Bruce

AGH

Bru

A

EMINENT MEN OF ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN:
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
BY D. CHALMERS AND CO.

LIVES

OF

EMINENT MEN OF ABERDEEN.

BY

JAMES BRUCE.

ABERDEEN:

L. SMITH; D. WYLLIE & SON; S. MACLEAN; W. COLLIE; W. RUSSEL; W. LAURIE; AND J. STRACHAN.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM TAIT; GLASGOW: DAVID ROBERTSON; LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

MDCCCXLI.

TO

THOMAS BLAIKIE, ESQ.,

LORD PROVOST OF ABERDEEN,

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH THE HIGHEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM FOR HIS

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARACTER,

AND

FROM A SENSE OF THE INTEREST WHICH HE TAKES

IN EVERY THING THAT CONCERNS

THE HONOUR AND WELFARE OF HIS NATIVE CITY,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JAMES BRUCE.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

In offering this volume to the public, the writer trusts, that, with all its imperfections, it will be found not uninteresting to his townsmen, or, perhaps, to the general reader. At least it had frequently occurred to him, that an amusing and instructive book might be made on the subject which he has handled.

The volume does not contain one half of the lives which the author would have wished to have placed in it. He has been obliged to lay aside biographies which would have been well worthy of insertion. Those who do not consider the difficulty of selling a large work will ask why they have not got the lives of Gilbert Jack, Dr. William Barclay, Walter Donaldson, John Johnston, David Wedderburn, Dr. Patrick Dun, Andrew Cant, Provost Jaffray, the very learned Dr. John Forbes, Andrew Baxter the metaphysician, the Gregories, Gibbs the architect, Mor-

ison the botanist, Baillie Skene, the Rev. John Bisset, Professor John Kerr, the Gerards, and the Fordyces; to which we answer, that all these men are fairly entitled to places in a collection of Aberdeen biographies, and would all have been here had there been room for them.

This volume is the first of its kind, as far as the writer is aware, that has been published in Scotland. On the Continent, numerous compilations have been made of the biographies of men belonging to particular cities. "The authors belonging to such and such towns," says Jeremy Collier, "have been taken care of by several collectors. Thomasinus has given us a register of those of Padua; Bumaldi, those of Bologna; Hieronymo Rubei has preserved those of Ravenna; Coria and Ripamonte, those of Milan; Hugolino Verrino has mustered the writers of Florence; Sanders has done as much for those of Ghent; and so has Julius Puteanus for the lawyers of Verona; Lewis Jacob has left an account of the authors of Chalon upon the Saone; and the Sieur Pitton has done the same for those of Aix in Provence." To this list, furnished by Collier, several additions might be made.

While the writer feels a warm interest in the honour of Aberdeen, he has not judged it a wise method of promoting that honour to deal in undeserved eulogiums on the eminent men whom it has produced. He also could never discover the propriety of the practice, in common use, of making every man a saint whose good fortune it has been to have his life written; and he ventures to express an opinion, that the cause of morality and truth is not in very safe keeping with writers who adopt this system.

Without troubling the reader any further with professions, the writer may be allowed to state,—with great deference, however, to the judgment of those who think otherwise and may know much better,—that he conceives that the great end and object of writing history should be, not the mere settling of disputed dates and the fixing of contested localities, nor even the clearing up of the family connexions of great men and the tracing of "endless genealogies which," as the apostle says, "minister questions rather than godly edifying," but the exhibition, according to the writer's ability, of human nature in its various appearances—the exposure to the world of truth in all its loveliness, and virtue with all her

charms. This object, in favour of which he is obliged to confess that he entertains a strong prejudice, the writer has never lost sight of for an instant in these pages; but, directly or indirectly, has framed every sentence in accordance with it. On this account, perhaps he will not be very strongly reviled for stepping, as he has sometimes done, out of his more immediate subject, in order to do something, in an humble way, in vindication and support of the neglected interests of sound morality and sound religion, as applicable to the most trifling as well as to the most important actions of men.

LIVES

OF

EMINENT MEN OF ABERDEEN.

JOHN BARBOUR.

Of the life of this great poet and historian, whose writings have done honour to Scotland, the memorials discovered by the most anxious researches are exceedingly scanty. That he was born at Aberdeen, as stated by Hume of Godscroft, and, after him, by Dr. Mackenzie and others, is extremely probable; but not fully authenticated. The conjectures regarding his parentage are various. There is no sufficient evidence that he was the son of Andrew Barbour, who had possessed a tenement in the Castle Street of Aberdeen, from which, in the year 1350, a burgess of the city, called Matthew Pinchach, had granted an endowment to the Carmelite Friars, as appears from a charter given by David II. to that body, of the

date of 1360.* Still less satisfactory is the supposition that he was the son of John Barber, or Barbour, in favour of whom David II. in the year 1328, issued an order to Sir Alexander Seaton, Governor of Berwick, for the payment of a sum of money.† In addition to these conjectures, Dr. Jamieson suggests the probability that our poet, who by some writers is said to have been educated at Arbroath, might be related to Robert Barbour, who, in 1309, received from King Robert Bruce a charter of the lands of Craigie, in Forfarshire. Though the first of these opinions appears to carry most weight, as it connects Barbour's father with Aberdeen, it must be confessed that all of them rest on no better evidence than that derived from the sameness of the name—which, it is likely, was a very common one—and the circumstance that there is nothing in the chronology to contradict belief in them. Mr. Pinkerton, a writer of more acuteness than antiquaries usually possess, has, in the absence of anything like evidence, prudently abstained from hazarding a guess on the birthplace or parentage of the poet.‡

It is as evident from his writings, as from the rank which he afterwards held in the Church, that Barbour received a learned education. On what authority it has been asserted that he was educated at Arbroath,§

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 3. In this charter, the name Barbour, or Barber, which no doubt originated from the profession, is curiously translated *Barbitonsor*.

† Irving's Lives of the Scottish Poets, vol. i. p. 254.

‡ Pinkerton's Barbour, vol. i. p. xviii.

§ Tytler's Lives of Scottish Worthies, vol. ii. p. 139.

we have been unable to discover. A School of Divinity and Canon Law had existed at Aberdeen since the reign of Alexander II.; and it has been supposed that Barbour had availed himself of the learning which it could supply, and had afterwards studied at Oxford. In the year 1357, he was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, under which title we find that he was nominated by the Bishop, one of the Commissioners, who were to meet at Edinburgh, in order to take measures for liberating King David, who had been kept a prisoner in England since the battle of Nevil's Cross.* This notice of Barbour, being then Archdeacon of Aberdeen, is all the evidence from which conjectures have been drawn about the year of his birth. Lord Hailes, indeed, fancies that his description of the person of Sir Thomas Randolph, who died in 1331, must have been drawn from personal observation; but the passage itself does not authorize this opinion. From his being Archdeacon in this year, most authorities, thinking it unlikely that he could have arrived at that rank in the Church till he was about forty, have placed his birth in the years 1316 to 1319. Mr. Pinkerton makes it ten years later. By

* "The Scots prelates granted powers to certain persons to act for them in Parliament at Edinburgh, and to concur in every thing which might be requisite for effecting the deliverance of their sovereign. The Bishop of Aberdeen named three Commissioners: one of them was John, Archdeacon of Aberdeen—[John Barbour, the metrical historian.] Like Commissions were granted by the Bishop and Chaplain of Moray, of Glasgow, and of Dunkeld; by the Bishop of Argyle, by the Chapter of Ross, by the Prior and Chapter of St. Andrew's, and by the Abbot and Convent of Scone."—*Hailes' Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 243. Edinb. 1776-79.

the Canon Law, it is said that he might have taken the order of an Archdeacon in his twenty-fifth year; but, when we consider the important trust committed to him by his Bishop at this time, we are inclined to believe that, in 1357, he had attained to ripe manhood; and farther than this, all is mere conjecture.

In the same year, about a month previously to his being nominated a Commissioner, Barbour obtained a passport from Edward III. at the request of the Scotish Monarch, to travel through England with three scholars, who were to study at Oxford—most probably at Baliol College, which had been founded and endowed nearly a century before, by the munificence of the wife of the unfortunate John Baliol. This passport is dated the 13th of August. The terms of this document do not clearly bear out, though they certainly do not refute, the opinion of Mr. Warton, that, at this period, Barbour himself went and studied at Oxford; it is certain, however, that, in November, 1364, he obtained permission to pass through England, accompanied by four horsemen, for the purpose of studying at Oxford, or elsewhere; and it is honourable to his love of learning, as well as to the humility of his character, that, at a mature age, he sought to increase his acquirements by a visit to that renowned University. The next notice of Barbour is in October, 1365, when he obtained permission from the King of England to travel through that country, in company with six horsemen, on their way to St. Denys, and other sacred places. From the words of this passport, Dr. Irving has conjectured

that Barbour and his companions were engaged in a religious pilgrimage.

In addition to these documents, there is another safe-conduct, dated in November, 1368, granted by Edward to Barbour, permitting him to pass through England, with two servants and their horses, on his way to France, for the purpose of studying there. In the year 1373, we find Barbour's name in the list of the Auditors of Exchequer.*

It was at a rather advanced period of his life that Barbour wrote the great poem which has immortalized his name. It has been satisfactorily ascertained that he received a pension from Robert II. as a reward for having written the life of the great King Robert. It is not, however, improbable, that David II., who died in 1370, had urged Barbour to engage in this work; and this circumstance may have led to the erroneous statement made by several historians, that he received a pension from that monarch. Barbour has been most minute and accurate in mentioning the date of the writing of "The Bruce:"

> "And in the tyme off the compiling
> Off this buk, this Robert wes king;
> And off hys kynryk passyt wes
> Fyve yer; and wes the yer of grace
> A thousand, thre Hundyr, sevynty
> And Fyve; and off hys eld sexty." †

The annuity which Barbour received from the royal bounty consisted of a sum of ten pounds Scots, from the revenues of the City of Aberdeen, and

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 18. † Ibid, 274.

twenty shillings from the burgh mails. The latter of these sums being granted to him, not merely during his own life, but to his assignees, the Archdeacon bequeathed it to the Dean, Canons, the Chapter, and other ministers of the Cathedral of Aberdeen, on condition that they should for ever celebrate a yearly mass for his soul. At the Reformation, when it came to be discovered that masses did no good to souls in the other world, it is probable that this endowment reverted to the Crown.

Besides "The Bruce," Barbour wrote a history of Scotland, which is more than once referred to in Wynton's Chronicle. It is impossible, however, to discover from these notices of it whether it was composed in Latin, or in the vernacular. In all probability it was in the language and verse of "The Bruce." This work is unfortunately lost. It appears that it commenced with the fables about Brutus, and was continued till the reign of Robert II. Of its merits, Wynton, in one place, says:—

> "Of Brutus lyneage quha wyll her—
> He luke the tretis of Barbere,
> Mad intyl a genealogy,
> Rycht weill and mare perfytly
> Than I can on ony wys
> Wytht all my wyt to yowe dewys."

Barbour died about the beginning of the year 1396, at an advanced age. The time of his death is ascertained from the Chartulary of Aberdeen, quoted by Lord Hailes, where, under the date of August the 10th, 1398, "mention is made of *quondam Joh. Barber, Archidiaconus, Aberd.;* and where, it is said,

he died two years and a half before—therefore in 1396."*

The want of memorials regarding this eminent poet, which we have in the present day to regret, has in a great measure arisen from the very circumstance to which the high estimation in which his work is now held is owing—his having written in his mother tongue. Had he compiled an insipid history in Latin, the attention of the learned would have been more early directed to his work.†

There can be little doubt that the learning of Barbour was superior to that of most of the ecclesiastics of his day. "He seems," says Dr. Mackenzie, "to have been well seen in the French, Grecian, and Roman histories." Happily for his reputation, he has made no use of the heathen mythology in his poem. Like Milton, he was a reader and a lover of romances, and makes more than one reference to them; and introduces Robert the Bruce reading to his follower the story of Fierabras. It does not appear that Barbour was acquainted with the writings of his illustrious contemporary, Chaucer, or with the rising literature of Italy, which was then beginning to throw its light over Europe.

The first printed edition of Barbour's great poem, now known to exist, was published at Edinburgh in

* Annals of Scotland, vol. ii p. 3.

† We have a striking exemplification of this circumstance in the fact that Dempster, who was so anxious to exalt the literary glory of his country, and so industrious in inventing names, in order to make up a list of twelve hundred Scotish writers, has taken no notice whatever of Barbour, or his work.

1616. From a passage in Patrick Gordon's History of Bruce, which was licensed at Edinburgh on the 23rd of December, 1613, Dr. Irving, Dr. Jamieson, and Mr. Pinkerton, conjecture that there was an older printed edition; but we do not think it clear that Gordon refers to Barbour. His words are, "Although the old printed book, besides its outworn barbarous speech, was so ill composed, that I could bring it to no good method."* Mr. Pinkerton states that, between the edition of 1616, and the issuing of his own in 1790, the work had gone through about twenty impressions—a sufficient proof of its reputation with the people. Of these, the principal are the editions of Edinburgh, 1620 and 1648; Glasgow, 1665; and Edinburgh, 1670, all in black letter. In the year 1790, Mr. Pinkerton published his edition, at London,

* Preface to "The Famous History of the Renown'd and Valiant Prince Robert, sirnamed the Bruce, King of Scotland, &c. p. iv.—Glasgow Edit. 1753." Dr. Irving has fairly analysed the merits of this singular performance. Gordon's preface is a fine piece of old English composition. He there speaks of a memorial of King Robert, which would be well worth looking at. After mentioning the lines which, according to tradition, King Robert used to repeat to himself in the days of his adversity—

"Ni me Scotorum libertas prisca moveret,
Non mala tot paterer orbis ob imperium"—

Gordon adds, "These rules were written and subscribed with his own hand, in his manual book, which he always carried about with him, and was extant within these few years." A namesake of the poet, who signs himself "A. Gordon," has, in some commendatory verses prefixed to his work, given it as his opinion that Gordon had revived the forgotten name of Bruce, and augmented his glory. He concludes with this couplet:—

"Long may thou live, whose lines brave Bruce adorn;
And let Bruce ghost be glad that thou wast born."

in three volumes, with valuable preface, notes, and a glossary. The manuscript was copied—but not under the learned Editor's eye—from a volume in the Advocates' library, of the date of 1489, and the transcript was compared with the original by the Earl of Buchan, an honest well-meaning nobleman, who granted the following attestation of its accuracy:—"I, David Stewart, Earl of Buchan, have compared this transcript of the MS. dated 1489, in the Lawyers' Library, at Edinburgh, with the original, and find it to be a true copy, having corrected such errors as I have been able to observe in the course of a very minute investigation and comparison.—BUCHAN. Edinburgh, September 27, 1787."* This MS. Mr. Pinkerton believed to be copied from another, written in the time of the author, as the spelling "was more barbaric and uncouth than that of a copy of Wynton's Chronicle, written about the year 1410, in the Cotton Library." The MS. as appeared from the colophon, was the work of a John Ramsay, who is believed to have been Dean John Ramsay, of the House of the Valley of Virtue, a Carthusian Monastery near Perth, who, about the year 1498, was made Prior of the Convent.† The work of transcribing was undertaken

* Pinkerton's Barbour, Pref. vii. The Perth edition of "Blind Harry's Wallace" (1790) bears on the title-page to be "carefully transcribed from the MS. copy (the work of John Ramsay, the pious transcriber of 'The Bruce') of that work, in the Advocates' Library, under the eye of the Earl of Buchan"—to whom the edition is dedicated. This Earl presented the University of Edinburgh with the legacy of the very copy of Rudiman's Rudiments, from which, when a boy, he had condescended to learn the Latin tongue.

† Jamieson's Barbour, Pref. xv.

at the command of Simon Lochmalony, Vicar of Ouchtermuinsye.* Lochmalony, Dr. Jamieson remarks, was a sirname in Fife; and the parish of Moonzie, in that shire, was formerly called Ouchtermoonzie. A fac-simile of the colophon, and of the first two lines of Barbour's Praise of Liberty, is given at the end of Pinkerton's edition.

There is something beautifully affecting in reading, after the lapse of centuries, a recorded supplication in behalf of a spirit that has long left this world. Appended to the colophon of "The Bruce," we have the following:—"Anima Domini Roberti Bruyss, et anime omnium fidelium Defunctorum per Dei Manum Requiescant in pace. Amen. Amen. Amen."—After four indifferent Latin verses, we have the following aspiration:—Per ea viscera Marie Virginis que portauerunt eterni Patris Filium. Amen.†

Pinkerton was the first who divided "The Bruce" into Books, in order to facilitate its perusal.‡ Previously to this, there were rhyming titles given to different portions of the work. The edition of Edinburgh, 1670, has such titles as the following:—

> "How Douglas, in Saint Bryde's Kirk,
> With the Englishmen can wirk."

* In Mr. Pinkerton's edition, these names are erroneously given Lochmaleny, Vicar of Ouchternunnse; and both names, Mr. Pinkerton says, he had been unable to discover in any other record.

† Jamieson's Barbour, p. 424.

‡ He mentions a curious fact, that "Nævius and Ennius, the most ancient Roman Poets, composed their long works in one entire piece; and antiquity has been so idle as to let us know that Lampadio first divided the poem of Nævius into books; and Varguneius, that of Ennius."—Pref. p. viii.

"How Sir Rymer and John of Lorn
Chas'd the King with hound and horn."

"How an Irish king, false and forward,
Let out a loch upon Sir Edward."

In 1820, Dr. Jamieson published, from the original MS. an accurate edition of "The Bruce," and of "Blind Harry's Wallace," in two quarto volumes. The alterations in the text, when compared with Mr. Pinkerton's, are such as may no doubt appear vastly important in the eyes of an antiquary. As a commentator, however, Jamieson is in every way inferior to Pinkerton.

Barbour's work is the oldest poem of any length which Scotish history affords, if we except the Romance of Sir Tristrem, attributed to Thomas of Ercildoune. Barbour is therefore to his countrymen what Chaucer is to the English, and Dante to the Italians—a great luminary appearing in a dark age; though we ought not to allow our national partiality to lead us to place the Scotish poet on a level either with the English or the Italian.*

We must altogether reject the testimonies given of the merits of Barbour's poem by those who admire a poem, or anything else, because it is ancient; and we cannot for an instant allow that it is to be compared with "the melancholy sublimity of Dante," far less to be preferred, as Mr. Pinkerton would have it, to that great Italian poem, which awakened the genius of modern literature. Neither has Barbour shewn

* Chaucer and Barbour flourished and wrote in nearly the same years. Chaucer was born in 1328, and died in 1400. Barbour was born in 1316-19, and died in 1396; and both poets wrote their great works after they had passed middle age.

that he possessed the varied genius of Chaucer. His work, nevertheless, is highly honourable to his country, and abounds with real beauties. It is eminently original and national. The art of interesting and graphic narration Barbour possessed in a very high degree; and the war for Scotland's independence furnished him with ample materials on which to display his power. Like Homer, he excels in the describing of battles. He brings before us, in one vivid picture, the fluttering of the banners, the gleaming of the armour, the clashing of the weapons, and the whole tumult of the field. Like Sir Walter Scott, a still better describer of battles than Homer, Barbour, though a man of peace and letters, had a chivalrous mind. In patriotic and warlike feeling, "The Bruce" is as far superior to what is called the great Roman Epic, as the man whom it celebrates surpassed in every point of heroism the snivelling spouse-deserting fugitive from Troy; and as Sir James Douglas, Sir Edward Bruce, and Sir Thomas Randolph were superior to Eneas's *Fidus* Achates, and the rest of his insipid companions. Barbour is an admirable describer of character; and the characters which he had to describe were well worthy of all his skill. Bruce is everywhere represented as uniting valour with prudence,* firmness and decision with gentle tenderness and that pious and unshaken trust

* "As Ik hard men say,
He traistyt in nane sekyrly,
Till that he knew him wtrely;
But quhat kyndred that euir he had,
Fayr countenance to tham he mad."
Jamieson's Barbour, p. 62.

in heaven, by which he was so eminently distinguished above all other warriors that we read of. The following description of the gallant Sir James Douglas, will illustrate Barbour's excellence in delineating character. We think that he should not have scrupled to equal him with Hector :—

"He wes in all his dedis lele ;
For him dedeyneit nocht to dele
With trechery, na with falset.
His hart on hey honour wes set ;
And him contenyt in sic maner,
That all him luffyt that wer him ner.
Bot he wes nocht so fayr that we
Suld spek gretly off his beauté ;
In wysage wes he sumdeill gray,
And had blak har, as Ic hard say ;
Bot off his lymmys he was weill maid,
With banys gret, and schuldrys braid.
His body wes weyll maid and lenye ;
As thai that saw hym said to me.
Quhen he wes blyth he wes lufly,
And meyk and sweyt in cumpany ;
Bot quha in battaill mycht him se,
All other countenance had he.
And in spek wlispyt he sumdeill :
Bot that sat him rycht wondre weill.
Till guid Ector of Troy mycht he
In mony thingis likynt be.
Ector had blak har, as he had ;
And stark lymmis, and rycht weill maid ;
And wlyspit alsua, as did he ;
And wes fulfillyt of beawté ;
And wes curtaiss, and wyss, and wycht.
Bot off manheid and mekill mycht,
Till Ector dar I nane comper
Off all that euir in warldys wer."*

The chivalrous daring character of Edward Bruce is well painted in every scene in which he appears,

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 14.

and breaks out in all his speeches. It is thus described by Barbour :—

"This Schyr Eduard, forsuth Ik hycht,
Wes off his hand a noble knycht,
And in blythnes suete and joly;
Bot he wes owtrageouss hardy,
And off sa hey wndretaking,
That he had neuir yeit abaysyng
Off multitud off men; for thi
He discumfyt commounly
Mony with quhone; tharfor had he
Owt our peris renommé.
And quha wald reherss all the deid
Off his hey worschip and manheid,
Men mycht a mekill romanys mak."*

The following sketch is drawn of Sir Thomas Randolph, and is perfectly distinct from that of King Robert, Sir Edward Bruce, or Sir James Douglas :—

"He wes of mesurabill statur,
And weill porturat at mesur;
With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,
Curtaiss at poynt, and debonayr;
And off rycht sekyr contenyng,
Lawté he lowyt atour all thing,
Falset, tresoun, and feloney.
He stud agayne ay encrely.
He heyit honour ay and larges,
And ay mantenyt rychtwysnes.
In company solacious
He wes; and thairwith amorous;
And, gud knychtes, he luffyt ay;
And giff I the suth sall say,
He wes fulfillit off bounté,
Als off wertuys all maid wes he."†

We need not refer to specimens which have been quoted by all Barbour's biographers: his thrilling praise of liberty, and his very beautiful description of

* Jamieson's Barbour. p. 180. † Ibid, p. 197.

spring, which has been with good reason compared with a similar passage in Chaucer, are familiar to every reader. Dr. Irving has quoted one exquisite short passage, which displays so fine a knowledge of human nature, that we cannot forbear to point it out again. After Barbour has related how Bruce had alone defended a narrow pass against a host of enemies, he says that the soldiers crowded around him to get a sight of their gallant monarch :—

> "Syk words spak thai off the King,
> And for hys hey wndretaking,
> Farlyit and yarnyt hym for to se,
> That with hym aye wes wont to be."*

Barbour is equally excellent in his descriptions of natural scenery ; all his sketches being vivid, defined, and distinct. Whether he paints a storm at sea, or a battle on land, he brings the scene before us in its minutest parts. The following is a vivid description of a storm :—

> "Thai raysyt saile, and furth thai far;
> And by the Mole thai passyt yar,
> And entryt sone into the rase,
> Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was,
> That wawys wyd wycht brekand war,
> Weltryt as hillys her and thar.
> The schippys on the wawys slayd,
> For wynd at poynt blawand thai had:
> Bot nocht for thi quha had thar bene
> A gret stertling he mycht haiff seyne
> Off schippys. For quhilum sum wald be
> Rycht on the wawys, as on monté;
> And sum wald slyd fra heycht to law,
> Rycht as thai doune till hell wald draw;
> Syne on the waw stert sodanly.

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 118.

And othyr schippis that war than by
Deliuerly draw to the depe.
It wes gret cunnanes to kep
Thar takill in till sic a thrang,
And wyth sic wawis: for ay amang
The wawys reft thair sycht of land.
Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner hand,
And quhen schippys war sailand ner,
The se wald ryss in sic maner,
That off the wawys the weltrand hycht
Wald refe thaim oft off thair sycht."*

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the elevated moral, and religious beauty of this poem. It abounds everywhere with the finest sentiments and the noblest Christian feelings, arising naturally from the poet's subject, and never introduced with either artifice or ostentation. When Edward I. lay on his death-bed, news was brought to him of the capture of the Scotish prisoners from the Castle of Kildrummy, and he was asked what should be done with them. The command of the cruel tyrant was to cause hang and draw them. The reflection of the poet is what we expect of a Christian priest :—

"That wes wondir of sic sawis;
That he, that to the dede wes ner,
Suld ansuer upon sic maner;
Forowtyn menyng and mercy.
How mycht he traist on Hym to cry,
That suthfastly demys all thing,
To haiff mercy for his criying,
Off hym that throw his felony,
Into sic poynt had na mercy."†

Barbour's warriors are everywhere gallant and tender-hearted, as becomes Christian knights; and his women are amiable partners for such heroes. The

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 63. † Ibid, p. 74.

following is a description of a meeting between the leaders of the Scotish army and their ladies, at the time when fortune was doing its worst against the cause of the king :—

> "Thaifor thai went till Abyrdene,
> Quhar Nele the Bruyis come, and the queyne,
> And other ladyis, fayr and farand,
> Ilk ane for luff of thair husband;
> That for lele luff and beawté
> Wald partenerys off thair paynys be.
> Thai chesyt tyttar with tham to ta
> Angyr and payn, na be tham fra.
> For luff is off sa mekill mycht,
> That it all paynys makis lycht,
> And mony tyme maiss tender wychtis
> Off swilk strenthtis and swilk mychtis,
> That thai may mekill paynys endur,
> And forsakis nane auentour,
> That euir may fall, with thi that thai
> Thar throw succur thair liffys may."*

After relating an instance, from Statius, of the fidelity and heroism of women, the poet adds :—

> "In women mekill cumfort lyis,
> And gret solace on mony wiss,
> Sa fell yt her for thair cummyng,
> Reiosyt rycht gretumly the king;
> The quhether ilk nycht himsel wys wouk,
> And his rest apon a dais touk."†

Yet the Archdeacon could gently sneer at a familiar trait in the female character. In speaking of a meeting between Bruce and the Earl of Lennox, at which all present shed tears of joy, he is anxious to distinguish this effect of excessive joy from "gretyng," which, he says, "cumys to men for mysliking."

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 38. † Ibid, p. 39.

He adds, in the very vein of Chaucer :—

——" Nane may bot angry gret,
Bot it be wemen that can wet
Thair chekys quheneuir thaim list with teris,
The quethir weill oft thaim nathing deris."*

It was Barbour's ambition to be a faithful historian ; and, at the commencement of his poem, instead of calling in the assistance of any of the heathen deities, he prays to God for grace to enable him to bring his work to a conclusion, without stating anything but the truth. Bower and Wynton, as well as Lord Hailes, Mr. Pinkerton, and Sir Walter Scott, have all borne testimony to the accuracy of his narrative. The justness of the views which he entertained of the superiority of the marvels of truth over those of fiction are delightfully expressed in the opening of his work :—

" Storyis to rede are delitabill,
Supposs that thai be nocht but fabile ;
Than suld storyis that suthfast wer,
And thai war said on gud maner,
Hawe doubill pleasance in heryng.
The fyrst plesance is the carpyng ;
And the tothir the suthfastnes,
That schawys the thing rycht as it wes ;
And such thyngis that are likand
Tyll mannys heryng ar plesand.
Tharfor I wald fayne set my will,
Giff my wyt mycht suffice thartill,
To put in wryt a suthfast story,
That it lest ay furth in memory,
Swa that na lenth of tyme it let,
Na ger it haly be foryet."†

* Jamieson's Barbour, p. 56.

