wilkie, then fresh from Italy, visited the venerable father-artist, and conversed with him upon the objects of his recent studies. On that occasion Nasmyth astonished and delighted him by his Italian reminiscences, which were as fresh, as life-like, and full of correct touches, as if he had but yesterday left the country of Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

On returning from Italy, Nasmyth commenced in earnest the profession of a portrait painter in his native city. In those days personal vanity was to the full as strong in Edinburgh as it is at present, while portrait painters, at least artists worthy of the title, were very scarce; and it was not wonderful, therefore, that the talents of Nasmyth in this department should soon find ample

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occupation. The most distinguished gentlemen and ladies of his day were proud to sit to him; and of the numerous portraits which he produced, his admirable likeness of Burns will always be considered as a valuable national monument of our honoured peasant bard. But still the artist's enthusiasm lay elsewhere: the countenance of nature possessed more charms for him than even the "human face divine," and he could not forget the delight he had experienced in sketching the beautiful and picturesque scenery of Italy. And his own native Scotland too—was it not rich in scenes that were worthy of the highest efforts of his art, although they had hitherto been overlooked? To this department he therefore turned, and became exclusively a landscape painter, while his successful efforts quickly obtained for him a still higher distinction than his portraits had secured. The admiration excited by his numerous productions in this style of art, necessarily occasioned frequent visits to the mansions of the noble and wealthy, by whom he was employed; and while his chief hours there were devoted to strictly professional employment, his walks of recreation in the garden or over the grounds, were by no means idle; whatever object he saw was at once electrotyped upon his brain, on which his busy fancy was employed in altering, touching, and retouching, until an improved and complete picture was the result. His suggestions, the fruit of such artistic taste, combined with careful study, were received with pleasure, and their effect was an improvement in the scenic beauty of the gardens and pleasure-grounds, by the alterations he had indicated. This circumstance gave a new direction to his professional labours; he must create scenery as well as paint it. The necessity was laid upon him by his widely-reported fame as an improver, so that numerous applications were made upon his time for such suggestions as might heighten and harmonize the mansion scenery of our country. He therefore added this to his other occupations, and found in it an ample source of emolument, as well as professional enjoyment. And no one who has witnessed the condition of our old Scottish feudal homes, that doggedly resisted every modern innovation, will deny the necessity of such an office as that which was thrust upon Nasmyth. Many a stately castellated and time-honoured abode of the day, which still looked as if it expected a Highland *spreagh* or border foray, and cared for nothing but its defences, was converted by Nasmyth's arrangements into the striking central object of a rich scenic fore and background, upon which the tourist could pause with delight, instead of hurrying by, as he had been wont to do, with the disappointed exclamation, "I will take mine ease in mine inn!" Nor was the enthusiasm of Nasmyth confined exclusively to rural beauty and its improvement. He appreciated the noble site of Edinburgh, that fitting throne for the queen of cities, and was anxious that man's art should correspond with nature's beneficence in such a favoured locality. He therefore gave suggestions for the improvement of our street architecture, which have been happily followed, while many others have been partially adopted, connected with the rich scenery of our northern metropolis, by which the whole aspect of the city from its environs has been improved at every point. The capabilities, in an artistic point of view, of his native city, was the favourite theme of his evening conversations to the close of his long-protracted life; and many can still remember how ancient Athens itself was eclipsed by the pictures which he drew of what Edinburgh might be made, through the advantages of her position, and the taste of her citizens.

To these important and engrossing occupations Nasmyth added that of a

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teacher of his art, by opening a school of painting in his own house, where he had for his pupils many who have since distinguished themselves in different departments of pictorial excellence. Among these may be mentioned his own family of sons and daughters, all of whom were more or less imbued with his spirit, particularly his eldest son, Peter, who died before him, whose paintings now take their place among those of our foremost British artists. In this way the days of Alexander Nasmyth were spent, until first one generation of artists, and then another had passed away; but although more than eighty years had now whitened his head and wrinkled his brow, he still pursued his beloved occupation, as if death alone could arrest the labours of his pencil. And that all the ardour as well as skill of his former life continued unabated, was shown in his last work but one, "The Bridge of Augustus," which he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. At length the hoary veteran died, and died at his post. A melancholy interest is attached to his final effort. A few days before his last illness, he expressed to his daughter Jane, herself an artist of no ordinary excellence, his wish to paint something, but his difficulty in finding a subject. After some deliberation and rejection, he said he would paint a little picture, which he would call "Going Home." The subject was an old labourer wending homeward at evening, when his day of labour had ended. The sombre evening sky reposes upon the neighbouring hills; on the foreground is an ancient oak, the patriarch of the forest, but now in the last stage of decay, with one of its arms drooping over a brisk stream—that stream of time which will still flow onward as merrily when the whole forest itself has passed away. The old labourer, with the slow step of age, is crossing a broken rustic bridge, and supporting himself by its slender railing, while his faithful dog, who accompanies him, seems impatient to reach home, a lonely cottage at a distance in the middle ground, where the smoke curling from the roof announces that supper is in readiness. It was the artist's own silent requiem. His last illness, which continued five weeks, was soothed by the solicitude of his family, to whom he declared that he had lived long enough, and could not die better than when surrounded by such dutiful, affectionate children. He died of natural decay, at his house, 47, York Place, Edinburgh, on the 10th of April, 1840, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Alexander Nasmyth, soon after his return from Italy, married the sister of Sir James Foulis of Woodhall, Colinton, who survived him, and by whom he had a numerous family, distinguished for talent and success in their several departments of life. Seldom, indeed, is paternal care so well rewarded, or paternal genius so perpetuated.

NASMYTH, PETER, was the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the subject of the preceding notice, and was born in Edinburgh in 1786. In his earliest boyhood Peter showed that love for painting by which his family, of whom he was the eldest son, were distinguished. So wholly, indeed, were his affections devoted to this pursuit, that he made no progress in the ordinary branches of a schoolboy's education, and neither the allurements of duxship, nor the compulsion of the *tawse*, could suffice to make him even a tolerable scholar. The school-room itself was abandoned whenever a bright sunshine announced that nature could be seen at its best; and on these occasions the truant boy was to be found in the fields or among the hedges, pencil in hand, taking sketches of the flowers and trees. Another proof of his enthusiastic devotedness to the art is yet more remarkable. While still very young, he was engaged to accompany his father

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on a sketching excursion; but in his preparations for the journey on the previous evening, an accident lamed his right hand, so that he was to be laid aside as unfit for service. But his left hand was still untouched, and with this he handled his pencil so effectually that the difference was scarcely perceptible. This fact will remind some readers of the bold Spartan, who seized and held the Persian galley first with his right hand, and then with his left, and when these were successively lopped off, secured his prize with his teeth until he was decapitated. The undertaking of the young artist was equally resolute, and fully more difficult. Many of these left-handed sketches are now sought by collectors, and prized for their remarkable neatness and fidelity. As Scotland, with all its beautiful scenery, has one of the most fickle of climates, so that its landscape sketchers are often wetted to the skin, Peter Nasmyth endeavoured to counteract these interruptions, so as to continue his labours in storm as well as sunshine. One of his devices for this purpose was a travelling tent, which he sometimes carried about with him into the country; and though it was more like a little clumsy booth for the exhibition of Punch at a fair, than the shrine of an artist, having been formed by his own hands, which had no skill whatever in carpentry, he consoled himself for the jeers of his companions by the good service which it yielded him. As may be guessed, this booth was never pitched upon the mountain tops when the storm was at the wildest.

At the age of twenty, Peter Nasmyth went to London, and commenced in earnest the profession of a landscape painter, in which he acquired such distinction that he was called the English Hobbima. It was rather, however, from the minuteness of his touch and finish that he resembled the great Flemish painter, for he could not pretend to Hobbima's boldness and vigour. Still his scenes, and especially his English ones, abounding in objects of minute beauty, and reposing tranquilly beneath an untroubled sky, secured him a reputation as a landscape painter superior to that of his father. His Scottish scenery, however, was inferior; as its wild grandeur and massiveness were not so congenial to the particular bent of his artistic excellence. As a scholar, Hobbima and Ruysdael were his favourite guides; but while he endeavoured to acquire their spirit, he was far from being a copyist: on the contrary, he had a delicacy that was all his own, and gave him the foremost place in that distinguished family which has obtained the name of the "Nasmyth School."

The success with which his excellencies were rewarded was such as to animate him in his labours, and his productions were so highly prized as to be in universal request among the genuine lovers of art, so that every choice collection of England contains the works of his pencil, while every scrap and relic of his studio still continues to be sought after. But while patronage was at the height, and orders flowing in upon him in greatest profusion, he was dying before his day—not a martyr, however, to the pure and ennobling art which he loved so well, and which would have cherished him so affectionately, but to a vice which degrades the highest intellect and most refined tastes to the level of the meanest. At the early age of seventeen, Peter Nasmyth, in consequence of sleeping in a damp bed, was seized with deafness, which continued with him to the last; and being thus in a great measure shut out from the healthful excitement of conversation, he endeavoured to console himself by the stimulus of the bottle—and that, too, in the retirement of his study, where the usual checks were not likely to enter. Of course, the habit grew rapidly upon him, so that he became old and feeble while still young in years. At last, being attacked by influenza,

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he ventured, before he had recovered, to go to Norwood, to make a sketch of a scene which he had particularly admired; but he paid dear for his enthusiasm, by a return of the disease, against which his enfeebled constitution had no power to rally. Even then, his dying gaze was still in quest of the beauty and grandeur which he had so loved to delineate; and in a thunder-storm which occurred while he was dying, he besought his sisters to raise him up in bed, that he might see its passing splendour and its effects before he had himself departed. Thus he passed away, on the 17th of August, 1831, at his lodgings, in South Lambeth, at the age of forty-five.

NICHOLSON, PETER.—This skilful architect, whose long life was one of continued usefulness, and whose scientific knowledge was constantly turned to practical results, was born in the parish of Prestonkirk, East Lothian, on the 20th of July 1765. Even before he had reached his ninth year he had unconsciously chosen his future profession, as was manifested by his drawings and models of the numerous mills in the neighbourhood of Prestonkirk. When a young schoolboy, his scientific tastes so strongly predominated, that mathematics formed the chief object of his study; and his proficiency was so much beyond his years, that having on one occasion borrowed from an elder boy Commadine's "Euclid," translated by Cann, in which the engraved diagrams of the 18th proposition of the third book were wanting, he supplied the loss by constructing them from the proposition itself. His ardour in these studies was only increased by the difficulty he experienced in obtaining or borrowing works upon the subjects of his inquiry.

At the age of twelve, Peter Nicholson was taken from the parish school of Prestonkirk, where he had been a pupil for three years, that he might assist in the occupation of his father, who was a stone-mason. But having no liking for this uncongenial work, Peter betook himself to that of a cabinet-maker; and having served a four years' apprenticeship to it at Linton, he repaired to Edinburgh, and afterwards to London, working in both capitals as a journeyman. In the latter city he also commenced teaching at an evening school, in Berwick Street, Soho, and his success in this new profession enabled him to abandon the making of chairs and tables for more intellectual pursuits, as was shown by his first publication, "The Carpenter's New Guide," in 1792, the plates of which were engraved by his own hand. In this work, the originality and inventiveness by which he was afterwards distinguished, were shown in his new method in the construction of groins and niches. His next productions in authorship were the "Student's Instructor," the "Joiner's Assistant," and the "Principles of Architecture"—the last-mentioned work, in three volumes, 8vo, having commenced its serial appearance in 1794, and been completed in 1809.

After a residence of eleven years in London, Mr. Nicholson returned to Scotland in 1800, and dwelt eight years in Glasgow, a city already rising into eminence, and which his scientific skill as an architect greatly aided to adorn and benefit. His chief works in Glasgow were the wooden bridge across the Clyde; Carlton Place—that may be termed the commencement of these splendid modern residences in which the city is now so abundant; and the large structure that terminates the second quadrangle of the university. Why a Grecian building should have thus raised its front so scornfully over the Gothic walls and pepper-box pinnacles which it seems to sneer at, even as would a spruce, well-dressed cit of the present day at a serge-clothed, flat-capped, and bearded

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Glasgowegian of the 16th century, has never yet been fully answered, so far as we can learn. It appears, however, that Nicholson had no choice in the matter; that a Greek building and no other he was commissioned to devise—and it is evident that he has made the most of it.

The next residence of Mr. Nicholson was Carlisle, where, through the recommendation of his countryman, Telford, who, like himself, had commenced life as a stone-mason, he was appointed architect of the county of Cumberland, and in this situation he superintended the building of the new court-houses in the county town. While here, he also obtained rewards from the Society of Arts for an improvement in hand-railing, and for the invention of an instrument called the Centrolinear. After remaining two years in Carlisle, he returned in 1810 to London, and resumed the work of authorship, in which his pen was both active and prolific, as appears by the list of his works at this period. These were, "The Architectural Dictionary," in two volumes large quarto, the publication of which extended from 1812 to 1819, "Mechanical Exercises," and "The Builder and Workman's New Director." Besides these practical works connected with his own profession as an architect, Mr. Nicholson turned his attention to subjects of a more purely scientific character, and was author of the "Method of Increments," "Essays on the Combinatorial Analysis," "Essay on Involution and Evolution," for which he received the thanks of the Academie des Sciences at Paris, "Analytical and Arithmetical Essays," and the "Rudiments of Algebra." In 1827 he commenced the publication of a work entitled "The School of Architecture and Engineering," which he designed to complete in twelve numbers, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each; but, in consequence of the bankruptcy of the publishers, only five numbers appeared. This failure, combined with the pecuniary loss it occasioned him, so annoyed Mr. Nicholson, that in 1829 he removed from London to Morpeth, and afterwards, in 1832, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his time was chiefly spent in teaching, for which purpose he opened a school in the Arcade; and in the production of various scientific works. Here, also, his well-established reputation procured his election as president and honorary member of several societies connected with architecture, civil engineering, and the fine arts. But, notwithstanding such a long life of interesting and multifarious authorship, his pecuniary profits by no means kept pace with his merits; and while he was the means of enriching others by his discoveries and instructions, he obtained little else for his own share than the reputation of a highly-talented originator. His writings, twenty-seven in number, were thus justly characterized in a petition from the inhabitants of Newcastle to his majesty in 1835, for the grant of a pension to Nicholson from the privy purse:—"The works of Peter Nicholson, while they have contributed to the advancement of knowledge, have tended to raise the English mechanic to that pre-eminence he has attained over the other artificers of Europe; and while they have been honoured with the proudest marks of distinction by the various learned societies of this kingdom, have yet failed to produce to their author those benefits which are necessary for his existence; and it must ever be a source of regret that an individual who, having devoted his best energies to the advancement of science, should be left at the close of a long and laborious life, and in his seventy-third year, to struggle in penury and want." This application to the royal bounty was made after an attempt of Nicholson's grateful friends in Newcastle had failed to raise for him an annuity by a general subscription. On this occasion the sum of £320 had been subscribed,

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which only sufficed for present emergencies. Mr. Nicholson left Newcastle for Carlisle in October, 1841, and died there, June 18, 1844, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was twice married. By his first wife, who died at Morpeth, in 1832, he had one son, Michael Angelo, author of the "Carpenter and Joiner's Companion," who died in 1842; by his second marriage, Mr. Nicholson had a son and daughter, who survived him.

NICOLL, ROBERT.—The life of a poet born and nursed in poverty, is generally continued in poverty to the close: his career is a struggle of want and privation, of which the end too often is nothing but defeat and disaster. Such was the history of Robert Nicoll, a poet of great promise, but whose career was terminated before the promise was fulfilled: he was only shown to us, and then snatched away. He was the second son in a family of nine children, and was born at the farm of Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, on the 7th of January, 1814. At the time of his birth his father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances; but having rashly become security to the amount of £500 or £600 for a friend who failed, he was reduced to the condition of a day-labourer on the fields which he had formerly rented. It was one of those numerous cases in which Scottish caution is no match for Scottish clannishness. Not only was the worthy ex-farmer thus a sufferer, but his family also; for as fast as they grew up to active boyhood they were sent out to work for their living. Such was the fate of poor Robert Nicoll, who, when only seven years old, was employed in herding all summer, that he might be able to afford attendance at school during the months of winter. It was fortunate for him that with means of education so scanty and precarious, he had, in his mother, the best of all teachers. She taught him to cherish the love and practice of truth—to struggle boldly with adversity, that he might eat, however sparingly, the bread of independence—and, what was better still, she instructed him to rest his hopes and aspirations upon something nobler than mere earthly subsistence. These lessons, moreover, were given not merely in formal words, but also in living practice, for she too was frequently employed in field labour, to contribute her full share in the maintenance of the family, while she endured her hard fate not only with resignation but cheerfulness. When Scotland ceases to abound in such mothers, it will no longer have a history worth recording.

Having thus laid an educational foundation that could bear a superstructure however broad or weighty, Robert Nicoll found that he was fitted for something better than tending cattle. It had now done its good work, as he afterwords testified:—

> "A wither'd woodland twig would bring
> The tears into my eye:—
> Laugh on! but there are souls of love
> In laddies herding kye."

He bound himself apprentice to Mrs. J. H. Robertson, wine merchant and grocer in Perth, and during the little spare time which his new duties allowed him, he commenced the work of self-education in good earnest. For this purpose he purchased "Cobbett's English Grammar," and did not rest till he had made himself master of its principles. He thus writes to his brother: "I am grown very industrious. I read in the morning while sluggards are snoring; all day I attend to my business; and in the forenights I learn my grammar." He thus also specifies the amount of his opportunities: "I am employed in working for

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my mistress from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and I must therefore write when others sleep." His means of intellectual improvement were greatly facilitated by the kindness of a friend, who lent him his ticket to the Perth Library, and the books which he especially selected for study were such as showed the serious cast of his mind: they were "Milton's Prose Works," "Locke's Works," and several of the writings of Jeremy Bentham, the last of which became his chief favourites. And that he was studying to purpose, the following extract from a letter to his mother will sufficiently attest: "I look upon the earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land to which earth is the gate. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and, if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better."

On finishing his apprenticeship, Nicoll repaired to Edinburgh; but not finding employment there, he opened a circulating library in Dundee, for which undertaking his affectionate mother lent him £20—to her an absolute fortune—the raising of which must have involved her in trying difficulties, but which he gave himself no rest until he had repaid. It was the year 1835, the year in which he became "of age," and by the character as well as amount of his labour, he soon showed how conscious he was of the duties of full-grown manhood. He became an extensive contributor to the newspapers of the liberal party in Dundee; he delivered political lectures; he made speeches at public meetings. It will be seen from these that he was an enthusiastic politician, as well as a devout believer in the fact that everything good in government can be made better still. But that species of intellectual labour by which he will be best and longest known, and with which we have most to do, consisted of poetry, of which he published a volume, under the title of "Songs and Lyrics." The chief faults of these were, that they were written in many cases in the Scottish dialect, of which he had not full mastery—and that his language, when impassioned, overflowed into redundancy. Had he lived longer, it is probable that a more matured experience would have induced him to abandon the former, and correct the latter error. Even as it is, however, these poems are admirable, considering that they were written at such an early period: they strike those key-notes of the heart which matured age cannot always reach, but to which old age as well as youth can gladly listen. Indeed, the character and spirit of his poesy, so gentle, so thoughtful, and devout, and withal so imbued with deep truthful feeling, are perhaps best embodied and illustrated in the following extract:—

"The green leaves waving in the morning gale—
The little birds that 'mid their freshness sing—
The wild-wood flowers, so tender-ey'd and pale—
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring—
The morning dew—the wild bee's woodland hum,
All woo my feet to nature's forest home.

"There I can muse, away from living men,
Reclining peacefully on nature's breast—
The wood-bird sending up its God-ward strain,
Nursing the spirit into holy rest!
Alone with God, within this forest fane,
The soul can feel that all save Him is vain.

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"Here I can learn—*will* learn—to love all things
That he hath made—to pity and forgive
All faults, all failings. Here the earth's deep springs
Are open'd up, and all on earth who live
To me grow nearer, dearer than before—
My brother loving, I my God adore."

There were times, however, when the heart of Nicoll, otherwise so gentle, could express its feelings in the most indignant outburst. In proof of this, we have only to allude to his "Bacchanalian," a wild, but eloquent and heart-rending appeal in behalf of the poor, on account of the reckless intemperance with which the pangs of starvation, and the precariousness of utter poverty are too generally accompanied.

The shop which Nicoll opened as a circulating library gave little promise of success: an attachment, also, which he had formed for a young and amiable woman, whom he wished to make his partner in life, induced him to seek more remunerative occupation, for which he had already shown himself to be fully qualified. He therefore left Dundee in 1836, and was soon after appointed editor to the "Leeds Times," through the kind interposition of Mr. Tait, the Edinburgh publisher. He now considered himself settled for life, so that after a short continuance in Leeds he ventured, at the close of 1836, to bid adieu to the love of change, by becoming a married man. Everything now wore the rose-hue of happiness: he had a delightful home, and an affectionate partner, to animate him in his literary duties; and these duties were so successful, that the journal which he conducted was weekly increasing in circulation. But a canker-worm was at the root of this fair-spreading gourd, and even already it was about to wither. The origin of this is to be found more or less in the nature of provincial journalism over the whole of Britain. Although the "Leeds Times" was a large weekly paper, filled within and without, and so ably managed that its circulation was increasing at the rate of 200 subscribers per week, the salary it afforded was nothing more than £100 per annum. Thus it is that the great political *Jupiter Tonans* of a county town, whose *We* seems to "shake the spheres," is often the miserable thrall of a knot of shareholders, whose only aim is to secure a large dividend at the smallest amount of outlay; and thus he is compelled to occupy a position in society for which his income is totally inadequate. It is, in short, the very perfection of poverty, because the show of respectability eats up the substance: the larder is empty, that the neat drawing-room may be kept up. All this Robert Nicoll soon experienced; and although he was already overtoiled with the labours of his journal, which he performed without an assistant, he found that additional toil must be endured to meet the necessary expenditure of his station. He therefore undertook, in the spring of 1837, the task of writing the leading articles of a journal newly started in Sheffield; and this, with his duties in the "Leeds Times," which he continued without abatement, soon turned the balance. His health gave way, and his constitution was broken. He continued to struggle on, and perhaps might have rallied for a new life of exertion, for as yet he had only entered his twenty-third year, but the general parliamentary election, in the summer of 1837, interposed, in which the representation of Leeds was contested between Sir John Becket and Sir William Molesworth; Nicoll espoused the cause of the latter, and entered the contest with such ardour that his health was injured beyond recovery. Unable any longer to toil at the editorial desk, he returned

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to Scotland, in the hope that his native air would cure him; but after a few months of painful lingering, he died at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, on the 9th of December, 1837. It is gratifying to know that his last days were solaced by the kindness of influential friends, whom his genius and virtues had deeply interested in his behalf. After his death, a complete edition of his poems was published by Mr. Tait, with a biographical sketch prefixed, from which, and a short article in "Tait's Magazine," by Ebenezer Elliott, we have derived the foregoing particulars.

NIMMO, Alexander, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A.—Among the members of a profession so congenial to the intellectual character of Scotland as that of a civil engineer, Alexander Nimmo deservedly holds an honoured place. He was born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, in 1783. His father, who was distinguished in his own sphere by remarkable talents and acquirements, had originally been a watchmaker, but afterwards kept a hardware store. Alexander's education was commenced at the grammar-school of his native town, afterwards continued for two years at the university of St. Andrews, and completed at the university of Edinburgh. The result was, that besides being an accomplished scholar in Latin and Greek, he was distinguished for his proficiency in algebra and the higher branches of mathematics. The latter departments, however, by which he was ultimately to be brought into notice, employed the greater part of his attention.

As early occupation was necessary for his limited means, Alexander Nimmo, at the age of nineteen, was obliged to commence the business of life as a schoolmaster. This commencement was honourable to his talents, as well as predictive of his future distinction; for it was as rector of the academy of Inverness, a situation laid open to public competition, which he won by a unanimous vote of the trustees, after an examination of three days, where he had several candidates of high talent for competitors. In this situation his scientific attainments were so highly estimated by Mr. Telford, that the latter recommended him to the parliamentary commission appointed for fixing and determining the boundaries of the Scottish counties. On being employed on this arduous scientific duty, Mr. Nimmo accomplished it during the vacations, in a manner that gave complete satisfaction. This was attested by a further recommendation of Mr. Telford in his behalf, to the commissioners for reclaiming the bogs of Ireland, by whom he was appointed to the survey. Mr. Nimmo accordingly repaired thither, and not only constructed an admirable series of maps and reports upon the subject, but thoroughly acquainted himself with the character, manners, and necessities of the Irish peasantry, and the best modes of alleviating their poverty. After this survey was finished, he made a tour through France, Germany, and Holland, to inspect public works, especially those connected with his new profession.

In consequence of the able manner in which Mr. Nimmo had discharged these public duties, fresh occupations were poured upon him, by which his whole life became one of continual action. The first of these, upon his return from the continental tour, was the construction of Dunmore harbour, a work of immense difficulty, in consequence of the great depth of water, and the heavy roll of the Atlantic to which that coast is exposed. After this followed a commission, in which he was employed by the Fishery Board to make surveys of the harbours of Ireland, and construct harbours and piers all round the coast. Another office connected with this duty, and in which he was employed

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by the Ballast Board, was to make a chart of the whole coast, which he executed with his usual ability and accuracy. He also compiled a book of sailing directions of St. George's Channel and the Irish coast—a work of high utility in a navigation at that time so imperfectly known, and so full of danger. His services in behalf of Ireland did not here terminate; for, during the great distress of that country in 1822, he was appointed engineer of the western district. The experience which he had formerly acquired while surveying the Irish bogs with a view to their cultivation, was now brought into active practical use; and between the year already mentioned, and 1830, he caused £167,000 to be expended in reclaiming waste land, improving what was as yet but partially cultivated, and establishing new settlements, upon which the destitute peasantry were located and employed. The increase of the revenue of that district to the amount of £106,000 per annum, was the result of these labours and provident outlay, independently of the industry and comfort which they created, and the moral improvement of the population.

The labours of Mr. Nimmo as a civil engineer, extending to the year 1832, are thus briefly enumerated in the notices of his professional career. Besides his surveys in Scotland and Ireland, above thirty piers or harbours were built upon the Irish coast under his direction. He also designed the Wellesley bridge and docks at Limerick. He superintended the construction of the harbour at Perth Cawl in South Wales. Latterly, he was engaged in Lancashire, in projecting a railway from Liverpool to Leeds, and also employed upon the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury railway.

These tasks, which occupied a life of no long continuance, left Mr. Nimmo little time to distinguish himself in authorship, notwithstanding his numerous attainments, and ardent love of science in general; and, therefore, his productions in this way were miscellaneous treatises rather than formal volumes. He wrote an occasional paper for the various periodicals, in which he unbent his mind from the more severe studies of his profession. He also published an article in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, showing how the science of geology might be made available in navigation. He was author of the article in Brewster's Cyclopædia on "Inland Navigation." He wrote, jointly with Mr. Telford, the article on "Bridges;" and with Mr. Nicholson, that on "Carpentry." The evidence he delivered on the trial between the Corporation of Liverpool and the Medway Company, which has been published, was also greatly admired by mathematicians and engineers, as containing a sound and practical elucidation of the scientific principles of their profession.

As Mr. Nimmo's first success in life was owing to his accomplishments as a scholar, his early love of literature continued with him to the close. His acquirements therefore were extensive, so that besides being well acquainted with the classical languages, he was master of French, German, Dutch, and Italian; he was also thoroughly skilled in the sciences of practical astronomy, chemistry, and geology. He died at Dublin, on the 20th of January, 1832, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

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P.

PICKEN, ANDREW.—This amiable and agreeable writer in miscellaneous literature, was born at Paisley in 1788. His father, who was a wealthy and thriving manufacturer of the town of Paisley, intended that his son Andrew should follow the mercantile profession, and to that effect the youth was educated. While still very young, he repaired to the West Indies, but finding, on close trial, that the office he held offered few of those advantages it had promised, he returned home, and obtained a confidential situation in the Bank of Ireland. Here he might have enjoyed years of tranquil comfort, and retired at last with a competence, if he could have contented himself with the monotonous routine of a banking establishment; but, having either too much genius, or too little firmness and self-denial for such a life, he threw up his charge, to the great regret of his friends in Ireland; returned to Scotland, and commenced business in Glasgow on his own account. But, unluckily for his interests, the same restless and aspiring spirit continued to haunt him; and finding the occupations of the counting-house insufficient, he combined them with the more attractive and congenial pursuits of authorship. We can easily guess how such a merchant would be regarded in those days by his brethren of the Tontine, and what faith they would attach to bills subscribed by the same hand that wrote stories and novels. In the meantime, his first work came out, under the title of "Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland;" and, independently of the novelty of such a *rara avis* as a Glasgow *litterateur*, the intrinsic merits of the work itself secured for it a large share of local popularity. Among these tales, that of "Mary Ogilvie" is an admirable specimen of his dramatic power in investing ordinary events with high interest, and giving them unwonted influence over our best feelings. As an offset, however, to this, one of the sketches produced a very opposite effect; it was "On the Changes of the West of Scotland during the last Half Century;" and every one aware of these changes can easily divine how hard his notices must have occasionally borne upon some of the most influential and worshipful of the rising city of Glasgow. These notices Mr. Picken did not withhold; on the contrary, he revelled among them with such satirical glee, that the strongest part of the community was in arms against him. This, and other additional causes, soon made the metropolis of the west too hot for him, and accordingly he removed to Liverpool. The change of place was accompanied by change of occupation, for in the town of his new residence he commenced the trade of bookseller.

From the foregoing statement it will easily be judged, that whether merchant, banker, or bookseller, Mr. Picken was not likely to be prosperous. He had no love of traffic, either for its own sake or for its profits; and, besides this, he was too sanguine and too credulous either to win money or to keep it. This was especially the case in 1826, when mercantile speculation was so rampant. Induced by the persuasions of friends, he embarked his all among the hazardous ventures of the day, and that all was lost. Even then, however, when his books as a bankrupt were inspected, his integrity was so manifest, that his creditors, after sympathizing with him in his losses, were ready to aid him in commencing business anew; but of this he seemed to think he had got enough.

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He now resolved to surrender himself wholly to literature as a profession, and for that purpose he removed to London, with a novel in his pocket, the composition of which had been his solace in the season of distress. This work, entitled the "Sectarian," was published by Colburn, and on its first appearance excited considerable attention, on account of its vivid sketches, chiefly of morbid feelings and their effects; but however such anatomy may interest for the moment, a reaction of pain, or even of absolute disgust is certain to follow, and the work is thrown aside, never to be reopened. This, however, was not the chief cause that made the "Sectarian" a failure. It contained such a sketch of religious melancholy, terminating in madness, as gave offence to the sober-minded, drawn though it was from a living reality. Although this literary production was so unfortunate in itself that it never became popular, and soon passed away, its evidently powerful writing was the means of introducing its author to the editors of our chief periodicals, who were glad to avail themselves of his services, on which account he was a frequent contributor to the reviews and magazines of the day.

Mr. Picken had now fully embarked in authorship as a trade, and with such an amount of talent and perseverance as might have won his way to fortune in any other department. In 1830 he published the "Dominie's Legacy," a work whose success made ample amends for the failure of the "Sectarian," as it raised him at once to a high rank among the delineators of Scottish humble life. In this, too, he succeeded all the more, that instead of converting facts into mere pegs for theories and opinions of his own, he tells right onward what he saw and what he felt, and makes truth and reality everything—a process in which he was sure to carry along with him at least nine-tenths of his readers. His next work was the "Lives of Eminent Missionaries," which he undertook for "Colburn's Juvenile Library;" but as this serial publication was brought to a close before his lives were ready for the press, they were subsequently published in a separate volume by Kidd, and passed through two large impressions. Picken's next work was "The Club Book," a collection of papers, some of which were contributed by distinguished living writers; but even among these, his own tales were not of inferior interest or power. In proof of this may be mentioned the "Three Kearneys," a sketch of Irish life, and the "Deer-stalkers." Soon after the "Club Book," he published a work on the Canadas, but chiefly a compilation, in which he received important aid from his friend Mr. Galt. This was followed by "Waltham," a tale, which appeared in Leitch Ritchie's "Library of Romance."

This rapid succession of works within so brief a period, only seemed to animate Picken to further efforts, and, in 1832, he published "Traditionary Stories of Old Families," in two volumes. He thus ascended to what might be termed the fountain-head and source of the romance of biography. As this was designed merely as the first part of a series that should comprise the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the work excited considerable interest among the aristocracy, many of whom offered him free access to their family archives, for the successful continuation of his task. But before he could avail himself of this courteous permission, his career was suddenly terminated. On the 10th of November, 1833, while conversing with his son, he was struck down in a moment with apoplexy, but afterwards rallied so effectually, that hopes of his full recovery were entertained by his family and friends. These hopes proved fallacious, for after an evening of cheerful conversation with

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his wife and children, he expired early next morning (the 23d of November), but so tranquilly, that he seemed only to have turned himself again to sleep.

Besides the works we have already enumerated, Picken, a short time before he died, had completed the "Black Watch," a tale containing the origin of the 42nd regiment, and its exploits during the period of Fontenoy, and those stirring campaigns which, as yet, historical novel-writing had left untouched. This work, which he regarded as his best, was the only legacy which he could bequeath to his wife and six children, who were left otherwise unprovided by his death.

PRINGLE, Thomas.—This excellent poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, on the 5th of January, 1789, and was the son of a respectable farmer. In infancy he was so unfortunate as to have his hip joint dislocated by an accident, and this evil, which might have been cured, was culpably concealed by his nurse, until it was past remedy, so that he became a cripple for life, and was obliged to use crutches.

Having completed the usual course of preliminary education, Thomas Pringle was sent to the grammar-school of Kelso, and after continuing there three years, he went to Edinburgh, to finish his literary training at the university. Up till this time, owing to his lameness, his life had been one chiefly of reading and contemplation, while his favourite sports were those of a stationary character—fishing, gardening, and mechanical experiments. While a student at the college, he, like most persons of an imaginative temperament, exclusively devoted himself to poetry and *belles lettres*, to which every other acquirement was made auxiliary. At this period, also, his impatience of tyranny and oppression, and stout love of independence were curiously manifested. On hearing that Joanna Baillie's play of the "Family Legend," which was about to be produced in the Edinburgh theatre, had been previously doomed to ruin by a literary clique, and was to be strangled upon the stage, Pringle gallantly shouldered his crutch, and resolved to be the lady's champion. At the head of a body of forty or fifty young men, armed with cudgels, he took possession of the centre of the pit as soon as the doors were opened; and when the play went on, their applauding shouts, seconded by the terific drumming of their staves, put every token of dissatisfaction to flight, and secured the success of the tragedy. It was the French mob in the gallery, keeping the Convention below to rights—a remedy every whit as mischievous and unjust as the evil which it sought to cure.

As during his stay at college, Pringle had been unable to settle his choice upon any of the learned professions, he betook himself on quitting it to the pursuit of literature; and as some permanent situation was necessary as a mainstay, he became a clerk in the Register Office, where his duty consisted in copying out old records, by which his mind was left unincumbered for the literary occupation of his leisure hours. The fruit of this was a poem called "The Institute," which he published, in conjunction with a poetical friend, in 1811. It seems to have been of a satirical nature, and was abundantly lauded; but as his salary from the Register Office was a small one, he soon found that something more than mere commendation was needed. In 1816 he was a contributor to "Albyn's Anthology," and to the "Poetic Mirror," in the last of which he published a poem in imitation of the style of Sir Walter Scott, and of which Sir Walter declared that he wished "the original notes had always been as fine as their echo." But who can forget that benevolence and self-negation which

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made Scott so ready to perceive, and even to over-estimate the excellence of others, and prefer it to his own? This poem, which appeared in the form of "An Epistle to R. S.," brought the great poet and his successful imitator into close acquaintanceship. As Pringle's salary was still inadequate, he now set himself in earnest to literature, and resolved to start a new periodical that should supersede the "Scots Magazine," already worn out. His proposals were so well received that he was encouraged to relinquish his clerkship in the Register Office, with the liberty of resuming it should his plan be unsuccessful; and in 1817, the first number of his projected work appeared, under the title of the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine." In this work at the commencement he had for his coadjutors those who were afterwards to obtain high distinction in literature—Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Neil, Mr. Cleghorn, Dr. Brewster, James Hogg, and the Rev. T. Wright. Mr. Pringle's own contribution was an article on the Gipsies, the materials of which were supplied to him without solicitation by Sir Walter Scott. This spontaneous kindness on the part of the mighty minstrel and Great Unknown was the more generous, as he had intended to use these materials for an article of his own, which was to appear in the "Quarterly Review." About the same time Pringle became editor of the "Star" newspaper, in which, besides the selection and arrangement of materials, he had to write the leading article twice a-week. This, though more than enough, was not all, for in a short time the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine" changed proprietors, and passed into the well-known title of "Blackwood's Magazine," while Constable's was started at the same time, of which Pringle was editor also. He was thus not only the conductor of two monthly periodicals of high literary aims and expectations, but also of a half-weekly newspaper, and with such a thrice-honoured position, it might have been expected that his fortunes would have thriven in some measure commensurate with his labours. But the two rival magazines could neither continue on peaceful terms, nor remain under a single editorship, and after a furious affray between their supporters, in which Pringle was handled with most unmerited roughness, he withdrew from "Blackwood's Magazine," and attached himself to that of Constable. But the latter periodical was so unproductive, that he was fain to quit it also; and, finally, the "Star" newspaper, which had proved equally unprofitable. To add to his difficulties, he had ventured, when his prospects were most flattering, and before the battle of the magazines had commenced, to enter into marriage with Margaret Brown, daughter of a respectable East Lothian farmer. He had thus given hostages to fortune just before he was deprived of the power to redeem them, so that when the hour of payment came he was poorer than ever. His first step for extrication from his difficulties, was to publish the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems;" but the poetical field at that season was so preoccupied with "Moss-troopers," "Giaours," and "Corsairs," and so hostile to "Excursions" of all kinds, from Wordsworth downwards, that Pringle's volume, though appreciated by the judicious few, brought him little or no profit. He then resumed, at the beginning of 1819, his laborious and scantily-paid drudgery at the Register Office, while his late literary compeers were rapidly advancing to fame and fortune.

Pringle's condition was now as disastrous as it well could be. He was no longer a buoyant stripling, who could be content with bread and cheese, and a garret, as the mere starting-point of a race before him. The race, as it seemed, was already over, and the sun was going down while the course was but half

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finished. He thus found himself under a stern necessity of quitting the land of his fathers, that he might find the means of living elsewhere—a necessity as grievous to a literary Scot as it is to the literary man of any country whatever. The direction of his pilgrimage alone was in question, and that was quickly settled. His father and four brothers, who had followed the occupation of agriculture, had been as unfortunate as himself, and were equally ready to embark with him in the bold enterprise of commencing life anew, while South Africa was at present the favourite quarter of Scottish emigration. A grant of land was soon obtained from government, at this time desirous of colonizing the unoccupied districts of the Cape of Good Hope, and Thomas Pringle, accompanied by his father, two brothers, and several friends—comprising, in all, twelve men, six women, and six children, embarked for the Cape in February, 1820.

Of all possible governments, that of Sancho Panza's island of Barataria not excepted, the most difficult of management, and the most prolific of political discontent and quarrel, is that of a British colony. We well know that it is neither the most contented nor the most moral of our population who leave their native land for the purpose of becoming colonists. On the contrary, every one who has made his country too hot for him—every one who hates the powers that be, and wishes to escape their restrictions—every one who dreams some impossible theory of liberty, which he hopes to realize at the greatest possible distance from the home-government—hoists sail for the new land, as if everything were to be reversed for the better the nearer he approaches the antipodes. With such a population, what system of rule short of martial law can be available? A soldier-governor is therefore commonly imposed upon our colonies; one who, having been accustomed to implicit military obedience, will have no toleration either for mutiny or murmur. In such a case the result will be misunderstanding and discontent between the ruler and the ruled. The former, while he cries "Eyes right!" is only looked at the more askew; and while he thinks of the summary processes of the black hole or the triangles, his mutinous brigades are talking about the rights of man, the liberty of the subject, Brutus and Hampden, and Magna Charta. Such is the origin of nine-tenths of our colonial quarrels; and, in most cases, they may be traced to misunderstanding rather than misrule. These explanations it would perhaps be well to keep in mind, when we read of the injuries sustained by Thomas Pringle at the hands of our Cape government.

The emigrant party landed at Algoa Bay, on the 5th of June, 1820, and proceeded to their location, a wild and lonely district, to which they gave the name of Glen-Lynden. It comprised twenty thousand acres of land—a magnificent idea when applied to the rich fields of England or even of Scotland, but very different in South Africa, where everything was to be grown, and where, in perhaps half the territory at least, nothing could be made to grow. Here Thomas Pringle, whose lameness precluded him from more active employment, officiated as mechanic, gardener, physician, teacher, and occasionally as chaplain, to the emigrants and their neighbours. After having remained with them till 1822, when they were comfortably settled, Pringle travelled by land for the purpose of residing at Cape Town, and during this journey his observant eye saw much of what was strange and interesting, a full account of which he afterwards published in his "Narrative." The situation of librarian to the government library at Cape Town had been already awarded him, and

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though the salary was only £75 per annum, this small modicum was regarded as the foretaste of better things to come. All promised this, indeed, in a colony which had lately passed into our hands, and where a British population and character were to be superinduced, as speedily as possible, upon the original Dutch colonization. Slavery was to be extinguished, churches and schools to be erected, the English language to be established, and all things changed for the better. This was the commencement of a colonial millennium, into which Pringle threw himself with ardour. Eager to be at the head of the literary and educational departments of this happy change, he received pupils for private instruction; wrote to his talented friend Mr. Fairbairn, in Scotland, to come out to his aid, for the land lay before them to enter and possess it; and planned, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Faure, a Dutch minister in Cape Town, the publication of a new periodical for the wider dissemination of knowledge, that should be written both in Dutch and English. This last project would have been admirable in London or Edinburgh; but in a colony where discontent was so rife—above all, in a conquered colony, where the two European races were still at daggers-drawing—what individual man, however good or talented, could be intrusted with the unlimited power of publishing what he pleased? Besides, was there not already the "Government Gazette," which contained everything, in the shape of political intelligence, at least, that the colonists needed to know? It was no wonder that Pringle's application for permission to start his journal was refused. He received a verbal answer from the governor, through his secretary, intimating that "the application had not been seen in a favourable light." Nothing, of course, remained for him but submission; but as the arrival of British commissioners was expected, who were to examine into the state of the colony, he hoped they would sanction his proposal. The commissioners arrived, and thought well of it; but all that they could do was to report of it to the home government. Thus thrown back for an indefinite period, if not for ever, he resumed his educational labours with greater zeal than before; and Mr. Fairbairn having arrived from Scotland, the two were soon at the head of a large flourishing boarding establishment of pupils at Cape Town. And now it was that a whole sunny shower of good fortune had commenced, and was to fall upon him as it had done in Edinburgh; for while he was thus prospering, the home government had received his proposals of a new journal, and sent out full permission for its commencement. Thus the "South African Journal" started into life upon the original plan, one edition being in Dutch, and the other in English. Soon after, Mr. Greig, a printer, encouraged by this beginning, commenced the "South African Commercial Advertiser," a weekly newspaper, of which Pringle also undertook the editorship. He was again a twofold editor, as well as government librarian, and at the head of an educational establishment which was daily becoming more prosperous. But how long was this good fortune to last?—scarcely even so long as it had done in Edinburgh, while the downfall that followed was to be more sudden and complete.

The commencement of the evil was of a kind always dangerous to free, high-spirited, colonial journalism—it was a government trial. A person named Edwards had libelled the governor, and was tried for the offence, while a report of the proceedings was expected in Pringle's newspaper. This expectation was fulfilled; but as it was a ticklish duty, the editor had done his best to expunge from it whatever he thought might be offensive to the ruling powers. Still,

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the feeling on the other side was that he had not expunged enough, and a stringent remedy was forthwith applied to prevent all such shortcomings in future. The fiscal was ordered to proceed to the printing-office, and assume the censorship of the press. This interference, however deemed necessary on the one side, was not to be tolerated on the other; and Pringle and his colleague, who had no other remedy, abandoned their editorships of the "South African Commercial Advertiser," while Greig, its printer, for announcing his purpose to appeal to the home government, was ordered to leave the colony within a month. The "South African Journal" was the next point of attack on the part of the zealous fiscal, as in the second number, which had just been published, certain obnoxious paragraphs had appeared; and although Pringle declared that had he seen them in time he would have expunged them, or suppressed the number, the plea of inadvertence, so available to journalists at home, was not judged sufficient in South Africa. The dragon's teeth of Cadmus, which, if sown at the foot of Hymettus, would not have produced a dragonet, or even a lizard, were enough, in the mischievous soil of Bœotia, to bring forth a whole harvest of pugnacious homicides. The fiscal performed his duty to his employer, and Pringle his to literature and the liberty of the press, so that the magazine was discontinued, and the fact announced in the Gazette. And now entered a third and more formidable element of discord to deepen the confusion. The public at large were determined not to be bereaved of their periodical, and a petition to that effect, and numerously signed, was presented to the colonial council. In this trying dilemma, the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, had recourse to what he would no doubt have called negotiation, but which Pringle termed "bullying;" and sending for the latter, subjected him to a very stormy course of questioning, which he answered with equal spirit, and, perhaps, with almost equal asperity. The result was, that Pringle sent in his resignation of librarian, and thus shook himself loose of every government tie. But this was no expiation; on the contrary, it was regarded as a defiance of government, and as such it was treated. Every mode of disparagement was therefore brought against him by the government officials and their adherents, which soon told upon the prosperity of his seminary; for who could venture to send his children thither, when its proprietor was under the ban of the colonial aristocracy? The school was soon closed; and thus bereft of every resource, Pringle, with his wife and sister-in-law, left the colony, and arrived in London on the 7th of July, 1826. He had still two sources of consolation in his affliction, of which his enemies could not deprive him. He had given such a literary and educational impulse to the colony, that the good work was certain to go on and prosper, even though it was deprived of his presence. And as for the community which he had been the means of planting at Glen-Lynden, their numbers at his departure had been doubled, while their industry had so effectually enriched the wilderness, that every year promised to bring them additional comfort and abundance.

On returning home, Pringle applied at headquarters for a compensation of his losses, which he estimated at a thousand pounds; but the claim was disallowed, as his statement of wrongs sustained from the colonial government was contradicted by the Chief Justice of the Cape. To add to his difficulties, that sum which was refused him he must now refund, for he was a thousand pounds in debt, in consequence of the abrupt manner in which his prospects in the colony had been crushed. He must once more place his sole reliance in his pen,

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a fatal necessity, which he had always deprecated. He edited an annual entitled "Friendship's Offering," and seemed to be irrecoverably doomed to such humble and precarious authorship, when, fortunately, an article which he had written upon the subject of slavery in South Africa before he left the colony, and transmitted to the "New Monthly Magazine," arrested the attention of Messrs. Z. Macaulay and Buxton, by whose influence he was appointed secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. No situation could have been more accordant with his predilections. He had hitherto been the advocate of the enslaved Hottentot and injured Caffre, while the recollection of his own wrongs gave a double edge to his remonstrances, and fresh fire to his eloquence; but now there was full scope for his pen upon the subject, and that, too, not in behalf of one or two tribes, but of humanity at large. He not only threw himself heartily into the work, but inspired others with congenial enthusiasm, while the directors of the society could not sufficiently admire the greatness of his zeal and value of his services. At length, as all the world well knows, the persevering labours of the slavery abolitionists were crowned with success, and on the 27th of June, 1834, the document of the society announcing the act of abolition, and inviting all interested in the cause to set apart the approaching 1st of August as a day of religious gratitude and thanksgiving, was signed "Thomas Pringle." In this way he had unconsciously been removed from Africa, the interests of whose oppressed children he had so deeply at heart, to a situation where he could the most effectually promote the great work to which his philanthropic energies were devoted. What, compared with this, would his solitary appeals have been in behalf of Hottentots, Bosjesmen, and Bechuanas?

And now his appointed work was done. He had lived, and toiled, and succeeded—and what further can man expect upon earth? Only the day after the document was given forth that proclaimed the triumph of Africa and humanity, Pringle was attacked by his last illness, and from the most trivial of causes—a crumb of bread that had passed down the windpipe, and occasioned a severe fit of coughing, by which some small blood-vessel was lacerated. Consumption followed; but, unaware of the fact, his chief wish was to return to the Cape, and settle, with a few hundred pounds, upon a farm on the frontier of Caffraria. As a voyage was judged necessary for the recovery of his health, he resolved to combine this with his wish to become a settler, and had engaged a passage to the Cape, with his wife and sister-in-law; but his disease assumed such an aspect that he was unable to embark. The result may be easily guessed; he sunk under the cureless malady, and expired on the 5th of December, 1834, in his forty-sixth year. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, and a stone, with an elegant inscription by William Kennedy, marks the place where they lie.

R.

RANDOLPH Thomas, Earl of Moray.—This ancient Scottish paladin, who occupies so prominent a part in the wars of Robert Bruce, was sister's son of that great sovereign. He first appears among the adherents of good King Robert, when the latter commenced his desperate attempt to win the crown of Scotland, and make it worth wearing. In this way his name, as Thomas Randolph, knight of Strah-don, occurs in the list of that intrepid band who crowned

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his uncle at Scone; and in the disastrous skirmish soon after, near Methven, he was one of the prisoners who fell into the hands of the English. As the insurgent Scots were regarded as rebels against their liege lord, Edward I., the usual laws of war were dispensed with; and thus, either with or without trial, the noblest and best of Scotland were consigned to the dungeon or the gallows. The worst of these alternatives would probably have been the fate of Randolph, in consequence of his near relationship to Bruce, had not the brave Adam De Gordon, who was a favourite with the English king, interceded in his behalf. Randolph's life in consequence was spared, but it was only on condition that he should swear fealty to Edward; and to this he submitted with that facility so characteristic of the knightly fidelity of the middle ages. He swore that he would be Edward's man, and the deadly enemy of all his enemies (including, of course, his own uncle and kindred), and thus was transformed in a trice from a Scottish patriot into a friend and servant of the oppressor. If anything can apologize for such tergiversation, it might be the difficulty of deciding at times with which party the right remained; and many may have thought, with Sir Roger de Coverly, that much might be said on both sides—especially when they had a gallows in view.

Randolph having thus changed his party, appears to have fought for it with a courage that did not belie his future renown. He was even among that band, headed by Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, that chased Robert Bruce among the wilds of Galloway with blood-hounds, and nearly succeeded in capturing or slaying him. On this occasion, Sir Thomas pursued the chase so eagerly, that he took his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, along with the royal banner. But this unworthy alienation was not to continue much longer, and an event occurred by which Randolph was to be recovered to his country and his true fame. At this time Sir James Douglas, renowned far and wide by his terrible vengeance upon the English, who had garrisoned the castle of his fathers, was intrenched among the depths of Ettrick Forest, and making it good by prowess and stratagem against every assailant. This was a tempting adventure for Randolph, and accordingly, accompanied by Sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkill, and Sir Adam Gordon—Anglicized Scots, like himself—he set off upon the enterprise, and encamped for the night at a solitary house on the Lyne-water, a tributary stream that falls into the Tweed a little above Peebles. Douglas, however, whom no enemy ever caught asleep, happened to be in the neighbourhood; and on approaching the house, he overheard some one within exclaiming "the devil!" with true military emphasis. Guessing from this token that the building was tenanted by stout soldiers, he made a sudden assault, scattered the surprised inmates, and captured Stewart and Randolph, whom he conducted to his master next morning. The meeting between the king and his renegade nephew was characteristic of such a party-changing period. "Nephew," said Bruce, "you have for a while renounced your faith, but now you must be reconciled to me." "You reproach me," answered the nephew sharply, "and yet better deserve to be reproached yourself; for since you made war against the king of England, you should have vindicated your right in the open field, and not by cowardly sleights and skirmishes." "That may hereafter fall out, and soon," replied the king—who had commenced in this very fashion, until misfortune taught him a wiser course of action—"meantime, since you have spoken so rudely, it is fitting that your proud words should receive due chastisement, until you learn to know the right, and bow to it as you ought." After this

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sage rebuke, Randolph was sent into close and solitary confinement, to digest the lesson at leisure. How wisely such a punishment was inflicted, and how well it wrought, was attested not only in the future life of Randolph, but in the history of his country.

On being set at liberty, Randolph was not only restored to the king's favour, but invested with the earldom of Moray, which had large territories attached to it; and having set these in order, he repaired to that warfare in which he was to be surpassed by none except Bruce himself. It was now also, perhaps, that the generous rivalry commenced between him and his gallant captor, Sir James Douglas, which continued to the end of their lives. This noble contention was now signalized by the "good Lord James" undertaking the siege of Roxburgh Castle, and Randolph that of Edinburgh, the two strongest fortresses in the kingdom, and still in possession of the English. The garrison in Edinburgh Castle was commanded by Sir Piers Leland, a knight of Gascony, but the soldiers having suspected him of holding communication with the Scottish king, deposed and imprisoned him, and set one of their own countrymen in his place, who was both wight and wise. While Randolph beleaguered the well-defended castle, tidings reached him that Douglas had succeeded at Roxburgh; and perceiving that force was useless, he resolved, like his rival in arms, to have recourse to stratagem. A favourable opportunity soon occurred. One of his soldiers, William Frank, had in his youth been wont to descend from the apparently inaccessible ramparts by a secret way in the rock, aided by a ladder of ropes, to visit a woman in the town with whom he intrigued; and he now offered to be the foremost man in conducting a party up the same path, which he still distinctly remembered. The proposal was accepted, and Randolph, with thirty followers, and Frank for his guide, commenced at midnight this dangerous escalade. With the aid of a rope-ladder they ascended in file, one man following another in silence, and by ways where a single false step might have precipitated the whole party to the bottom, or roused the sentinels above. They could even hear the footsteps of the guards going their rounds upon the ramparts. At this instant a stone came whizzing over their heads, with a cry from above, "Aha! I see you!" and they thought that all was over. "Now, help them, God," exclaims Barbour, at this point of the narrative, "for in great peril are they!" But the sentry who had thrown the stone and uttered the cry, saw and suspected nothing, and was merely diverting his companions. After waiting till all was quiet, they resumed their desperate attempt, but had scarcely reached the top of the wall, Randolph being the third man who ascended, than the alarmed garrison rushed out upon them, and a desperate fight commenced. It fared, however, with the English as is the wont of such strange surprisals; they were confounded, driven together in heaps, and unfitted either for safe flight or effectual resistance. The result was, that the governor and several of his soldiers were slain, others threw themselves from the ramparts, and the rest surrendered.

While the report of this gallant deed was still circulating throughout the country, those events occurred that led to the battle of Bannockburn. At this great assize of arms, which seemed to be the last appeal of Scottish liberty previous to the final and decisive sentence, the arrangements which Bruce made for the trial were such a master-piece of strategy as has seldom been equalled, even by the science of modern warfare. Among these dispositions, the command of the left wing was intrusted to Randolph, with strict charge to

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prevent the English from throwing reinforcements into the castle of Stirling. Here, however, the cunning captor of Edinburgh Castle was about to be outwitted in turn, for 800 horsemen detached from the English army, under the command of Sir Robert Clifford, made a circuit by the low grounds to the east, and, unperceived by Randolph, whose post they had thus turned, were in full progress to the castle. The quick military eye of Bruce detected the movement, and riding up to the earl, he pointed to the detachment, and sharply exclaimed, "A rose has fallen from your chaplet!" Impatient to retrieve his lost honour, and recover the important pass, which was the key of the Scottish position, Randolph, at the head of 500 spearmen, hurried off with such speed, that he soon interposed his force between the enemy and the castle. The English thus interrupted, resolved to reach the castle by trampling down the little band with a single charge, and for this purpose came on with loosened rein. This contempt of foot soldiers, which was common to the chivalry of the period, cost them dear, for Randolph causing his men to place themselves in a ring, back to back, with their spears pointing outward, presented an impenetrable hedge to the enemy, through which they were unable to ride. Still, the appearance of that charge, as seen from the Scottish army, was so terrible, and the little phalanx was so eclipsed by the throng of cavaliers that surrounded and seemed to tread it under foot, that Sir James Douglas could endure the sight no longer, and cried to the king, "Ah, sir! the Earl of Moray is in danger unless he is aided: with your leave, therefore, I will speed to his rescue." "No," replied the king, "you shall not stir a foot for him: whether he may win or lose, I cannot alter my plan of battle." But Douglas was not to be thus silenced. "I may not stand by," he impetuously exclaimed, "when I can bring him aid, and therefore, with your leave, I will assuredly help him or die with him!" Having extorted from the king a reluctant assent, he hastened to the aid of his rival; but before he could reach the spot, he saw that the Scottish phalanx was still unbroken, while the English cavalry were reeling in disorder, and had already lost some of their bravest. On seeing this, Douglas cried to his party, "Halt! our friends will soon be victorious without our help; let us not therefore lessen their glory by sharing it!" His prediction was accomplished, for Randolph and his band so bestirred themselves, that the English were broken and chased off the field, while the earl, with the loss of only one yeoman, returned to his companions.

In the great battle that followed, by which the independence of Scotland was secured, the master-mind and towering form of the Bruce are so pre-eminent over every part of the field, that no room is left for meaner men. On this account we cannot discover the gallant Randolph amidst the dust and confusion of the strife, where he no doubt performed the office of a gallant man-at-arms, as well as a wise and prompt captain. He figures, indeed, in Barbour, where, as leader of the left wing, he resisted the shock of the English cavalry, in which the enemy chiefly rested their hopes, and kept his ground so gallantly, although his troops looked "as thai war plungyt in the se," that

> "Quha sa had sene thaim that day,
> I trow forsuth that thai suld say
> That thai suld do thair deivor wele,
> Swa that thair fayis suld it felle."

His name next appears in the parliament held at Ayr on the 26th of April,

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1315, when an act was passed for the succession to the crown of Scotland. On this occasion it was ordained, that should the king or his brother, Edward Bruce, die during the minority of the heirs male of their bodies, "Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, should be guardian of the heir, and of the kingdom, until the major part of the states should hold the heir fit to administer the government in his own person." In an important event that occurred only one month afterwards—the invasion of the Scots into Ireland, for the purpose of driving the English out of that island, and placing Edward Bruce upon its throne—Randolph was one of the principal leaders of the expedition, and, as such, was repeatedly employed in bringing over reinforcements from Scotland. Three years afterwards (1318), while Bruce was laying siege to Berwick, Spalding, one of the citizens, who had been harshly treated by the governor of Berwick, offered, by letter written to a Scottish nobleman, to betray upon a certain night the post upon which he was appointed to mount guard. This lord, unwilling to act in so important a matter upon his own responsibility, brought the letter to the king. "You did well," said Bruce, "that you revealed this to me, instead of to Randolph or to Douglas, for you would thus have offended the one whom you did not trust. Both of them, however, shall aid you in this adventure." The rival pair were accordingly enlisted for the purpose, and under their joint efforts the important town of Berwick was taken in a few hours.