† A seeker of coincidences will here be reminded of Milton—" I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die."—*The Reason of Church Government*, book ii.

A high compliment was paid to Barbour's fidelity as an historian, by Wynton, when he omitted the life of King Robert, because it had been treated of by Barbour.* Wynton thus refers to Barbour's poem :—

> "How Robert, our king, recoverit his land,
> That occupyit with his fayis he fand;
> And it restoryt in all fredome,
> Quyt till his airis of all thraledome;
> Quha that lykis that till witt,
> To the Bruyse buke I thaim remitt.
> Quhair Maister Johnne Barbeir, Archdene
> Off Aberdene, as mony hes seyne,
> His deidis deitit mair vertuusly,
> Than I can think in all study;
> Haldand in all leill suthfastnes,
> Set all he wrait nocht hes prowes."

It is worthy of notice that Barbour, in his recapitulation of the troubles of Scotland, after relating the dispute between the first Bruce and Baliol about the succession, and the invasion of Scotland by Edward of England, breaks off, without any allusion whatever to the heroic struggle of Wallace for the freedom of Scotland, and commences the history of King Robert with the stirring words :—

> "Lordingis quha liks for till her,
> The Romanys now begynys her!"

And, after some fine reflections on the courage of the men who fought for independence in those days, proceeds to relate the history of the strife between Cumyn and Bruce.

No poet was ever more fortunate in the choice of

* A curious fact in literary history is noticed by Mr. Pinkerton. Ennius omitted the history of the first Punic war, because it had been treated of by his predecessor, Nævius.

his subject than Barbour. We venture to say that the real character of Robert Bruce was more heroic than that of any warrior of whom we read in the history of ancient or modern times. The pages of poetry and fiction present to us nothing more beautiful than the history of this great Christian warrior. Paganism could not have produced a hero, who, after eleven defeats, would still have looked to heaven for victory;* and Bruce could not have been the great man that he was, if he had not been a Christian. From the moment that his heart was turned to the deliverance of his country, he became a model of all the heroic virtues calculated to achieve the great end which he had set before him. The murder of the Red Cumyn in the Church of Dumfries, and the long course of misfortune which the illustrious monarch had to run, after he had struck the first blow in the cause of Scotland's independence, form a deeply-in-

* It is nearly impossible for any one who has read Buchanan's eulogium on King Robert, to speak on the subject, without allowing his discourse to take a tinge from that most splendid piece of eloquence, which is the finest passage in all his history. We have advisedly said that Bruce could not have been the man that he was, if he had not been a Christian. To us there has always appeared to be a kind of hardness and coldness about the most virtuous pagans. The most Christian, or, in other words, gentlemanly deed, which we read of a pagan having done, is undoubtedly the conduct of Scipio, in delivering up the captive lady to her lover. The Roman historian heightens the merit of this glorious action, by stating that the hero was *et juvenis, et cælebs, et victor;* (Val. Maximus) a young man, a bachelor, and a conqueror. We may be allowed to state our admiration of this good deed to be most warm, when we recollect that Scipio was not a Christian. Of course we utterly reject that piece of ancient scandal, recorded by a very obscure historian, who avers that the received account is false, and that Scipio actually kept the lady as his mistress.

teresting tale, even to those who do not see, in the sufferings which he endured, the wrath of heaven pursuing him for the outrage which he had offered to the sanctity of the altar. The deep misery into which he fell, when he was deserted by all but a handful, and fled from the quest of a bloodhound, and for days after days had to feel the pains of hunger, and want of rest,* contrasts with the glory that crowned the latter years of his reign with a brilliancy, than which the works of imagination can shew nothing more dazzling. Above all, the grand moral that patient perseverance and unshaken reliance on Providence will, in the end, win over fortune to the cause of right, has never been illustrated with more power and beauty in the pages of either history or romance, than it is in the life of Robert Bruce.

*It is an affecting circumstance, recorded by Barbour, that the sickness of which Bruce died arose from his cold living in the days of his adversity.

——"For throuch his cald lying,
Quhen in his gret myscheiff wes he,
Him fell that hard perplexité."

Jamieson's Barbour, p. 407.

BISHOP WILLIAM ELPHINSTONE.

THE history of this eminent prelate, and munificent patron of learning, is so intimately connected with Aberdeen, that we believe the omission of an account of his life in this work would be felt as a great defect. Our city, however,—which he loved with so warm an affection, and on which he conferred so many lasting benefits, believing, as he did, that he was called by his patroness, the Blessed Virgin, to watch especially over its spiritual and temporal interests,—cannot claim the high honour of having given him birth.

William Elphinstone was born at Glasgow in the year 1431,* of an ancient family, said to have been of Hungarian or German extraction. "The Elphinstones," says Mackenzie, "say that they are descended from the Counts of Helphinston, in Suabia; and that the first of this name in Scotland came alongst with Queen Margaret, and settled here in the year 1061."† His father, William Elphinstone, the

* Orem (Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral, and King's College, of Old Aberdeen, p. 59—Abdn. 1830), Keith (Catalogue of Scottish Bishops, p. 116—Edinb. 1824), Pinkerton (Iconographia Scotica), and Crawfurd (Lives of the Officers of State, p. 47—Edinb. 1726), place Elphinstone's birth in 1437; but, as we learn from Boece that he attained the age of eighty-three, and, as it is well ascertained that he died in 1514, he must have been born, as Dr. Mackenzie (Lives of Scots Writers, vol. ii. p. 1) states, in 1431.

† Mackenzie, vol. ii. p. 1—"Others, with more probability, think that the surname is local; that these lands had the name of Elphinstone

third son of Sir William Elphinstone—was a burgess of the city of Glasgow.* He married Margaret Douglas, of the house of Douglas of Drumlanrig; after whose death he entered into holy orders, and became Rector of Kirkmichael, and Archdeacon of Teviotdale. From his infancy, the mind of Elphinstone was turned to the cultivation of learning and piety. His earliest and most affectionate biographer, Hector Boece, tells us that, when he was about four years of age, he happened, one day, to stray from those who had the charge of him, and, after some search had been made for him, he was found in the Chapel of the Cathedral, devoutly prostrated before an image of the Blessed Virgin, and that it was not without much crying that he was forced away, and taken home.† In the present day, this story, though probable enough in itself, will be treated with derision, as a mere fiction, by persons who will readily believe stories about more modern saints, which carry the proof of their falsehood on the very face of them. It appears, from many passages in his history, that

long before sirnames were much used in Scotland."—*Douglas's Peerage*, p. 242. Edinb. 1764.

* He is erroneously called John Elphinstone by Mackenzie, and, after him, by several authorities.

† Boece's Life of Elphinstone, in Orem's Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral, and King's College, p. 18.—Aberdeen, 1830. The Episcoporum Murthlacensium et Aberdonensium per Hectorem Boetium vitæ, which Pinkerton considers Boece's best work, was printed at Paris, by Badius Ascensius, in 1522. Of this rare volume, there is a copy in the library of King's College. It was reprinted at Edinburgh, in 1825, by the Bannatyne Club, of course merely for circulation amongst the members, according to the barbarous practice of these antiquarian clubs.

Elphinstone chose the Virgin for his patroness and guardian saint,* desiring to follow her blessed example; and Boece relates that, when a mere child, she appeared to him in a dream, urging him to a course of holiness and purity of life, promising him the Episcopal dignity, and exhorting him, when he should attain that rank, to take care of the Christian religion, and to repair her temples. How well the Virgin's wishes were complied with by this great and good man, his whole life, and all his actions, testify.

Elphinstone was sent to school when he had reached his seventh year: there he made a rapid progress in his studies, particularly in grammar and classical learning. He fortunately became a great favourite with the munificent Bishop of Glasgow, William Turnbull, who employed him in reading to him during the time of supper. The University of Glasgow had been founded in 1451 by the Bishop; and here Elphinstone entered as a student of philosophy, and took his degree of Master of Arts, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. At the same time, he

* In the doctrine of guardian saints or angels, it is said that Calvin was a half believer—(vide Bayle vol. ii. 864; Amst. 1736). The amiable mind of that great and good protestant, Sir Thomas Browne, could not allow him to reject a doctrine so natural and so consoling: "Therefore for spirits," he says, "I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but an old one of Pythagoras and Plato: there is no heresie in it, and, if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet it is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life; and would serve as an hypothesis to solve many doubts, whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution."—*Religio Medici*, p. 70. Lond. 1668.

was ordained a Priest, and received the charge of the Church of St. Michael in Glasgow. For some time, however, he was withdrawn from his studies, on account of ill health, and being obliged to look after the affairs of his parents, in the arrangement of which he displayed that knowledge of business for which he was so distinguished in his after life. Having resumed his studies, he devoted his mind to acquiring a knowledge of the Canon Law, and of the practice of the Courts—accomplishments which, at that time, were indispensable to those who aspired to dignities in the Church. He was now advised by his uncle, Lawrence Elphinstone, to visit the Continent, in order to improve himself in learning; and, having been furnished, by the liberality of his relative, with money to bear his expenses, he left Scotland, and went to the University of Paris. Here he made such advances in his studies, that, at the end of three years, he was appointed first reader of Canon Law in the University, and subsequently taught the same branch of learning at Orleans. After a residence of nine years in France, in the course of which time he became intimately acquainted with most of the eminent men then living in that country, and, amongst these, with John de Ganai, afterwards the High Chancellor, he was, in the year 1471, recalled to Scotland, where he was heartily welcomed by Bishop Andrew Muirhead, who procured his appointment as Official or Commissary of Glasgow, a situation which, according to Boece, was never conferred but on men of eminent learning. He was also, about this time, chosen

Rector of the University.* On the death of Bishop Muirhead, Elphinstone was appointed Official to the Bishop of St. Andrew's. In both situations, he distinguished himself by the impartial administration of justice, "having," says Boece, "this saying always in his mouth, that he who spares bad men is an enemy to good men."

King James III. having now heard of Elphinstone's eminent talents and virtues, invited him to the Court, and immediately promoted him to a seat in his Privy Council. About this time, a difference having arisen between this country and France, Elphinstone was appointed to proceed to Paris, along with the Bishop of Dunkeld and the Earl of Buchan, on an embassy to Louis XI. with a view to the adjusting of the disagreement. The successful result of the mission has been mainly attributed to the talents and prudence of Elphinstone, who, says Dr. Mackenzie, "by a most wise and eloquent oration," effected the renewal of the league between the two kingdoms. Boece adds that the French monarch conceived, on this occasion, so great an esteem for our countryman, that he made him one of his Councillors. The ambassadors, having succeeded in the object of their journey, returned to Scotland, covered with honours and rich presents. On arriving at the Court, Elphinstone was first made Archdeacon of Argyll,† and was immediately afterwards presented

* Keith's Catalogue, p. 116.

† Boece does not allude to this appointment, which is mentioned by Keith.

by the King to the bishopric of Ross. Under this title he took his seat in Parliament; but it appears that he never filled the see. It seems that he was unwilling to accept of the see of Ross, not so much from that reluctance to be elevated in the Church which so many holy men among the Roman Catholics felt, as from an intimation which, according to Boece, he received in a dream, that this was not the place which his patroness, the Virgin Mother of God, had destined for him.

In his situation of Councillor, Elphinstone earnestly exhorted his sovereign to leave off his licentious life, and to content himself with the charms of his own queen—to repress the marauders who then infested the country—and to apply his mind to devotion. According to Boece, the entreaties and advice of the Bishop were followed by the most happy results on the King's mind. The following instance of Elphinstone's influence over his sovereign is told by Boece with commendation; but the facts are not stated clearly enough to justify us in saying whether or not the King acted wisely in the matter:—"About the same time the Bishop of Imola, legate from the Pope, came to the King, as usual, with great splendour, to solicit ample privileges for the nobility and commons. The King received him in a manner suitable to his rank, and carried him about with him wherever he went, being delighted with the conversation of the foreigner. It happened that the King going to Laurestan on a pilgrimage, met a nobleman convicted of murder going to execution, who no sooner saw him

than he threw himself at his feet, and earnestly implored his mercy not to suffer him to be made a public example for an involuntary crime. The king, who was naturally of a temper inclined to pardon, turning to the legate, to whom he wished to pay the compliment of prompting this act of mercy, asked his opinion on the matter. The legate recommended the enforcing of justice. The King then turned to William, whose countenance he saw discovered that he disapproved the legate's answer: 'Such,' said he, 'is the compassion of the Italians; you used to give me a very different advice; let mercy be shewn': and immediately discharged the criminal."

About this time Elphinstone stood so high in the favour of his sovereign, that he was appointed his ambassador to England, whenever any disagreement was likely to fall out between the two countries. He was the instrument of concluding a peace with Edward IV. after he had engaged to support the rebellious Duke of Albany; and, by the mediation of the Bishop, the Duke was reconciled to his sovereign. For these services, Elphinstone was, in the year 1483, presented to the bishopric of Aberdeen, on the removal of Bishop Robert Blackadder to the see of Glasgow. In the year after he was made Bishop of Aberdeen, he was appointed, along with Colin, Earl of Argyll; John, Lord Drummond; Lord Oliphant; Robert, Lord Lyle; Archibald Whitelaw, Archdeacon of Loudon; and Duncan Dundas, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, to meet at Nottingham, along with some Commissioners named by Richard III. of England,

in order to arrange the terms of a peace between the two kingdoms. After many conferences, the peace was agreed to—the talents and address of Bishop Elphinstone having, it is said, mainly contributed to this result. Further to strengthen the alliance, Richard proposed his niece, Anne de la Poole, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, as a wife for King James's son. The proposal was highly agreeable to James; and Elphinstone was again despatched, in company with several noblemen, to Nottingham, to make the necessary arrangements for completing the match. The disturbed affairs of England, however, and the death of Richard on Bosworth field, rendered all these negotiations fruitless. On the accession of Henry VII. Elphinstone, with Sir John Ramsay, and others, went again to England, where they met with some Commissioners on the part of Henry; and, on the 3rd July, 1486, concluded a truce for three years. It was also agreed, at this conference, that a personal interview should take place between the two Kings in the following summer; but, owing to the troubles which soon after ensued, this part of the arrangement was never carried into effect. In the year 1488, Elphinstone was, by his sovereign, made High Chancellor of Scotland.

About this period, a war broke out between the King and his son, afterwards James IV., or rather the factious nobles under the shelter of the son's name. Elphinstone used all his influence and exertions to effect an amicable adjustment of these differences, but with no good result. After the violent

death of the King, the bishop retired to his diocese, and employed himself in making regulations for the Clergy, and in restoring the services of the Church. "He ordained," says Boece, "the chant to be celebrated in the ancient manner; appointed John Malison, an experienced musician and a worthy man, to direct the service in the Church of Aberdeen, and to keep the rituals. To this man the people of Aberdeen are indebted for their knowledge of music; and to him they are likewise indebted for every performance in that science, and for the exact celebration of service in the said church. There was scarce a considerable singer in the city who did not take his lessons from him."

During the short period that he had been Chancellor, he employed himself in aiding the King in attempting to repress his rebellious nobles, and in directing the royal bounty to the founding and repairing of religious houses.* On returning to his diocese, he set himself to reform some abuses which he found amongst his clergy; and, in order to preserve purity of discipline amongst them, he composed his Book of Canons. He was, however, in the midst of these labours, called to attend the Parliament, held at Edinburgh in October, 1488, and was present at the crowning of James IV. then in his sixteenth year. The young monarch received his father's friend with the greatest cordiality and respect; but the nobles were displeased at his presence; and, as Dr. Mac-

* Mackenzie, vol. ii. p. 3.

kenzie conjectures, wishing to get him out of their way, conceiving him to be a check on their proceedings, they sent him to the Emperor Maximilian, with a proposal of marriage between the young prince and the Emperor's daughter, Margaret. This negotiation was fruitless: before the Bishop arrived at the court of Maximilian, the princess had been promised to the heir of the Spanish crown. He did not, however, lose altogether his travel; having, on his return home, concluded a treaty with the States of Holland, with which this country had, little to its advantage, been at strife for some time. On arriving in Scotland, in 1492, he was made Lord Privy Seal; and, in that same year, he was one of the Commissioners who met at Edinburgh, and renewed the truce with England. By the advice of the Bishop, the King exercised justice on his unruly and lawless subjects in the Highlands and Islands, who, according to Boece, "without the interference of the royal authority, are always quarrelling amongst themselves."

Something like peace having been restored to his country, Elphinstone now turned his attention to what had ever been dearest to his heart—the promotion of learning and religion. A monument of his pious labours is found in one of the first works which issued from the Scotish press—a Breviary for the use of the Diocese of Aberdeen—for which collections had been laboriously made by the Bishop, the work being adapted for the use of the whole Scotish Church.*

* The title is "Breviarium ad usum et consuetudinem percelebris ecclesiæ cathedralis Aberdonensis in Scotia, regnante Jacobo IV.

The charter by which Old Aberdeen was first erected into a burgh of barony was procured by the influence of Bishop Elphinstone from King James IV. in the year 1498.* In this charter the King alluded particularly to his own devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of the Cathedral of Aberdeen, and to his favour and affection for the reverend father in Christ, William Elphinstone, and referred to the Bishop's eminent services in different embassies to England and France, to the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, and to other foreign potentates—and to his exertions at home for the good and peace of the country. By this charter, the power of nominating and appointing the magistrates of Old Aberdeen was vested in the Bishop and his successors.

The object, however, which the Bishop had most at heart, was the completion of that great work, with which his name is indissolubly associated—the founding of a University at Aberdeen. With this view, he prevailed on the King to apply to the Pope for a bull

principe nostro serenissimo, divina favente clementia Scotorum rege illustrissimo, imperii sui anno vicessimo secundo [anno scilicet Christi 1509], pro hyemali parte feliciter sumit exordium. Ejusdem breviarii pars æstivalis, per reverendum in Christo patrem Willielmum, Aberdon. episcopum, studiosius, maximisque cum laboribus collect. non solum ad ecclesiæ suæ Aberdonensis, verum etiam ad totius ecclesiæ Scoticanæ usum percelebrem: oppido Edinburgensi impressa, jussu et impensis honorabilis viri Walteri Chapman, ejusdem oppidi mercatoris, quarto die mensis Julii, anno Domini millesimo ccccc decimo."—Orem, p. 9.

* Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen, vol. ii. p. 305. Mr. Kennedy died in the year 1836. His annals of Aberdeen were published in 1818, in two quarto volumes. This work has not received the commendation justly due to it. If we consider its extent, it will be found that its inaccuracies are very inconsiderable.

for the erection. In his letter to the famous Alexander VI. who was then Pontiff, the King alluded to the great want of learning and civilization in the northern part of the kingdom,* and to the fitness of Old Aberdeen, from its locality, to be the site of a new University. In answer to this application, a bull, dated at Rome, February 4th, 1494, was speedily received. Amongst its provisions, it constituted Elphinstone, and his successors in the see of Aberdeen, Chancellors of the University. The bull was published by the Bishop with great solemnity in the Cathedral, on the 25th of February, in presence of a numerous assemblage of doctors and professors. The Bishop next obtained from the King a charter in confirmation of the bull, dated May the 22nd, 1497, authorizing him to found the College. He then endowed it with lands which he had purchased for its support, and made a bequest in his will of ten thousand pounds Scots for the carrying out of his plan. Various bequests of land were at the same time made to the new University by the liberality of the King. The building, however, was not commenced till the month of April, 1500.† The College was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and called at first St. Mary's College.‡ King

* See Bulla Papæ Alexandri Sexti, in Kennedy, vol. ii. 407. The whole document is well worth perusal. It is pervaded throughout by a liberal, enlightened, and Christian spirit.

† The inscription above the west door of the College Chapel was "Per Serenissimum Illustrissimum ac Invictissimum J. IV. R. 4 nonas Aprilis, anno millesimo quintesimo hoc insigne collegium latomi inceperunt edificare."

‡ Collegium Sanctæ Mariæ in Nativitate. The Seal of the College is inscribed—"Sigillum Universitatis Beatæ Mariæ Aberdonensis."

James, however, having taken the new University under his particular care, and engaged for it the patronage of his successors, the Bishop was induced to allow its name to be changed to "King's College," an alteration much to be regretted, as the preservation of the original title would have helped to keep alive in this quarter the memory of the most eminent saint in the kalendar. As Chancellor of the University, the Bishop rendered great service to the cause of learning in this district, by inviting from Paris, where he was then Professor of Philosophy, the celebrated Hector Boece, and appointing him First Principal of King's College. "William Elphinstone," says Boece, "was pleased to fix upon me to lay the foundation of it, and to be First Professor of the Liberal Arts there, notwithstanding my incapacity for so great a charge, and by the most advantageous offers and promises invited me over from Montague College, in Paris, where I was then reading lectures in philosophy." The endowment made by Elphinstone provided for a Doctor in Theology, who was also to be Principal, a Doctor of Canon Law, a Doctor of Civil Law, a Doctor of Medicine, a Professor of Grammar, a Professor of Philosophy, who was to be Sub-Principal; a Cantor, a Sacrist, six Students in Divinity, three in Law, thirteen in Philosophy, an Organist, and five Singing Boys, who were to be Students in Grammar. The first foundation was published by Elphinstone in 1505, and was confirmed in the following year by a bull from Pope Julius II. The Bishop afterwards engaged in the preparation of a more extensive

plan; and both documents were subsequently published by Bishop Dunbar, in 1531.* Throughout this deed the University is still spoken of as the College of St. Mary, and the most special regulations are laid down for securing due reverence to her from all persons within its walls. And thus was completed this institution, "out of which," says Bishop Leslie, who had studied within its walls, "as from a fountain, have flowed many illustrious men, who have illuminated all Scotland with the light of Christ from above; or, imbued with the principles of jurisprudence, have ruled the State in peace and justice with the utmost applause."†

In addition to these munificent labours in the cause of learning, Elphinstone made various additions to the Cathedral. He furnished the steeple with bells, and presented many jewels and rich presents for the service of the priests. The reader will feel a melancholy pleasure in perusing the following account of the original state of the chapel attached to the College, and which was dedicated by Edward Stuart, Bishop of Orkney:—"In it is a church of polished hewn stone, with windows, ceilings, seats for the priests, and benches for the boys, in a most magnificent style; marble altars and images of the saints; pictures, statues, painting and gilding, brazen chairs, hangings, and carpets. The furniture for sacred occasions is of gold tissue, fifteen crosses, and chesubles, twenty-eight mantles of coarse cloth, all embroidered at the

* Kennedy, vol. ii p. 410.
† De Reb. gestis Scot. p. 357. Edit. 1575.

sides with the figures of saints, in gold and purple, and other colours; seven of fine linen, adorned with palm branches, and the borders embroidered with stars of gold; twenty of linen, with palm branches and waves, for the boys. Besides these, many others of linen and scarlet, for daily use; a crucifix, two candlesticks, two censers, an incense box, six phials, eight chalices, a textuary, two pixes in which to expose the host, a third two cubits high of most curious workmanship, a bason, a vessel for the font, a holy water-pot, with a sprinkler, all of gold and silver; several altar cloths of the finest linen, embroidered with gold, and flowers of various colours. A chest of Cypress wood elegantly set with pearls and jewels, in which the reliques of the saints are lodged, in gold and silver. The steeple is of great height, surrounded by stone-work, arched in form of an imperial crown over the leaded roof, and containing thirteen bells of most melodious sound. All these were the gift of our Bishop."*

For the service of the Cathedral, the Bishop, on the 7th of May, 1506, "ordained or made, confirming the constitutions of his predecessors, twenty vicars of the quire, well instructed in the priesthood and the Gregorian song, daily led to divine offices in the same; two deacons, two subdeacons, two acolytes, six singing boys, with a sacrist, who must at all hours be present in the quire."† He regulated also the quire of St. Nicholas, which was consecrated by him with

* Boece's Life of Elphinstone, in Orem, p. 41. † Orem, p. 136.

great solemnity in the year 1508. On this occasion, the Magistrates of Aberdeen made a splendid entertainment for the Bishop and his attendants, and afterwards presented him with two puncheons of claret, with wax and sweetmeats.* A history of the cathedral music of Scotland, previously to the Reformation, would form a very interesting work. One circumstance is abundantly evident, that no assistance which the liberality of our prelates could afford was wanting to bring it to perfection. According to Dempster, the whole Scotish Church music was reformed in the beginning of the thirteenth century, by Simon Taylor, a Dominican monk, who, by his writings, is said to have brought the music of our cathedrals to such a state of refinement, that, in this respect, Scotland could contend with Rome itself. This Simon Taylor was, it appears, considered so eminent in the science, that he was even compared to the great Guido of Arezzo; though, unfortunately, four different treatises which he wrote on the subject have been lost to the world, if, indeed, they were ever in it, having never been seen, even by George Newton, the Archdeacon of Dunblane, who is Dempster's authority for his account of this learned Dominican.†

The Bishop's revenues were not exclusively directed to the meritorious work of promoting religion and literature. He founded the great bridge over the

* Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 43.

† Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scot. vol. ii. p. 617. George Newton flourished in 1505—(Ibid, vol. ii. p. 505). His "Vitæ Episcoporum Dumblanensium," which is believed to have been in Dempster's hands, is lost.

Dee,* but died before the work was far advanced. It was afterwards completed by Bishop Gavin Dunbar, and is universally allowed to be a beautiful specimen of Roman architecture. According to tradition, we owe the fine Gothic bridge over the Don to another of our prelates, Henry de Cheyne, who became bishop in the year 1281; but the omission of all mention of this work in the account of the Bishop in Boece's lives, is, we think, fatal to the authority of this story; while the distinct assertion in the charter of Sir Alexander Hay (1605), that certain annals testified that the bridge was erected by the order and at the expense of King Robert Bruce, is, as long as it stands uncontradicted by any evidence, a fair proof that the structure was the work of that monarch, to whom the inhabitants of this city had testified their loyalty in the most exemplary manner. Whether or not the evidence may satisfy those who are skilled in the investigation of antiquities we cannot tell; the great object of the antiquary being to disprove every thing that is popularly received, and to create disbelief in every thing that people would wish to find true.

* If we are to believe Dempster, he built bridges on both the Don and the Dee—"Pontibus etiam lapideis pulcherrimi operis Donam, Deamque amnes, quibus urbs Cingitur, instravit."—*Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scot.* vol. i. p. 269. It is more curious, however, to find Dempster adding three arches to the Bridge of Dee, though he must have frequently seen how many it had when he was a boy learning Latin in Aberdeen. In his notice of Dunbar, he says, "Deam fluvium, qui novam urbem alluit, ponte lapideo magnificentissimo, decem arcuum stravit."—*Hist. Eccles.* vol. i. p. 215. Bishop Leslie also, who must have seen the bridge, declares it to stand on ten columns—"decem magnificé columnis innixus."—*De Reb. Gestis Scot.* p. 372.

Whenever, therefore, your antiquary gets hold of any old dirty piece of parchment, with any writing on it, his business is to make the most of it, and to overthrow, on its credit, the testimony of all history. A few years ago, an insignificant paper was found in the Charter-house of London, and, from the foolish inferences which antiquaries chose to draw from it, some ignorant people came to the conclusion that this kingdom of Scotland had never been an independent kingdom, but merely a province belonging to the English crown. As a matter of course it was thought but reasonable that the whole histories of both kingdoms should yield at once to the deductions which could be made from this worthless piece of rotten parchment.

Since the Reformation, there has, we believe, been no building of bridges by the clergy in this country, with the solitary exception of the erection of St. Devenick's Bridge by Dr. Morison of Banchory. Besides the circumstance that the Presbyterian clergy have not the command of the ample revenues of the Catholic Church, we must also take into consideration that they have not the same inducement to engage in these labours as their Romish predecessors had, seeing that, before the Reformation, it was the universal belief that such works would help the salvation of those who engaged in them.