The loss of Berwick was so disastrous to the English, as it furnished an open door to Scottish invasion, that they made every effort to recover it; and for this purpose they laid siege to it in such force, and with a camp so well fortified, that to assail them would have been a perilous adventure. Bruce, therefore, resolved to withdraw them by an invasion of England, and for this purpose sent Randolph and Douglas, at the head of 15,000 soldiers, who penetrated through the West Marches, wasted Yorkshire, and attempted to carry off the queen of Edward II., at that time residing near York, whom they meant to keep as a hostage for their retention of Berwick. But, unluckily for these heroes—and more unluckily by far for her husband, to whom her bondage would have been a blessing—the queen escaped when she was almost within their toils. A battle followed soon after, in which the English, under the command of the Archbishop of York, were routed at Mitton, near Borough-Bridge, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, with great slaughter; and such was the number of priests who accompanied the standard of the archbishop, and fell on this occasion, that the Scots derisively termed it the "Chapter of Mitton." This event raised the siege of Berwick, and although the English army on its way homeward endeavoured to intercept the Scots, Randolph and Douglas eluded them, and returned in safety to Scotland. Another expedition into England, in which the pair were engaged under the leading of Bruce himself, occurred in 1322, or three years after the victory at Mitton. On this occasion the Scots almost succeeded, by a forced march, in capturing Edward II. himself, at the monastery of Bilaud, in Yorkshire; and although he escaped with difficulty to York, it was after leaving all his baggage and treasure in the hands of the pursuers. During this campaign Bruce resolved to attack the English camp, which was so completely fortified that it could only be reached, as was supposed, by a narrow pass. This pass Douglas undertook to force, and Randolph generously left his own command to serve as volunteer under him. The English gallantly defended this entrance to the camp; but while their attention was thus wholly

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occupied, Bruce, who was skilled in mountain warfare, turned their position in the rear by a body of Highlanders and Islesmen, who scaled the precipices, and unexpectedly came down upon the English while they were fully occupied with Randolph and Douglas in front.

The Earl of Moray was now to combat the enemy upon a new field of battle, and with very different weapons, in the capacity of envoy to the court of Rome, by which his sovereign had been excommunicated for the murder of Comyn, and where envoys from England were busily employed in stirring up the pontiff against the Scots. It was a strange match, where an illiterate soldier had to confront a conclave—a blunt straightforward Scot to wage a controversy with Italian cunning and finesse—and it was a still stranger result that the ultramontane, the barbarian, the man of Thule, should have had the best of it. Perhaps the College of Cardinals thought it impossible that such a person could know anything of the "trick of fence" in a political conflict, and therefore did not think it worth while to "lie at their old ward." Be that as it may, Randolph managed the negotiation so wisely and dexterously, that in spite of the evil odour under which his master's reputation suffered at the papal court, and in spite of the intervention of wealthy powerful England—compared with which the interests of Scotland were of little price at Rome—tho pope accorded to Bruce a temporary absolution, by refusing the request of his enemies to ratify and publish, in due form, the sentence of excommunication—accorded to the Scots the right of electing their own bishops, although they had been accused of despising the authority of the church, slaughtering ecclesiastics, and subjecting them to capital trial and punishment, and showing, on not a few occasions, a strong leaning towards heresy—and gave Bruce himself the title of King, thus recognizing his right to rule as a legitimate sovereign, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical offences, the claims of the house of Comyn to the Scottish throne, and the still more formidable pretensions of Edward II. himself, as lord paramount of Scotland. After having suffered these concessions to be extracted from him, the pope seems to have been astonished at his own facility; and he wrote accordingly to the king of England an apologetic letter, in which he fully stated the inducements presented to him by the Scottish envoy. This missive is a most incontestable proof of the sagacity of Randolph, and shows that he was as fitted to excel in diplomacy as in war.

After having accomplished the emancipation of Scotland, the great work for which he had lived, and toiled, and suffered, Robert Bruce, prematurely worn out by his heroic exertions, and languishing under an incurable disease, retired to a castle on the banks of the Clyde, to spend in peace the few days that might be allotted him, and prepare for his departure. Still it was necessary, for the purpose of securing the advantages he had already won, to continue the war against England, until the independence of his country was fully recognized by the latter. This was the more necessary, as Edward III. had now succeeded to the English throne, and, although only sixteen years old, was already impatient to win his spurs, and giving promise that he might become as formidable a foe to Scotland as his grandfather, Edward I., had been. Bruce, therefore, from his sick-bed, dictated the plan of a formidable invasion into England, and intrusted the management of it to Randolph and Douglas, upon whose fitness for the undertaking he could now confidently rely, for hitherto they had been his right and left arms during the course of the eventful war. Seldom, indeed, have two military rivals been so completely at one in their joint undertakings, so that what the

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wisdom of the one could plan, the daring courage of the other was fully ready to execute. In this respect Randolph, who was the chief leader of the enterprise, appears to have wonderfully changed from that fiery young knight of Strah-don, who joined in the hot chase against his uncle in the wilds of Galloway, and afterwards, when taken prisoner, had reproached him to his beard for having recourse to delays and stratagems, instead of hazarding all upon an open field. His wisdom was as conspicuous through the whole of this singular campaign, as the daring valour and chivalrous deeds of the Douglas. Into the particulars of the campaign itself we do not enter, as these have been fully detailed in another part of this work.* After the pair had wrought fearful havoc, defied the whole chivalry of England, and shifted their ground so rapidly that they could not be overtaken, or intrenched themselves so skilfully that they could not be attacked, they returned to Scotland unmolested, and laden with plunder. The blow they had dealt on this occasion was so heavy, that England, wearied with so disastrous a strife, succumbed to a treaty of peace, which was ratified in a parliament held at Northampton in April, 1328. The conditions were glorious to Scotland, for by these the independence of the kingdom was recognized, and all the advantages that Edward I. had won with so much toil and expense, were renounced and relinquished; and, if not honourable, they were absolutely necessary for England, whose treasures were exhausted, and her people dispirited by defeat, while her councils, controlled by a profligate queen and her minion, promised to end in nothing but ruin and shame.

Only a year after this event, by which Bruce's utmost hopes were realized, he breathed his last, at Cardross, surrounded by the faithful warriors who had partaken of his victories, as well as his trials and cares. His dying testament, which he gave on this occasion, for the future protection of the kingdom, as well as the commission which he intrusted to the "good Lord James," to carry his heart to the holy sepulchre, are matters familiar to every reader of Scottish history. By the act of settlement, passed in 1315, Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, became regent of the kingdom during the minority of his young cousin, David II.

On entering upon the duties of the regency, the Earl of Moray showed himself not only an able but strict and stern justiciary. In such a situation, indeed, severity to the criminal was true clemency to society at large, in consequence of the wild insecurity which so protracted a warfare had occasioned. The strictness with which he enforced the laws, gives us not only a strange picture of the state of society in general, but the nature of Scottish legislation since the days of Malcolm Canmore. Minstrels and players, who often made their profession a cover for every kind of license, he prohibited from wandering about the country, under severe penalties. If any one assaulted a traveller, or any public officer while in the discharge of his duty, he made it lawful for any man to kill the offender. To prevent robberies, and promote a feeling of security among the industrious, he made a law that the countrymen should leave their iron tools and plough-gear in the field, and that they should not shut their houses nor stalls at night. If anything was stolen, the loss was to be repaired by the sheriff of the county, and the sheriff was to be reimbursed by the king; and the king was to be indemnified out of the goods of the robbers when they were taken. To insure the due execution of the laws, he also held justice-aires,

* See "Sir James Douglas," vol. ii., pp. 111–113.

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travelling for this purpose over the whole country; and while his sentences were severe, and often measured by the mere purpose of the criminal, whether it had succeeded or not, prompt execution was certain to follow. Thus, at a justice-court which he held at Wigton, a man complained at his tribunal that an ambush was placed in a neighbouring wood for the purpose of murdering him, but that happily he escaped it, and now claimed protection. Randolph immediately sent to the place, where the men in ambush were arrested, and had them forthwith executed, as if they had committed the murder. On another occasion, he showed an instance of boldness in vindicating the claims of natural justice, in defiance of ecclesiastical immunities, upon which few in England, or even in Europe, whether magistrate or king, would have dared to venture. A man having slain a priest, had subsequently passed over to Rome, where, after confession of his offence, and full performance of penance, he received clerical absolution. Being thus, as he thought, *rectus in curia,* he ventured back to Scotland, as if every penalty had been liquidated, and, in an evil hour for himself, ventured into the presence of Randolph, while the latter was holding a justice-court at Inverness. The quick eye of the earl detected the culprit, who was immediately arrested, and placed on trial for the murder. The man pleaded that the person he had slain was a priest, not a layman; and that for this he had received the absolution of the church, whose subject the priest was. But this was not enough for Randolph; the priest, he said, was a Scottish subject and king's liege-man, irrespective of his clerical office; and, therefore, as the murderer of a Scottish subject, the culprit was adjudged to suffer the full penalty of the law.

Although a perpetual peace had been ratified between Scotland and England, the injuries each country had received were too recent, and the claims for compensation were too numerous and unreasonable, to give hope that it would be lasting. Scarcely, therefore, had Randolph held the regency for three years, when certain English nobles, who were disappointed in the recovery of their Scottish estates, adopted the cause of Baliol as their pretext for breaking the treaty of Northampton, and made formidable preparations to invade Scotland by sea. In consequence of this intelligence, Randolph assembled an army, and marched to Colbrandspath, expecting the invasion would be made by land; but as soon as he learned that the enemy had embarked at Ravenshire in Holderness, he turned his course northwards, to be ready for the assailants at whatever point they might land in the Forth. But on reaching Musselburgh, his last march was ended. For some time past he had been afflicted with that excruciating disease, the stone, and he suddenly died on the 20th of July, 1332, in the midst of his political anxieties and warlike preparations. Never, indeed, has Scotland—so often harassed with minority and interregnum—possessed, either before or afterwards, such a deputy-sovereign, with the single exception of his noble namesake of after centuries, that Earl of Moray who was called "the good regent." Randolph's death was the commencement of heavy woes for Scotland. From the suddenness of his departure, and its disastrous consequences, it was suspected that the invaders, who had no hope of success as long as he lived, had caused him to be removed by poison; but the incurable nature of the malady under which he died sufficiently accounts for his decease.

REID, John, M.D., Chandos Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the University of St. Andrews.—This talented anatomist and physiologist, who was so unexpectedly removed from us when his value was just beginning to be

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estimated by the world, was born at Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, on the 9th of April, 1809. He was the sixth child of Henry Reid, a thriving farmer and cattle-dealer. The commencement of his education was rather unpropitious; for before he knew the grammar of his own language, he was sent to learn that of Latin, under one of those frowzy village pedagogues who were so plentiful in Scotland, as well as England, when normal schools were as yet unknown. Under, or rather, we should say, in spite of such a preceptor, John Reid made a respectable proficiency in classical learning; and at the age of fourteen he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where, for the first two or three years, he chiefly devoted himself to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. But a love of literature for its own sake was not his characteristic: it was merely the means to an end, and not the end itself, and he valued it chiefly as the exponent of thought in those scientific pursuits to which his life was devoted. The same love of science induced him to direct his studies to the medical profession, instead of the church, which had been originally selected for his career. In the many departments of the healing art, those of anatomy and physiology exclusively attracted his attention, and upon these, while a student, he laid the secure foundation of his future distinction. After five years spent as a medical student, he obtained, in 1830, the diploma of surgeon and physician. On receiving the last and most honourable of these appointments, there were not less than 106 candidates who obtained the diploma of M.D. on the same day. On this occasion, a velvet cap is placed for a moment upon each head successively —resembling the now almost forgotten process in Scotland of extinguishing a chandelier of candles. This useful and wonder-working cap, that converts raw lads into learned doctors by a single touch, was supposed to have been originally the head-gear of George Buchanan. At the university of St. Andrews the case is better still, as their graduating cap is supposed to have been made out of a part of the velvet dress of John Knox.

On becoming a physician, Dr. Reid's first wish was to receive a medical appointment in the navy for two or three years, in the hope of seeing the world, and establishing himself in his profession. But as no opportunity of this kind occurred, he accepted the office of clerk or assistant-physician in the clinical wards of the Edinburgh Infirmary. After discharging its duties for a twelvemonth with great ability, he repaired to Paris in the autumn of 1831, for the purpose of improving himself in its medical schools. His enthusiastic application in the French capital was well requited by the lessons of Louis and Andral, two of the most distinguished physicians, and Dupuytren and Listrane, the most skilful surgeons in Paris, whose lectures he attended. His description of the daily routine while thus employed, although so brief, gives a full idea of his diligence:—"I go to one of the hospitals for three hours in the morning, before breakfast; immediately after breakfast I go to the dissecting-rooms for three or four hours, then attend a lecture or two, return to dinner, and pass the evening at home." On his return to Scotland in 1832, uncertain where to commence his labours, he soon found that a choice had been made for him, by a stern necessity over which he had no control. The cholera had entered the country, and was making fearful havoc in Dumfries; and as the regular physicians of the district were too few to withstand the sudden and overwhelming visitation, four medical men were sent to their aid from Edinburgh, of whom Dr. Reid was one. He had seen the worst of this terrible calamity in Paris, and learned its mode of treatment: he was also aware of the danger which it entailed upon the physi-

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cian as well as the patient. Undismayed, however, by his full knowledge of the peril, he set off with this "forlorn hope," and remained a whole month in the midst of infection, until the plague was stayed; and this, too, in spite of an alarming attack of peritonitis, that threatened every moment while it lasted to involve him in the fate of the sufferers, by increasing his liability to infection. The duties which he had to undergo in Dumfries during his short sojourn there, were such as required the utmost of moral heroism. "It was terrible work," he thus wrote, "for the first few days. It was truly the City of the Plague. Such dreadful scenes I should never wish to be again obliged to witness; and what aggravated in no small degree the miseries and horrors inseparable from the agonies and dying groans of so many sufferers was, that the dread of contagion seemed to have torn asunder the social bonds of society, and the wretched victim had too often occasion to upbraid, with his last breath, the selfish fear of friends, and even of his nearest relations."

On the cessation of this most fearful of plagues, Dr. Reid, after a short interval, and while he was yearning for active employment, received two offers. The one was to settle in a medical vacancy near his native Bathgate, where he might have secured the quiet, easy, and respectable life of a country doctor, and talked politics with the parish minister, or general gossip with the laird's family. The other offer was to become a partner in the school of anatomy in Old Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, where the growing crowd of students required an addition to the usual staff of instructors. Here, as demonstrator, his duty would be a revolting one. He would have to wait all day, like a ghoul, in the dissecting-room, amidst mangled human subjects, and expound, from morning till night, the construction of these revolting masses, and trace in them the sources of those various maladies which flesh is heir to. He felt that he must thus dwell among the dead to benefit the living. He knew, also, that in this way alone he could prosecute those anatomical researches in reference to physiology, to which his whole heart was so intensely devoted. On this account, he did not hesitate to accept the office, notwithstanding the horror of his family at the idea of one of their number being a mangler of the dead—a very henchman of the common executioner! From 1833 to 1836, he continued to be the demonstrator of Old Surgeons' Hall, and his labours in this capacity have elicited the most enthusiastic encomiums from those distinguished successors who were originally his pupils. "He was the most painstaking demonstrator," one of them declares, "I ever knew or heard of. No 'grinder' paid by the hour could have displayed more patience, or taken more trouble to make anatomy easy to the meanest capacity. Where he might have contented himself in the discharge of his duty, by a bare demonstration and description of the parts, he seemed to be animated by a sincere purpose of stereotyping his lesson on the memory and understanding of the dullest of his audience. His patience with those who wished to learn had no limit." "We used to crowd round him," another pupil writes, "and ask questions on any point that was not thoroughly understood; but this was very seldom necessary; for such was the order, clearness, and minuteness of his description, that the subject was indeed made easy to the dullest comprehension. That kind of instruction, also, which with him, as with every great anatomist of this country, sought for illustration in those points bearing on surgical or medical practice, was never lost sight of; and I, for one, up to this hour, and I firmly believe on this account, have never forgotten his admirable demonstrations." In this way he was wont, during nine

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months of each year, to give instructions daily in the dissecting-room from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon; and as some time was necessary for rest after such fatiguing labours, he generally commenced his private studies late in the evening, and continued them till long after midnight, declaring that he always found himself fittest for work when other people were going to their beds. He also attended, on the evenings of the six months of winter, the meetings of the scientific societies in Edinburgh connected with his profession, where the discussions were of such an interesting character as to attract the intellectual of every class, either as members or auditors. At this time, also, he gave the fruits of some of his more diligent investigations in the form of essays read before these societies, which were published in 1835. Two of these were on certain curious structures observed in connection with the veins; a third was on the organization of certain glands in the whale, and some peculiarities in the internal arrangement of the blood-vessels of man during the period of juvenility. But amidst all this heroism of labour and research, we must confess that with Dr. Reid one important subject had been, and still continued to be omitted. On one occasion, a discussion among some of his medical friends who had met in his apartment was carried on, in which a religious question was involved, and Scripture was appealed to as conclusive evidence. But on searching his well-stored library for a Bible to quote chapter and verse, none could at first be found; and it was only after careful rummaging, that at length this most momentous of all volumes was found thrust behind the other books, and covered with dust. He was at present labouring for distinction, and had no time to study it; by and by, when the prize was won, he would again read his Bible, as he had done when he was a boy. It is well that this indifference, lately so common among intellectual men, is now regarded not only as profane, but even unliterary, and in bad taste. It was well, also, for Reid, that that "more convenient season," which so many have expected in vain, was vouchsafed to him at last.

In consequence of the high reputation which Dr. Reid had acquired as the anatomical demonstrator of Old Surgeons' Hall during three years' attendance, he was unanimously called, by his brethren of Edinburgh, to occupy a more honourable and important office. It was that of lecturer on physiology in the Extra-Academical Medical School, now left vacant by the death of Dr. Fletcher, author of the "Rudiments of Physiology." Into this new sphere he removed with considerable reluctance, for he was diffident of his powers as a lecturer, which were still untried. His perseverance, however, not only overcame his timidity, but enabled him to become as distinguished in the oratorical as he had formerly been in the conversational form of instruction. He now also had more leisure for self-improvement, as his course for the year commenced in November, and terminated with the close of April. In 1838 he was appointed pathologist to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, where his duties consisted in collecting the weekly statistics of the institution, and conducting the *post-mortem* examinations of the patients who had died in the hospital; and in the following year, he was also appointed superintendent of the infirmary. In this last capacity, we are told in the "Monthly Journal of Medical Science," "he carried into his inquiries concerning morbid anatomy and pathology, the same accuracy in observing facts, and the same cautious spirit in drawing inferences from them, that characterized his anatomical and physiological researches. He at once saw the necessity of making his position serviceable to the advancement

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of medical knowledge, and, struck with the inconsistencies which existed as to the absolute and relative size and weight of the principal organs of the body, he commenced another laborious investigation on this subject. He introduced weighing-machines into the pathological theatre, by means of which the weight of the entire body was first ascertained, and then, respectively, the weights of the different organs." In 1839 Dr. Reid was candidate for the chair of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, but was unsuccessful; in the same year he was candidate for the chair of anatomy in Marischal College, and was again unsuccessful. These disappointments, however, he bore with such good humour, as consciousness of desert, and hope of better luck in store, acting upon a naturally cheerful, buoyant spirit, seldom fail to supply. Already he had broken ground, and most successfully, into those discoveries upon the anatomy and physiology of the heart, and especially of the nervous system, upon which he may be said to have established for himself a European reputation; and in the latter department he had produced and read before the British Association an epitome of his "Experimental Investigation into the Functions of the eight pair of nerves, or the glosso-pharyngeal, pneumogastric, and spinal accessory." The light which was dawning upon him in the course of these investigations was soon to be worth more than the distinction that can be conferred by a seat upon the bench of a College Senatus Consultum. All this was soon after attested at a public scientific meeting, in which it was declared, among other just encomiums, that Dr. Reid, by his "original investigations into the physiology of the nervous system, had made the profession acquainted with valuable facts, which had at once enriched the science their discoverer cultivated, and procured for himself an extensive and enviable reputation." Such was the testimony of Professor Alison, one of the most competent of judges upon such a subject.

Having now attained a high reputation in his own favourite walks of science, an appointment soon offered that consoled Dr. Reid for his late mischances. This was the professorship of anatomy in the university of St. Andrews, which was conferred upon him in March, 1841. He had now only reached his thirty-first year; and from what he had already accomplished, combined with his robust, vigorous, healthy constitution, it was hoped that a long life was yet in store for him, as well as an ample field of research and discovery. He commenced in winter the course of lectures that properly belonged to his professorship; but as this class, composed of medical students only, was too limited a sphere, he also delivered a course of lectures on comparative anatomy and general physiology, which all were free to attend gratuitously, whether from town or college. A delighted crowd usually assembled at these prelections, composed not only of professors, ministers, and students from several classes, but also of the citizens of St. Andrews, whose earnest animated attention would of itself have been a rich reward to any public instructor. But even amidst all this, Dr. Reid felt that there was something wanting. St. Andrews was not a medical school of any mark, as most of the county students destined for the healing profession were wont to pass over to the university of Edinburgh. Besides, it was difficult to procure *subjects*, without which anatomical dissertations are all but useless—for even yet there still lingered among the living of Fifeshire that jealous care of their dead, which was placarded not a hundred years ago over one of their cemeteries, in these ominous words: "Whoever enters this churchyard will be shot." These drawbacks he felt so sensitively that he was impatient for wider action, until 1844, when St. Andrews was converted into a

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happy home for him, by his marriage with Miss Ann Blyth. Four years followed, in which his researches were chiefly directed to the natural history of the marine animals so plentiful on the Fifeshire coast, and the results of which he communicated in several papers to the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History." In 1848 he made a collection, in one volume, of the essays which he had published in several scientific journals during the course of thirteen years. The work is entitled, "Physiological, Anatomical, and Pathological Researches," and consists of twenty-eight articles. Of the value of these, especially of the six that contain the results of his inquiries into the functions of living organs, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea, without such a full analysis as would far exceed the plan and limits of our work. We content ourselves with quoting, from a host of congenial critics who reviewed the volume, the opinions of one who was well qualified to estimate its worth. "As a physiologist," says Dr. J. H. Bennett, "he [Dr. Reid] may be considered to have been unsurpassed; not, indeed, because it has fallen to his lot to make those great discoveries or wide generalizations which constitute epochs in the history of the science, but because he possessed such a rare degree of caution and conscientiousness in all his researches, that no kind of investigation, whether literary, anatomical, physiological, or pathological, that could illustrate any particular fact, did he ever allow to be neglected. . . . . His volume contains more original matter and sound physiology than will be found in any work that has issued from the British press for many years."

Dr. Reid was now a happy man, in the fullest sense of the term. With a happy home, and an extensive circle of friends, by whom he was honoured and beloved, his scientific aspirations were every day advancing towards that termination upon which his heart had been fixed for years. "My worldly circumstances," he wrote afterwards to a friend, "were assuming a more comfortable aspect; my constitution, until lately, was robust; my age still in its prime (within some months of forty years); I had formed plans for carrying on investigations into the structure and vital actions of the lower organized bodies, which can be so readily procured from this coast, little thinking that disease was so soon to overtake me. I had my dreams of being able to add something of importance to the deeply attractive and instructive matters embraced in such investigations; and I was looking forward to the time when I should be able to say that I have done something which will prevent me from being readily forgotten." But while he was thus in the full flush of health and strength, of happiness and hope, a fearful pause occurred. A small, insignificant-looking blister made its appearance upon his tongue, which, instead of departing, continued to increase, until it became a confirmed ulcer; and on examining this suspicious plague-spot, it was found to be the sure commencement of a cancer. He was thus to be the victim of a disease the most loathsome and incurable, while the only prospect which it held out was nothing but months of anguish and torture, until his iron frame should be worn out, and his strength prostrated into utter helplessness, so that death might come to his relief. He changed his residence from place to place in search of alleviation from pain, and submitted to torturing operations, in the faint hope that the malady might be eradicated; but its fangs were too deeply inserted, and too firmly closed, to be thus loosed from their hold. It was a barbed arrow, which no surgery could extract; and nothing remained for him but to linger upon the outskirts of the fight of life, in which he had hitherto borne himself so bravely, and await the moment of

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release. It was then that the all-important subject, which hitherto he had too much neglected, summoned his attention with an authority that would not be gainsaid. For what had he spent the past? What provision had he made for the future? These were questions that occurred through the long days of helplessness and nights of sleeplessness and pain, and he knew that if not answered here, they would assuredly be repeated, and as certainly must be answered elsewhere. And thither he felt that he was moving from day to day, and step by step, under an urgency which no power of earth could retard. The result of this solemn self-examination was, that Dr. Reid became a Christian in the true sense of the term. His life, indeed, had been one of unimpeachable honour, and universal kindliness and benevolence; and, as far as a profession of religion went, he had passed muster among the general file of Christian men. But now he felt that all his thoughts and studies had been devoted to the things that are seen and felt, while his futurity had been bounded by time and the world, which were fast vanishing away. He thus became a Christian, not, however, from selfish and craven fear, but from the same steady conviction and love of truth that had hitherto directed all his researches; and even to the last, while exhibiting the child-like simplicity and humility of his new character, he continued his scientific studies, but purified and elevated by the fresh impulse that had been given them. And thus he died, rejoicing, even in death, that the glorious future into which he was about to enter would fully open up to him those sciences of which as yet he had scarcely learned the alphabet. What are our studies worth unless they are to be eternal? After more than a year and a half of intense suffering, Reid entered into his rest on the 30th of July, 1849. His widow and two daughters, one a posthumous child, survive to lament him. A simple tablet on the wall of the ancient church-yard of St. Andrews, indicates the place of his interment.

S.

SCOTT, DAVID.—Of this poet-painter, whose whole life was a feverish struggle with great conceptions, and whose artistic productions showed that, had his life been but continued, he might have embodied these conceptions in paintings that would have created a new school of art—of him it may truly be said, that a generation must yet pass away, and a new world of living men enter into their room, before his talents are fully appreciated, and their place distinctly assigned. David Scott was the youngest of five children, all sons, and was born either on the 10th or 12th of October, 1806; but only a year after his birth he was the sole surviving child of his parents, the rest having died, with only a few days of interval between each. Like other boys of his standing in Edinburgh, David was sent to study Latin and Greek at the High School; but, like the generality of artists, he made no great proficiency in these languages. Is it that nature has implanted such a different spirit of utterance within the artistic heart, as to make words unnecessary? As his father was an engraver, of respectable attainments in his profession, having had, among other pupils, John Burnet, the engraver of some of Wilkie's best drawings, and John Horsburgh, David had thus, even in his earliest boyhood, such opportunities for pictorial study as formed an excellent training for the profession to which nature had designed him. He also learned the art from his father, and became

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one of his assistants. But the mere mechanical work of engraving was not enough for such an original spirit: he must draw as well as engrave, create as well as copy; and therefore he frequently drew those designs which he afterwards produced with his graver, as the frontispieces and vignettes of books. Although he abandoned the graving-tool for the pencil, as soon as circumstances permitted the exchange, he did not lose sight of the early art which had formed the chief stepping-stone of his progress; and, accordingly, he etched with his own hand the "Monograms of Man," and the Illustrations of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and just previous to his death, had purposed to do the same for his designs expressive of the emotions produced by the contemplations of sidereal astronomy. Still, however, his love of painting so completely predominated, that among his early sketches there were two that especially indicated the ardour of his aspirations. The one was inscribed, "Character of David Scott, 1826," in which he was delineated as seated at the engraving table, with his hands clenched in despair. Another, of a similar bearing, dated 1828, represents him with the engraving tools thrown away, and the palette pressed to his heart. But he did not confine himself to aspirations merely; on the contrary, he accompanied them with that laborious diligent practice for which his life was distinguished to the close. Having associated himself with the young lovers of art, with whom Edinburgh even already had begun to abound, he formed with them the Life Academy in 1827, in which, as the name indicates, the living model was the subject of study and delineation. In the following year he attended Dr. Munro's class of anatomy, and made a short visit to London, for the purpose of taking sketches in the National Gallery and the British Institution. Of the same date, also, was his first exhibited picture, entitled "The Hopes of Early Genius dispelled by Death." As may be supposed, it was a stern, Dante-like allegory, chiefly valuable for the indication it gave of the bent of the young artist's mind, and the struggle, already commenced, that was certain to lead to high excellence. His next, of a similar unearthly character, was the "Combat of Fingal with the Spirit of Lodi," on which a considerate friend remarked to him, "Shoot a lower aim; you speak a dead language." Following these were his "Adam and Eve singing their Morning Hymn," "The Death of Sappho," "Wallace defending Scotland," and "Monograms of Man;" and subsequently, "Lot," "Nimrod," "Sarpedon carried by Sleep and Death," and "Cain." These, and several other intermediate sketches, were produced between the years 1828 and 1832; and as most of them were sent to the exhibition, the talents of Mr. Scott, as an artist of high promise, were generally felt, although this feeling was mingled with much wonderment, and not a little misgiving as to the ultimate tendency of such fervid idealism. This inability of the public to sympathize in his views, and consequent tendency to disparage them, Scott, as might be expected, very keenly felt; and he thus writes of the subject in his journal: "Various are the causes that render my going abroad necessary. I lose myself in thinking over the journey, and what it may do. Everything I have yet attempted has been unsuccessful; so many disappointments make effort appear vain. What I must do is to cut off all recurrence to former efforts, except in so far as they may coincide with my later formed ideas of art, and to hold grimly on in the conscientious course. A great happiness it is that futurity is yet unseen and unmade; therein yet may be somewhat to answer my desires. Happy are those new hopes and wishes that still descend on us when all we value in ourselves is burned up and scattered!"

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David Scott had now resolved to become the pupil of art, as he had formerly been of nature; and for this purpose, to repair to Italy, and study in its galleries the productions of those great masters whose excellence had endured the test of centuries, and come out more brilliant from the ordeal. He would there learn the mighty secret by which they had enthralled the world so completely and so long—that true utterance of painting which every age and nation can understand. He set off upon his quest in August, 1832, and, after a short stay in London, visited Paris and Geneva, where the Louvre and the Alps alternately solicited his study. Milan and Venice, Parma and Bologna, Florence and Sienna, followed in turn, until he finally settled at Rome, once the nursing-mother of heroes, but now of painters and sculptors, by whom her first great family have been embalmed, that the present world might know how they looked when they lived. It seems to have been only by degrees that the true grandeur of these objects fully dawned upon the mind of David Scott; for there was within him not only much that needed to be improved, but much to be unlearned and renounced. His impressions upon all the principal works of art are contained in his diary; and these will, no doubt, be studied as a rich suggestive fund of thought by our future young artists who repair to the great Italian fountain-head. But indefatigable though he was in these explorations, the most striking, though the least ostentatious part of his diary, is to be found in the scattered notices that everywhere occur of his own daily occupations, and from eight to sixteen hours seem with him to have been nothing more than an ordinary diurnal measure. The fruits of this diligence, independently of his critical writings upon works of art, are thus summed up by his biographer:—"During that short residence in Rome, he made a set of eleven sheets of anatomical drawings, forming one of the most perfect artistical surveys of superficial anatomy ever made, with 137 studies from life, in oil or chalk; and in painting he did four small pictures of the 'Four Periods of the Day;' a copy of the 'Delphic Sybil,' from the Sistine, with a number of studies from the 'Last Judgment;' several exercises in fresco; painted 'Sappho and Anacreon,' a picture with life-size figures; and two or three smaller, but well-finished pictures; and, last and greatest, the picture of 'Family Discord,' or, as it was afterwards called, 'The Household Gods Destroyed.' The size of this last was nearly thirteen feet, by ten and a half. This amount of work, if we consider the time lost, in a new scene and among new habits, and add the designs, sketch-books, and other little matters which he accomplished, shows us a Hercules in perseverance and impulse." It is interesting to see Scott's own account of the effect produced upon him by this pilgrimage and labour; and this we have in his diary, a short time after his return home, under the date of 16th August, 1834:—"The anniversary of my leaving Scotland two years ago—the crowning of my desires—the journey of art—the sacrifice to enthusiasm—the search after greatness, in meeting the great men of the present, and the great labours of the past. Among my old pictures and people, I now feel how different I am from the man who left this but so short a time ago. I have looked too much for what was without individual prototype in nature. The veil withdraws and withdraws, and there is nothing left permanent. But I believe I can now meet difficulties practically. Analyzing one's own thoughts and actions—studying things in their relations—is often a painful task; but he who has not done so is a child."

Having returned to Scotland inspired with new perceptions, as well as braced

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with fresh courage, David Scott commenced the business of life in earnest, and his whole course from this period was one of continual artistic action. He must give full proof of high talent as a painter, if he would reap the renown and win the emoluments of such a position; and, to indicate his claims, he must descend into the arena, and let the on-lookers judge what he was worth. In these competitions, we shall content ourselves with summing up his future history.

To the Edinburgh exhibition of 1835 he sent four pictures: these were "Sappho and Anacreon," "The Vintager," a fresco, and "Sketch of the Head of Mary Magdalene."

In that of the following year were exhibited his "Descent from the Cross," a painting which he had prepared as an altar-piece for the new Roman Catholic chapel, in Lothian Street; "Oberon and Puck," and "Macchiavelli and the Beggar." The first of these was made the subject of the annual engraving circulated by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts; the last was the commencement of a series of historic sketches, which Scott continued till near the close of his life.

To the exhibition of 1837 he sent only two pictures, "The Abbot of Misrule," and "Judas betraying Christ." This paucity was chiefly occasioned by the time he devoted to the Illustrations of the "Ancient Mariner," in which he evinced a congenial spirit with that of the author of the wild and wondrous legend. Indeed, Coleridge himself thought it incapable of pictorial illustration, until these productions of David Scott agreeably convinced him of his mistake. "The whole series," he thus wrote to the painter, "is exceedingly impressive, and gives you a good claim to be our Retsch, if that is a compliment. It is curious to see how many conceptions may be formed of the imagery of a work of pure imagination. Yours is not like mine of the 'Ancient Mariner,' and yet I appreciate, and am deeply sensible of the merit of yours."

As an artist, Scott, whose commencement with the exhibition of 1835 had been both unpromising and disheartening, was now successfully surmounting the public neglect, as well as its inability to appreciate him, and steadily winning his way to that eminence which would place him among the highest of his degree. Invigorated by this prospect, his four pictures which he sent to the exhibition in 1838, had a sunniness of fancy as well as completeness of touch, that indicated the hopeful feelings under which they were executed. The subjects were, "Orestes seized by the Furies after the Murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, to which he was prompted by his sister, Electra, in revenge of the Assassination of their father, Agamemnon;" "Rachel Weeping for her Children;" "Puck fleeing before the Dawn;" and "Ariel and Caliban." About the same time he also painted, as a companion to the "Orestes," "Achilles addressing the Manes of Patroclus over the Body of Hector." Another, which he painted during this year, and which was the most successful he had hitherto produced, so that it took the stubborn criticism of Edinburgh by storm, was the "Alchymical Adept Lecturing on the Elixir Vitæ." This picture was purchased by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts for £200. Turning his attention also to the literary department of his profession, he published, in 1839, and the two following years, a series of essays in "Blackwood's Magazine," of which the subjects were, "The Genius of Raffaele," "Titian, and Venetian Painting," "Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio," and the "Caracci, Caravaggio, and Monachism."

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The year 1840 was signalized in Scott's life by the exhibition of his terrible painting, which he had executed at Rome, under the title of "Agony of Discord, or the Household Gods Destroyed," and over which he exclaimed, when it was finished, "That is the work I must live by!" The figures of this strange myth are scarcely human, or if human, at least pre-adamite, when stature, and strength, and passionate expression may be supposed by a poet or artist to have far transcended the present type of humanity; while over them towers a colossal Lacoon-like form, exhausted in the struggle, and about to sink with crushing downfall upon those members of the rebellious home with whom he has been contending to the last. In the midst of this wild strife, the mother has thrown her infant upon the floor; the household altar is overturned, and the household god broken. It was the impersonation, in a single tremendous scene, of the continual strife and struggle of humanity in its path of progress from age to age; and therefore fraught, in every part, with deep and hidden meaning, which nothing but careful examination could detect, and anxious study comprehend. Of course, it was "*caviare* to the multitude," who gazed helplessly upon it, and shook their heads: it was such also to not a few of those penny-a-line critics whom our provincial journals extemporize for the nonce, to fill up a column with a "Report of the Exhibition," and whose whole stock consists of a few terms of art, which they sow at random over their paragraphs. But was it not thus at first with "Paradise Lost" and the "Excursion;" or, to come nearer to the comparison, with "Christabelle" and the "Ancient Mariner?" The highest excellence is slowly appreciated, and thus it fared with Scott's "Discord;" but who would now venture to criticize it in the style that was used in 1840? At the same exhibition were Scott's "Philoctetes left in the Isle of Lemnos by the Greeks, in their Passage towards Troy," a painting also finished during his stay in Rome; "Cupid sharpening his Arrows," and "The Crucifixion."

In 1841 Scott sent to the exhibition "Queen Elizabeth in the Globe Theatre," "Queen Mary receiving the Warrant for her Execution," "The Death of Jane Shore," "Ave Maria," and "A Parthian Archer." In "The Globe Theatre," which was a painting of large dimensions and plentiful detail, there were, besides the audience, draped and arranged in the fashion of the period, the virgin queen herself, listening to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which had been written at her desire—its still more illustrious author—and Spenser, Fletcher, Sackville, Ben Johnson, and other towering spirits of the age, with whom Shakspeare was wont to wage such glorious conflicts of wit at their meetings in the Mermaid.

In 1842 Scott exhibited "The Duke of Gloucester taken into the Water Gate of Calais," "Silenus praising Wine," and "The Challenge." At the commencement of this year also, being excited to the task by the proposal of painting the new houses of parliament with designs in fresco, he published a pamphlet, entitled "British, French, and German Painting." At the close of this year he likewise exhibited, on his own account, in the Calton Hill Rooms, his large picture of "Vasco de Gama, the Discoverer of the New Passage to India, encountering the Spirit of the Storm while attempting to double the Cape of Good Hope," but at that time known as Capo Tormentoso. Magnificent though the original conception is in the "Lusiad" of Camoens, it falls greatly short of its illustration by the painter—and how seldom can this be said of imitation, whether in poetry or painting! The terrible apparition of the "stormy Spirit of the Cape," whose frown itself seems enough to annihilate a navy—the daring

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hero-navigator, recovering from his astonishment, and preparing to confront the prohibition of this unknown power with defiance, or even with actual battle, if such should be needed—and the strange figures upon the crowded deck, each of which tells its own tale, compose, of themselves, an epic such as mere narrative would find it difficult to equal. But who in Edinburgh cared about De Gama, or had read the "Lusiad," even in a translation? The exhibition, therefore, so far as pecuniary profit went, was a failure; and it was not until historic knowledge, combined with critical taste, had pointed out the striking merits of this production, that public attention atoned for its neglect. It was afterwards secured for the Trinity House of Leith, where it now remains.

To the exhibition of 1843 Scott sent his paintings of "Richard III. receiving the Children of Edward IV. from their Mother;" "The Four Great Masters, being Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian, and Coreggio," which were in separate pictures, but forming one series; and the "Belated Peasant," from Milton. These are reckoned to be among the best of his productions. At this period, also, in consequence of the competition for the painting of the new houses of parliament, Scott, whose emulation had been roused by the subject, sent two cartoons as a competitor, the subjects being "Drake witnessing the Destruction of the Ships of the Spanish Armada" and "Wallace defending Scotland." These he painted exclusively in his own style, and with a reference to his own principles of art; but as they had a different ordeal to pass through, they were tried and rejected. When the competition in fresco for the same purpose succeeded, Scott, who was one of the few Scottish artists that understood this style of painting, sent two specimens, executed upon the principles which had occasioned the condemnation of his first attempts, and these also shared in the fate of their predecessors. Returning to a species of competition in which he now had better chances of success, he sent to the exhibition of 1844, "Wallace the Defender of Scotland;" "Sir Roger Kirkpatrick Stabbing the Red Comyn, in the Cloisters of the Greyfriars, Dumfries;" the "Baron in Peace;" and "May," from the Merchant's Tale, in Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims."

The contributions of David Scott to the exhibition of 1845 were two pictures, the one having for its subject, "Christian listening to the Instructions of Piety, Charity, and Discretion;" and of the other, "The Dead rising at the Crucifixion." In 1846 were exhibited his "Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades," "Dante and Beatrice," "Fragment from the Fall of the Giants," "Rhea bewailing the Overthrow of her Titan Sons," and "The Ascension." In 1847 he had only two paintings in the exhibition; these were "The Triumph of Love," and a small fresco which he had formerly exhibited in London. In 1848 he sent to it "Time Surprising Love," "Children Following Fortune," "Queen Mary of Scotland at the place of Execution," "Hope passing over the Sky of Adversity," and "The Baptism of Christ." To the exhibition of 1849 he sent "Delusive Pleasures," "A Sketch of the Fire of London," and "The Domestic Arcadia."

In this catalogue of his annual productions, great though it is, and implying an amount of diligence, perseverance, and intellectual enterprise, such as the artistic studio can seldom equal, we have not taken into account the numerous portraits and sketches with which every interval of leisure seems to have been fully occupied. Alone and unaided, and confronted by a whole world of hostile criticism, Scott had fought the battle step by step, and been obliged to struggle for every inch of ground that brought him nearer to the mark of his ambition.

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Could such a struggle be either useless or unsuccessful? The result was thus summed up, soon after the grave had closed upon him, by one who could well appreciate his worth, as well as commemorate it for the instruction of posterity:—

"In the course of the last fifteen or twenty years, Scott had steadily become one of the most note-worthy of native artists. Without fortune, without office, without professional success commensurate with his undisputed superiority, and living in a state of seclusion, if not alienation from society, he exhibited a wonderful series of pictures from year to year; recognized by all but the most frivolous spectators to be the manifestations of a powerful and exalted soul. The superficial observer was frequently so much startled, as to find no suitable expression for his perplexity, except in the sneer of presumptuous folly; the technical critic was often confounded by the careless pride with which his rules were set at defiance and superseded; the deeper judge of painting, considered as one of the forms of art, might occasionally descry some reason to question the principles of the artist's procedure; but the thoughtful were always sure of the striking and original utterance of some new insight into the nature of man, or into the resources of art. Everybody capable of forming and pronouncing such a judgment, was aware that only genius of the most personal and lofty order could have even endeavoured to give itself expression in the large majority of those singular pieces of work. Even those who may have been the most inflexibly disposed, upon well-considered æsthetical grounds, to dispute the painter's whole idea of art, both in its scope and in its materials, were also free to confess that he could be nothing less than a gifted and self-reliant poet at heart. All men felt that they stood before the works of a mind grandly endowed with 'the faculty divine,' if they were likewise of opinion that he had not completely achieved 'the accomplishment of verse.' Nor can there be any doubt but that the mass of discerning people did invariably assign him a far higher rank in the hierarchy of intellect than all his competitors in the race of fame, even while they honestly refused to his intensely idiosyncratic productions an equal meed of praise and more substantial encouragement."

The following account of David Scott's artistic and social everyday life, as given by the same pen, is too important to be omitted: "In fact, the large and solemn studio in which he painted and preserved his picture-poems, had gradually become one of the most curious and significant features of Edinburgh and its school of art; and its master-spirit, one of the most individual of Scottish characters belonging to the age in which we live. It was there that men of eminence in the church, in politics and law, in science, in literature, and in life, discovered what manner of man he was, and left him with surprise, seldom unmingled with pain, and always ennobled by admiration. It was there that intellectual strangers, of all the more elevated classes of mental character, found another 'wise man in a little city,' not without astonishment that they had scarcely heard of him before. It was there that many a tender-hearted lover of whatsoever is great and good, was at once melted and uplifted by the spectacle of so much cool self-possession, such unquenchable perseverance, such intrepid independence, and such height of contemplation, displayed in circumstances which were evidently the reverse of propitious. It was there that the enamoured students of poetry, in its essence rather than in its manifold embodiment, stood with reverence by his side, and, perhaps as proudly indifferent to particulars as he sometimes was himself, penetrated, by means of imaginative sympathy, to the soul of truth and beauty, that stirred under the surface of all

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his happier efforts. It was there that congenial poets took his cold hand in theirs, and bade him God-speed, with tears threatening in their eyes. It was there, also, still more than at the household hearth, that his friends descried the heart of unflaming fire which glowed within the distant quietude of his manners. It was there, alas! it may almost literally be said, that he died."

That mournful closing event occurred on the 5th of March, 1849. As yet only at the period when life is strongest, and hope, if not at the brightest, is yet the most firmly established—it was then that he passed away, worn out and weary, and longing to be at rest. He thus added one name more to that long list of the sons of promise who have been snatched from the world, when the world could least spare their presence, and when their loss was to be most regretted. But in the case of David Scott, how, indeed, could it be otherwise with such a restless, fervid, sensitive spirit, inclosed within such a delicate frame and sickly constitution? But he had held out bravely to the last; and even during his final illness, his love of art predominated in conceptions that needed full health to embody, and sketches that were left unfinished. At the most, he was only in his forty-third year at the period of his decease.

SCOTT, MICHAEL.—From the nature of the authorship of the present day, as well as its exuberant abundance, the desire of literary fame has undergone a striking change. Formerly, to write a book was equivalent to achieving the conquest of a kingdom; and no one ventured upon the feat except upon the principle of do or die, *Aut Cæsar aut nihil.* The general diffusion of intelligence and equalization of talent, have produced a change in this respect that constitutes the chief intellectual distinction of the present age. Able writers are now produced by the hundred, and that too, not for a century, but a single year; while their productions appear, not in ponderous tomes, but in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, the readers of which, however delighted they may be with the perusal, never trouble themselves with the anonymous source from which their gratification has proceeded. In this fashion, authors of first-rate excellence appear and pass away with no other designations than some unmeaning letter of the alphabet, and are only known, even at their brightest, as *alpha* or *omega.* From such a fate, so common to thousands amongst us, Michael Scott escaped by a mere hair's-breadth.

This talented writer was born at Glasgow, on the 30th October, 1789. He was educated first at the high school, and afterwards at the university of that great emporium of Scottish merchandise and manufacture. As he was destined for business, and obliged to betake himself to it at an early period, his stay at college was a brief one; for, in October, 1806, when he had only reached the age of seventeen, he sailed for Jamaica, and was there employed in the management of several estates till 1810, when he joined a mercantile house in Kingston, Jamaica. As he was much employed in the active business of this establishment, his avocations led him often to the adjacent islands and the Spanish main; and it was in that rich tropical climate, and in his peregrinations by land and water, that he acquired his knowledge of West India scenery and character, as well as of sea-life, which he afterwards so richly and powerfully delineated. Mr. Scott returned home in 1817, and was married in the following year, after which he went back to Jamaica; but after remaining there till 1822, he finally bade adieu to the West Indies, and became permanently a settler in his native Scotland. He does not appear to have been

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particularly successful as a merchant; but the buoyant imagination and restless love of adventure which his writings betoken, were perhaps scarcely compatible with that plodding persevering spirit for which his countrymen are so generally distinguished, especially in mercantile enterprise abroad and in the colonies. It is difficult, indeed, if not impossible, at one and the same time to establish a goodly rich mansion on *terra firma*, and build bright castles in the air.

It was not till 1829 that Michael Scott appears to have ventured into authorship, by the publication of "Tom Cringle's Log." The first specimens, which he sent to "Blackwood's Magazine," were fragmentary productions, under the name of "Tom Cringle;" but the sharp, experienced eye of "Old Ebony" was not long in detecting their merit, and he therefore advised the anonymous author to combine them into a continuous narrative, even though the thread that held them together should be as slender as he pleased. This advice Mr. Scott adopted; and when the papers appeared as a "Log," detailing the eventful voyage of a strange life through calm and hurricane, through battle and tempest, as they successively occurred to his fancy, the "Quarterly Review" characterized them as the most brilliant series of magazine papers of the time, while Coleridge, in his "Table Talk," proclaimed them "most excellent." The magazine reading public was of the same opinion, and accordingly the question was circulated through every class, "Who is the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log?'" But no one could answer; no, not even Blackwood himself, so well had Scott preserved his incognito; and this eminent publisher descended to the grave without knowing assuredly by whom the most popular series in his far-famed magazine had been written. Afterwards the chapters were published as an entire work, in two volumes, and so highly was it prized, that it was generally read upon the Continent, while in Germany it has been repeatedly translated. After Michael Scott had thus led a life almost as mythic as that of his wondrous namesake, he died in Glasgow, on the 7th of November, 1835, and it was only through this melancholy event that the full fact of his authorship was ascertained by the sons of Mr. Blackwood.

SINCLAIR, Sir John, Bart., of Ulbster.—Among the many benefactors of Scotland, whose labours were devoted to its agricultural improvement, we know of none who has surpassed, or even equalled, the subject of our present notice.

Sir John was born at Thurso Castle, in the county of Caithness, on the 10th of May, 1754. He was the eldest son of George Sinclair, of Ulbster, by his wife, lady Janet Sutherland, daughter of William, Lord Strathnaven. George, the father, having died suddenly at Edinburgh, in 1770, John Sinclair, then in his sixteenth year, succeeded to the family property, which, until he was of age, was superintended by his mother. Having received his early education at the High School of Edinburgh, and under the direction of Logan, his tutor, afterwards author of "Runnymede," he studied successively at the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford. At Glasgow he was so fortunate as to be a pupil of Adam Smith, at that time professor of moral philosophy in the university, with whose acquaintanceship he was also honoured at this early period —and it may be that the bias of the future father of Scottish agriculture received its first impulses from his conversations with the author of the "Wealth of Nations." The intellectual ambition of the young student's mind was also manifested at the age of fifteen, among the printed columns of our periodicals.

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Sir H. Raeburn, R.A. William Holl.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

OF ULBSTER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.

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After he had completed his studies at Oxford, he turned his attention to law, not, however, to follow it as a profession, but to be aided by the light it threw on our national institutions. In 1775 he became a member of the faculty of advocates, and was afterwards called to the English bar. In the following year he married Sarah, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Maitland, Esq., of Stoke-Newington, Middlesex, by whom he had two daughters, one of them being Miss Hannah Sinclair, authoress of the excellent letters "On the Principles of the Christian Faith;" the other, Janet, who was married to Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, Bart. In 1780 Mr. Sinclair was elected member of parliament for the county of Caithness, an honour which was repeated in the years 1790, 1802, and 1807. But as this county enjoyed the privilege of only an alternate representation, he was elected during the intervals for the boroughs of Lostwithiel in Cornwall, and Petersfield in Hampshire.

Mr. Sinclair had not been long in parliament when he began to take an active part in the important questions of the day. It was not, however, by mere forensic eloquence, for his strength did not lie in oratory; his reflective mind and profound calculations were better suited for the silence of the press than the arena of parliamentary debate. Accordingly, in 1782, he published a tract, entitled "Lucubrations during a Short Recess; with some Thoughts on the Means of Improving the Representation of the People." This work, upon a theme at that time so dreaded, excited great attention, and called forth not a few replies, among which especially was one from Lord Camelford. In the same year he published another pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Naval Strength of the British Empire, in answer to the late Lord Mulgrave, one of the Lords of the Admiralty." At this time our warfare by sea was carried on with such timid caution, and our naval victories were so few, that the national faith in our "wooden walls" was sorely depressed; while Lord Mulgrave had predicted that, in the event of a continental peace, the united navies of France and Spain would be more than a match for that of Britain. Mr. Sinclair endeavoured to prove the superiority of our fleets above those of the enemy, and to explain the causes of that superiority; while the subsequent victories of Nelson showed that the argument was a sound one. Another tract, which he published about the same period, bore the title of "Considerations on Militias and Standing Armies," and was the substance of those considerations upon the subject which he had brought before the ministers of the day. His suggestions were favourably received, and some of the more important adopted. His last published production, during this stage of his authorship, was "The Propriety of Retaining Gibraltar, Impartially Considered." This, like the foregoing tracts, was published without the author's name, and had the honour of being attributed to the first Lord Camelford.

It was not, however, with political authorship alone that Mr. Sinclair was wholly occupied at this season; for, in 1782, a public emergency occurred that called forth the utmost of his philanthropic care. This was a season of famine in Scotland, on account of the lateness of the summer, so that, at the close of September, the oats and barley were still green, while, at the commencement of next month, the winter began with such sudden intensity, that both field and garden produce was blighted as in an instant; one night often sufficed to annihilate the subsistence of whole districts. In some parishes the oats were reaped, or rather excavated from ice and snow in the middle of November, and in others, so late as the following February. The consequence was, that many

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were obliged to kill their cattle, and eat the flesh without bread; many who had no such resource, lived on soup made of nettles, and snails, which were salted for winter sustenance; while the poor along the coasts, were reduced to the insufficient diet of whelks, limpets, and other such shell-fish. This calamity, which bore hardest upon the north of Scotland, extended over several counties, and included a population of 110,000 souls. It was here that Mr. Sinclair bestirred himself; and not content with appeals to private philanthropy, he brought the subject before the House of Commons, by whom it was referred to a committee. No precedent as yet existed in the annals of the House for a parliamentary grant made upon such an occasion, but the emergency was unprecedented also. Accordingly, forms were waived, and a grant of money decreed in favour of the sufferers, by which their present wants were supplied, and the pestilential diseases attendant upon famine arrested. The obtaining of such relief for his suffering countrymen, constituted a happy era in the public life of Mr. Sinclair; and he was often afterwards heard to declare, that no part of his parliamentary career had ever afforded him such intense satisfaction.

Having distinguished himself as an author upon miscellaneous questions of public interest, Mr. Sinclair was now to obtain reputation as a writer on the difficult subject of finance. The close of our war with America had been followed in Britain, as is usual at the close of all our wars, with a fit of economical calculation. The nation sat down to count the cost, and found itself, of course, on the brink of bankruptcy; and the murmur that rose was all the louder, as neither glory nor success was an offset to the expenditure. It was now demonstrated for the one hundred and fiftieth time, that Britain was ruined beyond recovery, and not a few of these gloomy reasoners were something better than mere political grumblers. While the public despondency was at the height, Mr. Sinclair's "Hints on the State of our Finances," appeared in 1783. The accurate calculations and masterly reasoning of this production, convinced the reflective and cheered the despondent at home; while abroad, it disabused both friend and enemy of the conclusions they had formed upon the coming national insolvency. But it did more than this; it established his character so completely as a sound financier, that his advice was taken upon those measures by which the real evils of the present crisis were to be effectually averted. Such was especially the case, when the extension of the banking system in England was the subject of consideration. On this occasion he was consulted by Sir James Eisdale, the eminent London banker, to whom he recommended the system of the Scottish country banks, the nature and principles of which he fully and clearly explained. Sir James, on finding these so completely accordant with his own views, adopted them into his plan, and the result was, the establishment of twenty branch banks in the country in connection with his own house. The example was speedily multiplied, and banks were established in every part of England. But still, one important part of the Scottish system was omitted; this was the security which country banks are obliged to give for the paper money they issue—a wholesome check, by which dishonest speculation is cut short, and the risk of bankruptcy avoided. This part, so essential to public confidence in banking, was strangely dispensed with in the English system, notwithstanding Sinclair's earnest remonstrances with Mr. Pitt upon the subject; and hence the difference in the stability and efficacy of these English banks as contrasted with those of Scotland. An application which he soon after made on his own account to Mr. Pitt was better attended to; this was for

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the rank of baronet, to which he had a hereditary claim, as heir and representative of Sir George Sinclair, of Clyth. The application was made in 1784, and in 1786 it was gratified more largely than he had expected; for not only was the title of baronet conferred upon him, but a reservation made of it in favour of the heirs-male of the daughters of his first wife, in the event of his dying without a direct representative.

The inquiries of Sir John Sinclair upon the subject of political economy, which he had hitherto turned to such useful account, were still continued, and in 1785 he published an essay "On the Public Revenue of the British Empire." This was but the first and second parts of a series, of which a third appeared in 1790. But during the same year in which the first portion of the work was published, he sustained a heavy domestic affliction by the death of his wife, to whom he had been married eight years. So intense was his sorrow at this bereavement, that he had serious thoughts of resigning his seat in the House of Commons for Lostwithiel, and retiring into private life. Fortunately for his country he was persuaded to try the effects of travel, and, accordingly, he went over to Paris during the Christmas recess, where the society of this gay and intellectual capital not only tended to console his sorrow, but to animate him for fresh public exertion. It was no ordinary good fortune that led him to a city where a mind like his could associate in daily intercourse with such distinguished characters as Necker, Madame de Stael, and Madame de Genlis, of Joseph Montgolfier, Argand, and Reveillon. While he thus associated with the master-spirits of the practical and useful, he never lost sight of the welfare of his own country. In this way, having studied the machines for coinage invented by M. Droz, and used by the French government, he suggested their adoption to Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, by whom they were introduced into the British mint. Having learned from M. Clouet, the superintendent of the gunpowder manufactory of France, the mode of distilling that article in cylinders, by which a superior commodity was produced at less expense than the gunpowder in common use, he communicated the improvement to our own government, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted by the Board of Ordnance.

From France Sir John continued his route through Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Austria, and Prussia, where he had personal interviews with the crowned heads of an age that has departed, but whose influence we still experience. Among these the most distinguished were the emperor Joseph, the most hasty of reformers; Catherine, the Semiramis of the north; Stanislaus, the unfortunate minion-king of Poland; and the chivalrous but evil-destined Gustavus III. of Sweden. But the men of those several dominions who most promoted the improvement of their respective countries were the chief objects of his solicitude; and with several of these he established a permanent correspondence, the chief subject of which was the improvement of European agriculture and commerce, and the extension of the comforts of life. In Germany his attention was especially directed to the manufactures of that country, and the causes of their success, by which he was enabled, at his return, to impart very valuable suggestions to the heads of our manufacturing departments. This long tour, comprising nearly 8000 miles, and accomplished without the aid of steam, was terminated in 1787. The fruits of his observations during these travels were afterwards fully communicated to the public in 1830, when, during his old days, he published, in two volumes, the interesting correspondence that had originated in his northern tour.