About this time, the royal treasury having become exhausted, by the profusion of the King, who, wishing to avoid the parsimony of his father, had fallen into the opposite weakness, a scheme was resorted to, as

is said by the advice of Elphinstone, for replenishing the King's coffers, the prudence of which we think his judgment might have led him to doubt. This was the revival of a law which for a long time had been obsolete, by which the King was held to be the tutor of all heirs under age, and could lift the rents of their estates till such time as they became major, in the meantime affording them what maintenance he might think sufficient. There were, besides, other provisions which made the possession of land fall to the crown, in the event of the possessor selling more than one-half of it, and in the event of two terms of feu-duty remaining unpaid till the third term. "Certain of his Council," says Holinshed, "as William Elphinston, Bishop of Aberdeen, devised ways to win the King great profit and gaines, by calling his barrons, and all those that held any lands within this realme, to shew their evidences by way of recognition; and if they had not writings to show, according to the ancient instruments and laws of the realme, sufficient for their warrant, the lands should remain at the King's pleasure. But when the King perceived his people to grudge herewith, and not without cause, as with a thing devised to disquiet his people and the whole countrie, of his own courteous and gentle nature, he easlie agreed with the possessors of such lands, for the which he purchased great love amongst his people; and the devisers of that ordinance won passing great hatred and malice." It is but fair to the memory of Bishop Elphinstone to state, that Buchanan, who mentions the enforcement of this tyranni-

cal law, attributes the suggestion of it to Elphinstone merely on hearsay ;* and we entirely agree with Dr. Mackenzie, that "it is nowise agreeable to that impartiality that every historian ought to observe, to stain the reputations of such illustrious persons, who have been the ornaments of the age, upon the rumours and hearsays of the vulgar." The adoption of a scheme so tyrannical and oppressive is not likely, it must be admitted, to have met with the sanction of a man possessed of the prudence and the sage policy which have been by all authorities attributed to Bishop Elphinstone; and we do not wonder that this mode of raising money was, as Buchanan says, more vexatious than the avarice of James III. had been.

In his retirement, about this period, Elphinstone wrote a history of his country, of which Boece professes to have made use. That Elphinstone compiled a history of Scotland seems to be clear, from the passages in Boece in reference to it ;† and, according to this writer, he derived his materials from Veremund, an historian of the reign of Malcolm III., who, by many later authorities, is believed never to have existed at all; and by others, who are disposed to admit his actual existence, to have been to Boece what Archbishop Turpin was to Ariosto—a convenient authority to refer to in cases where the veracity of the

* "In hæc igitur opera, quæ diximus, cum magnos sumptus fecisset; et exhausto jam ærario novas conficiendi pecuniæ rationes comminisci fuisset coactus, inter alias, auctore *ut creditur*, Gulielmo Elphinstono, Episcopo Aberdonensi, rem est aggressus universæ nobilitati valde molestam."—*Rer. Scotic. Hist.* lib. xiii.

† Scotor. Hist. fol. 114, 246. Paris, 1575.

more modern writer might be questioned. Besides this, Boece, in his life of the Bishop, informs us that Elphinstone collected materials for his history from the Western Isles. This work of Elphinstone's was, till very lately, believed to be extant in the Bodleian Library, to which a manuscript history of Scotland was presented by General Fairfax, in the year 1650. Fairfax, as appears from a note in his own handwriting, had got the manuscript from the Lady Hawthornden, the widow of Drummond of Hawthornden, who presented it to him by the hands of her husband's brother, James Drummond. A memorandum on the book attributes its authorship to Elphinstone; and Stillingfleet, and others who had seen it, believed it to be his. It was early discovered, however, that this history was a mere transcript of the Scotichronicon of Fordun and Bower, with some interpolations. So recently, however, as the year 1837, a piece of evidence came out, which shews that the work, such as it is, is not the production of Elphinstone. In a history of King James I. of Scotland, printed in that year for the Maitland Club, the editor, Mr. Stevenson, published, if the expression may be used, the last book of this manuscript history. In the seventh chapter of this part, the writer mentions the death of the Princess Margaret,* the daughter of James I., who was married to the dauphin Louis, son

* This amiable Princess, who died when only twenty-two years of age, is entitled to rank amongst our Scotish writers, as we learn that she composed Rondeaux. A curious portrait of her on horseback is given in Pinkerton's "Iconographia Scotica."

of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1436, and died in 1443; and he states that he had seen her at the Court of France during a period of nine years. Elphinstone, however, was but a boy when this princess died, and did not visit France till the year 1460. The manuscript history in question is described by Mr. Stevenson as being written on paper and vellum, in double columns. Wodrow, the historian, who, like others in his time, believed it to be the work of Elphinstone, was anxious to have it published; but, from the accounts of its contents, which have been given by various writers, it is not likely that this labour will ever be undertaken. It is said that whenever Fordun does not bear out the historian, we are referred for further information "ad antiquos Hiberniæ libros,"* an authority sufficiently indefinite and suspicious.

Besides this history, Elphinstone wrote the Lives of the Scotish Saints, a work now unfortunately lost, and which, in all likelihood, would have been of more interest at this day than his history of the country. There can be little doubt that it was a volume compiled in the believing spirit of the author of the Golden Legend, and that, like other such works, it contained many a wondrous tale, and, amidst plenty of absurd notions, many beautiful lessons of real practical religion. We hardly know a better service which could be rendered to the Christian world than the collecting and publishing the beautiful sayings

* Nicholson's Scotish Hist. Library, p. 27. Lond. 1776.

and the fine tales, that are to be found scattered in rich abundance in the different compilations of the lives of the saints. We cannot refrain from alluding to two gems which would sparkle in such a volume—the one is the maxim of a female saint, whose name we are sorry that we cannot recollect, who used to say, that a religious woman ought at all times to be ready to leave her devotions whenever her household duties called on her to do so—a saying worthy of being engraved in gold, and worn in the necklaces of pious ladies.* The other maxim which we recollect, we owe to St. Thomas Aquinas, a man whose name is known to the whole world as the writer of several unreadable folio volumes. When at school, his master one day corrected him for making a false quantity in a Latin word. In this instance, St Thomas knew that his master was in the wrong, and that he was in the right; but he instantly pronounced the word with the quantity given to it by his teacher. On being remonstrated with by one of his fellow-scholars for having yielded when he was in the right, he excused himself by saying—"The quantity of a word is a matter of very little consequence; but the practice of humility is at all times of the highest im-

* The renowned St. Katharine of Sienna, whose seraphic raptures exceeded those of most others in the kalendar, very properly prided herself in being a most industrious and notable housewife and an excellent cook, knowing such qualifications to be amongst the principal female virtues. As might have been expected of one of her highly-imaginative soul, she encouraged herself in the performance of her household duties, by spiritualising the whole business of the washing, baking, and brewing, as being merely the similitudes of heavenly things.

portance."—In either of these lovely sentiments, there is certainly more of the real heart and life of Christianity than could be gathered out of a whole library of Bodies of Divinity.

In addition to his History of Scotland, Bishop Elphinstone (if we are to believe Dempster, who does not mention the Lives of the Saints) compiled *Conciliorum Statuta*, "and an infinity of other works, which, alas! the rage of the heretics most villanously destroyed, along with other monuments of the kingdom."* The mischief done at the Reformation, Dempster was by no means inclined to underrate.

Elphinstone employed much of the leisure of his old age in the diligent study of the holy Scriptures. His biographer draws a splendid picture of his domestic life, when he tells us that while the numerous guests around his table were entertained with all kinds of luxuries, the Bishop himself preserved his abstemiousness. He delighted also in music, in wit, and in merry conversation at the festive table. In this respect, he held the same Christian opinions as the great Saint Louis, who used to reprove people who brought in grave religious topics in mixed companies. "This is not a time to quote texts," he would say, "but to recreate our spirits with mirth and pleasant conceits. Let every man say decently what he will." It was also a maxim with this illustrious saint, that when any one sat in com-

* Hist. Eccles. Gestis Scot. vol. i. p. 269. This work is also mentioned by our townsman, Gilbert Gray, in that foolish production, his "Oratio de Illustribus Scotiæ Scriptoribus."

pany, and any merry thought came into his head, he ought to give utterance to it immediately, in order that all present might be benefited. The Church of Rome certainly did quite right in canonizing this man. From many passages in the histories of the old saints, as well as from their recorded sayings, several of them appear to have looked on the telling of diverting stories as being absolutely a duty imperative on the sincere Christian. The well-known and edifying story of the conference between the pious beggar and the learned doctor,* which is found in so many Catholic books of devotion, shews that a ready wit and a turn for smart answers were deemed to be suitable accompaniments to a highly devout soul completely resigned to the will of God. One of the most eminent saints whom the old Church produced has thus spoken of the commendable nature of jocular discourse, in a treatise, the express object of which is to inculcate holiness—"As for jesting words, which are spoken by one to another with modest and innocent mirth, they belong to the virtue called *Eutrapelia* by the Greeks, which we may call *good conversation*, by which we take an honest and pleasant recreation upon such frivolous occasions as human imperfections do offer, only we must take heed of passing from this honest mirth to scoffing; for mocking causeth laughter in scorn and contempt of our neighbour; but mirth and drollery provoke laughter by an innocent liberty, confidence and familiar free-

* We have seen this very fine tale, turned into homely verse, in a collection of Catholic songs and hymns, directed to be sung to some

dom, joined to the witness of some conceit."* Some of the good sayings of St. Thomas Aquinas adorn the pages of Joe Miller. The ascetic St. Francis of Assisi delighted in jocular conversation; and, from the very little that has been recorded of his celebrated sermon to the fishes, there is the best reason for believing that it abounded in passages of genuine humour.† Even the mortified Pascal, though he belonged to the sour set of the Jansenists—the "Old Light Seceders" of the Catholic Church—wrote the wittiest book of which France can boast.‡

Of Elphinstone's private life, we learn from Boece

of our most beautiful Scotish airs, such as the "Yellow Haired Laddie," the "Broom of the Cowden Knowes," "Gilderoy," and the "Braes of Yarrow." The story begins—

> "A pious doctor once there was
> Who begged oft of God,
> To send him one who would him shew
> To heaven the nearest road."

* Saint Francis of Sales—*Introduction to a Devout Life*, p. 264. Edit. 1675.

† "Il leur prescha pour miracle que Dieu les empescha d'estre noyés au deluge."—*Confession Catholique de Sancy*, quoted by Bayle, vol. ii. p. 495.

‡ The reader will be interested by the following very curious passage from the "Provinciales," in which the remarkable writer, after arguing that the ridiculing of folly is a Christian duty, and approaching almost to the doctrine of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, states that it was "commune aux Peres de l'Eglise, et qu'elle est autorisée par l'Ecriture, par l'example des plus grands saints, et par celui de Dieu meme." He supports his last position by saying, "C'est une chose bien remarquable sur ce sujet, que, dans les premières paroles que Dieu a dites à l'homme depuis sa chute, on trouve un discours de moquerie, et *une ironie piquante*, selon les Pères. Car, après qu' Adam eut désobéi, dans l' espérance que le démon lui avait donnée d'être fait semblable à Dieu, il paraît par l'Ecriture que Dieu, en punition, le rendit sujet à la mort, et qu'apres l'avoir réduit à cette misérable condition qui

that "he had such an active and vigorous mind, that he was never at a loss in public or private business; alike qualified for civil or religious matters: the greatest lawyer, the ablest statesman, the most accomplished orator of his time, and the truest friend to the tranquillity, peace, and glory of his country; his constitution as hardy and vigorous as his mind, unbroken by any labour, exercise, or duty, whether public or private. Age itself, the common and inevitable disease of man, though it weakened did not break his spirit; and, at the age of eighty-three, he transacted the most weighty business of the nation with superior acuteness, his capacity and faculties unimpaired, his memory always strong. His old age was pleasing and respectable, without moroseness, anxiety, peevishness, or melancholy, or the least effect on his excellent temper." His personal character, in every respect, appears to have been most amiable. It has been recorded of him, no doubt with kind partiality, that from the time that he came to know the difference between right and wrong, he was never seen or heard to do an improper thing, or utter

était due à son péché, il se moqua de lui en cet état par ces paroles de risée: 'Voila l'homme qui est devenu comme l'un de nous: *ecce Adam quasi unus ex nobis:*' ce qui est *une ironie sanglante et sensible* dont Dieu le *piquait vivement*, selon saint Chrysostôme et les interprètes. *Adam*, dit Rupert, 'méritait d'être raillé par cette ironie, et on lui faisait sentir sa folie bién plus vivement par cette expression ironique que par une expression sérieuse.' Et Hugues de S. Victor, ayant dit la même chose, ajoute 'que cette ironie était due à sa sotte crédulité; et que cette espèce de raillerie est une action de justice, lorsque celui envers qui on en use l'a méritée."—*Les Provinciales*, lett. xi.

an unseemly word.* "He avoided," says Boece, "the company of women both in public and private," a sure evidence of prudence on the part of one devoted to a life of celibacy. The Scripture enjoins men to "flee" from temptation; and Elphinstone had the wisdom to know that there are seductions which are not to be combated:—

——quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

Like the great Sir Thomas More, this worthy prelate, on certain occasions, wore sackcloth next his skin. "The sweet name of Jesus was never absent from his thoughts, but, day and night, sleeping or waking, was always in his mouth"—and when he died, he only, according to Bishop Leslie, yielded up to nature a life that had long before been consecrated to God.

Towards the conclusion of Elphinstone's life, King James, by the influence of the French Court, and the solicitations of the Queen, who chose him for her knight, was led into an unhappy war with England, which terminated in the death of the chivalrous monarch, who, with many of his nobles and the bravest in the land, were slain on the fatal field of Flodden, on the 9th September, 1513. It is said by Boece that, from the moment the good Bishop heard of the death of the king and so many of his best subjects, he was never observed to smile again. He did

* Boece's Life of Elphinstone.—Leslæus de Reb. Gestis Scot. p. 355.

not, however, desert the cause of his country in its distracted state, but assisted at a council held at Perth on the affairs of the nation.

The Queen-Dowager, who became Regent after the death of James, was now desirous to shew her respect for Elphinstone ; and on the 5th of August, 1514, the day before her marriage with the Earl of Angus, she wrote to the Pope, desiring that he might be translated from Aberdeen to the see of St. Andrew's. This appointment the whole country was most anxious that the Bishop should accept ; but he had enjoyed his share of worldly honours, and knew what they were worth. It had been his honourable desire to be Bishop of Aberdeen, and over that diocese he believed it to be the wish of his patroness, the Virgin Mary, that he should preside. He therefore resisted the temptation of this offered preferment, and resolutely refused to be divorced from his beloved and attached flock, among whom he desired to die. On this, the Queen, a woman of excellent understanding, as well as of many virtues, presented the celebrated Gavin Douglas, her husband's uncle, to the living, which honour he never filled, having, for the sake of peace, given up all pretensions to the dignity, when he saw that his claims were disputed by powerful rivals.

Elphinstone having returned to his diocese, was once more called on to assist in the affairs of the State ; and, wishing to give his best advice in the settling of the troubles which followed the loss of the King, he set out for Edinburgh to attend a meeting of Parliament, to be held there. He, however, sickened

by the way, and stopped at Dunfermline, where he disposed of all his treasures, amongst which was a large sum of money. He then proceeded forward to Edinburgh, where he lay for several days in a violent fever. On the day before his death, he rose and went into the chapel, where he delivered an affecting discourse on the truths of the Christian religion, and its blessed promises. He then received the Holy Eucharist with tears. After praying for sometime before an image of his crucified Redeemer, he was carried back to his bed. The fever continued to increase, and next morning, he quietly, like one going to sleep, yielded up his soul to God. Elphinstone died in the eighty-third year of his age, on the 25th of October, 1514. His body was embalmed, and, according to his own directions, was removed to Aberdeen, "with a pomp," says Boece, "more mournful than magnificent;" and there it was buried in the College Chapel, on the first step to the high altar, under a black marble stone, with a canopy and ornaments above it, long since removed. Beside him, under a blue stone, is interred his friend and biographer, Hector Boece. According to this historian, certain prodigies happened at the time of Elphinstone's death—the most edifying of which is, that all the vanes on the towers of the Cathedral fell down or were broken off. A miracle, it is also said, took place at his funeral. His pastoral staff, which was made of silver, and was carried at the procession by one Alexander Lawrence, was broken, and part of it fell into the grave, while a voice was heard

saying, "Tecum Gulielme, mitra sepelienda"—"Thy mitre, William, must be buried with thee"—with which supernatural injunction it is not to be wondered at that the attenders at the funeral readily complied. The whole "citizens and women of Aberdeen, as well as the clergy," says Boece, "mourned for the death of this eminent prelate as for a father, and declared that the glory of Aberdeen and their happiness had departed with him." This fact alone is sufficient to shew the high estimation to which the virtues and piety of the Bishop had raised him. Upon the decease of even the most exemplary church dignitaries, it is not the custom for the whole of the clergy to dissolve into tears,—as those of them who conceive that they may be called on in providence to succeed to the vacant charge, however well inclined they may be to weeping, or however much they may approve of the practice, are frequently so very much occupied with other business, that they cannot find leisure to indulge in such an idle luxury; and so are obliged to restrain the finer feelings of their nature till after the settlement. Besides this, with regard to those who entertain a lively faith that they will get the benefice, it has been ably maintained by many learned casuists, that you may, with great propriety, give yourself up to a considerable degree of joy at the death of your nearest relative, or of the best man on the face of the earth, provided that this your joy is not at all caused by his death, considered as his death, but viewed as the means by which, in the appointment of an indulgent Providence, you get at the pos-

session of something good;* and though this doctrine has by some visionary people been called Jesuitical, the great majority of mankind have, in all ages, been contented to proceed upon it, as it serves to protect them from the evil consequences of immoderate grief, which would stop the business of life from going on properly.

To return to Elphinstone, few who have read the record of his eminently Christian life will have much hesitation in believing, with his earliest biographer, that, in reward of his extensive virtues and holiness, and love to God and man, he obtained a blessed immortality. He had taken care to bequeath an annual sum of seven pounds ten shillings for the celebration of masses, which, he conceived would be for the benefit of his soul in the unseen world—an opinion which we need not charge on the Romish faith, seeing that it is a creed so natural to the heart;† that so orthodox a man as Dr. Johnson prayed for his deceased

* This you can do in a scientific manner, by means of what the learned call "the art of directing the attention"—for which see "Les Provinciales," lett. vii.

† The following is a thrilling appeal to the natural feelings upon this subject:—"Did you never tread the venerable aisles in our old cathedrals, where your Catholic ancestors have for many centuries slept in the arms of death? Did you never stoop before the statues of those knights, who seemed to be placed there to keep the night-watches of the grave? Did you never try to read those inscriptions in Saxon letters which always end in the same manner, whether it be for the prince or the poor man—by claiming the prayers of those Christians who may chance to tread on their ashes? Did you not feel that there was something true in that wish? Oh, if you did not, go again and again, and you will experience something of the feeling that links Catholic with Catholic—you will feel that all connexion with our fellow-creatures is not broken up by the grave. This doc-

wife—that the Church of England has never condemned prayers for the dead—that, by a decision of a court of law, praying for the dead has been declared no heresy—that many of the best English divines hold that it would be very wrong to forbid such prayers, and impossible to prove that they will not be accepted; and that therefore it is, at the worst, erring on the safe side to continue them—while, at the present day, some of the most learned of the English clergy, though professing a disbelief in purgatory, contend that there are certain services which the prayers of the living can render to the spirits of the departed. So far, however, as we have learned, our Puseyites, though fully convinced of the use of prayers for the dead, have not any of them thought of leaving endowments or legacies in order to secure this benefit for their souls; but have chosen to trust to the gratuitous services of their attached friends. Whether or not this be erring on the safe side, we do not take upon us to say.

The portrait of Bishop Elphinstone, which hangs in the hall of King's College, is a copy from an older one, most probably taken from the life. An engraving of it is given in Mr. Pinkerton's curious collection of Scotish portraits. It represents the Bishop, clothed with a rich robe, with rings on his fingers, and wear-

trine is so true, that even if it had not been taught by the Christian Church, nature would have taught it—the very stones would have called out, "Pray for the dead!"—*Funeral Oration on the late Rev. Charles Fraser;* delivered by the Rev. James Gillis of Edinburgh, in St. Peter's Chapel, Aberdeen, on Thursday the 19th of March, 1835, p. 20. Abdn. 1835.

ing a gorgeous mitre. His hands are clasped as in prayer, and his pastoral staff is held up by his arm.

The learning and the sound judgment of Bishop Elphinstone have been commemorated by all who have spoken of him. To these solid qualifications, he added what, though less valuable in reality, is more calculated to give to its possessor a control over the minds of his fellow-men, and an influence in State affairs—the command of great eloquence; for, as Lord Bacon remarks, "although in true value it is inferior to wisdom, as it is said by God to Moses, when he disabled himself for want of this faculty, 'Aaron shall be thy speaker, and thou shalt be to him as God;' yet with people it is the more mighty; for, as Solomon saith, 'Sapiens corde appellabitur prudens, sed dulcis eloquio majora reperiet.'" In all ages, indeed, the great body of mankind have shewn infinitely more reverence to mere eloquence than to learning and wisdom and virtue united; and the affairs of the civilized world have always been controlled by speech-makers, and these very frequently possessed neither of judgment nor honesty.

In the library of King's College are preserved two series of MS. volumes on the Canon Law, which, from the inscription on them—in the handwriting of Boece as is believed—appear to have belonged to Elphinstone, and to have been his compilation, the writing being, in all probability, the work of an amanuensis. The tradition in the College is that these are the very lectures which Elphinstone delivered at Paris, when he held the office of Professor

of Canon Law there. The handwriting, for that period, is very distinct.

It is not necessary to enter into any lengthened eulogium on the virtues of such a man as Bishop Elphinstone. To a native of Aberdeen, and, indeed, to any Scotsman, it is only required to say, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."—His pious labours are around us.* He is the Scotish William of Wykham. His Christianity was of that truly practical kind which manifests itself in works, concerning the utility of which there can be no dispute among any class of men. "He being dead, yet speaketh;" and his memory will, to latest ages, be intimately connected with the cause of civilization and sound learning in the north of Scotland.

* "Hic quantopere cupiebat virtutis doctrinœque Christianæ fines preferre toti posteritati, factis, pietatisque monumentis peregregiis testatum reliqit."—*Leslæus de Reb. Gestis Scot.* p. 355.

BISHOP GAVIN DUNBAR.

On the death of Bishop Elphinstone, Alexander Gordon, the third son of the Laird of Haddo, who had been at first Rector of Fetteresso, and then Chantor of Moray, was promoted to the see of Aberdeen. It would appear that the Canons had another person in their view; but Gordon was a relative of the noble family of his name, and the Marquis of Huntly having interfered in the election, "the Canons," says Spotswood, "not daring to refuse, did all give their consent." In this instance, as, indeed, in many others, we have a proof that our Catholic ancestors were not in any strict subjection to the Roman Pontiff, and that the placing of a man in a church living was not considered to be a spiritual matter. Two other candidates had been proposed for the situation —one of whom, James Ogilvie, was supported by the Duke of Albany; and the other, Robert Forman, whose name is better known in the history of these times, had been nominated by Leo X., who, in the Catholic world, then filled the office of Vicegerent of Christ. The influence, however, of a powerful nobleman at home triumphed over the wishes of the Pope, and Gordon was elected. Indeed, from the whole history of Scotland, it is evident that this country had never submitted so completely to the au-

thority of the Roman see as England had done; and the Romish religion itself had only existed here in its mildest form. Hence, we find that, at the Reformation, the yoke of Rome was thrown off in this country with very little effort; whereas, in England, the Reformation was with difficulty established, after a violent persecution by the Catholic Church, in her endeavour to keep her own ground, and a more protracted persecution by the Protestant Church, in the work of keeping what she had got.

Gordon filled the see of Aberdeen for little more than three years. Of his character scarcely anything is recorded further than that he was "a person of good learning, and of a grave disposition." Ill health prevented him from carrying on or finishing any of the great works which his illustrious predecessor had commenced. This pious task was left for Bishop Gavin Dunbar.

This eminent prelate, according to most authorities, was the fourth son of Sir Alexander Dunbar of Westfield, only son of James, fifth Earl of Moray; and his mother is said to have been Isabel, daughter of Alexander Sutherland, Baron of Duffus.* According to Keith,† however, he was the son of Sir James Dunbar of Cumnock, by Jane, eldest daughter of the Earl of Sutherland—in which case, he must have been the nephew of Sir Alexander.

Of his early studies we have no record. In the

* Mackenzie, vol. ii. p. 611.—Douglas's Baronage of Scotland, p. 119. Edinb. 1798.

† Cat. of Scotish Bishops, p. 120.

year 1488, he was Dean of Moray; from which he was advanced to be Archdeacon of St. Andrew's. At the same time, he was made Privy Councillor to King James IV. and Clerk Registrar. In the year 1518, he attained to the dignity of Bishop of Aberdeen. His advancement seems to have given the highest satisfaction to the citizens, who hailed in him a pastor on whom the mantle of Elphinstone had fallen. On his coming to the city, he was met, some miles from the town, by the inhabitants, and conducted in with ringing of bells, beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, and other demonstrations of rejoicing. The religious orders in the city, with the professors and students of the University, came out to receive him, dressed in their richest vestments. On his arrival at the Cathedral, service was performed in the most solemn manner. After this, one of the students addressed the bishop in a well-prepared Latin oration, in which the virtues of the founder of the University were commemorated, and his successor was congratulated on the high rank in the Church to which he had attained. The Magistrates of Aberdeen were not behind the other public bodies in testifying their respect to the good prelate, to whom they sent a handsome present on his arrival.*

Bishop Dunbar was no sooner installed in his new office, than he set himself to emulate the virtues and the zeal for learning and religion which had shone so brightly in the character of Elphinstone. His prin-

† Keith's Cat. (note) p. 562.

cipal object was to complete the various magnificent works which Elphinstone had been engaged in when death overtook him. For this purpose, he visited all the buildings in which Elphinstone had been employed, and gave orders that the sums which he had set apart for the erection of the Bridge of Dee, and for completing the College buildings, should be appropriated according to the Bishop's will. He made, besides, the most magnificent contributions to the ornaments and vessels belonging to the Cathedral—one of his presents being a chalice of pure gold, adorned with diamonds and rubies. He completed the building of the Cathedral, which had been begun by Bishop Kininmunde, about the year 1357, and which had been carried on by his successors. He erected the two turrets, and finished the west front, which had been commenced by Bishop Henry Lichton, the prelate whose effigy *in pontificalibus* is still to be seen lying on a tomb, under a canopy, with a black-letter inscription below it—a monument that has remained for four hundred years. It is in the north transept, or St. John the Evangelist's aisle, which Lichton had built. Dunbar also erected the south transept, which is called his aisle, and where his effigy lies, on an altar, under a flowered arch, at the basis of which his arms are cut out. All that now remains of his epitaph is the first word, "Sub," which, as Orem has noticed, was the case in his time. His body lies in a vault below. Dunbar also fitted up the ceiling of the Cathedral at a great cost; the work being of the most curious kind, and executed in the finest

oak, so that, says Orem, "there is scarce anything like it to be seen in this kingdom." The name of the architect was James Winter, a native of Angus, whose name, Orem says, ought to be famous to after ages. "Hereon," he says, "are painted the names of those persons who probably contributed and advanced something for the building of the fabric of the church, with their designations and armorial coats. 1. The emperor, and foreign kings and princes. 2. The pope, and all the Scotish bishops. 3. The Scots king and his nobles, all in a straight line. And upon the border of the north side is painted a succession of the bishops of Aberdeen; and, upon the south side, Malcolm II., who ordered the Church of Mortlach to be founded and built, and made an Episcopal see; with other Scotish kings; and St. David, King of Scotland, who translated the Bishop's see from Mortlach to Aberdeen."* The ceiling, however, was not finished till several years after, as the names of the

* The inscriptions are given in Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 341; and in Douglas's "Description of the East Coast of Scotland," lett. xxiv. Francis Douglas was, we believe, a native of Aberdeen, and was born somewhere about the year 1720. He was bred to the business of a baker, and went to London in the year 1741 as a journeyman. He afterwards returned to Aberdeen, and became a bookseller and printer, having conducted the *Intelligencer*, a newspaper which did not long prove a rival to the *Aberdeen Journal*. In 1759, he published a tale in verse called "Rural Love," which, we suspect, is now become pretty scarce; and, in 1778, another poem, the "Birthday." He also wrote a pamphlet on the Douglas' cause, which gained him both honour and solid remuneration; and the "Description of the East Coast of Scotland," first printed at Paisley, where the author then resided, in 1782, a work which is very far from uninteresting, and which has been the means of preserving some facts regarding Aberdeen, which might otherwise have been

sovereigns till Queen Mary, and of the prelates till William Gordon, the last Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, appear amongst them. It is a melancholy fact that this magnificent edifice, which cost the labours of a hundred and fifty years to rear, did not remain forty years entire.* In the year 1560, the Reformers stripped it of its leaden roof, robbed it of the famous bells presented by Bishop Elphinstone, and broke down the choir and chancel. The complete demolition of the whole Cathedral was only prevented by the interference of the Bishop of Aberdeen, William Gordon, and of Leslie, then official in the diocese, and afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Ross, who, partly by persuasion, and partly by the aid of their relatives, the Gordons and Leslies of the north, were able to protect the edifice, which Leslie describes as being then most magnificent.

It is some consolation to think that these outrages do not appear to have met with the countenance of the people of Aberdeen, but were effected by intruders from the west of Scotland, a part of the country which still continues to furnish Aberdeen with supplies of ignorance and fanaticism. In this quarter, as the people seem to have wished due time to deliberate, in order to introduce the reformed doctrines with more order and regularity, the Romish religion lingered

lost. The literary productions of Douglas were sneered at by some of his contemporaries, who, in allusion to his duty of putting his initials on his bread, said that he ought never to have gone farther in the publishing way than "printing F. D. on his *baps*."

* Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 342.

longer than in any other city in Scotland, and here, the last of all places in the country, was the ancient ritual delivered,* and the names of Jesus and Mary ascended together in public prayer. Those who speak with regret of the intemperate proceedings of the west country Reformers, generally do so, as if these men had merely destroyed buildings which adorned our cities; but who shall calculate the irreparable and infinite injury done to society from that day to this, and in all time coming, by the removal of structures, which, under a purer faith, and when the errors and superstitions of those who had reared them were forgotten, and their virtues only remembered, would have continued, with all their hallowed associations, to warm the religious feelings of thousands, and to call on them with an eloquence beyond all the discourses of living men, to walk in the road that leads to heaven. At this distance of time, when we can calmly look back on what our Elphinstones and Dunbars, living in a time of twilight, conceived and executed, for what they deemed to be the good of posterity, and then think of that insane desire of reformation which could lead men to throw these magnificent works into ruins, we can agree with the Catholic historian, that in proportion to the piety which produced these splendid adornings, was the profanity which tore down and destroyed them.†

It is a somewhat curious circumstance that Scotland, which appears, in ancient times, to have been

* Leslæus de Reb. Gestis Scot. p. 520. † Ibid, p. 373.

distinguished among the nations for her magnificent temples, should have become remarkable for the adoption of the most short-sighted notions with regard to the use of churches. The sound opinions formerly entertained in Scotland on this subject have been noticed by the excellent Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose soul loved every thing that was beautiful and grand, and who speaks of our country as being "famous in former times for so much piety, that the devotion of the natives under so cold a clime—whether you consider the rich endowments, or the magnificent structures of places dedicated to God's service—can hardly be match'd."* Now-a-days, a church appears to be considered by many people to be nothing else but a place for hearing ministers speak in; and, consequently, it is thought that it should be a house just capable of holding as many people as can hear the minister's discourse, and that it should have no ornaments which a mob could destroy. It is also a down-laid principle that too little money cannot be spent on the temples of religion. Now, surely a devout heart would naturally conceive that there are many uses of a church besides its adaptation to the hearing of sermons. Is it superstition to say that a church ought to be vast enough for that as well as for other purposes—that it ought to be an earthly symbol of the eternal temple not made with hands—a place to which the thankful and prosperous could

* In his Address to the Reader, prefixed to Spotswood's "History of the Church of Scotland." Lond. 1666.

repair, and offer up their praises to the throne of grace —the meditative to heighten the rapture of their contemplations—and the broken-hearted to pour out their souls before the God of all consolation—and that every aid which the feelings can derive from external objects should be there ever present?

Besides his contributions to the Cathedral, Bishop Dunbar finished the south side of the College. Regarding this part of his labours, a curious circumstance is mentioned by Orem, probably on slight authority — "But because," he says, "Principal Boethius would not allow Bishop Dunbar to place his name and armorial coat upon the south work and College, he caused build it up roughly, without good workmanship or contrivance; whereupon the Masters of the College have begun to repair it."*

The last benevolent labour in which this good man was engaged was the founding of an hospital, which was intended for the support and maintenance of twelve poor men. It was the founder's will that these should be unmarried men arrived at the age of sixty. There were to be no women employed in the management of the house, an injudicious arrangement, by which the comfort of the inmates would be considerably affected. The charter for the founda-

* Orem, p. 304.—With regard to William Orem, Town Clerk of Aberdeen, nothing, we believe, is known but that he held that situation in the year 1725. The MS. of his work is preserved in King's College Library. A transcript of it was made by Mr. James Dalgarno, a surgeon, who sold it to Mr. Gough in 1771. From his book it is evident that he was a lover of antiquities, but a man of no taste or judgment. It is exceedingly ill written and confused.

tion of the hospital was dated at Edinburgh in 1531, and was afterwards confirmed by King James V. The funds for the maintenance of the institution were an annuity of one hundred pounds Scots, and a piece of land, which were both gifted by the Bishop. The building, which lay on the north side of the Chanonry, was, as appears from the inscription which was placed on it, not erected till after the Bishop's death. It is described as having been a hundred feet in length and thirty-two in breadth, with a belfry and spire; and the interior accommodation consisted of twelve little rooms, a common kitchen, and an oratory. In this oratory the inmates were to assemble for prayer at different periods of the day. At eleven in the forenoon, they had to go to the Cathedral to hear mass; while a part of the afternoon was set apart for their employment and amusement in the garden belonging to the hospital. In their prayers they were enjoined to offer up supplications for the souls of the King, of Bishop Dunbar, and for all their relatives. The hospital was dedicated to God and the Blessed Virgin. On the south side of the oratory was the following inscription:—"Duodecim pauperibus domum hanc Reverendus Pater, Gavinus Dunbar, hujus almæ sedis quondam pontifex, ædificari jussit, anno a Christo nato, 1532. Gloria Deo."—And in the inside was another inscription:—"Isthuc oraturus Deum, memor, precor, sis animæ salutis Gavini Dunbar, almæ sedis Aberdonensis quondam pontificis, hujus cellulæ pauperum fundatoris, qui apud Sanct. Andream naturæ debitum persolvit, sexto Idus

Martij, tricesimo sesq. millesimo. At homines quibus alimentum dedit orare tenentur. Gloria episcopi est pauperum opibus providere. Ignominia sacerdotis est proprijs studere divitiis. Patientia pauperum non peribit in finem."

The inmates of this hospital, who were called beadsmen, "because of old," says Orem, "they used to say their pater noster and their prayers by numbering their beads," were maintained in it till a comparatively recent period, when the houses and ground were sold to the late Mr. Forbes of Seaton, and the funds were henceforth applied to their maintenance out of doors. At this day, twenty-one poor men derive support from the funds of the Bishop's Hospital. These funds have at times, however, got into improper hands, as we learn from Orem that some gentlemen, who had part of the money on loan, became bankrupt. During the latter half of last century, they also were not improved by the peculiar mode of management adopted by Principal John Chalmers. This gentleman, who held the office for the extraordinary period of fifty-four years*—an incumbency, we daresay, quite unprecedented in the history of Principalships—did not consider it necessary to keep any minutes of the affairs of the hospital for the last forty years of the eighteenth century; and, as his

* The office of Principal of King's College seems to be favourable to longevity. Principal Chalmers's successor, Dr. Roderick Macleod, well known to the readers of George Colman the younger, lived to the age of eighty-seven; and the present amiable head of the University, Dr. Jack, has been five-and-twenty years Principal, after having, for other fifteen, filled the office of Sub-Principal.

mind was much occupied in the promotion of agricultural improvements on his farms of Sclattie and Cairntradlin, which he held successively, he had not leisure to take written receipts from all the parties who borrowed from the funds, nor to make what would now-a-days be considered quite a necessary thing, a complete distinction between his own private expenditure, and the expenditure of the Bead-House money. With this strange method of managing trust funds, the Principal himself appears to have been well enough content; but it caused much trouble to those who came after him when the former practice of keeping minutes came to be resumed. It is but proper to mention that, though Principal Chalmers did not excel as a manager of charitable funds, he appears in the list, given by Mr. Kennedy, of eminent men distinguished for their learning who have adorned King's College.

Bishop Dunbar died at St. Andrew's, on the 9th of March, 1532. During the period that this munificent prelate was Bishop of Aberdeen, he expended the whole revenues of the see in works of charity and beneficence. So many, indeed, were the benefactions which he conferred on the city, that, if we except the labours of Elphinstone, it is perhaps true what Dempster states, that he alone left more monuments of his piety behind him than did all his predecessors together. He was buried in the south aisle, which he had himself erected. According to Dempster, when the Reformers broke down the Bishop's monument, many years after, they, to their great amaze-

ment, found his body quite fresh,* and his vestments entire. In confirmation of this statement, he appeals to the authorities of two learned persons, Andrew Leslie and Robert Boyd. This story is not wholly incredible,† any more than the one that follows it, that a sick man having touched the Bishop's robe, was instantly made whole. We do not hear that the man's sickness was deadly, and a strong imagination has wrought as great miracles as this. The relation would have gained more credit, if the learned writer had not sought to support its truth by the testimony of a Jesuit of the name of Patrick Anderson, who was at once a "theologian, a philosopher, and a mathematician," and on all these grounds, perhaps, the less credible a witness.

Dr. Mackenzie has preserved two miserable Latin epigrams, made on the Bishop by his descendant John Dunbar, "the famous epigrammist who flourished in the reigns of King James VI. and Charles I." The second one, besides the blemish of a pun, contains a serious historical error in making the Bishop build a bridge over the Don, an invention scarcely excusable on the ground of poetic license:

> Circa Abirdoniam tumidis Dona labitur undis
> Turgidus et nullis trajiciendus equis.
>
> Huic pontem hic Præsul fecit; cum condere nunquid,
> Ostendit verum se fore Pontificem.

* Vividum, succi et sanguinis plenum.—*Hist. Eccles. Gestis Scot.* vol. i. p. 215.

† The body of the Marquis of Dorset was discovered perfectly entire and fresh, in 1608. He was buried in 1530.—*Sir T. Browne's Hydriotaphia*, chap. iii.

Besides the two epigrams quoted by Mackenzie, Dunbar wrote the following lines on this bridge:—

> Pons Caij quondam; sed nunc pons ille Gavini
> Sit celeber fama tempus in omne suâ.

The epigrams of this very obscure Scotish author were published at London in 1616. In addition to this work, he wrote a lamentation on the death of Henry IV. of France—the Latin title of which is so strangely given by Maidment, that we cannot presume to say what it really should be; and another piece, the name of which appears to be Daphnæus Doctoratus.* Of the birth or death of John Dunbar, who styles himself "a Great Briton" (Megalo-Britannus), we know of no record whatever. The two last works mentioned by Maidment were printed abroad in 1611 and 1618.

Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, the prelate whose praises have been sung by Buchanan in some of his most elegant verses, was a nephew of the Bishop of Aberdeen.†

A portrait of Dunbar, taken from an older one, is to be seen in the Hall of King's College.

Dunbar appears, in many respects, to have resembled his illustrious predecessor, Elphinstone. The

* Maidment's Cat. of Scotish Writers, p. 85. Edinb. 1833.

† Dempster has fallen into a curious mistake in supposing that this fine epigram of Buchanan's was composed in praise of Gavin Douglas, the famous Bishop of Dunkeld, who, he supposes, had been made Archbishop of Glasgow.—*Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scot.* vol. i. p. 221. Gavin Douglas died in 1521, when Buchanan was only about fifteen years of age.

same love of learning—the same taste for what is beautiful and magnificent—the same patriotic spirit—and the same Christian principles, appear to have animated both prelates. All the Protestant historians readily admit his virtues. The Catholic writers are of course quite enthusiastic on the subject. "He was most worthy," says Dempster, with real eloquence, "to fall on the times of Luther, that by his pious life he might confound an impious sect." According to this writer, Dunbar was an author, and wrote "Contra Hereticos Germanos," and "De Ecclesia Aberdonensi."* This latter work Dr. Mackenzie takes to be "The Breviary which he caused compose for his Church, and which the late Dr. Jamieson had in his custody, under this title, 'De ordinature Chori et de stationibus, cessionibus et conversationibus ad matutinas, missam et vesperas in eodem faciendis; tam in Feriis quam in Festis per totum annum.' At the end of which are the words—'Reverendus in Christo Pater ac Dominus, D. Gavinus Dunbar, Episcopus Aberdonensis me fieri fecit, Antwerpiæ, A.D. 1527.'"* From this illustration of Dr. Mackenzie, who had a kindness for Dempster, and a strong inclination to give credit to his stories, there is still no ground to believe that Bishop Dunbar was an author.

It is indeed but little to the credit of that stern national virtue for which we are pleased to give our-

* Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scot. vol. i. p. 216.
† Mackenzie, vol. ii. p. 612.

selves so much commendation, that Scotland has produced so many writers, who, with a view of raising the glory of their native land, have betaken themselves to every kind of literary imposture. Boece, Dempster, Chalmers,* Mackenzie, and Abercrombie have distinguished themselves perhaps beyond the writers of any other nation in this kind of patriotism; and our townsman, Gilbert Gray, in his brief "Oratio de Illustribus Scotiæ Scriptoribus," has carefully condensed the whole of our literary fables. Amongst others who have resorted to dishonest means in order to throw lustre on the land of their birth, must also be enumerated one, compared to whom all the rest were saints—the infamous William Lauder—for though the mind of this unhappy man was filled by worse passions than the others were possessed with—an envious gnawing desire to ruin the character of what all the world admired—a feeling the same as that of the black-hearted Athenian, who was sick of hearing Aristides called "the just"—a morbid disposition which is occasionally, though not often, to be met with in the world; yet the desire of representing his countrymen, Ramsay and Ross, as great though neglected poetical geniuses, runs through his work, and the names of the equally obscure Massenius and Staphorstius might have been taken from the continent, to disguise this part of the writer's intention. It is a kind of half consolation to Scotsmen

* David Chalmers (Camerarius) the author of the Treatise *de Scotorum fortitudine, doctrina, et pietate*, published at Paris in 1631.

to think that there is some reason to believe that Dr. Samuel Johnson had more hand in Lauder's vile project than the mere writing of the preface and the postscript of this notorious work, which the Doctor did in his best manner.

The latest exhibition in Scotland of this diseased kind of patriotism was Macpherson's invention of Ossian's poems. It is edifying at the present day, when these poems are so universally and so justly despised, as to be never mentioned but with contempt, except, perhaps, now and then, by some highland student at King's College, or by Wordsworth the poet, whose notions of poetry are entirely of his own contrivance, to recollect, that, when they were fashionable, they were translated into all the Continental languages, and were declared, strange as it might appear, to look most admirable in the Italian, though of course it was not to be expected that any human language could do justice to the ineffable beauty of the real original Argyleshire Gaelic. The Earse poet also figured, as one whose productions had made a powerful impression on the world, in Madame de Stael's work on literature; and Madame de Stael, without any compliment to her sex, was certainly no ordinary writer. Dr. Blair also reckoned Ossian the successful rival of the great epic poets, whose works had for many ages been in the hands of mankind. The philosophic mind of David Hume, who spoke coolly of the genius of Shakspere, was evidently troubled about this Ossian. The Highland Society also felt called on to appoint a Committee to inquire into "the

authenticity," as they called it, of these poems; the Highland Society, like other people who might know better, intending by the word "authenticity," to express the meaning of the word "genuineness." The history of Ossian's poems is indeed singularly illustrative of the ignorance and stupidity of the learned. As long as the poems were held to be genuine, they were also reckoned sublime; but when it came to be discovered that they were forgeries, as they are, they were also discovered to be exceedingly worthless, as they most certainly are. So it was with the forgeries of Mr. Ireland. Many learned men esteemed them as the works of Shakspere; but when they discovered that they were the manufacture of Mr. Ireland, then they turned round, and not only declared Mr. Ireland to be an impostor; but, with singular impudence and inconsistency, instead of acknowledging that he was one of the greatest geniuses that had ever lived, seeing that upon such great men as themselves he had passed off his own writings as the works of Shakspere, they denounced him as a worthless scribbler, and at this day there is scarcely a more obscure name in the literature of Britain than that of the man with whose productions many of the scholars of the age were as much delighted as they were with those of the greatest writer that has ever appeared on this earth. That such impositions as those of Macpherson and Ireland may be again repeated with success there can be little doubt. The world is not growing any wiser than it was; and the present age has shewn that it yields to none of its

predecessors in the capability of being cheated and imposed on. A great many of those people who are called "literary characters" have in our day discovered, that the writer of the Rape of the Lock, and of the Epistles of Eloise to Abelard, was a poor affected scribbler, without either genius or originality, and who did well enough in his day, because nothing better was to be got; while they admit that certain poems, so called, which have appeared in this century, the distinguishing characteristic of which is their affected and wearisome childishness, are the most exalted productions which, for centuries, human genius has blessed the world with—a judgment with which it is said that the writer of these poems himself entirely agrees. Truly we may apply to the affairs of the literary world what Chancellor Oxenstiern said of those of the political—"Vides, mi fili, quantulâ sapientiâ gubernatur mundus."

DR. THOMAS MORISON.

Of this learned physician very little is known; and though he appears to have stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries, his very name is now nearly forgotten. We are unwilling, however, to omit in our biography a notice of a man who was the friend and correspondent of the illustrious Bacon. Morison, as appears from the titles of his works, was a native of Aberdeen. He there styles himself "Aberdonanus." It appears, indeed, that, according to the usage of these times, a person not born in the city might have taken this designation; and hence, perhaps, we have the honour of ranking as Aberdeen-men many of the learned men mentioned by Dempster, with the description of "Abredonensis" affixed to their names. This learned writer, who was himself a native of Aberdeenshire, bestows the title of "Abredonensis" on some people on the ground of their having been educated at our colleges. Thus he gives the designation to the elder David Chalmers,* who was born at Ormond in Ross-shire, but educated at King's College.

The year of Morison's birth has not been ascertain-

* The author of the "Histoire Abregée de tous les Rois de France, Angleterre, et Ecosse;" Paris, 1572;—"La Recherche des Singularités les plus Remarkables concernant l'etat d'Ecosse;" Paris, 1579;—and the "Discours de la legitime Succession des Femmes aux Possessions des leurs Parens et du Gouvernement des Princesses aux Empires et Royaumes;" Dedicated to Catharine de

ed; but, from the date of the publication of his works, it may be reasonably placed previously to 1560. He studied at the university of Montpellier, at which he is supposed to have taken his degree. His first work† was published at Frankfort, in the year 1593, and is dedicated to King James VI., in whose favour, we learn, the author stood high. Dempster, who notices this learned man, mentions the treatise, under the title "De Metamorphosi Metallorum," writing, no doubt, from memory.

In the following year, he put forth a treatise on the

Medici: Paris, 1579. Of the birth-place or history of the younger David Chalmers, the author of the work "De Scotorum Fortitudine, Doctrina, et Pietate," published at Paris in 1631, we know of no materials whatever. Dempster, whose work was published in 1627, could not have alluded to this treatise. He, however, mentions, besides Chalmers of Ormond, another David Chalmers (Hist. Eccl. Gentis Scot. vol. i. p. 196), "of the ancient and noble family of Fintray," who was then living at Rome; and who, besides a work on the canon law, was the author of a most elegant poetical history, with most beautiful digressions, called "Lysander and Lucina." This Chalmers was, according to Dempster, illustrious at once for his learning, his chaste life, and his exemplary manners. Whether this be a third David Chalmers, or the one whom we have called the younger, we are unable to say. We are told that the writer of "Lysander and Lucina" was a Catholic, and had resided much on the Continent; and both these circumstances agree with what we know of the author of the Treatise "De Scotorum Fortitudine." All Roman Catholics were virtuous men in the eyes of Dempster; but while the elder Chalmers is believed, on good grounds, to have had a hand in the murder of Henry Darnley, the younger has eminently distinguished himself as one of the boldest of those writers who have "loved Scotland better than truth."

† "Liber novus de Metallorum Causis et Transubstantiatione, editus per Thomam Moresinum, Aberdonanum, Scotum, Doctorem Medicum; in quo Chimicorum quorundam Inscitia et Impostura, philosophicis, medicis, et chimicis rationibus retegitur et demonstratur, et vera iis de rebus Doctrina solide asseritur." Francofurti, 1593. 8vo.

subject of the Romish religion.* This work is now exceedingly rare. From its title, it may be conjectured that the writer had handled his subject on the same principles as the excellent Dr. Conyers Middleton in his "Letter from Rome."

Though the words of Dempster do not bear out the author of the "Book of Bon-Accord" in saying that he had not seen this work,† yet it is highly probable that he had neither seen nor heard of it; as otherwise it is scarcely conceivable that the learned and zealous Catholic could have restrained himself from vilifying the heretical physician. This work, which was printed at Edinburgh, is also dedicated to King James. From the following letter, addressed to Dr. Morison by Lord Bacon, we learn that his lordship conceived so highly of Morison's influence with the King that he relied on his friendship to secure his Majesty's favour for him "on his coming in."

While it is gratifying to find that our townsman had held "an acquaintance" with such a man as Bacon, and while it would be a matter of pride to think that this acquaintance had been of service to the renowned Lord Chancellor, it is painful to recollect that Dr. Morison was not the only person to whom

* "Papatus; seu, depravatæ Religionis Origo et Incrementum, summa fide diligentiaque e Gentilitatis suæ Fontibus eruta; ut fere nihil sit in hoc genus cultu [*legendum*, genere cultus] quod non sit promptum ex hisce meis, reddere suis authoribus: ut restitutæ evangelicæ Religionis, quam profitemur, Simplicitas, fucis amotis, suam aliquando integritatem apud omnes testatam faciat. Per Thomam Moresinum, Aberdonanum, Doctorem Medicum."—Edinburgi, 1594. 8vo.

† Book of Bon-Accord, p. 308.

Bacon applied at this time, suing for their influence with his Majesty, and that he bowed his exalted intellect so low as to address what he called "an offer of service" to the monarch, couched in language than which it is barely conceivable that he could have uttered anything more fervid and adoring to Deity itself. The following is his letter to Dr. Morison:—

"Mr. Dr. Morison,—I have thought good by this my letter to renew my ancient acquaintance which hath passed between us, signifying my good mind to you, to perform to you any good office for your particular, and my expectation and a firm assurance of the like on your part towards me: wherein I confess you may have the start of me, because occasion hath given you the precedency in investing you with opportunity to use my name well, and by your loving testimony to further a good opinion of me in his majesty and the court.

"But I hope my experience of matters here will, with the light of his Majesty's favour, enable me speedily both to requite your kindness, and to acquit and make good your testimony and report. So not doubting to see you here with his Majesty, considering that it belongeth to your art to feel pulses (and I assure you Galen doth not set down greater variety of pulses than do vent here in men's hearts), I wish you all prosperity; and remain—Yours, &c."

"From my Chamber at Gray's Inn, 1603."

Morison, it appears, had previously maintained a

correspondence with the Chancellor's brother, Mr. Anthony Bacon.

The time of Morison's death has not been ascertained. From the date of Lord Bacon's letter, it appears that Dempster, upon whose authority Dr. Irving relies in this instance, was mistaken in placing it so early as 1601.

It is not easy for a writer to give an honest account of the merits of books which he has never had the fortune to see.* It is, in this case, much better for him to favour his readers with the testimony of well-informed authorities. Dempster assures us that Morison was a physician of great name, who shone both at home and abroad; and the author of the "Book of Bon-Accord" tells us that the work on Popery is "highly prized by the learned for its singular erudition." For our own part, we shall follow the commendable caution of Dr. Irving, and not commit ourselves to any opinion whatever upon either the theology or the metallurgy of the Aberdeen physician.

* Neither of Morison's Treatises is to be found in the Library either of King's or of Marischal College.

GILBERT GRAY.

When George, Earl Marischal, a nobleman distinguished for his learning and his zeal for the Protestant religion, founded Marischal College in the year 1593, in order to be a seat of learning in the North, in which the doctrines of the Reformation should be faithfully maintained, Mr. Robert Howie, a man of eminent learning, who had been for two years minister of St. Nicholas Church, was appointed First Principal of the College, and held the situation till the year 1598. His successor in the Principalship was Gilbert Gray. Of the life of Gray we have fallen on scarcely any memorials. We learn from himself, that he studied under Robert Rollock, the First Principal of the University of Edinburgh, upon whose virtues and learning he has pronounced an affectionate eulogium, which is borne out by the testimony of all who have spoken of that excellent man.*

It was in the year 1611, that Principal Gray delivered that flaming oration, in praise of the illustrious writers of Scotland, by which his own name is preserved from utter oblivion. This is one of the most pedantic and formal pieces of speech-making that ever came from the head of any learned institution, though

* "Oratio de Illustribus Scotiæ Scriptoribus," habita a magistro Gilberto Grayo, Gymnasiarcha Academiæ Novæ Abredoniæ.—A.D. 1611, p. xxxiii.—Prefixed to Mackenzie's Lives.

it must undoubtedly have appeared to the worthy author to have been no ordinary effusion of classical rhetoric. What the citizens of Aberdeen at that time thought of it, cannot now be ascertained; but if a Principal of a College were now-a-days to put forth to the intelligent public a discourse stuffed with so much nonsense and falsehood, and delivered in such a "King Cambyses vein," he would most assuredly never hear the end of it, from the race of scoffers that have arisen in these latter days.

As an historical document, it contains nothing new whatever, except the information which we have already noticed, that Gray himself had studied under Rollock; and the fact, that a townsman of ours, of the name of David Carnegie, was taken away by death, while engaged in translating into most beautiful Latin verse, "The Monarchie" of Sir David Lindsay. With regard to falsehoods (we do not mean falsehoods of the Principal's own inventing), it may be styled a concise digest of untruths. Amongst Scotish authors, the Principal enumerates nine of the kings of Scotland, of whom only two, James I. and James VI. ever wrote anything,* and five, at least, never had any existence at all. Our readers are aware, that, according to the testimony of writers of Gray's character, King Fergus I., about three hundred years before the birth of Christ, wrote on the subject of Law, and that Dornadilla, a short time after, laid down rules for

* He takes no notice whatever of James V. as a poet.

Sportsmen; and while Reutha, the seventh King of Scotland, was a warm friend to Schools, or what, in the tawdry language of our day, would be called "the Educational Institutions of the country," Josina, who lived about a hundred and sixty years before the era of the Gospel, was not only an able writer on Botany, but so excellent a physician, that, by his writings on medicine, and his own practice, the knowledge of that science was, in his time, so common in Scotland, that it was reckoned a perfect disgrace to any gentleman not to be well acquainted with it.*

Out of about forty authors mentioned by Principal Gray, up to the date of Bishop Elphinstone, thirty are either fictitious or, like Boniface, Bishop of Mentz, had no connexion whatever with Scotland. Of forty-one authors, commencing with Elphinstone and including those who were Gray's contemporaries, the names are almost all well known—and imposition at so recent a date was nearly impracticable. Of these are thirteen Aberdeen authors, whose names are strung most unmusically together in the passage which has been often quoted.

"At inter cæteras Scotiæ civitates, singulari Dei beneficio, nulla magis clarorum ingeniorum proventu floruit, quam Tu Abredonia, fœlix si Deum in donis, suis glorifices; dicent certe alii tuos Liddelios, Cargillos, Hovæos, Dempsteros, Johnstonos, Morisonos,

* "Adeoque nobiles Regis exemplum sequuti, ita sese in ejus mores formarunt, ut medicinam eo seculo ignorare turpe haberetur."—*Oratio*, p. 23.