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On his return to Britain, the first object of Sir John was the improvement of our national agriculture. It was not, however, by propounding theories and publishing books that this work in the first instance was to be accomplished. Instead of this, the barren waste must be reclaimed, the hard soil overturned with the ploughshare, and an expenditure of time, labour, and capital patiently endured, until the obstinacy of nature as well as the indolence of man was compelled into full activity, and the sterile surface covered with a profitable harvest. No one knew this better than Sir John Sinclair, and, accordingly, he had turned himself in good earnest, even at the early age of eighteen, to the self-denying labour of a practical teacher, by showing what could be done upon his own property. And, verily, this was no easy or hopeful task! His estate, consisting of 100,000 acres, comprised about a sixth of the county of Caithness. On these, besides a few large farms, there were about 800 or 900 small ones, cultivated according to the most unproductive modes of the Scottish husbandry of the day, and yielding a miserable rent, of which but a small part was money, while the rest was in grain, lamb, poultry, and other such produce. An English holder of Scottish acres thus surrounded on his first rent-day, would have fled across the Tweed, and made no halt until he had reached the shelter of Middlesex. This fashion of rent payment, which had prevailed for ages among a people the most tenacious of ancient usages, must be torn up root and branch before a step in advance could be won. Here, then, Sir John commenced with the improvement of agriculture in Caithness—and not only in Caithness, but Scotland at large, and finally in England also. Large farms were established, to which skill and capital were attracted by the prospect of a profitable return; and to set the example to their occupants, he took one of them, originally consisting of eight small farms, into his own hands. This, when brought into cultivation, he let at a moderate rent, after having allotted it into cottage farms, where the tenants were induced to build comfortable houses, and carry out the improvements that had been already commenced. In this way the example was begun that soon gathered a population together, while villages and hamlets gradually rose up in those cultivated localities, where subsistence and comfort were thus provided as the reward of industry. Every tenant was bound down to a regular rotation of crops, to a certain annual amount of marling and liming, and to a certain amount as well as mode of occupation in the improvement of his farm. Every facility was also afforded to industry, by furnishing the small farmers with marl and lime at the cheapest rate, and the best seeds, especially of turnip, clover, and rye-grass, while instructions upon farming were readily communicated, and a spirit of active competition excited by the distribution of small premiums. Thus the old established drawbacks in our agriculture were one by one removed. Each farmer was required to start with a capital, however small, instead of commencing on credit; to confine his cultivation to the extent he could manage, and do it well; to economize his labour so as to produce results with the least expenditure; and to aim continually at raising the best grain, and keeping the best stock. The old system of thirlage, also, or restriction to particular mills, as well as the other feudal services was abolished, and the buying and casting of peats for fuel, which diverted the attention of farmers from their work, was superseded by the general introduction of coal. Such are but a few of those important principles which Sir John introduced into his system of land-cultivation; and such an improvement of his Caithness property ensued, as was

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enough to awaken the attention of the whole country. One specimen of this was afforded in the estate of Langwell, which he purchased for £8000, and improved so greatly, that he afterwards sold it for £40,000. But far beyond the benefit of a doubled or trebled rental, was that of active industry, and honourable enterprise, and intellectual and moral improvement, which were introduced among his numerous tenantry, who, though at first they went doggedly to work, were gradually animated with the conviction that work is the greatest of pleasure when something worth working for is to be gained. Produce being thus created, roads were needed for its conveyance as an article of traffic; but to make these in Caithness was a task of peculiar difficulty, as the soil chiefly consisted of peat or clay, while the materials for road-making were of too soft a quality. As no private fortune could have sustained the necessary outlay, and as the undertaking was a public benefit, Sir John invoked the aid of government, which was readily granted, and to such an extent, that in one day six miles of road were laid down along the side of Ben-nichiel hill. In this manner highways were constructed for the heaviest waggons, in places where hitherto every article, down to manure itself, had been conveyed upon the backs of horses.

It was not enough, however, that agriculture alone should be encouraged. Even the most active and industrious, if they find no outlet for their surplus produce, will labour for nothing more than the mere necessaries of life, and thus speedily relapse into laziness. This Sir John knew well, and therefore the commercial as well as the agricultural prosperity of Caithness was the subject of his solicitude. The seas that begirt two-thirds of the promontory which is formed by the county, had hitherto hemmed in the people, and made the adjacent land rocky and sterile; but they abounded in fish for home or foreign consumption, and thus the water might be made as profitable as the land. Here, then, was another standing-place for his philanthropy. He obtained the re-establishment of the cod-fishery, which for many years had been almost abandoned. He supplied capital for the commencement of a herring-fishery upon the east coast of Caithness. He applied to government for aid in harbour extension, through which the harbour of Wick was completed, and that of Thurso commenced. In this way the commerce of Caithness, hitherto unnoticed, now rose into distinction, and sent the produce of its agriculture and fisheries to the shores of the Baltic and the West Indies. A nucleus was needed for all this enterprise—a strong heart to concentrate and send forth this new circulation of vitality—and therefore a town adequate to such a task was forthwith in demand. For this purpose Sir John Sinclair selected the old town of Thurso as the germ of a new. In point of population it was little better than a third-rate English village, while its wretched houses were so irregular, and so huddled together, as to be too often mere receptacles for filth, discomfort, and sickness. But the locality was not only excellent for the fisheries, but for commerce, being within a few hours' sail of the German and Atlantic Oceans, with the communication of an excellent river. Sir John drew out the plan of the new town of Thurso. And there it stands, with its churches and schools, its market-places and warehouses, its shops and houses, and throngs of living beings—a something better far as a monument of departed worth, than the silent mausoleum, however stately its construction, or however flattering its epitaph.

In the agricultural improvements which Sir John Sinclair commenced in

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Caithness, the subject of sheep-farming occupied much of his thoughts. The greater part of his property was unfitted for the plough; but he had traversed too many mountainous countries not to know that mere surface can always be turned to some account. "Of all the means," he said, "of bringing a mountainous district to a profitable state, none is so peculiarly well calculated for that purpose as the rearing of a valuable breed of sheep. A small proportion alone," he added, "of such a description of country can be fit for grain; and in regard to cattle, for every pound of beef that can be produced in a hilly district, three pounds of mutton can be obtained, and there is the wool into the bargain." This plan he therefore introduced into his cottage farms, to which only two acres of arable land could be allotted, and with such success, that the spinning-wheel soon set those arms in motion that had hitherto rested a-kimbo; while good store of warm clothing in every cottage, superseded the rags or the threadbare garments in which indolence had hitherto been fain to ensconce itself. But still, it was not enough for Sir John that the sheep naturalized among his people should possess the usual weight of fleece and nothing more, as long as one kind of wool was better than another. Could not the Cheviot sheep be made to live and thrive even in the hyperborean climate of Caithness? He propounded the idea, and was laughed at for his pains. But of most men he was the least liable to be convinced or refuted by laughing, and therefore he commenced the experiment, and commenced it, as was necessary, on an ample scale. He sent a flock of 500 Cheviots to Caithness, under the care of experienced shepherds; and, although the winter that followed was a severe one, they throve even better than upon their native hills, so that his flock at length increased to 6000 sheep. After such success, Sir John turned his attention to the improvement of British wool in general. He saw that the wool of Britain had been gradually deteriorating, and that the importation of foreign sheep had yearly become more necessary, so that our national manufactures laboured under serious detriment. But why should the Shetland Islands the while produce fleeces of such soft and delicate texture? Surely this tempest-beaten Colchos of the north was not more highly favoured in soil or climate than the hills of Lothian or the downs of Lancashire. Was not the evil we endured to be traced to our injudicious modes of feeding sheep upon turnips and other coarse articles of food, which had lately obtained among us? He must study, and obtain information at every point. So earnest was he, that he carried his inquiries into the General Assembly itself, to which he went as a lay member in 1791, and where he found a Shetland minister thoroughly conversant with the whole theory and practice of the growing of wool, by whom his conjectures were confirmed, and his views enlightened. He had previously laid his proposals before the Highland Society; but finding that they could not second his views from want of funds, he had resolved to institute a new society, that should have the improvement of British wool for its object. This was done accordingly at the beginning of the year; and to announce the purposes of the institution, and enlist the interest of the public in its behalf, a great inaugural meeting, called the Sheep-Shearing Festival, was held at New Hall Inn, near Queensferry, on the 1st of July, 1791, at which seventy gentlemen and fifty ladies were present, attired in rich and gay costume, of which wool formed the principal ornament, while the grass plot of a neighbouring garden was covered with fleeces from different breeds and sheep of various countries; and to wind up the business of the day, this national gala was terminated with a due amount of eating, drink-

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ing, firing of guns, and dancing. It was a grand patriarchal festival of the primitive ages, with the usages and costume of the eighteenth century ingrafted upon it; and, as such, it was well calculated to pass off with *eclat*, and be long remembered with pleasure by all who had shared in it or witnessed it.* And most diligently had the infant society already worked to deserve such a holiday; for, besides sending out inquiries into every district of the island respecting its woollen produce, and ascertaining the qualities of the different breeds of sheep, it had distributed throughout Scotland the choicest specimens of the Cheviot, and imported valuable additions from England, from France, and Italy, and even from Iceland, the East Indies, and Abyssinia.

The important objects of such an institution, and its results, suggested another, for a different but still more important department. This was the well known Board of Agriculture. No one who has witnessed the relics of agricultural barbarism that still survive in Scotland, and more especially in England, can fail to be struck with the clamant necessity of its reform; in the one country an excess, and in the other a deficiency of means, was used to produce the same effect, from the slim wooden Scottish plough, drawn by a shelty, and held by a woman, to the huge earth-crusher of the fat fields of England, managed by a whole string of elephantine horses, superintended by two or more farm-servants. It was full time that a bold innovator should step forward; and from his past labours, no one had a better right to assume such a dangerous office, or was better qualified to carry it into effect, than Sir John Sinclair. After much thought, he published and circulated his plan, and on the 15th of May, 1793, he brought it, in the form of a motion, before the British parliament. The advantages to be derived from an agricultural board, were the following:—It would form a reservoir of agricultural intelligence, to which every inquirer might have access. By its surveys, it would collect every fact or observation connected with the improvement of soil and live-stock. By its foreign correspondence, it would gather and diffuse over the country a knowledge of those foreign improvements to which our untravelled yeomen and peasantry had no access. And, finally, it would be the means of obtaining a full statistical account of England, a work that had hitherto been attended with insuperable difficulties. These advantages he stated in bringing forward the measure before the House, and he suggested that the experiment should at least be tried for five years, with a grant from parliament of only £3000 per annum to defray its necessary expenditure, while the members of the board should give their services gratuitously. It was well that such a plan, which many stigmatized as utopian, was backed by all the influence of Mr. Pitt, without which it would probably have been unsuccessful. Perhaps it was equally fortunate that George III. was on the throne, that most agricultural of sovereigns, than whom, the poet tells us,

"A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn."

The proposal for the establishment of the Agricultural Society was passed in the House by a majority of 75, and the board was appointed and chartered by his majesty, Sir John himself being nominated its first president. As the

* The following characteristic incident is related by Miss Catherine Sinclair:—"In subsequent years, Sir John, always desirous of exemplifying what energy can achieve in accelerating labour, caused one of his own sheep to be publicly shorn at a cattle show, after which the wool was spun, dyed, woven, and made into a coat, which he wore the same evening at a rural fête, which he gave to the assembled farmers and their families."

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society was composed of the highest in rank, wealth, talent, and enterprise, it commenced its operations with spirit and success. In a twelvemonth the agricultural survey of the country was completed. The waste lands and common fields were reported and marked out, an immense circulation of papers on the subject of agriculture effected, and a general interest kindled upon the subject, manifested by a new demand for every published work connected with farm and field operations. The results of this important movement constitute an essential chapter in the modern history of Britain. Such had been the zeal for manufactures and commerce, that the agricultural interests of the country, without which the former would soon lose half their value, had gradually been falling into neglect. But now, the one as well as the other was made the subject of parliamentary legislation and national interest. And, even independently of the vast improvement effected upon every kind of husbandry, and increase of the means of subsistence, under the agency of this new institution, the survey of the country alone, which it had accomplished, would have been a national boon, well worth a greater amount of labour and expenditure. This estimate, upon the correctness of which the welfare and progress of a country so greatly depend, but which has always been attended with such difficulties as to make it in former times incorrect and unsatisfactory, even when persevered in to the close, was made by the society, under the directions of Sir John, so thoroughly, that at last the survey of the whole of Great Britain had been twice gone over, and was published in seventy octavo volumes.

We must now turn to a similar department in the labours of Sir John Sinclair, with which his and our own country of Scotland is more exclusively connected. It will at once be seen that we advert to his "Statistical Account of Scotland." It was in May, 1790, the year previous to the establishment of the society for the improvement of British wool, that he contemplated this great work. He was then a lay member of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. Such an account as he desired—so often attempted in other kingdoms, but hitherto so imperfectly—he saw could only be accomplished by hundreds of learned and talented men united in one aim, and working under the direction of one presiding mind. And where in Scotland could he find these so readily and so fully as in the General Assembly? Each of these men, too, was located in a particular district, with which he had better opportunities of being acquainted than any other resident; and thus the precise state of every parish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland could be obtained from its own minister. After having carefully deliberated his plan, Sir John, as was his wont, began the work in earnest. He drew up, in the form of a circular, a long list of queries upon the geography, natural history, productions, and population of the parish. These were followed by a copious addenda, in which every minute particular that a parish could possess was specified, and everything connected with its changes, history, and present condition. The towns were queried with the same minuteness, while the questions were adapted to the civic character and condition of each. These he transmitted to the ministers, and awaited their replies. The answers dropped in according to the readiness of the writers, and some of these were so regular and so full, that out of them he extracted and published a specimen volume, containing the account of four parishes, a copy of which he sent to the other clergymen, by way of directing and stimulating them in the work. This was in the beginning of 1791, and by the middle of the year his materials had so much increased, that he was enabled, although with

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great personal study and exertion, to publish, by the middle of the year, the first volume of the "Statistical Account of Scotland." Even this, though but a commencement, was a great achievement. When he first proposed his plan, men were astonished that he should undertake, and that, too, with the hope of success, a work which the wealth of kings, the decrees of senates, and even the authority of despots, had hitherto failed to effect; and prophecies of utter discomfiture, mingled with ridicule of the attempt, were loud and frequent from every quarter. But the volume which now appeared, so superior to every former undertaking of the kind, quickly drowned their murmur in universal approbation; and the appearance of the second, which soon followed, increased the public feeling, on account of the greater interest of the materials with which it was filled.

But let no man say that in every case the beginning is more than the half: in those bold and generous undertakings that transcend the spirit of the age, the undertaker often finds that the beginning is less than nothing, from the failure and disappointment that follow. With this Sir John was soon threatened, in consequence of the shortcomings of his assistants. The most enthusiastic had been first in the field, and had already tendered their contributions; but these were few compared with the hundreds that still hung back. Many of the clergymen having, in the first instance, predicted that such a work could never go on, were unwilling to falsify their vaticinations. Many were but new intrants into their parishes, while not a few were old men, ready to leave them, and willing to spend the remainder of their days in quiet. Besides, the task of collecting information was not always pleasant in districts where such queries were suspected as the prelude of a rise of rent from their landlords, or a fresh tax from government. Where an unpleasant work is extended over a whole class of men, and where the performance is wholly voluntary, we know with what adroitness each individual can find an excuse for withholding his expected quota. This Sir John experienced when, after waiting a twelvemonth in expectation, he found, by the middle of 1792, that he was still 413 parishes short of the mark. But "despair" was not a word in his vocabulary. About the period of commencement, a plan had been formed in Scotland to establish the Society for the "Benefit of the Sons of the Clergy," and Sir John had arranged that the profits of the Statistical Account should be devoted to that purpose, while his application through Lord Melville in behalf of the society, obtained for it a royal grant of £2000, by which it was enabled to commence its operations much sooner than had been anticipated. He also obtained a recommendation of his undertaking from the General Assembly at large, while its most eminent leaders, Principal Robertson, Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, Dr. Blair, and Dr. Hardie, bestirred themselves personally with their brethren in its behalf. And yet it flagged—for it was now the residue that had to be spurred into action, after the bold and brave had done their duty. Finding at last that better might not be, he appointed five statistical missionaries over as many of the more remiss districts, including the Western and Orkney Islands, and by these means twenty-five parishes were added to the list. And now all his material was in readiness; the whole of Scotland lay piled up in his study in the form of a mountain of manuscript, upon which he commenced his beloved work of arranging, classifying, and editing. But, lo! twelve whole parishes had disappeared! He had received them, as he thought, but now they were nowhere to be found. The omission of twelve such links

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reduced the whole chain to as many fragments. After he recovered from his consternation—and it was such as he had never experienced during the whole of this Hercules labour—he set to work anew, and gave himself no rest till the deficiency was repaired. The task was finished on the 1st of January, 1798, seven years and a half from the period of its commencement, and was comprised in twenty thick volumes octavo, to which another was subsequently added. Had he done nothing more, the toil he endured and the difficulties he had surmounted in such an undertaking, would have insured him the testimony of a well-spent life, both from cotemporaries and posterity.

It would be difficult to describe the wonder and delight with which the "Statistical Account of Scotland" was hailed at its completion. How one man —and he a private individual—should have achieved such a task, and achieved it so thoroughly, appeared a miracle. His simple but admirable plan of engaging the whole national clergy in the work, the happy adaptation they had shown for it, and his untiring energy as well as skill in procuring, arranging, and adapting the materials, were each made the subject of congratulation and applause. It was not alone to Britain that these feelings were confined; it was regarded as a MODEL BOOK OF THE NATION for every country in Europe, and as such it was lauded by their most distinguished statesmen and rulers. The 900 ministers, also, by whom, with but a few exceptions, the labours of Sir John Sinclair had been so ably seconded, were not neglected; for besides the honour which this great national production reflected upon them as a body, not only in England but throughout Europe, and the royal grant by which the Society for the Sons of the Clergy had been so highly benefited, it went far, also, to procure for them that parliamentary assistance by which the many miserably small livings in the church were raised into charges of comfort and respectability. Attention was also called by the "Statistical Account" to the scanty salaries of schoolmasters, which in many cases were improved, and to several oppressive feudal rights, which were speedily abolished.

The year 1793 will always be remembered in the mercantile history of Great Britain as a season of panic. Failures were frequent, public confidence was at a pause, and national bankruptcy apprehended even by the least despondent. To avert this emergency by the restoration of mercantile credit, Sir John Sinclair suggested to Mr. Pitt the issue of exchequer bills—and in a happy moment the suggestion was adopted. By this remedy the panic was stilled, and our great mercantile institutions restored to full activity. In the transmission of this government relief for Scotland, it was of great importance to Glasgow that its share should reach the city before a certain day; and aware of this important fact, Sir John plied the exchequer agents so urgently, that, contrary to all expectation, the money was sent within the critical period. On the same evening he repaired to the House of Commons, and meeting with Pitt, he intended to explain to him how it had been accomplished; but the premier mistaking his drift, interrupted him with "No, no, you are too late for Glasgow; the money cannot go for two days." "It is gone already," was Sir John's laughing reply; "it went by the mail this afternoon." Glasgow can well comprehend the mercantile value of time in such a case, and the debt of gratitude it owes to the memory of Sir John Sinclair. But he was not contented with suggesting a relief merely for the crisis; his wish was to prevent a reaction, by compelling bankers to find security for their notes, and thus to limit the issue within the power of payment. To this, however, the

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minister would not, or perhaps we might say more correctly, *could* not accede, as he had the whole banking interest against the measure. Matters went on as before, and thus the calamity, which Sir John foresaw, and had striven to prevent, returned in 1797, when the country was compelled to impose restrictions on cash payments. Sir John once more interposed to establish the system of licensing country bankers, but was again defeated, through the selfishness of those whose interests were bound up in the old system of unlimited banking.

In looking back upon the preceding events of Sir John Sinclair's life, it is impossible not to be struck with the energy that could plan, and activity that could execute such a variety of important undertakings. He was the Napoleon of peace—if such an epithet may be permitted—incessantly daring, doing, and succeeding, and always advancing in his career, but leaving at every step a token of his progress in the amelioration of some general evil, or the extension of a public benefit. The welfare of his numerous tenantry in Caithness, the improvement of British wool, the improvement of agriculture, the drawing up of the "Statistical Account of Scotland," all these labours pressing upon him at one and the same time, and each sufficient to bear most men to the earth, he confronted, controlled, and carried onward to a prosperous issue. And with all these duties, his senatorial avocations were never remitted, so that his attendance upon the House of Commons was punctual, and his support of no little weight to the great leading statesmen of the day. He had to add to his many avocations that of a soldier also. In 1794, when the wars of the French revolution were shaking Europe with a universal earthquake, and when Britain was summoned to rally against the menaces of invasion, it was necessary that every one who could raise a recruit should bring him to the muster. Sir John's influence in this way as a Highland landlord was justly calculated, and accordingly it was proposed to him, by Mr. Pitt, to raise a regiment of fencibles among his tenantry, for the defence of Scotland. Sir John acceded at once, and agreed to raise, not a regiment, but a battalion, and that, too, not for service in Scotland only, but in England also. He accordingly raised, in the first instance, a regiment of 600 strong, consisting of the tall and powerful peasantry of Caithness, clothed in the full Highland costume, and headed by officers, nineteen of whom were above six feet high, and, therefore, called among their countrymen the *Thier-nan-more*, or "Great Chiefs," with himself for their colonel. This was the first regiment of the kind that served in England, such services having hitherto been confined to Scotland alone. In the spring of the following year, he raised a still larger regiment, consisting of 1000 men, equally well appointed, who were destined for service in Ireland. Sir John's post was Aberdeen, in command of the encampment raised there in 1795, for the purpose of defending the town against the threatened invasion from Holland. A camp life is idle work at the best; but Sir John contrived to find in it the materials of activity, by the care which he took of the health, comfort, and efficiency of his soldiers. After studying the modes of living in his own encampment, and making these the data of his arguments, he also drew up a tract suggesting improvements in the mode of camp-living in general. The alarm of invasion passed away, but owing to the dearth by the failure of the crops in 1795, the services of Sir John and his agricultural board, in their proper capacity, were called into full exercise in the following year. He recommended in parliament the cultivation of waste and unimproved lands, and procured the passing of a bill by which linseed or oil cake, and rape cakes, were allowed to be imported

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in British vessels free of duty. This last appeared but a paltry permission at the time, the articles in question being little known in our husbandry; but a far different opinion now prevails, from their extensive use in British agriculture.

After this period we find Sir John fully occupied with the commercial, financial, and agricultural interests of the country, and always upon the alert for their improvement. One of his proposals was such as no mere hunter after political popularity would have ventured. From the surveys of the Board of Agriculture, he had found that nearly 7,000,000 of acres lay as yet uncultivated in England; and he brought before parliament a "General Bill of Inclosure," by which these lands, held in common, should be inclosed for cultivation. But against this measure there was such an opposition among all classes, from the tourist to the tinker, that although the bill passed through the House of Commons, it was thrown out by the Lords. Still, the discussion had awakened general attention, and prepared the way for private enterprise. Another subject that again occupied his attention was our national finance, upon which he had already written a work in two separate parts, to which a third was added in 1790. The whole, with many additions and improvements, was finally published in three octavo volumes, under the title of a "History of the Public Revenue of the British Empire, containing an account of the Public Income and Expenditure, from the remotest periods recorded in history, to Michaelmas 1802." In two years this work passed through three editions, and was regarded as an authority and text-book in both houses of parliament. The income tax, and the redemption of the land tax, two questions at this period under discussion, also occupied Sir John's attention; and in parliament he strongly advocated the necessity of a paper instead of a metal currency. He was also opposed to free trade, already a great popular question; and he held—as many still do with all the advantages of practical experience—that "no country can be happy at home, or powerful abroad, unless it be independent of other countries for circulation and sustenance."

After so much labour, it is not to be wondered at that, toward the close of the century, Sir John's health began to decay. Already he had only reached the prime of manhood, and was distinguished by temperate and active habits; but he felt as if the shadows of a premature old age were coming upon him while his sun had scarcely passed the hour of noon. Most people in such cases resign themselves as to a dire necessity, and forsake the bustle of public life for the charms of an easy chair and home enjoyment. But Sir John had no idea of such selfish resignation; and though he knew as well as any man that he "owed heaven a death," still, he also felt that "it was not due yet," and that he was bound to work on until his Master called him home. The subject therefore of health, in relation to longevity, occupied his researches; and the result, in the first instance, was a pamphlet, which he published in 1803, entitled "Hints on Longevity." His strict attention to the rules which he recommended in this production, seems to have renewed his lease of life, so that he started upon a fresh occupancy of more than thirty years. At the close of this century, also, his reputation was so completely European, that the fellowships of societies and diplomas of universities had been sent to him from almost every country, while the general sense entertained of him abroad was thus aptly stated by Bottinger, in the Jena Universal Literary Gazette of June, 1801: "To whom is Scotland indebted for the attempt to purify her language? Who has exhibited the English finances in the clearest manner and on the

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surest basis? Who has erected for Europe a model of statistical information, and carried it the length of twenty volumes, in the face of all difficulties? Who has created a centre for Great Britain's best and dearest interests, her agricultural produce? Who has provided the means of improvement for a chief staple of England, her wool? Who has toiled most earnestly for converting waste land into fertile fields, and inclosing dreary commons? And who has essentially opposed the inveteracy of bad habits, and the indolence of traditionary customs, even among our farmers? To whom do we owe this, and more? All this, we must own, we owe to Sir John Sinclair, and almost to him alone."

The investigations of Sir John on the subject of health, with reference, in the first case, to himself, had been so beneficial to others, by the publication of his pamphlet on "Longevity," as sufficed to interest his benevolence; and he resolved to continue his inquiries into the subject. The result was his "Code of Health and Longevity"—a work in four volumes octavo, which was published at Edinburgh in 1807. It comprised an enormous amount of reading, subjected to his favourite processes of analysis and arrangement. His friends were alarmed at this new adventure, and thought that after obtaining such distinction in other departments, he should have left the physicians in possession of their own field. The latter also were wroth at his entrance, and rose in a body to drive the intruder from their premises. It is a grievous offence in their eyes that one even of their own order should betray the sacred mysteries of healing to the uninitiated; but that it should be done by a knight, statesman, financier, and agriculturist, who ought therefore to know little or nothing of the matter, was a monstrous trespass, for which no punishment could be too great. The faculty therefore took up their pens, and few medical prescriptions could be more bitter than the criticisms they emitted as an antidote to the "Code." But it was an excellent code notwithstanding, and the rules of health which he had gathered from every quarter were founded upon the principles of temperance and active exertion, and tested by common sense and long-confirmed experience. Not only individuals but communities were considered, and not one, but every class, could find in it directions, not merely for the recovery, but the preservation of a sound healthy temperament. To sedentary persons of every kind, to students, and to hypochondriacs, this work was especially useful; and such, by attending to his simple directions, could not only hold despondency and dyspepsia in defiance, but retain that *mens sana in corpore sano* which is so often sacrificed as the price of their occupation.

The "Code of Longevity" was followed by another of a different description: this was the "Code of Agriculture," which Sir John published in 1819. For this, in truth, there was much need. The Agricultural Society had done much, in multiplying, to an almost indefinite extent, the results of their inquiries and discoveries in the cultivation of the soil and improvement of live stock; but these were scattered over such a vast extent of publication as to be inaccessible to those who most needed such instruction. Few farmers, few even of our country gentlemen "who live at home at ease," could be expected to pursue their researches in agricultural improvements through forty-seven octavo volumes, in which the English County Reports were comprised, and the thirty which contained those of Scotland, besides seven volumes more of communications from correspondents. It was necessary that the pith of this huge mass should be so concentrated as to be both accessible and intelligible to general

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readers. This was suggested by Sir Joseph Banks, who, in writing to Sir John Sinclair upon the subject, stated "that an account of the systems of husbandry adopted in the more improved districts of Scotland would be of the greatest advantage to the agricultural interests of the United Kingdom; and that it was incumbent upon a native of Scotland, while presiding at the Board of Agriculture, and possessing all the means of information which that situation afforded, to undertake the task." All this was true—but what a task! This was fully explained by Sir John in his excuse for declining the attempt: but Sir Joseph Banks would not be thus satisfied; and he returned to the charge, declaring "that agriculture has derived, is deriving, and will derive more benefit from Scottish industry and skill, than has been accumulated since the days when Adam first wielded the spade." Having allowed himself to be persuaded, Sir John Sinclair went to work, and not content with the voluminous materials already on hand, he visited every district noted for the cultivation both of heavy and light soils, and scattered queries in all directions among the farmers respecting their best processes of cultivation. It was no wonder that this labour occupied as long a period as the siege of Troy; so that, although it commenced in 1809, it was not finished until 1819. Three editions of the "Code of Agriculture" have since appeared; it was also published in America, and translated into the French, German, and Danish languages. One of these translators, M. Mathieu Dombasle, of Loraine, the most distinguished agriculturist of his nation, thus correctly characterized the work in a letter to Sir John:—"I have been for some time occupied in translating your excellent 'Code of Agriculture.' If anything can contribute to raise agriculture in France to the rank of a science, which we could not till now pretend to do, it will certainly be the publication of this work in France, being the most systematic, the most concise, and, in my opinion, the most perfect which has hitherto been written in any language."

From the foregoing account, in which we have endeavoured to present the beneficent and most valuable exertions of Sir John Sinclair in an unbroken series, it must not be thought that his career was without interruption. Had he escaped, indeed, the obloquy and opposition that have ever requited the great benefactors of mankind, he would have formed a singular exception to that universal rule which has prevailed from the days of Tresmegistus to our own. His first annoyance was from Pitt himself, once his attached friend, but finally alienated from him upon certain great political questions of the day. It was strange that this should react upon him as president of the Agricultural Board, from which all political resentments ought to have been excluded. But his sentiments upon such questions as the Warren Hastings trial, the government of Ireland, and the Westminster scrutiny, were destined to unseat him from a chair which he had so nobly filled, and that, too, of a society that owed its very existence to himself. And where was another to be found that could occupy his room? But upon such a question political resentment seldom condescends to pause; and after he had been for five years chairman of the Board of Agriculture, another was proposed, and chosen by a majority of one. This new election was made in favour of Lord Sommerville, who assumed the appointment with reluctance, while the public were indignant at the movement. Thus matters continued for eight years, when Sir John was restored to his proper office —an unsalaried office, that not only involved much labour, but personal expense to boot. This Sir John felt in weary days of anxiety and toil, and such a

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diminution of his private fortune, that in 1813 he was obliged to resign it. Two years before this took place, he was appointed cashier of excise for Scotland, in consequence of which he resigned his seat in parliament. He had previously, in 1810, been raised to the rank of a privy councillor. On his resignation of the presidentship of the Board of Agriculture, an event justly deemed of the highest national importance, in consequence of his great public services during forty years, many a grateful survey of his past life was made, and the worth by which it had been distinguished was affectionately commemorated.

Although the remainder of Sir John Sinclair's life was equally distinguished by active enterprising usefulness, our limits permit nothing more than a hasty summary of its chief events. In 1814 he made an excursion to the Netherlands, being his fourth visit to the Continent, and on this occasion his object was to examine the comparative prices of grain in Great Britain and the continental countries, and ascertain the best means of putting a stop to inequality of price for the future. He then passed over to Holland, to investigate the management of the Dutch dairies, so superior in their produce to those of other countries. The escape of Napoleon from Elba interrupted his farther progress, and on returning to England, he published his "Hints on the Agricultural State of the Netherlands compared with that of Great Britain;" in which he explained at full the improvements of foreign agriculture, for the imitation of British farmers. After the battle of Waterloo Sir John revisited Holland and the Netherlands, and afterwards France, where he made a close agricultural inspection of its provinces; but the minute subdivision of landed property in that country gave him little hope of the improvement of French agriculture. On his return to England he saw, with much anxiety, the sudden recoil which peace had produced in our trade, commerce, and agriculture, and carefully sought for a remedy. The result of his speculations was a pamphlet, which he published in October, 1815, entitled "Thoughts on the Agricultural and Financial State of the Country, and on the means of rescuing the Landed Farming Interests from their present depressed state." These evils he traced to the return of peace prices of produce, while war taxes were continued; and the remedy he proposed was, an increase in the currency, a bounty on exportation, and public loans for the benefit of landlord and tenant.

In passing on to 1819, we find Sir John Sinclair as busy as ever, and employed in the way most congenial to his intellectual character. This was the task of code-making, which he was anxious to apply to matters still more important than those that had hitherto been subjected to his industry. He contemplated a great work, to be entitled "A Code or Digest of Religion," in which the mind of the reader was to be led, step by step, from the first simple principles of natural religion, to the last and most profound of revelation. This plan, of which he sketched the first portion, and printed for private distribution among his friends, he was obliged to lay aside, in consequence of the more secular public questions that were daily growing, and pressing upon his notice. His theory, however, was afterwards realized in part by other agencies, in the "Bridgewater Treatises." Another printed paper which he circulated among his friends, was "On the Superior Advantages of the Codean System of Knowledge." It was his wish that every department of learning, science, and literature, hitherto spread over such a boundless field, and so much beyond the reach of common minds, should be collected, condensed, and simplified for the purposes of general instruction—and for this purpose, to associate the

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learned and talented of every country "for the collection and diffusion of useful knowledge." We know how ably this plan was afterwards taken up, and realized by a mind well fitted for such a task. From these theories for the elevation of human character, Sir John again turned to the improvement of sheep and oxen, of which he had never lost sight since his great sheep shearing festival of 1792; and in 1821 he proposed the plan of sheep and cattle shows to the Highland Society. This time the proposal was favourably received, and forthwith put into practice, so that the first annual show of this society was held in Edinburgh at the close of 1822, while the prizes, appointed according to his suggestion, for the best specimens of sheep, cattle, breeding stocks, seeds, and agricultural implements, excited a spirit of ardent industrious competition over the whole kingdom. So great a machinery having thus received such an impetus as secured the easy continuance of its motion, Sir John returned to the other manifold subjects of his solicitude, and with such diligence, that after the year 1821, thirty pamphlets and tracts issued from his pen, besides many others whose authorship has not been traced. These, as might be expected, were chiefly connected with finance and agriculture. The proof-sheet of the last of these tracts, bearing the date of 1835, contains additions and corrections written in his own hand, but so tremulous and indistinct as to be almost illegible. The brain that had never rested, the hand that never was folded in idleness, the heart that had never been weary of well-doing, were all alike to be stilled: and these were the tokens of the final effort; the last throb, after which all was to be the wondrous change of moveless silence and repose.

The last illness of Sir John occurred on the 15th of December, 1835, when he was in the eighty-second year of his age. Its approach was sudden, as only the day previous he had taken a long drive, and conversed cheerfully with his friends. It was the rapid collapse of a healthy old age, in which our patriarchs are frequently removed from the world without sickness or suffering, rather than a regularly formed disease; and in this way Sir John lingered for a few days, and expired on the 21st.

Sir John Sinclair was twice married. By his first wife, as has been already mentioned, he had two daughters. By his second marriage, in 1788, to Diana, daughter of Alexander Lord Macdonald, he had thirteen children, of whom seven were sons, and six daughters. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Sir George Sinclair, the present member for the shire of Caithness.

STEVENSON, Robert.—This eminent engineer, whose great professional talents are so signally attested by that wondrous structure, the Bell Rock light-house, was born at Glasgow, on the 8th of June, 1772. He was the only son of Allan Stevenson, merchant in Glasgow, partner in an establishment connected with St. Christopher, West Indies, in which island he died, while on a visit to his brother, who managed the business there. By this event Robert was left an orphan while still in infancy; and to add to the difficulties that beset his early life, his uncle in St. Christopher died soon after his father, leaving the mercantile affairs of their establishment involved in such embarrassment as must always ensue on the want of superintendence. In this way, the mother of Robert Stevenson, whose name was Jane Lillie, was obliged, in the management of her household, to depend mainly upon her own unaided energies. She, however, discharged her task with that ability which so often compensates for the want of paternal superintendence; and Robert, who was at first designed for the ministry, received the earlier part of his education with a view to that

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sacred profession. Circumstances, however, soon altered this destination; for when he had finished his fifteenth year, his mother was married to Mr. Thomas Smith, a widower, originally a tinsmith in Edinburgh, but whose studies were devoted to engineering, and chiefly to the construction and improvement of lighthouses. In this department, he had the merit of substituting oil lamps with parabolic mirrors for the open coal fires that had hitherto lighted our naval beacons—an improvement so justly appreciated, that after the Lighthouse Board was established in 1786, Mr. Smith was appointed its engineer.

It is easy to guess how quickly such a relationship must have changed the whole current of Mr. Stevenson's studies. No stranger who conversed with him, no phrenologist who looked at him, could have failed to perceive at once that he was born an engineer, and the new parental superintendence to which he was consigned, was well fitted to develope his latent talents in this department. Accordingly, he made such proficiency, that at the age of nineteen he was intrusted by Mr. Smith with the erection of a lighthouse, which the latter had planned for the island of Little Cumbrae, and been commissioned to construct by the trustees of the Clyde Navigation. This task Mr. Stevenson executed with such ability, and showed such talent in his new vocation, that soon after he was adopted by Mr. Smith as his partner in the business. In 1799 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Smith, whom he succeeded as engineer and superintendent of lighthouses, and continued to hold this office until he resigned it in 1843.

This change of occupation, and the success that crowned it, required a correspondent change of study; and accordingly Mr. Stevenson, throwing aside his Latin, which he had only half mastered, and turning away from Greek, which he had not yet entered, began to devote himself to the exact sciences. Opportunities, indeed, there were comparatively few, on account of the active life which he had commenced at an early period; but such as he possessed he improved to the uttermost. In this way, while superintending the erection of the lighthouse at Cumbrae, he availed himself of the cessation of the work during the winter months, by attending the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, where he studied the mathematical and mechanical sciences connected with his profession. Here, he had for his preceptor, Dr. Anderson himself, the honoured founder of the institution, of whose valuable instructions Mr. Stevenson ever afterwards retained an affectionate remembrance. He pursued the same course of improvement in his education while employed by Mr. Smith in the erection of lighthouses on the Pentland Skerries in Orkney, so that as soon as the labours of each summer were ended, the winter months found him in close attendance at the classes of the university of Edinburgh. In this way he completed, during the course of several sessions, a curriculum that comprised mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history, to which he added logic, moral philosophy, and agriculture. It was the same perseverance at work which struggled for a foundation upon the living rock amidst the battling of waves and tempests, and having found it, persisted in adding stone to stone, until a stately tower was erected, and a guiding light kindled upon its summit. He thus became not only an accomplished scientific scholar, but also a student of considerable literary attainments, while he was employed the greater part of each year in contending with the stormy seas of the Orkneys, and dwelling upon their bleak islets and solitary shores. His first tour of inspection as superintendent of lighthouses, was made in 1797, for

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which year he drew up the annual report for the Board of Commissioners; and during his long tenure of office, that extended over half a century, twenty-three lighthouses in the district of the Commission, which he designed and executed, attested his unwearied diligence, as well as professional skill. Many of these were constructed in situations that tasked the utmost of scientific knowledge and anxious study, while the successive steps of improvement which they exhibited, evinced the fresh ardour with which he had advanced to every undertaking, and the earnestness he had felt that each should prove the fittest and the best.

But the great work of Mr. Stevenson's life, and the durable monument of his professional attainments and success, is to be found in the Bell Rock lighthouse, of which he published such a full and interesting account in 1824, in one volume quarto. This rock, a sunken reef in the Firth of Forth, situated in west longitude from Greenwich 2° 22′, and in north latitude 56° 29′, and composed of red sandstone, was found so dangerous to navigation, that attention had been called to it at an early period, and, according to tradition, a remedy was adopted to warn mariners from the dangerous spot, by a humane abbot of Aberbrothock. This was a bell, erected upon the rock, and so connected with a floating apparatus, that the action of the winds and seas caused the bell to toll over the uproar of the waves amidst the darkest weather. And thus, as the well-known ballad of Southey informs us—

> "When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
> The mariners heard the warning bell;
> And then they knew the perilous rock,
> And blest the abbot of Aberbrothock."

The popular legend adds, that a pestilent pirate, the enemy of God and man, in a mere spirit of wanton mischief, silenced the ocean monitor, by taking down the bell, and throwing it into the sea. But poetical justice was not long in overtaking him; for only a year after, while pursuing his vocation in the same dangerous sea, his ship in the dark drifted upon the now silent rock, and went down, with the captain and all hands on board; while,

> "Even in his dying fear,
> One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
> A sound as if with the Inch-cape bell,
> The devil below was ringing his knell."

After not only bell and pirate, but abbot and abbey had passed away, the rock still retained its place, and its wonted dangers, to the great annoyance as well as heavy loss of our shipping. This was so much the case, especially in a great storm that occurred in December, 1799, that it was ascertained not less than seventy vessels had been stranded or lost upon the coast of Scotland alone, most of which, it was supposed, would have found safety by running into the Firth of Forth, had there been a lighthouse on the rock to direct them. This, however, was not all, for it was supposed that the York, a ship of 74 guns, of which no tidings could be heard, had been wrecked there, with the loss of the whole crew. While the cry now became general for the erection of a lighthouse on the Bell Rock, government, moved by the calamity that had befallen the York, of which timbers were still floating for many miles upon the coast, began to listen to the appeal. But the obstacles to be overcome were of such a nature

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as had been hitherto untried in engineering; for while the Eddystone lighthouse, which was proposed as the model, occupied a site that was barely covered by the tide at *high water*, the Bell Rock was barely uncovered at *low* water. These difficulties made the corporation of the Trinity House of Leith advertise for plans that might lead to the construction of a suitable edifice; and not less than three temporary experimental beacons were successively erected upon the rock, which were all speedily carried away. Fortunately it happened that the only man of the day who seemed capable of overcoming such a combination of obstacles from winds, and waves, and sunken rock, had long been brooding silently upon the enterprise, and devising the means of success. Even before the storm of 1799, Mr. Stevenson had prepared a pillar-formed model of a light-house, which he hoped might be available for the Bell Rock; and in the summer of 1800 he visited the rock in person, that he might judge of its applicability. He soon saw that his pillar-shaped model would not suit the situation; but he also saw that it was practicable to erect a solid stone edifice instead, upon the plan of the Eddystone lighthouse. To work, therefore, he went, in the construction of a new model, where massive blocks of stone were to be dovetailed into each other, so as to resist every pressure, both laterally and perpendicularly, and so connected with iron cased in lead, as to be proof against disruption; while the building itself, high enough to surmount the waves at their wildest, was to occupy to the best advantage the narrow foundation which the rock afforded, and present the smallest front to the force of the tempest. These plans and models being finished, were submitted to the Lighthouse Board, with estimates of the expense of such a building, which amounted to £42,685, 8*s*. After much demur, arising from the expense of the undertaking, his proposal was duly sanctioned by act of parliament, and Mr. Stevenson was empowered to commence operations. Now it was, however, that a full sense of his new responsibility, hitherto viewed from a distance, assumed, when looked fully in the face, a very formidable aspect. "The erection," he thus wrote in a MS. which he kept for his own use, "on a rock about twelve miles from land, and so low in the water that the foundation course must be at least on a level with the lowest tide, was an enterprise so full of uncertainty and hazard, that it could not fail to press on my mind. I felt regret that I had not had the opportunity of a greater range of practice to fit me for such an undertaking. But I was fortified by an expression of my friend Mr. Clerk [of Eldin, the improver of naval tactics], in one of our conversations upon its difficulties. 'This work,' said he, 'is unique, and can be little forwarded by experience of ordinary masonic operations. In this case, "Smeaton's Narrative" must be the text-book, and energy and perseverance the *pratique*.'"

The work was commenced by searching for such a vessel as would serve for a temporary lighthouse, as well as a habitation for the workmen. This was soon found in a Prussian fishing-vessel of 82 tons, one of the captures of the war, which being rounded off both at stem and stern, was best adapted by its form for the new service in which it was to be employed. After having been suitably fitted up and rigged, this Pharos, as it was now named, was furnished with a large copper lantern for each of its three masts, and moored near the Bell Rock. Another vessel, expressly built for the purpose, called the Smeaton, of 40 tons, was employed in bringing the stones for the building, that were hewn in the quarries of Rubeslaw near Aberdeen, and Mylnefield near Dundee, and conveyed to Arbroath, the nearest harbour to the rock. The work itself was

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commenced on the 18th of August, 1807; and such was the clink and bang of hammers, the hurrying of feet, and the din of human voices that now took possession of the solitude, that the affrighted seals, which had hitherto regarded the Bell Rock as their own exclusive property, went off in shoals in quest of new settlements. It is not our purpose to detail the daily, and almost hourly difficulties with which Mr. Stevenson had to contend in a task of seven years' duration, and the dangers to which he was exposed, while he had to battle with an almost impracticable foundation, and the continual war and shifting of elements that opposed every step of his progress. On one occasion, when the Smeaton was drifted out to sea, he was left with thirty-two workmen upon the rock, which, by the progress of the flood-tide, would soon be submerged at least twelve feet, while the two boats which they had at hand could have carried off little more than half of the company—after perhaps a life-and-death struggle with their less fortunate companions. At this critical moment he thus describes their situation, in the third person: "The writer had all along been considering various schemes, providing the men could be kept under command, which might be put in practice for the general safety, in hopes that the Smeaton might be able to pick up the boats to leeward when they were obliged to leave the rock. He was, accordingly, about to address the artificers on the perilous nature of their circumstances, and to propose that all hands should unstrip their upper clothing when the higher parts of the rock were laid under water; that the seamen should remove every unnecessary weight and incumbrance from the boats; that a specified number of men should go into each boat, and that the remainder should hang by the gunwales, while the boats were to be rowed gently towards the Smeaton, as the course to the Pharos or floating light lay rather to windward of the rock. But when he attempted to speak, his mouth was so parched that his tongue refused utterance, and he now learned by experience that the saliva is as necessary as the tongue itself for speech. He then turned to one of the pools on the rock, and lapped a little water, which produced an immediate relief. But what was his happiness, when, on rising from this unpleasant beverage, some one called out 'A boat! a boat!' and on looking around, at no great distance, a large boat was seen through the haze making towards the rock. This at once enlivened and rejoiced every heart. The timeous visitor proved to be James Spink, the Bell Rock pilot, who had come express from Arbroath with letters. Every one felt the most perfect happiness at leaving the Bell Rock this morning, though a very hard and even dangerous passage to the floating light still awaited us, as the wind by this time had increased to a pretty hard gale, accompanied with a considerable swell of sea. The boats left the rock about nine, but did not reach the vessel till twelve o'clock noon, after a most disagreeable and fatiguing passage of three hours. Every one was as completely drenched in water as if he had been dragged astern of the boats." During the two first seasons occupied on the Bell Rock, Mr. Stevenson's abode was the Pharos or floating light, as uncomfortable as well as perilous a home as the worst hulks which justice could have devised for the taming of a sturdy malefactor. Sometimes they had to ride out a gale, and endure all the horrors that precede a shipwreck, without the consolation of feeling that a voyage was in progress, or a port at hand into which they might run at the worst. On one occasion, indeed, after a storm, they found themselves making a voyage in sad earnest, with the prospect of being dashed against the Bell Rock by way of termination—for the Pharos had

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broke from its moorings, and was drifting, none knew whither. Even in fair weather, it rolled like a tub, or rather like a barrel, so that such rocking was provocative of anything but tranquil repose. After the beacon or barrack was erected, Mr. Stevenson took up his abode in it; but here the matter was not greatly amended, as this habitation was nothing more than a sort of pigeon-house edifice, perched on logs, and exposed to the onset of every wave, while the tide in calm weather rose upon it to the height of sixteen feet. Let the following description of a few hours spent in it suffice:—"The gale continues with unabated violence to-day, and the sprays rise to a still greater height, having been carried over the masonry of the building, or about 90 feet above the level of the sea. At four o'clock this morning it was breaking into the cook's berth, when he rung the alarm-bell, and all hands turned out to attend to their personal safety. The floor of the smith's or mortar gallery was now completely burst up by the force of the sea, when the whole of the deals and the remaining articles upon the floor were swept away, such as the cast-iron mortar-tubs; the iron hearth of the forge, the smith's bellows, and even his anvil, were thrown down upon the rock. The boarding of the cookhouse, or story above the smith's gallery, was also partly carried away, and the brick and plaster-work of the fireplace shaken and loosened. At low water it was found that the chain of the movable beam-crane at the western wharf had been broken, which set the beam at liberty, and greatly endangered the quay ropes by its motion. . . . . Before the tide rose to its full height to-day, some of the artificers passed along the bridge into the lighthouse, to observe the effects of the sea upon it, and they reported that they had felt a slight tremulous motion in the building when great seas struck it in a certain direction about high water-mark. On this occasion the sprays were again observed to wet the balcony, and even to come over the parapet wall into the interior of the light room. In this state of the weather, Captain Wilson and the crew of the floating light were much alarmed for the safety of the artificers upon the rock, especially when they observed with a telescope that the floor of the smith's gallery had been carried away, and that the triangular cast-iron sheer crane was broken down. It was quite impossible, however, to do anything for their relief until the gale should take off."

Such is but a specimen of the obstacles encountered and the toils endured in erecting that wondrous edifice, the Bell Rock lighthouse. It was completed in December, 1810, and since that period it would be difficult to estimate the benefit it has conferred in that dangerous sea on the ships of every nation, which, but for its guidance, would have been dashed upon the rock, or wrecked on the neighbouring shore. There, from night to night, its lamp has continued to shine like a guiding star; while in snow and haze, its bell is heard as a warning voice through the thick atmosphere, when the light is obscured, or so dim, that its meaning is unintelligible to the bewildered navigator. Not fully four years after it was finished, when Sir Walter Scott made that well-known cruise among the northern seas, which he has entitled in his diary, "Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht to Nova Zembla, and the Lord knows where," he thus describes the edifice, at that time still fresh in early youth, and regarded with all the pleasure of a startling novelty.

"*July* 30, [1814].—Waked at six by the steward; summoned to visit the Bell Rock, where the beacon is well worthy attention. Its dimensions are well known; but no description can give the idea of this slight, solitary, round

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tower, trembling amid the billows, and fifteen miles from Arbroath, the nearest shore. The fitting up within is not only handsome, but elegant. All work of wood (almost) is wainscot; all hammer-work brass; in short, exquisitely fitted up. You enter by a ladder of rope, with wooden steps, about thirty feet from the bottom, where the mason-work ceases to be solid, and admits of round apartments. The lowest is a storehouse for the people's provisions, water, &c.; above that a storehouse for the lights, of oil, &c.; then the kitchen of the people, three in number; then their sleeping chamber; then the saloon or parlour, a neat little room; above all, the lighthouse; all communicating by oaken ladders, with brass rails, most handsomely and conveniently executed. Breakfasted in the parlour." On being requested to inscribe his name in the album of the tower, Sir Walter, after breakfast, wrote the following lines, which Mr. Stevenson adopted for the motto of his work on the Bell Rock lighthouse:—

"*Pharos loquitur:*—
"Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail."

The whole diary of this voyage in the northern seas, which the great poet and novelist has fully detailed, abounds with incidental notices, in which Mr. Stevenson's amiable disposition, as well as remarkable professional ability, diligence, and enterprise, are strikingly exemplified. It was one of those periodical voyages which Mr. Stevenson was wont to make in the erection of lighthouses, and the superintendence of northern lights; and besides three commissioners of the board, there were three pleasure tourists, of whom Sir Walter was one. The vessel in which they sailed was the lighthouse yacht, of six guns and ten men; for besides the storms of the Atlantic, lately a brush with a French cruizer, and even now with a Yankee privateer, might be no improbable contingency. The singular coasts that had to be surveyed, the strange places to be selected for the erection of lighthouses, and the difficulties that had to be overcome in such erections, will be best understood from the following quotation, which, therefore, notwithstanding its length, we give without curtailment:—

"*August* 27, 1814.—The wind, to which we resigned ourselves, proves exceedingly tyrannical, and blows squally the whole night, which, with the swell of the Atlantic, now unbroken by any islands to windward, proves a means of great combustion in the cabin. The dishes and glasses in the steward's cupboards become locomotive—portmanteaus and writing-desks are more active than necessary—it is scarce possible to keep one's self within bed, and impossible to stand upright, if you rise. Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the Isle of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr. Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called *Skerry Vhor*, where he thought it would be essential to have a lighthouse. Loud remonstrances on the part of the commissioners, who one and all declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue this infernal buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr. S., and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, who seems to

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like the idea of *Skerry Vhor* as little as the commissioners. At length, by dint of exertion, came in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in a most tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef, which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff, and I resolved to land upon these bare rocks in company with Mr. Stevenson. Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty, and approach, a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a quiet creek between two rocks, where we contrive to land, well wetted. I saw nothing remarkable in my way, excepting several seals, which we might have shot, but, in the doubtful circumstances of the landing, we did not care to bring guns. We took possession of the rock in name of the commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. S. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse—the Bell Rock and Eddystone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree, at fourteen miles' distance. So much for the *Skerry Vhor*."—It is only necessary to add to this amusing sketch, that the lighthouse contemplated by Mr. Stevenson was erected in 1842, by Mr. Alan Stevenson, his son, and successor in office, who in this difficult undertaking not only followed his father's instructions, but emulated his perseverance and scientific ability.

During the long course of Mr. Stevenson's professional labours, his calm calculating sagacity, and adaptation of means at once simple and effectual to an end that seemed unattainable, or not to be attained without the most complex agencies, were conspicuous to the last; and although not himself an inventor, he could largely improve on the inventions of others, and turn them to the best account. It was thus that the Eddystone lighthouse suggested to him the bolder and more difficult undertaking of that on the Bell Rock; while his plan of the *jib* and *balance-cranes*, and the changes which he adopted in the masonry of the building, especially in the laying of the floors, so that their stones should form part of the outward wall, were important improvements on the plans of Mr. Smeaton, whom he still was proud to call his master. The best mode of lighting these ocean lamps was also a subject of his inquiry; and the result was, his invention of the *intermittent* and the *flashing* lights, the former suddenly disappearing at irregular intervals, and the latter emitting a powerful gleam every five seconds—a mode of illumination distinct from that of the ordinary lighthouses in the same range, and admirably suited for the dangerous navigation of narrow seas. For the last of these inventions he was honoured with a gold medal from the king of the Netherlands. While his scientific anxiety and skill were thus devoted to the improving and perfecting of those buildings upon which the safety of navigation so much depends, he did not overlook the welfare of those to whom the superintendence of their bale-fires is committed; and his humane regulations, by which the comforts of these self-devoted prisoners of the ocean pillars were promoted, as well as his rules of discipline, by which their duties were simplified, introduced a marked change for the better into the dreary life of those upon whose watchfulness and fidelity so vast an amount of human happiness is at stake. Mr. Stevenson, indeed, may justly be said not only to have created the lighthouse system of Scotland, where it was so much needed, but to have brought it also to that state of perfection in which it has become the model to other maritime nations.

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Independently of his duties connected with northern lights, Mr. Stevenson, in his general capacity as a civil engineer, was frequently a co-operator with Rennie, Telford, and the other chief engineers of the day. He also, after the peace of 1815, was the principal adviser in the construction of those new roads, bridges, harbours, canals, and railways, towards which the national energy and capital were now directed. Even the beautiful approach to the city of Edinburgh from the east, by the Calton Hill, was planned by him, and executed under his direction. While his impress was thus stamped upon the public works of Scotland, he was often consulted upon those of England and Ireland; and his ingenious plans of simplifying and adapting, which he had so successfully employed upon one element, were followed by those which were equally fitted for the other. In this way, his suggestion of the new form of a suspension bridge applicable to small spans, by which the necessity for tall piers is avoided, was partially adopted in the bridge over the Thames at Hammersmith. While planning a timber bridge for the Meikle Ferry, he also devised an arch of such simple construction, composed of thin layers of plank bent into the circular form, and stiffened by *king-post pieces*, on which the level roadway rests, that this form of bridging has come into very general use in the construction of railways.

As an author Mr. Stevenson has not been particularly fertile. He sat down to draw a plan instead of excogitating a theory, and his published work was the erection itself, instead of a volume to show how it might be accomplished. Still, however, he has written sufficiently for one who did so much. Independently of his large work upon the Bell Rock lighthouse, he wrote several articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and other scientific journals. In 1817 he published a series of letters in the "Scots Magazine," giving an account of his tour through the Netherlands, and a description of the engineering works connected with the drainage and embankment of Holland. His professional printed reports and contributions are also sufficient to occupy four goodly quarto volumes. Owing, however, to the obstacles under which his early education was impeded, he had not acquired that facility in composition which a commencement in youth is best fitted to impart, so that we question whether, in his great achievement of the Bell Rock, his book or his lighthouse occasioned him most trouble. In 1815 he became a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; he afterwards joined the Geological Society of London, and the Wernerian and Antiquarian Societies of Scotland.

In private life Mr. Stevenson was endeared to all who knew him, by his lively intelligent conversation, kind disposition, and benevolent deeds, while his whole course was a beautiful illustration of the Christian character superinduced upon the highest scientific excellence. And as he had lived, so he died, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, at peace with the world he was leaving, and rejoicing in the hope of a better to come. His decease occurred at his residence in Baxter's Place, Edinburgh, on the 12th of July, 1850. His most fitting monument is an admirable marble bust likeness, executed by Samuel Joseph, at the command of the Commissioners of the Board of Northern Lights, and placed by them in the library of the Bell Rock lighthouse.

STRUTHERS, John.—"It is said that the solitary and meditative generation of cobblers have produced a larger list of murders and other domestic crimes than any other mechanical trade except the butchers; but the sons of

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Crispin have, to balance their account, a not less disproportionate catalogue of poets; and foremost among these stands the pious author of the 'Poor Man's Sabbath,' one of the very few that have had sense and fortitude to resist the innumerable temptations to which any measure of celebrity exposes persons of their class." This honourable attestation from the pen of the distinguished editor of the "Quarterly Review," in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, when speaking of John Struthers, entitles this lowly bard to not a little consideration. The author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath" was born at Forefaulds, a cottage built upon the estate of Long Calderwood, East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, on July 18, 1776, and was the son of William Struthers, who for more than forty years had been a shoemaker in that parish. The education of John, when a boy, was of the simplest kind: he was taught to read from the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, and the Bible; and to write, by copying the letters of the alphabet in a rude printing fashion upon the side of an old slate. His mother, however, who was his preceptor, was aided in the task of tuition by Mrs. Baillie, widow of Dr. James Baillie, formerly professor of theology in the university of Glasgow, then residing at Long Calderwood, and by her two daughters, the youngest of whom was the afterwards celebrated Joanna Baillie. These accomplished ladies had the sickly little boy frequently brought to their house, where they conversed with him, read to him, told him amusing stories, and gave him his first glimpses of the bright world of music, by airs upon the spinnet. That mind must have had no imagination whatever which such a training could not waken into poetry, or something resembling it. When the house was shut up, and the family had departed to London, it seemed to John, now only seven years old, as if a beatific vision had been closed for ever; and the consequence was a fever, that confined him to bed for six weeks. No one who afterwards knew the hard-visaged and iron-minded John Struthers, would have suspected him of ever having been the victim of such susceptibility, were we not aware that it is often such seemingly impassive characters who feel most keenly. On going afterwards to school, he made such progress in the common branches of education, that his parents were urged to have him trained for the ministry; but this temptation, so strong among the peasantry of Scotland, they had the good sense to resist, and John was sent, for three years and a half, to the occupation of a cow-herd. During this period he unconsciously trained himself for his future work of an ecclesiastical historian, by devouring the contents of his grandfather's covenanting library, which was stored with the works of Knox, Calderwood, Wodrow, and other Scottish writers of the 17th and 18th centuries, while he cherished the polemical spirit, so essential to his future task, by keen debates with a neighbouring herd lad upon the religious controversies of the day.

After a rough kind of life, partly as cow-herd, and partly as farm-servant, John Struthers, at the age of fifteen, settled in Glasgow, for the purpose of learning his father's occupation of shoemaker; and this being fully attained, he returned to the paternal home, and was busily employed in his new calling. During these changes he had also diligently pursued the task of self-education, in which he made himself acquainted with the best poetical and prose writers both of England and Scotland, while his intellectual superiority gave him a high standing among the rustic society by which he was surrounded. At the age of twenty-two he married, after a courtship of more than four years. Having removed once more to Glasgow, which he now made his permanent

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abode, Struthers adventured on his first attempt in authorship, and, like many tyro authors, he was soon so much ashamed of it, that he burnt the whole impression, and did his best to forget the trespass. What was the nature of the work, or whether it was in poetry or prose, he has not informed us, although from a chance hint that escapes him in his biography, we rather think it was the former.

The next attempt of Mr. Struthers in authorship was one that was to bring him into notice, and establish his reputation as a poet of no common order. We allude to his "Poor Man's Sabbath;" and as the origin of this work is characteristic both of the writer and the period, we give it in his own words, where he speaks of himself in the third person: "Though the removal of our subject from a country to a town life, was upon the whole less grievous than he had anticipated, still it was followed by regrets, which forty-eight long years have not yet laid wholly asleep. Of these, the first and the most painful was his position on the Sabbath day. In the country his Saturday was equally tranquil, rather more so than any other day of the week. He was, on the Saturday night, always early to bed, and on the Sabbath morning up at his usual hour—had his moments of secret meditation and prayer—his family devotions—his breakfast and dressing over by nine o'clock, when his fellow-worshippers of the same congregation, who lived to the westward of him, generally called at his house. Among them was his excellent father, and one or two old men of the highest respectability as private members of the church, with whom he walked to their place of worship, Black's Well meeting-house, Hamilton, returning with them in the evening, enjoying the soothing influences of the seasons, whether breathing from the fragrant earth, or glowing from the concave of the sky; taking sweet counsel together, and holding delightful fellowship with the God of all grace, and of all consolation, and with each other, in talking over the extent, the order, the grandeur, and the excellent majesty of His kingdom." From this picture of a rural Scottish Sabbath at the beginning of the present century, he turns to those Sabbatical evils of our cities, which, at that period of recent introduction, have ever since been on the increase:—"In town, on the contrary, he found Saturday always to be a day of bustle and confusion. There was always work wanted, which could not be had without extra exertion. He was always earlier up in the morning, and later in going to bed on that day than on any other day of the week. With the extra labour of that day, added to the everyday toils of the week, he was often exhausted, and his hands so cut up, that it was not without difficulty that he managed to shave himself. On the morning of the Sabbath, of course, he was weary, drowsy, and listless, feeling in a very small degree that glowing delight with which he had been accustomed to hail the hallowed day. At the sound of the bell he walked into the meeting-house with the crowd, an unnoticed individual, unknown and unknowing; his nobler desires clogged and slumbering; his activities unexcited; and his whole frame of mind everything but that which he had been accustomed to experience, and which it was, amidst all these evil influences, his heart's desire it should have been."

These feelings wrought themselves into stanzas, and the stanzas, in course of time, grew into a regular poem. Still warned, however, by his late failure, Struthers was afraid to venture once more into the press, until the success of a war ode, entitled "Anticipation," which he published in 1803, when the dread of a French invasion was at its height, encouraged him to commit the "Poor Man's

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Sabbath," in the following year, to the tender mercies of the public. The approbation with which it was welcomed was great, and the sale of it was rapid. A few weeks after this, Graham's "Sabbath" was published, so that the "Poor Man's Sabbath," on account of its priority, had established a refutation of the charge of plagiarism, which was attempted to be brought against it. A first and second, and afterwards a third impression of the work was rapidly sold; and although the profits collectively amounted to no great sum, it brought Struthers something better than a few fleeting pounds; "it made his name and character known," says Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, "and thus served him far more essentially; for he wisely continued to cultivate his poetical talents, without neglecting the opportunity, thus afforded him through them, of pursuing his original calling under better advantages." It is not a little to the honour of Struthers, that his production was patronized by Sir Walter Scott, and also by Joanna Baillie, the friend and instructor of his early boyhood, from whom he was so fortunate as to receive a visit at Glasgow in 1808. Such a visit he thus touchingly commemorates in his old days:—"He has not forgotten, and never can forget, how the sharp and clear tones of her sweet voice thrilled through his heart, when at the outer door she, inquiring for him, pronounced his name — far less could he forget the divine glow of benevolent pleasure that lighted up her thin and pale but finely expressive face, when, still holding him by the hand she had been cordially shaking, she looked around his small but clean apartment, gazed upon his fair wife and his then lovely children, and exclaimed, 'that he was surely the most happy of poets.'"

Encouraged by the success that had crowned his last effort, Struthers persevered amidst the many difficulties of his humble position to cultivate the muse, and the result was the "Peasant's Death," intended as a sequel to the "Poor Man's Sabbath," and which was as favourably received by the public as its predecessor. Then succeeded the "Winter Day," a poem in irregular measure, which he published in 1811. This was followed, in 1814, by a small volume, bearing the title of "Poems, Moral and Religious." In 1818 he published his poem of "The Plough," written in the Spenserian stanza. About the same time he also edited, from the original MS., a collection of poems by Mr. William Muir, to which he appended a biographical preface. A still more important editorial work, which he was induced to undertake, was a collection of songs, published in three volumes, under the title of "The Harp of Caledonia." But after all this labour, the author was as poor as ever, and still dependent upon the work of his hands for his daily bread. The cause of this is to be found not only in his general indifference to lucre, but his sturdy independence, that would not stoop to the higgling of the literary market, and the high estimate he had formed of the dignity of literary exertion. Hear his own estimate of the matter:—"The mercenary spirit of literary men he considers to be the disgrace and bane of human nature—an intellectual harlotry, more disgraceful and more destructive to the immortal spirit, than that prostitution of the body, which subjects all who submit to it to self-loathing and the contempt of all men—a vice which converts one of the noblest acquisitions of human nature, and that which should be one of the principal sources of distinction in the world—THE KNOWLEDGE OF LETTERS—into a curse the most wide-spreading and morally ruinous to which our frail nature can be subjected; and he confesses candidly, that up to this day he has serious doubts whether general or miscel-

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laneous literature, as the sole means of supporting existence, be, after all, a lawful profession."

It was not, however, merely to poetry that Struthers confined his intellectual exertions. Looking sharply at men and things, he knew much of the prose of life; while his course of reading, which he had never intermitted from boyhood, and which extended over an ample range of Scottish theology, history, and general literature, fitted him for writing upon the most important subjects of the day. He felt it also the more necessary to be a prose writer and public instructor, in consequence of the innovations that were taking place in society, under which all old time-honoured institutions were decried as the mere ignorance of childhood, compared with that great millennium of improvement, of which the French revolution was the commencement. On this account he had sturdily opposed the *strikes* of his fellow-workmen, and the levelling democratic principles of the class of society to which he belonged, although he stood alone in the contest. While these were at the wildest, he published, in 1816, an "Essay on the State of the Labouring Poor, with some hints for its improvement." The plan he recommended was that of the ten-acre-farm, which has so often been reiterated since that period; and such were the merits of the production, which was published anonymously, that more than one writer of eminence had the credit of the authorship. Another pamphlet, which he afterwards published, with the title of "Tekel," was written during the heat of the Voluntary controversy, and intended to represent what he conceived to be the ruinous effects of the Voluntary principle upon religion in general. He was now to become more closely connected with authorship as a profession than ever, in consequence of being employed as a literary reader and corrector of the press, first at the printing-office of Khull, Blackie, and Co., Glasgow, and afterwards in that of Mr. Fullarton. During this period, which lasted thirteen years, besides the task of correcting proofs and making or mending paragraphs, he furnished notes for a new edition of Wodrow's "History of the Church of Scotland." He also wrote a history of Scotland from the Union (1707) to 1827, the year in which it was published, in two volumes, and was afterwards employed in preparing a third, continuing the narrative until after the Disruption, so that it might be a complete history of the Scottish Church; when, just as it was all but completed, death put a period to his labours. He was also, for sixteen or eighteen months, occupied with Scottish biography, and most of the lives which he wrote on this occasion, were ultimately transferred to Chambers' "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen."

In 1833, an important change occurred in the tranquil career of Mr. Struthers, by his being appointed to the charge of that valuable collection, well known in Glasgow as the Stirling Library Here his salary as librarian was only fifty pounds a-year; but his wants were few and simple, and the opportunities of the situation for study were such as would have outweighed with him more lucrative offers. In this office he remained nearly fifteen years, and returning in his old days to his first love, he resumed his poem entitled "Dychmont," commenced in early life, which he completed and published in 1836. These literary exertions were combined with biographical sketches, which appeared in the "Christian Instructor," several tracts on the ecclesiastical politics of the period, and essays on general subjects, of which only a few were printed. In 1850, a collection of his poetical works was published in two volumes, by Mr. Fullarton, to which the author added a highly interesting autobiography.

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In this manner passed the useful life of John Struthers to its close, while every year added to the esteem of his fellow-citizens, who regarded him not only as an excellent poet, but an able historian and general writer—an estimation in which society at large has fully coincided. He died in Glasgow, on the 30th July, 1853, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

T.

TENNANT, William, LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.—This most accomplished linguist and excellent poet was born in Anstruther, a royal burgh on the south-eastern coast of Fife, once a town and seaport of great commercial importance in the history of Scotland, but which has now dwindled, in the course of mercantile changes, into a place of little note. He was, however, the fellow-townsman and cotemporary of Dr. Chalmers. He was born in the year 1784. His father, who was a small merchant in Anstruther, appears to have been a man in straitened circumstances, while in early infancy the future poet and professor, without any original malformation, lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged for life to move upon crutches. Thus desperate from the beginning was his chance of attaining to excellence and distinction. But within that puny frame was lodged a spirit that could wrestle down such obstacles, and grow stronger from the conflict.

In those days it was the custom in Scotland, that whosoever was thought not fit to be anything else, was judged good enough to be a teacher, and destined accordingly; and thus it too often happened that our parochial seminaries were Bethesda pools, surrounded by the lame, the halt, and paralytic, waiting for the friendly hand of patronage to lift them into office when a vacancy occurred. It was not wonderful, therefore, that the poor lame boy was educated with the view of permanently occupying a schoolmaster's chair, instead of *poussing* his fortune by a life of travel and adventure. He was accordingly sent betimes to the schools of his native town, and after he had learned all that they could teach him, he was transferred in 1799 to the university of St. Andrews, with the view of finishing his education. One so fitted to be a linguist by nature, could not fail to make a rapid progress under the prelections of such instructors as Dr. Hunter and Dr. Hill. After having spent two years at the United College, St. Andrews, in the study of the classics, the state of pecuniary affairs at home did not permit him to enjoy the usual curriculum, and he was hastily recalled to Anstruther. In the meantime, however, by the study of two languages, he had acquired the key that could unlock them all, be his circumstances what they might; and of this facility he soon showed himself a ready occupant. Independently of the higher Latin and Greek writers, so seldom mastered at our universities, but with which he became as conversant as with the authors of his own tongue, he ventured upon the study of Hebrew, with no other teachers than a dictionary and grammar, and made such proficiency, that in half a year and three days he read through the whole of the Hebrew Bible. While thus employed in the study of languages at Anstruther, and laying the foundation of his future renown and success, the claims of business called him away to Glasgow in 1803–4, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city; and on the removal of the business to his native town a year after, he continued in the

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same capacity in Anstruther. While thus exalted upon the high tripod of a counting-house, or haggling with borrel discontented farmers upon the price of *aits* and barley—an admirable specimen of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties"—he was making, by his unaided efforts, and in his moments of leisure, such acquirements as the halls of Oxford or Cambridge would have been proud to have enshrined. Language after language yielded before his onset, whether dead or living, whether barbarous or refined, whether eastern, western, northern, or southern. One startling proof of this desperate indomitable perseverance, as well as peculiar aptitude in acquiring a tongue, was, that in a very few weeks after studying the Gaelic, reckoned the most impracticable of all living languages, he was able to read the whole of the Highland New Testament with ease and fluency.

While William Tennant was thus laudably occupied, a more than ordinary portion of the cares of life interposed to annoy him. The business of a corn-factor, in which his brother was engaged in Anstruther, was unsuccessful, and became involved in such pecuniary responsibilities, that the principal found it advisable to make a hasty retreat, leaving poor William, his substitute, to answer in his stead. This the latter did, not only by enduring incarceration, as if he had been the real debtor, but a large amount of obloquy to boot, from those who went in search of the assets of the business, but could not find them. After the innocent scape-goat had sustained his unmerited share of reproach and imprisonment, he was set free, upon which he retired to his father's humble dwelling. He was soon to emerge into the world in a new character. To his remarkable powers of application and abstraction, by which he was enabled to acquire so many languages, he added the higher qualities of taste and imagination, so that the study of poetry and the occupation of verse-making had been alternated with his graver pursuits. He now set himself in earnest to attempt authorship as a poet, and the result was "Anster Fair," not only the first, but the best of all the productions he has given to the world. Its chances of fame were at first extremely precarious, for it appeared in 1811 in a humble unpretending form, and from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher. It was thus accessible to few except the peasants and shopkeepers of Fife, who had no fitting relish for such poetical *caviare;* so that, after languishing a year unnoticed it might have passed into oblivion, but for one of those simple accidents that sometimes arrest a work of merit in full transit, and restore it to its proper place. Lord Woodhouselee, the accomplished scholar and critic, having seen the little volume, perused it—and to read it, was to admire and appreciate. Anxious to know who the author was—for the poem was published anonymously—and to make his merits known to the world, he applied to Mr. Cockburn, the Anstruther publisher, for information, in the following letter:—

"Sir,—I have lately read, with a very high degree of pleasure, a small poetical performance, which, I observe, bears your name as publisher on the title-page. The author of 'Anster Fair' cannot long remain concealed. It contains, in my opinion, unequivocal marks of strong original genius, a vein of humour of an uncommon cast, united with a talent for natural description of the most vivid and characteristic species, and, above all, a true feeling of the sublime—forming altogether one of the most pleasing and singular combinations of the different powers of poetry that I have ever met with. Unless the author has very strong reasons for concealing his name, I must own that I should be much gratified by being informed of it. "Alex. Fraser Tytler."

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After this, "Anster Fair" began to be read in circles where it could be best appreciated, and a criticism in the "Edinburgh Review," from the discriminating pen of Jeffrey, in 1814, established the character of the poem as one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared. Its merits are thus summed up by the lynx-eyed, accomplished critic: "The great charm of this singular composition consists, no doubt, in the profusion of images and groups which it thrusts upon the fancy, and the crowd, and hurry, and animation with which they are all jostled and driven along; but this, though a very rare merit in any modern production, is entitled perhaps to less distinction than the perpetual sallies and outbreakings of a rich and poetical imagination, by which the homely themes on which the author is professedly employed, are constantly ennobled or contrasted, and in which the ardour of a mind evidently fitted for higher tasks is somewhat capriciously expended. It is this frequent kindling of the diviner spirit—this tendency to rise above the trivial subjects among which he has chosen to disport himself, and this power of connecting grand or beautiful conceptions with the representation of vulgar objects or ludicrous occurrences—that first recommended this poem to our notice, and still seem to us to entitle it to more general notoriety. The author is occupied, no doubt, in general with low matters, and bent upon homely mirth, but his genius soars up every now and then in spite of him; and 'his delights'—to use a quaint expression of Shakspeare—

> ——'his delights
> Are dolphin-like, and show their backs above
> The element they move in.'"

Thus far the critic. The groundwork which the poet selected for this diversified and gorgeous superstructure, was as unpromising as it well could be, for it was the dirty and unpicturesque Loan of Anster; the sports were sack-racing, ass-racing, and a yelling competition of bagpipes; and the chief personages of the tale were Maggie Lauder, a nymph of less than doubtful reputation in the songs and legends of Fife, and Rob the Ranter, a swaggering, deboshed bagpiper, of no better character. All this, however, was amplified into a tale of interest, as well as purified and aggrandized by redeeming touches; so that, while Maggie under his hands became a chaste bride, and Rob the pink of rural yeomanry, Puck, almost as kingly as Oberon himself, and his tiny dame, scarcely less fair than Titania, take a part in the revels. And the exuberant wit that sparkles, effervesces, and bubbles o'er the brim—the mirth and fun, that grow fast and furious as the dancing nimble-footed stanzas proceed—for all this, too, we can find a sufficient cause, not only in the temperament of the poet, but the peculiar circumstances under which the poem was produced. For Tennant himself, although a cripple, so that he could not move except upon crutches, was requited for the loss by a buoyancy of spirit, that bore him more lightly through the ills of life than most men. In addition to this, also, it must be remembered that he had been impoverished, imprisoned, and villified; and that "Anster Fair" was the natural rebound of a happy cheerful spirit, that sought and found within itself a bright and merry world of its own, in which it could revel to the full, undisturbed by debts, duns, writs, empty pockets, and sour malignant gossipred. What were John Doe and Richard Roe compared with Rob the Ranter and his bright-haired Maggie, or with Puck and his little Mab fresh from their imprisonment of

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mustard-pot and pepper-box? These were circumstances that made him write in such a rattling mirthful strain as he never afterwards reached, when every aid of an honoured and prosperous condition stood obedient beside his learned chair.

As for the mechanical structure of the poem, this too was happily suited to the subject, being as completely out of the beaten track as the tale itself. The following is his own account of it in his original preface: "The poem is written in stanzas of octave rhyme, or the *ottava rima* of the Italians, a measure said to be invented by Boccaccio, and after him employed by Tasso and Ariosto. From these writers it was transferred into English poetry by Fairfax, in his translation of "Jerusalem Delivered," but since his days has been by our poets, perhaps, too little cultivated. The stanza of Fairfax is here shut with the 'Alexandrine' of Spenser, that its close may be more full and sounding." It was not the least of Tennant's poetical achievements, that he restored this long-neglected stanza into full use in English poetry. It was adopted by Lord Byron in his "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and has since been followed by a whole host of imitators, both in the serious and comic strain.

As it was not by poetry, however, that William Tennant meant to live, he set himself in earnest to the humble and laborious, but less precarious occupation of a schoolmaster, for which he had been originally designed. In 1813, he was so fortunate as to be appointed teacher of a school in the parish of Denino, a district situated between Anstruther and St. Andrews, and about five miles from the last-named seat of learning. And it speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding only £40 a year, at a time when his poetical reputation had obtained a fair start in the race, while his acquirements as a linguist could scarcely have been matched in Scotland. But for the present he was fully content with a quiet little cottage, and access to the stores of St. Andrews' college library; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Syriac, Persian, and Arabic languages. From his limited means he also published a second edition of "Anster Fair," much superior in typography and external appearance to the humble little volume that had first issued from the press of Anstruther. After labouring three years at Denino, where he had little literary society of any kind, except that of Hugh Cleghorn, Esq., of Stravithie, and the minister of the parish, Tennant was promoted to the more lucrative situation of schoolmaster of Lasswade, chiefly through the kind offices of Mr. George Thomson, the friend and correspondent of Burns. Besides the superior means which he now possessed of pursuing his beloved studies, his nearness to the capital and his growing reputation brought him into full intercourse with the distinguished literary society with which Edinburgh at this time abounded, so that, both as linguist and poet, his social spirit found ample gratification. At Lasswade he continued to perform the duties of a parish schoolmaster, when a further rise in office awaited him. The newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar was in want of a teacher of the classical and Oriental languages, and as Tennant's reputation was now deservedly high, not only for his scholarship, but—what was of far greater importance—his power of making others good scholars as well as himself, he was appointed to this profitable and important charge, in January, 1819. Even yet, however, he had not attained a promotion that was fully adequate to his merits, for in the highest charge which profound and varied scholarship could reach, he

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would have been found the best fitted to occupy it. The opportunity seemed to occur in 1831, when the chair of Oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as candidate for the professorship, and had almost succeeded, his claims and those of his rival, Dr. Scott, minister of Corstorphine, having been for some time doubtfully deliberated by the crown authorities. The latter, however, was preferred, and Tennant continued three years longer at Dollar, when, by the death of Dr. Scott, he was, on the strength of his former competition, appointed to the professorship.

In this way the author of "Anster Fair," by a series of steps, ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. But while he was thus struggling onward as a teacher, and at every stage adding to his philological acquirements, he did not lose sight of that poetical character through which he had first risen into notice. Some years, therefore, after his Anstruther production, he produced a new poem, entitled "Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' doun o' the Cathedral." The subject, as may be guessed, was the demolition of the cathedral of St. Andrews, the metropolitan church of Scotland at the commencement of the Reformation; and in the style of the narrative he endeavoured to imitate the quaint and vigorous manner of Sir David Lyndesay. But it was not easy for a poet of the 19th century to imitate one who impersonated the very fashion and spirit of the 16th; and, therefore, it is no wonder that the attempt was a failure. Had there been a "No Popery" cry, or had the poem been published in the present day, the subject, independently of the intrinsic merits of the work, might have forced it into wide though temporary popularity; but as it was, the age had not yet got reconciled to the demolition of the stately strongholds of Antichrist, and, therefore, his "Dingin' doun o' the Cathedral," was as complete a downfall as the eversion it tried to commemorate.

The next poetical attempt of Tennant was a poem of the epic character, which he published in 1822, under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the 9th century, when Constantine, the Scottish king, was slain, and the enemy obtained a footing on the coast of Fifeshire, to the great advantage of our fishing villages, and the provision of skate, haddocks, and oysters for the tables of the present generation. But who of our living race could otherwise care for Hungar and his hard-knuckled belligerent Scandinavians, although the poet brought in Odin, the sire of gods and men, and Niord, the god of the winds, to back them? Therefore, although the poem was a very good poem as far as the rules of epic poetry went—even better by half than Sir Richard Blackmore's "Arthur"—and although the correctness of the Runic mythology was such that an ancient Scald would have translated it into a rune without alteration, the "Thane of Fife" was such an utter failure, that it met with less acceptance than its predecessor. Luckily, only the first part of the poem, consisting of six cantos, was published; the rest, like the story of "Cambuscan Bold," or of "The Wondrous Horse of Brass," remained unsung.

Only a year after the "Thane" (in 1823), Tennant published his "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy, in five acts." This dramatic poem few have read, and of that few not half of the number would greatly care to remember it. The subject itself is a noble one, and the character of the cardinal, that "less than a king, yet greater," was amply fitted to develope the very highest of poetic

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talent. But, unluckily, the poet, instead of exhibiting this bold bad man with the lofty regal and intellectual qualities which he undoubtedly possessed, has stuck to the sordid and sensual vices with which Beaton was chargeable, and has thus converted him into a mere vulgar incubus. In fact, he has made him talk, not in the elevated language of one to whom high designs, by which Europe itself was to be shaken, were familiar, but rather after the fashion of the vulgar sensualist, who, in the phrase of Knox, "was busie at his compts with Mistris Marion Ogilbie." This was not a picture suited to the improved tastes of the day, and therefore the public would none of "Cardinal Beaton."

Undeterred by the failure of this attempt in dramatic poetry, Tennant, in 1825, published "John Baliol," and only added another unit to his failures. His adoption of the "toom tabard" as his hero, seemed to intimate that his own wits were run out, and the poem therefore fared as its namesake had done—it was deposed and sent into oblivion. The public now wondered, and well it might, that the rich promise given in "Anster Fair" had been so poorly redeemed. What had become of that ungovernable wit that had burst its bounds, and overflowed in such profusion? A single stanza of Rob the Ranter was worth fifty Baliols and Beatons to boot. Fortunately for Tennant's character as a poet, his retirement from the stage was calm and graceful. His last work, which he published in 1845, entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisting of three dramatic compositions, illustrative of characters and events mentioned in the earlier part of the Old Testament, are free of the extravagance and bad taste of his former productions, while they abound in passages of poetical dignity and gracefulness. It will easily be surmised, however, from the foregoing statements, that Tennant would have ranked higher as a poet, had he abandoned poetry altogether after his first fortunate hit. It would seem as if he had either poured out all his poetical genius in this one happy attempt, or dried it up in those verbal studies that occupied him wholly to the last.

As a prose writer, Tennant, like other great masters of languages, never attained any high distinction. It would be too much, indeed, to expect from a man who has acquired a dozen or a score of tongues, that he should possess the same power over the world of thought. Accordingly, although he was a contributor to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," his articles, which chiefly consisted of a correspondence with the Ettrick Shepherd about a new metrical version of the Psalms, do not exhibit any peculiar excellence. His prose, indeed, is as stiff and artificial as if it were a translation, leaving the reader to suspect that he could have written it every whit as well in Syriac or Hindostanee. It seemed, indeed, as if, in the study of so many languages, he had partly forgot his own.

By a system of rigid economy, which his early condition had probably taught him, Tennant became proprietor of the pleasant villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, where he usually spent the summer months at the close of each college session; and there his library was his world, and its books his chief companions. There, also, his peaceful life passed away, on the 15th of October, 1848, in consequence of a cold of two years' standing, by which his constitution was exhausted.

THOM, James.—This wonderful self-taught sculptor, whose productions excited such general interest, was born, we believe, in Ayrshire, and in the

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year 1799. Such is all that we can ascertain of his early history, except the additional fact, that he was brought up to the trade of a mason or stone-cutter, in which humble and laborious occupation he continued unnoticed until he started at once into fame. This was occasioned by his celebrated group of "Tam o' Shanter," where the figures of that well-known legend, as large as life, were chiselled out of the material upon which he had been accustomed to work—the Scotch gray-stone. No sooner was this singular production unveiled to the public gaze, then every one recognized the likeness of personages who had long been familiar to their thoughts, and who were now thus strangely embodied, as if they had been recalled from the grave. Tam himself, happier than a king—the Souter in the midst of one of his queerest stories—and the "couthie" landlady, supplying the materials of still further enjoyment, until it should reach its utmost, and enable "heroic Tam" to encounter and surmount the terrible witches' sabbath that was awaiting him at Alloway Kirk—all these, in feature, expression, figure, attitude, and costume, were so admirably embodied, that each seemed ready to rise up and walk; and so truthfully withal, that in each impersonation the delighted beholder saw an old acquaintance. While such was the fitness of the humblest classes for the task of criticism, and while such was the manner in which it was expressed, the same approving feelings were uttered by those who were conversant with the highest rules of art, and conversant with the productions of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Here was evidently a kindred genius with Burns himself—one who had expressed in stone what the poet had uttered in words; and the admiration which had been exclusively reserved for the "Ayrshire ploughman," was now fully shared by the Ayrshire stone-cutter, who had shown himself such an able and congenial commentator.

Thom having thus attained, by a single stride, to high celebrity, and been recognized as the Canova of humble everyday life, was not allowed to remain idle; orders for statues and groups poured in upon him, which brought him not only fame but fortune; and his productions in gray-stone, the first material in which he had wrought, and to which he still adhered, were eagerly sought, as choice ornaments for princely halls and stately classical gardens. After Mr. Thom had been for some time thus employed in London, he found it necessary to visit America, in consequence of the agent who had been commissioned to exhibit his "Tam o' Shanter" group and that of "Old Mortality," by the proprietors of these statues, having made no returns, either in money or report of proceedings. In this pursuit he was partially successful; and having been gratified with his reception by the Americans, he resolved to become a citizen of the United States. In his new adopted country, his fame soon became as extensive as in the old, so that his chisel was in frequent demand for copies of those admirable statues upon which his fame had been established. To this, also, he joined the profession of builder and architect; and as his frugality kept pace with his industry, in the course of twelve or fourteen years of his residence in America, he acquired a comfortable competence. He died of consumption, at his lodgings in New York, on the 17th of April, 1850, at the age of fifty-one.

THOMSON, GEORGE.—Independently of the merited reputation he acquired for his successful labours in Scottish music and song, he will go down to posterity as the "friend and correspondent of Burns." In the very brief sketch which he has given of his own life till 1838, written for "The Land of Burns,"

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a valuable and well-known publication, he states that he was born at Limekilns in Fife, and, as he supposes, about 1759, at least he was so informed; for at the time of writing, although touching on his eightieth year, he found himself so hale and vigorous, that, as he playfully adds, he could scarcely persuade himself that he was so old. His father was a teacher at Limekilns, and afterwards in the town of Banff; and at this latter place George was taught by his parent the elements of education, and afterwards sent to study Latin and Greek at the grammar-school. From Banff his father, who had been struggling for some time in vain for a moderate livelihood, removed to Edinburgh, and here his son, now seventeen years old, soon obtained a situation as clerk in the office of a writer to the signet. In this situation he remained till 1780, when, through the recommendation of Mr. John Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas, he was appointed junior clerk to the honourable Board of Trustees, and soon after, on the death of the principal clerk, he was promoted to that vacant office. Here he found himself so comfortable in worldly circumstances, and so highly esteemed by Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, the secretary of the board, and afterwards by Sir William, his son and successor, that he had no desire to risk his present happiness in search of more, and accordingly he continued in this situation until the close of his long and well-spent life. On having thus established himself in comfort, Mr. George Thomson performed what he calls the "wisest act of his life," for at the age of twenty-five he married Miss Miller, daughter of Lieutenant Miller, of the 50th regiment, a lady who made him the happy father of two sons and four daughters.

The tastes of Thomson from an early period were those that are best qualified to foster such a happy contented spirit. He saw that there were other aims in life than that of seeking adventures, and purer pleasures to be enjoyed than that of making money. In boyhood, a love of the beautiful led his heart to the study of music and painting, and these attractive pursuits he continued to cherish in the society of their ablest professors. It was a most unwonted occupation, as some can still remember, for a young lawyer's clerk in the city of Edinburgh, in the latter part of the 18th century; and in Mr. Thomson's case, no small amount of devoted enthusiasm must have been required to meet the ridicule of his companions, or resist their invitations, that would have drawn him from his path. But he persevered in his own way, and soon found that the fine arts, like virtue itself, are their own reward. As one of these is generally found sufficient for the final occupation of one man, music obtained the preference, and his retrospections, in old age, of the musical evenings of his early days among those who were of kindred spirit with himself, in some measure serve to redeem even the Edinburgh of that period from its notorious grossness. "Having studied the violin," he tells us, "it was my custom, after the hours of business, to con over our Scottish melodies, and to devour the choruses of Handel's oratorios, in which, when performed at St. Cecilia's Hall, I generally took a part, along with a few other gentlemen—Mr. Alexander Wight, one of the most eminent counsel at the bar; Mr. Gilbert Innes, of Stow; Mr. John Russel, W.S.; Mr. John Hutton, &c.—it being then not uncommon for grave amateurs to assist at the Cecilia concerts, one of the most interesting and liberal musical institutions that ever existed in Scotland, or, indeed, in any country. I had so much delight in singing those matchless choruses, and in practising the violin quartettos of Pleyel and Haydn, that it was with joy I hailed the hour when, like the young amateur in the good old Scotch

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song, I could hie me hame to my Cremona, and enjoy Haydn's admirable fancies:—

> 'I still was pleas'd, where'er I went; and when I was alone
> I screw'd my pegs, and pleas'd myself with John o' Badenyon.'"

Although music was his recreation, not his profession, George Thomson could not long content himself with being merely a musical dilettante. Like Burns, he resolved to do something for "puir auld Scotland's sake," in the way that nature and training had best qualified him. Might he not make a national collection of our best melodies and songs, and obtain for them suitable accompaniments? With this patriotic ambition he was inspired by the arrival of that celebrated *musico*, Signor Tenducci, into Scotland—the first *man* of his kind, be it observed, who had ever visited the country, and who brought to Scottish ears a style of singing of which they previously could have little or no conception. The enterprise which Mr. Thomson thus contemplated was one of the most daring and self-denying description. There was the toil of collecting, arranging, and improving to be undergone; there was the expense of publishing such a costly work to be encountered. If it succeeded, there was no hope of profit to be obtained from it, or, at least, of profit adequate to the toil; and if it failed, he was certain to be buried in the ruin of the downfall, amidst the jeers of those who would wonder that a lawyer should have embarked in such an undertaking. But it was now the great business of his life, and he was ready to stake life itself upon the issue.

At the very commencement of his labour, he was confronted by difficulties under which most persons would have succumbed. "On examining with great attention," he says, "the various collections on which I could by any means lay my hands, I found them all more or less exceptionable; a sad mixture of good and evil, the pure and the impure. The melodies in general were without any symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and the accompaniments (for the piano only) meagre and common-place; while the verses united with the melodies were, in a great many instances, coarse and vulgar, the productions of a rude age, and such as could not be tolerated or sung in good society." He first obtained the melodies themselves, both in print and manuscript, and after comparing copies, and hearing them sung by his fair friends, he selected the copy which he found the most simple and beautiful. His next work was to obtain accompaniments to these airs, and symphonies to introduce and conclude them; and for this purpose he applied to Pleyel, at that time at the height of his musical popularity. As the collection grew upon his hands, Thomson found that more extensive aid than that of Pleyel was necessary; and accordingly, after dividing the numerous airs which he thought worthy of preservation into different portions, he transmitted them to Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, and other musicians, at that time the most distinguished in Europe, to whom his commission was a welcome one—for they at once appreciated the beauties of our national melodies, at that time little known beyond the boundary of the Tweed, and composed for them such rich original accompaniments, as have imparted to them all the superiority as well as permanence of an established classical music. It was, indeed, a glorious achievement that made such lilts as the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes," "O'er the muir amang the heather," or "Logan Water," become almost as much at home on the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, or the Dneiper, as they had hitherto been among their native

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streamlets. From the Grampians to the Himalayas, every mountain was thenceforth to re-echo with the music of Scotland.

The poetry, which was the last, was also the greatest of Thomson's difficulties. It was needful that such lays, now so beautiful and adorned, should be "married to immortal verse;" but where was he to find the Cupid of such a Psyche? Some, indeed, of the old songs were every way worthy of the music with which they were embodied; but these were so few, that while of the Scottish muse it was too justly said,

> "High-kilted was she
> As she gaed o'er the lea,"

our worthy countryman felt that in such a trim she could not be allowed to go inland, to provoke the scoff and merriment of proud conceited foreigners. But the hour brought the man—the soul of Scottish song to the body of Scottish melody—the Promethean fire to the beautifully modelled clay. Burns was living, for whose poetry no loveliness or grandeur of music could be too much; and when Thomson, in a happy hour, applied to him for co-operation, and unfolded to him the nature of his work, the great bard threw himself into the undertaking with all his characteristic enthusiasm. It needed but this to make the work perfect, for when has the world ever seen such a song-maker? It needed also a noble occasion like this to make Burns put forth his uttermost, and surpass all that he had as yet accomplished, for by far the choicest of his poetry is certainly to be found in Thomson's Collection. The correspondence between the musical lawyer and the poetical ploughman, which extended from 1792 till the death of the latter in 1796, while it is full of wit, vivacity, and hearty patriotic ardour in the good work in which they were engaged, reflects high credit not only upon the critical taste and vigorous intellect of George Thomson, but also upon his affectionate feelings, and honourable upright disposition. It is the more necessary to announce this fact, as, after the death of Burns, certain anonymous biographers presumed to state that Thomson, after securing the services of the poet to a large extent, had churlishly and unjustly refused to refund them. A single glance at the correspondence between them, which was published by Dr. Currie, is sufficient to refute this odious calumny, independently of the subsequent attestations of Thomson himself. It will there be seen that the latter, although engaged in so precarious and costly an undertaking, invited the assistance of the bard with offers of a fair remuneration; and that although Burns gladly embarked in the enterprise, he sturdily stipulated that his contributions should be accepted gratuitously, or not at all. It will also be seen that, after some time, Thomson, impatient at receiving such rich donations without requital, ventured, in the most delicate manner, to transmit to the poet a sum of money, at which the latter was so indignant, that he vowed, if the offence was repeated, he would drop the correspondence at once and for ever. It is well known that Burns entertained, among his other peculiarities, such lofty notions of independence as would have stopped all reciprocity in the interchange of favours, and thrown an impassable gulf between giver and receiver, or even debtor and creditor. He would bestow, and that largely and freely, but he would not for an instant stoop to receive; his songs must be considered as either beyond price or not worth purchase. Had he lived in the present day, when genius and poetical inspiration are as marketable as the commodities in the bakehouse or shambles upon which they

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are nourished; and had he seen, not starveling threadbare authors, but high-born dames and mighty earls, haggling about the price of their productions, and stickling upon a few shillings more or less per sheet, against the calculating and demurring publisher; he would have learned, that even poetry has its price, and that a Milton himself might exact it to the last doit, without impinging upon his dignity.

Of these matchless contributions which Burns transmitted to Thomson, it is enough to state, that during the course of four short years, they amounted to more than 120. He also fully empowered Mr. Thomson to make use of all the songs he had written for Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum." But during the lifetime of Burns, only six of his productions appeared in Thomson's collection. On the death of the poet, Mr. Thomson, had he been avaricious, might have turned the rich contributions which he had on hand to his own account, by publishing them as a separate work; for they had been unreservedly given to him, and were his own unquestionable property. But on learning that the poetical works of his friend were about to be republished in behalf of the poet's family, he transmitted the whole of these contributions to Dr. Currie, as well as the correspondence, by which the value of the publication was immeasurably enhanced, and ample profits realized for the bereaved survivors. Little, indeed, did Burns imagine, that such a controversy would ever have been raised; and still less would he have thanked the ill-advised zeal of those who endeavoured to heighten the public sympathy in behalf of his memory, by traducing the character of a man whom he had so highly and justly esteemed.

After the completion of his great national work, little remains in the life of George Thomson that is of public interest. He left the Trustees' office in 1838, after a long course of usefulness in that department; and on the September of that year he went to London, where he took up his residence, and afterwards to Brighton. In June, 1845, he returned to Edinburgh, and three years afterwards went again to the British metropolis; but after little more than a year of residence there, he came back at the close of 1849 to the city in which all his early affections were enshrined. He was now so old that it seemed as if the day of his death could not be distant; and as he trode the streets of Edinburgh, now one of the oldest of its inhabitants, he must have felt that this was no longer the world in which he had once lived. But still his cheerfulness was unbroken, and his enjoyment of happiness undiminished, and his letters of this period, written in the regular formal text-like hand of our great-grandfathers, are as juvenile and buoyant as his productions of a former century. In this way the "time-honoured" lived till the 16th of February, 1853, when he was gathered to his fathers after a few days' illness, and with a gentle departure, in which he suffered little pain, and enjoyed the full possession of all his faculties to the last. Independently of his invaluable services to Scottish Song, his name will go down to posterity from being associated with that of Burns, whose memory ages will continue to cherish.

THOMSON, Rev. John.—The title of the Scottish Claude Lorrain which this reverend candidate for distinction acquired, at once announces the walk in which he excelled, and the progress he attained in it. He was born in Dailly, Ayrshire, on the 1st of September, 1778, and was the fourth and youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the parish of Dailly. As he was destined by his father at an early age for the ministry, John's studies in boyhood were directed with a reference to this sacred calling; but already, he

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had unconsciously made a choice for himself, and such a choice as was little in coincidence with the wonted occupations of a country pastor. Instead of submitting to the drudgery of the school room and the study, the young boy was to be found afield, roaming in quest of the beautiful and the picturesque, for which the banks of the water of Girvan are so justly famed; and to extend these explorations, he frequently rose at two o'clock in a summer morning, and made a journey of miles, that he might watch the effect of sunrise, as it fell upon different portions of the scenery, or played among the foliage with which the cliffs and hill tops were clothed. What he thus appreciated and admired, he was anxious to delineate, and this he did on pasteboard, paper, or the walls of the house, while his only materials for painting were the ends of burnt sticks, or the snuffings of candles. This was by no means the most hopeful of preparations for the ministry, and so he was told by his father, while he was informed at the same time, that the pulpit was to be his final destination. John at first stood aghast, and then wept at the intelligence. He was already a painter with all his heart and soul, and how then could he be a minister? He even knelt to the old man, and besought him with tears in his eyes to let him follow out his own favourite bent; but the father in reply only patted the boy's head, bidding him be a good scholar, and go to his Latin lessons. In this way, like many Scottish youths of the period, John Thomson, through mistaken parental zeal, was thrust forward towards that most sacred of offices for which, at the time at least, he felt no inclination.

As nothing remained for him but submission, the embryo painter yielded to necessity, and in due time was sent to the university of Edinburgh. There, besides the learned languages, he earnestly devoted his attention to the physical sciences, and became a respectable proficient in astronomy, geology, optics, and chemistry. While in Edinburgh, he lodged with his brother, Thomas Thomson, afterwards the distinguished antiquarian, who was twelve years his senior, and at that time a candidate for the honours of the bar; and in consequence of this connection, John was frequently brought into the company of Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and other rising luminaries of the literary world, who had commenced their public life as Scottish barristers. It was impossible for the young student to mingle in such society without catching its intellectual inspiration; and he showed its effect by the proficiency he made in the different departments of his university curriculum, as well as the acquisition of general knowledge, and his facility in imparting it. Such was his career during the winter months; but when the return of summer released him from attendance on his classes, he showed his prevailing bent by an escape into the country, where the green earth and the blue sky were the volumes on which he delighted to pore. During the last session of his stay at college, he also attended for a month the lessons in drawing of Alexander Nasmyth, the teacher of so many of our Scottish artists, by whose instructions as well as his own diligent application, he improved himself in the mechanical departments of pictorial art.

Having finished the usual course of theology, John Thomson, at the age of twenty-one, was licensed as a preacher; and his father having died a few months after, he succeeded him as minister of Dailly in 1800. A short time after his settlement as a country clergyman, he married Miss Ramsay, daughter of the Rev. John Ramsay, minister of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire. He had now full inclination (and he took full leisure also) to pursue his favourite bent, and thus, the pencil was as often in his hand as the pen, while the landscapes which he

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painted and distributed among his friends, diffused his reputation as an artist over the country. But little did the good folks of Dailly rejoice in his growing fame: in their eyes, a minister who painted pictures, was as heinous a defaulter as the divine who actually played "upon the sinfu' sma' fiddle;" and this, with his buoyant fancy and exuberant spirits, which were sometimes supposed to tread too closely upon the bounds that separate clergymen from ordinary mortals, made the rustics suspect that their pastor was not strictly orthodox. This dislike of his strange pictorial pursuits, which they could not well comprehend, and his mirthful humour, which they could comprehend too well —for Mr. Thomson, at this time, could draw caricatures as well as landscapes— excited the attention of his brethren of the presbytery, one of the eldest of whom (so goes the story) was sent to remonstrate with him on the subject. The culprit listened in silence, and with downcast eyes; and, at the end of the admonition, was found to have sketched, or rather etched, an amusing likeness of his rebuker with the point of a pin upon his thumb-nail.

The incumbency of Mr. Thomson in Dailly was a short one, as in 1805 he was translated to the parish of Duddingston, a picturesque village within a mile of Edinburgh, and having the manse situated on the edge of its lake. In the neighbourhood of the northern metropolis, now rising into high literary celebrity, surrounded with scenery which can scarcely anywhere be surpassed, and by a society that could well appreciate his artistic excellence, he gave full scope to his hitherto half-imprisoned predilections, while his improvement continued to keep pace with the number of his productions. He was soon noted as a landscape painter of the first order; and such was the multitude of commissions that poured upon him, that sometimes nine carriages could be counted at the manse door, while at one period his revenue from this profitable source did not fall short of £1800 per annum. Who can here fail to regret the over-eager zeal of his father, by which such a painter was compelled to adopt the ministerial office; or be slow to perceive, that these were not the kind of applications that should beset a clergyman's dwelling? True, the pulpit of Duddingston was regularly occupied on the Sabbath, and the usual number of sermons preached; but Edinburgh was close at hand, and abounded with probationers whose offices could be secured at a day's notice. In the meantime, as years went onward, Mr. Thomson's love of rich and striking scenery continued unabated, and his long pilgrimages in quest of it as ardent and frequent as ever. Often, indeed, he was to be found travelling with Grecian Williams, long before dawn, towards some selected spot, where they wished to delineate its appearance at the first sunrise; and having reached it, the enthusiastic pair would sketch and retouch, until each had depicted the view according to his own perceptions and tastes, communicating from time to time the progress they were making, and playing the part of friendly critics on each other's productions. On returning to his home from these excursions, it was commonly a change from the beauties of nature to the charms of conversation and social intercourse; for the manse of Duddingston was famed for hospitality, while the artistic reputation of its tenant was so high and so widely spread abroad, that few strangers of distinction in the fine arts arrived in Edinburgh without visiting Mr. Thomson. Independently, too, of his conversational talents, and warm-hearted affectionate disposition, that endeared him to his guests, and made his society universally courted, Mr. Thomson was almost as enthusiastic a lover of music as of painting, and played both on the violin and flute with admirable skill. Nor were

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the more intellectual studies of his earlier days neglected amidst the full enjoyment of society, and his increasing popularity as an artist, and several articles on the departments of physical science which he wrote in the "Edinburgh Review," were conspicuous even in that distinguished journal for the vigour of their style and clearness of their arguments.

Such a course of uninterrupted felicity would at last have become cloying; for man, as long as he is man and not angel, must weep and suffer as well as laugh and rejoice, in order to be as happy as his mixed and imperfect nature will permit. This the minister of Duddingston undoubtedly knew, and besides knowing, he was fated to experience it. For in the midst of his success, and when his young family was most dependent upon maternal care, he became a widower. The evil, heavy as it was, was not irremediable, and in fitting time a comforter was sent to him, and sent in such romantic fashion as to enhance the value of the consolation. An amiable and attractive lady, daughter of Mr. Spence, the distinguished London dentist, and widow of Mr. Dalrymple of Cleland, happened one day, when visiting Edinburgh, to step into a picture-shop, where she saw a painting of the Fall of Foyers. Struck with the originality and beauty of this production, she eagerly asked the name of the artist, and was astonished to find that it was Mr. Thomson of Duddingston; for, although she had seen several of his former paintings, none of them was to be compared to this. She was anxious to be personally acquainted with the author of such a painting—and such an anxiety seldom remains ungratified. She was soon introduced to him by mutual friends, and the first time that Thomson saw her, he said to himself, "That woman must be my wife; never have I beheld for years a woman with whom I could sympathize so deeply." The result may be easily guessed. In a short time, she became Mrs. Thomson; and seldom, in the romance of marriage, has a couple so well assorted been brought together, or that so effectually promoted the happiness of each other. Independently of her taste in painting, she was, like himself, an ardent lover of music; and such was her earnest desire to promote the cultivation of the latter art, that she set up a musical class at the manse, which was attended not only by the most tasteful of the young parishioners of Duddingston, but by several pupils from Edinburgh, all of whom she instructed of course gratuitously. Two minds so assimilated could not fail to be happy, unless there had been a dogged determination to be otherwise, which was not in their nature, and, accordingly, the domestic ingle of Duddingston manse beamed brighter than ever. As if all this, too, had not been enough, an event occurred by which every chivalrous feeling in the heart of Mr. Thomson was gratified to the full. His eldest son was first mate of the "Kent" East Indiaman, that took fire and went down at sea—an event that was associated with such circumstances of heroic devotedness, that it is still fresh in the memory of the present generation. At this trying crisis, when the captain was stunned with the magnitude of the danger, and unable to issue the necessary orders, young Thomson assumed the command, and used it with such judiciousness, promptitude, and presence of mind, that the whole ship's crew and passengers were extricated from the conflagration, and conveyed to the shore in safety, while he was himself the last to leave the vessel.

The paintings of Mr. Thomson were so numerous, that it would be difficult to attempt a list of them, more especially as they were exclusively devoted to portions of Scottish scenery over the whole extent of the country. As the manse of Duddingston commanded a full view of the castle of Craigmillar, and

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Mrs Robinson. Wilson Ho...

THOMAS THOMSON, M.D. F.R.S. L.& E.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF DR R.D. THOMSON, LONDON.

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BLACKIE & SON, GLASGOW EDINBURGH & LONDON.

the picturesque landscape that surrounds it, he made this stately ruin and its accompaniments the subject of many a painting from different points of view, and under every variety of light—from the full blaze of an autumnal noon day, to the soft half-shadowy outline and tint of a midnight moon. The striking towers and fortalices along the Scottish coast—famed as the ancient residences of the champions of our national independence, from Dunstaffnage, Dunluce, and Wolfs-Crag, down to the humble peel upon the rocky sea-shore—were also the subjects of his pencil; and when these were exhausted, he devoted himself to the romantic inland scenery, which the genius of Scott had but lately opened, not only to the world, but his own countrymen—the Trosachs, Loch Achray, and Achray Water, as well as the more familiar scenes of Benblaffen, Glenfishie, Loch Lomond, Loch Etive, and others, in which land and water, striking outline, change of light and shade, and rich diversity of hue, are so dear to the painter of nature, as well as the general tourist. As Mr. Thomson was not a professional artist, in the proper acceptation of the term, he was not eligible for the honour of membership among the royal Academicians; but his paintings, nevertheless, were gladly received into their Annual Exhibitions; while his merits, instead of being regarded with jealousy, were acknowledged as occupying the front rank among the British masters of landscape-painting, and incontestibly the best which his own country had as yet produced.

These indefatigable labours were continued till 1840, when symptoms of rapid constitutional decay began to manifest themselves, so that he was laid aside altogether from clerical duty; and when autumn arrived, he occupied a sick-bed, without any prospect of recovery. His death was characteristic of that deep admiration and love of the beauty of nature which had distinguished him through life, and secured him a high name in the annals of his countrymen. On the 26th of October, feeling that his last hour was drawing nigh, he caused his bed to be wheeled towards the window, that he might look upon the sun-set of a bright afternoon; and upon this beloved spectacle he continued to gaze until he swooned from exhaustion. This was his last effort, and he died at seven o'clock on the following morning.

THOMSON, Thomas, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow.—This distinguished chemist was the seventh child and youngest son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Ewan, and was born at Crieff, on the 12th April, 1773. He was first educated at the parish school of Crieff, and was sent, in 1786, in his thirteenth year, for two years, by the advice of his brother, and of his uncle, the Rev. John Ewan, minister of the parish of Whittingham, in East Lothian, a man of some independent means, to the borough school of Stirling, at that time presided over by Dr. Doig, the distinguished author of the "Letters on the Savage State." Here he acquired a thorough classical education, the benefits of which have been so signally manifested in his numerous improvements of chemical nomenclature now generally adopted in the science. In consequence of having written a Latin Horatian poem of considerable merit, his uncle was recommended, by Principal M'Cormack of St. Andrews, to advise that he should try for a bursary at that university, which was open to public competition. He accordingly went, in 1788, to that school of learning, and, having stood an examination, carried the scholarship, which entitled him to board and lodging at the university for three years. In 1791 he came to Edinburgh, and became tutor in the family of Mr. Kerr of Blackshields, one of his pupils being afterwards well known in con-

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nection with the bank of Leith. In session 1794–5 he began the study of medicine, and in 1795 resided in Edinburgh with his elder brother, afterwards the Rev. James Thomson, D.D., and still (1855) minister of the parish of Eccles, author of many articles in the "Encyclopædia," and of works on the Gospel by St. Luke and Acts, and who succeeded the late Bishop Walker as colleague to Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Gleig, in the editorship of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In the session of 1795–6 Dr. Thomson attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Black, of whom he always spoke in terms of the utmost veneration, and of gratitude for those invaluable instructions which first awoke the latent taste for the science of which he was destined to become so bright an ornament. In this session he wrote the article "Sea" for the "Encyclopædia." In November, 1796, he succeeded his brother in the editorship of the third edition of the "Encyclopædia," and remained connected with it till 1800. It was during this period that he drew up the first outline of his "System of Chemistry," which appeared in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia," under the articles Chemistry, Mineralogy, Vegetable Substances, Animal Substances, and Dyeing Substances. These all appeared before the 10th December, 1800, when the preface was published, in which it is stated, by Dr. Gleig: of the author "of these beautiful articles, a man of like principles with Dr. Robison, it is needless to say anything, since the public seems to be fully satisfied that they prove their author eminently qualified to teach the science of chemistry." During the winter session of 1800–1, he gave his first chemical course with fifty-two pupils. Hence he appears to have been before the public as a lecturer for the long period of fifty-two years, and, as he used latterly to say, he believed he had lived to be the oldest teacher in Europe.

It was in the article Mineralogy, written about 1798, that he first introduced the use of symbols into chemical science, universally acknowledged to be one of the most valuable improvements in modern chemistry. In this article he arranges minerals into genera, according to their composition. Thus his first genus is A, or alumina, under which are two species, topaz and corundum, in accordance with the analyses of the day. The second genus is A M C, comprising spinell, which, according to Vauquelin, contained alumina, magnesia, and chrome iron ore. The fourth genus is S, including the varieties of silica or quartz. The eighth genus is S A G, or silica, alumina, and glucina, including the emerald or beryl; and thus he proceeds throughout. In the editions of his "System," the first of which (a development of the original article in the Encyclopædia) was published in 1802, he continued the same arrangement and symbols, and was thus not only the originator of symbolic nomenclature in modern chemistry, but was the first chemist to bring mineralogy systematically within the domain of that science. In the third edition of his "System," published in 1807, in illustrating the atomic theory of Dalton, and in his article on oxalic acid, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1808, he freely uses symbols. Berzelius, who appeared some years later on the chemical stage, being Dr. Thomson's junior by five years, published a work in 1814, in Swedish, in which he adopted the system of symbols used by Dr. Thomson, with some modifications (the introduction of Latin initials in certain cases), but he strictly "followed the rules for this purpose given by Thomson in his 'System of Chemistry,'" (öch skall dervid följa en enledning som Thomson gifvit i sin kemiska handbok). The work in which this passage occurs, enti-

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tled "Försök att genom användandet af den electrokemiska theorien, &c., grundlägga för mineralogier," af J. Jacob Berzelius, Stockholm, 1814, p. 18, was sent by Berzelius to Dr. Thomson, in the same year, with a request, in a letter which is still extant, that he would endeavour to procure a translator for it. Dr. Thomson applied to Dr. Marcet and others without success; but at last prevailed on his learned friend, John Black, Esq., who so ably conducted the "Morning Chronicle" for many years, to undertake the task. Dr. Thomson graduated in 1799. He continued to lecture in Edinburgh till 1811, and during that time opened a laboratory for pupils, the first of the kind, it is believed, in Great Britain. Among those who worked in his laboratory was Dr. Henry of Manchester, a chemist, for whom he had always the greatest regard, who had visited Edinburgh for the purpose of graduation, and who there made many of his experiments on the analysis of the constituents of coal-gas. During this period likewise, Dr. Thomson made his important investigations for Government on the malt and distillation questions, which laid the basis of the Scottish legislation on excise, and rendered him in after-life the arbitrator in many important revenue cases. He likewise invented his saccharometer, which is still used by the Scottish excise under the title of Allan's saccharometer. In 1807 he first introduced to the notice of the world, in the third edition of his "System," Dalton's views of the atomic theory, which had been privately communicated to him in 1804. He did not confine his remarks to mere details, but made many important new deductions, and by his clear, perspicuous, and transparent style, rendered the new theory soon universally known and appreciated. Had Richter possessed such a friend as Thomson, the atomic theory of Dalton would have long been previously fully discovered and attributed to Richter. In his papers on this theory, which occupied much of his thoughts, from the mathematical precision which it promised to impart to the science, we find numerous suggestions cautiously offered, which have often been subsequently examined and confirmed, or developed in another direction. Thus, in August, 1813, he states that, according to the atomic numbers then determined, "an atom of phosphorus is ten times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. None of the other atoms appear to be multiples of ·132 (the atom of hydrogen at that time adopted by chemists), so that, if we pitch upon hydrogen for our unit, the weight of all the atoms will be fractional quantities, except that of phosphorus alone." It was undoubtedly this observation which caused Dr. Prout to make new inquiries, and to announce, in Nov. 1815, the view that the relation of phosphorus as a multiple of hydrogen, as detected by Thomson, may be general, connecting all other atomic weights with that unit—a view now generally adopted, and considered as a nearly demonstrated law.

The existence of such mathematical relations Dr. Thomson was continually in the habit of testing at the conclusion of his own researches, or in examining the experiments of others. Any peculiarity of character in a substance hitherto known, or in a newly-discovered body, he never failed to point out in his "System;" and innumerable instances have occurred, and might be mentioned did our space admit, where lucrative patents have resulted from a simple statement or foot-note, often original on the part of the author. A fact of this kind in the "Animal Chemistry" led Mr. Robert Pattison to his ingenious patent invention of lactarin, a preparation of casein from milk, for fixing ultramarine on cotton cloth; and Dr. Thomson's systematic plan of describing all the characters of bodies in detail, led Henry Rose of Berlin to the discovery of niobium

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and pelopium, two new metals. From the fragments of four imperfect crystals of certain tantalites, as the mineral dealers who sold them to him termed them, he was enabled to make some analyses, and to take a series of specific gravities, which he published in a paper "On the Minerals containing Columbium," in his nephew, Dr. R. D. Thomson's "Records of General Science," vol. iv., p. 407, in 1836. He found that these minerals possessed an analogous constitution, but their specific gravity differs. He termed them torreylite, columbite, tantalite, and ferrotantalite. In making his experiments he expended all the material he possessed, and he had passed the great climacteric. Professor Rose, struck with the facts, examined the minerals upon a greater scale, and, after immense labour, showed that not only columbic or tantalic acid was present in these minerals, but likewise two new acids, niobic and pelopic acids. Instances of this kind of contribution made by Dr. Thomson to chemistry might be indefinitely particularized. About 1802 he invented the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, in which he introduced the oxygen and hydrogen into one vessel; but the whole apparatus having blown up and nearly proved fatal to him, he placed the gases in separate gas-holders. At that time he made many experiments on its powers of fusion, but as Dr. Hare had invented an apparatus at the same time, and published his experiments, Dr. Thomson did no more than exhibit the apparatus in his lectures. In August, 1804, in a paper on lead, he first published his new nomenclature of the oxides and acids, in which Latin and Greek numerals were made to denote the number of atoms of oxygen in an oxide. He thus introduces this important invention, which has been almost universally adopted in the science:—"As colour is a very ambiguous criterion for distinguishing metallic oxides, I have been accustomed for some time to denote the oxide with a minimum of oxygen, by prefixing the Greek ordinal number to the term oxide. Thus, protoxide of lead is lead united to a minimum of oxygen; the oxide, with a maximum of oxygen, I call peroxide. Thus, brown oxide of lead is the peroxide of lead. I denominate the intermediate degrees of oxidizement by prefixing the Greek ordinals, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, &c. Thus, deutoxide is the second oxide of lead, tritoxide of cobalt the third oxide of cobalt, and so on." This paper being translated and published in France, the nomenclature was speedily introduced into that country. But the improvements which he afterwards adopted by denoting the exact number of atoms of oxygen present, by the Latin, and those of the base by the Greek numerals, and used in Great Britain, never superseded, in that country, the original suggestion in the above note.

All these inventions were merely particular parts of a systematic arrangement adopted in his "System of Chemistry"—a work which, if carefully examined with a philosophic eye, will be found to have produced beneficial results to chemical science, similar to those which the systems of Ray, Linnæus, and Jussieu effected for botany. In his second edition, published in 1804 (the first large edition having been sold in less than ten months), he divided the consideration of chemical bodies into—Book I. *Simple Substances:* 1. Confinable bodies, including oxygen, simple combustibles, simple incombustibles, metals; 2. Unconfinable bodies, comprising heat and light. Book II. *Compound Bodies:* 1. Primary compounds; 2. Secondary compounds, &c. It is most interesting to observe how his plan was developed with the progress of the science in the different editions. It is sufficient to say that it was generally considered as a masterly arrangement, and used to be quoted

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by the Professor of Logic in Edinburgh, as an admirable example of the analytic and synthetic methods. Previous to the publication of his "System," British chemists were contented with translations from the French; and hence it was believed on the Continent that "Britain possessed scarcely a scientific chemist." That all his contemporaries viewed his plan as highly philosophic cannot be affirmed. There are some men who, having no mental powers of arrangement in themselves, discover in a systematic treatise only a compilation possessing the generic characters of matter; while those who can pry below the surface, on the other hand, know that the art of arranging is one of the most difficult tasks of the philosopher; that it requires a comprehensiveness of mind, a clearness of judgment, and a patience of labour, which fall to the lot of a small number of the human race. When we recollect that many of these remarkable views began to be devised by the self-taught chemist, in a narrow close in the High Street of Edinburgh, the author being in the receipt of a salary of £50 a-year, from which he sent £15 to his aged parents; and when we contrast such a picture with the costly education and refined apparatus of the modern laboratory, it is impossible to avoid the inference, that in Dr. Thomson Britain possessed a genius of no common order.

One immediate result of the publication of his "System" was the appropriation of their due merit to respective discoverers, and especially to British chemists, who had been overlooked in the Continental treatises. It was the subject of our memoir who thus first imparted to us the true history of chemistry, and in doing so often gave offence to disappointed individuals; but the honesty of his nature and his unswerving love of truth never allowed him for a moment to sacrifice, even in his own case, the fact to the fallacy.