Grayos, Wedderburnos, Jackæos, Duneos, Forbesios, Andersonos, Aidios, reliquosque togatos patres, quos pia et sera posteritas venerabitur."*

We can hardly doubt that this diverting catalogue of illustrious men was faithfully committed to memory by the more waggish of the ingenuous youth who listened to the worthy Principal; and it is highly probable that the passage we have quoted was united with some popular air of the day, for the purpose of being sung in the class-rooms; at least, such we believe would be the procedure adopted, if an affair of this kind were to happen now-a-days. The whole of these great men of Aberdeen, whose names take on their Roman terminations so ungracefully, are made mention of directly or indirectly in this work; for we hold that the author himself is the representative of the Grays, whom the latest posterity are to revere. In this oration there is furnished a curious piece of evidence, that while such writers as Gray were industrious in raking together all kinds of fables, in order to embellish the literature of their native country, they overlooked facts by which their purpose would have been better served. Amongst the writers who have been falsely called Scotsmen, is Florentius, Bishop of Strasburg in the seventh century. To this man Gray has given the title of Florentius Volusenus, and has attributed to him a treatise "De animæ tranquillitate;" having actually been ignorant that the dialogue "De animæ tranquillitate" was written by his

* Oratio, p. xxxiii.

own countryman, Florence Wilson, (in Latin, Florentius Volusenus) about sixty-eight years before the delivery of this famous oration. Even Dr. Mackenzie is shocked at this extraordinary and unaccountable mistake, which he very properly says "is so very gross, that it is matter of admiration how the author could fall into it." Dr. Mackenzie, however, has fallen into an error in making Wilson contemporary with Gray. Wilson was born about the year 1500, and died about 1546; so that it requires considerable latitude in the use of the term to make him the "contemporary" of the worthy Principal.

Gray, who was perhaps considered to be endowed with a gift of making orations, pronounced the funeral oration of his learned townsman, Dr. Duncan Liddel, in April, 1613. He himself died in the following year. We have not learned who did the service for him which he had done for Liddel, nor whether the funeral discourse pronounced on Gilbert Gray was such as would have pleased the taste of the Principal himself, if he had enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing it.

There is every reason to believe that Gray was a man of learning; for in those days some amount of literature was considered necessary in a Principal of a College, whatever it may be now-a-days, when so many old prejudices have been done away with. Thanks to the enlarged spirit of the times, the road to the highest honours in seminaries of learning is not now narrowed and hemmed in by the restrictions and qualifications which cost so much labour and study to

those who aspired to eminence in former days, but is opened up to men of active minds and solid mother-wit, though they may not be possessed of any great share of the mere book-learning which of old was held in so much admiration. Indeed, in stirring and enlightened times, it is obvious, that the acquirement of learning must stand much in the way of attaining to literary honours. On this subject some admirable remarks have been made by a writer of no ordinary wit and knowledge of the world, who has shewn the errors into which studious men have fallen in this matter, and pointed out the real practical mode of getting into learned situations, with great truth and clearness—"Les jeunes gens," says Louis Paul Courier, "quelquefois se passionent pour l'etude; c'est la perte assurée de quiconque aspire aux emplois de la litterature; c'est le mal a tout avancement. L'etude rend paresseux; on s'enterre dans ses livres; on devient reveur; distrait, on oublie ses divers visites, assemblées, repas, ceremonies; mais ce qu'il y a de pis, l'etude rend orguilleux; celui qui etudie s'imagine bientot savoir plus qu'un autre, pretend a des succes, meprise ses egaux, manque a ses superieurs, neglige ses protecteurs, et ne fera jamais rien dans la partie des lettres."

Whatever the amount of Gray's erudition may have been, the oration to which we have referred is a satisfactory proof that he was not a man of much judgment. Had the same subject been treated by one more studious of truth and accuracy, we might have had a valuable addition to our information on the history of

Scotish literature. We do not take upon ourselves to speak critically of the purity of the Principal's Latin; in which respect we daresay the oration stands well.

Of the private character of Gray, scarcely anything has been handed down to our time. It has been recorded to his honour, that he thought so well of the talents and virtues of the amiable bishop William Forbes, while a young man, that he used his influence, as Principal, in procuring for him the situation of Professor of Logic in the University.

Gray was succeeded in the Principalship of Marischal College by the Andrew Aidy whose literary attainments he had celebrated in his oration. Aidy was the author of some Latin poems, which we have not had the fortune to see; though the probability is that our loss in this respect is not great, when we consider the general worthlessness of modern Latin poetry.

BISHOP PATRICK FORBES.

This prelate, whose learning and talents have been so highly spoken of by his contemporaries, has been still more celebrated for his many virtues and his eminently christian character. He was born on the 24th of August, in the year 1564. The family to which he belonged had been distinguished in the history of the country, and Forbes, by birth, was laird of Corse and O'Neil in Aberdeenshire, and was descended from the noble family of Forbes. His ancestor, Sir Patrick Forbes, a third son of Lord Forbes, had been a faithful servant to King James III., from whom he received a grant of the barony of Corse and O'Neil, in the parish of Leochel, in the year 1482. The father of Bishop Forbes was William Forbes of Corse, one of the most zealous of the Protestant Reformers. Patrick was the eldest of seven sons. From his brother William, the Forbeses of Craigievar and Fintray are descended. His brother John, who became minister of the parish of Alford, was zealously attached to the Presbyterian religion, and suffered in its cause while Episcopacy was dominant. A fourth son, Arthur, went abroad and served in the army, and, after acquiring a considerable fortune, settled in Ireland as Sir Arthur Forbes of Castle Forbes—having received the honour of knighthood from King James VI. This son was made Earl of Granard by Charles II.

We have not met with any notice of the birth-place of Forbes; but it is supposed to have been at Corse, the family seat. His education he received under the ablest scholars that Scotland could then produce. He was first sent to the Grammar-School of Stirling, of which Thomas Buchanan, a nephew of George Buchanan, and a distinguished grammarian, was then master. He next studied philosophy at Glasgow under the famous Andrew Melville, who was his cousin, and whose great abilities and learning have not been disputed even by those who have most loudly disapproved of his principles. When Melville removed from Glasgow to be Principal of St. Andrew's, in the year 1580, Forbes accompanied him, and studied Hebrew and theology there. He soon attained to such eminence in learning, that he was offered an appointment as professor in the university; but about this time he was recalled by his father to the management of the estate. He now married Lucretia Spence, daughter of Spence of Wormiston in Fife. His residence we find after this period to have been at Montrose, where he was much visited on account of his uncommon learning and piety. On his father's death, he went to reside on the family estate of Corse, where his father had, in the year 1581, built the castle, the ruins of which only are now to be seen. There he employed himself in the work of agricultural improvement, while he did not neglect his religious studies. His reputation for learning was such, that the people in his neighbourhood believed that he had communication with the devil; and the tradition is, that, having

quarrelled with each other about some doctrinal point, the fiend flew off in a passion, carrying the side of the castle of Corse along with him*—a piece of conduct, if we are to believe legendary history, quite in accordance with his usual practice. The print of his footsteps is still to be seen on one of the stone stairs. According to Martin Luther, such conferences are absolutely necessary in order to complete the studies of a perfect divine. From the very serious complexion of Forbes's mind, it is not at all improbable that he himself, as well as his neighbours, believed in the reality of these supernatural communications. The power of an earnest and fervid imagination made Luther, a much greater man certainly than our Bishop, believe that he held interviews with the devil; and the great Reformer has left on record his valuable testimony to the high theological attainments of his infernal opponent, to the close logic of his reasoning, and the vigour with which he pushes home his arguments; which, according to Luther, are so powerful, that many people, and among these he mentions his own acquaintances, Œcolampadius and Emserus, have died in the course of the disputation, which it appears the devil carries on in a grave and strong voice. He further commends him for the concise and luminous manner in which he discusses his subject—a virtue, certainly, not too common in theological debates; and he attributes the ignorance of Scripture manifested by some of his opponents to

* Statist. Account of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 220.

their not having been exercised as he had been in discussing biblical subjects with Satan—a sort of education without which he held that no man could be anything more than a mere speculative and theoretical theologian. For his own part, he had, he says, the advantage of being as well acquainted with him as if he had eaten a bushel of salt in his company; and his spiritual adversary frequently lay more closely by his side than his own Katharine.*

While living on his estate, it appears that Forbes, who had kept up worship in his own family, was, on account of his high character for learning and piety, frequently called on to officiate as a clergyman, and actually performed the duties of the office in some of the parishes which were then deprived of their ministers. Such, however, was the state of ecclesiastical discipline at that period, that when this came to the ears of the Bishop of Aberdeen, Peter Blackburn, he was so far from being offended, that he earnestly entreated Forbes, with whose qualifications and learning he was well acquainted, to enter into holy orders, and become minister of his parish. For a long time Forbes refused to comply with this request; and Gladstanes, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and Primate of Scotland, having heard of his ministrations, and having respect for the regular ordination of ministers, sent a peremptory order, prohibiting Forbes from public teaching until he should enter into the office of

* "Diabolus multo frequenter et propius mihi in lecto accubare solet, seu condormit, quam mea Catharina." See Luther *de Missa Privata*, and Luther *in Colloquiis*—in Bayle, vol. iii. p. 229.

the ministry. And here the excellent character and the pure motives of Forbes were conspicuously displayed. Instead of setting himself up as the head of a sect, as a factious schismatic or a vain enthusiast would have done, seeing that his ministry had been popular, he not only complied with the injunction of the Archbishop, but regularly attended worship in the parish church as a private individual. He continued, however, to expound the Scriptures to his family and servants in his own house; and some of the gentry and clergy in his neigbourhood were happy to be admitted to hear his commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul, and his remarks on the Revelation, which were afterwards published.

At length a strange circumstance occurred, which induced Forbes, at the mature age of forty-eight, to enter into holy orders. The minister of the parish of Keith, a man who had led a religious life, had, in a fit of despondency, attempted to commit suicide; but had no sooner inflicted the fatal wound, than a sense of the unworthy act into which he had fallen rushed on his mind; and he sent for the laird of Corse, who, from an allusion made by Burnett, was, we conjecture, his relative. "He had," says Burnett, "a most terrible calamity in his family, which needs not be named."* Forbes attended, and by pious exhortations, endeavoured to bring peace to the minister's

* Life of William Bedell, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore (Preface). Lond. 1685. Dr. Garden, however, merely calls him "Minister quidam pius et probus, pastor ecclesiæ de Keith."—*Vita Joa. Forbesii a Corse*, p. 2.

mind. His efforts were so successful, that the minister, who survived for some time, gave signs of true christian penitence. His soul was comforted, the hope of salvation shone forth within him, and his death was not less edifying than the occasion of it had been humiliating.* He was earnest in testifying to those who attended his dying bed, that it was not religion, but the malice of the devil and his own carelessness, which had led him to this crime. Deeply impressed with a sense of the injury which Satan, through the occasion of his weakness, had inflicted on Christianity, the dying man with his latest breath earnestly entreated his friend to take on himself the cure of the parish, and endeavour to heal the wound which had been caused by his unworthiness. The awful scene which he had witnessed made a strong impression on the naturally serious mind of Forbes, and he now yielded to the earnest solicitations of the clergy and gentry of his neighbourhood, and to the unanimous wish of his friends, and, in the year 1612, was appointed minister of Keith, where he became, says Dr. Garden, a burning and a shining light to the people and clergy around.

Upon this story of the death of the minister of Keith, Dr. Garden has taken occasion to indulge in some reflections on the crime of suicide, which he says had been defended in his day, as well as amongst the ancient Romans, as something heroic and magnanimous, but which he declares to be as base and

* Garden—Vita Joa. Forbesii, p. 2.

cowardly in reason as by the law of God it is criminal and flagitious; and he then proceeds to a learned proof of his positions. While, however, the criminal nature of suicide must be admitted by all who draw their morality from the christian religion, it is so very rarely handled in a perspicuous manner, that we are tempted, though too tenacious of our orthodoxy to be inclined to meddle much with Quaker theology, to transcribe a short but beautiful passage on the subject from an able and interesting work on morals, written by a member of the Society of Friends, who has placed the unchristian nature of suicide on its proper foundation and in its clearest light. "Some men," says Jonathan Dymond, "say that the New Testament contains no prohibition of suicide. If this were true, it would avail nothing, because there are many things which it does not forbid, but which every one knows to be wicked. But, in reality, it does forbid it. Every exhortation which it gives to be patient, every encouragement to trust in God, every consideration which it urges as a support under affliction and distress, is a virtual prohibition of suicide; because, if a man commit suicide, he rejects every such advice and encouragement, and disregards every such motive."* This is unquestionably the sound general principle. The discussion of the various modifica-

* Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind, p. 293. Lond. 1836. The beautiful passage quoted above is an able condensation of Paley's general doctrine on the subject. The object of Dymond was to combat some theories of morals generally received, which he conceived to be of a lax tendency; and he frequently shews fight with

tions of the guilt arising from the various motives which may lead to the act is endless: the celebrated case of Lucretia, supposing that her mind was filled by the exalted sentiment attributed to her by the Roman historian,* has exercised the ingenuity of christian casuists from St. Augustine to our own day, and still remains a very involved question.

It is perfectly astonishing to hear Mr. Pinkerton, whose understanding was not narrowed and perverted by antiquarian studies, and whose slightest remarks are almost always acute and valuable, after telling this story of the minister of Keith, and its influence on Forbes's mind, declaring that "the motive, considering all the circumstances, seems most inadequate to the effect." We cannot conceive anything more natural, than that a circumstance which forces on the mind a painful conviction of the weakness and misery of our human nature, should lead a man to an anxious desire to prepare himself and all around him for leaving this world of sin and sorrow. Such things have converted to a life of devotion men of a less religious disposition than Forbes. We have a familiar instance in the story of the conversion of the reformer of the monastery of La Trappe. Armand Bouthelier de Rancé was an accomplished scholar, who is said to have been acquainted with the literature of Greece and Rome while a mere boy. His

Paley. His work is highly interesting, and is written in a style of great elegance, and with a noble plainness which Paley himself might have envied.

* "Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero. Nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet."—*Liv.*

mind, however, was debauched and dissolute. Having been for a short time absent in the country from his mistress, a lady of excessive beauty, he hastened to see her as soon as he returned to Paris; and without waiting to make inquiries, he entered into her chamber. He had arrived in time to find her wrapped in her shroud a loathsome corpse, mangled by the small-pox, the fell destroyer of beauty. He flew from the house a converted man, and sought the waste dreary solitude of La Trappe; and in that wilderness atoned for a short career of licentiousness by forty years of austere penitence.

While Forbes held the situation of minister of Keith, his first work, a "Commentary on the Revelation,"* was given to the public. The word "exquisite," which the author has bestowed on his own work, in all probability was not meant in the highly complimentary sense which a modern reader would be inclined to affix to it, but as equivalent to the word "exact." In the second edition, the commentary was called "learned." The candid reader of this commentary will, we suspect, not easily conceive in what respect it could be called either exquisite or learned. Neither the style nor the matter will, to an unprejudiced reader, appear to deserve any commendation. The work is dedicated, in high-flown terms, "To the most mighty Monarch, my most gratious

* An exqvisite Commentarie upon the Revelation of Saint Iohn. Wherein both the course of the whole Booke, as also *the more abstruse and hard places thereof not* heretofore opened, are now at last most cleerly and euidently explained. By Patrick Forbes of *Corse*. Lond. 1613. 4to.

Soveraigne Lord, Iames, King of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c." In the dedication, Forbes alludes to some slanders against him to which his Majesty had refused credit; and with some skill compliments James on his literary talents; and in reference to the King's work on the Revelation, speaks of his "soveraigne skill in these divine secrets." The drift of the whole commentary is, to apply all that is said of antichrist, of the beast, and of the whore of Babylon, to the Romish church. The whole commentary is pervaded by that error into which all vulgar theologians have fallen, of looking upon the prophecies of Scripture as having been delivered to them to be explained by their ingenuity and learning, and not, as the humble Christian ought ever to look upon them, as writings which, when viewed in connexion with their fulfilment, become plain and clear, and furnish irresistible evidence of the truth of the Scriptures.

From the passage where it is said, that "the rivers and fountains were turned into blood on the pouring out of the third vial," Forbes argues, in the same confused and obscure manner, indeed, in which he argues on other points, that, as the whore of Babylon had been drunk with the blood of the saints, those who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth ought not to be faint-hearted or remiss in returning to her followers measure for measure, or to be "stayed with any faint doubts from executing their just work."

At the end of this first edition there is a very curious plate, representing the Pope riding on a great

beast with seven heads, two of which have men's faces, and are represented as laughing; before the Pope and the beast are some men standing with their mouths gaping. The Pope holds out in one hand a scroll, with the words, "Estote Proditores—goe kill your Prince," and he spouts out, with his breath, little creatures like frogs, which the men are catching in their mouths. Like the painter, however, who, being not quite satisfied with his picture of a lion, very properly wrote below it, "this is a lion," so the artist's labours in this case have been lucidly illustrated by the following poetical commentary:—

Though frogges in shape, yet euill spirits they bee
  That heere out of the mouth proceede, you see,
Of that false Prophet; whose destruction's neere,
  As out of holy writ may plaine appear.
Then feare not little flock, for why it is
  Your Father's will that you shall raigne in blisse,
When Dragon, Beast, False Prophet, all shall fall—
  That God alone may show He's all in all.
        Soli Deo gloria.

It is right to state, for the sake of those who are inclined to place reliance on the literary criticisms contained in funeral sermons, that Dr. James Sibbald, in the discourse which he preached in commemoration of Forbes,* declares that he "did happilie wade in the deepest mysteries of that high and sublime apostle Saynct Iohn, surnamed, by way of excellencie, the Divine, as appeareth by his learned commentarie vpon the Revelation;" while Dr. Baron, certainly a com-

* Funerals of a Right Reverend Father in God, Patrick Forbes of Corse, p. 241.—Aberdene, imprinted by Edward Raban, 1635.

petent enough judge, reckoned it one of those treatises which would bear witness to the "admirable wisdome" and "singular learning" of the author "to the end of the world." A new edition of the work was printed in the following year, at Middelburg, with a treatise by the author "in defence of the lawfull calling of the Ministers of Reformed Churches, against the cauillations of Romanistes; and an Epistle to a Recusant, clearing and maintayning some pointes of the said Treatise, challenged by a Roman, Elymas Bar-Iesus-it." Of these treatises, the author's son, the very learned Dr. John Forbes, thought so highly, that he translated them into Latin and published them while abroad in the year 1646. It may not be considered anything to the disparagement of this commentary, that it has been contemptuously mentioned by Bayle;* and it ought to be recollected, that the most acute intellects have been led astray by the profound mysteries of the Revelation; and that it has never been alleged by the most ardent admirers of Sir Isaac Newton, that

† "Il composa quelque chose sur l'Apocalypse."—*Bayle*, vol. ii. p. 485. In the great work of Bayle, there are only fourteen Scotsmen whose lives are treated of, though others are mentioned incidentally. These are Alexander Hales (Lat. Alesius, Fr. Ales), William Barclay (the Civilian), George Buchanan, John Cameron, George Crichton, William Crichton, James Crichton, Thomas Dempster, Walter Donaldson, Dr. John Forbes, Bishop Patrick Forbes, Bishop William Forbes, John Knox, and Michael Scott. Of this number, four, the three Forbeses and Walter Donaldson, are connected with Aberdeen. Bayle, however, was perfectly capricious in his selection of names, and has no article on some of the most eminent men that his own country has produced; as, for instance his own great favourite Montaigne; and Rabelais, whom, however, he has declared to be a writer not to his taste. (Reflexions sur le pretendu jugement du public—Appended to Dict. Hist et Crit. vol. iv. p. 659.)

he added anything to his reputation by his attempts to explain the prophecies of Daniel and St. John.*

After having been minister of Keith for upwards of five years, Forbes was called on by his Sovereign to fill the See of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of Alexander Forbes of the House of Ardmurdo. From the letter addressed by the Prelates to Forbes, it appears, that, on the previous vacancy, made by the death of Peter Blackburn in 1615, he had been urged to accept of the appointment, but had declined. In their epistle, dated, Feb. 5, the whole titled Clergy of Scotland declare, that the trouble and labour of the Episcopal office far exceeded the honour and convenience; and that were it not for the sake of God's service, and the upholding of his Church, they would rather be private ministers than Prelates, and that though the seeking of such dignities might be called ambition, to refuse them and draw back from them, "when God calleth," was disobedience, and if it were done in order to avoid vexation it was a want of Christian courage and resolution.† It appears, however, that Forbes still maintained his unwillingness to be a bishop, for which

* It is a very singular circumstance that, in this country, three men, eminent in the Mathematical Sciences, should have turned their minds to the interpretation of the prophecies—Sir Isaac Newton, Napier of Merchiston, and William Whiston. That they have all lost somewhat of their just fame by their works on this subject, is generally admitted. But there are no men that wander more blindly than men of science do when they step out of their own department; and no persons are less capable of understanding moral evidence than those who have long been conversant with mathematical reasoning.

† See the letter in "Funerals of a Right Reverend Father in God," p. 180.

he was properly reproved by the Primate, who told him, that to run away "where God calleth," is not modesty but rebellion. In this difficulty, Forbes appears to have taken much counsel of the minister of Udney, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, of whom, in his letters, he speaks in the warmest language of friendship. In the meantime, the whole Clergy and the Professors in the University called on him to accept of the Episcopal dignity. The Chapter also, having convened upon the 24th of March, unanimously elected him to the office, and sent him intimation accordingly, at the same time requiring him, "in the name of God, not to flee this His calling, by their voyces, in a tyme of such evident necessitie." Forbes could no longer resist so many entreaties, and he accordingly accepted of the appointment, greatly to the satisfaction of the King, the clergy, and the people. In his case, and considering the laborious manner in which he attended to all the duties of the See, there is little reason for believing that his repeated refusals of the honour of the Bishopric were insincere. We read curious stories of the old saints, who, when they were threatened with promotion in the Church, used to run off and hide themselves in the woods for fear of advancement. In most instances, an ostentatious refusal of worldly preferment may be fairly set down to hypocrisy and politic manœuvring. The whole walk and conversation of Forbes may, however, be appealed to as evidence, that his "nolo episcopari" was the sincere feeling of his heart.

In the year that he was elected, Bishop Forbes

shewed his attachment to Episcopacy by agreeing to the articles of Perth which were then imposed on the Church. His whole conduct as a Bishop appears to have been most exemplary. When Bishop Burnett, in his admirable life of Bedell, wished to allude to some Prelates whom Scotland had produced, whose lives might be considered as arguments for Episcopacy, the first name which he notices is that of Bishop Forbes. We are informed by Burnett that it was Forbes's custom to go round his diocese privately, attended by only one servant, and that he would arrive at some place near the church on the Saturday night, and come in as a private person into the church next Sunday, when the minister had ascended the pulpit, "that so he might observe what his ordinary sermons were, and accordingly he admonished or encouraged them." Burnett further tells us a curious instance of the Bishop's humility, which, though the reader must not make the same application of it, will irresistibly call to his recollection the instructive story of the Archbishop of Grenada and Gil Blas, one of the choicest passages which the charming Le Sage has ever written. We are told by Burnett that the Bishop "had synods twice a year of his clergy; and before they went upon their other business he always began with a short discourse, excusing his own infirmities, and charging them that, if they knew or observed anything amiss in him, they would use all freedom with him,* and either come and warn him in secret of

* One could almost conceive that Le Sage had this passage in his eye, when he wrote this exquisite piece of satire:—"Quand tu t'ap-

secret errours; or, if they were publick, that they would speak of them there in publick, and upon that he withdrew, to leave them to the freedom of speech." So far the parallel between our Bishop and the Archbishop of Grenada, and between the true history and the romance, is complete; but it is gratifying to find, that we are not left to suspect that Bishop Forbes had no more real humility than the Archbishop of Grenada, who of the two, it must be admitted, is the truer representative of mankind. It appears that Bishop Forbes met with a Gil Blas in the Aberdeen Synod, who took him at his word, and began to find fault with some part of his conduct. "This condescension of his," says Burnett, "was never abused but by one petulant man, to whom all others were very severe for his insolence, only the Bishop bore it quietly, and as became him;" and did not, as the Archbishop of Grenada would have done, shove him out of the Synod, wishing him "all sort of prosperity and a little more taste."

In his office of Chancellor of the University, which he held, as being Bishop of the diocese, Forbes devoted much of his time to the reforming of abuses in the Colleges. In the very year after he was made Bishop, he procured the appointment of a Royal Commission of Visitation. Amongst the Commissioners were the Bishop himself, Dr. Robert Howie, Principal

percevras que ma plume sentira la viellesse, lorsque tu me verras baisser, ne manque pas de m'en avertir. A mon age on commence à sentir les infirmités et les infirmités du corps alterent l'esprit. Je te le repete, Gil Blas, dès que tu jugeras que ma tete s'affoiblira, donne m'en aussitot avis." Liv. vii. ch. iii.

of St. Andrew's, and previously Principal of Marischal College, and Dr. William Forbes, then minister of Aberdeen, and afterwards first Bishop of Edinburgh.* This Commission appears to have been called for by the existence of real and flagrant abuses, and to have had for its object the remedy of grievances, and not, as is generally the case with Commissions, the introduction of new schemes of education which have never been first tried as experiments, and the creating of situations for clamorous politicians. The Colleges, it appears, were then in a declining state, and the glebes attached to certain of the Professorships had been appropriated by some of the ruling men who then held Chairs in the University. These lands were, however, restored to their owners by the re-establishing of the suppressed Professorships. To Forbes's zealous endeavours for the promotion of learning in the Universities, has been attributed the distinguished rank which the "Doctors of Aberdeen" held in the disputes which ensued after the Bishop's death. Amongst other benefits which he conferred on the Universities, may be mentioned the appointment of a Professor of Divinity in King's College. At the instance of the Bishop, the Synod of Aberdeen raised the necessary funds for founding a Divinity Chair in King's College, to which the Bishop's son, Dr. John Forbes, was appointed.

Bishop Forbes, though a staunch and zealous loyalist, did not, it appears, like many of the Episco-

* Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 375.

palian community in the present day, believe in the atrocious doctrine of the divine right of kings; but thought, as all sane men, in all ages, have thought, that there are times when thoroughly loyal subjects are called upon, as Christians, to decline yielding implicit obedience to the sovereign power. A story, in illustration of the sound principles held by the Bishop on this point, is well told by Mr. Francis Douglas; and when we consider the height to which the royal prerogative was carried in King James's days, we consider the conduct of Bishop Forbes worthy of being recorded as a parallel to that of Judge Gascoyne in the reign of Henry IV.; the latter forming an instructive story in the history of the independence of the Bench, and the former a very rare and edifying instance of the real independence of the Church; the spurious imitation of which has been so much and so loudly talked of since the days of Pope Gregory the Great to our own time. "In Scotland," says Mr. Douglas, "the area of the Church is understood to be the property of the different heritors in the parish, and the valuation of their respective rents in the tax-roll is the rule by which it is divided for seat-room to their tenants. A dispute in regard to this matter had arisen between two gentlemen, in which the Bishop had a right to determine, as the evidence should turn out. One of the gentlemen not choosing to trust to the justice of his claim, procured from King James VI. or his privy council, a sist, or letters to stop proceedings, which was formally intimated to the Bishop, who, notwithstanding, determined against the person

who had procured it; and wrote to the privy council a short vindication of his conduct, in which he told them, that "though he held his gown of the King, his conscience was God's." When James heard of this, he is said to have "thanked God that he had a Bishop who dared to do his duty."* It would be a fraud on our readers if we were to omit the practical improvement which Mr. Douglas draws from this anecdote, and which is characteristic of his usual good sense: "Though this," he says, "be equally honourable for his Majesty and Bishop Forbes, it is no great compliment to the order in general."

Bishop Forbes, whose earnest hostility to Popery we have already alluded to, again appeared as an author in the year 1627, when he put forth a treatise entitled "Eubulus, or a Dialogve, wherein a rugged Romish Ryme (inscrybed, *Catholicke Questions to the Protestant*) is confuted, and the Questions thereof answered. By P. A.;" which was printed at Aberdeen by Edward Raban.