During the first years of this century, he discovered many new compounds and minerals, as chloride of sulphur, allanite, sodalite, &c.; but to give a list of the numerous salts which he first formed and described during his onward career would be difficult, as he scarcely ever treated of them in separate papers, but introduced them into the body of his "System," without any claim to their discovery. His exact mind was more directed towards accurate knowledge and principles, than to novelties merely for their own sake, although there is probably no chemist who has added so many new bodies to the science. Hence, many of his discoveries have been attributed to others, or re-discovered over and over again, as was the case with many of his chromium compounds —viz., chlorochromic acid, the two potash oxalates of chromium, bichromate of silver, potash chromate of magnesia, chromate of chromium, hyposulphurous acid (1817), and hydrosulphurous acid (1818), $S_5 O_5$, &c., all of which were examined by him above a quarter of a century ago.

In 1810, Dr. Thomson published his "Elements of Chemistry," in a single volume, his object being to furnish an accurate outline of the actual state of the science. In 1812 he produced his "History of the Royal Society," a most important work, as showing the influence which that society produced on the progress of science. In August, 1812, he made a tour in Sweden, and published his observations on that country in the following year. It is still a valuable work, and contains a very complete view of the state of science and society in Sweden. In 1813 he went to London, and started the "Annals of Philosophy," a periodical which he continued to conduct till 1822, when the numerous calls upon his time in the discharge of the duties of his chair at Glasgow, compelled him to resign the editorship in favour of Mr. Richard

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Phillips, one of his oldest friends, who pre-deceased him by one year. The journal was, in 1827, purchased by Mr. Richard Taylor, and was merged in the "Philosophical Magazine." In 1817, he was appointed lecturer on chemistry in the university of Glasgow; and in 1818, at the instance of the late Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of that institution, the appointment was made a professorship with a small salary under the patronage of the Crown. As soon after his appointment as he was enabled to obtain a laboratory, he commenced his researches into the atomic constitution of chemical bodies, and produced an amount of work unparalleled in the whole range of the science, in 1825, by the publication of his "Attempt to Establish the First Principles of Chemistry by Experiment," in 2 vols. It contained "the result of many thousand experiments, conducted with as much care and precision as it was in his power to employ." In this work he gives the specific gravities of all the important gases, ascertained by careful experiment. The data thus ascertained were often disputed and attacked in strong but unphilosophical terms, as they tended to supersede previous experimental deductions; but the excellent subsequent determinations of specific gravities by Dumas, which were made at the request of Dr. Thomson, after that distinguished chemist had visited him at Glasgow in 1840, fully substantiated the greater accuracy of Dr. Thomson's numbers over those which preceded him, and in most cases furnished an identity of result. The atomic numbers given in his "First Principles" as the result of his labours, were the means of a vast number of experiments made by himself and pupils, the data of which still exist in his series of note-books. They all tended to the result that the atomic weights of bodies are multiples by a whole number of the atomic weight of hydrogen—a canon confirmed to a great extent by the recent experiments of French and German chemists, and which he himself was the first to point out in the case of phosphorus. That the subject of our memoir was frequently in error in his experiments is not attempted to be denied; for, as the great Liebig has said, it is only the sluggard in chemistry who commits no faults; but all his atomic weights of important bodies have been confirmed. After the publication of this work, he devoted himself to the examination of the inorganic kingdom of nature, purchasing and collecting every species of mineral obtainable, until his museum, now (1855) at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, which he has left behind him, became not only one of the noblest mineral collections in the kingdom, but a substantial monument of his taste and of his devotion to science. The results of his investigation of minerals were published in 1836, in his "Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology," in 2 vols., and contained an account of about fifty new minerals which he had discovered in a period of little more than ten years. In 1830–1, Dr. Thomson published his "History of Chemistry," a masterpiece of learning and research. During these feats of philosophic labour, the eyes of the community were attracted to Glasgow as the source from which the streams of chemistry flowed, the class of chemistry and the laboratory being flocked to as to fountains of inspiration.

It would be a great omission not to mention that it was Dr. Thomson who introduced a system of giving annual reports on the progress of science in his "Annals of Philosophy;" the first of these was published in 1813, and the last in 1819. These reports were characterized by his usual perspicuity and love of *suum cuique* which distinguished his conduct through life, and were composed with a mildness of criticism far more conducive to the dignity of the

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science than those which, three years after his reports had ceased, were begun by the distinguished Swedish chemist, Berzelius. In 1835, when Dr. R. D. Thomson started his journal, "The Records of General Science," his uncle contributed to almost every number, and encouraged him by his sympathy in his attempts to advance science.

Dr. Thomson continued to lecture till the year 1841, discharging all the duties of his chair without assistance; but being then in his 69th year, and feeling his bodily powers becoming more faint, he associated with him at that period his nephew and son-in-law, Dr. R. D. Thomson, who was then resident in London. He continued, however, to deliver the inorganic course only till 1846, when the dangerous illness of his second son, from disease contracted in India, hurried him for the winter to Nice, when his nephew was appointed by the university to discharge the duties of the chair, which he continued to perform till Dr. Thomson's death. Of the hardship of being obliged in his old age thus to toil in harness, and to have no retiring allowance, he never murmured or complained. But there were not wanting suggestions, that one who had raised himself to eminence from comparative obscurity, and who had benefited his country in no common measure, might have been relieved in some degree by the guardians of the state, without popular disaffection, from fatigues which even a green old age cannot long sustain. Dr. Thomson continued to attend the examinations for degrees for some years after retiring from the duties of the chair; but in consequence of the increasing defect in his hearing, he ultimately gave up this duty, and confined his public labours to attendance at the fortnightly meetings of the winter session of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, of which he was president from the year 1834. His last appearance there was on the 6th November, at the first meeting of the session 1850–51, when he read a biographical account of his old and affectionate friend, Dr. Wollaston, to whom he was ever most strongly attached. During the early part of 1852 his frame became visibly weaker, and, latterly, having removed to the country, where it was hoped the freshness of the summer season might brace his languishing powers, his appetite failed; but no pain appeared to mar the tranquil exit of the philosophic spirit. To inquiries after his health—"I am quite well, but weak," the good old man replied, within a few hours of his last summons. On the morning of the 2d of July he breathed his last in the bosom of his affectionate family, on the lovely shores of the Holy Loch. Dr. Thomson married, in 1816, Miss Agnes Colquhoun, daughter of Mr. Colquhoun, distiller, near Stirling, with whom he enjoyed most complete and uninterrupted happiness. He was left a widower in 1834. He left a son, Dr. Thomas Thomson, of the Bengal army, the author of "Travels in Tibet," the result of several years' researches into the botany and physical structure of the Himalaya Mountains, and now (1855) superintendent of the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta; and a daughter, married to her cousin, Dr. R. D. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. On strangers, Dr. Thomson occasionally made an unfavourable impression; but by all who knew him intimately, he was universally recognized as the most friendly and benevolent of men. Dr. Thomson was originally destined for the Church of Scotland, and continued to the last a faithful adherent. He was wont to attribute his sound and intellectual views of the Christian faith to the care of his mother—a woman of great beauty and sense; and it was perhaps from his affection for her that his favourite axiom originated—that the talents are derived from the maternal

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parent. Who shall prescribe exact limits to the benefits conferred on her country and her race by this humble, but pious Christian woman—who taught in early life religion to her elder son, the author of the article *Scripture*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which, in the third and many subsequent editions of that work, has been read and distributed over the globe for nearly half a century, to a greater extent than perhaps any other religious treatise—and who gave the earliest impressions of his relations to his Maker to the great chemical philosopher?

THOMSON, Thomas.—In few countries has the study of national antiquities been prosecuted so zealously or so successfully as in Scotland. It would be too much to assign this peculiarity either to the romantic character, or the importance of the early achievements of Scotland, for these were certainly of small account in the general history of Europe. The cause is rather to be found in the grievous calamities that befell our national archives in the times of Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell. By these, our written records, and even our national monuments, were so destroyed or obliterated, that nothing but the most devoted antiquarianism could have restored to us the semblance of a history. Hence, not only the necessity of diligent Scottish research among the relics of bygone ages, but the keenness with which it has been prosecuted, and the success that has attended it. Through these labours, Scotland now possesses a history that, in point both of accuracy and fulness, may compete with that of most countries of Europe. And among the foremost of those antiquaries who, for a century, have toiled in such a patriotic task, perhaps there is none entitled to take precedence of him whose name stands at the head of this notice.

Thomas Thomson was descended of a family that might well be characterized as a portion of the tribe of Levi; for not only his father, but also his grandfather and great-grandfather, had been successively ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. To this, also, it may be added, that his younger brother John was the late minister of Duddingston, although he is better known among the lovers of the fine arts as the Claude Lorraine of Scotland. Thomas, the future antiquary, was born in the manse of Dailly, Ayrshire, of which parish his father was minister, on the 10th of November, 1768. As it was nothing more than natural that his views, from an early period, should be directed towards the church, in which his ancestors had held the ministerial office since the close of the seventeenth century, he was sent in 1782 to prosecute the necessary studies in the university of Glasgow. He passed through what are called the "gown classes," with considerable distinction, took the degree of A.M. in 1789, and became, during the two following sessions, a student in theology. But at this time the lectures in the divinity hall, as well as the class-room of church history in the college of Glasgow, were of such a massive, not to say a heavy character, that none but a mind of congenial calibre could endure them to the end. Accordingly, in spite of every prospect of church advancement, which was now a sort of heir-loom in the family, Mr. Thomson's mercurial spirit broke impatiently from the restraint, and sought shelter in other pursuits. He resolved to study law, and devote himself to the bar; and for this purpose he exchanged the hall of theology for the law classes of Professor Millar, whose lectures were of a very different description from those he had hitherto attended. After this, he completed his course of legal study in the university of Edinburgh, and at the close of 1793 was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates.

It is not our purpose to follow out the course of Mr. Thomson at the bar,

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where, to gain a high name at this period, it was necessary to be wholly, as well as completely, a lawyer and orator. His own bias in a different direction was so distinctly indicated, as quickly to secure for him a high reputation in Scottish antiquarianism, and on this account he was selected, in 1800, to superintend a new edition of the works of Lord Hailes, which were to be collected and edited for publication, accompanied with a biographical memoir. This intention was not carried out, and Mr. Thomson's aid was only available for an edition of his lordship's "Annals" and "Historical Tracts," which were afterwards published in 1819. An office, however, of permanent character, as well as of the highest importance, was already being prepared for his occupation. The neglect that had hitherto been shown towards our national records began, although at a late hour, to be acknowledged, and after due consideration of the subject in the House of Commons, two royal commissions were issued, the one in 1800, and the other in 1806, for the preservation and due arrangement of our public archives. It was found, however, that "the superintendence of the matters arising within this office should be confided to a deputy of acknowledged skill and ability, being a resident advocate of the Scottish bar, of undoubted learning, tried merit, and considerable standing;" and to this effect Lord Frederick Campbell, the lord-clerk register, having memorialized his majesty (George III.), a royal warrant was issued in 1806, authorizing the appointment of the office. A fit Archivarius to fill it was not still to seek; and, to the satisfaction of all who felt an interest in this important department, Mr. Thomas Thomson was forthwith nominated deputy-clerk register. Among those who rejoiced in the appointment, no one could be more ardent than Sir Walter Scott. "Have you seen," he writes in a letter to George Ellis, "have you seen my friend, Tom Thomson, who is just now in London? He has, I believe, the advantage of knowing you, and I hope you will meet, as he understands more of old books, old laws, and old history, than any man in Scotland. He has lately received an appointment under the Lord Register of Scotland, which puts all our records under his immediate inspection and control; and I expect many valuable discoveries to be the consequence of his investigation, if he escapes being smothered in the cloud of dust which his researches will certainly raise about his ears." Speaking at a later period in conversation upon the subject of antiquarian studies in general, Scott observed—"It is common to laugh at such researches, but they pay the good brains that meddle with them; and had Thomson been as diligent in setting down his discoveries as he has been in making them, he might, long before this time of day, have placed himself on a level with Ducange or Camden."

The rest of his long literary life, which extended over nearly half a century, is best detailed by a list of the literary works which he published. And to begin with those which he prepared in his capacity of deputy-clerk register, and which were published under authority of the Commissioners in the Public Records of the Kingdom, they were the following:—

"Inquisitionum ad Capellum Domini Regis Retornaturum, quæ in Publicis Archivis Scotiæ adhuc servantur, Abbreviatio." 1811–1816. 3 vols., folio.

"Registrum Magni Sigilli Regum Scotorum in Archivis Publicis asservatum. MCCCVI–MCCCCXXIV." 1814. Folio.

"The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland. Vol. ii. to vol. xi. MCCCCXXIV–MDCCVII." 1814 to 1824. 10 vols., folio. Of this series, the first volume, owing

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to many difficulties, chiefly arising from the remote and obscure period to which its "Acts" refer, remained unfinished so late as 1841, when Mr. Thomson's connection with the register-office ceased. It was completed and published, however, in 1844, under the superintendence of Mr. Innes.

"The Acts of the Lords Auditors of Causes and Complaints. MCCCCLXVI–MCCCCXCIV." 1839. Folio.

"The Acts of the Lords of Council in Civil Causes. MCCCCLXXVIII–MCCCCXCV." 1839. Folio.

In addition to these, Mr. Thomson prepared the following abbreviates, of which only a limited number were published for the use of the register-office:—

"A Continuation of the Retours of Services to the Chancery-Office, from the Union, A.D. 1707, to the present time."

"An Abbreviate or Digest of the Registers of Sasines, General and Particular, arranged in Counties, with Relative Indexes, from the 1st of January, 1781, to the present time."

"An Abbreviate of Adjudications from the same period to 1830."

"An Abbreviate of Inhibitions, General and Particular, arranged in Counties, from the same period to 1830."

Of an equally professional, and still more personal description, were the following:—

"The First Five Annual Reports of the Deputy-Clerk Register of Scotland," from 1808 to 1811. One vol., folio.

"Annual Reports, from the Sixth to the Fourteenth (from 1811 to 1822)." One vol., folio.

We now pass from the labours of the deputy-clerk register, to those of the member of the Bannatyne Club. This antiquarian institution, which was originated in 1823, unanimously elected Mr. Thomson to the honorary office of vice-president; and afterwards, in 1832, in consequence of the death of Sir Walter Scott, the distinguished president of the club, Mr. Thomson, with the same unanimity, was appointed to succeed him. His services in behalf of this important association were thus characterized by Lord Cockburn, its vice-president, in the funeral eulogium which he pronounced before the members, after the decease of Mr. Thomson:—"As one of our original founders, and deeply conversant with our objects and aims, he was, while absent from Edinburgh, unanimously chosen vice-president. After co-operating assiduously with Sir Walter Scott, our first president, in all the business of the institution, he became our second president on the death of that illustrious person; and throughout the whole of the succeeding twenty years, was our master and our guide. With several powerful associates or competitors, in detached fields, or subordinate walks, it was by his knowledge and sagacity that our general course was directed. The value of his superintendence is attested by its results. The publications of the Bannatyne Club form the greatest, the most difficult, the most important, and the most splendid disclosures that have ever been made of the latent historical treasures of our country. The merit of these works is certainly not due to him entirely; if it had at all been ascribed to him in his presence his candour would have at once disclaimed it, and given the proper part to its true owners. But those by whom the contributions, either of individuals or of the club, have been prepared, and who are best acquainted with the difficulties attending the execution of such undertakings, will acknowledge the aid which they uniformly derived from the president's judgment and zeal.

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And never did any one apply to him for advice without feeling his accessibility, and his cordial disposition to assist. The hasty, and indeed sometimes even the patient, murmured occasionally at his slowness; and he had certainly no taste for vulgar rapidity; but this was the result of caution and fastidiousness —both good qualities; and though it sometimes wearied expectation, was generally rewarded by improved excellence in the end."

The literary exertions thus so highly and so justly commended, which Mr. Thomson performed in behalf of the Bannatyne Club, and which were published under its auspices, are comprised in the following list:—

"Alex. Myln, Vitæ Dunkeldensis Ecclesiæ Episcoporum." 4to, 1823.

"Discours particulier d'Escosse, escrit en 1559." 4to, 1824.

"The Historie and Life of King James the Sext." 4to, 1825.

"Memoirs of his own Life, by Sir James Melville, of Halhill." 4to, 1827.—Speaking of this work while in progress, Sir Walter Scott thus alludes to it in his diary—"Thomson is superintending a capital edition of Sir James Melville's Memoirs. It is brave to see how he wags his Scots tongue, and what a difference there is in the form and firmness of the language, compared to the mincing English edition in which he has hitherto been alone known."

"Memoirs of his own Life and Times, by Sir James Turner." 4to, 1829.

"The History of Scotland, by John Lesley, Bishop of Ross." 4to, 1830.

"Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies, in alliterative verse." 4to, 1833.

"Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents, from the Pollok MS." 4to, 1833.

"The Ragman Rolls, 1291–1296." 4to, 1834.

"The Booke of the Universall Kirk of Scotland, 1560–1618." 3 vols. 4to, 1839, 1840, 1845.

"The Accounts of the Great Chamberlains of Scotland, &c., 1326–1406." In 2 vols. 4to, 1817.

A third volume of do. 4to, 1845.

"A Diary of the Public Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall." 4to, 1843.

"Munimenta Vetustiora Comitatus de Mortoun, and Original Letters and Papers in the Archives of the Earls of Morton." 4to, 1852.

In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Thomson edited the following works, which were chiefly printed for private circulation:—

"A Compilation of the Forms of Process in the Court of Session, during the earlier periods after its establishment, with the Variations which they have since undergone," &c. 8vo, 1809.

"A Collection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewelhouse; and of the Artillery and Munition in some of the Royal Castles, 1488–1606." 4to, 1815.

"The Chamberlain Rolls, 1306–1406." 4to, 1817.

"Inventory of Worke done for the State, by [Evan Tyler] his Majesties Printer in Scotland, December, 1642—October, 1647." 4to, 1815.

"Ane Addicioun of Scottis Cornikles and Deidis." Small 4to, 1819.

"Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from the Restoration of King Charles II., A.D. 1660, by Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Knight." 4to, 1821.

"Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grissell, by their daugher, Lady Murray."

"Menu de la Maison de la Royne faict par Mons. de Pinguillon. M.D.LXII." 4to, 1824.

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This amount of antiquarian labour indicates an extent of reading, a patience of research, and a heroic pertinacity of purpose which it would be difficult fully to estimate. And this, too, be it remembered, was in a department of literature in which little fame is to be won, and the achievements of which are so often misprized and ridiculed. "No one," says Lord Cockburn, in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey"—when speaking of Thomas Thomson—"no one has done nearly so much to recover, to arrange, to explain, and to preserve our historical muniments. He found them almost a chaos, and after bringing them into order, has left them on a system, of which the value will be felt the more every day that they accumulate. His real merit, great as it may seem now, will seem still greater 500 years hence." Adverting to Mr. Thomson's capacity for legal study, and the disinterestedness with which it was kept in abeyance, for the sake of that department in which he was so well qualified to excel, Lord Cockburn adds—"Had he not allowed his taste for antiquarian research to allure him from the common drudgery of his profession, he would have stood high in practice, as he always did in character, at the bar; and would now have been adorning the bench by his considerate wisdom and peculiar learning." In turning to Mr. Thomson's course as a barrister, we find his lordship's commendations fully borne out. His knowledge of ancient Scottish history and jurisprudence was so well known, even at the outset, that so early as 1805–7, he was employed in the famous Craigengillan case, in which a fair estate of about £12,000 per annum depended upon the old marriage laws of Scotland, and the kind of union that sufficed to establish a legal claim to legitimacy and inheritance. Another suit in which he was retained in 1816, was the case of Cranstoun *versus* Gibson, in which the principle of our northern elections had to be traced to its fountain-head, inasmuch as the franchise of Scotland, as connected with the valuation of old church lands, was involved in the result. While his brethren of the long robe were utterly in the dark upon such questions of mediæval and monastic lore, Mr. Thomson, as may easily be supposed, felt himself upon his own proper ground; he accordingly produced in one of his memorials, such a lucid account of the origin of the taxation of land in Scotland, that Lord Glenlee, the presiding judge, could not help exclaiming, "It is just delightful! It is like reading a lost decade of Livy!" Mr. Thomson, indeed, did not secure a judge's gown, for that, as we have seen, was never at any time the mark of his ambition; but an office, not greatly inferior in importance and emolument, was freely conceded to him in 1828, by his being appointed one of the principal clerks of Session—an office which Sir Walter Scott himself held, and beyond which he sought no higher.

Amidst the various qualifications which Mr. Thomson possessed, we would greatly err if we confined the literary part of his character to his undoubted superiority in antiquities and black letter. On the contrary, his general knowledge, as well as his talents and taste, were so fully recognized, that at the creation of the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802, he was one of that illustrious coterie who were wont to meet in solemn secrecy for the purpose of commencing it, and by whose joint labours that critical tribunal was silently built up, before whose dread awards the whole literary world was so soon compelled to bow and tremble. For this journal he also wrote several articles, and, during the occasional absences of Mr. Jeffrey, took charge of its editorship.

Mr. Thomson married Anne, daughter of Thomas Reed, Esq., formerly army agent in Dublin. He died at his residence at Shrubhill, between Edinburgh

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and Leith, on the 2d of October, 1852, and was interred in the Dean Cemetery. His character was thus appropriately summed up by Lord Murray at the ensuing Anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland—"In the death of my old and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Thomson, the Society has to deplore the loss of one, whose contributions to our antiquarian literature, and to the facilities of the historical student of the Records of Scotland, have conferred a boon upon the country, such as it would be difficult to over-estimate in value. He was a man of great and varied learning, and a highly refined mind. His enthusiasm was undamped by the intricacy and forbidding aspects of one of the most perplexing and protracted labours which ever engrossed the life-labour of the legal antiquary; and yet, while devoting his fine mind to such labours in his study, he united to all the acquirements requisite for such pursuits, manners the most pleasing, and a warmth and geniality of feeling which have embalmed him in the memories of a numerous circle of friends and admirers."

TOD, Lieutenant-Colonel James.—Of the early life of this distinguished historian of the East we have been able to glean only a few particulars. Such, however, is frequently the case with his countrymen. Their talents and enterprise lead them to eminence, and place them full in the view of the world; but when the general curiosity is expressed in, Where was he born?—who were his parents?—how was he trained and educated for the place he so worthily occupies?—the biographer is compelled to confess his ignorance, or feel his way at hap-hazard and by conjecture.

With these remarks we judge it necessary to premise a notice of Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, and their political agent in the Western Rajpoot states. He was born in Scotland about the year 1782; but in what district, or of what parentage, we are unable to ascertain. In March, 1800, he went to India, being then only in his eighteenth year, and obtained a commission in the second Bengal European regiment. Although he commenced his career thus early, he appears to have arrived in India an unbefriended adventurer; for, instead of waiting for promotion like his brother officers, who had patronage to back their merits, he volunteered for the Molucca Isles, was transferred to the marine service on board the Mornington, and afterwards, to use his own expression, "ran the gauntlet from Calcutta to Hurdwar." In the course of this run, however, he not only escaped the dangers that crossed it, but reached the starting-place of a new and better career. At the close of 1805, when he was nothing more than a subaltern in the subsidiary force at Gwalior, an embassy was to be sent, at the close of the Mahratta war, to Sindhia, at that time encamped at Mewar, in Rajpootana. Tod's friend, Mr. Græme Mercer, was sent as ambassador on this occasion, while Tod himself was to accompany him as assistant. The country of Rajast'han, of which it formed a part, was thenceforth to be the "home of his adoption," as he affectionately called it, and the place to which the best part of his life was to be enthusiastically and usefully devoted.

On settling down amidst the official duties with which he was intrusted, Tod, now scarcely twenty-four years old, resolved to be something more than a mere political resident. Great capacities, hitherto undeveloped, were struggling within him, which the new land of his abode was calculated to call forth; and, under this inspiration, he successively became geographer, historian, and archæologist. As was natural, the geography of Rajast'han was the first subject of his inquiry, into which he threw himself with ardour, almost as soon

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as he arrived; and for this there was urgent need—for large and important though the country was, it was still a mere *terra incognita* to his employers, the conquerors of the East. Once a vast cluster of provinces,that composed an empire extending, in all probability, from the Jumna and Ganges to the base of the Himalaya, comprehending nearly eight degrees of latitude, and nine of longitude, it still was a large territory, inhabited by a variety of interesting races, but who, from the misgovernment of their own chiefs, and the absence of European instruction, were fast sinking into hopeless barbarism. He therefore began the survey of the country, which hitherto, in the maps of India, had been almost a total blank, while the course of rivers and the position of capitals were in most cases utterly reversed. All this mass of ignorance and error was superseded by his ample and accurate map of Rajast'han, which he completed and presented to the Marquis of Hastings in 1815. To the country itself thus delineated he gave the name of Central India, and that name it has ever since retained. The value of the map was fully tested as a guide in the operations of the government only two years afterwards, as its information was adopted in the plan of operations, by Lord Hastings, in 1817.

It was not enough for Tod, however, that he should be the geographer of his adopted country: he resolved also to be its historian. It was a bold attempt. Hitherto it had generally been thought in Europe that Indian history was but a myth—a collection of opium dreams, more unreal than even the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—and therefore unworthy of a moment's attention. The names, indeed, of Alexander of Macedon and Timour, of Mahmoud of Gazni, Baber, and Acbar, were familiar as invaders and conquerors of India; but the peoples and heroes whom they slew or subjugated in the lands which they formed into new empires, were as unknown as if they had been the inhabitants of a different planet; and yet these people must have had a history of some kind or other, and, perchance, a history worth reading, if it were only written. This, he resolved, should be done; but where were the materials? Rajast'han had abounded in poets and fabulists, and these, too, of the true eastern stamp; but it had not a Herodotus or a Xenophon, nor yet even a Bede or Fordun. These were all but insuperable difficulties, let the amount of research and talent be what it might. All this, however, he overcame. The labour which he endured in such a task, while it has a startling sound to European ears, gives a high idea of his indomitable zeal and perseverance. He began with the sacred genealogies contained in the Puranas, examined the Mahabharat, studied the historical poems of Chund, Jesselmer, Marwar, and Mewar, and the bardic lays containing the history of the Kheetchies, and that of the Hara princes of Kotah and Boondi. He also procured and carefully studied a large portion of the compilations of Jeysing of Amber or Jeypoor, the learned rajah of modern times, illustrating the history of his race. For ten years he was occupied with this mountain of recondite matter, being assisted in his labours by an erudite scholar of that eastern sect called the Jaïns, who made copious extracts from the above-mentioned mass, and translated them into those more familiar dialects of the East with which Tod was acquainted. He also mingled in frequent conversation with the most intelligent of the people; and having made himself master of their language, he extracted from them the knowledge of their historical traditions, whether in tales, allegories, or poems, and questioned them about their religious opinions, and their daily habits and usages. His ardent enthusiasm, and the Asiatic character that was rapidly ingrafting

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itself upon his Scottish temperament, admirably fitted him for such a task; and seated amidst the ruins of ancient cities, with a group of these story-tellers around him, he listened for hours to their stirring tales of the wild chivalry of the East, and the patriotic deeds of their ancestors, until he felt as if he was a Rajpoot, and that the bleak northern country in which his boyhood had been spent was nothing more than a dream of the night. But still his hereditary caution—*canniness* if you will—did not desert him under such tempting circumstances; and, therefore, independently of such sources of information, he studied every authentic monument, inscription, and architectural relic, by which he tested the innumerable legends that solicited his notice; and the result was his "Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han," of which the first volume was published in London in 1829. This splendid work at once demonstrated that India has actually a native history, while it became the text-book and authority of our most distinguished Oriental scholars. It also gave an irresistible impulse to that study of Indo-Grecian antiquities which has since been so extensively prosecuted, and by which so much new light has been thrown upon ancient history, by revealing the connection between the European and Asiatic races.

And worthy, indeed, were the past achievements of the Rajpoots of such a commemoration. Proud of our northern chivalry of ancient days, and the national liberties which it established, we are too apt to lose sight of other nations that have struggled as bravely, though not so successfully, as ourselves. But Rajast'han, through the labours of Colonel Tod, has now a chronicle to unfold to the world, in which a patriotism as devoted, and sacrifices as great, and valiant deeds as illustrious are to be found as adorn the pages of Greece and Rome, or even our own Britain. "What nation on earth," he exclaims triumphantly, "could have maintained the semblance of civilization, the spirit or the customs of their forefathers, during so many centuries of overwhelming depression, but one of such singular character as the Rajpoot? . . . Rajast'han exhibits the sole example in the history of mankind, of a people withstanding every outrage barbarity could inflict, or human nature sustain, from a foe whose religion commands annihilation; and bent to the earth, yet rising buoyant from the pressure, and making calamity a whetstone to courage. . . . Not an iota of their religion or customs have they lost, though many a foot of land." That so noble and gallant a people should have been overcome, and that in the midst of such achievements the country should still have continued to diminish, so that it became the very Poland of the East, can be easily explained, as in the case of Poland, by the defective nature of its government. Wherever the patriarchal system of rule predominates, the bravery, the devotedness, and patriotism of its people have been unavailing. They have furnished, indeed, a glorious and spirit-stirring history; but decay and downfall have been the inevitable close. Such was the fate of Rajast'han, a land of many tribes and many princes. The Parthians, by whom they were overrun, and the Tartars, by whom they were finally subdued, were united nations; and that single advantage made them victorious over a people braver perhaps than themselves, but divided by the feudality which prevented a united and universal resistance, and insured a piecemeal destruction.

Such was the nature of Tod's labours till 1817, when he was appointed political agent of government over that extensive country, comprising the five principal states of Rajast'han, viz., Mewar, Marwar, Jessulmer, Kotah, and

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Boondi. It was a high office for one holding his subordinate military rank, although scarcely too high for his service and merits, and the confidence which the Rajpoots reposed in him. But the appointment seems to have given umbrage to those who perhaps thought themselves better entitled to promotion, irrespective of their fitness for such a peculiar office. The sympathy also which he felt for the people, and the influence which he possessed among the native princes caused him for a short time to be regarded at head-quarters with suspicion and jealousy. But these unseemly feelings, although they annoyed him at first, he soon refuted by his conduct, while the excellence of his administration endeared him more and more every day to the people. This Bishop Heber found afterwards, in his Episcopal tour, when he passed through the province of Mewar. On this occasion, the inquiries of the people as to the welfare of their "Tod Sahib" were incessant, and whether they should ever see him again. It is not often that the deputy who rules in the name of foreign masters is thus endeared to a subjugated, but still high-spirited people. The nature of his administration, his attempts for the restoration of Rajpootana, and the estimation in which his labours were held, can be best understood from the following letter to a friend:—"Regarding Bhilwana, the work of my hands, in February, 1818, there was not a dog in it; in 1822 I left 3000 houses, of which 1200 were bankers and merchants; an entire street, arcaded, was built under my directions, and with my means. The merchants from Calcutta, Jessulmer, Delhi, Surat—from every mart in India—had their correspondents; and, in fact, it was becoming the chief mart of Rajast'han. The affection of these people a thousand times repaid my cares. The females met me at a distance, with vessels of water on their heads, singing the Sohaloh, and the whole of the merchants and bankers advanced in a body to conduct me through it. The streets were crowded; brocades of gold silks were suspended from the shops—it made me proud, not vain. It was with difficulty I checked the determination to call it Todgunge; but whatever I did was in the Rana's name. My conscience tells me I deserved their love. How health and comfort were spurned in their behalf! I have lain on my pallet with high fever, my spleen so enlarged as to be felt in every part of my ribs; fifty lecches at work, left to a servant to superintend, whilst I had the whole of the territorial officers of the district of Mondelgurh, consisting of 350 towns and villages, at the other side, taking the whole of their accounts, and separating the fisc and the lands of the chiefs even to a beegah—all the while half-dead with inanition. But I had the principle of life strong within me. It appears now a dream. But a week before I was at the point of death; but it was vain to tell me to desist from work. A short time after I was knocked off my elephant in going to restore to the chief of the Megawats twenty-seven villages, alienated for forty-five years, which I recovered from the fangs of the Mahrattas. The animal ran off, crossing the wooden bridge of his moat, and the arch, being too low, carried me fairly off. That I was not crushed was a miracle. *That night the triumphal arch of the Megawats was levelled to the ground!* These are the men without gratitude! It was worth a broken limb, yet I escaped with bruises. But my head burns as did my heart for my Rajpoots."

In this short account we have the secret of that wondrous spell by which we retain the empire of the East. Compare Colonel Tod with a Roman prætor or pro-consul! It is only when Britain will impose rulers upon her Indian dependencies who will pillage, rather than protect and benefit the people, that

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her rule over India will pass away into other hands, and leave nothing behind it but the glory and the shame of a historical remembrance.

The rest of Colonel Tod's proceedings among the Rajpoots may be briefly told. In 1819 he completed the circuit of Marwar, and visited its capital, Joudpoor, by the route of Komulmer, and returned to Oodipoor by the way of Mairta and Ajmer. In 1820 he visited Kotah and Boondi, and on the following year he revisited the latter province, in consequence of the death of his friend, the Rao Rajah Ram Sing, who bequeathed to the colonel the guardianship of his son, the prince of the Haras. It was now time that his personal connection with India should cease, as after a residence of twenty-two years of incessant occupation in that climate, his broken constitution could withstand it no longer. He was accordingly released from his duties as British political agent of Rajast'han, which he had discharged during five years, and allowed to return to England. But instead of instantly availing himself of the opportunity, by hastening to embark when he left the valley of Oodipoor in June, 1822, he crossed the Aravalli to the sacred mountain of Aboo, and explored the remains of that district, so venerated in the religious traditions of Hindoostan. His interest in Rajpootana and love of travel being still unabated, he continued his journey of research, in which he discovered the ruins of an ancient city in the borders of Marwar, explored the ancient capital of the Balhara kings, and crossed the peninsula of Saurashtra, visiting in his way the towns, temples, and shrines that illustrated the ancient history of the country. This journey was so replete with interest that he drew up a full account of it after his return to England. He finally embarked at Bombay in the early part of 1823, and arrived in England the same year.

On returning home, Colonel Tod by no means abandoned himself to a life of rest or recreation. His Indian studies and discoveries, carried over so long a period, and involving such important subjects, were to be arranged and prepared for the press, and to this duty he turned his attention with all his wonted ardour. And how well he discharged his task the "Annals of Rajast'han" will sufficiently attest, independently of his other writings. It opened up new paths in the study of the history, philosophy, and religion of India, which subsequent scholars have entered with the happiest results. But these efforts, upon a constitution already all but exhausted, accelerated the process of decay; and a complaint in the chest obliged him to take up his residence in Italy, where he chiefly abode during the last twelve months of his life. Still his studies were continued, and during the winter while he staid in Rome, he employed himself daily in a work entitled, "Travels in Western India," containing his observations during a journey to the Peninsula of Guzerat, which he had made before his departure for Britain. From Italy he returned to England in the beginning of September, 1835, and on the 14th of November he came from his mother's residence in Hampshire, to London, ready to publish his work on Western India, and retire for the rest of his life to a property which he had lately purchased. But on the 16th, the anniversary of his marriage, while transacting business at his banker's, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, under which he continued speechless and insensible for twenty-seven hours, when he expired on the afternoon of the 17th, 1835.

TRAILL, Rev. Robert.—The family of the Traills is of considerable antiquity, and was settled in Fifeshire, where they possessed the estate of Blebo. The first of the name who appears in Scottish history was Walter Traill, son

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of the laird of Blebo, who was appointed Archbishop of St. Andrews, by King Robert III., about the year 1385. The father of Robert Traill, who was minister of the Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, was one of those bold witnesses for the Covenant, who lived during the stormy period of the Commonwealth, and the still more trying season of the Restoration, in which, at the age of sixty, he was banished from Scotland for life upon the charge of holding a conventicle, because he had read and expounded Scripture to a few friends who were assembled in his house. In consequence of this sentence he retired to Holland, the usual place of refuge for the exiled Presbyterians of Scotland, and there spent the rest of his life.

It was in the midst of these troubles that the subject of the present memoir was ushered into the world. He was born at Elie, in Fifeshire, of which parish his father at first was minister, in May, 1642. Being destined for the ministry, at a period when the office in Scotland possessed few secular attractions, and was best fitted to test the disinterestedness of its candidates, he prosecuted the usual course of study in the university of Edinburgh, and secured by his proficiency the approbation of the professors. While a divinity student, and as yet only nineteen years old, he evinced his sincerity and courage by attending James Guthrie, of Stirling, to the scaffold, when that faithful martyr was executed for his adherence to the persecuted Kirk of Scotland. It was easy to foresee from such a commencement that the course of the young man would be neither a profitable nor a safe one. On the banishment of his father two years afterwards, the circumstances of the family were so straitened, that Robert Trail, who shared in all their trials, was often without a home. Matters in 1666 became even worse, in consequence of some copies of the "Apologetic Relation"—a work obnoxious to the prelates and privy council, having been found in their house; for in consequence of this discovery, his mother, brother, and himself were obliged to hide themselves from pursuit. While he was thus a fugitive, the unfortunate rout at Pentland occurred; and—as in the trials that followed, all the homeless and persecuted in Scotland were assumed as being more or less implicated in the insurrection—Robert Traill, whether truly or falsely, was said to have been in the ranks of the insurgents, in consequence of which charge, he was liable every hour to be apprehended and executed as a traitor. In this difficulty he fled to Holland in 1667, and joined his father, who had been settled there four years. Here he resumed his studies in theology, and assisted Nethenus, professor of divinity at Utrecht, in publishing "Rutherford's Examination of Arminianism."

The stay of Robert Traill in Holland must have been a short one, probably only till the close of 1668; for in April, 1669, he was preaching in London upon a Thursday previous to the administration of the Lord's Supper. It is probable, that having completed his theological studies in Holland, he had come to England in the earlier part of the year, and received ordination from the London Presbytery. Here he preached for some time without any settled charge, and was afterwards permanently appointed to the Presbyterian Church at Cranbrook, a small town in Kent. In this retirement he could exercise his calling in safety, as the Presbyterianism of England was not regarded as either so formidable or so important as to provoke the interposition of state persecution. But the case was very different in his native Scotland, which he visited in 1677. During his sojourn in Edinburgh he privately preached there, notwithstanding the severe laws against conventicles; and as the privy council

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had their spies everywhere, he was soon arraigned for this highest of offences before their bar. His trial was a brief one. He was first accused as a holder of house-conventicles, and this he acknowledged to be true. He was then asked if he had also preached at field-conventicles; but as this was the trying question, upon what was a capital offence, he gave no answer; and when required to clear himself by oath, of having preached at, or attended such meetings, he refused to comply. For lack of witnesses or proof they would oblige him to be his own accuser, and were prepared to punish him whether he confessed or remained silent! But such was the law of Scotland in those days against the persecuted children of the Covenant. On further questioning, all that he acknowledged was, that he had been ordained a minister in London, and that he had conversed with Mr. John Welch, one whom they had proscribed, upon the English border. For these *offences* he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Bass—a punishment only short of the gallows; and here he remained three months, at the end of which period he was released by order of government. It is not impossible that he had some influential friends in the English metropolis, otherwise he might have remained in the Bass for years, had his life endured it so long. On being released from his damp and dismal dungeon, that was scooped in the bowels of the sea-girt rock, Traill returned to Cranbrook, and resumed his ministerial duties over his little flock, until he was called to a wider sphere in London. There he lived and laboured as a Presbyterian minister, until he died in May, 1716, at the ripe age of seventy-four, having witnessed before he closed his eyes the deposition of the Stuarts, the firm establishment of Presbyterianism in his native country, the union of the two kingdoms, and the prospect of peaceful days and more liberal principles of rule under the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Such are the few particulars that can be ascertained of the life of Robert Traill; and from these it is evident that he was a man of peace, and that the persecutions he so manfully endured were not sought by him, but thrust upon him. It is easy, also, to perceive from his published works, that he was a thoughtful student, as well as one of large and vigorous intellect; and that his taste as a writer was greatly in advance of his cotemporary countrymen. His writings are essentially English—clear, nervous, and Saxon—while the catholicity of their sentiments made them a favourite with every class of religious men both in England and Scotland. Although so well adapted, also, to obtain influence and distinction in authorship, he did not commit his first work to the press until he had attained the ripe age of forty, and even then, such was his modesty, that it was extorted from him by the importunity of his admirers; while his second publication did not follow till ten years after. The following is a list of his writings:—

Sermon on "How Ministers may best win Souls."

Letter on "Antinomianism."

Thirteen discourses on "The Throne of Grace; from Heb. iv. 16."

Sixteen sermons on "The Prayer of our Saviour; in John xvii. 24."

These works obtained such high popularity, and were found so useful, that after his death the following were also published from his manuscripts:—

Twenty-one sermons on "Steadfast Adherence to the Profession of our Faith; from Heb. x. 23."

Eleven sermons from 1 Peter i. 1–4.

Six sermons on Galatians ii. 21.

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Ten sermons on various subjects. These were transcribed from family MSS., and issued by the Cheap Publication Society of the Free Church of Scotland in 1845.

TROTTER, Thomas, M.D., who held at one time the important office of physician to the Channel fleet, was born in Roxburghshire, educated at the university of Edinburgh, and while still young, was appointed surgeon in the Royal Navy in 1782. Finding occupation in his own particular department too scanty, or rival aspirants too numerous, he turned his attention to the African trade, and was, as he has informed us, the first of his professional corps who was obliged to betake himself to that humble and somewhat perilous vocation. Returning from Africa in 1785, he settled as a medical practitioner at a small town in Northumberland, and obtained the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, in 1788. Better days now began to dawn upon him; for on the following year he was appointed, through the patronage of Admiral Roddam, surgeon to that commander's flag-ship; in 1793, he was made physician to the Royal Hospital at Portsmouth, and in 1794, physician to the fleet.

This was high as well as rapid promotion for one who had been fain to commence his pursuit of fortune in a merchant ship, and under the baneful sun of Africa; but the first step in his ascent once secured, Dr. Trotter soon showed his fitness for the eminence to which he was raised, for in 1790, only a year after his first appointment, he published a "Review of the Medical Department of the British Navy." Such also was his care for the health of the naval service, the important improvements he introduced into its regulations, and his attention to the due promotion of merit among the navy surgeons, that all classes combined in acknowledging his worth. After having occupied the important charge of physician to the fleet for several years, he retired upon a pension of £200 per annum, and settled at Newcastle, where he practised with reputation till his death, which occurred in that town on the 5th September, 1832.

As an author, Dr. Trotter was known to the medical world at large by the excellent works he published, as well as the reforms he effected in the British navy. A list of these productions we here give in their order:—

1. "Treatise on the Scurvy."
2. "Thesis '*De Ebrietate.*'" 1788.
3. "Review of the Medical Department of the British Navy." 1790. A work to which we have already adverted.
4. "Medical and Chemical Essays." 1796.
5. "*Medica Nautica*, or an Essay on the Diseases of Seamen." 3 vols., 8vo. 1799.
6. "Essay on Drunkenness." 1804. This was a translation with additions of his Thesis which he had written in 1788, and which had been highly commended by Dr. Cullen.
7. "An Address to the Proprietors and Managers of Coal Mines, on the Means of Destroying Damp." 1806.
8. "A View of the Nervous Temperament; being a Practical Treatise on Nervous, Bilious, Stomach, and Liver Complaints." 8vo. 1812.

Dr. Trotter was a poet as well as physician, and his productions in this department, forgotten though they now are, excited during their own day such an amount of respectful attention, as mere common rhymes could scarcely have obtained. First in the list of these was his "*Suspiria Oceani*," being a

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monody on the death of Earl Howe; the next, published in 1813, was a tragedy, entitled "The Noble Foundling, or the Hermit of the Tweed." He also published a volume of his miscellaneous poetry, and was a frequent contributor at his leisure hours, not only to the "Medical Journal," but also to the "European Magazine," and other literary periodicals.

TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER.—The rarest, as well as the most valuable inheritance that can be transmitted, is certainly that of a high intellectual organization; and when great mental qualities are continued in their descent through more than a single generation, a family aristocracy is established, with which mere hereditary rank and title cannot compete. The Douglasses of old, the Hunters, Gregories, Napiers, and Malcolms of modern times, are proofs of the assertion. With these can be classed the honoured name of the subject of this memoir. He was the son of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, whose writings as a lawyer, professor of universal history, critic, and biographer are too well known to require enumeration; and grandson of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, the generous champion of Mary Queen of Scots, and successful investigator of our ancient national history and literature. Thus, for nearly a century, the labours of these distinguished three have followed in uninterrupted succession, and been almost exclusively devoted to the illustration of the annals of our country.

Patrick Fraser Tytler was born at Edinburgh, on the 30th of August, 1791, and was the fourth son of Lord Woodhouselee. His early education was commenced at the high-school of his native city, where he had for his preceptors, Mr. (afterwards Professor) Christison, and Dr. Adam the rector of the institution. On leaving the high-school he entered the university of Edinburgh in 1805, and went through the usual course of literary and philosophical studies necessary for the study of the law, having chosen the Scottish bar for his destination. Besides the eminent public teachers, who at this time occupied the literary chairs in the high-school and college of Edinburgh, Mr. Tytler was so fortunate as to have for his private tutor the Rev. John Black, a highly accomplished scholar, who in 1810 published a "Life of Tasso," and was afterwards minister of Coylton, in Ayrshire.

It frequently happens, both at school and college, that those who afterwards distinguish themselves in authorship, give no correspondent promise of the eminence they are destined to attain; as diligent and ambitious as their class-fellows, they yet pass on without notice, and are little heard of, until, it may be, they burst out in full strength, and take the public attention by storm. In such cases, however, it will generally be found, that the young student has higher aims than those of his companions; that he is silently training himself for a great achievement; and that, in such a process, he does not mistake the gymnasium for the battle-field, or waste his energies upon mere tyro-skirmishing or prize-fighting. Such seems to have been the case with the future historian of Scotland, during the course of his early education. It has been stated by one who was his class-fellow for years, that he was of an amiable temper and greatly beloved by all his companions; and that he always held a respectable place in the class, without distinguishing himself in any particular manner.

After having ended his studies at the university, Mr. Tytler underwent his public examinations, and was admitted into the faculty of Advocates on the 3d of July, 1813. In his case, however, the law, as a profession, had few attractions, compared with those of literature and historical research, and there-

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fore, after some desultory practice, he finally abandoned the bar for the more congenial work of authorship. An event also occurred, after he had worn the barrister's gown scarcely a twelvemonth, that must have had some influence in confirming his choice. This was the peace of 1814, by which the Continent, and especially France, were thrown open to British tourists, and the spirit of travel set free to wander where it listed. Like many of our young inquirers who were eager in this way to finish their studies, Mr. Tytler availed himself of the opportunity, by making a tour through France and Belgium; and the companions of his journey on this occasion were Mr. (afterwards Sir Archibald) Alison, the well-known historian of modern Europe, and the present Lord Justice Clerk Hope. In the year following (1815) a work was published anonymously in Edinburgh in two volumes, small octavo, under the title of "Travels in France during the years 1814–5, comprising a residence at Paris during the stay of the Allied Armies, and at Aix at the period of the landing of Bonaparte." This work was the production of Mr. Alison, and in his acknowledgment, that in preparing it, he was "indebted to the journals of a few friends who had preceded him in their visit to the capital" (Paris), he is believed to have especial reference to the communications of Mr. Tytler. After this modest entrance into authorship, by placing a supply of the raw material in the hands of an able workman, Mr. Tytler made a bolder advance by adventuring original compositions of his own, in the pages of the Edinburgh and Blackwood's Magazine. Of these anonymous productions, by which he tried his early strength, and put himself in training for higher efforts, two have been mentioned: these were, a "Life of Michael Scott," the Merlin or Friar Bacon of North Britain; and a fragment, under the title of a "Literary Romance," in which as much of a tale was supplied as gave work to the imagination of the reader, and enabled him to form a conclusion for himself.

A mind so well stored could not long remain contented with the transient efforts of journalism; and Mr. Tytler's first work, which was published in Edinburgh in 1819, clearly indicated the course of his studies, while it gave promise of the historical accessions which he was afterwards to contribute to the annals of his country. This was his "Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton"—a personage of whose learning and varied talents such wonderful tales had been told, that posterity had begun to class him with King Arthur, and the other mythic heroes of old British history, who people the fairy regions of Avalon. This work was so favourably received by the public, that a second edition of it, corrected and enlarged, with an Appendix of Original Papers, was published in 1823.

The next literary production of Mr. Tytler was "An Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, including Biographical Sketches of the most eminent Legal Characters from the institution of the Court of Session by James V., till the period of the Union of the Crowns." This was published in Edinburgh in 1823.

A third work, also biographical, was published by Mr. Tytler, but anonymously, in 1826. This was the "Life of John Wicklyff," the English Reformer.

These productions, laborious though they were, from the antiquarian toil and research they had occasioned, were considered by him as only light preludes to the far more important work which he now contemplated. The circumstances

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that first led to such an undertaking are worthy of notice. Mr. Tytler having, during the course of a summer excursion, paid a visit to Abbotsford, was received with that warm-hearted welcome, and ushered into that choice intellectual society, for which the illustrious owner and his hall were at all times so distinguished; and during the hours of that happy evening, tale, and song, and literary discussion, and old remembrances, followed each other in rich and rapid succession. Matters, however, of more lasting moment occupied, as usual, the mind of Sir Walter Scott, and during the evening he took Mr. Tytler aside for the purpose of some bye-conversation. It was to advise him to write a History of Scotland. He had long, in common with many of our most distinguished countrymen, felt the want of such a work;* and several years before this period he had himself been almost persuaded by the publishers to undertake so congenial a task, and had thought that, by interspersing the narrative with romantic anecdotes, illustrative of the manners of his countrymen, he might produce a work such as the public would gladly welcome. He had, indeed, he added, made a partial commencement, in the form of an introductory essay—the same which was afterwards published in the "Quarterly Review" for January, 1816, as an article upon the Culloden Papers. But on thinking further on the subject, he found difficulties in his way which, in his (Sir Walter's) case, could not easily be surmounted. He saw that a Scottish history must be something more important than a popular romance; and that although the materials for it were so abundant in the form of national records, old Scottish authors, public and private documents, and other such sources, yet the task of digesting, elucidating, and arranging these materials, would engross more time than he could spare. He also found that the task must be pursued not only in Scotland, but in London, among the national archives, and wherever else such information could be found—a kind of labour which his official duties and other avocations would completely prevent. Perceiving these difficulties, he had abandoned the alluring enterprise, notwithstanding his conviction that a History of Scotland had still to be written, and his own wish to supply the deficiency; and he had at last settled into the purpose of attempting nothing more in this way than a collection of historical anecdotes for the young, such as might impress upon their memories the brave and good deeds of illustrious Scotsmen, and inspire them with sentiments of nationality.†

* In a letter written upon this subject, A.D. 1823, Sir Walter Scott thus summed up our national deficiency:—"We are still but very indifferently provided with Scotch histories of a general description. Lord Hailes' 'Annals' are the foundation-stone, and an excellent book, though dryly written. Pinkerton, in two very unreadable quartos, which yet abound in information, takes up the thread where Hailes drops it—and then you have Robertson, down to the union of the crowns. But I would beware of task-work, which Pinkerton at least must always be, and I would relieve him [his correspondent's pupil] every now and then by looking at the pages of old Pitscottie, where events are told with so much *naïveté*, and even humour, and such individuality, as it were, that it places the actors and scenes before the reader. The whole history of James V. and Queen Mary may be read to great advantage in the elegant Latin of Lesly, bishop of Ross, and collated with the account which his opponent Buchanan, in language still more classical, gives of the same eventful reigns. Laing is but a bad guide through the 17th century, yet I hardly know where a combined account of these events is to be had, so far as Scotland is concerned."

† This Sir Walter Scott accomplished by his "Tales of a Grandfather," published

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All this, as the reader may perceive, was preparatory to an advice—a request. It was nothing less than that Mr. Tytler himself should be the historian of Scotland. Here Sir Walter did not fail to urge upon his young friend such motives as might incite him to the attempt. It was one that would be most congenial to his previous studies and pursuits. It would concentrate upon one great aim those efforts which he had expended upon a variety of subjects. It would gratify his patriotic feelings as a Scot, as well as his predilections for historical writing. The work itself would indeed be long and laborious; but then he had the advantage of youth on his side, so that he might live to complete it; and if it were written under a deep conviction of the importance of historical truth, what a permanent benefit it would prove to his country! Finally, Sir Walter finished his persuasions, in his own kind, characteristic manner, by offering to Mr. Tytler all the assistance in his power, not only in obtaining admission to all the repositories in which the materials were contained, but his best advice in pursuing the necessary investigations.

This was a memorable conversation in the life of Mr. Tytler: it was the turning-point of his literary career, the bias by which his whole after-course was directed. Deeply and anxiously he mused upon it, on his evening ride homeward to the mansion of Yair, where at that time he was sojourning; and it was after he had forded the Tweed at Bordside that he gave vent to his imprisoned feelings, by rehearsing to his friend who accompanied him, the whole tenor of the dialogue. On being asked how he liked the suggestion, he replied, that the undertaking had a very formidable appearance—and that though he had always been attached to historical pursuits, and was ambitious of becoming a historian, he had never conceived the idea of writing the history of his own country, from the peculiar difficulties that lay in the way of such an attempt, and in making it what he thought a History of Scotland ought to be; now, however, he felt otherwise, and would lay the suggestion to heart, not only on account of the quarter from which it had come, but the assistance that had been so kindly promised. The resolution on which he finally settled he must have arrived at promptly, and followed up with almost immediate action, by which he stood committed to a lifetime of work in a new sphere of occupation, and to whatever, in the shape of success or failure, it might chance to bring him. The devotedness of a hero who saves his country, or of a legislator who regenerates it, may be matched by the devotedness of him who records their deeds. The historian who evolves the full truth of a Marathon or Bannockburn fight from the remote obscurity in which it is clouded, may have had as hard and heroic a task as he who has achieved it.

It was in the summer of 1828 that the first volume of Tytler's "History of Scotland" issued from the press. As it was only the first instalment of a large promise, the public received it as such; and while its merits were felt, the language of criticism was cautious and measured, although both commendation and hopeful encouragement were by no means withheld. The rest of the work followed at intervals; and as each successive volume appeared, the general

in 1827. The precise year of this interview between Sir Walter and Mr. Tytler has been unfortunately forgot; but as the indefatigable author of "Waverley," was not accustomed to dally with a purpose he had once formed, the conversation probably occurred in the summer of the previous year.

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approbation was deepened: it was soon felt and acknowledged that a truly national history was now in progress, to supersede the fragmentary records in which the Scottish nationality had been hampered and confined. At length the whole was completed in the winter of 1843, when the ninth and last volume appeared. His task was ended, and the author thus gracefully bade it adieu in the last paragraph:—"It is with feelings of gratitude, mingled with regret, that the author now closes this work—the history of his country—the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion." The completed history was now before the world, but it had not needed to wait thus long to establish the lasting reputation which it now possesses. The generous labour, the indefatigable research, and lucid order by which it is so eminently distinguished; the always deepening interest of the narrative, and increasing eloquence of the style, by which the work gathers and grows in attractiveness to the last, were felt not only by the learned and critical, but the reading public at large, so that even those who could not coincide with the author in his views of the Scottish Reformation, and the agencies by which it was effected, were yet compelled to acknowledge the honesty, the modesty, and the disinterestedness with which his statements were announced, as well as the strong array of evidence with which they were apparently corroborated. With his Tory and high church Episcopalian principles, and with the strange documents in his hands, which he had rescued from the dust of ages, and brought for the first time to the light of day, they could not well imagine how he could have written otherwise. Such was the conviction even of those who entered the field against him, armed with opposite views, and counter-evidence to make them good. A sublunary history wholly divested of sublunary feelings would not be worth reading.

Although Tytler's "History of Scotland" is complete in itself, as far as the original aim and purpose of the author are concerned, yet when the whole was concluded, he felt, in common with many whose opinion he respected, that a still more ample field should have been comprised. Thus, he commenced with the reign of Alexander III., the prelude to the wars of Scottish independence, because it is only from this point that our national history can be properly authenticated. Edward I., who made such wild havoc with the Scottish muniments, so that no trace of Scotland as an independent kingdom should ever be found, was unable to annihilate the memory of the prosperity he had destroyed, the cruelties he had perpetrated, and the gallantry with which his usurpation had been overthrown; these were burnt in, as with a branding-iron, upon Scottish memory to the end of time, and Edward, by his work of demolition, only erected himself into a notorious pillar, to form a new starting-point for the national history to commence its glorious career. Tytler, however, knew that a stirring and eventful era had gone before, and that the early boyhood and youth of Scotland was not only full of interest, but a subject of intense curiosity; and doubly difficult though the task would have been, he had resolved, even long before the history was ended, to explore this mythic period, and avail himself of such facts and probabilities as it afforded, in the form of a preliminary dissertation. Such was his purpose, which his previous investigations had well fitted him to effect; and all that he required was only

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a breathing interval, after the nine volumes of his history had been finished. But that interval, in his case so needed, could not restore the active brain and buoyant spirit that had already accomplished their appointed duty, and accomplished it so well! He had also purposed to terminate his history, not at the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland under James I., but of the two kingdoms under Anne; but here he found the incidents so voluminous, and withal so difficult to sift, condense, and arrange, as would have formed a task equal to all his past labours, and required a new lifetime for its fulfilment, so that the design was abandoned.

During the long space of nearly eighteen years, in which Mr. Tytler was employed in the "History of Scotland," this, although his greatest, was not his only literary production; and during occasional intervals he published the following works, which of themselves would have been reckoned a considerable amount of authorship:—

"Lives of Scottish Worthies," in three volumes 12mo. Published in Murray's "Family Library." London, 1831–33.

"Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America." Published in the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" of Messrs. Oliver & Boyd. 1832.

"Memoirs of the War carried on in Scotland and Ireland, 1689–91, by Major-General Hugh Mackay." This volume, which he edited in conjunction with Mr. Hog of Newliston, and Mr. Adam Urquhart, was presented to the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs in 1833.

"Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." Published in the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." 12mo. 1833.

"Life of King Henry the Eighth." London, 1837.

"England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe; in a Series of Original Letters, never before published; with Historical Introductions," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839.

The article "Scotland," in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which was afterwards published in a separate form, as a History of Scotland for the use of Schools.

While Mr. Tytler thus occasionally unbent his mind with what to others would have proved a serious burden, he was also alive to the stir of the world around him, and felt sufficient interest in the passing events of the day. This was especially the case when that important ecclesiastical movement, the Disruption, occurred in Scotland in 1843. As a Christian, a Scotchman, and a historian, it was especially calculated to arrest his attention; while the fact of his being an Episcopalian removed him from the turmoil, and enabled him to regard it with a cool, dispassionate eye. The sentiments, therefore, of one so situated, and so conversant with the historical facts and principles which were appealed to by the contending parties on this occasion, are well worthy of notice. These he fully and distinctly delivered in a letter, dated June 6th, 1843, to a friend, who had abandoned the Establishment, and joined himself to the Free Church. "I do not see," he writes, "how, consistently with your principles, and belief in what constitutes a true Presbyterian Kirk, you could have acted otherwise. In our conversations on the subject, I remember often saying, that had I been a Presbyterian, I must have done the same. Popular election of their ministers, and complete spiritual independence, were, from the first, the two great principles laid down by Knox as the foundation on which

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their whole superstructure rested, and, indeed, without the last, no church could stand. With the first—the right of the people to choose their ministers—I have no sympathies: with the last, every feeling of my heart and reason is on your side—and no one knows how soon the Church of England may have to contend for it. Let us hope that if it does come to this, there may be as much courage and conscience in England as across the border."