In the year 1632, Bishop Forbes was seized with an infirmity in his right side, which deprived him of the use of his right arm—so that from this date we are told that he ever after subscribed his name with his left hand.† His constitution, which had never been strong, gradually declined for about three years. In his illness he frequently blessed God that he had

* Douglas's Description of the East Coast of Scotland, letter xxviii. Dr. Garden (Vita Joa. Forbesii, a Corse, vol. ii. p. 4) tells the same story.

† Douglas, lett. xxviii.

chosen to afflict him with a slow and gradual decay, which, reminding him continually of his death, left him leisure to prepare for it.* His care for the Church and for religion was not, however, abated by his bodily weakness. Two days before his death he called the clergy of his diocese around his bed, and, in their company, received the Holy Communion. There was then read to him the chapter of the Gospel, in which the seeing of the infant Saviour by Simeon is recorded; and when the person who read came to the words of the saint, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," the Bishop, with uplifted eyes, "gave an heartie Amen."† He died about two days after. In his last moments, he was constantly attended by his son, Dr. John Forbes, who closed his father's eyes, and has given an edifying account of his death.† After the Bishop was deprived of the power of speech, he testified by the motion of his hands and by the expression of his features, the pleasure which he felt when the persons around him had joined in offering up a prayer for his salvation, and departed this life about three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of

* "This bodie," says Dr. Baron, "was the receptacle *ingentis et generosi animi* of a great and generous mynde. It was *hospitium*, the lodging house of a mightie and most active spirit. But what a lodging house? It was ever *hospitium exile*, a slender lodging house; but within these few years, it was also *incommodum et ruinosum hospitium*, an incommodious and ruinous lodging; and to use Plautus, his phrase, it was *hospitium calamitatis*, for manie bodilie infirmities and diseases lodged in it.—*Funerals of a Right Reverend Father in God*, p. 52.

† Sermo Funebris et Consolatorius.—*Funerals*, p. 292.

March, the day before Easter. He was buried on the 9th of April following, in the Cathedral, with military honours,* his grave being placed between those of Bishop Gavin Dunbar on the right and David Cunningham, the first Protestant Bishop of Aberdeen, on the left. A monument was erected to his memory with the following inscription :—

Η σωτηρια τῳ Θεῳ ἡμων καὶ τῳ Αρνιῳ.—Apoc. 7. 10.
Hic requiescit vir
incomparabilis, fulgentissimum quondam Scotiæ Sidus,
PATRICIVS FORBESIVS,
Episcopus Aberdoniensis, Rector prudentissimus,
Pastor fidelissimus, Prædicator Eximius, Scriptor egregius,
Consiliarius Regius,
Studii generalis Aberdoniensis Instaurator et Cancellarius, et novæ professionis Theologicæ in eodem fundator;
Baro de Oneil, Dominus a Corse.
Qui placidè ac pie obiit, pridie Paschatis, 28 Mart. Anno Dom. 1635.
Ætat. suæ 71.
Cætus Stella Sacri, Pastorum Gemma,
Regentum Deliciæ, Corsæ Gloria, Cura Poli. Salus per Christum.
Nemo Tollat, Qvi Deum Timet.

These last words, the meaning of which is not very obvious, are explained by the editor of "The Funerals." He states that they mean, that nobody should dare to remove the ashes of the blessed Prelate, nor yet to lay any other dead person above them ; which he strangely enough declares to be an inhuman practice, except in a case of extreme necessity, like that recorded of the man who was laid in the grave of Elisha. He also informs us, that the Church, in the sixth century, had very properly prohibited such interments. He further quotes the opinion of St. Am-

* Council Register, quoted by Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 402.

brose, that the remains of the faithful ought to get sufficient room to lie in, and insinuates, that the practice of putting two persons into one grave is contrary to the will of God.* But whatever this writer and St. Ambrose, and a single unsocial Council of the Church, may have urged, the natural feeling of mankind, in all countries where burying of bodies has been in use, has been in favour of having company even in the grave; and, accordingly, as it has been the expressed wish of dear friends to be interred together, the practice has been followed in the burial of the most distinguished persons. Thus was Eloise laid in the same tomb with her Abelard; and the pious Gervaise, who tells us that the theologian who for two and twenty years had waited for her, stretched out his arms and clasped her to his bosom, has, in order to authenticate the miracle, which he admits may be sneered at by infidels, told us of other two similar portents which took place in cases of social interment—one of the instances being attested by Tertullian. The veracious Gregory of Tours also comes to his assistance, and informs us that Hilary, a Senator of Dijon, who had been dead for about a twelvemonth, put his arm lovingly round his wife's neck when she was laid in the grave with him.† Gervaise, however, who appears to have thought with Rabelais, that an honest sensible man ought to believe

* Certe vitæ potius redonandum censuit Deus illum mortuum quem Elisæi sepulchro illatum necessitas excusare videbatur, quam permittendum ut super sancti prophetæ reliquias humatus jaceret.

† Vie de Pierre Abeillard, tom. ii. p. 287. Paris, 1720.

every thing that he is told, or which he finds written,* has omitted another of Gregory's edifying stories which has been handled by Bayle with his usual indelicacy. The monkish historian tells us of two married persons who had lived together in virginity, according to a superstitious notion of purity prevalen at the time. When the wife died, the husband, at her interment, made a speech, in which he thanked God that he returned to Him this treasure pure as he had received it; on which, as the story goes, the dead lady smiled and asked her husband what he meant by talking of affairs about which no questions were asked at him? The husband having died some time after, was buried separately from his wife; but somehow or other, though historians have failed to tell us which of the two had made the movement, next day the loving couple were found in one tomb locked in each other's arms.† For the comments which Bayle has made on this interesting story, Gervaise very properly reproves him as being "a Protestant writer, able indeed, but not very delicate, and rather unguarded in his expressions."

The death of Bishop Forbes was lamented by all classes of the community. The learned gave vent to their sorrow in Latin and English, in prose and in verse. The Moderator of the Presbytery, David Lindsay, minister of Belhelvie, felt called on to put forth four different poems, expressive of his grief, all

* "Un homme de bien, un homme de bon sens croit toujours ce qu'on lui dit et qu'il trouve par ecrit."—*Gargantua.*

† Bayle, vol. ii. p. 716.

of them wretched compositions.* The friendship of Dr. George Wishart, minister in St. Andrew's, it appears, would not allow him to refrain from poetry on this interesting occasion, while his modesty would not permit him to put his name to his composition; but this was done without his leave by the editor of "The Funerals." The doctor's poem is an eclogue between two shepherds, Sarvistus and Codrus, who celebrate the exequies of Bishop Forbes under the title of Coridon, an unhappy name, which to the classical reader will suggest most objectionable associations. The form in which Dr. Wishart has chosen to embody his lamentation will perfectly satisfy the intelligent reader that his production is exceedingly worthless. Dr. William Gordon, professor of Medicine in King's College, who styles himself a relative of the Bishop, manifests his sorrow by an ingenious cento from Virgil of about a hundred and fifty lines in length. David Leach, Sub-Principal of King's College, with his usual barbarous taste, writes a poetical allegory, in which the University is figured by a ship, of which Bishop Forbes, under the name of Palinurus, is the pilot, and of course the students are the sailors. Professor Lundie also tried the figurative style, and disguised

* Horne Tooke would have rejoiced in the poetry of the minister of Belhelvie, who bears out his theory completely by using the imperative mode of the verb "to give," without any contraction or alteration for the so called conjunction "if."

"And giue the tymes bee evill preserue your owne souls pure;
That which yee canuot rectifie, with grief of heart endure."

And again in the same poem,—

"Then giue triumphing ghosts can stoupe to thinges belowe,
And condiscend th' afflicted case of militants to know."

the Church and the University under the allegories of the rivers Dee and Don. Besides the writers whom we have mentioned, a whole host of learned men gave utterance to their feelings in one or more Latin poems each; the most distinguished names in the list of mourners being Dr. Arthur Johnston, Gordon of Straloch, Dr. William Johnston, Dr. William Leslie, and Dr. Andrew Ramsay. David Wedderburn, of course, did not let slip this opportunity of at once testifying his love to Forbes and his skill in the elegiac measure; while Robert Downie, the librarian of King's College, could not confine his sorrow within the bounds of mere Latin, but flew to Greek upon the subject. Others again, among whom were Sir Alexander Cummin of Coulter, Patrick Maitlan of Karnfechill and Achincrive, Alexander Garden, advocate, and Edward Raban the printer, having probably forgotten part of their Latin, were obliged to lament the general loss, in such English poetry as they could get up for the occasion. As a fair specimen of their poetical productions we select a piece composed by Mr. James Keith, because it is of moderate length, and contains a very handsome compliment to our city:—

Of all this All, the universall frame
The beautie BRITANE is, and ABERDENE
Gives bothe a grace and grandeur to the same,
For all is singular that there is seene:
But eminent above these all is one,
The chiefe and highest honour of that towne,
Late Prælate PATRICK glorie of the gowne.
BRITANE this all, and he grac'd ABERDONE,
And was an ornament to all alone.*

Funerals, p. 423.

In the Cathedral Church, the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Robert Baron, who took for his text the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," but his sermon is certainly not so edifying as we might expect from that beautiful passage. A funeral speech, not half so long, and twice as much to the purpose, was delivered by Dr. Alexander Scroggie; and sermons on the same subject were preached by Dr. Guild, Dr. Alexander Rosse, and Dr. James Sibbald, whose discourse is of enormous length, full of references to the fathers, and of silly quotations in Greek and Latin. A quibbling and punning Latin oration was also composed by Professor David Leach, who declares, amongst other things, that Father Patrick was the most patrician of all the patricians, a most constant Constantine, a most immortal Athanasius (the pun will not translate), a most august Augustine, an Ambrose of all others chiefly filled with heavenly ambrosia, a Lactantius of all others most milky in milky speeches, an Origen from whom erudition has drawn and will draw its origin, and a most golden-mouthed Chrysostom.* Leach goes on to give him a variety of other titles, and, by the help of Latin and Greek, contrives to make puns on them all. He concludes his eulogium by declaring, that the Bishop was not only the father of his country, but, which he admits may appear rather strange,

* "Ille unus Chrysostomus omnium maxime χρυσοστομος." He was besides "Epiphanius ille omnium maxime επιφανης; Hieronymus ille omnium Ἱερωνυμωτατος."

the father of his ancestors,* a way of speaking which the learned Professor has not thought fit to explain. The whole of these poems, sermons, and orations, to which we have alluded, along with much more material of the same kind, are collected in the very curious and rare volume to which we have repeatedly referred—"The Funerals of a Right Reverend Father in God," a work which contains productions in prose and verse by men of unquestioned learning, but which does very little credit to the state of Aberdeen literature at that time. At this day, it is as a good man and a faithful pastor that Bishop Forbes is revered. His writings, which his contemporaries thought so highly of, or affected to think highly of, are uninteresting and uninstructive; and in erudition, his fame has been obscured by that of his son, Dr. John Forbes, who is ranked amongst the most learned men that Scotland has produced.

* "Pater patriæ ac (quod dictu mirum) proavorum pater." He also was, he says, "Delitiæ Regum, Regni, Regulorum, Rerum."

DR. DUNCAN LIDDEL.

Amongst a number of eminent physicians who were produced in Aberdeen about the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, the name of Dr. Duncan Liddel is the most distinguished. He has also been placed first in the list of great men who were natives of Aberdeen, given by Principal Gray in his discourse on the illustrious writers of Scotland. Almost all, however, that is known of his life consists of the dates at which he removed from one place to another, and the years in which his various medical works were published. His history, as is often the case with learned men, seems to have been marked by no interesting incidents.

Liddel was born in this city in the year 1561. His father, John Liddel, took care to send him to the Grammar School, where he enjoyed the instructions of Thomas Cargill, an eminent grammarian, who was the teacher of the learned Thomas Dempster, and of many other great scholars of that age. From this school, Liddel went to King's College. At the early age of eighteen, he left his native country, and went to Dantzig; and after travelling through Poland, a country which, for some reason or another, was much visited by Scotsmen in former days, he settled at Frankfort on the Oder. In that city he found his countryman, Dr. John Craig, who then held the pro-

fessorship of logic and mathematics, and who received him with great kindness, giving him the best instructions with regard to his studies, and furnishing him with the means of pursuing them. The value of Craig's assistance and counsel, Liddel afterwards acknowledged when he dedicated to him the first fruits of his acquirements in the knowledge of medicine. At Frankfort, Liddel attended the lectures of Craig and the other professors; at the same time, devoting the greater part of his time to the acquiring of a knowledge of medicine. By the influence of his patron he was enabled to visit Breslau, where he became acquainted with Paul Wittich; and by him he was instructed in the Copernican system. After a twelvemonth's residence at Breslau, Liddel returned to Frankfort, where he continued for some time to teach mathematics and philosophy, till his scholars were dispersed by the breaking out of a contagious disease, and Liddel was in consequence obliged to quit the city. He now went to Rostock, where he was introduced to Caselius, the professor of philosophy and eloquence, and Brucæus,* who then taught in that university. To these learned men Liddel communicated the knowledge which he had acquired of the Copernican system. After lecturing for two

* "A Scotsman," says Professor Stuart, "might naturally enough imagine that *Brucæus* was *Bruce* latined, and thence claim an interest in this professor as his countryman. He was, however, a native of Alost in Flanders, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as an eminent physician and philosopher. Having first read lectures at Paris and Rome, he finally settled at Rostock, where he died in 1593."—*Sketch of the Life of Dr. Duncan Liddel*, p. 2. Abdn. 1790.

years at Rostock, he returned to Frankfort; but had not been long there when, by the influence of Caselius, he removed to Helmstädt; and in the year 1591, was appointed one of the professors of mathematics in the newly-founded Julian Academy. In the year 1594, on the death of Erhardus Hoffman, he was appointed to the chair of the higher class. Here, in the year 1596, he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine, and delivered, as his inaugural dissertation, an essay "De Melancholia." He was now at the height of his reputation, and held the situation of head physician at the court of Brunswick, while he was the medical attendant of some of the greatest families in the country. His colleagues more than once elected him Dean of the Faculties of Medicine and of Philosophy; and "by his teachings and writings," says Professor Stuart, "he was the chief support of the medical school of Helmstädt."

In the year 1603, Liddel resigned the chair of mathematics, which he had held for about twelve years; and soon after he was elected Pro-Rector of the university. About two years after this time, he published at Helmstädt the first part of his "Disputationes Medicinales," to which he afterwards added other three parts. Several of these dissertations Liddel had previously published in a separate form. The work was dedicated to his friend and patron, Dr. Craig, then physician to King James VI. About this time, also, he published his "Universæ Medicinæ Compendium," which afterwards underwent a new edition in 1620.

During his residence on the continent, Liddel had become intimately acquainted with the celebrated Tycho Brahe, whom he had visited in his castle of Uranienborg. From this circumstance, Sir Thomas Urquhart has been led to state that Liddel was a disciple of Tycho Brahe, an assertion for which we believe there is no other authority. In a letter to Kepler, Tycho Brahe accuses Liddel of claiming for himself the glory of that system of astronomy which he had introduced, and which he had explained to him during one of his visits; adding, that while Liddel was at Rostock he took care not to make the assumption openly; but when he removed farther away, that he did not scruple to avow himself the author of the hypothesis which he had learned from him. Of the truth of this story, it is now, in all probability, impossible to get either confirmation or refutation. Tycho Brahe was a man of extremely weak judgment, and given to perpetual contention and quarreling, which renders his testimony somewhat suspicious. We trust that Liddel did not steal his erroneous hypothesis of the system; but the notion that the earth was the centre round which the sun revolved, was, in spite of the discovery of Copernicus, maintained by most of the learned about this period.

In the year 1607, Liddel, after making a tour through Germany and Italy, returned to his native country. It was here that he prepared for publication his "Ars Medica," which appeared at Hamburgh in the year 1608, and was dedicated to King James. After the author's death, a second edition was called

for in 1617; and the work was a third time published, in the year 1628, by Froben the bookseller, who dedicated it to Dr. Patrick Dun, Principal of Marischal College, who had sent him several corrections and improvements made by Liddel on his former edition. Liddel's last work, his "Treatise on Fevers," was published in Hamburgh in the year 1610. It is dedicated to Prince Henry of Wales. The "Ars Medica" and the treatise "De Febribus" were republished together in one volume by Ludovicus Serranus, a Leyden physician, in the year 1624. The editor is perfectly enthusiastic in his admiration of Liddel, whom he calls on the student to taste, to love, and to read without ceasing, and to enjoy, God willing, for ever. Nor does he fail to commend himself for his merit in the correcting of the "Ars Medica," the Hamburgh edition of which he represents as perfectly disgraceful. With all his admiration of our townsman, this Leyden doctor, throughout his preface, speaks of his author under the name of "Duncan" instead of "Liddel;" and the table of contents, printed on the back of the title page, is headed, "Duncani Opera," a way of speaking which we can hardly attribute to kindly familiarity.

In the year 1612, we find Liddel living in Edinburgh, where, on the 12th of July, he executed a deed of settlement, bequeathing the lands and salmon fishings of Pitmedden, on Don-side, which he had purchased for this special object—for the maintaining of six poor students at Marischal College. He appears after this to have removed to Aberdeen, where, about

a week before his death, he executed another deed, confirming the former grants, and bequeathing six thousand merks for the founding of a professorship of mathematics in the University. The first professor was Dr. William Johnston, brother to Arthur Johnston the poet, who was appointed in the year 1626. Two relatives of the founder have also been mathematical professors in Marischal College. Since then, the chair has been filled by several men of great eminence, including Maclaurin, Trail, and Hamilton, the last-named professor being, however, less known as a mathematician than as a financier. In order that these good deeds might not be forgotten, Dr. Liddel, knowing the ingratitude of mankind, and that a great man's memory sometimes does not outlive his life half a year, unless it be connected with some substantial object, directed that one monument should be erected for him in St. Nicholas' church, and another on the lands of Pitmedden. Liddel died on the 17th December, 1613, in the fifty-second year of his age. His funeral oration was pronounced by Principal Gilbert Gray on the 23rd of the same month; and his death was also bewailed, in Latin elegiacs, by David Wedderburn, the rector of the Grammar School, who took care to let none of his friends get out of the world without a testimonial of the same kind. Liddel's remains were interred in the east end of St. Nicholas' church, where, according to his directions, his monument was placed. It is a curious brass tablet, containing an engraved portrait of him in his professor's robes, with his books and mathematical

instruments beside him. Around and below the portrait is the following inscription :—

Sub spe beatæ resurrectionis,
Hic quiescit
D. DUNCANUS LIDDELUS, Doctor Medicus.
Jo. LIDDELI, Civis Aberdon. filius:
Obiit 17mo Decembr., anno MDCXIII.
Ætatis suæ LII.
Æternæ memoriæ D. DUNCANI LIDDELI, Doct. Medici.
quem virtus nascentem excepit, recondita in
Medicinæ et omnibus Philosophiæ, ac Matheseως partibus,
peritia natum excoluit,
Liberalitas supra æquales extulit, cui annuum stipendium
debet publicus Matheseως in Academia Abredonensi Professor
victumque ejusdem Academiæ sex Alumni.
Fama posthuma meritorum perpetua testis.
M. H. D. C. Q.

This tablet was executed at Antwerp in 1622, and is certainly a singular piece of art. The engraving and erecting of it cost the magistrates nine hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence Scots, a sum which appears to be very considerable. On the lands of Pitmedden, an obelisk of a square form, and by no means elegant in appearance, was erected in commemoration of Liddel's bequest to Marischal College. This obelisk had fallen into ruin; but on a representation of the circumstance having been made to Provost Blaikie, in March, 1841, he readily obtained the sanction of the council to getting it repaired at the expense of about twenty pounds sterling.

By his will, Liddel bequeathed to Marischal College all his mathematical instruments and his library, which contained, says Mr. Kennedy, "the works of the an-

cient physicians and mathematicians, Greek, Latin, and Arabic; and of the most eminent authors who had written on these subjects in his own time." He also left directions for expending a small sum yearly in adding to the collection. Dr. Liddel's bequest of books appears to have laid the foundation of that valuable collection of medical books which the library of Marischal College contains, and to which the Earl of Bute and Sir William Fordyce were distinguished contributors. In his list of persons who bequeathed collections of books to the College, Mr. Kennedy has omitted to mention Barbara Forbes, widow of Dr. William Johnston, who, in 1641, "did mortifie her said husband's haill mathematicall books and instruments to the Bibliotheck," as appears from one of the tablets which are hung up in the vestibule of the Town Hall.

Besides these bequests, Liddel, who had never been married, and had accumulated a considerable fortune, left a sum of money to the poor, and legacies to his brother and his sister.

About fifteen years after Liddel's death there was published at Hamburg a curious treatise "De dente aureo," which he had left behind him. Of this production we give the following account from Professor Stuart. Horst, a Professor in the University, had written a work, "in which, from ocular inspection, and by many learned arguments, he endeavours to vindicate the truth of a popular story then current, of a poor boy of Silesia, who at seven years of age having lost some of his teeth, his parents were astonished

at the appearance of a new one of pure gold. Horstius seriously looks upon this wonderful tooth as a prodigy sent from heaven to encourage the Germans, then at war with the Turks; and from it foretells the future victories of the Christians, with the final destruction of the Turkish empire and Mahometan faith, and a return of the golden age in 1600, preparatory to the end of the world. This wretched performance Dr. Liddel takes the trouble to refute, as he says, for the honour of the Academia Julia, and because the reveries of his colleague were obtaining too much credit in that ignorant age. He appears however ashamed to treat the subject seriously, but employs the powers of irony and ridicule against his unfortunate opponent with much success. He says, he should as soon believe that the whole body of the boy was made of gold as one of his teeth,—talks of idle dreams and old women's tales,—and hints that the brain of a certain person, whom, for the sake of his reputation, he is unwilling to name, would require a little hellebore."

In the year 1651, a posthumous work by Liddel, on the art of preserving health,* was published at Aberdeen by Dr. Patrick Dun, who had studied medicine under Liddel at Helmstädt. Dr. Dun states in his preface, that he had been induced to undertake the editing of this work, both by his love to his master, and by the frequent solicitations of Provost Alexander

* Artis Conservandi Sanitatem Libri duo, a clarissimo D. Doctore Liddelio defuncto delineati, atque opera et studio D. Patricii Dunæi M.D. ad colophonem perducti et in Apricum prolati. Aberdoniæ, Excudebat Iacobus Brounus, anno 1651.

Jaffray. The treatise is dedicated by the editor to the provost, Robert Farquhar of Mounie, and the magistrates and council of the city. In this little work, Liddel has discussed the subject of eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise, in much the same way that a medical writer in the nineteenth century would do—for there is much truth in the remark of Bacon—"Medicine is a science which hath been, as we have said, more professed than laboured and yet more laboured than advanced; the labour having been, in my judgment, rather in circle than progression. For I find much iteration but small addition." The only thing which may surprise the reader in these days, when many physicians assert that wine and spirits are poison, is the liberal allowance which the doctor tolerates of such articles, and the rules which he lays down for drinking. He mentions, under this head, that his own countrymen and the English are in the way of taking a draught of Spanish wine in order to give them an appetite for their dinner—a practice which has very properly been allowed to fall into desuetude. Indeed, the doctor's whole notions, on the subject of drinking, are of the most lax description. He quotes, without any disapprobation, the advice of Avicenna, who recommends it as an excellent thing for the health to get completely drunk once a-month; though Liddel ought certainly to have reminded his readers that the learned Arabian physician bears the character of having been a notorious toper. It is proper, however, to mention, for the sake of the characters of Avicenna and Liddel, that the pious and moral Mrs.

Hannah More, the very female Wilberforce of the religious world, recommends a regular debauch, at reasonable intervals, in preference to a habit of moderate drinking; and the wholesomeness of the practice has been vouched for, we believe, by the most learned amongst the ancient physicians. Liddel, however, severely condemns the behaviour of those people who take plentiful quantities of strong drink upon their stomachs in the morning, which he says disorders the liver, and brings on dropsy; and he also reprobates the conduct of the Roman youths, who, as we learn from Martial, in drinking the healths of their sweethearts, used to quaff off as many cups as there were letters in the fair one's name*—a piece of gallantry which has happily been abolished by Christianity; and which, if it were fashionable in modern times, would be the death of any promising young man who should be unfortunate enough to be bewitched by the charms of any of the Carolina Willhelmina Amelias who are now to be found in genteel families.

The doctor has prescribed a variety of remedies for the effects of debauchery; such as, a long lie in your bed in the morning, fresh air, and so forth. He adverts to the usefulness of a little wine and water, or brisk small beer (*cerevisia tenuis*) as a cure; but he outrages, we suspect, all modern practice when he advises his patient, if neither the wine and water nor the small beer do him good, to proceed to wine

* Nævia sex cyathis, septem, Justina bibatur
Quinque, Lycas, Lyda, quatuor, Ida, tribus,
Omnis ab infuso numeratur amica Falerno.

without water, or to strong beer (*cerevisia potentior*) —certainly a strange thing to give to a sick man. He sums up his discourse on the point by laying it down as an axiom, that any ill that you get from drink is best cured by drink—a notion still prevalent in this country, and by no means confined to the learned and scientific. The doctor's whole notions on this topic are indeed of so popular a character, that we do not wonder that he got into extensive practice; and if it be true, as the Eastern story says, that the ghosts of a physician's murdered patients haunt the doors of his dwelling, Liddel might have been exempted from this annoyance, as he put his customers out of the world in an agreeable manner. Not only does he tell them how to cure themselves after their debauchery, but, as he says it may sometimes happen that you may be under "the necessity" of drinking to a great extent,* he communicates to you a variety of scientific schemes, by which you will be enabled to drink any conceivable quantity and be nothing at all the worse. On this head, he has omitted the famous receipt of Pliny, who instructs us, that if we just take care to sprinkle a little of the ashes of a swallow's neb, with a little myrrh, into our wine, we may go on to any extent that we please, and still be perfectly sober. This invaluable discovery was made by Horus, king of the Assyrians, as we are assured by Polydore Vergil, from whom we

* "Quod si largius convivandi *necessitas* incidat, ut metuas ne potus copia obruaris," &c.—*Ars. Conserv. Sanit.* p. 74.

quote the prescription,* sincerely hoping that it may be useful to gentlemen who are called on to preside over large dinner parties.

In the second part of his treatise, Liddel, amongst other subjects, has devoted a chapter to the manner in which literary characters ought to drink, sleep, and take exercise; and under this last head, he lays down the senseless regulation, which to this very day writers on health repeat, that a man ought not to fall to study or work after dinner till two or three hours have been devoted to the important operation of digestion; during which two or three hours, you are required to sit, like the Hindoo god, Brahma, doing nothing and thinking about nothing, in order that the gastric juice may work regularly in your inside; just as if a man of sense would not ten thousand times sooner go out of the world at once, than submit to any degrading regulations of this kind. Of all people, literary characters have the least need of advices of this sort, for they are generally senseless, often hypochondriacal, and but too much given to looking after the health of their precious bodies, as they are in the way of considering their lives valuable to mankind—an opinion which is by no means reciprocated by their fellow-creatures. To conclude our notice of this work, it is not only a learned treatise, but a highly amusing one; and that is as much as can be said of the best works on the same subject that have been published to this day. As works of instruction, they are all, in their

* De Rerum Inventor. p. 179. Lugd. Bat. 1644.

very nature, pestiferous, tending to nothing but making people who trust in them invalids and hypochondriacs; for it is impossible to conceive that a man who eats his dinner upon scientific principles, and drinks, and sleeps, and takes exercise, according to printed regulations, can enjoy anything that deserves to be called health; and even if it were the case that health could be maintained by following the laws laid down in books on the subject, it would be purchased at by far too dear a cost. It is proper, however, to state, that such works, though pernicious when consulted for instruction, are, when read as they ought to be read,—to be laughed at,—highly beneficial to health, both of body and mind.