In his mode of study, Mr. Tytler, although so deeply immersed in the absorbing research of history and antiquarianism, was no peevish recluse student, sheltering himself within the innermost recesses of his hermitage, and quarreling with every sound above a gentle whisper: instead of this, his favourite place of work was the parlour or the drawing-room, surrounded by the society of his family and friends; and there he consulted his authorities, arranged his notes, and wrote out his copy for the printer, animated and cheered onward rather than disturbed by the society around him; listening to the music that might be going on, to which he was very partial, and mingling in the subjects of conversation. In this cheerful, genial fashion, he embodied into living form the materials of his anxious research, which he had gleaned among the MSS. of the British Museum, or the State Paper Office. That he might be near these fountain-heads also, he resided for a considerable period during the latter part of his life in the metropolis. During the present reign, he was oftener than once a guest at Windsor, where he was received with honourable distinction; and during the administration of Sir Robert Peel, when literary merit was not thought unworthy of state recognition and reward, his high services as a national historian were attested by a pension of £200 per annum.

In everyday life, unconnected with his intellectual pursuits, the high moral worth, amiable gentle temper, and conversational powers of Mr. Tytler, endeared him to a wide circle of friends, by whom these qualities are still most affectionately remembered. But the characteristic by which he was especially distinguished, was the deep-seated religious principle for which he was noted from his earliest youth, and by which his whole course of life was regulated to the close, both in his private and literary relationships. In subservience to this were his hilarity and wit, which were so pervaded with his own amiable temperament, that instead of repelling, they attracted all around him, and mesmerized the company for the time into happy beings like himself. In this way the historian, amidst the throngs and events of centuries, maintained and preserved to the end his own personal identity, instead of losing it among past ages—a trait of intellectual independence, hard indeed to compass, and very rarely to be found among those who have won for themselves a high literary reputation, especially among the more crabbed and abstruse departments of intellect. In the earlier part of his life Mr. Tytler served in the troop of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry—a corps in which not only the highest rank but the best talent of Scotland was enrolled; and among such congenial spirits he soon took the lead, not only on account of the fascinating wit and cheerfulness of his conversation, but the songs which he composed and sung—for he was also a poet of no common mark; and the lyrics with which he was wont to charm the mess-table, were connected with the military affairs of the regiment, and the duties with which his comrades were occupied. On one occasion, being desirous of retirement, probably for a holiday's recreation, and aware how his furlough would be apt to be invaded, he stole away to the house of his brother, at Woodhouselee. But his absence was instantly felt in

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the next merry meeting of his comrades, at their headquarters of Musselburgh, and a corporal's troop, with a led horse, and a mock warrant for seizure, were despatched to apprehend and bring back the deserter. Tytler, who espied the coming of this band, escaped by a back-door, and took shelter in the wood above Woodhouselee. After he had remained there for such a length of time that he thought the danger must be over, he ventured to return to the house; but ill had he calculated upon the double sharpness of the lawyer-soldiers of the Lothian Yeomanry. He was captured at the very threshold by the ambush that awaited his return, deprived of his arms, mounted upon the led horse, and carried off in triumph to the military encampment. This diverting pantomime, of what in the stern realities of war is often a moving tragedy, so greatly tickled his fancy, that on the same evening he composed a song, detailing, in most comic fashion, the circumstances of his capture, which he sang at the mess-table on the following day, amidst the applauding peals of his companions, who were thus well requited for their trouble. This song ever after continued to be the most popular of all his lyrical productions.

But we must hasten to the mournful termination—"the last scene of all." In 1843 Mr. Tytler had finished his "History of Scotland;" and although he had already written so much, and this, too, upon subjects where the apparent quantity of labour bears but a small proportion to the toil and research that have produced it, he was still earnest to accomplish more, and hopeful, after a period of rest, to be enabled to resume those occupations which had now become the chief element of his existence. But even already his literary life had drawn to a close. Although of a healthy vigorous constitution, active habits, and cheerful temperament, his over-wearied mind and exhausted frame had no longer power to rally; and after wandering over the Continent in a hopeless pursuit of health, he returned home to die. His death occurred on the morning of Christmas Eve (24th December), 1849, after several years of sickness and suffering, and when he had entered his fifty-ninth year.

Mr. Tytler was twice married. His first wife, who died in 1835, was Rachel Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Hog, Esq., of Newliston, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Thomas Patrick, both in the East India Company's military service, and one daughter. His second wife, who still survives him, was Anastasia, daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq., of Camden Place, Kent.

V.

VEDDER, David.—This warm-hearted enthusiastic sailor-poet, whose open countenance and massive form have so recently disappeared from among us, was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. His father was a small proprietor near Kirkwall; but of him he was bereaved in early boyhood; his widowed mother, however, directed the first steps of his education with singular ability, and carefully led him into that good path which he followed out to the end of his days. Being left an orphan at the age of twelve, David chose the occupation most natural to an island boy and Orcadian—it was that of a sailor,

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and in the first instance as a cabin-boy; but at the age of eighteen he rose to the rank of mate, and only two years after to the command of a ship, in which he made several voyages to Greenland and other places. Afterwards he entered the revenue service, as first officer of an armed cruiser, in which he continued till 1820, when he obtained the government appointment of tide-surveyor of customs, and officiated in that capacity at the ports of Montrose, Kirkcaldy, Dundee, and Leith, till the close of his active and well-spent life.

Although the tempest-beaten shores and incessantly shifting skies of Orkney are so fitted to inspire poetical emotions—though its wild scenery is fraught with such romantic historical remembrances—and though its children are the descendants of those Vi-kings and Jarls, who wrought such wondrous deeds in their day, and of those Scalds who recorded them in song—yet it is singular that so few Orcadians of the modern stock have distinguished themselves in the walks of poetry. A veritable Orkney poet, therefore, is the more valuable, on account of the rarity of the species—and one of these few, as well as the choicest specimen of the whole, was David Vedder. The maternal education, although so early terminated, had not only made him a reader and a thinker, but had cultivated his poetical tendencies, so that the ocean storms, by which they might have been otherwise extinguished, only seem to have nursed them into full maturity. Even while a young sailor, and amidst the boisterous navigation of the Northern seas, his chief recreation as well as delight was poetry, so that he ventured at the early age of twenty-one to launch his first published poem into the pages of a magazine. Thus committed to the destinies of the press, other similar attempts quickly followed; and encouraged by the favourable reception they experienced, he commenced authorship in earnest, with a volume entitled the "Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems," which was published by Blackwood in 1826. This work was so favourably received, that the whole impression was soon exhausted.

We can only give a brief enumeration of David Vedder's other works. To the "Covenanter's Communion" succeeded his "Orcadian Sketches"—a production of prose and verse intermixed, in the strong sonorous poetry of which the ringing of his native storms predominates, while many of the events are reminiscences of his own early life. This was followed by a "Life of Sir Walter Scott," which was much read and admired, until it was superseded by the able and ample narrative of Lockhart. In 1841 he published a volume of his collected pieces, under the title of "Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive." In 1848 he published, in conjunction with his son-in-law, Mr. Frederick Schenck, the distinguished lithographer, a splendidly illustrated volume, entitled "Lays and Lithographs," the whole of the letter-press of which was supplied by Mr. Vedder. His last principal work was a new English version of the quaint old German story of "Reynard the Fox," adorned with similar illustrations.

Besides these entire productions, Mr. Vedder was considerably employed, over a course of years, as a coadjutor in other literary undertakings. These, independently of numerous contributions to newspapers and magazines, consisted of additions to George Thomson's "Musical Miscellany," Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and Robertson's "Whistlebinkie." He also contributed the greater part of the letter-press to Geikie's well-known volume of "Etchings." As his authorship had commenced, in like manner it terminated, with the Covenanters; for during his last illness he was employed in the composition of

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a beautiful ballad, descriptive of their sufferings, founded upon an incident in the life of Andrew Grey, of Chryston, in Ayrshire.

The estimate of Vedder's literary and intellectual character has been justly and briefly expressed by the Rev. George Gilfillan in the following words—"As a poet and prose writer his powers were of no ordinary kind. He added to strong unrestrained sense much fancy and humour. If not a 'maker' in the full extent of that name, he had unquestionably a true natural vein. Dr. Chalmers used actually to electrify his class-room by reading those lines of Vedder's, entitled 'All Nature worships there;' and many parts of his 'Covenanter's Communion' and his 'Orcadian Sketches' display similar power and truth of genius. Although in a great degree self-taught, he managed not only to acquire an excellent English style, but an extensive knowledge of foreign tongues, and his translations from the German are understood to be exceedingly faithful and spirited."

The death of Mr. Vedder occurred at his residence in Newington, near Edinburgh, on the 11th of February, 1854, when he had reached his sixty-fourth year. His funeral was attended by most of the literary men of Edinburgh, who thus rendered public honour to his talents and worth; and a selection from his writings, edited by that distinguished young poet, Alexander Smith, is expected to be published, the profits of which are to be devoted to the erection of a monument over the grave of Vedder, in the Southern Cemetery at the Grange.

W.

WALLACE, LL.D., William.—This talented mathematician was born at Dysart, Fifeshire, on the 23d of September, 1768, and was the son of a manufacturer of leather in that town. After having been taught to read at a private school, kept by an old woman, he was sent to a public seminary, where he learned to write; but the still more important branch of education in his case—that of arithmetic—he learned at home from the instructions of his father. His father having been unsuccessful in business, removed to Edinburgh, where William was bound apprentice to a bookbinder; still, however, dwelling under the paternal roof, and availing himself of his father's course of instruction. Besides this he was wont, when opportunity offered, to read such books as were placed under his charge for binding. His mind having been thus awoke to action, his favourite bias quickly took the lead: he purchased a few mathematical books, and pored over them till they could teach him nothing further. In this way, we are told, before he had reached his twentieth year he was a considerable proficient in elementary geometry and trigonometry, algebra with fluxions, conic sections, and astronomy. During this successful pursuit of scientific knowledge, he was likewise so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with a man who assisted Dr. Robison in his class-room experiments, and who offered to introduce him to the professor. This offer Wallace, who had now finished his apprenticeship, gladly accepted. The doctor was not long in perceiving the earnest scientific zeal of the young man, and the proficiency he had made in mathematics, and therefore gave him permission to attend the course of lectures on natural philosophy gratuitously. To avail himself of such a welcome oppor-

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tunity, Wallace, whose circumstances were those of a straitened journeyman, worked hard at his trade during a portion of the time that should have been devoted to sleep. Here, too, Dr. Robison's kind patronage did not terminate, for he introduced his protege to Professor Playfair, who lent him scientific books, and gave him valuable suggestions for the study of the higher branches of mathematics. Dr. Robison also intrusted him with the tuition of one of his own pupils in geometry—a useful training to William Wallace, for the important charges as a public instructor, which he afterwards occupied.

Finding that the trade to which he had served a regular apprenticeship afforded too little time for study, and that he might advance himself to something better, Wallace became a warehouseman in a printing-office, where his opportunities of acquiring knowledge were more abundant. Here he mastered the difficulties of the Latin language by his own industry, aided by a few lessons from a college student, and afterwards studied French. He then exchanged the printing-office for the situation of shopman to one of the principal booksellers of Edinburgh—and approaching still nearer to the ultimate mark, he devoted his evenings to the teaching of mathematics as a private tutor. As this last occupation was more congenial than the other, he devoted himself to it entirely, having abandoned the shop for that purpose; and a short time afterwards he was appointed assistant teacher of mathematics in the academy of Perth. This was in 1794, when he had attained his twenty-sixth year, and acquired such a reputation that the most scientific men in Edinburgh welcomed him as a brother. Soon after he had settled in Perth he married, and for nine years after there was a lull in his hitherto changeable course, during which he quietly discharged the duties of his somewhat obscure and humble calling. But the time thus spent was not spent in idleness, as he evinced when the fitting season arrived; and among the fruits of his studies at Perth, were three articles, which successively appeared in the respective publications for which they were intended. The first, which was presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1796, was entitled "Geometrical Porisms, with Examples of their Applications to the Solution of Problems." About the same period he contributed the article "Porism" to the third edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His third article, which he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, contained a new method of expressing the co-efficients in the development of the formula that represents the mutual perturbation of two planets; to which was added an appendix, giving a quickly converging series for the rectification of an ellipse. The scientific men who were qualified to judge of these papers bore high testimony to their accuracy and originality.

The time at length arrived when Mr. Wallace was to be elevated to a more fitting sphere of action. From the obscurity of such a town as Perth, his reputation had so widely diffused itself, that in 1803 he was invited to stand as candidate for the office of mathematical master in the Royal Military College, lately established at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. He consented, moved to this by the advice of his venerated friend, Professor Playfair; and in the examination of candidates, his qualifications were found so much superior, that he was immediately elected to the office. It is interesting to notice that, in the following year, his countryman, Mr. Ivory, who, like himself, had been the subject of struggle and change, and who had also fought his way to scientific reputation, was elected to the professorship of mathematics in the same college. On the removal of the institution to Sandhurst, in Berkshire, Mr. Wallace

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accompanied it, and continued to teach in a manner that secured the approbation of the directors. In 1818 his sphere of educational duty was extended, in consequence of a resolution of the directors of the college, that a half-yearly course of lectures on practical astronomy should be given to the students, and that Mr. Wallace should be the lecturer. As this course also was to be combined with instructions on the manner of making celestial observations, a small observatory was erected for the purpose, and furnished with the necessary instruments. This addition to the routine of a military education, has done much to remove the objections often brought against our bravest officers of the army, on account of their deficiency in the science of their profession.

Another movement was now to occur in the changeful career of Mr. Wallace. In 1819 Professor Playfair died; Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie was appointed to succeed him; and by this transference the chair of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh became vacant, and open to competition. The height of Wallace's ambition was to obtain a Scottish professorship, and accordingly he threw himself into the contest with his whole heart and energy. In the trial of candidates, which was a keen one, he was successful, and he brought the maturity of his experience as a teacher, as well as his rich scientific acquirements as a mathematician, to a chair but too often filled with men unpractised in the common ways of life, and whose whole occupation is to muse and dream over a problem. Many of the scientific men of the present day can still remember, with gratitude, the efficiency with which Mr. Wallace discharged the duties of his professorship, and the impulse which his teaching imparted to their studies. He thus continued to labour till 1838, when he was obliged to retire from office in consequence of ill health; and on his retirement, government expressed its sense of the value of his services, both at Sandhurst and Edinburgh, by conferring on him a pension; and the university of Edinburgh, by making him a doctor of laws. Five years of private life succeeded, during which, however, his mind was not idle in his favourite pursuits, as was attested by his productions during this period, while he was unfitted by sickness for the usual intercourse of society. Having reached the age of seventy-five, he died at Edinburgh, on the 28th of April, 1843.

Besides those scientific articles which we have already mentioned, Professor Wallace, in the earlier part of his life, was a contributor to Leybourne's "Mathematical Repository," and the "Gentleman's Mathematical Companion:" he was also author of the principal mathematical articles in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and the fourth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To these productions the following may be added:—

In 1808, he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh an article entitled "New Series for the Quadrature of the Conic Sections, and the Computation of Logarithms."

In 1823, he presented another, entitled, "Investigation of Formulæ for finding the Logarithms of Trigonometrical Quantities from one another."

In 1831, he presented another, entitled, "Account of the Invention of the Pantograph, and a Description of the Eidograph." Of this instrument, called the eidograph—from εἶδος, a form, and γραφειν, to draw—he was himself the inventor; and, like the pantograph, it is used for the purpose of copying plans or other drawings, on the same or on different scales. Professor Wallace was also the inventor of the chorograph, an instrument for describing on paper any triangle

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having one side and all its angles given, and also for constructing two similar triangles on two given straight lines, having the angles given.

In 1836 he contributed a paper to the "Transactions" of the Royal Astronomical Society, entitled, "Two Elementary Solutions of Kepler's Problem by the Angular Calculus." He also contributed another, under the title of "Geometrical Theorems and Formulæ, particularly applicable to some Geodetical Problems," to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, which was published in the sixth volume of their "Transactions."

In 1838, when laid aside by sickness, he also composed a work upon the same subject, which he dedicated to his friend, Colonel Colby.

In 1839 Professor Wallace gave his last contribution to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, under the title of "Solution of a Functional Equation, with its Application to the Parallelogram of Forces, and the Curve of Equilibrium," which was published in the fourteenth volume of their "Transactions."

WARDLAW, D.D., Rev. Ralph. — This able controversialist, eloquent preacher, and graceful popular writer, who, for more than half-a-century, continued to rivet the public attention and secure its esteem, could have been no man of ordinary, or even of merely second-rate attainments. When to this, however, we add that he was the uncompromising champion of a church which was totally opposed to the Presbyterianism of Scotland; that, mainly by his able superintendence and universally recognized worth, he raised it to an eminence as high, perhaps, as it is capable of reaching in the land of Solemn Leagues and Covenants; and that, notwithstanding the many hard debates which he waged, in order to clear the space around him, and make his footing good, he still continued to retain the esteem of those parties upon whom his blows had fallen the heaviest—in such a case, our certainty of his surpassing worth is confirmed beyond doubt or cavil. After this brief explanation, we may the less regret that the long life of Dr. Wardlaw presents so few incidents for the purposes of popular biography. So regular was the round of his duties, and with such undeviating diligence were they performed, that the narrative of a year or two in his career would be a fair and sufficient specimen of his life-long history.

Ralph Wardlaw was born in the small, but ancient and historical town of Dalkeith, on the 22d of December, 1779. It is not known whether his parents had been settled residenters in that locality at the period of his birth, or merely temporary sojourners. Six months after that event they removed to Glasgow, and there his father was long known and honoured, not only as a prosperous merchant and civic magistrate, but an amiable, upright, consistent Christian. By his mother, Ralph possessed a quartering in his escutcheon of which he was justly proud, for she was a descendant of Ebenezer Erskine, the father of the Scottish Secession Church. This ancestry, independently of his own personal worth and reputation, greatly endeared Dr. Wardlaw to the clergy and laity of that denomination. When he had nearly reached his eighth year, Dr. Wardlaw was sent to the grammar or high school of Glasgow, where he continued for four years. On finishing this preliminary course of scholarship, he entered the university of Glasgow; and though not yet twelve years of age, he seems to have soon attracted the observant eye, and secured the esteem of Mr. Richardson, the professor of humanity, himself an accurate as well as a refined accomplished scholar. In after years, indeed, the professor was wont to declare, that there were two of his pupils of whom he had always formed

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the highest hopes in their future career, in consequence of the excellent taste, talents, and proficiency which their boyhood manifested. One of these two was Ralph Wardlaw, and in him, at least, the prognostic was not disappointed.

As the great-grandson of Ebenezer Erskine, and grandson of Mr. James Fisher, who succeeded Erskine, his father-in-law, as professor of theology to the Burgher or Secession Synod, it was natural that Ralph Wardlaw in early life should have directed his wishes to the work of the ministry. Accordingly, when his academical curriculum at the college of Glasgow was finished, he entered the theological hall of the Secession Church, at that time under the superintendence of Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk. But strong and unwavering though his adherence had hitherto been to the church of his fathers, events soon occurred by which the young student's views on the subject of ecclesiastical polity were completely changed. This was the new movement in favour of Independency, which the Haldanes had introduced from England, and were now supporting in their own country with such success, that numerous conversions were the fruits. At all this the people of Scotland looked on at first with indignation and wonder, not unmingled with contempt. They could not understand why laymen should dare to preach, or how churches could stand upright of themselves, unpropped by presbyteries and synods; and had the cause continued to depend upon lay directors and isolated tabernacles, it might possibly have passed away with those who had commenced it. The public feeling of hostility, however, was considerably softened when two ordained ministers of the Church of Scotland—the Rev. Messrs. Innes and Ewing—left their comfortable charges, and threw themselves into the new movement. By this event it had not only obtained a regular accredited ministry, but entitled itself to a dispassionate hearing. One of those who in this manner thought and felt, was Ralph Wardlaw; and such was the effect upon his convictions, that when his course of study at the theological hall was ended, instead of taking license as a Secession preacher, he gave himself to the Independents, and joined their church in Glasgow, under the pastoral superintendence of Mr. Greville Ewing. It was certainly a most disinterested choice; for little, indeed, did it offer him either in the way of emolument or distinction, and as little could he calculate upon the future growth of Scottish Congregationalism, or the eminence which himself would obtain as the most influential of its ministers.

After having made so decisive a choice, Mr. Wardlaw was soon called to that sacred office for which he had hitherto been in training. A chapel was erected for him in Albion Street, Glasgow, chiefly through the exertions of his personal friends, and to the pastoral charge of the congregation assembling in that building he was inducted by Mr. Ewing, on the 16th of February, 1803. Soon after his ordination he married Miss Jane Smith, his cousin, who was his comforter and helpmate from youth to old age. As a child, she had sat with him on the same form at school, where they mastered together their perplexing lessons in English reading and spelling. Nearly seventy years after, it was her mournful task to close his lifeless eyelids, and bewail his departure.

In Glasgow, the cause of Congregationalism continued to grow so rapidly, under the care of Mr. Ewing and Mr. Wardlaw, that it was found necessary, in 1811, to institute a theological academy in that city, for the regular training of an efficient ministry. Over this important charge these two were appointed as professors; and it would be difficult to tell whether the institution was most

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benefited by the biblical scholarship and profound exegetical theology of Mr. Ewing, or the clear logic, graceful eloquence, and critical tact of Mr. Wardlaw. The latter continued to discharge the duties of this important office till the close of his life, and for the greater part of that time wholly without remuneration. At length, when a salary was attached to it, the amount was so small as scarcely to defray the mere expenses which were involved in the labour. This parsimony was thought strange, considering how many wealthy members belonged to his flock; but, on the other hand, the numerous exigences of a new and rising cause, and the expensive missionary enterprises in which it was engaged, may account for this stinted liberality to the professor of theology. In the enthusiastic affection of his pupils, however, who were proud of the growing fame of their teacher, as if it had been their own; in the proficiency they made under his charge, in consequence of which many of them took the highest prizes in the university of Glasgow; and in the eminence which several of them reached as ministers, both in Scotland and England, Mr. Wardlaw enjoyed a requital which no salary, however liberal, could have equalled. The character of his teaching is thus described in one of the discourses delivered at his funeral:—"His lectures were admirable specimens of acute disquisition, perspicacious reasoning, and solid conclusion. Their aim was principally directed to the elucidation and defence of that system of truth which their author believed to be revealed in the Scriptures. His theology was primarily biblical, secondarily polemical; he sought first to read the mind of the Spirit as unfolded in the written word, and having satisfied himself on this point, he summoned all the resources of his logic to defend the judgment he had formed from cavil or objection. Beyond this he did not go much into the region of systematic or historical theology; while of the speculations of mere philosophical theologians he took little note, as either lying beyond the sphere which he had prescribed for himself, or not likely to be directly useful to those whom it was his ambition to train to be 'able ministers of the New Testament.' To those who were privileged to attend his prelections, they were valuable not only for the amount of sound theological knowledge which they imparted, but also as models of theological disquisition, and as affording an excellent discipline for the faculties of those who were destined to teach others."

After Mr. Wardlaw had continued for sixteen years to officiate as the minister of Albion Street chapel, his congregation had increased so greatly, that the building, though not a small one, was insufficient for their accommodation. They therefore erected that larger edifice in West George Street, where he continued to officiate till the close of his life. Soon after, his widely-spread reputation procured for him the degree of D.D. from one of the principal colleges in America, and this, too, at a time when literary degrees from that quarter were more rarely given than now, and therefore more worth having. But how our own Scottish universities allowed themselves to be anticipated in conferring this honour upon such a man as Dr. Wardlaw, is one of those anomalies which, perhaps, not even their learning and acuteness would be sufficient to solve.

Allusion has already been made to the popularity of Dr. Wardlaw's ministry, and the steadiness with which this went onward to the end. And yet he was not a Boanerges, to take the popular mind by storm—a preacher that could strike, rouse, or astonish. His pulpit excellencies, indeed, were of a far less obtrusive, but, on that account, of a more sure and permanent character: he

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was contented to succeed by gentle persuasion and slow deliberate conviction. The following sketch, from a biographical notice, will give a full and accurate idea of the nature of his preaching:—"His main strength lies in his extensive acquaintance with Scripture, his argumentative distinctness and dexterity, his refined taste, his unimpeachable good sense, and the felicity with which he connects his subject with the personal interests and responsibilities of his audience. He seldom indulges in any ornament, or in any play of fancy, beyond the occasional introduction of some select figure or comparison, for the sake of illustration. He is never dull or common-place; but his vivacity is that of the understanding rather than of the imagination. At times, and when handling suitable themes, a burst of feeling escapes him which is felt to be perfectly genuine, and which seldom fails to communicate its contagion to the hearers; but he spends no time on mere sentimentalities, and shows no ambition whatever to provoke a tear, except as that may be the sign of his arrow having touched the heart. His chief aim seems always to be, to convey fully and clearly to the mind of his hearers the truth presented by the part of Scripture from which he is discoursing. Hence he is eminently textual as a preacher, eminently faithful as an expositor. Hence, also, the practical character of all his discourses. With all his closeness of reasoning and nicety of discrimination, he never indulges in mere abstract speculation—never verges into the regions of transcendentalism—never amuses his audience by adroit defences of fanciful hypotheses, or by gymnastic displays of dialectical subtlety. All is serious, solid, earnest, practical; and though an effort of continuous attention is required on the part of the hearer, in order fully to apprehend the train of his reasoning and illustrations, such an effort will seldom be put forth without being rewarded by a large accession of valuable and sound scriptural knowledge." This intellectual, classical, and subdued style of preaching was delivered in a sufficiently correspondent manner. The author from whom we have just quoted thus describes it:—"In the pulpit Dr. Wardlaw employs little action. An expressive elevation of the eyebrows, an easy and simple action of either hand, and an occasional motion of the body, effected by a graceful step backwards, are the only gestures he is in the habit of employing. His voice, though somewhat feeble, is of considerable compass, and is finely modulated, so that he can make himself distinctly heard by a large assemblage; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of reading his discourses, can, by the variety of his intonations, avoid the monotony into which this practice so frequently leads. There is, indeed, a peculiar charm in the sound of his voice, which is not without its effect in sustaining the attention and engaging the interest of his hearers. This, combined with the fulness of his matter, and the piety of his whole discourse, reminds one, in listening to him, of the Jewish high-priest of old, on whose garment the sweet-toned bell and the pomegranate, symbolical of richness, betokened the combined clearness and copiousness of that revelation of which he was the herald, whilst on his forehead was inscribed 'Holiness to the Lord,' as the crown and consummation of the whole."

From the foregoing account of the nature of his sermons, the diligence of Dr. Wardlaw in his pulpit preparations may be easily surmised. It was laborious investigation, and careful well-weighed thought, expressed in apposite words and polished sentences; and when these extended, as they often did, to three discourses each Sabbath, instead of two, they constituted an amount of weekly study sufficient to establish the character of a truly painstaking divine.

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To this also must be added his duties as a theological professor, which occupied much of his time and attention, and were most diligently discharged. But our idea of his industry is wonderfully heightened by the recollection that he was also a voluminous author; so that, during a course of forty years, his appeals to the public through the press were never intermitted for any great length of time. A separate enumeration of these would be difficult, and therefore we can only refer to them under their general classification, as it was given in the funeral sermon preached by Dr. Alexander:—"His writings may be classed under three heads—theological, homiletical, and biographical. To the first belong his 'Discourses on the Socinian Controversy,' his 'Christian Ethics,' his volume on the 'Atonement,' his 'Letters to the Society of Friends,' his 'Treatises on Baptism and Congregationalism,' his 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical Establishments,' and his 'Essay on Miracles,' the latest but not the least important of his published writings. Under the second head may be ranked his sermons, of which, besides a connected series in a volume, a great number were published separately; his 'Expository Lectures on Ecclesiastes,' his 'Lectures on Prostitution,' and his 'Exposition of the Narrative of the Last Days of Jacob, and the Life of Joseph.' To the third class belong his Memoir of Dr. M'All, of Manchester,' prefixed to the collected Discourses of that eminent pulpit orator; his Introductory Essay to an edition of 'Bishop Hall's Contemplations,' and his 'Memoir of his Son-in-law,' the Rev. John Reid, late of Bellary. Besides these he contributed many articles to religious periodicals, chiefly of a practical kind. He was the author also of several hymns, which, in correctness of sentiment, beauty of expression, and sweetness of rhythm, have few to equal them in our language, and will long hold a primary place in our collections of sacred verse."

In this enumeration it is to be observed that the greater part of Dr. Wardlaw's writings were of a controversial nature. For this his peculiar intellectual character especially fitted him, as well as his devotedness to pure abstract truth, which he thought should be defended at all points, and against every gainsayer. His productions of this nature, therefore, may be divided into two classes—those which dealt with avowed opinions hostile to every, or some important point of Christian doctrine, such as the Socinian Controversy, which was one of his earliest appearances on the field; his "Discourses on Man's Responsibility to God for his Religious Belief," and his "Letters on the Errors of Quakerism," addressed to the Society of Friends. The other class comprised those doctrines upon which the different bodies of Christians are at variance, such as the Nature and Extent of the Atonement, in which he strenuously opposed the views of a new party, headed by Mr. Marshall; his defence of Infant Baptism, and his series of lectures calling in question the necessity and propriety of national Church Establishments. In this way, as a Christian against unbelievers, as an orthodox Christian against those of a mixed creed, and as an Independent zealous for his own church, and ready to answer all or any other party that might attack it, he may be said to have fought his way, during nearly forty years, over the whole round of theological polemics. All this seems to constitute an amount of pugnacity not easily reconcilable with a meek and gentle spirit. But it must be remembered that Dr. Wardlaw did not step out of his way in quest of disputations; on the contrary, they met him in every street, and even knocked at his door, to call him out to fresh contest. Besides, in such a life of controversy, no one perhaps has ever better shown the courtesy of a

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thoroughly refined gentleman, blended with the meekness and tolerance of the Christian. He writes not in hatred but in love; to convince and win, not to irritate and defeat: he writes to show the greatness and the excellence of the truth he advocates, and not his own; and even when he runs most keenly upon his adversary, it is to extinguish his garments, that have caught fire, where another would have thrown him into the kennel. And thus, although he had assailed so many parties in turn, yet all united in esteeming or loving him, because all had experienced his warm-hearted catholic philanthropy, as well as been convinced of his sincerity. By such gentleness, too, he was no loser, for he was one of the most successful of disputants. Only on one of these occasions he suffered a signal defeat; this was in the well-known Apocrypha Controversy, waged with such keenness thirty years ago, and which so completely divided the Christian world, that the wise, the learned, and the good were parted from each other, and only brought together for mutual conflict. In this terrible discussion—which was waged with a fervour, and even with a rancour, up to the fighting-point of which, Dr. Wardlaw could never, by any possibility, have been fully kindled—it is not wonderful that he should have failed, more especially when he adopted what is now recognized as the wrong side of the question, and had Dr. Andrew Thomson for his antagonist.

We must now hasten to the closing period of Dr. Wardlaw's uneventful but most useful and well-spent life. A rapid review of it was thus briefly but correctly given at the beginning of 1850, by the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh:—"As a minister of the gospel, he has, for nearly half a century, laboured in connection with the same church with the most honourable diligence, the most judicious and blameless deportment, and the most gratifying success. As a theological professor, he has devoted the energies of his remarkable mind, and the resources of his extensive reading and thinking, to the education of the rising ministry in his own denomination, and that for more than a quarter of a century, without any remuneration from man, than the gratitude of his pupils and the thanks of the churches. As an author, he has long held the first rank among theological polemics, and no mean place in other departments of religious literature. Unrivalled as a master of logic, he has shown himself also possessed of eloquence of the purest order, and of a breadth and practicability of view which are often denied to great dialecticians. And as a man, he has passed through a long life, in a position where many eyes were upon him, with an unblemished reputation, and has descended into the vale of years, surrounded by the love, the respect, and the confidence of all good and generous men." Will it be believed, however, that the occasion which called forth such an honourable and truthful testimony, was an aspersion of the worst kind which was attempted to be fastened upon the character of Dr. Wardlaw. After having lived and laboured so well from youth to old age, an accusation was raised against him, more fit to be hurled against a sordid money-broker or fraudulent shopkeeper, than a man of such high and well-tried excellence. But it fared as it deserved; it was met with universal scorn; and the answer everywhere was—"Dr. Wardlaw?—impossible!" The principal Congregational churches of Scotland held meetings on the occasion, to express their firm conviction in his integrity; the leading ministers of English Independency, to the number of sixty-six, signed a joint address to him to the same effect; while—what was perhaps more gratifying to his feelings—a meeting of the members of his own congregation was held in their chapel of West George Street, to testify their

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George Harvey R.S.A.

F. Angelo Roberts

REV. DAVID WELSH D.D.

FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF A. MURRAY DUNLOP ESQR. M.P.

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assurance of his innocence, and admiration of his worth. It was held on the 16th of January, and was joined by ministers from far and near, as well as of almost every denomination, while the presentation of a rich and beautiful silver tea service graced the occasion. In his address to the meeting, he thus adverted to the stigma that had been cast upon him:—"I have felt it not a little hard—I am far from meaning on the part of God, who has his own ways and his own instruments of trial to his servants and people, and who does all things well, but on the part of man—at this advanced period of my life and ministry, to be assailed as I have been. When a young man's character is maligned, he has time, as the phrase is, to live it down; but when one has come to be a septuagenarian, such a process of self-vindication seems next to hopeless, unless, indeed (if we may borrow a figure from our neighbours of the Emerald Isle), he may be so happy as to have lived it down before it came—by anticipation." This, indeed, was exactly his own case, notwithstanding the oddity of the expression, and his character only shone out the brighter from the cloud that had attempted to obscure it. In February, 1853, when he had completed the fiftieth year of his ministry, and when a great anniversary was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the occasion, he was thus enabled to advert to the harassing incident:—"It is just three years since I was called to pass through the heaviest trial of my life, and it is just three years since, mercifully to myself, and to others marvellously, that my strength for official duty was renewed. He whose it is to turn the shadow of death into the morning, has dispelled the darkness, and has made it only to contribute to augment the serenity and cheerfulness of the light which has succeeded."

It was with this renewed frame, and in this cheerful spirit, that he was visited only ten months after by his last sickness. That sickness was also of brief continuance, for only three weeks before his death he was able to discharge his usual pulpit duties, and administer the sacred rite of the Lord's Supper to the members of his flock. He died on the 17th of December, 1853, at the age of seventy-four. A public funeral, attended by thousands, repaired to the Necropolis, where his remains were interred; while the harmonizing of all denominations of Christians in this last solemn duty, and the deep sorrow that was settled on every countenance, proclaimed that every heart felt the loss they had sustained—that a father in Israel had departed.

Dr. Wardlaw was survived by his widowed partner, who has already been mentioned; and by a large family, of whom one son is a missionary at Bellary, in the East, and another a merchant in Glasgow. Two of his daughters were also engaged in missionary enterprise with their husbands, and of these, one is now a widow, resident with her family in Glasgow.

WELSH, D.D., Rev. David.—This distinguished scholar and divine, whom a great national event made the mark of general attention, notwithstanding his recluse studious habits and unobtrusive disposition, was born at Braefoot, in the parish of Moffat, Dumfriesshire, on the 11th of December, 1793. His father, a substantial farmer and small landholder, had a family of twelve children, of whom David was the youngest. Being at an early period intended for the ministry, David, after receiving the earlier part of his education at the parish school of Moffat, went to Edinburgh, where he attended the high school for a year, and afterwards became a student at the university. Here his progress, though considerable, was silent and retired, so that at first he was little noticed among his ardent competitors in Latin and Greek; it was not words,

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but thoughts that chiefly captivated his attention, and therefore it was not until he had entered the classes of logic and philosophy that he began to attract the notice of his class-fellows. In the latter he was so fortunate as to have for his teacher Dr. Thomas Brown, the most acute and eloquent of metaphysicians of whom he became not only the pupil, but the friend, and finally the affectionate biographer. The ardent attachment of the young student to such a preceptor, the enthusiasm with which he received his instructions, and docility with which he placed himself under the guidance of such a mind, not only already evinced the intellectual bent of David Welsh, but predicted his future eminence, and this more especially, as he had already only entered his fifteenth year.

On joining the divinity hall, which he did in 1811, he brought to the study of theology all the reading and research of his former years; and although in substantial acquirements he was already considerably in advance of most young students of his early standing, they were accompanied with a shrinking bashfulness, that prevented his superiority from being generally recognized. It would be well for towardly young students in general, and especially those of our divinity halls, if they were equally sheltered from that injudicious admiration by which improvement is so often stopped short, and an overweening vanity implanted in its stead. At this period it was of more than usual importance that divinity students should study the great questions of church polity, in reference to their connection between the civil and ecclesiastical powers; for upon them, in their future character as ministers, that uncompromising conflict was to depend which was finally to end in the Disruption. But David Welsh had already embraced that party in the church to which he adhered through life, and those principles for which he was to sacrifice one of the highest standings in our Scottish universities. He was the descendant of a church-honoured line of Tweedsmuir sheep-farmers, who had suffered in the days of the Covenant for their adherence to the spiritual independence of the kirk against the domination of Erastianism and the Stuarts, and these principles had descended to him not only with a sacred, but hereditary claim. While Welsh was, therefore, a Whig in politics, he was decidedly evangelical in his religious sentiments, and thoroughly at one with the party in the church, still indeed a small and struggling minority, by whom they were represented. After having studied theology during the prescribed period of four years, he was licensed as a preacher, by the presbytery of Lochmaben, in May, 1816. As he was still young, having only reached his twenty-second year, he was in no haste to enter upon the important duties of the ministry; instead of this he resumed the work of self-improvement, and continued to add to his store of knowledge as well as experience of the world. It was only thus that he could effectually prepare himself, not only for the duties of a country minister, but the important charges which he was afterwards to occupy. Among these studies the exact sciences held a conspicuous place—geometry, algebra, and natural philosophy. Nor among these should the study of phrenology be forgot, to which he had become a convert through the arguments of its talented apostle, Mr. Combe. There was something in this fresh and tempting science so congenial to his own favourite study of the human mind—and it was so felicitous, as he judged, in its plan of decomposing so complex a thing as a human character into its simple primitive elements—that he soon became one of the most distinguished as well as enthusiastic students of phrenology, while his name, after he was noted as a learned,

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philosophical, and orthodox country minister, was a tower of strength to the science, under the charges of infidelity and materialism that were brought against it. These charges, indeed, became at last too serious to be disregarded, and Mr. Welsh, in after life, became a less zealous and open advocate of the cause. Still, however, he was not to be shaken from his belief in phrenology, in consequence of the injudicious uses that had been made of it, and, therefore, to the end, he continued a firm believer at least in its general principles and application. These he used in his processes of self-examination, and, doubtless, derived much benefit from the practice. Not content with feeling himself weak or sinful in the gross, and condemning himself in wholesale terms, he tasked himself sternly in particulars, and for this purpose, took himself to pieces, and examined bit by bit the origin of the offence or deficiency. Conscience presented to him his own likeness mapped all over like a phrenological cast; and thus, while recording in his private journal whatever was amiss, each fault is specified not by its general name, but by its number. It would be well if phrenologists in general would turn the science to such a good account.

After having been nearly five years a licentiate, Mr. Welsh was ordained minister of the parish of Crossmichael, on the 22d of March, 1821. His presentation was highly honourable to the patron as well as himself; for while the latter was a Whig, the former was a Tory, and at this time political feeling was near its height; so that the young minister owed his promotion to that superiority of character which he had already acquired, and which the patron showed himself well fitted to appreciate. On entering upon the duties of a country minister, Mr. Welsh had two weighty obstacles to encounter, which would have marred the popularity of most persons thus circumstanced. The first arose from the state of his health, which was always delicate; so that the task of public speaking, so easy to the robust, was with him a work of labour, and often of pain. The other originated in the studious reflective habits he had already found so congenial to his nature, and which could ill brook the daily and hourly demands of common-place parochial business. But the physical obstacles and intellectual predilections were equally sacrificed upon that altar of duty at which he now ministered, and he soon became a most popular and useful preacher, as well as a laborious painstaking minister. On this head, his character is best attested by two of his distinguished co-presbyters, who were at one in their esteem of Mr. Welsh to the close of his life, although the Disruption, that afterwards ensued, rent them asunder in opinions of more vital importance. "I need not tell you," thus writes one of them to his biographer, "that Sir Alexander [Gordon of Greenlaw, the patron, who had presented Mr. Welsh, notwithstanding his political principles] had soon cause to rejoice that he had been guided by the wisdom that is profitable to direct, to do so. Dr. Welsh realized, in every respect, his most sanguine expectations, and was soon admitted by all parties to be the most superior, and efficient, and popular minister that was ever settled in that district of Scotland. I visited him more than once in the manse of Crossmichael; preached to his congregation, and mingled a good deal with his people; and never did I see a minister more beloved, or reigning more absolutely in the affections of his people." "From the time that he came to Galloway," the other thus writes of him, "I had the privilege of close intimacy and uninterrupted friendship with him; and certainly I could fill pages in commendation of his talents—his acuteness of intellect—his grasp of mind—his unwearied zeal in the discharge of his profes-

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sional duties—the strong hold he had of the affections of his own people—the admiration that his pulpit ministrations met with wherever he appeared in public—the esteem in which he was held by his brethren—and the universal respect that attached to him from the community at large. . . . Notwithstanding all the innate modesty of our excellent friend, it was not possible that, in the most retired retreat, the great vigour of his mind, and the worth of his character as a Christian man and a Christian pastor, could long be hid or confined within the precincts of his immediate locality. It might be predicted of him, from the time of his appearance in public life—perhaps in his earliest days—that he was destined to hold a high place among his professional brethren; and that circumstances would, in the providence of God, occur to bring him into public notice."

Such was his course in the parish of Crossmichael, and such the effect of his labours. Independently, too, of his ministerial duties, in which he was so zealous and successful, Mr. Welsh still continued to be a diligent student, and one of his first, as well as the most distinguished of his literary labours, was his "Life of Dr. Thomas Brown," professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, who had been the guide of his early studies, and friend of his more advanced years. This congenial task he undertook not only from grateful affection, but in consequence of the urgent request of Dr. Brown's friends, who thought that the office could not be intrusted to better hands. It is enough to state respecting the merits of this biographical work, that it was worthy of the man whom it commemorated, as well as a profound and luminous exposition of the ethical and metaphysical principles which he had so eloquently taught as a professor; "and in holding converse," it may be added, in the words of a competent critic—"in holding converse through his memoir with the biographer himself, as well as with its interesting subject, one cannot avoid being infected with a portion of the same earnest and beautiful enthusiasm, which animates so evidently alike the silent inquiries of the master, and kindles the admiration of his accomplished disciple." While engaged in writing this work, the author also resolved, when it was finished, to produce a treatise on Logic, a design, however, which was never executed. In the meantime, his studies were continued, not only among his old, but among new fields of research; and in the latter was political economy, one of the most important, but withal most difficult, of modern sciences. The subject of education, also, as a science, engaged at this time his close attention, from the accident of the well-known Dr. Bell having become one of his neighbours and acquaintances; and in consequence of these inquiries, Mr. Welsh was enabled to turn his knowledge to an excellent practical account in the superintendence of schools, when his sphere of operation was transferred from a small secluded parish to the educational wants of a crowded city.

And that period of transference was not long delayed. It was soon evident, from the superior talents of the minister of Crossmichael, from his love of mental improvement, and from the earnestness with which he prosecuted the work of intellectual acquirement, in a situation where so many minds relapse into mere literary ease and recreation, that he was fitted for a still more important situation than that which he now occupied. Accordingly, a vacancy having occurred in the church of St. David's, Glasgow, Mr. Welsh, whose reputation was already known, was invited by the town council of Glasgow to occupy the charge. He accepted the offer, and was inducted toward the close of 1827.

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In this new field he found full scope for his talents, and was quickly distinguished, not only as an eloquent and useful preacher, but a most effective promoter of the interests of education, now become of paramount importance in such an over-crowded manufacturing city. Here also he found that cheering and strengthening intercourse of mind with kindred mind, which forms only an occasional episode in a country manse. He likewise married Miss Hamilton, sister of the Lord Provost, and to all appearance had reached that comfortable termination in which the rest of his days were to be spent in peace. But his health, which had been always delicate, and the weakness of his chest, made the task of preaching to large audiences, and the week-day duties of his office, so laborious and oppressive, that in a few years he would have sunk under them. Happily, however, his labours were not thus prematurely to terminate; and the offer of the chair of church history, in the university of Edinburgh, which he received from government in 1831, came to his relief. This was the boundary to which unconsciously all his past studies had been tending, while the weakly state of his constitution only hastened the crisis. It was more in accordance with his feeling of duty to accept such a charge, for which he had strength enough, than to break down in an office which was growing too much for him. And, even setting this aside, he felt that the great work of training up an efficient ministry was of still higher importance than the ministerial office itself. These inducements were obvious not only to himself, but to his attached congregation; and they freely acquiesced in the parting, although with much sorrow and regret. He therefore left Glasgow, in November, 1831, for his new sphere of action, and received the degree of doctor in divinity from the university, at his departure.

The office into which Dr. Welsh was now inducted, had hitherto, in Scotland, for more than a century, been one of the least distinguished of all our university professorships. This was by no means owing either to the inferior importance of church history as a subject of study, or to any innate dryness and want of interest that belongs to it; on the contrary, we know that it embraces subjects of the highest import, and exhibits the development of the human mind in its strongest and most intense aspects—and is consequently of a more stirring and interesting character in itself, than either the rise and fall of empires, or the record of triumphs and defeats. But Scotland had been so exclusively occupied with her Solemn League and Covenant, that she had found little time to attend to the history of other churches; and even when better days succeeded, those classical and antiquarian studies upon which ecclesiastical history so much depends, had fallen so miserably into abeyance, that the evil seemed to have become incurable. What, indeed, could a student make of the history of the church for at least twelve centuries, when his "small Latin and less Greek" could scarcely suffice to make out the name of a bygone heresy, or decipher the text in the original upon which the controversy was founded? In this state, any one or anything had sufficed as a stop-gap, to fill the vacuum of such a professorship—and it had been filled accordingly. But now a new order of things had succeeded. A more ardent literary spirit had commenced among our students, a wider field of inquiry had been opened, and they could no longer submit to doze over a course of lectures as dark as the dark ages, among which they lingered for months, or listen to a teacher who, perhaps, knew less about the matter than themselves. It will be seen, therefore, that nothing could have been more opportune than the appointment of Dr. Welsh.

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His clear and vigorous mind, his varied acquirements and extensive reading, had not only furnished him with the requisite stores of knowledge, but given him the power of selecting what was fittest from the mass, arranging it in the most effective form, and expressing it in that perspicuous attractive style which insured attention and stimulated inquiry. And besides all this aptitude, he was so profoundly impressed with the importance of his charge, that he resolved to give himself wholly to its duties; and with this view, he abstained from every engagement, either of literature or public business, that might in any way have allured him from his work. The devout conscientious spirit, too, in which all this was undertaken and carried on, will be manifest from the following memorandum found among his papers. After mentioning what he regarded as shortcomings in the duties of his professorship, and confessing them penitently before the Lord, he adds: "In His strength I now bind myself, during the present session,—

"1. To set apart one hour *every Saturday* for prayer for my students, and for considering my failures and deficiencies in the past week, with corresponding resolutions of amendment in the succeeding week.

"2. To make it a distinct object *daily*, praying for assistance to supply the deficiencies and correct the errors mentioned in the preceding page.

"3. To make a study, as opportunity presents, of the passages in Scripture that relate to my duties as a teacher, and to the duties of the young.

"4. To add to my resolutions from time to time, as new light shines.

"5. To read the above at least once a-week—strictly examining myself how far my conduct corresponds, and praying that God may search and try me.

"In looking at a student, ask, how can I do him good, or have I ever done him good?"

In this spirit Dr. Welsh entered upon his duties; and perhaps it would be needless to add how distinguished he soon became as a professor of church history. In his hands, a course of teaching hitherto so uninteresting and unprofitable, seemed to start into new life. At the close of each session he sat regularly in the General Assembly, as member for the presbytery of Lochcarron, but without taking an active part in its proceedings, as, from his delicate health, nervous temperament, and constitutional diffidence, he was neither a bold combatant in debate, nor a ready extemporaneous speaker. In the latter capacity, indeed, he jocularly compared himself to a narrow-necked bottle, from which the liquid is hurriedly discharged in jerks and gurgles. In the third session of his professorship (1834) he published a volume of "Sermons on Practical Subjects," which he had preached during his ministry in Crossmichael and Glasgow; and although they were intended merely for private circulation among the two congregations, they at once went beyond these narrow bounds, and obtained a wide popularity. During the spring and summer of the same year he also went abroad, accompanied by his wife and two children, and resided at Bonn and Heidelberg, besides visiting other places in Germany. This trip, however, instead of being a mere pleasure tour, was undertaken by Dr. Welsh for the purpose of perfecting himself in German, in reference to the advancement of his studies in theology and church history; and to acquaint himself, by personal examination, with the educational system of Prussia, with a view to the introduction of its improvements into that of Scotland. Having now, by frequent re-writing and improvement, brought his course of college lectures to some conformity with his own rigid standard, and

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having become familiarized with the duties of his chair, Dr. Welsh at length ventured to take a larger share in the general business of the church than he had hitherto attempted. Accordingly, in 1838, he accepted the office of vice-convener of the Colonial Committee, and in 1841, that of convener. This situation, when conscientiously filled, involved an amount of study about the spiritual wants of our colonies, of extensive correspondence, and delicate influential management, as had hitherto daunted the boldest, and made them pause perhaps too often; but in the case of Dr. Welsh, these difficult duties were entered and discharged with the same unflinching zeal which he had so successfully brought to his professorship. He also took a very active and influential share in an important controversy of the day, regarding the monopoly in printing the Bible, which had so long prevailed in Scotland, but was now felt to be an intolerable religious grievance; and on the monopoly being abrogated, and a board of control and revision established for the new editions of the Scriptures, Dr. Welsh was ultimately appointed by government to be secretary of the board. How he occupied this most trying and responsible charge is thus stated by his talented and distinguished biographer: "His fitness was acknowledged by all, and his performance even exceeded the expectations of the country. In the main matter of securing accuracy in the impressions of the Scriptures, complete success may truly be said to have been achieved, and chiefly through his care and knowledge; while the conciliatory manner in which the control exercised by the board was carried into effect, through him, guarded against all cause of discontent on the part of the trade, and soon did away with those jealousies which a little indiscretion might have called into such activity as to have greatly marred the usefulness of the measure. He brought the whole machinery into smooth and efficient working order, and handed it over to his successor in a state that required little more than the ordinary care of seeing that nothing should interfere with the system as he had arranged it."

During this interval, an under-current had been going on in the life of Dr. Welsh, that was soon to assume the entire predominance. We allude to those great church questions that had been agitated from year to year, and were now to end in the DISRUPTION. Upon these questions he had meditated deeply and conscientiously, and at every step had gone along with the evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, and at last had arrived with them at the conclusion, that further concession to the state was impossible; that all state advantages must be foregone by the church, in behalf of those principles that were part and parcel of her very existence. Such was the decision to which the controversy had come in 1842; and upon that memorable year, the decision was to be announced, and the church committed on the issue. At such a solemn period of assize, the high estimation in which Dr. Welsh was held was fully shown by his election to the office of moderator of the General Assembly; and this office, now so fraught with difficulty and deep responsibility, he undertook with fear and trembling. The faithfulness and ability with which he discharged it, is matter of history. Many important measures were passed at the sittings of this Assembly; but the most important of all was the "claim, declaration, and protest," in which the spiritual rights of the church were announced, the assumptions of the civil courts abjured, and the resolution of foregoing all the benefits of an Establishment distinctly declared, unless these rights were recognized, and the encroachments of the civil courts terminated.

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Another year rolled on, and the General Assembly again met; but it could only meet for the final departure of such as still adhered to the protest of the former year—for the State had determined not to yield. All things were therefore in readiness for the meditated disruption, and nothing remained but to seize the proper moment to announce it. This was the trying duty of Dr. Welsh, as moderator of the former Assembly; and to be performed while he was labouring under the depression of that wasting disease which at no distant period brought him to the grave. But calmly and with an unaltered step he went through the preliminary duties of that great movement; and on Wednesday, the day previous to the opening of the Assembly, he signed the protest of his brethren, and afterwards dined, according to established rule, with the commissioner, to whom he announced the purposes of the morrow. On Thursday, he preached before the commissioner and a crowded auditory upon the text, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and after this solemn note of preparation, he repaired with the brilliant cortege and throng of divines to St. Andrew's Church, and opened the Assembly with prayer. This duty ended, the promised moment had come. While all were hushed with painful expectation, the pale sickness-worn face of Dr. Welsh was for the last time turned to the commissioner's throne, and in a voice that was soft and slow, but firm and articulate, he thus announced the final purpose of his brethren: "According to the usual form of procedure, this is the time for making up the roll; but, in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges—proceedings which have been sanctioned by her Majesty's government, and by the legislature of the country; and more especially, in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our constitution, so that we could not now constitute this court without a violation of the terms of the union between church and state in this land, as now authoritatively declared, I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to this conclusion, are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my hand, and which, with permission of the house, I shall now proceed to read." He then read the protest; and after bowing to the throne, he left the chair of office, and proceeded to the door, followed by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Gordon, and the fathers of this momentous secession. Thus the departure commenced; a long array succeeded; and the procession slowly wound its way to Tanfield, where a large hall had been hastily fitted up in expectation of the emergency; and there, a new General Assembly was constituted, by the new—or shall we say—by the *old* and long-forgotten, but now regenerated Church of Scotland.

Amidst the many sacrifices that were made on this occasion by the ministers of the newly constituted Free Church of Scotland—sacrifices which even their enemies will acknowledge were neither few nor trivial—those of Dr. Welsh were of no ordinary importance. In attaining to the professorship of church history in the university of Edinburgh, he had reached an office all but the highest to which a Scottish ecclesiastic could aspire. It was besides so admirably suited to all his past acquirements, and now matured intellectual habits, that perhaps no other could have been found over the whole range of Scotland so completely adapted to his likings. And yet, this he knew from the beginning that he must forego, as soon as he abandoned the state patronage of the Establishment. In addition to his chair, he held the office of Secretary to the Board for the publication of the Bible, an office that yielded him a revenue of £500 per annum; but this comfortable independence, so rare among the scanty

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A. Geddes, A.R.A.

William Holl

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

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endowments of our national church, must also be sacrificed as well as his professorship. Both offices were quickly reclaimed by the state, as he had anticipated from the beginning. All this would have been enough, and even more than enough, for a bold and brave man in the full strength of manhood, and still eager for enterprise: but in the case of Dr. Welsh the fire of life was well nigh exhausted; a mortal disease was silently and slowly, but securely drying up the fountain-head of his existence; and he had arrived at that state in which every effort is weariness and pain, while tranquillity is prized as the greatest of blessings. And yet he abandoned all, and braced himself anew for fresh action, so that the rest of his brief life was full of exertion and bustle. The chief department that fell to his share was that of Education in connection with the Free Church; and his valuable services in the erection of schools and the establishment of a college, will continue of themselves to endear his memory to the scholars of future generations. Of this new college, which commenced its labours immediately after the Disruption, for the training of an efficient ministry, Dr. Welsh was professor in ecclesiastical history, while Dr. Chalmers held the office of principal. Dr. Welsh also became editor of the "North British Review," and by his able management contributed to raise that periodical to the high literary standing which it quickly obtained. In 1844 he also published his "Elements of Church History" in one volume, which was intended to be the first of a series extending to six or seven volumes, that should carry down the history of the church to the close of the sixteenth century. But his labours had already approached their close; and his inability to continue his college prelections at the close of the year, was the last of many warnings which he had lately received that his departure was at hand, and might probably be in a single moment. The disease under which he laboured was one of those complaints of the heart, now so prevalent, but still so little understood, that often make sickness so painful and death so sudden. And thus it was with Dr. Welsh. He had retired to Camis Eskin, on the banks of the Clyde, but without finding relief, and on the 24th of April, 1845, his troubles were closed. A passage of Scripture had been read to him, which he turned into a fervent prayer, and as soon as it was ended he stretched out his arms, and instantly expired.

Such was the departure of one of whom it was stated by Lord Advocate Rutherford, in his place in Parliament, shortly after the event, that "within the last fortnight, a gentleman had been carried to his grave, who had commanded more private affection and more public regard than, perhaps, any other man who had recently expired—a gentleman who had taken a high and prominent position in the great movement that had separated the Church of Scotland—a gentleman firm and determined in his line of action, but at the same time, of all the men concerned in that movement, the most moderate in counsel, and the most temperate in language—a man who had never uttered a word or done a deed intended to give offence."

WILKIE, Sir David.—While the wondrous discovery of the power of steam was going on, and those experiments commencing by which our whole island was to be contracted into a day's journey, the doom of Scotland's nationality was sealed. It was evident that our country would soon be absorbed into England, and Edinburgh be converted into a suburban village of London. But while our distinctive national manners were thus about to pass away, and even our scenery to be moulded into new forms, three Scottish master-minds appeared,

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by whose genius the whole aspect of the country, as well as the character of the people, were to be electrotyped, before they had vanished for ever. Burns, Scott, Wilkie—these were the honoured three by whom the face and features, the life and expression of Scotland were limned at the best, and by whose portraitures it will be known in future ages, however the original itself may change or wither. The strongly-marked and homely, but intellectual physiognomy of the Scot; his rural occupations and modes of life; his sports and pleasures, nay, even the Doric Saxon of his speech, will all continue as living realities, when the Scotchman himself will be as indiscernible as the native of Kent or Middlesex.

The third of this patriotic triumvirate, David Wilkie, was born at Cults, Fifeshire, on the 18th of November, 1785. His father, the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of the parish of Cults, was an amiable specimen of the Scottish divines of the old patriarchal school, who, besides attending to the duties of his sacred calling, was a most diligent student, as was shown by his "Theory of Interest," a work which he published in 1794. As his stipend was one of the smallest in Scotland, amounting to only £113 per annum, out of which a family was to be maintained, as well as the hospitality of a country manse supported, the painter learned from his earliest years those practices of honourable economy, self-denial, and independence, that characterized the whole of his after life. When his education had been continued for some time at home, David, at the age of seven, was sent to the parish school of Pitlessie, which was about a mile from the manse of Cults. But already he had found out more congenial occupations than learning the rules of grammar and arithmetic: even when a little child, his chief occupation was to sketch upon the floor with a piece of chalk such figures as struck his fancy; and when he went to school, his slate and paper were soon employed for other purposes than those of counting and penmanship. He became the portrait painter of the school, and was usually surrounded by a group of boys and girls, all waiting to have their likenesses taken in turn. That which in others is a passing freak, a mere boyish love of imitation, was in him the commencement of the serious business of life: he was thus unconsciously training himself to his vocation while he was handling chalk, charcoal, keel, or ink, watching the effects of light and shade, or studying, with his hands in his pockets, the attitudes and expressions of his school-fellows when they were busy at their play. With this was combined that love of tale and history which characterizes the painter of life and action, while the narratives that most interested his fancy were those that related to Scotland. He thus showed that he was to be a national painter. In some cases, enthusiastic young aspirants seem to start into excellence at a single bound, and produce works in their early boyhood which their more matured experience can scarcely amend. But with Wilkie the case was different. He was studying without a guide, while his standard was so high that every attempt was an effort which still fell short of the mark. In the meantime, his memory and his scrap-book were gradually accumulating those germs which were afterwards to expand into such a rich harvest. From the school of Pitlessie, Wilkie went to that of Kettle, and afterwards to the academy of Cupar; but his progress was still the same—a very *mediocre* proficiency in the ordinary departments of education, because they were held in check by one favourite pursuit. The minister of Cults at length perceived that his son would be a painter, and nothing else, and, therefore, yielded as to an unwelcome necessity; and therein he was right, as it was

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a field new to Scottish enterprise, as well as of uncertain promise. But the chief difficulty was to find a school in which Wilkie should study his future profession, as those of Rome and London were too expensive for his father's means. Fortunately, the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh was accessible, and there he was admitted as a pupil at the age of fourteen, through the recommendation of the Earl of Leven, where he was so fortunate as to have John Graham for his teacher, and William Allan for his class-fellow. "The progress he [Wilkie] made in art," says the latter, "was marvellous. Everything he attempted indicated a knowledge far beyond his years; and he soon took up that position in art which he maintained to the last. He was always on the look-out for character; he frequented trystes, fairs, and market-places, where there is generally a large assemblage of the country people of all ages, bargaining, or disposing of their various commodities. These were the sources whence he drew his best materials; there he found that vigorous variety of character impressed on his very earliest works, which has made them take such a lasting hold on the public mind."