Of the medical works of Dr. Liddel, Professor Stuart says, "They appear to contain the most fashionable opinions and practice in the medical art of the age in which he lived; nor is there almost any disease or medical subject, then known, of which he has not treated in one or other of his writings. His frequent quotations from Hippocrates, Galen, and Aristotle, point out the school in which he had been educated; while those from the Greek and Latin classics, shew that their works were also familiar to him; but the chief testimony in favour of his writings is, that, besides receiving the distinguished approbation of his colleagues and contemporaries, they are also mentioned with respect by succeeding authors. Of his language, it may be sufficient to observe, that the Latin is at least as pure as is generally found

among medical writers, and that his style is plain and perspicuous, and sometimes even elegant."

The whole of the facts known about Dr. Liddel were collected with great care and research by the late John Stuart of Inchbreck, professor of Greek in Marischal College, who, in the year 1790, published, in a thin quarto volume, "A Sketch of the Life of Dr. Duncan Liddel." Professor Stuart, who belonged to a family in the Mearns of great antiquity, was born there in the year 1750. In 1782, he was appointed professor of Greek in Marischal College, and held the situation for forty-five years. He died in 1827, and was succeeded in the professorship by Dr. Robert Brown, son of the late Principal Brown. Professor Stuart's memoir of Liddel is well written, and is distinguished for that exactness in referring to authorities for which the author was remarkable. He contributed to the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland several papers, which display much ability and learning, and bear evidence of his talent for the investigation of questions connected with Scotish antiquities.

GEORGE JAMIESON.

Scotland has not been nearly so much distinguished in the fine arts as in literature. We can boast of no composer of music whose fame extends beyond the boundary of our own country; we have had but one architect of celebrity; and our painters, though somewhat more eminent, have not been numerous. Walpole's work contains the names of only five Scotish painters—Jamieson, William Ferguson, Michael Wright, William Aikman, and John Alexander. The names of Wait, the two Scougals, and Cosmo Alexander, are only known to antiquaries. Though other causes may have been at work, there needs be little hesitation in attributing our national inferiority in the fine arts, in a very great measure, to the influence of the form of Protestantism established in Scotland at the time of the Reformation; and which, during the seventeenth century, unhappily became of a character still more adverse to the cultivation of a taste for the beautiful, either in art or in nature.

Aberdeen, which also produced Gibbs, the most famous of Scotish architects, has the honour of having given birth to the man who, if we consider the age in which he lived and his own real merits, must be allowed to be the greatest of Scotish painters. George Jamieson was born in the year 1587; but the tradition which bears that his birth-day was the 8th of Febru-

ary, the day on which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded at Fotheringay, cannot be correct, if the extract from the session register be accurately made, which records the baptism of his elder sister, Elspet, on the 30th of July, 1586, unless we could suppose an unusual delay in the baptism of the sister. Jamieson, like Lucas de Heere, and his own countryman, Runciman, was the son of an architect or builder; his mother, Marjory Anderson, the daughter of David Anderson, one of the magistrates of the city, belonged to a family distinguished for their genius.

All Jamieson's biographers have agreed that he was brought up in the Presbyterian religion, and that he continued in that faith till his death. For his spiritual interest this was no doubt fortunate; but it may be doubted whether the circumstance was favourable to his eminence as an artist. Had he happened to belong to the Romish church, it is probable that his pencil might have filled the country with pictures of a higher interest than the portraits of his contemporaries, to which he principally confined his labours.

His education was liberal; his studies having been pursued at the Grammar School of his native city, and subsequently at the University, most probably at Marischal College, which had been founded in the year 1594, when Jamieson was seven years of age. What were the circumstances which led him to the profession of painting, it would be in vain to conjecture; but it was fortunate for him that his family possessed the means of enabling him to follow out his studies in the Netherlands under such a master as Rubens,

and with such a fellow-student as Vandyck. We are not aware whether there is any good reason to believe that any of Jamieson's pictures now extant were painted before he went to the continent. The year in which he went abroad is not exactly determined; and we have to regret that there is no notice of his life at Antwerp, further than that the illustrious Vandyck and he both studied under Rubens. In the year 1619, Vandyck left Antwerp for Italy, and Jamieson returned to Scotland, and took up his residence in his native city, where he pursued his profession as a portrait painter. Here, on the 12th of March, 1624, he married Isabel Tosh, a woman of great personal beauty. By her he had a large family of sons and daughters, of whom, three daughters, Mary, Isabella, and Marjory, survived their father. Jamieson has preserved the likeness of his wife, in a picture which represents, in one group, himself, his wife, and his son. This has been esteemed one of his best productions. It represents his wife "with roses in her hand, and a tartan scarf thrown gracefully over her head, displaying a fine person, with a cap of pointed lace, and a lace tippet rising close to her chin. The painter holds his pallet and brushes in his hand, and looks over his wife's shoulder; his eyes are very dark, his brow broad, and he wears mustachios, and the tuft of hair on the chin, common to the cavaliers of that period.* An engraving of this picture was made by John Alexander, a

* Cunningham's Lives of the Painters, vol. v. p. 20.

descendant of Jamieson's, in 1728, and it was also engraved for Dallaway's edition of Walpole.

Like most other artists who have become eminent in portrait painting, Jamieson, it appears, did not at first turn his talents to that department. His earliest works, we are told, were landscapes* and historical pieces. Amongst his earlier pictures are reckoned the portraits called the Sibyls, which adorn the hall of King's College, and which, as tradition says, owe their fascination to the charms of some of Jamieson's townswomen—some say the ladies of Provost Jaffray's family. They are ten in number—which most writers say was the number of the Sibyls, though on this point authorities are not agreed—and are all very beautiful, not excepting the one with the Ethiopian complexion, whose features are admirable. That four of them with golden hair are the portraits of sisters, there can be no doubt. The features of these four are uncommonly pleasing; while another darkly-shaded portrait represents a beauty of a more striking and decided character. These portraits possess the characteristic attributed to Jamieson's style—the thin clear manner which he practised, which is disapproved of by critics, and which he did not learn of his master Rubens. None of these portraits has ever been engraved; nor is it likely that any artist would be induced to exercise his skill on what he would be told were

* The curious view of King's College, which used to hang on the staircase to the hall, has been attributed, we know not on what authority, to Jamieson. This picture, of which an engraving has been published, is allowed to be very worthless.

imaginary faces. We confess, believing as we do that they are the genuine portraits of real women who lived in Aberdeen two hundred years ago, and adorned our city with their beauty, that we value more highly these representations of ladies whose names are unknown to posterity—as are the names of the best of the sex that have ever lived—than we would do a complete gallery of all the sour-faced soldiers, and politicians, and parsons, of the seventeenth century. When we look on their faces, we feel assured that we are looking at the portraits of women who existed as truly in this world, and fully as happily for themselves, as Cleopatra, Mary of Scotland, or the Countess of Castlemain.* It is to be regretted that these Sibyls, and other pictures of merit, have no better place for them in King's College than the bare white plastered wall of a hall which has been erected and finished with as little ornament as a *quoad sacra* chapel, or a floor in a cotton mill. The Sibyls, at any rate, ought to be placed in some more becoming situation, in order to prove to any antiquaries who might be stupid enough to believe otherwise, that this city has always been, as it now is, honourably distinguished beyond all others in the country for the supreme and peerless beauty of the women which it produces. We trust that no learned artist will mistake the remarks which

* It was this celebrated beauty that thought so highly of her own face, that she sent her portrait to a nunnery on the Continent, to be placed upon the altar as a Madonna; but the nuns, discovering what sort of a character she was, did not think that her countenance, lovely as it was, would do for that of the blessed Virgin, and returned the picture to the Countess with their compliments.

we have felt called on to make on these pictures, as the pictures of beautiful women, for criticisms on their merits as specimens of the painter's skill. What we are most anxious about is, to defend our townsman from any charge of having been so senseless as to attempt to paint female beauty from his own fancy, like the artists who make the pictures for the Annuals. We suspect that great painters have never drawn their beauties from an ideal conception, as their own experience must have taught them how far any creatures of the imagination fall short of the loveliness of the real women of this world. Vandyck painted his Madonnas, which, however, are not thought beautiful, after his mistress; Andrea dal Sarto after his wife; as did Rubens after his second spouse, the beautiful Helena Forman. No person can conceive that the beauties painted by Guido were not the portraits of real women accurately taken. It is related by the ancient historians, that when Zeuxis was engaged to paint the picture of Helen of Troy for the temple of Juno at Crotona, the magistrates of that city, at his request, sent him five of the most lovely women that they could lay their hands on, in order that out of their combined charms he might compose his portrait of that renowned beauty. If it is to be understood, as many writers who tell this story appear to think, that the painter was to select a set of features from five different faces, the judgment of the Crotonian magistrates may fairly be called in question; but it does not appear that Zeuxis did, or intended to, follow such an absurd procedure. "The Greek," says the pious

Jeremy Taylor, "that designed the most exquisite picture that could be imagined, fancied the eye of Chione, and the hair of Pœgnium, and Tarsia's lip, Philenium's chin, and the forehead of Delphia,—and set them all on Melphidippa's neck, and thought that he should outdo both art and nature. But when he came to view the proportions, he found that what was excellent in Tarsia did not agree with the other excellency of Philenium; and that though, singly, they were rare pieces, yet, in the whole, they made an ugly face." We rather suspect it was the different parts of the person that Zeuxis had taken from the models which were sent to him; and in this way the greatest excellency might certainly be attained. "Let her head be from Prague, her breast from Austria; let her feet be from the Rhine, her shoulders from Brabant, and her hands and complexion from England; let her have the gait of the Spaniard, and the Venetian tyre."*

From a variety of circumstances in his life, it appears that Jamieson all along held a respectable rank in his native city. At the baptism of his son Paul in 1630, it appears that the chief magistrate, Paul Menzies of Kinmundy, afterwards knighted by King Charles on his visit to Edinburgh, and after whom the child had been named, and the famous Alexander Jaffray of Kingswells, afterwards Provost of the city, stood sponsors. The painter possessed a garden situated where, in Catholic times, the play-field

* Woman as she is and as she should be.

of the town had lain, to the westward of the well of Spa. Here he is said to have erected a house which he painted with his own hand. His master, Rubens, had himself painted both the inside and outside of his residence at Antwerp. The verses of Arthur Johnston, which are given as the authority for Jamieson having painted his house, only allude to his laying out of the garden :—

> "Hanc quoque lanaris mons ornat, amænior illis,
> Hunc ferrugineis, Spada colorat aquis;
> Inde suburbanum Jamesoni, despicis hortum
> Quem domini pictum, suspicor esse manu."

Jamieson held this ground in life-rent from the town council; and after his death, his son-in-law, John Alexander, obtained it in feu from the magistrates. The ground extended westward from the well of Spa, and the garden was known as "the four-neukit garden," while the name of "the garden neuk," still existing, preserves the memory of the painter's horticultural labours.

Jamieson, who appears to have been a truly patriotic citizen, displayed a great affection for the Well of Spa in the neighbourhood of his residence. He had suffered from stone, and had obtained relief from this famous spring, the waters of which, if we are to believe Dr. Barclay, who wrote a treatise on their virtues, have been carried to France for the relief of the sick. Jamieson erected a vault of hewn stone over the well; and the fountain itself was afterwards rebuilt, in 1670, by another eminent and patriotic citizen, Bailie Alexander Skene. It is no mean honour that this well has received, to have been repaired

by Jamieson and Skene, and to have had its praises celebrated by Dr. William Barclay. Verses by more than one rhymester have been composed on its virtues; and it is worth mentioning, that the greatest poet that has appeared in Europe since the days of Milton, when a boy at the Grammar-School in Aberdeen, went to visit it every morning with his mother, for the purpose of drinking its salutary waters.

Among Jamieson's earlier works are reckoned the portraits of Sir Paul Menzies, Dr. Arthur Johnston, Mr. Gordon of Straloch, and Andrew Cant, in Marischal College.* In the same place is a portrait of

* In Marischal College there is a portrait inscribed, "MARIA STEWARTA SCOTORUM REGINA," which, as far as we are aware, has never been engraved. It does not appear to be of any great antiquity, and, as a likeness of Mary, it is probably of as little value as most of the pictures of that celebrated woman,—among which a sad discrepancy exists. The picture, however, is that of a finer-looking woman than most portraits of Mary represent, and is better worth engraving than any of the four given by Pinkerton. The dress is different from that in any other portrait of Mary that we have seen. The most remarkable circumstance connected with all the extant pictures of Mary, is their want of any trace of that beauty which has been so rapturously described by Brantome and others, who had seen her. The best of them is perhaps that engraved in Glassford Bell's Life of Mary, which in all the features, and particularly in the cherry lips and the nose, so strongly resembles the authenticated portraits of her descendant Prince Charles; but being her picture when only fourteen years of age, can give but a slight idea of a woman of mature beauty. The fascination of Mary's personal appearance is established as an historical fact; while other beauties, who have been celebrated by poets, may have only charmed a select circle. The picture of the famous Countess of Carlisle, painted by the hand of Vandyck, "has left us," says Walpole, "to wonder that she could be thought so charming." Yet Waller has complimented Venus herself, by calling her "the bright Carlisle of the court of heaven." Mrs. Jane Shore, so renowned for her beauty and misfortunes, was a little fat yellow-haired woman. Amongst people living

Charles I. generally attributed to Jamieson, though sometimes to Vandyck, but in all probability the work of the former. Charles was a great patron of painting, and portraits of him are to be found everywhere, the general likeness being in most of them well preserved.

When Charles paid a visit to the Scotish capital in the year 1633, Jamieson went to Edinburgh, most probably with the Provost Paul Menzies. He there had the honour of being introduced to his Majesty, who sat to him for his portrait, and rewarded him with a ring from his own finger. A story is told by some of the painter's biographers, for the purpose of accounting for the circumstance that Jamieson always painted himself with his hat on. It is said, that when he painted the King, he was permitted, on account of some indisposition, to sit covered in the royal presence; and that ever after this, in commemoration of the honour, the painter took care to represent himself with his hat on. To this story some have added that Jamieson ever after indulged himself in wearing his hat on his head in every company in which he sat—a piece of ill-breeding and stupidity of which no civilised person would have been guilty. It is really unnecessary to seek for any reasons why a man should choose to be painted with his hat on; and we

in the same age and in the same country, the most opposite ideas of beauty will be found to prevail. Some delicate critics have discovered that the magnificent women painted by Rubens display a coarseness and grossness of taste. Such people may well be permitted to admire the wretched pictures of female beauties published in the Annuals—which are ideal enough.

need not trace this practice of Jamieson's to any imitation of his great master, Rubens, as the fashion is quite a natural one, and has been adopted by many painters. On the occasion of the King's visit to Edinburgh, it has been said that the magistrates employed Jamieson to make a series of portraits of all our Scotish monarchs, from Fergus I. downwards—a project which must have inferred a most licentious expenditure of paint and canvass. Others say, that the magistrates obtained from Jamieson permission to gather together all the portraits done by him that they could find, and that these were hung out on each side of the Netherbow as the royal cavalcade passed through. This appears to us to be the more probable story, and these miscellaneous portraits would pass well enough for the Kings of Scotland. His Majesty, of course, very greatly admired the exhibition; and having sent for the painter, sat to him for his portrait.

The patronage of the monarch, as might have been expected, at once established Jamieson in his profession; and from this period are to be dated the greater part of the portraits which are known to be his. He appears now to have resided principally in Edinburgh, of which city he was made a burgess, as he had formerly been of his native town. In the same year that he painted the King, he visited London in company with Alexander Jaffray of Kingswells, afterwards Provost of the city. It appears that Jamieson painted more than one portrait of King Charles. Regarding one of them, a story is told, that he offered it to the magistrates of Aberdeen, for the purpose of

having it placed in the town-hall; but that he was so much offended with the smallness of the sum which they proposed to give him for it, that he refused their offer, and sold the picture to a stranger. The story rests on no sufficient authority, and has been with good reason disbelieved. Among Jamieson's productions is a strange allegorical painting of King Charles, now to be seen at Cullen House. "This work," says Allan Cunningham, "which is three feet eight inches high and two feet eight inches broad, shews the British crown overturned, with the sceptre and other symbols of kingly power scattered confusedly around; while Charles himself, indifferently drawn, seems to be contemplating the disorder of his reign." We are inclined to think that, in attributing a prophetic character to this picture, Jamieson's biographers have refined a little too much. The mutability of fortune, and the insecurity of crowns, have often been the subject of poems and moral essays, and might readily suggest the idea of an allegorical picture. We have been led to this notion the more by noticing a curious engraving of the seventeenth century, the subject of which is the same as that of Jamieson's painting. It is prefixed to a work entitled, "Trvth brought to Light and discouered by Time; or a Discourse and Historicall Narration of the first XIIII. years of King Iames' Reigne." London, 1651. This title is engraved in a small square, and is surrounded by emblematical figures of Time, Truth, History, and other representations which we do not understand. The upper compartment represents a man in royal robes, leaning

with his head on one hand, while his other rests on a skull on the table beside him, and on the floor lie the crown and sceptre. This curious engraving bears the name of John Droeshout, probably a brother of Martin Droeshout, whose works are noticed by Walpole in his "Catalogue of Engravers." It is admitted by Jamieson's admirers that he was possessed of but little talent for designing, and the picture to which we have alluded is not considered as doing honour to his pencil. It is believed to be amongst the last of his works. His death took place five years before the King was brought to the block; but he lived to see the civil war raging throughout the island. Amongst his more remarkable pictures, Allan Cunningham has given the following account of one which is preserved at Cullen House:—"The picture has a large foreground, divided into squares of about six inches, of which there are ten; and in each of them a man or woman—some of them full lengths, others half lengths, and some of them quarter lengths. The painter is looking you in the face, and with his left hand on a table, his right hand over it, with the fore-finger of which he is pointing to these small figures, which are said to represent the best of his paintings. He is drawn in a black jacket, with the neck of his shirt, or a white band, turned over the collar of it: he has his pallet in his left hand, which rests on the table. The picture, within the frame, is two feet six inches high."

Amongst other persons who have become historical, and whose portraits Jamieson painted most probably after his visit to Edinburgh in 1633, were, the famous

James Marquis of Montrose; General David Leslie, the conqueror of Montrose at Philiphaugh; Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate; Bishop William Forbes; William Earl Marischal; George Heriot; and Bishop Patrick Forbes; (in the senatus room in King's College). He also painted Dr. Patrick Dun, the Principal of Marischal College; but the portrait in the Council Chamber here is a copy, though a very fine picture. In Pinkerton's curious work, there is an engraving of General Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, from a miniature oil painting on copper, which has been attributed to Jansen or Jamieson, which Pinkerton inclines to give to the latter; though this be the only instance, we believe, in which Jamieson has been said to have painted in that style. This distinguished soldier, who proved that a man might be a renowned General without making much progress in polite literature,* had his portrait also painted by Vandyck.

The following verses were addressed by Dr. Arthur Johnston to Jamieson, when about to paint the portrait of Ann Campbell, Marchioness of Huntly:—

AD JAMISONUM PICTOREM, DE ANNA CAMBELLA, HEROINA.

Illustres, ars quotquot habet tua, prome colores
  Pingere Cambellam, si, Jamisone, paras.
Frons ebori, pectusque nivi, sint colla ligustris
  Æmula, Pæstanis tinge labella rosis.

* It is of General Alexander Leslie that Lord Hailes tells this story:—"One day, on a march in Scotland, he said to an officer, 'There is the house where I went to school.' 'How, General?' answered the officer, 'I thought you could not read?' 'Pardon me, I got the length of the letter G.'"

Ille genis color eniteat, quo mixta corallis
Marmora, vel quali, candida poma rubent.
Cæsaries auro rutilet; debetur ocellis
Qualis inest gemmis, sideribusque nitor.
Forma supercilii sit, qualem Cypridis arcus
Vel Triviæ, leviter cum sinuatur, habet.
Sed pictor suspende manum; subtilius omni
Stamine quod tentas hic simulare vides.
Cedit Apollineo vulsus de vertice crinis,
Cedit Apelleæ linea ducta manu.
Pinge supercilium sine fastu, pinge pudicos
Huic oculos, totam da sine labe deam:
Ut caveat nævo, formæ nil deme vel adde
Fac similem tantum, qua potes arte sui.*

Besides these works, Jamieson painted portraits of several of the Kings and Queens of Scotland from fancy. We have seen an engraving of Mary of Guise, bearing to be from a picture by Jamieson, and in all probability painted from imagination, though it might possibly have been taken from an original. As in the case of her more celebrated daughter, the portraits of Mary of Guise give little idea of the great beauty attributed to her by historians.†

The catalogue of portraits painted by Jamieson, and still preserved in the houses of the nobility and gentry

* Arturi Jonstoni, Poemata, p. 369. Middelb. 1642.

† With regard to Mary of Guise, the reader will be pleased with a very curious passage from Bishop Leslie. In mentioning her virtues, he says,—"Nam cum ea omnium honestiorum pauperum magnam curam haberet, tum erga fæminas, quæ partus difficultate laborabant (quod nusquam sæpius quam apud nostras gentes contingere dicunt) multo maximam; adeo ut ipsamet sæpenumero periclitantes inviseret, arte et opibus juvaret."—*De Reb. Gest. Scotorum* p. 526. The circumstance regarding the women of Scotland, mentioned in the parenthesis, we do not recollect of having seen stated anywhere else; though a physical conformation which has often been noticed as prevalent would serve to account for the fact, if it be one.

of Scotland is rather extensive, and may be found in many publications. A genealogical tree which he painted for Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchy has been thus described by Pennant the tourist:—"The chief of the Argyle family is placed recumbent at the foot of a tree, with a branch; on the right is a single head of his eldest son, Sir Duncan Campbell, laird of Lochow; but on the various ramifications are the names of his descendants; and along the body of the tree are nine small heads, in oval frames, with the names on the margins, all done with great neatness; the second son was first of the house of Breadalbane, which branched from the other about four hundred years ago. In a corner is inscribed 'The genealogie of the house of Glenorquhie, quhairof is descendit sundrie nobil and worthie houses. Jamieson, faciebat, 1635.'" After enumerating a variety of portraits by Jamieson in the possession of the Breadalbane family, Allan Cunningham characterizes them generally as deficient in flexibility of outline and splendour of colouring, and adds, that had it not been settled that the painter studied under Rubens, he would have set it down "that he had taken Hans Holbein or some of the old religious limners for his models." Cunningham and Walpole have noticed several family groups painted by Jamieson for his patrons. His industry appears to have been unceasing. In the course of about ten or twelve years he had filled the houses of the Scotish nobility and gentry with portraits which must be allowed to be of no ordinary excellence, when the state of painting in Britain at that period is con-

sidered. His works thus scattered through Scotland must have contributed, in some degree, to inspire the rude aristocracy with a love for the fine arts; and he may consequently be regarded as a moral benefactor of his age. In that troubled period, he appears to have been no party-man; Cavaliers and Roundheads both patronized him; and saints and sinners both gratified their vanity, by employing him to transmit their countenances to posterity.

Jamieson died at Edinburgh in the year 1644, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the Greyfriars Church-yard there, without a stone to mark the place. David Wedderburn did not neglect to lament his death in Latin verse.

Jamieson left behind him three daughters. Mary Jamieson, who appears to have been the eldest, was thrice married; first to Mr. Burnett of Elrick, then to James Gregory, an eminent mathematician, and ancestor to the celebrated Gregories, and lastly to Mr. George Eddie, a baillie of the city. Mary inherited much of her father's industry, and sewed, amongst other pieces of tapestry, that immense work which adorns the east end of the West Church. A descendant of Mary Jamieson's, John Alexander, followed the profession of a painter, and studied in Italy. After returning to Scotland, in 1720, he painted several historical pictures, which are to be seen in Gordon Castle. He also "delighted" says Allan Cunningham, "to copy or invent portraits of Mary Queen of Scots." Alexander painted the full-length portraits of

the Earl and Countess of Findlater, which are hung up in the Town Hall of Aberdeen.

By his will, dated in July, 1641, Jamieson provided for his widow and daughters; and, with a good feeling which does him credit, took care to leave to his natural daughter a share of his property equal to what the other sisters had received. He besides left several legacies to his relatives and friends, and bestowed a portion of his means on the poor. Among his other bequests was a full-length portrait of the King, "with Mary and Martha in one piece," which he left to Lord Rothes. The manuscript, with the "two hundred leaves of parchment of excellent write, adorned with diverse historys of our Saviour, curiously limned," mentioned by Walpole, does not appear to have been the work of the painter, though it was in his possession.

Upon this eminent painter, whom his friend, Dr. Arthur Johnston, has styled the Scotish Apelles, Walpole has with more propriety bestowed the title of the Vandyck of Scotland—an honourable name, which his own countrymen have delighted to re-echo. "He was," says Walpole, "one of the most esteemed of Rubens' scholars, and painted in the broad thin transparent manner. His excellence consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring; his shades not charged, but helped with varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyck's second manner; and to Sir Anthony some of his works have been occasionally imputed." "His

outlines," says Cunningham, "are correct, his colouring lucid, and his proportions just; and he was the first native of our island who refused to limit himself to miniatures, like Hilliard and Oliver, and transferred life of the natural dimensions to his canvas. That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting, there can be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him in his own walk before the days of Reynolds." "To depart at once," says the same critic, "from the formal corpse-like system of making figures, and assert the grace of form and the colouring of nature, required boldness as well as genius; and there can be no question that Jamieson did all this." Elsewhere, Cunningham alludes to "the delicacy and softness of his touch," which gained to the painter universal admiration; and "the beauty of his drawing and the transparent splendour of his colouring," which attracted the praise of the best judges. In other parts of his biography, Cunningham has referred to the defects to be seen in Jamieson's paintings; and it is not for us to say how far his praise and his censure are consistent with each other. After mentioning the designs on tapestry and the sculptured monuments which abounded in Scotland before Jamieson's time, he adds, "Some have seen, and I think there is truth in the remark, more of those formal shapes and attitudes, than of the fine freedom and the natural ease of Rubens, in the works of Jamieson. It is seldom that a style acquired by much study and hard labour, as his must have been, in the absence of all instruc-

tion, can be relinquished, even when a better offers itself: the old man with his deeds is too hard for regeneration, and neither hand nor mind willingly undertake a new task. He learned the light and shade of colour in the company of Vandyck; but it is more than probable that he grounded his style upon the older and ruder monuments of his own country." "His landscapes," he says in another place, "were small, and remarkable for the clearness of their colours and the accuracy of their perspective." His landscapes were the work of his youth; and how he could have learned accuracy of perspective from the tapestries and rude monuments around him, does not appear easy to conceive. "It may gratify certain sorts of critics," Cunningham further states, "to dwell on the undoubted facts—that a certain hardness of manner is visible even in the happiest of his works; that his portraits are often of a severe aspect, with a touch too much of the vinegar of the times in them; and that he has reached but seldom the perfect ease and happy gracefulness of nature."

All Jamieson's critics agree that his style of painting was slight and thin—a style which is not reckoned a good one. His works, on this account, are less durable than they would have been if they had been more worked up with the pencil. All the paintings by Jamieson which we have seen confirm the accuracy of this description.

We are not aware where it was that Cunningham learned the tradition that Jamieson was a poet; nor do we know that there is any other authority for

attributing poetical talents to him. Painters have in general been lovers of poetry, and not a few have cultivated the gentle art. Michael Angelo and Raphael wrote sonnets, and Agostino Caracci was reckoned a respectable poet; Salvator Rosa was at once a painter, a poet, a musical composer, and a practical musician. His epitaph commemorates him as second to no painter of his age, and equal to the greatest of poets. His enemies thought so highly of the merits of his satires, that they diligently spread a rumour that they were not of his own composition; and among his works is a sonnet, "Contro quelli che non lo credevano autore delle satire." Posterity, however, has not confirmed this high character. Crescembini declares him to have been no great miracle of a poet; and these famous satires, which were republished a few years ago in London, appear to be the productions of a man of learning with but little, if any, poetical fancy, and are eminently unreadable. The only painter who has produced a poem which has stood upon its own merits is, we believe, Lorenzo Lippi, whose burlesque piece, the "Malmantile Racquistato," has been several times published with commentaries.