After remaining in the Trustees' Academy five years, and obtaining a ten guinea prize, Wilkie returned to Cults, and resolved to commence his profession in earnest, by producing some original painting worthy of public attention. His choice was a truly Scottish subject—the "Fair of Pitlessie," a village in his own neighbourhood. While the grouping and incidents were to be original, the characters were to be veritable persons; for "I now see," he said, "how superior painting from nature is to anything that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive." But how to get these personages to sit—there lay the difficulty, for few men, and least of all, Scotchmen, are ambitious of figuring in a picture where drollery or caricature is to predominate. At last a strange expedient suggested itself one Sunday at church, on marking one of his victims whom he had destined for the Fair, nodding in the midst of sermon. Wilkie at once secured the man's likeness with a piece of red chalk on the blank leaf of his Bible. In this way, he went on from face to face, on successive Sabbaths, in the kirk; and not content with the sleepers, he next fell upon the wakeful, minister, elders, and precentor included, until every countenance of note in Pitlessie was faithfully copied. These doings could not long escape notice; heavy complaints were made of the profanity of the young artist in thus desecrating the house of God—and we scarcely hold his apology a just one, that while his hand and eye were thus employed his ear was as open as ever to listen. It was the Scottish apology of one who imagines, that the chief purpose of going to church is to hear a sermon. While he was thus procuring materials on the Sabbath, his week days were employed in transferring them to the canvas, until the whole figures, 140 in all, were introduced, and the "Fair of Pitlessie" completed. It was a wonderful production of art, independently of the youth of the artist, who as yet had only reached his nineteenth year; and as such he valued it when his judgment was riper, and his power of colouring more complete, so that he thus wrote of it to a friend in 1812: "The picture of the country fair I saw when I was last in Scotland; and although it is no doubt very badly painted, it has more subject and more entertainment in it than any other three pictures I have since produced." In the meantime the whole country side rang with the fame of this wonderful picture, the like of which had never been seen in Scotland, so that the profanity of the painter was soon forgot; and an old woman, who was supposed to

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know more of futurity than a whole kirk session, *spae'd* on the occasion, that, as there had been a Sir David Lindsay in poetry, there would be a Sir David Wilkie in painting, and that she should live to see it.

All this praise was gratifying, but something more substantial was needed; and accordingly, after the Fair was finished and disposed of, Wilkie betook himself to the painting of portraits, in which he had several customers. At the same time he produced "The Village Recruit," a painting in which a recruiting sergeant, at a country inn, is doing his best to persuade three clod-poles to become heroes and generals. Having soon exhausted the "kingdom of Fife" as a mart of portrait painting, and found it too limited for his ambition, as well as too penurious for his subsistence, he resolved to establish himself in London. Thither he accordingly repaired in May, 1805, and entered the Royal Academy as a probationer, where he was characterized by his compeers as a "tall, pale, thin Scotsman." Here, also, he formed an intimate acquaintanceship with Haydon, a congenial spirit in talent and aspirations —but with what a different termination! Wilkie's attendance at the academy was punctuality itself, while his diligence when there was such as to astonish his more mercurial companions—whom he out-stripped, however, in the long-run. In the meantime, the small store of money which he had brought with him began to fail, while his letters of introduction had procured him no sitters. Fortunately he at this time became acquainted with Mr. Stodart, the piano-forte maker, who not only sat for his portrait but induced others to follow his example; and in this way the desponding artist was enabled to go on with fresh resources, although not without much economizing. "Among the many ways," he writes to his father, "by which we try here to save expense, is that of cleaning our own boots and shoes; for you must know that the people of the house will not clean them, and when you send them out to the shoe-blacks in the street, they become expensive." At the close of the year (1805), he passed from the condition of a probationer to that of a student of the academy, by which his means of improvement were considerably enlarged, and his merits brought more fully into notice. Among those who now learned to appreciate him as an artist of high promise was the Earl of Mansfield, for whom he painted the "Village Politicians." Other orders from persons of rank and influence followed, so that he was now on the fair highway to fame and fortune. And yet, with all this, there were very heavy drawbacks. His ambition for proficiency in his art was so great, that he felt as if all he had done in Scotland was a mere waste of time; while his modesty induced him to put such inadequate prices upon the pictures for which he was now commissioned, that he was not only in debt but also a sufferer from sickness, occasioned by anxiety and incessant application. In the meantime, his "Village Politicians," which was placed in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, not only delighted the public, but astonished the artists, who universally felt that a bright particular star had risen in their horizon; and so loud was the applause, that it rang to the remotest nooks of Fife, and gladdened the old patriarch of Cults, who was justly proud of his son's fame. "You cannot imagine," he wrote to him in the joy of his heart, "how great a fervour of admiration these accounts have produced in your favour in this quarter of the country; in particular, the gentlemen for whom you painted pictures last year affirm that each of them is worth 100 guineas." "I am now redoubling my application," the young artist wrote in reply, "with the sure hopes of success. My ambition is got

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beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of your affectionate son."

The next painting which Wilkie executed was "The Blind Fiddler." This was undertaken for Sir George Beaumont, himself a painter and lover of the fine arts, as well as the most generous and efficient of all the artist's patrons. The great historical picture of "Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage" followed. Here Wilkie had no model, and was therefore obliged, like the poet or novelist, to task his imagination. But to draw the most heroic and intellectual of sovereigns in the disguise of a Saxon peasant, was the great difficulty which Wilkie had to encounter. The power of language might so depict him, even though thus shrouded, that any one would say, "Aye, every inch a king!" But the pencil has neither the same minuteness as the pen, nor yet the same universally intelligible power; and thus, let a sovereign in a painting be stripped of his robes and his crown, and how difficult it will be to read the tokens of royalty in his mere gesture and look! But Wilkie was proud of the task, for it was not only a great national subject, but its selection for his especial effort, showed the high confidence that was already reposed in his talents. This admirable production, which was finished at the close of 1806, and was the result of intense study and labour, justified, by its excellence and the reputation it acquired, the pains which had been bestowed upon it. It was at this time that Benjamin West declared of him, "Never in my whole experience have I met with a young artist like Wilkie: he may be young in years, but he is old in the experience of his art. I consider him an honour to his country." Thus rich in reputation, although still poor in purse, for it was almost wholly for fame that as yet he had worked, the artist paid a visit to his native country, in May, 1807, chiefly for the purpose of recruiting his health, which had suffered by the intensity of his labours. After languishing in the manse of Cults till October, when he had only partially recovered, he hurried back to his little parlour studio in London, which was now become his true home; and there, his first effort was to finish "The Card-players," a painting for the Duke of Gloucester, which he had left on the easel at his departure.

"The Card-players" was succeeded by the "Rent Day," one of Wilkie's best productions. It was painted for the Earl of Mulgrave, who allowed him to choose his own subject; and that the selection was a happy one, has been well attested by the excellence of the picture itself, and the admiration it excited. Of the various figures, indeed, which severally tell their tale with unmistakeable distinctness, who can forget the harsh, overbearing, money-calculating, and money-counting factor, ready either to flatter or explode, as the rent may be forthcoming or not?—the old tenant seized with a fit of coughing, which actually seems to ring from the canvas?—the farmer eating, or rather cramming at the well-furnished table, and apparently mindful of the adage that fingers were made before knives and forks?—the butler, who struggles with the rebellious cork, which refuses to quit its hold?—the fortunate tenants who have paid up in full, and are regaling themselves at the table with beef and pasty; and the luckless tenants whose business is not yet dispatched, and who either are unable to pay, or are prepared to pay with a protest? Even the little fat pug dog of the mansion, and the lean hungry dog of the rent-racked farmer, indicate the wealth and luxury of the landlord, and the means by which all this profusion is supplied. As soon as the "Rent Day" appeared, it was generally declared to be equal, if not superior, to any

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thing that Wilkie had hitherto produced. And as yet, with all this full-grown celebrity, he had only reached the age of twenty-three! But the four years he had spent in London had been years of constant occupation and steady progress; and now, that he had attained such excellence in his art, and so high a reputation, he was the same modest, unassuming, and painstaking student which he had been at his first entrance into the metropolis; and not a day, no, not an hour of abatement could be perceived in the diligence with which he still continued at his task of self-improvement, or the docility with which he received every suggestion that tended to promote it. All this is fully attested by the extracts that have been published from his London Journal of this period. From these we find that he still attended the academy, and took lessons as a pupil. At home, he usually painted five hours a-day; and if visited in the midst of work, he conversed with his visitors, while his hand and eye were still busied with the canvas. Every kind of model also was used in his occupation; for he was of opinion, that however imagination might aggrandize the work of the painter, nature must be his authority and exemplar. When the day's work of the studio was finished, his ramble for recreation or pleasure was still in subservience to his pursuits; and thus his visits were to picture galleries and artists; his rambles into the country were in quest of picturesque cottages and their simple inhabitants; and even his walks in the streets were turned to profitable account, with here a face and there an attitude, amidst the ceaselessly revolving panorama. His chief indulgence in an evening was to repair to the theatre, where he enjoyed a rich treat, not merely in the play itself, but in the attitudes of the best performers, where grace and nature were combined in the living delineations of the drama. And still, go where he might, his affectionate heart never seems to have lost sight of his native home; and it may be fairly questioned, whether the delight which his success occasioned in the manse of Cults was not as high a recompense, in his estimation, as anything that fame could bestow. There is something beautiful and touching in the fact, that while he was fighting his up-hill way in London, through the difficulties of scanty payments, his chief anxiety, besides that of becoming a great painter, was to be able to present his sister Helen with a pianoforte. His letters to his sister and parents at this time are the best of all his portraits.

The year 1808 was a busy year with Wilkie, as he was then employed upon three paintings, each excellent in its kind, and well fitted to advance his reputation. The chief of these, known as "The Sick Lady," was in a higher style of art than he had hitherto attempted, as well as of a very different character; it was an entire abandonment of humble and Scottish life and quiet humour, in which he had hitherto been without a rival, in favour of the graceful, the sentimental, and pathetic. The pains which he bestowed upon this picture, the anxiety with which he touched and retouched it, and the time that was suffered to elapse before it was completed, were the proper accompaniments of this bold attempt in a new field. It is enough to say, that this production, while equal to all its predecessors in point of artistic excellence, was not regarded with the same admiration. And how could it be otherwise? It was in Scottish life that the secret of Wilkie's strength lay, for there he painted as no other man could paint; but when he left this walk, of which he was so exclusively the master, and entered into that of the English artist, he could even at the best do nothing more than others had done before him. It was Burns abandoning his native streams and native dialect, for the banks of the Thames,

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and the diction of Pope or Addison. "The Jew's Harp," which was his next production, was less ambitious, and more in his own natural manner. The same was also the case with "The Cut Finger," in which an old cottage matron is performing the part of chirurgeon to a bluff blubbering boy, who has cut his finger in the act of rigging a toy-boat. In the following year (1809) Wilkie, who had hitherto been contented to rank as a pupil of the Royal Academy, was made one of its associates. At the next exhibition of the Academy, however, he sustained such a slight, as somewhat damped the satisfaction he enjoyed in his election. He had painted a picture which he called "A Man Teasing a Girl by putting on her Cap," and sent it to the exhibition, but was requested by the members to withdraw it. The only cause they stated was that it was inferior to his other productions, and would therefore be likely to diminish his reputation. It was suspected, however, that the true reason was professional jealousy, and that the academicians were impatient that a Scotsman, who only dealt in the "pan-and-spoon style," as they scornfully termed it, should have maintained the ascendency so long. Wilkie withdrew his painting, and digested the affront in silence. This he could do all the better, that for a year he had been employed upon his picture of "The Alehouse Door," and was anxious to bring it to a termination.

This painting, which was injudiciously changed in its title to that of "The Village Festival," was a great effort of Wilkie's ambition, in which he wished to compete with Teniers and Ostade. He felt that it was a daring attempt, but his indomitable perseverance was fully commensurate with the courage of such an enterprise. And few indeed of the uninitiated in art can comprehend but a tithe of that diligence which he bestowed upon the work till it was finished. After having decided upon the subject, he sallied out with Haydon in quest of an alehouse that might serve as the ground-work of the picture; and having found one to his mind at Paddington, he made occasional pilgrimages thither, until he had transferred it, with its accompaniments, altered and improved to suit its new destination, upon the foreground of his canvas. And then came the living models which were to be sought in the streets of London, and hired to sit to him, sometimes for a whole figure, sometimes for a face or part of a face, and sometimes for nothing more than a neck, a hand, or a foot. Then succeeded the altering and improving, the rubbing out and replacing, the obliterating, the touching and retouching, such as the most fastidious poets—even Gray himself—never endured in the most finished and lengthened of their compositions. With all this his journal of 1809–10 is filled, and an astounding record it certainly is of the patience and labour bestowed upon a work of art—upon that which is commonly regarded as nothing higher than a mere object of pleasurable but passing excitement. At first, he had purposed to paint nothing more than a group of rustics carousing at an alehouse door, and had gone onward as Burns himself had often done after the muse had been fairly stirred, until

> "Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps it may a sermon."

A sermon Wilkie's painting certainly became, both in its elaborate character and moral power. The figures multiplied under his creative hand, each assumed a language of its own, and the sum of all was a most eloquent exposition of the pleasures of social enjoyment, coupled with dissuasives against excess. No one, however unskilled in art, can fail to remark how the lesson is fully brought

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out in the faces before him, where every shade of the effects of drinking is caught, from the cheering look inspired by the incipient draught of ale, to the idiot inanity of him who lies prostrate in the mire, without even the power to wallow in it.

The close application of the artist, and the annoyance he experienced at the jealousy of his brethren, were followed by a fever, through which he was obliged to retire for some time to Hampstead. But even under a tedious recovery, he was unable wholly to relinquish his wonted pursuits, notwithstanding the orders of the physician and the entreaties of his friends. In 1811, the Academy repaired the injury they had done, by electing him a royal academician. This was a high honour, especially when conferred upon one so young, for as yet he had only reached the age of twenty-six. As he had hitherto profited so little in a pecuniary point of view by his paintings, he now began to execute a plan which he had contemplated three years before, of collecting and exhibiting them on his own account. He therefore obtained the temporary use of them from their purchasers, hired a large room in Pall Mall, where they could be shown to advantage, and opened it with a collection of twenty-nine pieces, the production of his pencil, extending from the years 1804 to 1811. But although the price of admission was only a shilling, the speculation failed to be profitable. A public exhibition of this kind requires an amount as well as variety which no single artist could accomplish. The success of his picture of "Blindman's Buff," which he afterwards produced, was well calculated to alleviate his disappointment. This was one of his happiest conceptions; for such a game not only drew out his peculiar artistic talents in their full force, but addressed itself to universal sympathy. For who, however great or grave, has not revelled at some time or other in the full enjoyment of Blindman's Buff? Most of the actors in Wilkie's game are full-grown children—happy peasants, who, in the midst of their glee, think neither of toil nor taxes, neither of yesterday nor to-morrow, but of the present hour alone, as if it were the only reality—while the attitudes, the blunders, and mischances of such a sport, only heighten the fun, and make it more true to nature. His picture of "The Bagpiper" followed, and afterwards "The Letter of Introduction"—a painting, the subject of which was suggested by the untoward fate of his own introductory epistles which he brought with him to London eight years previous. The sheepish young country lad, who tenders his letter as if he were presenting it to an elephant—and the stately magnifico, who, while breaking the seal, eyes the youth askance, as if he doubted the safety of his silver spoons—all tell their own tale, without the necessity of a title to label the production. In the meantime, Wilkie's father having died, this event introduced a change in the artist's domestic condition. Hitherto he had lived in lodgings; but he now persuaded his widowed mother and his sister to reside with him in London, and for this purpose hired a house in Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington. On the arrival of peace in 1814, he availed himself of the opportunity, like many thousands of our countrymen, by making a trip to France, and studying the treasures of the Louvre, before they were restored to their proper owners. In this short journey, which scarcely extended over six weeks, he travelled with a disposition to be pleased, and was not disappointed.

The next great artistic effort of Wilkie was "The Distraining for Rent." The subject was suggested by the incident of his "Village Festival" having been distrained for the debt of a former tenant, while the picture was exhibited

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in the hall at Pall Mall. The indignation which this event excited in the mind of Wilkie was thus turned to the best account; and in sketching the principal characters of the group, he availed himself of what had occurred in the event itself, when the legal functionaries went to work with "'Tis so nominated in the bond," while himself and his friends indignantly protested, but in vain. The work, when finished, was sent to the Exhibition of the British Institution; and such was the pathetic tale which it told, that many thought it would bring both discredit and danger upon the task of levying a distraint ever afterward. After it had remained for some time in the exhibition, and attracted universal admiration, as well as not a few candidates for its purchase, it was finally sold for 600 guineas to the directors of the British Institution. A more cheerful theme followed in "The Rabbit on the Wall," where a peasant, returned from his day's labour, is diverting his children by this curious phantasmagoria on the wall of his cottage. His state of health again requiring intermission, Wilkie, in 1816, made a tour of the Netherlands, to examine its galleries, and study the rich colouring of the Dutch school of painting. He saw nothing, however, in its style to induce him to forego his own. At his return he painted "The Breakfast," for the Stafford Gallery. In 1817, he made a journey to Scotland, where he visited both Highlands and Lowlands, and was everywhere received with the most flattering distinction, while he had also the pleasure of associating with his illustrious cotemporaries—Dr. Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd. The latter, on being assured that the stranger now introduced to him was no other than "the great Mr. Wilkie," seized him by the hand, and rapturously exclaimed "I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man." When Scott heard of this, he declared "it was the finest compliment ever paid to man." While a guest of Sir Walter, Wilkie painted "The Abbotsford Family Picture," in which the poet, with his family and friends, are grouped together in the garb of south-country peasants in the act of planning a merry-making.

On returning to London, Wilkie, whose whole heart was revived by the sweet influences of his native heather, addressed himself to a Scottish subject, and produced his "Duncan Gray," founded upon the well-known song of Burns. He had tried his hand upon this theme three years before, and produced "The Refusal," of which the present painting was a fresh edition, with many alterations and improvements. In the following year (1818) his little picture called "The Errand Boy" appeared in the Royal Academy exhibition. Then succeeded "The Penny Wedding," a national work, intended to commemorate an old Scottish fashion only lately obliterated, and still freshly remembered. In this painting, which was executed to order for the Prince Regent, the artist admirably brought out the fun, frolic, and intense enjoyment which such a festival invariably engrafts upon the staid character and saturnine physiognomy of his countrymen. His next production was the "Death of Sir Philip Sidney," intended for a work about to be published by his friend Mr. Dobree. At this time, also, he was engaged to produce a painting upon which all his strength was to be employed, and from which much was expected, for he was to commemorate in it the crowning victory of Waterloo, and execute it for the Duke of Wellington himself, the hero of the fight. In this case, it might have been expected that the artist would have repaired forthwith to the scene of action, for the purpose of sketching its peaceful scenery, and animating

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it with the heady charges of horse, foot, and cannon, and all the pomp and circumstance of a battle on which the fate of nations was depending. But Wilkie went no farther than Chelsea Hospital, and sought no other figures than the old, battered, and mutilated inhabitants with which that great asylum is stored. "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires," says the poet; and upon this hint, whether he thought of it or not, Wilkie acted, by showing how these veterans could still be excited by the first tidings of such a victory. It was the "Reading of the Waterloo Gazette," and not the battle itself which he contemplated; and therefore he grouped the pensioners of Chelsea, men who had fought for Britain in every quarter of the world, and suffered every kind of mutilation and dismemberment, pausing in the midst of a jovial dinner, and ready to throw it to the dogs, that they might listen to the reading of the newspaper in which the tidings of Waterloo were first communicated to the nation. Never, perhaps, was heroic triumph so expressed before, either in poetry or in painting—it was the last huzza of the dying on the field of victory. When this picture was finished, it was sent to the exhibition of 1822; but such was the excitement of the visitors, and the eager crowding round it and against it, that for protection a railing had to be set up, to fence it off from the pressure. It is proper to add that Wilkie's productions were now fairly remunerated, as well as justly appreciated, and he received 1200 guineas for the "Reading of the Waterloo Gazette" from its illustrious owner, the Duke of Wellington.

During the long interval that occurred between the commencement and execution of this national work, the orders that flowed in upon Wilkie were so numerous, that he was kept in incessant action, now upon one piece and now on another. In this way he produced "The China Menders," "The Nymphs Gathering Grapes," and "The Whiskey Still." But more important than these was a commission from the King of Bavaria, to paint for him a picture, the subject of which was to be left to the artist's own judgment. That which was selected was "The Reading of the Will," and upon this, Wilkie acquitted himself so well, that when it was finished two royal candidates appeared for its possession, one being the King of Bavaria, by whom it was already bespoke, and the other George IV., who wished to have the original, or at least a duplicate. It was a sore dilemma between the rightful claimant on the one hand, and his own liege sovereign on the other, in which Wilkie stood like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, feeling how happy he could be with either, and yet knowing that one must be refused and disappointed. At length mercantile honesty carried the day against chivalrous loyalty, and "The Reading of the Will" was fairly domiciled in the splendid collection of Munich. "The Newsmongers" and "Guess my Name," which appeared in the exhibition of 1821, were produced during the same interval. To these may be added "The School," a painting that has been highly admired, though it was never finished.

The year 1822, in which the Waterloo picture was finished, was a busy period with Wilkie, when, besides painting "The Parish Beadle," and a portrait of the Duke of York, he received two important commissions that required his attendance in Scotland: the one was a picture of John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation; the other of the arrival of George IV. in Edinburgh. His majesty had not yet set sail to pay the promised visit; but Wilkie hastened to the Scottish metropolis to await the coming advent, and catch what-

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ever incident of the great drama might be best fitted for his purpose. The choice was made by the king himself, and the subject was his admission into the palace of Holyrood. This painting, like the rest of Wilkie's productions, was admirably executed; but there were difficulties in the way which no genius could surmount. One was the taste of the king himself, who suggested alterations which the artist found himself obliged to follow; the other was the bizarre costume that predominated on the occasion, by which Edinburgh itself was converted into a huge bale of tartan. At this period, also, he was appointed limner to the king for Scotland, in consequence of the death of Sir Henry Raeburn. While fully occupied with the two great paintings above-mentioned, Wilkie, during the intervals, painted the portrait of Lord Kellie for the town-hall of Cupar, drew an old Greenwich pensioner under the character of Smollett's Commodore Trunnion, and executed a scene from Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," which he called "The Cottage Toilet." He also painted "Smugglers Offering Run Goods for Sale," for Sir Robert Peel, and "The Highland Family," for Sir George Beaumont, his affectionate friend and munificent patron.

The pressure of severe work, aggravated by the death of his mother and brother, made travelling once more necessary; and accordingly, in the middle of 1825, Wilkie set off to Paris, and afterwards proceeded to Italy. Milan, Genoa, and Florence were successively visited, and their galleries of paintings studied and admired. He then went to Rome, but the paintings in the Vatican failed to excite in him that supreme rapture which it was so much the fashion of our travelling artists to express. He seems to have been more highly gratified with the Sistine Chapel, from the ceiling of which Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" looked down upon him in all its richness, and with all its terrors. It was here that he especially loved to muse and study, while his journal of this period is filled with criticisms of this sublime production and its matchless author. Naples, Bologna, Padua, Parma, and Venice, were also visited by the earnest contemplative tourist, and the remarks of his journal evince the profound attention he bestowed upon the paintings of the ancient masters, that constitute the richest inheritance of these once illustrious cities. After a stay of eight months in Italy, Wilkie found his health no better than when he arrived, and resolved, for change of air, to make a visit to Germany. But, indeed, there were painful causes to retard his recovery, against which his heart could not easily rally. A company had become bankrupt in which the most part of his pecuniary savings for years had been invested; and in addition to this, a bond by which he had engaged to be security for his brother, who became insolvent, was forfeited. He had thus, while languidly moving from place to place in quest of health, the prospect of ruin meeting him wherever he turned. Finding no remedy from the climate of Germany, or the use of the baths of Toplitz and Carlsbad, he again returned to Italy, by advice of his physicians, to winter there in 1826–7.

If anything could lighten the weight of such an amount of suffering, Wilkie must have found it in the universal respect with which he was treated abroad, both by countrymen and strangers. His fame as an artist had been wafted over Europe by the admirable engravings of Raimbach and Burnet, in which his best productions had been faithfully copied; and in Rome, where he now took up his abode, the "Eternal City" was moved through all its ranks to welcome him, and do him honour. Alluding to a high festival made there by the British artists on his account, at which the Duke of Hamilton presided, he

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writes to his brother in London: "If my history shall ever be written, it will be found, though in a different way, quite as wonderful as that of Benvenuto Cellini." Taking heart, and rallying amidst such kindly encouragement, he ventured to resume his labours; and although his progress was, as he says, "by little and by little, half an hour at a time, and three half hours a-day," he executed two small pictures, and nearly finished a large one in the course of five months. As only two out of the three years had been spent during which he was to reside abroad for the recovery of his health, Wilkie, who had sufficiently studied the Italian school of painting, was now anxious to devote his attention to that of Spain, and to study especially the productions of Velasquez and Murillo. Furnished with letters of introduction, and having already friends at Madrid, from whom he was sure of a hearty welcome, he set off upon this new journey, and arrived at Madrid in October, 1827.

This visit to Spain was in the highest degree influential upon Wilkie's future course as an artist, and in his letters at this time we recognize a new principle acting upon him in full vigour. "The five months I have passed here," he thus writes to his sister, "have, in point of society, been dull, but in point of pursuit and occupation far otherwise. For what I have seen I may almost be the envy of every British artist; and from what I have been doing, weak as I am, have again the happiness to say with the great Correggio, though on a far more humble occasion, '*Anch' io sono pittore.*" To his brother he writes: "This winter, though as severely interrupted as ever by my malady, yet pictures are growing up under my hands with even greater rapidity than they used to do in Kensington; and if less laboured, the effect to the eye and impression on the mind seem not at all to suffer by it." The study of the Italian, and especially the Spanish school, had inspired him with the resolution to be less fastidious and more rapid in execution than before, and accordingly he dashed on with a fearlessness that formed a new trait in his character. The subjects also which he selected were in harmony with the inspiration, for they were Spanish, and connected with the war of independence. The first of three pictures on this subject he finished in ten short weeks, and then sat down astonished at his own rapidity. But he was heartened onward in this bold commencement of a new era in his life by the commendations of the artists and critics in Madrid, while his levee was crowded by dukes, counts, and solemn hidalgos, who looked on and worshipped his artistic doings, as if the old days of Spanish painting and Spanish national glory were returning side by side. All this adulation was gratifying in the highest degree; but still, Wilkie had an occasional recoil of doubt and misgiving. How the innovation might be relished by his brother artists was also a trying question, and he thus feels his way upon the subject in a letter to one of the academicians: "I need not detail to you what I have seen in the Escurial, in Madrid, or Seville: it is general ideas alone I wish to advert to. Being the only member of our academy who has seen Spain, perhaps it is to be regretted that I see it with an acknowledged bias or prejudice, in which I fear scarcely any will participate. With some of my kindest friends, indeed, much of what I have seen and thought will cast between us an influence like the apple of discord; and if some of our youths with less matured minds—while I write this with one hand, fancy me covering my face with the other—should venture, now that an entrance to the mysterious land has been opened, across the Bidassoa, what a conflict in testimony there would be!"

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The return of Wilkie to England solved every doubt. Previous to his arrival, rumours were afloat of the change that had occurred in his style of painting, and of the stir which his new productions had occasioned in Madrid; but on his return to London in June, 1828, his friends were delighted not only to find his health restored, but the character of his paintings improved. Still, however, his Spanish pictures executed under the first outburst of the new inspiration, beautiful and admired though they were, needed, as he well knew, an elaborate revisal before they could be committed along with his name to the public, and to posterity, and, therefore, he touched and retouched them with a careful hand in his studio at Kensington. Immediately on his arrival, the king wished to see the fruits of his Italian tour, and was so pleased with them that he purchased "The Pifferari," and "The Princess washing the Female Pilgrims' Feet," two paintings which Wilkie had executed at Geneva. The three Spanish pictures were equally approved of by the royal critic, and purchased for his own collection, besides a fourth which was still in preparation; and Wilkie felt not a little flattered by the resemblance which was traced in these paintings to Rembrandt, Murillo, and Velasquez. The public at large was soon after invited to judge in turn, as the pictures were sent to the Academy exhibition of May, 1829.

Of these productions, now so widely known by the art of the engraver, the most popular was "The Maid of Saragossa." This preference was occasioned not only by the romantic nature of the subject, which was still the theme of national eulogium, but the colouring and style of artistic execution in which the event was embodied; and the crowds that gathered before the picture knew not which figure the most highly to admire. Augostina stepping over the body of her fallen lover, to take his place at the gun—or Palafox (a correct likeness for which the hero himself sat) putting his shoulder to the wheel, to bring the gun into a right position—or Father Consolaçion, the chief engineer in the defence, pointing out with his crucifix the object to be aimed at—or the martyred priest, Boggiero, writing the despatch, which is to be intrusted to the carrier-pigeon. The second, called "The Spanish Posada," represented a Guerilla council of war, in which a Dominican monk, a Jesuit, and a soldier—emblematic of the character of the Spanish resistance—are deliberating on the best means of rousing and directing the national patriotism. The third painting was "The Guerilla's Departure," where a young peasant, after being armed for battle, and shrived by his confessor, lights his cigar at that of the priest before he hies to the field. Besides these, there were four of Wilkie's paintings in the exhibition which he had executed in Italy, and the portrait of the Earl of Kellie, of which mention has been already made. And now the artist's dreaded ordeal had to be encountered and passed anew. It remained to be seen what the world at large, independently of the judgment of George IV., which was sometimes at fault upon the Fine Arts, would say of these paintings, and the new style of their author. The verdict was precisely what might have been expected from so marked a change. The many, who are pleased to be delighted without taking the trouble to analyze their feelings, only saw in the alteration a fresh source of admiration, and were accordingly both loud and unmeasured in their praise. But with the critical part of the public it was otherwise; and while some regretted that he had abandoned the minute and laborious finish of his earlier pieces, others thought that he was over-ambitious in thus seeking to occupy more than one field of excellence, and predicted

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nothing but failure. In such contrariety, the aspirant for fame must listen to all or none, and Wilkie chose the latter alternative.

Allusion has already been made to two important commissions which Wilkie had received previous to his departure to Italy: the first of these was a picture of the entrance of George IV. into the Palace of Holyrood; the second, of John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation. Upon these he had wrought for a considerable time before his tour commenced, until the state of his health obliged him to abandon them when they were little more than mere outlines. He now braced himself for the task of completing them, and in 1830 the "Entrance into Holyrood" appeared in the exhibition. It was successful both with the sovereign and the public, not only as a happily executed representation of a great public event, but a faithful portraiture of the living actors and feudal accessories that composed the well-known features of this splendid national ovation. During the same year that it was completed, the great personage who formed the grand central object of this pageant, and in whose honour it had been created, passed away to the tomb, after he had outlived the pomps and pageantries of royalty, which no king had ever more highly enjoyed; and with George IV. passed away from us, and perhaps for ever, those regal triumphs and processions so little suited to this matter-of-fact and utilitarian era of British history. How different, and yet how gratifying the visits of royalty have now become to their long forsaken home in Edinburgh! The Knox painting, which was finished after that of Holyrood, appeared in the exhibition of 1832. Into this painting, so truly Scottish in its subject, and so connected also with his own native country, Wilkie threw himself with his utmost ardour, and the result was a picture upon which the eye of Scotland will always rest with pleasure. The collection of so many personages renowned in the history of our Reformation; the tale which each countenance tells, as part and parcel of the great event; and the vehement impassioned preacher himself, whose sermon was the death-knell of the cathedral in which it was delivered, and the superstition of which that building was the great metropolitan representative, are now as generally known as the event itself, in consequence of the thousands of engravings that have been multiplied of the original. Besides this picture, which was painted for Sir Robert Peel, Wilkie sent to the exhibition a portrait of William IV., to whom he was now painter in ordinary, as he had been to his predecessor.

From 1832 to 1834 was a busy period with the artist, as every royal and noble personage was eager to sit for his portrait to such a limner, although Wilkie himself had no particular liking to portrait painting. In the exhibition of 1834, his diligence appeared in six pictures, which had their full share of approbation. These were, 1, "The Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, with his Charger;" which he executed at Strathfieldsay, where both hero and horse were accessible to the painter. 2, "Not at Home." This is a usual incident, where a disappointed dun is departing from the door on being told that the master is abroad, while the master himself is watching unseen from the corner of a window, and waiting until the coast is clear. 3, "Portrait of the Queen, in the Dress worn at the Coronation." 4, "Spanish Mother and Child." 5, "Portrait of Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy." 6, "Portrait of a Lady." On the following year (1835) he sent other six pictures to the exhibition, of which the foremost in point of merit and importance was, 1, "Christopher Columbus submitting the

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Chart of his Voyage for the Discovery of the New World to the Spanish Authorities." Here the great navigator, after being received in the convent, at the gate of which he had craved a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his child, who was wearied with the journey, is explaining at table to the prior his conviction that a new world yet remained to be discovered, and showing a chart of the voyage by which such a discovery might be effected. 2, "The First Ear-ring." Here a young girl, fluttering between love of finery and dread of pain, contemplates the glittering ornaments with which she is about to be adorned and the operator by whom her ears are to be pierced for the purpose. 3, "Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in the Dress he wore on Active Service." 4, "Sancho Panza in the days of his youth." 5, "Portrait of Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., Director-General of the Army Medical Department." 6, "Portrait of the Rev. Edward Irving."

After having done so much in the illustration of Scottish and Spanish character, the attention of Wilkie was now directed to Ireland, where the picturesque scenery and semi-barbarous condition of the people, already become so popular through the writings of Miss Edgeworth, had as yet failed to attract the notice of our artists. He accordingly repaired to Dublin in August, 1835, and in his rambles through the country drew ten sketches in pencil, which were designed for future paintings; but of these none was executed except "The Peep-o'-Day Boy." This, with "The Interview between Napoleon and the Pope in 1813," and four other paintings, was sent to the exhibition in 1836. On the 15th of June, the same year, Wilkie received the honour of knighthood —a title which, high though it be, could scarcely aggrandize him who was already so eminent in Art. Such as it was, however, the artist received it with gratitude, and wore it with becoming gentleness. He was at this period so intent upon his professional labours, that on the removal of the Royal Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square, in 1836, Wilkie had seven paintings in the first exhibition at the new buildings. These were, 1, "Portrait of William IV." 2, "Mary Queen of Scots Escaping from Lochleven;" this event was detailed according to the description of Sir Walter Scott in the tale of the Abbot, rather than the strict record of history. 3, "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-Teller." This was the well-known incident of the black prophetess, or obi-woman of St. Domingo, foretelling to Josephine that she should become a crowned empress, while she was still an undistinguished girl. 4, "Portrait of the Earl of Tankerville." 5, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." 6, "Portrait of Sir William Knighton." 7, "Portrait of a Gentleman reading."

A still more important subject upon which Wilkie had been employed for some time past, was that of Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib under the gateway of Seringapatam, which he was commissioned to paint by Lady Baird. This task he had prosecuted at intervals since 1834, and his diligence in procuring the necessary materials for such a picture fully evinced the zeal with which he prosecuted it, and the importance he attached to it. For this purpose he sketched the trophies and arms connected with the event contained in Fern Tower, the habitation of Lady Baird; procured European arms from the cutlers' and gunsmiths' shops; and obtained the loan of a complete magazine of Oriental dresses, ornaments, and jewellery, from such of his friends as were connected with the East Indies. He was even so fortunate as to get a pelisse and pair of breeches that had been worn by Tippoo himself.

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The chief difficulty was with the living models, a few native Indian soldiers, who happened to be in London, and were engaged for the task; but no sooner were they grouped, and placed in proper attitudes, than they were seized with a fit of horror, at the thought of personating the death-scene of the mighty Sultan, so that they would "play out the play" no longer. In spite of all difficulties, however, the painting was successfully finished at the close of 1838. Of this choice production of Sir David Wilkie, we would only notice one of the several striking incidents which the talent of the artist has brought out on this occasion. It is, that while Sir David Baird is contemplating with emotion the body of the tyrant who had so cruelly treated him when a captive, the feet of the dead man are lying beside the iron-grated door of the dungeon in which his conqueror had been unjustly immured.

Before this picture was finished, important political events had furnished Sir David with a new national subject. This was the death of William IV., and the accession of our present gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria. As Wilkie's appointment of Painter in Ordinary was once more renewed, it was fitting that his talents should be exercised for the occasion, and accordingly he was commissioned to paint "The Queen Holding her First Council." He boldly commenced the subject, though with a full anticipation of the difficulty, where every member was unwilling to be placed in the back-ground, or be overshadowed by his neighbour. Notwithstanding the number of portraits it contained, it was finished in little more than six months, and introduced into the exhibition of 1838, along with five other paintings, four of which were portraits; and not the least remarkable of these was one of Daniel O'Connell. But the most congenial of all his occupations for a considerable period had been a picture of "John Knox Administering the Sacrament in Calder House," which Wilkie designed as a companion to that of the Reformer preaching before the Lords of the Congregation. Here he was again upon his own Scottish ground, and among congenial characters; so that from this, as well as the ardour with which he prosecuted the subject, and the maturity into which his artistic experience had ripened, it was hoped that it would prove the most successful of all his efforts. Nor was the hope unfounded, although he did not live to complete the picture; for in the two advanced sketches of it, which appeared in the auction of his paintings after his death, the promise was already more than half fulfilled.

We have thus brought Wilkie to the year 1840, at the exhibition of which he had eight paintings—and to the age of fifty-five, at which either a rapid decay of life commences, or such an invigoration as holds out the promise that the full threescore and ten of a healthy old age will be attained. The autumn of this year found him in the full bustle of preparation for a long and adventurous journey, in which the Continent, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, were to be successively traversed. At the intelligence, not only his brother artists but the public were astounded. Was it as a painter or a pilgrim that he meant to travel? Was the search of health or the Holy Sepulchre the *ultimatum* of his wishes? In the midst of all this wonder and inquiry Sir David Wilkie departed—and his country saw him no more!

As this was the last, it was also the most important of his journeys, and therefore cannot be briefly dismissed. He left England on the 15th of August, 1840, and was accompanied by Mr. William Woodburn, an attached friend, as well as a lover of the Fine Arts. Their place of landing was the Hague, after

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which they passed through Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam, visiting every collection of paintings in their way, and studying the scenery and inhabitants in the true spirit of artists. They then arrived at Cologne, chiefly to inspect "The Crucifixion of St. Peter" by Rubens, which was placed over the altar of the church of St. Peter. Mayence, Nuremburg, and Munich were next visited, where Dutch and German paintings were in abundance; and in the latter city, Wilkie's heart was warmed by the sight of his own production, "The Reading of the Will," which had once been nearly a bone of contention between the royalties of Britain and Bavaria. At Vienna, among several rich productions of art, he also saw his "Toilette of a Bride," and was pleased to find that the colours had acquired a richer tone. A rapid transit through Hungary brought the travellers into the Turkish dominions, and finally landed them in Constantinople, that city so enchanting in the distance, but almost as delusive, when reached, as the Fata Morgana itself. While he was exploring through the streets of Constantinople, Wilkie saw, in the outer court of a mosque, a venerable looking scribe who had just written a letter for two Turkish women, one of them very beautiful, to whom he was in the act of reading the finished scroll. The whole group was so picturesque, that the painter comprised it at a glance, and afterwards transferred it to the canvas, and although unfinished, the picture was of such a superior character, that it was finally bought at the sale of his paintings for 425 guineas. Another sketch which he executed was that of "A Tartar Narrating in a Turkish Café the Victory of the Taking St. Jean d'Acre." Besides these, he made no less than fifty-seven sketches of individuals or groups in Constantinople, and its infidel suburb, Pera, during his residence in the Turkish capital—a period of little more than three months. This, indeed, was the busiest period of his life, for he was now in a country where nature was the only picture gallery, while every object was worth copying. But the most important of his labours was a splendid portrait which he executed of the young Sultan, who sat with a docility unwonted in an Eastern sovereign, and was so well pleased with the result, that he rewarded the painter with a rich gold snuff box set with diamonds.

By the way of Smyrna, Rhodes, Beyrout, and Jaffa, Wilkie next proceeded to the Holy Land, occupying himself during the whole way in increasing that rich collection which was afterwards known under the title of his Oriental Sketches; and having in constant use, besides his sketch-book, a pocket Bible, which was the guide of his journey, as well as his director in the still more important pilgrimage of which, though unconsciously, he was already near the commencement. Every step in the land of revelation and miracle seemed to solemnize his thoughts, and on reaching Jerusalem, he found among its hallowed ruins materials enough both for delineation and devout solemn meditation. After a sojourn of six weeks at Jerusalem, Wilkie proceeded to Egypt, and arrived at Alexandria on the 26th of April, 1841. He had not been long here, when no less a personage than Mehemet Ali, the old and terrible, expressed a desire to sit to the distinguished British artist for his portrait. Wilkie, indeed, was told, that in this most energetic of modern potentates he would also find the most restless of sitters; but the case proved otherwise, for the pasha was as compliant as a child, and was rewarded with a portrait that satisfied his utmost wishes.

Having finished his long protracted and diversified journey, Wilkie now

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turned his face homeward, and embarked on board the Oriental steamer. Besides the hope of meeting with his friends, who anxiously expected his return, he had collected such treasures of oriental scenery and costume as would suffice him for years of labour, as well as for such artistic productions as might raise his renown by surpassing all that he had yet accomplished. When the steamer reached Malta, he was unwell; but as he had rallied so often in similar cases, he felt no apprehension, and wrote to his sister a letter full of hopes of his return, and desiring that his home should be put in order for his arrival. Only four days after, he was no more! While at Malta, he had eaten fruit and drank iced lemonade, which produced such a derangement of stomach, that his whole system rapidly gave way; and notwithstanding the medical care of the surgeon on board, he sank into insensibility, and died without a struggle, on the 8th of June, 1841. The vessel that had started from Malta, only an hour previous, put back, and applied for permission to land the body; but as this was refused, a coffin was made at sea, and the remains were committed to the deep. On the arrival of the vessel in England with its unexpected tidings, the report spread sorrow over the whole island, but especially over Scotland, where Wilkie was considered as one of the noblest of our national representatives—as the Burns of Scottish painting, In London, a meeting was soon convened to do honour to his memory; and the result was a collection for a public statue of the artist, which was afterwards executed by Mr. S. Joseph, and erected in the inner hall of the National Gallery. May the eyes of our young Scottish artists be inspired with his spirit as they contemplate it; and may the chief memorial of Sir David Wilkie be a School of National Painting, such as Scotland even to the remotest period will be proud to cherish!

WILSON, John, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh.—In writing a memoir of John Wilson adequate to so eventful a career as his, and the wide literary reputation he obtained in his day, two difficulties almost insurmountable occur at the outset. The first arises from the absence of a regular narrative, as his biography has still to be written—a task which, it is hoped, some one of his distinguished cotemporaries will gladly and affectionately undertake. The second difficulty arises from the anonymous as well as miscellaneous character of his writings, which, thrown off as they were for the hour, and available for their especial purposes, have not yet stood the test of time, and been tried by their intrinsic merits, irrespective of the causes in which they originated, and the temporary or local effects they produced. Such, indeed, in the present age, must be the fate of genius, however transcendant, that devotes itself to periodical literature. The "Christopher North" or "The Thunderer" of to-day, may be supplanted by the "Ezekiel South" or "Jupiter Olympus" of to-morrow; and the newspaper or magazine of which they were the living soul, passes away, and gives place to the idols of a new generation. All this is but the natural price of such a mode of writing. The veiled author has laboured for the present, and, verily, he has had his reward.

Of such writers whose immediate influence was so wide and prevalent, but whose futurity is so questionable and uncertain, John Wilson holds, perhaps, with the exception of Francis Jeffrey, the most distinguished place in modern literature. He was born in or near Paisley, on the 19th May, 1785 or 1786, for we are unable to ascertain the precise year. He was the eldest, we believe, of three brothers. As his father was a thriving Paisley manufacturer, in which occupation he realized a considerable fortune, while his mother was of a wealthy

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Glasgow family, the early youth of the future Christopher North was not subject to those privations that crush the weak, and nurse the strong into greater hardihood. Of the first stages of his education at a Paisley school he has left no account; but we learn from his "Recreations," that at a more advanced period he was placed under the tuition of a country minister, who, in those days of scanty teinds, eked out his stipend by receiving pupils into the manse as boarders. In this rural situation, the boy conned his lessons within doors; but the chief training for his future sphere consisted of many a long ramble among the beautiful scenery with which he was surrounded, and the frolics or conversation of the peasantry, among whom he soon became a general favourite. On reaching the age of fourteen he was sent to the university of Glasgow, where he studied Greek and Logic during three sessions under professors Young and Jardine. Few literary minds could pass under the training of such teachers, and especially the last, without finding it constitute a most important epoch in their intellectual history; and it was to Jardine that Wilson's great rival in critical literature—Jeffrey—acknowledged those first mental impulses which he afterwards prosecuted so successfully. In 1804, John Wilson went to Oxford, and was entered into Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner; and there his diligence was attested by the knowledge of the best classical writers of antiquity which he afterwards displayed, and his native genius by the production of an English poem of fifty lines for the Newdigate prize of £50, in which he was the successful competitor. In another kind of college exercises he was also particularly distinguished, such as leaping, running, and boxing, and the sports of boat-rowing, cricket-playing, and coursing, with other amusements of a more boisterous and perhaps more questionable nature. But in the days of "Town-and-Gown," and with such iron strength of limb and fierce effervescence of animal spirits as Wilson possessed, the case could scarcely have been otherwise. It was hard therefore that these curious escapades, while an Oxford student, should have been numbered up against him, when he sought at a future period to become the guide and preceptor of students. On one occasion, it was said, he joined, during the college recess, a band of strolling players, with whom he roamed from town to town, enjoying their merry vagabond life, and playing every character, from the lover "sighing like furnace," to the "lean and slippered pantaloon." This we can easily believe; the event is no unfrequent recoil from the strictness of a college life; and more than one grave personage is yet alive, in whose venerated position, as well as awe-inspiring wrinkles, no one could read the fact, that once on a time they had drank small beer with king Cambyses, or handed a cracked tea-cup of gin to Cleopatra. On another occasion, he became waiter at an inn, that he might be within the sphere of one of its fair female residents, and in this capacity so endeared himself by his inexhaustible glee to the whole establishment, that they were disconsolate when he cast off his slough and disappeared. But the oddest of all the adventures attributed to him was his having fallen in love with a daughter of the sovereign of the gipsies, of whom he would fain have been the king Cophetua, and for whose sake he transformed himself into an Egyptian, and took a share in the wanderings of the tribe, until the successful pursuit of his friends restored him to civilized life. This incessant restlessness and love of desperate enterprise was accompanied with many a purpose of foreign travel, and while at one time he calculated upon a tour over the Peninsula in the rear of the British army, or a run through Turkey; at another, he meditated an African exploration that was to extend to Timbuctoo.

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But he was not destined to tread the same path with Campbell or Byron, or even the humble missionary, John Campbell, and these resolutions ended like dissolving views or day-dreams. It is curious that one of such a stirring spirit was at last contented with Britain, beyond the limits of which he never carried his peregrinations. Having succeeded at the age of twenty-one to a considerable fortune by the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, the small but beautiful estate of Elleray, in Cumberland, embosomed amidst the picturesque lakes, with their distinguished poets for his neighbours and companions.

Thus settled for the time as a border laird, Wilson was as yet too young to subside into regular study or peaceful meditation; and on many occasions the turbulence of life within him only burst out the more violently from the compression of such narrow limits. One specimen of his desperate frolics at this period is thus recorded: "A young man, name not given, had taken up his abode in the Vale of Grasmere, anxious for an introduction to Mr. Wilson, and strolled out early one fine summer morning—three o'clock—to that rocky and moorish common (called the White Moss) which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southward in the direction of Rydal, he suddenly became aware of a huge beast advancing at a long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread of a hippopotamus, along the public road. The creature soon arrived within half a mile of him, in the gray light of morning—a bull apparently flying from unseen danger in the rear. As yet, all was mystery; till suddenly three horsemen emerged round a turn in the road, hurrying after it at full speed, in evident pursuit. The bull made heavily for the moor, which he reached; then paused, panting, blowing out smoke, and looking back. The animal was not safe, however; the horsemen scarcely relaxing their speed, charged up hill, gained the rear of the bull, and drove him at full gallop over the worst part of this impracticable ground to that below; while the stranger perceived by the increasing light that the three were armed with immense spears, fourteen feet long. By these the fugitive beast was soon dislodged, scouring down to the plain, his hunters at his tail, toward the marsh, and into it; till, after plunging together for a quarter of an hour, all suddenly regained *terra firma*, the bull making again for the rocks. Till then there had been the silence of phantasmagoria, amidst which it was doubtful whether the spectacle were a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, imaginary lances, and unreal bull; but just at that crisis a voice shouted aloud—'Turn the villain—turn that villain, or he will take to Cumberland.' It was the voice of Elleray [Wilson] for whom the young stranger succeeded in performing the required service, the villain being turned to flee southwards; the hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him, all bowing their thanks as they fled past, except, of course, the frantic object of chase. The singular cavalcade swiftly took the high road, doubled the cape, and disappeared, leaving the quiet valley to its original silence; while the young stranger, and two grave Westmoreland statesmen just come into sight, stood quietly wondering, saying to themselves, perhaps,

> 'The air hath bubbles, as the water hath,
> And these are of them.'

It was no bubble however; the bull was substantial, and may have taken no harm at all from being turned out occasionally for a midnight run of fifteen or twenty miles—no doubt to his own amazement, and his owner's perplexity at the beast's bedraggled condition next day." Thus far goes the account of

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one of Wilson's early frolics; and certainly it was "very tragical mirth;" but thus to hunt a poor domestic bull that from its earliest calf-ship has been snubbed and cudgelled into submission, has almost as little of the romantic in it as the flight of a terrified dog with a pan tied to its tail, and the whole village school in close pursuit. If a man must needs taurize, let it be in the appointed lists, where

> "Spanish cavaliers with lances,
> At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies."

There, the chances are pretty fairly balanced between the bull and his bold antagonist, and when the career commences it is difficult to tell whether lance or horn shall have the better of it.

These rural pursuits of Wilson were oddly enough combined with the study of law, for on leaving the university of Oxford he had resolved to betake himself to the Scottish bar. Such was the case with many young gentlemen at this time, who, although of independent fortune, were desirous of passing as advocates, on account of the specific rank and literary standing with which the title was accompanied. Having finished the usual terms, Mr. Wilson was enrolled among the advocates in 1814. It will scarcely be imagined however, that he was either the most anxious or the most industrious of barristers; the "Stove School," if it then existed in the outer court of Parliament House, was more likely to enjoy his presence, than the solemn atmosphere of the inner halls. But already he had commenced his public literary career, and in the character of a poet, by a set of beautiful stanzas entitled the "Magic Mirror," which were published in the Annual Register for 1812. During the same year he also published, but anonymously, an elegy on the death of James Graham, author of the Sabbath, with which Joanna Baillie was so highly pleased, that she applied to Sir Walter Scott for the name of the author. Sir Walter sent the desired information, and added: "He is now engaged in a poem called the *Isle of Palms*, something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. . . . . He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality, places him among the list of originals." During the same year "The Isle of Palms, and other Poems" was published, a work that at once stamped their author as one of the poets of the Lake school—a class after which the whole host of critics were at present in full cry. It was much, therefore, that at such a period Wilson should have produced a poem that, according to the Edinburgh reviewers, promised "to raise its name, and advance its interests, even among the tribes of the unbelievers." Much however as the "Isle of Palms" was admired and beloved in its day, and abounding though it unquestionably did in touches of true feeling and passages of great poetical power, it has been unable to endure the test of time, and therefore it was quietly consigned to general forgetfulness long before the author himself had passed away. Such indeed has also been the fate of the "Curse of Kehama," upon which the versification of the "Isle of Palms" was evidently modelled. Still, the approbation which his effort excited was enough to encourage Wilson to a renewed effort in poetry; and accordingly, in 1816, he produced "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem of a higher as well as more masculine character than his former production. But it too has failed to secure that enduring popularity

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which has been accorded to the productions of the highest and even the second-rate poets of his own period. Perhaps he was unfortunate in the subject of his choice, which was the great plague of London in 1665. But indeed it would require the powers of a Milton, or even of a Shakspeare, to invest such a theme with fresh interest, after the descriptions of De Foe. In the same volume, among other smaller productions, was a dramatic fragment entitled "The Convict," in which Wilson was more successful, perhaps because the subject was less daring, and more within the usual scope of poetry.

Whatever might be his poetical merits, a sufficient proof had now been given that Wilson could scarcely establish a permanent celebrity by these alone. But he was fitted for greater excellence in a different sphere, and that sphere he was now to find. Blackwood's Magazine had been started as the champion of Tory principles in opposition to the Edinburgh Review; and as Thomas Pringle, its amiable and talented editor, was a Whig, he was obliged to abandon its management after the publication of a few numbers. On the disruption that ensued between the two rival publishers, Constable and Blackwood, Wilson, in company with Hogg and Lockhart, took part with the latter; and soon after the Chaldee Manuscript appeared, a production, the remarkable wit of which was insufficient to redeem it from merited condemnation, on account of its profanity. Its first draught in the rough had been drawn up by the Ettrick Shepherd, in which form it is said to have scarcely amounted to more than a third of its published bulk; but the idea being reckoned a happy one, it was expanded, chiefly, as has been supposed, by Wilson and Lockhart, until it finally grew into an article that raised the public excitement into an absolute uproar. After the storm had been successfully weathered, the character of the Magazine, notwithstanding its manifold trespasses, which on more than one occasion led to cudgelling, and even to bloodshed, continued to grow in reputation, until it reached the highest rank in the world of literature and criticism. And who was the veiled editor under whose remarkable management all this success had been achieved? The question was a universal one, and the answer generally given was—"John Wilson." The high reputation he had already won, and his well-known connection with Maga, made the public voice single him out in preference to all the other writers by whom its pages were enriched. It was a natural mistake, but a mistake after all. This important part of the business was retained by Ebony himself, who selected the articles, corresponded with the contributors, and discharged all the business duties of the editorship. But the living soul and literary spirit was Wilson himself, so that in spite of every disclamation he was proclaimed by the public voice the editor of Blackwood's Magazine until within a few years of his death.

While he was thus holding onward in his meteoric course, at one part of the year at Elleray and the other in Edinburgh alternately—running down bulls on the Scottish border, and *bores* in the metropolis—and becoming loved, dreaded, or wondered at in his various capacities of hospitable country gentleman, rough-riding sportsman, gay, civic symposiarch, Abbot of Misrule, and Aristarchus of reviewers and magazine writers, his means of settled domestic tranquillity and happiness had been such as seldom fall to the lot either of meditative poets or belligerent journalists. For in 1810, after he had set his beautiful home among the lakes in order, and furnished it with all the comforts that wealth, directed by a classical taste, could devise, he married an English lady of great beauty, accomplishments, and amiable disposition, who further

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enriched him with a fortune of £10,000. But only ten years thereafter, Wilson, now the father of two sons and three daughters, was reduced to a very limited income compared with his former resources. As profuse of his money as of his ideas, he had flung both about with reckless prodigality; but while the latter stock, like the purse of Fortunatus, underwent no diminution let him squander it as he pleased, it was otherwise with the former, which had dissolved he knew not how. Thus it was with him to the end of his days: he made little or no account of money while it lasted, and was one of those happy uncalculating spirits, to whom the difference between £10 and £100 is a mere *nothing*. Something more than the scanty relics of his fortune, with the additional profits of authorship, was necessary; and in 1820 a favourable prospect occurred, in consequence of the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, by which the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh became vacant. Wilson presented his name among the candidates for the charge, and his friends commenced an active canvass in his behalf. But the proposal took Edinburgh aback. Wilson a teacher of morals! The religious remembered the unlucky Chaldee Manuscript, and the grave and orderly bethought them of his revels. Even those who took a more tolerant view of the subject, could not comprehend how the president of Ambrose's *noctes* could be fitted for the chair of Brown and Dugald Stewart. But what, perhaps, weighed more heavily with the citizen-electors was the fact of his Toryism, to which, like the generality of shopkeepers and merchants, they were decidedly hostile. All these obstacles, Sir Walter Scott, who had long known and admired the genius of the applicant, fully calculated, and thus expressed in his usual tolerant manner: "You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that, with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labour than circumstances have hitherto required of him; for indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. . . . . You must of course recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass —for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge and live cleanly as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise, people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fagg, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination? I trust it will take place, and give him the consistence and steadiness which are all he wants to make him the first man of the age." The nomination did take place according to Sir Walter's wish, notwithstanding an amount of opposition seldom offered in such elections; and Wilson, to the general surprise of all classes, became professor of moral philosophy, a grave and important charge which he occupied thirty-two years.

In this manner, at the early age of thirty-four, a man esteemed so reckless in temper and unfixed in purpose, so devoted to the whim of the passing hour and careless of the morrow, had yet by sheer force of talent fought his way to an eminence of the highest literary as well as moral responsibility. As a

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reviewer, his dictum in the world of authorship was the guide of thousands, who received it as an oracle; as a general essayist, he directed the public taste, and imbued it with his own feelings; and now, as a national teacher of moral truth, he was to train the characters and direct the minds of those who were in turn to become the guides and instructors of a future generation. Was this the same man who but yesterday, was the midnight tauridor upon the wilds of Cumberland? That the old spirit had neither died nor become deadened within him, his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, to speak of no other token, were sufficient evidence. As a professor, his elevation introduced a remarkable change in the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh. Hitherto, metaphysics, that science so congenial to the Scottish intellect, had there obtained full predominance, whether propounded according to Aristotelian rule, or the innovations of Locke and Bacon; but Wilson, though he could dream like Plato himself, was no practised metaphysician. It also behoved him to establish a theory of morals, and demonstrate it with all the exactness and nicety of a mathematical problem; but with Wilson it was enough that he knew what was right—and was not wholly ignorant of its opposite. Whence, then, was he to derive those materials for which his pupils were hungering and thirsting? Even from the resources of that fertile mind which as yet had never failed him. He could enter into the very pith and marrow of a subject, and detect truth or error however concealed. And all this he could illustrate with a poetical array of imagery and eloquence of language, such as has seldom issued from the lips of an expounder of hard things in ethical and metaphysical philosophy. Such was the kind of teaching in which his classes delighted—a suggestive and impulsive course, in which, after having been kindled with his ardour, each pupil might start off upon the career of inquiry best suited to his own tastes and capacities. This, indeed, was not science, properly so called—but was it not something as good? The toils of lecturing during each session, were combined with the more onerous labour of examining some hundreds of class essays; and it is perhaps needless to add, that in such a work Professor Wilson was completely in his element. In this way he taught the young ideas how to shoot; and if they did not produce rich fruits, the cultivator at least was not to blame. At the close of the season, the official gown was thrown off and Christopher North was himself again. He hied away during the spring to Elleray, and spent the summer and autumn in the districts of the Tweed or the Highland hills, while his exploits in fishing and shooting, or his musings among the varied scenery, came pouring in close succession and rich variety into the pages of his magazine.

Among these recreations by land and water which were so dear to the heart of Wilson, we must not omit that from which he derived his title of "Admiral of the Lake." This he enjoyed in consequence of his taking the lead in those splendid regattas which were held upon the lake of Windermere, when his yacht was commonly to be seen at the head of the gay armada. One of these, held in honour of a visit from Mr. Canning, the premier, and Sir Walter Scott, in 1825, is thus chronicled in the life of the latter by his son-in-law:—"There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day 'the Admiral of the Lake' presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place

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of honour the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators." On one occasion, Wilson's rank of admiral promoted him to an office at which Nelson, Collingwood, Howe, and Jervis would have laughed with sailor-like merriment: it invested him with the command of a real fleet, instead of an armament of cockle-shells. "I remember," he said in his old days, "being with my friend, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, when he commanded the experimental squadron in the Channel—in 1832, I think—one day on the flag-ship's quarter-deck, amidst the officers and ladies, Sir Pulteney suddenly took me rather aback by saying, in his loudest official tone, 'Professor Wilson will now put the ship about!' It was really expected of me, I believe; so setting the best face upon it, and having previously paid attention to such evolutions, I took voice, and contrived to get through it very creditably—in a fine working breeze, when the worst of it was that the eyes of thousands of people were upon us, and the whole column of ships were to follow in regular succession. The flutter of that critical moment when the helm was put down, and the least error in seizing it must have hung the noble line-of-battle-ship in stays, I shall never forget. I had rather have failed in carrying the class—nay, ten thousand classes—through a point of casuistry in moral philosophy. Yet the sensation was glorious; there was a moral grandeur in the emotion. The feelings of a great admiral in difficult weather bringing on a battle must, in some respects, surpass even those of Shakspeare imagining Hamlet or Lear!"

In this way the life of Wilson went onward for years, of which unfortunately no memorial has as yet been published; while of the ten thousand rumours that have endeavoured to supply the deficiency, scarcely a tithe would be worthy of the least attention. He so largely occupied the public notice, that every literary gossip had some tale to tell of him, either fabricated for the purpose or picked up at second hand, and each story-teller endeavoured to establish the veracity of his narrative, by its superior amount of romance and extravagance. After the death of Blackwood in 1834, Wilson took little further concern in the magazine; indeed, he had already done so much for it, and placed it in so firm a position, that he may have felt as if his task in that department had ended, and might be safely intrusted to younger hands. His class also was sufficient to occupy his full attention, more especially when the increase of intellectual demand, and the growing improvements in public education, required every teacher to be up and doing to his uttermost. His private life, tamed down to the gravity of age, without losing its health or vivacity, continued to be enlivened with the society of the learned and talented, of whom a new generation was fast springing up, and among whom he was venerated as a father, while he was loved as a companion and friend. His chief public exhibitions were now at the Burns' Festival, where he was a regular attendant as well as chief orator. In 1851, that profitable literary distinction now so generously accorded by government in the form of a substantial pension, was bestowed upon him, amounting to £300 per annum; and on the spring of the following year he resigned his professorship, after holding it thirty-two years, and without making the usual claim of a retiring allowance. After this, he

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was almost daily to be seen upon his accustomed walk in Prince's Street, until the beginning of the present year (1854), when paralysis, and a dropsical affection, laid him wholly aside, and he died in his house in Gloucester Place, on the morning of the 3d of April. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery on the 7th, and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by thousands, consisting of every rank and occupation, who thus indicated their respect for one so universally known and esteemed. Proceedings for a monument to his memory in the city of Edinburgh have been so successful, that its site and particular character are now the only subjects of question.

The poetical productions of Wilson, by which he commenced his career as an aspirant for the honours of authorship, we have already enumerated. The oblivion into which they are even already sinking, shows that it was not by his poems that he was to build for himself a name, admired though they were at their first appearance before the public. They satisfied a certain temporary taste which at that time happened to be predominant; and having done this, they had fulfilled their purpose, and were therefore quietly laid aside. Neither was the matter greatly amended by his subsequent attempts as a novelist; and his three productions in this capacity—the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and the "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," have been placed by public estimation in the same category with the "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague." In fact, he lacked that quality of inventiveness so essential for the construction of a tale, whether in poetry or prose, and therefore his narratives have little or no plot, and very few incidents—a defect which neither fine writing nor descriptive power is sufficient to counterbalance. It is upon Blackwood's Magazine that his claims to posthumous distinction must fall back; for there we find his whole heart at work, and all his intellectual powers in full action. Of these productions, too, his critical notices can scarcely be taken into account—vigorous, just, and often terrible though they were; nor even his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, though these for the time were by far the most popular of all his writings. But it is as Christopher North, whether in his shooting-jacket, or with his fishing-rod, or "under canvas," that he will be best remembered and most highly valued. The scenery which in that character he has so beautifully painted, and the deep emotions to which he has given utterance, are not things of a day, but for all time, and will continue to be read, admired, and cherished, when the rest of his numerous writings have passed away.

WILSON, William Rae, LL.D.—This popular traveller, whose agreeable narratives of foreign countries obtained such general acceptance, was born in Paisley on the 7th of June, 1772. He was the eldest of a numerous family of the name of Rae, whose grandfather held the office of Provost in the town of Haddington. His uncle, John Wilson, who was town-clerk of Glasgow, bred the future traveller to the profession of the law, and thus William Rae practised as a solicitor for some years before the supreme courts; but in 1806, Mr. Wilson having died without issue, left to his nephew the whole of his fortune, who, in consequence, assumed the name of Wilson in addition to his own. In 1811, Mr. W. Rae Wilson married Frances, fourth daughter of the late John Phillips, Esq., of Stobcross, originally a merchant in Glasgow; but only eighteen months after this happy union his partner died childless, and he felt himself alone in the world. As a solace for his loss, as well as an affectionate memorial, he wrote and printed for private circulation a very interesting record

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of the deceased, which was afterwards published in one of Gisborne's volumes of "Christian Female Biography."

It was not, however, from the mere passive exercise of writing a book that the enthusiastic temperament of Rae Wilson was to derive consolation. The same event that had made him an author, was now to convert him into a traveller; and his choice happily fell upon the Holy Land, at this time more than others a subject of paramount literary and scientific inquiry in the Christian world, although the present condition of the country itself was but little understood. On this account he has the distinguished merit of being one of the earliest modern travellers who have done so much for the illustration of the Sacred Writings by their explorations in Palestine. The result of his journey was published in London in 1823, under the title of "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land," a work, of which the following short critique, from the many equally or still more eulogistic, that have been published, gives a fair estimate:—"We shall never forget the pleasure with which we perused Dr. Wilson's 'Travels in Palestine' when first published. The style, though somewhat rugged and careless, is vigorous and energetic; the scriptural quotations are remarkably apposite and instructive; and what is of far greater importance than mere elegance of language, the sentiments are warm and fresh from a heart that was evidently deeply impressed with the sacred and memorable scenes of the blighted land of promise—the land of miracle and revelation, but over which, with its many natural beauties, a withering curse has been shed, in which the intelligent traveller reads the fulfilment of prophecy, and thus exclaims, in the beautiful language of the poet—

'Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem,
Once she was all thine own;
Thy love her fairest heritage—
Her power thy glorious throne—
'Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-lov'd olive tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.'"

His tour in the East, and the public approbation with which it was rewarded, as well as a natural love of change and adventure, seem to have so confirmed Mr. Wilson's tendencies as a traveller, that the greater part of his life was afterwards spent in journeys through the more interesting countries of Europe, and in drawing up accounts of their results, which were published under the following titles:—

"A Journey through Turkey, Greece, the Ionian Isles, Sicily, Spain, &c." London. 8vo. 1824.

"Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, Netherlands, &c." London. 8vo. 1826.

"Travels in Russia." London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1828.

"Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism." London. 8vo. 1835.

During this active life, Mr. Wilson was a second time married, to Miss Cates, an English lady of good family, who was his devoted companion through all his after career, and in all his sojournings in many lands. Impressed with a sense of his merits as a traveller and author, the university of Glasgow, a few years before his death, honoured him with the diploma of Doctor of Laws, a

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distinction of which he marked his due sense, by the bequest of a sum to the university for an annual prize among its students of divinity, for competition on an essay on the following subject:—"The life of our adorable Redeemer, Jesus Christ; his righteousness, atoning death, and that everlasting benefit arising from these blessings to a lost and sinful world." In addition to his literary title, Dr. Wilson was also a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. His death occurred in South Crescent, Bedford Square, London. By his own expressed wish, his remains were brought to Glasgow, and, after a temporary interment in one of the Egyptian vaults of the Necropolis, were removed to a tomb that had been erected for the purpose, under the superintendence of his trustees. It was an appropriate resting-place, the model having been taken from the sepulchral monuments that formerly contained the ashes and recorded the deeds of the famous of old in Jerusalem, and whose ruins still greet the eye of the traveller in his approach to the Holy City; and the stranger who visits this most picturesque of human resting-places in our fair city of the west, and wonders at the Asiatic appearance of the stately mausoleum which seems to have been wafted thither from a strange land, is satisfied with the fitness of its form, when he reads on it the following inscription:—

"In Memory of
William Rae Wilson, LL.D.,
Late of Kelvinbank,
Who died 2d June, 1849, aged 76;
Author of
'Travels in the Holy Land,'
And editor of
Works written in that and other countries
During many years.
'Thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favour the dust thereof.'
This Tablet is inscribed by his affectionate Wife."

Such is but a scanty record of one whose life, long though it was, is rather to be found extended over several volumes of travels, than in any condensed narrative. But such is the usual biography of a modern traveller: he can no longer find a *terra incognita* of which he may fable as he pleases, or take a tremendous leap "at Rhodes," which he is unable to achieve at his own threshold. Many there are, however, who still remember with affection the enthusiastic yet truthful delineations of other countries with which he was wont to animate their imaginations and enlighten their judgment, and how earnestly his society was sought, especially by the young, who regarded him as their companion, friend, and father, all in one. "In private life," thus one of his relations writes to us, "Dr. Rae Wilson was eminently social. Gifted with a most active mind, and having had his talent for conversation sharpened by much exercise in the course of his travels, he was a most interesting and instructive companion. It was no ordinary treat to listen to his animated descriptions of the remarkable places and persons he had visited; and to the close of his long life he continued to take the greatest pleasure in retracing his steps, particularly over the Holy Land, happy in the idea of communicating some portion of his own knowledge and zeal to his friends. He was ever ready in the best sense to do good, as he had opportunity; and he was not only a distributor of religious tracts, but the writer of some that are highly esteemed." It is enough to add, that not only his conversation, but his whole course of action, evinced his recol-

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lections of Galilee and Jerusalem, and the sacred lessons of which they are so impressive a memorial.

WOOD, Sir Andrew, Admiral to James III. and James IV.—While the war between England and Scotland was at the fiercest, both countries seem to have been unconscious of the particular arm in which the secret of their great strength lay. Hence their vessels were entirely fitted, not for war but merchandise, and their battles at sea were nothing more than paltry skirmishes, which occurred when two ships crossed each other's track, instead of the wholesale encounter of opposing fleets; while the only naval tactics of the time was for the strongest to board, and the weakest to run away. But between two such nations this state of things could not always continue; and when they found that they could not only defend themselves, but annoy each other, as effectually by sea as by land, ships became stronger and better manned, and the art of working and fighting them more perfect. It was full time, indeed, that it should be so, when the continental nations were immeasurably our superiors in navigation, and when an "Invincible Armada" might at any time be landed upon the shores of England or Scotland, not for the conquest of one or other of the rival countries, but the island at large. Fortunately, therefore, it happened that, coeval with the opening of India to Portugal, and the discovery of America by Spain, the Scots and English were making such improvements in nautical science as were ultimately to fit them for being the first of maritime powers. This, indeed, was a prospect as yet too remote to occur to them, and therefore the prevailing motive was a merely immediate advantage—the power of inflicting on each other the greatest amount of mischief, and having a Bannockburn or Chevy Chase on sea as well as land. Into this new contention the Scots pressed with their wonted ardour, and so successfully, that towards the end of the 15th century it seemed as if they, and not their more wealthy neighbours, were to possess the ocean-flag of the island. This superiority they owed to the two Bartons, and especially to Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo.

Until this brave admiral emerged into public notice, the name of Wood had acquired no place in Scottish history, so that we are unable to determine the family from which he sprung. Abercromby, in his "Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation," supposes him to have been a cadet of the ancient family of Bonington, in Angus. Even of the early life and exploits of Sir Andrew Wood nothing can be ascertained, owing to the scantiness of our Scottish historical records of this period. It is commonly asserted that he was born about the middle of the 15th century, at the old kirk-town of Largo, in Fifeshire. He appears to have commenced life as a trader; and as he was captain, supercargo, and ship-owner in his own ventures, like many of the chief merchants of the day, he was obliged to fight his way from port to port, and combine the daring courage of a bold privateer, and the science of a skilful navigator, with the gentle craft of a trafficker and bargain-maker. His chief place of residence when on shore was Leith, at that time rising in consequence as one of the principal ports of Scotland; and there his growing wealth as a merchant, and renown as a skipper, gradually raised him to consideration among the high-born and powerful of the country. He was now the possessor of two ships, called the Flower and the Yellow Caravel, each of about 300 tons burden, but superior to most vessels of their size, in men, arms, and sailing equipments, with which he traded to the Dutch and Hanse towns, then the chief commercial marts of Scotland. As he had soon riches enough, his mind aspired to higher

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objects, and fortunately he served a king by whom his claims could be appreciated. James III. granted to him, as his pilot, a lease of the lands of Largo, on the tenure of keeping his ship, the Yellow Caravel, in repair, for conveying his Highness and the queen to the Isle of May, when they should make a pilgrimage thither; afterwards these lands and the town of Largo were granted to him hereditarily and in fee, in consideration of his public services, and especially his defence of the royal castle of Dumbarton, when it was besieged by the English navy. This grant, which was made to Wood by James III. in 1483, was afterwards confirmed by James IV. in 1488, and 1497. Soon after the first of these dates, and before 1488, he received the honour of knighthood, and married Elizabeth Lundie, a lady belonging to an ancient family of Fifeshire, by whom he had several sons. He was now a feudal baron, who could ride to a national muster with a train of armed followers at his back; a redoubted admiral, whose ships had cleared the seas of every foe that had opposed them; a skilful financier and wise counsellor, in consequence of his past habits and experience; and in every way a man whom nobles would respect, and kings delight to honour. From this period he abandoned trading, and devoted himself to those great public interests in which his rank as well as talents required him to take a part.

Events soon occurred that conferred upon the admiral a species of distinction which he was far from coveting. A rebellion, headed by some of the principal nobles of the kingdom, broke out, and James III., one of the most pacific of sovereigns, found himself dragged into the field, and compelled to fight for crown and life against his own subjects. On this occasion Sir Andrew Wood received the king on board one of his vessels lying in Leith Roads, and crossed to the coast of Fife, where his ships lay at anchor. The previous destination of the fleet was Flanders; and on hoisting sail, the report was spread abroad that James was escaping to the Netherlands. Enraged at this, the rebels seized his baggage and furniture, which were on their way to be shipped at the Forth, and committed great outrage upon the persons and property of the sovereign's best adherents. But no such flight was contemplated, for the king landed in Fife, and summoned a military muster of his subjects, after which he joined the northern lords who adhered to his cause, and prepared for battle. He was now at the head of such an imposing force that the rebels were daunted, and after a trifling skirmish at Blackness, they proposed peace, which was granted to them on terms more favourable than they had merited. This, however, was the more necessary on the part of the king, as the insurgent lords had taken his eldest son, the Duke of Rothesay, now scarcely seventeen years old, from under the care of his guardians, and placed him at their head, under the title of James IV. After this pacification, the king rewarded the most trusty of his adherents with fresh grants of crown lands, and among those whose loyal services were thus requited, was Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo.

But this return of tranquillity was a short and treacherous interval, for James III. had scarcely settled down to his wonted pursuits of poetry, music, and the fine arts—pursuits better fitted for a sovereign of the 19th century than one of the 15th—than the insurgent lords mustered in greater force than ever, while the royal army had dispersed to their homes. Until his troops could be assembled, James repaired to Stirling Castle for refuge, but was there denied entrance, and obliged to abide the issue with such an army as could be mustered upon a hasty summons. During the interval, Wood was cruising in

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the Forth, with the Flower and Yellow Caravel, while the contending forces were mustering near Stirling—landing occasionally with his brother and armed followers, to aid the royal party should the battle be fought in the neighbourhood, but still keeping near his shipping, to hold the command of the sea, and be ready to receive his master in the event of a reverse. The affair was soon decided, by the battle of Sauchieburn, in which the forces of James were defeated, and himself foully assassinated while flying from the field. The deed was done so secretly, that both friends and enemies supposed he was still alive, and had taken shelter in the Yellow Caravel, a supposition strengthened by the fact that boats had been employed all day in conveying wounded men from the shore to the vessels. The victorious insurgents, who had now reached Leith, and were aware of Wood's fidelity to his master, resolved to remove the king from his keeping; and accordingly, in the first instance, they sent messengers to inquire if James was in his ship. He replied that he was not, and gave them leave to search it if they were still unconvinced. Not satisfied, however, with the assurance, the insurgent lords, now masters of Scotland, sent him an order to appear before their council, and there state fully how matters stood; but this he boldly refused to do, without receiving sufficient pledges for his safe return. Powerful though they were, he was upon his own element, where he could annoy them, or escape from them at pleasure. Aware of this, they were obliged to give hostages, in the persons of Lords Fleming and Seton, that he should come and return unharmed. The lords being safely housed in his cabin, Sir Andrew landed from his barge at Leith, and presented himself before the council. On his entrance an affecting incident occurred. Young James IV., who had seen so little of his murdered parent that he had grown up ignorant of his person, and now beheld a stately, noble-looking man, clothed in rich armour, enter the hall, went up to him, and said, "Sir, are you my father?" "Sir, I am not your father," replied the admiral, while tears fell fast from his eyes at the question; "but I was a servant to your father, and shall be to his authority till I die, and enemy to those who were the occasion of his down-putting."

The dialogue that occurred between him and the lords, after this affecting incident, was brief and stern. They asked if he knew of the king, or where he was, to which he answered, that he neither knew of his highness, nor where he was at present. They then demanded who those persons were who had retired from the field, and been conveyed to his ships; to which he answered, "It was I and my brother, who were ready to have spent our lives with the king in his defence." "He is not, then, in your ships?" they rejoined; to which he answered boldly, "He is not in my ships, but would to God that he were in my ships in safety; I should then defend him, and keep him scatheless from all the treasonable creatures who have murdered him, for I hope to see the day when they shall be hanged and drawn for their demerits." These were hard words to digest, and when we remember the names of those proud magnates of whom the council was composed, and how unscrupulous they were in dealing with their enemies or resenting an affront, we can the better appreciate the boldness of the man who, though alone, thus rebuked and denounced them. They writhed under his bitter words, but dared not resent them, for they knew that their brethren, Fleming and Seton, were in the Yellow Caravel, and that the good ship had ropes and yard-arms. They dismissed him, therefore, in safety, and it was well that they did so; for when the lords who were in pledge

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returned, it was in great dismay, for the sailors had become impatient at the detention of their commander, and were fully prepared to hang them if his stay on shore had been continued much longer.

In this way the brave Wood had bearded a whole troop of lions in their den, and retired with impunity; but still they were determined that he should not escape unpunished. He might be denounced as a public enemy, and assailed with the same power that had sufficed to crush the king. It was dangerous, too, that such a man should go at large, and repeat among others those threats which he had thrown in their own teeth. Accordingly, with the new sovereign, James IV., at their head, they applied to the skippers of Leith, desiring them to proceed against Wood, and apprehend him, offering to furnish them with sufficient ships, weapons, and artillery for the purpose; but one of their number, Captain Barton—probably one of those bold Bartons who, like Wood himself, were famed at this time for exploits of naval daring—declared that there were not ten ships in Scotland that could give battle to the admiral with the Flower and Yellow Caravel alone, so high was his skill, and so completely seconded with good artillery and practised seamen. Reluctantly, therefore, they were obliged to remit their designs of vengeance, and pass on to the subject of the young king's coronation. Wood also turned his attention to his own affairs, the chief of which was a quarrel with the good citizens of Aberdeen towards the close of 1488, concerning the forest of Suckett and the castle hill of Aberdeen, which, he alleged, had been granted to him by James III. On this occasion the Aberdonians denied his claim, and stood to their defence, which might have been followed by a cannonade, had not the privy council interfered between the angry admiral and the equally incensed citizens. It was then found that the property in question had been granted to the city in perpetuity by Robert Bruce, upon which Wood abandoned his claim.

All this was but sorry practice, however accordant with the spirit of the age, and the high talents of Wood were soon employed in a more patriotic sphere of action. James IV., one of whose earliest proceedings was to distinguish between his selfish partizans, that had made him king for their own purposes, and those who had generously espoused the cause of his unfortunate father, received the latter into favour; and among these was the ocean hero, with whose first appearance he had been so mournfully impressed. Having himself a high genius for naval architecture, and an earnest desire to create a national navy, he found in Wood an able teacher, and the studies both of sovereign and admiral, for the building of ships that should effectually guard the coasts of Scotland and promote its commerce, were both close and frequent. An event soon occurred to call their deliberations into action. About the commencement or earlier part of the year 1489, a fleet of five English ships entered the Clyde, where they wrought great havoc, and chased one of the king's ships, to the serious damage of its rigging and tackle. As this deed was committed during a season of truce, the actors were denounced as pirates; and James, who felt his own honour sensibly touched in the affair, commissioned Sir Andrew to pursue the culprits, after he had proposed it to the other naval captains, but in vain. The knight of Largo undertook the enterprise, and set off in his favourite vessels, the Flower and Caravel, in quest of these dangerous marauders. He fell in with the five English ships off Dunbar Castle, and a desperate conflict commenced. But though the English were so superior in force, and fought with their wonted hardihood, the greater skill, courage, and seamanship of Wood prevailed, so that all their

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ships, with the captains and crews, were brought into Leith, and presented to the king.

This event was most unwelcome to Henry VII. of England, and all the more especially, that on account of the truce he could not openly resent it. Still, the flag of England had been soiled, and something must be done to purify it. He therefore caused it to be announced underhand, that nothing would please him so much as the defeat or capture of Wood, and that whoever accomplished it should have a pension of £1000 a-year. This was a tempting offer, considering the value of money at that period; but such at the same time was the renown of the Scottish captain, that the boldest of the mariners of England shrunk from the enterprise. At length, Stephen Bull, a venturous merchant and gallant seaman of the port of London, offered himself for the deed, and was furnished with three tall ships for the purpose, manned with numerous crews of picked mariners, besides pikemen and cross-bows, and a gallant body of knights, who threw themselves into this daring adventure as volunteers. Bull directed his course towards the Frith of Forth, and cast anchor behind the Isle of May, where he lay in wait for the Scottish admiral, who had gone as convoy of some merchant ships to Flanders, and was now on his return home; and to avoid the chances of mistake, the Englishman seized some fishing-boats, and retained their owners, that they might point out to him the expected ships as soon as they came in sight. In the meantime, Sir Andrew was sailing merrily homeward, little anticipating the entertainment prepared for him (for the truce with England still continued), and had already doubled St. Abb's Head. No sooner did he appear in sight, than Stephen Bull ordered his prisoners to the mast-head, to ascertain if these ships were the Flower and Yellow Caravel; and on their hesitating to answer, he promised to set them free should these be the ships in question. On learning that his expected prey was within reach, he prepared for battle with great glee, being confident of victory. He caused a cask of wine to be broached, and flagons handed among the crews; drank to his captains and skippers, bidding them be of good cheer, for their enemy was at hand, and ordered the gunners to their posts. In this trim he weighed anchor, and bore down with hostile signal upon the Scots. It was well on this occasion that Wood possessed one of the best attributes of a good sailor—that he was not to be caught napping. Unexpected though this breach of the truce was, his ships were kept in such admirable order, that a few minutes of preparation sufficed. "My merry men," he said, "be stout against these your enemies, who have sworn and avowed to make you prisoners to the king of England, but who, please God, shall fail of their purpose. Therefore, set yourselves in order every man at his own station, and let your guns and cross-bows be ready. But above all, use the fire-balls well from the main-tops, keep the decks with your two-handed swords, and let every good fellow here think of the welfare of the realm and his own honour. For mine own part, with God to help, I shall show you a good example." He then distributed wine among the sailors, who blithely pledged each other, and stood to their weapons prepared for immediate action.

And now commenced an engagement such as, taking the numbers of the combatants into account, the ocean had seldom as yet witnessed; it was a fearful meeting, where skill and undaunted courage, and the determination to do or die, were animated by such professional rivalry and national hatred. The battle was commenced on the part of the English by a distant cannonade, but the Scottish vessels being smaller in size, the shot passed above their decks without

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doing mischief. In the meantime, Wood, who had got to windward of his adversary, bore down upon him under a full press of sail, closed upon him, threw out his grappling-irons, and even lashed the ships together with strong cables, that all might be settled by a hand-to-hand encounter. The battle, that commenced at sunrise, continued during the whole of a summer day with such desperate determination, that nothing but the darkness of night parted them. when they separated on equal terms, and lay-to, waiting for the morning to renew the combat. The morning came, the trumpets sounded, the ships again grappled with the pertinacity of bull-dogs, and the fight became so keen, that the vessels, left to their own management, drifted into the mouth of the Tay, while the crews were engaged in close struggle upon the deck. Roused also by the din, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, crowded to the shore, and cheered their countrymen by their shouts and gesticulations. "Britannia, rule the waves"—yes, when these rival flags shall be blended together, and these gallant combatants be fighting side by side! At length, the superior skill of Wood and the practised seamanship of his crews prevailed over equal courage and far superior numbers; the three English vessels were compelled to strike, and were carried into the port of Dundee, while Sir Andrew brought his gallant antagonist to the king as prisoner. James IV., who was one of the last of the flowers of chivalry, received Stephen Bull and his followers with courtesy, enriched them with princely gifts, and after praising their valour, set them at liberty, and sent them home in their own ships without ransom. He also desired them to tell their royal master, that he had as manly men in Scotland as there were in England, and was fully able as well as determined to defend his own coasts and merchantmen. The significant hint was added, that if they came again to Scotland in such hostile fashion, they would neither be so well entertained, nor be allowed to skip homeward so dry-shod. This at least the prisoners averred when they had reached London in safety. Henry VII., whatever might be his private feelings, expressed his gratitude for the kindness of the Scottish king. While enemies were thus rewarded, Sir Andrew was not forgot, for he was guerdoned with fresh grants of lands, and received into greater favour than ever.

Sir Andrew Wood, now incontestably the greatest naval hero of his age, had done enough for fame, and no further exploits like those off Dunbar or St. Abb's Head remained to be achieved. In 1503, he was employed against the turbulent chiefs of the isles, who were always breaking into rebellion, and was so successful, that the inhabitants were reduced to submission wherever his ships appeared. Afterwards we find him captain of that enormous pageant ship, the Great Michael, with Robert Barton as his lieutenant. This vessel, upon which not only the greater part of the timber, but also of the wealth of Scotland had been expended, was found, when finished, to be as useless as Robinson Crusoe's boat, on which he had bestowed such labour, and made it so large, that he could neither navigate nor even launch it. With all this expenditure upon eight or ten good ships, and these two heroes to command them, Scotland might have sent out such a fleet as no naval power in Europe could have equalled, We suspect that even Wood, in bringing such a ship into action, would have been as much encumbered as David was when he was equipped in the armour of Saul. Fortunately, no opportunity occurred for such a hazardous trial, as the Great Michael was afterwards wrecked on the French coast, and suffered to rot in the harbour of Brest, after it had been carried off to sea under a different

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commander. After the disastrous battle of Flodden, Sir Andrew again appears in the character of ambassador at the court of France, whither he was sent to invite the Duke of Albany, nephew of James III., to assume the regency of Scotland. In 1526, he was present at the battle of Linlithgow Bridge, one of those feudal conflicts that were so frequent during the minority of James V.; and so late as 1538 he was still alive, as appears from a deed of remission of that date. By this time he must have been a very aged man, and perhaps the perplexed witness of those striking events by which the reformation of religion in Scotland was heralded, and a new world introduced. But during his retirement from active life, his affection for the sea appears to have clung to him like a first love, and he evinced it by causing a canal to be made from his castle to the kirk of Upper Largo, on which he was rowed in a barge every Sunday by his old boat's crew, when he went to the church to attend mass. The year of his death is uncertain, as no record can be found of it. He was buried in Largo kirk, where his family tomb still arrests the eye of the historian and antiquary.

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CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

*** *The first date indicates the Birth, the latter the Death, of the individual.—When the dates are doubtful, they are put in parentheses.—The names followed by an italic (s) are in the Supplemental Volume.*

A D.		
372	458	Saint Patrick.
(600)	651	Saint Aidan.
(820)		John Scotus, Erigena.
(10—)	1093	Malcolm III., king of Scots (*s*).
(1100)	1153	David I.
1143	1214	William the Lion.
(1150)		Alexander I.
1198	1249	Alexander II.
(12—)	1332	Thomas Randolph, earl Moray (*s*).
1214	1292	Michael Scott.
1241	1286	Alexander III.
(1250)		John Blair.
(1250)		Thomas Rymer.
(1250)		John Holybush.
(1259)	1314	John Baliol.
1264	1308	John de Duns (Scotus).
1270	1305	Sir William Wallace.
(1270)	1327	Bernard, abbot of Aberbrothick.
1274	1329	Robert Bruce.
(1290)	1347	John Bassol.
1293	1363	Edward Baliol.
(13—)	1388	James, earl Douglas (*s*).
(13—)	1391	William Douglas (*s*).
(1330)	1395	John Barbour.
(1350)		Sir James Douglas.
(1350)		John Fordun.
(1370)	1440	Henry Wardlaw, bishop of St. Andrews.
1385		Walter Bower.
1394	1438	James I.
(1400)	1454	William Turnbull, bishop of Glasgow.
1405	1466	James Kennedy, bishop of St. Andrews.
1431	1514	William Elphinstone.

A.D.		
(1449)	(1514)	Archibald, earl Douglas (*s*).
14—	15—	Andrew Barton (*s*).
(1450)		Sir James Inglis or English.
(1450)		Henry, Blind Harry.
(1450)		Robert Henryson.
(1460)	(1540)	Sir Andrew Wood (*s*).
1465,6	1536	Hector Boece.
(1465)	1500	William Dunbar.
1469	(1549)	John Mair or Major.
(1470)	1539	James Beaton.
1472	1513	James IV.
1474	1521,2	Gavin Douglas.
(1480)		Walter Chepman.
(1490)	1552	Alexander Barclay.
1490	(1567)	Sir David Lindsay.
1494	1546	Cardinal David Beaton.
1496	1586	Sir Richard Maitland.
1500	1565	Alexander Ales or Alesse.
(1500)	1571	John Hamilton, archbishop of St. Andrews.
(1500)	1558	David Panther.
1500	1546	Florence Wilson.
(1500)	1545,6	George Wishart.
1503	1527	Patrick Hamilton.
1505	1572	John Knox.
1506	1572	Henry Scrimger.
1506	1582	George Buchanan.
1508	1591	John Erskine, of Dun.
(1510)	1550	John Ballentyne.
(1510)	1574	Alexander Cunninghame, fifth earl of Glencairn.
(1510)	1579	Henry Balnaves.
(1510)	1568	Peter Bissat.
(1510)	1573	William Kirkaldy.
(1510)	(1580)	Edward Henryson, LL.D.
1510	1585	John Spottiswood.
1512	1542	James V.
1512	1600	John Craig.

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A.D.		
1517	1603	James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow.
(1520)	1583	Sir James Balfour (legist, statesman).
(1520)	1568	John Bassantin.
(1520)	1581	James Douglas, fourth earl of Morton.
(1525)	1596	Thomas Jack or Jacheus.
1526	1596	John Leslie, bishop of Ross.
1527	1606	Robert Pont.
(1530)	1613,4	Henry Blackwood.
1533	1570	James Stuart, earl of Murray.
1535	1607	Sir James Melville.
1536	1583	Thomas Smeton.
1538	1583	Alexander Arbuthnot.
1538	1608	Thomas Craig.
1539	1623	Adam Blackwood.
(15—)	(15—)	Johnny Armstrong (*s*).
(1540	1578)	James, earl Bothwell (*s*).
(1540)	1592	David Chambers.
(1540)	1571	John Hamilton.
1541	1605	William Barclay.
1542	1587,8	Mary Stuart, queen of Scots.
1543	(1600)	James Gordon.
1543	1591	Patrick Adamson.
1545	(1607)	George Bannatyne.
1545	1622	Andrew Melville.
(1550)		Robert Lindsay.
(1550)		John Winram.
(1550)		John Willock.
(1550)		John Abercromby.
(1550)	1621	Andrew Hart.
(1550)	1623	George Keith, fifth earl Marischal.
1550	1617	John Napier.
(1550)	1604	John Davidson.
(1550)	(1610)	Alexander Montgomery.
(1550)	1612	John Johnston.
1554	1631	Robert Bruce.
1555	1598	Robert Rollock.
1556	1615	James Melville.
1560	(1582)	James Crichton, the *Admirable Crichton*.
(1560)	1609	Alexander Hume.
(1560)	(1624)	William Bellenden.
1561	1613	Dr. Duncan Liddel.
1562	1601	Mark Boyd.
1563	1624	George Heriot.
1564	1635	Patrick Forbes.
1565	1639	John Spotswood, archbishop of St. Andrews.
1566	1625	James VI.
(1566)	1644	Sir Alexander Gibson, lord Durie.
1568	1644	Rev. Alexander Leighton.
(1569)	1671	John Leslie, bishop of Clogher.
1570	1637,8	Sir Robert Ayton.
(1570)	1622	John Welch.
(1570)	(1645)	David Wedderburn.
(1570)	1646	Sir Thomas Hope.
(1570)		Robert Balfour.
1573	1620	James Bonaventura Hepburn.
1575	1639	Alexander Ross.
(1578)	1651	David Calderwood.
1578	1654	Robert Ker, earl of Ancrum.
1578	1628	Gilbert Jack or Jackeus.
1578	1627	Robert Boyd.
(1580)	1640	William Alexander.
1580	1661	Robert Gordon (geographer).
(1580)	1625	Thomas Dempster.
(1580)	1645	Walter Balcanquel, D.D.
1582	1621	John Barclay.
1583	(1630)	William Lithgow.
1583	1646	Alexander Henderson.
1583	1663	David Dickson.
1584	1654	Dr. John Strang.
1585	1649	William Drummond of Hawthornden.
1586	1657	William Guild.
1587	1641	Dr. Arthur Johnston.
(1587)	1644	George Jamesone.
(1590)		Alexander Anderson.
(1590)	1661	Alexander Leslie.
(1588)	1653,4	Zachary Boyd.
1590	1654	Alexander Ross.
1593	1666	Robert Blair.
(1593)	1657	Sir James Balfour (annalist).
(1593)		Rev. Thomas Forrester.
1593	1648	John Forbes.
1594	1657	Sir William Mure.
1596	1646	Sir Robert Spotswood.
1598	1661	Archibald Campbell, marquis of Argyle.
1599	1685	Thomas Dalyell.
1599	1662	Rev. Robert Baillie.
(1600)		Christopher Irvine.
(1600)		Walter Donaldson.

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A.D.		
(1600)		Robert Douglas.
1600	1639	Henry Adamson.
1600	1649	Charles I.
(1600)	1661	James Guthrie.
(1600)	1664	Andrew Cant.
1600	1661	Samuel Rutherford.
(1600)	1663	Sir Archibald Johnston.
1600	1676	John Ogilvie.
1603	1672	John Livingston.
1606	1648	James, first duke of Hamilton.
1609	1671	George Wishart or Wiseheart.
(1610)		George Lesley.
(1610)		Timothy Pont.
(1610)	1673	Sir Robert Murray.
(1610)	1676	Henry Guthrie, bishop of Dunkeld.
(1610)	1678	James Wallace.
(1610)	1679	Sir James Dundas.
1610	1681	Donald Cargill.
(1610)	1684	Robert Baillie (Jerviswood).
(1610)	1689	Sir George Lockhart.
1611	1684	Robert Leighton, archbishop of Glasgow.
1612	1650	James Graham, marquis of Montrose.
1613	1646	George Gillespie.
1613	1679	James Sharp, archbishop of St. Andrews.
1615	1685	John Blackadder.
(1615)	1673	John, earl Middleton (*s*).
1616	1682	John Maitland, duke of Lauderdale (*s*).
1619	1695	James Dalrymple, viscount Stair.
1620	1665	Rev. William Guthrie.
1620	1680	Robert Morrison.
(1620)	1699	George Sinclair.
(1620)		William Gordon.
1620	1682	David Leslie.
(1620)	1680	David Hackston.
(1620)	1680	Richard Cameron.
(1620)	1685	Archibald Campbell, ninth earl of Argyle.
1621	1675	Sir William Lockhart.
1622	1699	Lady Anne Halket.
1622	1658	James Durham.
(1626)	1687	George Dalgarno.
1627	1653	Hugh Binning.
(1630)		James Kirkwood.
1630	1694	Sir Andrew Balfour, M.D.
1630	1714	George Mackenzie, first earl of Cromarty.
1633	1689	William Annand.
1635	1700	Sir Roger Hog, lord Harcarse.
1636	1691	Sir George Mackenzie.
1638	1675	James Gregory.
1640	1666	Rev. Hugh M'Kail (*s*).
1641	1724	Patrick Hume, first earl of Marchmont.
1642	1716	Rev. Robert Traill (*s*).
1643	1715	Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.
(1645)	1700	William Dunlop.
(1646)	1720	Count Anthony Hamilton.
1646	1722	Sir John Lauder, lord Fountainhall.
1648	1788	John Logan.
1648	1690	Robert Barclay.
1649	1715	William Carstairs.
(1650)		John Craig.
(1650)		John Row.
(1650)		Sir Thomas Urquhart.
(1650)		Patrick Hume.
(1650)		Robert Johnstone.
(1650)		Michael Geddes.
(1650)		Sir Robert Sibbald.
1650	1722	Charles Leslie.
1650	1678	Henry Scougal.
(1650)	1689	John Graham, viscount of Dundee.
1650	1693	Henry Erskine, third lord Cardross.
1652	1711	Rev. John Sage.
1652	1713	Dr. Archibald Pitcairne.
1652	1722	Alex. Pennycuik, M.D.
1653	1716	Andrew Fletcher, of Salton.
1654	1737	Alexander Cunningham.
1656	1716	Patrick Abercromby.
1657	1713	James, fourth duke of Hamilton.
(1660)	1726	Sir Francis Grant.
(1660)	1735	John Arbuthnot, M.D.
1660	(1706)	William Paterson.
1661	1701	David Gregory.
1662	1728	James Anderson.
1662	1688	James Renwick.
1665	1732	Robert Gordon.
1665	1726	David Crawford.
1667	1747	Simon Fraser, 12th lord Lovat.

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A.D.		
1670	1749	Alexander Robertson.
1670	1755	David Erskine, forensic lord Dun.
(1670)	1716	Robert Fleming.
(1670	1723)	John Anderson.
1671	1743	George Cheyne.
1671	1689	William Clelland.
1671	1721	John Keill.
1671	1729	John Law.
1673	1731	George Lockhart.
1673	1747	John Dalrymple, second earl of Stair.
1673	1719	James Keill.
1674	1712	Thomas Halyburton.
(1674)	1754	James Gibbs.
1674	1757	Thomas Ruddiman.
1675	1732	John Erskine, 18th lord Erskine, earl of Marr.
1675	1742	James Douglas, M.D.
1675	1740	Alexander Hume, second earl of Marchmont.
1676	1732	Thomas Boston.
1678	1762	Alexander Forbes, lord Pitsligo.
1678	1755	George Logan.
1678	1743	John Campbell, first duke of Argyle.
1679	1734	Rev. Robert Wodrow.
(1680)	1728	Patrick Blair, M.D.
1680	1750	John Willison.
1680	1756	Rev. Ebenezer Erskine.
(1680)	1727	Robert Dundas.
1681	1757	Robert Keith, bishop Keith.
1682	1731	William Aikman.
1682	1744	James Craig.
1683	1760	Charles Alston, M.D.
(1684)	1738	Joseph Mitchell.
1685	1747	Duncan Forbes, of Culloden.
1685	1752	Ralph Erskine.
1685	1753	Robert Dundas.
1685	1732	John Horsley.
1686	1766	Archibald Bower.
(1686)	1750	Andrew Baxter.
1686	1743	Andrew Michael Ramsay.
1686	1757	Allan Ramsay.
1687	1766	George Drummond.
1687	1768	Dr. Robert Simson.
1688	1745	Colonel James Gardiner.
1688	1745	William Meston.
(1690)	1750	Thomas Gordon.
1690	1712	Robert Hepburn.
1691	1780	John Bell, of Antermony
1692	1765	Adam Anderson.
1692	1766	Andrew Fletcher, lord Milton.
(1693)	1757	William Maitland.
1695	1750	John Love.
1695	1773	John Glass.
1695	1768	John Erskine.
1695	1779	John Rutherford.
1696	1782	Henry Home, lord Kames.
1696	1758	James Keith, marshal Keith.
1697	1771	Dr. Robert Wallace.
1697	1738	Dr. Monro, *primus*.
1698	1746	Colin Maclaurin.
1699	1746	Robert Blair.
1699	1784	Alexander Ross.
(1700)		John Douglas.
(1700)		James Anderson, D.D.
(1700)		Thomas Innes.
(1700)	1747	Alexander Blackwell.
(1700)		Elizabeth Blackwell.
1700	1770	Alexander Cruden.
(1700)	1750	Alexander Gordon.
1700	1748	James Thomson.
(1700)	1779	Dugald Graham.
(1700)	1749	William Gcd.
(1700)	1765	David Mallet, *otherwise* Malloch.
(1700)	1758	John Cockburn.
1701	1757	Thomas Blackwell.
1702	1749	John Lindsay, earl of Crawford.
1703	1778	Patrick Murray, lord Elibank.
1703	1785	Sir Alexander Dick, Bart.
1704	1793	William Murray, earl of Mansfield.
1704	1754	William Hamilton, of Bangour.
1706	1766	Walter Goodal.
1706	1790	General William Roy.
1707	1782	Sir John Pringle.
1707	1776	Robert Foulis.
(1707)	1784	Dr. Alexander Webster.
1708	1770	William Guthrie.
1708	1774	Rev. Thomas Gillespie.
1708	1794	Hugh Campbell Hume, third earl of Marchmont.
1708	1775	John Campbell, LL.D.
1709	1788	James Brown.

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1709	1789	John Callander.
1709	1779	John Armstrong, M.D.
1710	1796	Dr. Thomas Reid.
(1710)	1768	Dugald Buchanan.
(1710)	1771	William Lauder.
1710	1790	James Bayne.
1710	1790	William Cullen.
1710	1768	James Short.
(1710)	1789	Sir Charles Douglas.
1710	1779	James Moor, LL.D.
1710	1776	James Ferguson.
1710	1749	James Geddes.
1711	1792	William Tytler, lord Woodhouselee.
1711	1776	David Hume.
1711	1776	Robert Hay Drummond, archbishop of York.
1711	1751	David Fordyce.
1712	1775	Andrew Foulis.
1713	1787	Robert Dundas.
1713	1784	Allan Ramsay.
1713	1792	John Stuart, third earl of Bute.
1713	1788	Adam Gib.
1713	1780	Sir James Steuart.
1713	1786	Rev. Alexander Bryce.
1714	1799	James Burnet, of Monboddo.
1715	1785	William Strahan.
1716	1789	George Cleghorn.
1717	1760	William Duncan.
1717	1791	Charles Bisset.
1717	1785	Dr. Matthew Stuart.
1718	1783	Dr. William Hunter.
1718	1788	Rev. Dr. John Drysdale.
1718	1800	Hugh Blair, D.D.
1718	1790	George Augustus Elliot, lord Heathfield.
1719	1796	Dr. George Campbell.
1719	1800	Dr. David Doig.
1718	1790	Dr. Robert Henry.
(1720)		Edmund Stone.
(1720)	1775	Gavin Hamilton.
(1720)	1783	John Blair, LL.D.
1720	1796	James Fordyce, D.D.
1721	1793	Rev. Dr. William Robertson (the historian).
1721	1793	Francis Garden.
1721	1792	Sir Robert Strange.
1721	1803	Rev. Doctor John Erskine.
1721	1807	John Douglas, D.D.
1721	1809	James Elphinstone.
1721	1807	Rev. John Skinner.
1721	1772	Wm. Wilkie, D.D.
(1721)	1805	Alexander Carlyle.
1721	1791	Thomas Blackleck.
1721	1774	Tobias Smollett.
1721	1800	Dr. James Macknight.
1722	1787	Rev. John Brown.
1722	1802	John Home.
1722	1794	Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon.
(1723)	1767	James Grainger.
1723	1806	George Chapman.
1723	1790	Adam Smith, LL.D.
1724	1773	Dr. John Gregory.
1724	1812	Duncan Macintyre.
1724	1816	Dr. Adam Ferguson.
1724	1792	Sir William Fordyce.
(1724)	1768	Alexander Russell, M.D. (historian, &c.).
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1726	1796	Professor John Anderson.
1726	1792	Sir David Dalrymple, lord Hailes.
1727	1807	Neil Gow.
1728	1795	Alexander Gerard, D.D.
1728	1793	Dr. John Hunter.
1728	1792	Robert Adam.
1728	1799	Joseph Black, M.D.
1729	1805	William Buchan, M.D.
1730	1795	Sir Robt. Murray Keith (*s*)
(1730)	1800	Walter Anderson, D.D.
1730	1802	Dr. John Moore.
1730	1794	James Bruce.
(1730)	1783	William Berry.
1730	1802	James Johnstone.
1730	1803	Sir William Hamilton.
1730	1781	Dr. Robert Watson.
(1730)	(1769)	William Falconer.
1731	1793	William Aiton.
1731	1822	Thomas Coutts.
1731	1804	Lord Viscount Duncan.
1732	1810	David Herd.
1732	1781	Thomas Alex. Erskine, sixth earl of Kellie.
1733	1817	Dr. Alex. Munro, M.D.
1733	1814	John Ogilvie, D.D.
1733	1805	Alex. Wedderburn, first earl of Rosslyn.
1734	1801	Sir Ralph Abercromby.
1734	1811	Robert Mylne.

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1734	1804	Robert Macfarlane.
1734	1798	John Barclay.
1734	1788	William Julius Mickle.
(1735)	1788	John Brown, M.D.
1735	1818	George Dempster.
1735	1801	John Millar.
(1735)	1820	General Sir David Dundas.
1735	1803	James Beattie, LL.D.
1735	1788	Sir Samuel Greig.
1736	1785	Alexander Runciman.
1736	1819	James Watt.
1736	1802	George Fordyce.
1737	1801	John Donaldson.
1737	1802	Alexander Geddes.
1737	1804	William Forsyth.
1737	1808	Alexander Dalrymple.
1738	1791	Elspeth Buchan.
1738	1796	James Macpherson.
1739	1806	David Dale (*s*).
1739	1808	James Anderson.
1739	1805	Dr. John Robison.
1739	1806	Sir William Forbes.
1740	1804	John Ker, third duke of Roxburghe.
1740	1818	Rev. Robert Balfour (*s*).
1740	1795	James Boswell.
1740	1795	William Smellie.
1740	1783	Dr. William Lothian.
1741	1793	William Russell.
1741	1818	Patrick Brydone.
1741	1811	Henry Dundas, viscount Melville.
1741	1802	Dr. Henry Hunter.
1741	1830	Dr. Thomas Somerville.
1741	1809	Alexander Adam.
1742	1829	David Stewart Erskine, earl of Buchan.
1742	1830	John Kay.
1742	1818	Robert Beatson.
1742	1786	Dr. Gilbert Stuart.
1742	1825	George Chalmers.
1742	1827	George Jardine.
1743	1814	William Richardson.
1743	1829	Robert Hamilton, LL.D.
1744	1818	George Rose.
1744	1828	Andrew Duncan, sen., M.D.
1744	1796	David Allan.
1745	1818	Sir Robert Calder (*s*).
1745	1831	Henry Mackenzie.
1745	1794	Robert Alves.
1745	1795	Alexander Abercromby.
1745	1800	William Cruikshanks.
1745	1815	William Creech.
1745	1813	William Craig.
1745	1820	Patrick Colquhoun.
1746	1818	Hector Macneil.
1746	(1798)	George Low.
1746	1817	(Hon.) Henry Erskine.
1746	1767	Michael Bruce.
1746	1817	Dr. William Thomson.
1746	1823	George Keith Elphinstone, viscount Keith.
1747	1813	Alex. Fraser Tytler, *second* Lord Woodhouselee.
1747	1836	Dr. John Gillies (*s*).
1747	1792	Paul Jones.
1747	1803	James Sibbald.
1748	1819	John Playfair.
1748	1788	Rev. Dr. John Logan.
1748	1831	Archibald Cochrane, earl Dundonald.
1749	1834	Sir Gilbert Blane, M.D (*s*).
1749	1786	Hugo Arnot.
1749	1806	Benjamin Bell.
1750	1830	Robert Anderson, M.D.
1750	1843	Thos. Graham, lord Lynedoch (*s*).
(1750)	1812	John Clark.
(1750)	1829	Sir David Baird.
1750	1823	Thomas Erskine, lord Erskine.
1750	1793	Lord George Gordon.
1750	1774	Robert Fergusson.
1750	1817	James Glennie.
1750	1827	Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood.
1750	1798	John Lowe.
1750	1825	David Bogue.
1750	1819	Dr. George Hill.
1750	1806	Andrew Dalzell.
(1750)	1803	James Tytler.
1751	1808	Alexander Grey.
1751	1814	Gilbert Murray Kynnynmond Elliot, first earl of Minto.
1752	1787	John Brown.
1752	1831	George Fulton.
1753	1828	Dugald Stewart.
1753	1832	Andrew Bell, D.D.
1753	1783	Lieut.-Colonel Campbell.
1753	1821	James Gregory, M.D.
1754	1832	Sir William Grant (*s*).
1754	1835	Sir John Sinclair, Bart. (*s*).

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A.D.		
1754	1827	Dr. Alexander Waugh.
1755	1838	Mrs. Grant (born Macvicar (*s*).
1755	1788	Andrew Macdonald.
1755	1813	Robert Kerr.
1755	1834	Thomas Telford.
1755	1830	Wm. Lawrence Brown, D.D.
1756	1836	John London Macadam (*s*).
1756	1805	James Currie.
1756	1821	James Perry.
1756	1823	Sir Henry Raeburn.
1757	1828	Rev. Dr. John Love (*s*).
1757	1839	Rev. Dr. Archd. Alison (*s*).
1758	1840	Alexander Nasmyth (*s*).
1758	1832	Sir Alex. F. I. Cochrane (*s*.)
1758	1790	William Hamilton.
1758	1808	James Finlayson, D.D.
1758	1819	Robert Dundas.
1758	1825	John Pinkerton.
1758	1825	James Taylor.
1759	1836	John Mayne (*s*).
1759	1853	George Thomson (*s*).
1759	1834	Alexander Chalmers (*s*).
1759	1830	Rev. Dr. John Jamieson (*s*).
1759	1796	Robert Burns.
1759	1815	William Roxburgh.
1759	1823	William Playfair.
(1759)	1826	John Barclay, M.D.
17—	18—	Sir Alexr. Mackenzie (*s*).
1760	1833	John Heriot (*s*).
1760	1832	Sir Richard Birnie (*s*).
1760	1832	Lieut.-Col. John Macdonald (*s*).
1760	1815	Gilbert Gerard, D.D.
1761	1808	Sir John Moore.
1761	1821	John Rennie.
1761	1823	Matthew Baillie, M.D.
1761	1827	Major-General Sir Thomas Munro.
1761	1832	Sir James Hall.
1762	1851	Joanna Baillie (*s*).
1762	1836	James Horsburgh (*s*).
1762	1818	Malcolm Laing.
1762	1820	John Bell.
1762	1829	Francis Buchanan, M.D.
1763	1816	Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Leith.
1763,4	1831	John Abernethy.
1764	1842	Robert Haldane (*s*).
1764	1832	William Laing (*s*).
1764	1807	Robert Heron.
1764	1824	Alexander Campbell.
1764	1833	Rev. Dr. Dick.
1765	1840	Rev. Dr. Stevenson Macgill (*s*).
1765	1842	Dr. James Ivory (*s*).
1765	1844	Peter Nicholson (*s*).
1765	1811	Rev. James Grahame.
1765	1832	Sir James Mackintosh.
1766	1840	Rev. John Campbell.
1766	1813	Alexander Wilson.
1766	1815	Claudius Buchanan, D.D.
1766	1823	Sir John Hope, earl of Hopetoun.
1766	1831	Nathaniel Gow.
1767	1829	Alexander Balfour.
1766	1832	Sir John Leslie.
1767	1830	Henry Bell.
1768	1851	James Alexr. Haldane (*s*).
1768	1833	Sir Pulteney Malcolm (*s*).
1768	1852	Thomas Thomson (*s*).
1768	1843	Dr. William Wallace (*s*).
1769	1833	James Bell (*s*).
1769	1833	Sir John Malcolm.
(1770)	1830	Sir William Drummond.
1771	1854	James Montgomery (*s*).
1771	1806	Mungo Park.
1771	1832	Sir Walter Scott.
1772	1846	Sir George Murray (*s*).
1772	1835	James Hogg (*s*).
1772	1849	Dr. William Rae Wilson (*s*).
1772	1835	Rev. Dr. Thos. M'Crie (*s*).
1772	1850	Robert Stevenson (*s*).
1772	1829	Major-Gen. David Stewart.
1773	1836	James Mill (*s*).
1773	1854	Dr. Thos. Thomson, M.D. (*s*).
1773	1850	Francis (lord) Jeffrey (*s*).
1773	1832	Andrew Duncan, jun., M.D.
1773	1832	William M'Gavin.
1773	1845	Rev. Dr. George Cook (*s*).
1774	1810	Robert Tannahill.
1774	1819	Robert Watt, M.D.
1774	1842	Sir Charles Bell (*s*).
1774	1853	Dr. John Burns (*s*).
1774	1846	Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan (*s*).
1775	1813	Alexander Murray, D.D.
1775	1811	John Leyden.
1775	1822	Sir Alexander Boswell.
1776	1851	Sir James Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart. (*s*).
1776	1853	John Struthers (*s*).

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1776	1801	Richard Gall.
1776	1821	John Ballantyne.
1776	1825	Rev. William Gillespie.
1776	1826	Archibald Constable.
1776	1834	William Blackwood.
1777	1851	Sir John Graham Dalyell(*s*).
1777	1847	Macvey Napier (*s*).
1777	1844	Thomas Campbell (*s*).
1778	1817	Francis Horner.
1778	1818	Mrs. Mary Brunton.
1778	1820	Dr. Thomas Brown.
1778	1840	Rev. John Thomson (*s*).
1779	1808	John Macdiarmid.
1779	1822	James Boswell.
1779	1831	Andrew Thomson. D.D.
1779	1839	John Galt (*s*).
1779	1853	Rev. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw (*s*).
1780	1847	Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers (*s*).
1780	1850	Sir Archibald Galloway (*s*).
1781	1813	Allan Burns (*s*).
1781	1844	John Abercrombie, M.D. (*s*).
1782	1829	Patrick Gibson.
1782	1852	Rev. Christopher Anderson (*s*).
1782	1846	Rev. Dr. Hugh Heugh (*s*).
1782	1851	Sir Charles Malcolm (*s*).
1782	1852	Sir William Allan (*s*).
1782	1854	Rev. Dr. David Landsborough (*s*).
1783	1832	Alexander Nimmo (*s*).
1783	1843	John Claudius Loudon (*s*).
1784	1848	Dr. William Tennant (*s*).
1784	1848	Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart (*s*).
1785	1841	Sir David Wilkie (*s*).
1785	1842	Allan Cunningham (*s*).
(1785)	1854	Professor John Wilson (*s*).
1736	1853	Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon (*s*).
1786	1831	Peter Nasmyth (*s*).
(1786)	1821	John Ballantyne.
1787	1844	Rev. Dr. Robert Balfour (*s*).
1788	1827	Hugh Clapperton.
1788	1828	George Cunningham Monteath.
1788	1833	Andrew Picken (*s*).
1788	1844	Capt. Basil Hall, F.R.S. (*s*).
1788	1816	James Burnet (*s*).
1789	1834	Thomas Pringle (*s*).
1789	1835	Michael Scott (*s*).
1789	1825	William Knox (*s*).
(1790)	1822	John Dougall.
1790	1854	David Vedder (*s*).
1791	1849	Patrick Fraser Tytler (*s*).
1791	1836	Col. David Mackinnon (*s*).
1792	1834	Rev. Edward Irving (*s*).
1793	1826	Alexander Gordon Laing.
1793	1828	Rev. Alexander Nicol.
(1793)	1854	John Gibson Lockhart (*s*).
1793	1845	Rev. Dr. David Welsh (*s*).
1794	1847	Robert Liston (*s*).
1795	1835	Henry David Inglis (*s*).
1797	1835	William Motherwell (*s*).
1797	1840	Captain Thomas Drummond (*s*).
1797	1849	Dr. Andrew Combe (*s*).
1798	1851	Dr. David Macbeth Moir(*s*).
1798	1844	Professor Thomas Henderson (*s*).
1798	1834	David Douglas (*s*).
1798	1850	Robert Gilfillan (*s*).
1799	1827	Robert Pollok.
1799	1850	James Thom (*s*).
1799	1844	George Meikle Kemp (*s*).
1802	1837	Dr. Robert Macnish (*s*).
1805	1841	Sir Alexander Burnes (*s*).
1806	1849	David Scott (*s*).
1807	1845	Thomas Duncan (*s*).
1810	1849	George Gardner (*s*).
1809	1849	John Reid, M.D (*s*).
(1810)	1849	John Duncan (*s*).
1813	1843	Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne (*s*).
1814	1837	Robert Nicoll (*s*).
1818	1851	Colonel J. Fordyce (*s*).
(17—)	1748	Donald Cameron (*s*).
(17—)	1832	Thomas Trotter, M.D (*s*).
1795	1837	Walter Geikie (*s*).
(17—)	1843	Sir Archibald Campbell (*s*).
(17—)	1844	Rev. Thomas Gillespie (*s*).

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