Jamieson, as appears from his portrait painted by himself, was a good-looking man, with dark eyes and a good-natured countenance. The portrait now in the possession of Miss Hannah Carnegie, his descendant, represents him handsomely dressed in the fashion of the times, and holding in one hand his pallet, and in another a miniature, which has been said by his biographers to be the portrait of his wife. Miss Carnegie

has also a very curious portrait of Mary Jamieson, the painter of which is unknown.

With regard to the private character of Jamieson, it appears that he was, like his master Rubens and his fellow-student Vandyck, of a kind and generous disposition; and many circumstances concur in shewing that he was a loving husband and father, and a good citizen.

Michael Wright, a Scotish painter of no very distinguished reputation, has been said, but perhaps on insufficient authority, to have studied under Jamieson. Wright left Scotland when a boy of sixteen or seventeen. Walpole calls him "no bad portrait painter."

BISHOP WILLIAM FORBES.

This very learned and amiable prelate, of whose virtues all who have alluded to him have spoken in the highest terms, was born at Aberdeen in the year 1585. His father, Thomas Forbes, was a descendant of the Forbeses of Corsindae; and his mother was Janet Cargill, sister to Dr. James Cargill, a physician whose eminence has been acknowledged by the learned of other countries, and whom his townsman, Arthur Johnston, has placed in the same rank with Dun and Liddel, whom he considered the rivals of Hippocrates and Galen.

Forbes was sent, while a mere child, to the Grammar-School of his native city, and at the premature age of twelve was entered at Marischal College, where he took his degree of Master of Arts after studying the usual period. Soon after, by the influence of Principal Gray, who warmly patronised him, he was appointed Professor of Logic, which science it was his duty to teach according to Aristotle (whose authority was still predominant), and to defend against the attacks of Ramus. At the end of four years, he resigned his professorship and went abroad, travelling over a great part of the Continent, and, like many of his countrymen in those days, visited Poland. He pursued his studies at various universities in Germany, and then went to Leyden, where he was well received

by the learned, and formed an intimacy with Scaliger and Vossius, and with Grotius, whom he so much resembled in character. Here, also, he met his own townsman, Gilbert Jack, who then held the professorship of philosophy in the University. At this early period of his life, Forbes had acquired so extensive a knowledge of the Hebrew language, that his attainments in it, according to his earliest biographer, seemed to equal that of any of the children of Israel.* He also studied with great diligence the writings of the Fathers, of which, in his posthumous treatise, he makes the most successful use in supporting his own opinions. The state of his health prevented him from visiting Italy and France, as he intended; and after having lived for about four years on the Continent, he came over to England. It appears that he resided a short time at Oxford, still pursuing his favourite studies. Here he was offered a professorship of Hebrew; but his sickness led him to decline accepting this appointment; and, by the advice of his physician and countryman, Dr. Craig, he resolved to return to Aberdeen, where he arrived in the twenty-fifth year of his age; and thus, to use the illustration of Dr. Garden, like the bee, that, laden with the honey and wax that it has gathered in many a field, returns joyfully to the hive, that it may lay down its treasure for the use of the community, so this good man, after having for five years rummaged the richest libraries, turned over

* Vitæ Authoris Elenchus—prefixed to the "Considerationes Modestæ et Pacificæ." Lond. 1658.

the works of the Fathers, and enjoyed the society and conversation of the learned, revisited his native place, to bless and benefit it by promoting the glory of God and the salvation of men.* The magistrates, to their credit, conferred on him the freedom of the city; and his health having been somewhat restored, he accepted from Lord Forbes the pastoral charge of the parish of Alford, which was then thought, for some reason or another, to be one of the most honourable in the diocese of Aberdeen, and which has certainly been filled by several eminent men. From Alford he was translated to Monymusk, where, however, he held the charge but for a short time; "his great eloquence," says Bayle, "his learning, and piety, demanded a more extensive theatre." At the earnest solicitation of the inhabitants, he was appointed by the magistrates minister of St. Nicholas Church, in the year 1617, at which time, also, he was made a Doctor of Divinity. In the following year, he was elected Principal of Marischal College in the room of Andrew Aidy; and soon after was elevated to the Rectorship. In his situation of Principal, Forbes read lectures in divinity and instructed the students in Hebrew. While he held the situation of Principal, Forbes repaired the College buildings and the Greyfriars Church, which, according to the account of one of his biographers, was then a place for owls, swallows, and other birds building their nests in; but which he describes, writing in 1658, as not surpassed in magnificence by any

* Vita Joh. Forbesii à Corse, p. 19.

building in Scotland. We shall have occasion afterwards to notice that Dr. Guild repaired the Greyfriars Church subsequently to this time. In 1621, Forbes resigned the office of Principal, and was succeeded by Dr. Patrick Dun, the first layman, as Blackwell was the last, who has filled the situation in Marischal College—which alone, of all the Universities of Scotland, does not require its Principal to be a divine.

The fame of the great eloquence and learning of Dr. Forbes had now reached the capital, and overtures were made by the people of Edinburgh to get him translated to the charge of one of their churches. When the inhabitants of Aberdeen first heard of these movements on the part of the christian people of the South, we are told that they flew into an extraordinary passion, and scolded their Edinburgh friends very sharply for their attempts to seduce their pastor from them. However, the Assembly, and the Synod of Aberdeen, urged the translation, and Forbes was obliged to comply with the will of his superiors. At parting with his flock in Aberdeen, tears were shed rather profusely on both sides. He entered Edinburgh, we are told, attended by a large mob: "magna comitante caterva," says his biographer in Virgilian phraseology, and was received by all classes in the most cordial manner. Here, however, he soon found that his situation was not so comfortable as it had been amongst the more intelligent community of Aberdeen. The mob in Edinburgh believed in the divine right of Presbyterianism, and Dr. Forbes, on

the other side, was foolish enough to think that the government of bishops was a part of the christian religion.* Upon this subject, the voice of common sense—which would have told both parties that it was degrading to religion to entertain a notion that a revelation had been made from heaven in order to settle a matter so insignificant in itself, and so utterly unconnected with Christianity, as the status and dignity of church officers—was unheard. Besides this, the smoke of Edinburgh did not agree with Dr. Forbes's constitution; and his meek spirit was vexed by the disputes in which he found himself involved, and the accusations of Popery and Arminianism which were brought against him. He therefore gladly accepted an offer of returning and resuming his ministerial duties in Aberdeen.

When King Charles visited Edinburgh in the year 1633, Forbes, whose great talents and eloquence were known throughout the country, was appointed to preach before him. It was on Tuesday, the 25th of June, that Forbes performed divine service before the King in the Chapel Royal. "He had on," says Spalding, with his usual delightful minuteness, "his

* Amongst the adherents of Episcopacy in that age, it is gratifying to find that Lord Bacon preferred the Episcopal government merely on grounds of expediency:—"For the government of Bishops," he says, "I, for my part, not prejudging the precedents of other reformed churches, do hold it warranted by the word of God, and by the practice of the ancient Church in the better times, and much more convenient for kingdoms, than parity of ministers and government by Synods. But then, further, it is to be considered, that the Church is not now to plant or build; but only to be pruned from corruption, and to be repaired and restored in some decays."—*Bacon*, vol. ii. p. 531.

black gown, without either surplice or rochet." The text which he took on this occasion was characteristic of his own christian disposition. It was that very beautiful passage in the fourteenth chapter of John—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Dr. Garden has given an abstract in Latin of this famous sermon; and from this sketch, it appears to have been a truly evangelical discourse, using the term in its ancient signification. It is an earnest and pathetic exhortation to peace, and is full of the warmest condemnation of those religious persons whose delight, he says, is to live, like salamanders, in the fire and flames of contention. It concludes with an eloquent address to his Majesty, enjoining him to use his sceptre for the promotion of christian peace, and reminding him of the love which his father bore to concord in Church and State. The King was so delighted with the eloquence of the discourse, that he is said to have declared that the preacher was worthy of having a bishopric erected for him. That Dr. Forbes was a highly eloquent preacher is established by the consent of all his contemporaries* who have spoken of him; but the fact mentioned by Bishop Burnett, that he impaired his health and wasted his strength no less by the earnestness than by the extraordinary length of his discourses, is a circumstance that ought to be

* "Erat enim Orator non tantum velox atque vehemens, sed mellitus et patheticus."—*Vitæ Authoris Elenchus.*

reckoned amongst the failings and not the virtues of this good man. We learn that he would, in his zeal, so far forget the flight of time as to continue preaching for two or three hours.* It has justly been made a cause of reproach to the clergy in most ages, that they have devoted too much of the time of divine worship to that portion of the service which is the fruit of their own intellects, and but too little to rehearsing in the ears of their audience that which they must all feel to be "truth without any mixture of error." That a desire of popularity has led to this evil, and that in general those clergymen preach longest who have the least quantity of instruction to communicate, will scarcely be questioned by those who have observed how much ill-brought-up people prefer the most senseless extempore preaching and praying, to the hearing of the lessons of the blessed Gospel, or listening to those grave productions of christian piety which have received the approbation and proved the comfort of the wise and the good of successive generations. Lord Bacon, who has spoken better on almost all subjects than any other mere man, with the exception of Shakspere, has exposed this popular error with his usual wisdom. "We see," he says, "wheresoever, in a manner, they find in the Scriptures the Word spoken of, they expound it of preaching;

* Life of Bishop Bedell—Preface. Burnett was then speaking of Forbes's virtues, and makes his long discourses to continue *two or three* hours. It is curious to notice his remark on the same subject in that delightful chronicle of gossip, his "History of his own Times," where he tells us of Forbes, that he had "a strange faculty of preaching *five or six hours* at a time."

they have made it, in a manner, of the essence of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to have a sermon precedent; they have, in a sort, annihilated the use of liturgies and forms of divine service, although the house of God be denominated of the principal, *domus orationis*, a house of prayer, and not a house of preaching. As for the life of the good monks and hermits in the primitive church, I know, they will condemn a man as half a Papist, if he should maintain them as other than profane, because they heard no sermons. In the meantime, what preaching is, and who may be said to preach, they move no question; but, as far as I see, every man that presumeth to speak in chair, is accounted a preacher. But I am assured that not a few that call hotly for a preaching ministry, deserve to be the first themselves that should be expelled. All which errors and misproceedings they do fortify and intrench by an addicted respect to their own opinions, and an impatience to hear contradiction or argument; yea, I know some of them that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what may be said against them, as if there could be a *quod bonum est, tenete;* without an *omnia probate*, going before."* During that period which has been called "the best and purest days of the Church," there were preachers who could never tire of listening to their own tongues; and some of them thought nothing of praying in public for three or four hours at a stretch, thinking that they would

* Bacon, vol. ii. p. 521.

be heard for their much speaking. Even if these men thought that they were able, by their ingenuity, to explain away the censure which our Saviour has passed on long prayers, by contending that the quality of theirs was to be taken into consideration, it is strange that the audacity of talking so much, where our words ought to be so few and so humble, never occurred to their minds. But there are, and always have been, people so greatly fascinated by their own eloquence, that, if they can but gratify themselves with the luxury of hearing their own tongues going in public, they care not what mischief they may do in the world, or what amount of sin and guilt they may heap upon their own heads.

With regard to Forbes, it appears by all accounts that his sermons, though long, were good. We have an instance in Isaac Barrow of a still greater divine being a preacher of long discourses. His sermon on the "Duty and Reward of Bounty to the Poor," occupied, we are told, about three hours and a half in the delivery. "Dr. Barrow," says Grainger, "did not consider that the very opportunity of doing good might be lost whilst we are attending to the rules of it. The life of man is too short for such sermons." For the credit of the Aberdeen Presbytery, it is gratifying to find, by an extract from their Record, given by Dr. M'Crie, that on one occasion they reproved Forbes for his long discourses.*

* "'The said daye, Mr. Willeame forbes regent exercesit, quha was comended, but censurit, becaus he techit two hours.'—Record of Aberdeen Presbytery, Nov. 1, 1605."—*M'Crie's Life of Melville*, vol. ii. p. 311.

In the year 1633, the King, with a view, says Forbes's episcopalian biographer, to assuage the Presbyterian pestilence which afflicted the west of Scotland, created the bishopric of Edinburgh; and, conceiving that no man in Scotland was fitter to fill the see than Forbes, made him first Bishop, his nomination having taken place in January, 1634. His ardent application to study, and his violent exertions in the pulpit, had however prematurely worn out his constitution; and he had barely filled the situation for three months, when he was seized with a violent illness. Believing that his sickness would be fatal, the Bishop, reversing the ordinary procedure even amongst the clergy in such cases, sent for a minister, from whom he received the Eucharist; and, after confessing his sins and obtaining priestly absolution, called in a physician, in order that it might not be said that he had neglected the ordinary means of preserving his life. Medical aid, however, was unavailing; and in a few days his spirit passed to that world where the peace which he thirsted after so much on earth for ever dwells. His death took place on the 12th day of April. "He departed this life," says Spalding, "after the taking of some physic, sitting in his arm chair, suddenly; a matchless man of learning, languages, utterance, and delivery, a peerless preacher, of a grave and godly conversation."

During his lifetime, Forbes did not give to the world any fruits of the profound learning which he was known to possess. He had written ample and numerous animadversions on the margins of the edi-

tion of Bellarmin published at Paris. The work fell into the hands of Dr. Baron, who intended to publish these notes, but did not accomplish his purpose. It is not improbable that the volumes are to be found in some library in England, as we learn from Sir Thomas Urquhart that some of Forbes's manuscripts were bought by Archbishop Laud "at a good rate." In the opinion of Dr. Baron, the criticisms of Forbes on Bellarmin were superior to all the remarks that had been made by other writers against the learned Jesuit. In his doctrines, Forbes leaned to the Arminian heresy; and when it was objected to Laud, that by his advice the King had nominated Arminians to the highest situations in the Church, the instance of Forbes's promotion was brought forward as a proof of the accusation. Like Erasmus and Grotius, Forbes entertained notions of effecting a reconcilement between the Catholic and Protestant Churches.* Like his contemporary Calixtus, he held, that the Romish Church, amidst its corruptions, had retained the great body of christian truth, though incrusted with superstitious ceremonies and forms. Forbes received the same recompense as Grotius and Calixtus did—of being accused of treachery to the Protestant cause and secret adherence to Popery. The projects of

* "Il estoit le plus moderé et le plus equitable de ces Episcopaux pacifiques qui souhaitant que les Protestans et les Catholiques eussent pu reunir, ne faisoient nulle difficulté de se declarer pour les Catholiques contre les Calvinistes quand ils croioient que les Calvinistes avoient tort, comme celuycy l'a cru en plusieurs des points de controverse qu'il a traité—Arnauld."—*Calvinisme Convaincu*—quoted by Bayle, vol. ii. p. 487.

union made by these good men ended in nothing, except, perhaps, in embittering the opposition of the parties whom it was their wish to reconcile. This was also the result of the attempts made by the excellent Archbishop Wake on the one side, and Du Pin on the other, for a union between the Church of England and the French Catholic Church, to be founded on mutual concessions. Whether our modern Syncretists, the Puseyites, will be able to strike up a union with the Pope, upon terms mutually advantageous, remains yet to be seen. Of course, the Oxford divines dare not say that such is their wish. On the contrary, they loudly declare that the thing is impossible; but their denials are like lovers' refusals:

> Far from her nest the curlew cries away,
> My heart prays for him though my tongue do curse.

An opportunity of gracefully giving way may occur; and when the Romish Church may think it time to press the matter, the adherents of the Oxford divinity may be expected to yield with "sweet reluctant amorous delay;" and there will be uncommonly few disputes to settle after the marriage. The Puseyites have already made some beautiful verses in praise of the Virgin; and there is not much ill feeling in the following remonstrance to the Old Church, which they have indited the other day:—

> O Mother Church of Rome, why has thy heart
> Beat so untruly towards thy northern child?
> Why give a gift, nor give it undefiled,
> Drugging thy blessing with a stepdame's art?

Then, again, Mother Church has not been altogether behind in courtesy, as Dr. Wiseman, no mean autho-

rity, has been pleased to declare his high approval of the Oxford Tracts—a certificate in their favour which some of the Puseyites may perhaps look on as coming rather prematurely, and hardly leaving them time to put their house in order. That a division of the Church of England is about to take place, it is hardly possible to doubt; and this will be hastened by the conduct of the opponents of Puseyism, who are a dishonest, slandering, and persecuting crew, who have not known the way of peace, who delight in strife for its own sake, and whose objection to the Pope's infallibility is simply that it interferes with their own.

Bishop Forbes's pacific principles were embodied in a work of considerable celebrity which was published at London, four and twenty years after his death, under the title of "Considerationes Modestæ et Pacificæ Controversiarum de Justificatione, Purgatorio, Invocatione Sanctorum, et Christo Mediatore [et] Eucharistia." The editor was Thomas Sydserff, Bishop of Galloway. This edition, which is the one we have used, is, as it has been represented by Dr. Garden, full of typographical errors; and a new, and, as is said, corrected edition, appeared, in the year 1704, at Helmstädt. This was just the place where such a treatise would find favour; for at Helmstädt, as we learn from Mosheim, the professors, at their induction, take upon themselves, under a most solemn oath, a very strange engagement—to use every means in their power to heal the divisions, and put an end to the disputes, by which the religious world is torn asunder. This singularity of the Helmstädt professors has not,

we believe, been adopted by any other christian university. Bishop Forbes's work, which is written in a style that has at least the merit of great perspicuity, is a sufficient testimonial of his profound and extensive learning in the writings of the Fathers, the Schoolmen, the Reformers, and the Divines of his own age;* from all of whom he has brought up numerous and pertinent quotations to support his own positions. His doctrines are, throughout, such as would have entitled him, if he had lived in the present day, to be called "a Puseyite, and more." The leaning of his mind, notwithstanding repeated disavowals, is to the Church of Rome. Upon the subjects of faith, good works, and justification, his opinions appear to us to be like those of the more moderate Romanists. Like the Puseyites, he believes in the utility of Prayers for the Dead;† but he does not agree with them in denying Purgatory. He considers that the doctrine is not proved; but while he condemns the Church of Rome for making it an article of faith, he condemns also those Protestants who brand it as impious. In behalf of praying for

* Amongst other authorities, Forbes has twice quoted the little known dialogue, "De Animæ Tranquillitatæ," of his countryman, Florence Wilson.—See *Considerationes*, pp. 105 and 193.

† A Puseyite writer has stated his opinion on this subject with wonderful obscurity. Speaking of the early Christians, he says, "Since they knew not of our chill separation between those who, being dead in Christ, and those who are yet in the flesh, they felt assured that this sacrifice, offered by the Church on earth, for the whole Church, conveyed to that portion of the Church which had passed into the unseen world, such benefits of Christ's death as were still applicable to them."—*Tracts for the Times*, No. 81.

the dead, he brings up a host of authorities, Primitive, Roman Catholic, and Protestant, dwelling with great stress on the eloquent prayers for the departed which stood in the English Reformed Ritual of Edward VI. He does not, however, allow that these prayers involve a belief in Purgatory; but seems to hold that, till the day of judgment, the souls of the just do not enjoy the vision of God, but abide in some hidden dwellings either in the heavens or beyond the heavens.* His remarks on this subject are concluded by a call on Protestants no longer to reject the practice of praying for the dead, which had been received by the whole Church of Christ almost from the time of the Apostles. On the Invocation of Saints, the Bishop goes a step farther than the Puseyites, who reject this doctrine, not on account of its own demerits, but as likely to degenerate into direct adoration of the saints—a very illogical reason certainly. Forbes, on this point, is quite agreed with the Church of Rome, which makes the invocation of the saints a thing commendable, but has never reckoned it an article of faith. Upon this point, also, he has been able to adduce Protestant authority, in addition to that of the Fathers—Jerome, Gregory Nazianzen, and Cyprian. The Bishop, however, on this point, sets himself in opposition to the great majority of the Protestant Church—in which some people have gone so far as to declare, in express contradiction to Scripture, that the saints in heaven know nothing at all of what is taking place

* Considerationes, p. 249, and 267.

on earth. These ultra Protestants go far beyond St. Augustin, who held that the saints above know nothing about what takes place in the world, except what they learn from those who pass from it to them, and that these were only permitted to state certain things, and only such as it was for the advantage of the blessed to hear. It is but justice to Forbes, on this head, to mention that his last chapter upon it consists of a very strong protest against the abuses which crept into the Romish Church. In this part of his treatise, he has quoted from the work of a Jesuit, Clarus Bonarsius (by anagram, Carolus Scribanius), a poem upon the Virgin and the Saviour, which we have never seen brought forward by any of the opponents of the Romanists; but which, while it is one of the most curious productions that we have ever met with, strikes us as a better instance of the worship of the Virgin objected to the Catholics, than any that the Exeter-Hall orators have furnished the world with. It runs thus—

"Hæreo lac inter meditans interque cruorem,
  Inter delicias uberis et lateris;
Et dico (si forte oculos super ubera tendo)
  Diva parens, mammæ gaudia posco tuæ;
Sed dico (si deinde oculos in vulnera verto)
  O Iesu, lateris gaudia malo tui.
Rem scio, prensabo, si fas erit, ubera dextra,
  Læva, prensabo vulnera si dabitur.
Lac Matris misceri volo cum sanguine Nati
  Non possum antidoto nobiliore frui."

Upon the subject of the Sacrament, Forbes agrees with Luther, Calvin, and all the Fathers of the Reformation, in holding the belief of the real presence of Christ;

and, while he censures the Romanists for attempting to define this mystery, he, like Jeremy Taylor, condemns those Protestants who have attacked Transubstantiation on the ground of its not being reasonable, and have used such arguments as, if they were applied to the incomprehensible mysteries of the Gospel, would shake the fabric of the christian faith to its foundation, and which are, however well intended, calculated to drive Protestants into the ranks of Romanism on the one hand, or of Infidelity on the other.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about Bishop Forbes's orthodoxy, the learned and good have only held one judgment of his virtues and his piety. Sir Thomas Urquhart avers, that since the days of Scotus Subtilis, his equal in divinity or philosophy had not appeared in Scotland. The splendid eulogium of Bishop Burnett is well known:—"He was a grave and eminent divine: my father, that knew him long, and being of counsel for him in his law matters, had occasion to know him well, has often told me, that he never saw him but he thought his heart was in heaven, and he was never alone with him but he felt within himself a commentary on these words of the apostles, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he yet talked with us, and opened to us the Scriptures?' " The testimony of Dr. Garden is equally enthusiastic:—"He was," he says, "for holiness, humility of heart, gravity, modesty, temperance, frequency in prayer and fasting, the practice of good works, diligent care for the poor, assiduous visiting and consoling of the sick, and for christian

virtue of every kind, a man to be ranked as the equal of the best fathers of the primitive church."* Among foreign writers, we have already noticed the high terms in which he has been spoken of by Arnauld; and still more valuable testimony has been borne to his eminence by the learned and candid Mosheim, and by Father Simon, whose erudition was equalled by his great judgment and good sense. It is perhaps impertinent to add anything to such authorities; but we may be allowed to state, that the genuine nature of Forbes's religion appears to us to be most manifest by his practice of the amiable virtues which the world, of all others, most despises—humility of mind, the love of peace, and christian charity. The accusations of lukewarmness in religion, and of Popery, which have been brought against him, may be traced to two causes: he leaned to the Arminian heresy, that our Saviour died for the sins of all mankind—a doctrine which has got little countenance in Scotland for the last three hundred years; and contended, against the Calvinists, that it was possible for the saints to fall from grace; and he was a zealous advocate for christian peace and charity—two things that have never been popular in any age. Therefore it was that his "Modest and Pacific Considerations" were almost universally despised. "Party," says Pinkerton, "ever in extremes, is a stranger to reason and to all 'Modest and Pacific Considerations.' He who takes the middle open ground is only exposed to the fire of

* Vita Joh. Forbesii à Corse, p. 19.

both armies." But the man who stands upon trifles, and fights about words, and labours to widen the breaches that unhappily separate Christians from each other, will obtain the character of being a saint and a man of stern integrity. The solemn prediction of our Lord, which Calvin has been said, though incorrectly, to have taken as his motto, has by many professing the christian name been erroneously assumed as an injunction which they ought to do their best to follow out: "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword;" and no text of Scripture has been with more general consent neglected than one of the most plain and beautiful passages which it contains: "Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

DR. ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

This eminent scholar was born in the year 1587 at Caskieben, in the county of Aberdeen, where the family estate, as he informs us, had been possessed by his ancestors for many generations.* He was the fifth son of George Johnston of Johnston and Caskieben; his mother being Christian, daughter of William Lord Forbes. George Johnston, his father, had six sons, who all lived to man's estate—the youngest being Dr. William Johnston, an eminent physician, who, after having filled the chairs of Humanity and Philosophy in Sedan, was appointed the First Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College. Like his brother, he was a writer of Latin verses. The eldest brother, John Johnston, was made Sheriff of Aberdeen in the year 1630.

Arthur Johnston received his early education and the knowledge of the Latin tongue in the town of Kintore, in the neighbourhood of his father's estate, as we learn from his verses on that ancient burgh:—

> "Hic ego sum memini, musarum factus alumnus,
> Et tiro didici verba latina loqui."

His university education it is conjectured that he received at King's College, of which he afterwards was appointed Rector. This has been stated positively by

* "Epigr. de loco suo natali."—*Poemata*, p. 365. Middelb. 1642.

one of his biographers,* while it is made a matter of conjecture by another.† Having entered on the study of medicine, he left his native country about the year 1608, in order to improve himself in his profession, and resided for many years on the Continent. He twice visited Italy, or, to use his own poetical language, "twice were the cloud-touching Alps passed by me, and twice by me was the water of the Tiber and the Po tasted." He remained some time at the ancient University of Padua, where he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine in the year 1610. After travelling over the rest of Italy, and having visited Germany, Denmark, Holland, and England, he settled in France. At Sedan, he became acquainted with Daniel Tilenus, and with his own celebrated countryman, Andrew Melville, who were both at that time professors of divinity in the university there. Among Johnston's *Lusus Amœbei*, are some dialogues between him and Tilenus—one of them, about Tilenus's daughter, being nowise remarkable for its delicacy. In these poems, Melville also is introduced; and Johnston has spoken of him in his Epigrams in the highest terms of praise.

During his abode in France, Johnston was twice married, and had a family of thirteen children. His first wife was a French woman, and the other a native of Brabant; but the names of both are unknown. From several poems of Johnston's, in reference to a

* Arturi Jonstoni Vita, by Lauder.—*Poet. Scot. Musæ Sacræ*, p. 39. Edinb. 1739.

† Vita Arturi Jonstoni (in Benson's Edition of his Psalms).—p. 6. Lond. 1741.

lawsuit which he had with some person whom he describes as living near the Forest of Ardennes, Dr. Irving conjectures that he had been suing for the possession of some property falling to him by marriage; but it is impossible to learn from his verses what was the precise nature of his claims. His poems on this subject appear to us to possess no merit whatever, but to be simply scurrilous and ferocious. He speaks of his opponent as feeding on his blood; he likens him to the Caucasian bird tearing the entrails of Prometheus, and twice compares him to Cacus the cattle stealer. We learn, however, from his address to the Court at Mechlin, where the case was litigated, and his verses to his counsel, that Johnston was at last successful. In acknowledging the services of his counsel, Johnston, in the hackneyed style of a medical man, expresses his trust that they may never stand in need of his assistance in a professional capacity. It is impossible to read Johnston's poems on his lawsuit without being somewhat unfavourably impressed with regard to his disposition and temper; and it was a sad want of gallantry to the Muses to call them into a court of law about a money matter.

Johnston is said to have commenced poet while he resided at Padua; but it is ascertained, at any rate, that at an early age he acquired considerable reputation in France as a writer of Latin verses. "He was," says Sir Thomas Urquhart, "laureated poet at Paris, and that most deservedly." Upon the authority of this expression, which we suspect means nothing more than that Johnston obtained reputation as a poet, his enthusiastic admirer, Lauder, states that he

"was poet laureat to the King of France for the space of twenty years in which he resided in that kingdom."* His earliest printed production appeared in 1619. Dr. George Eglisham, a physician who has obtained a ridiculous notoriety by his vanity, had, in the previous year, published a criticism on Buchanan's translation of the hundred-and-fourth Psalm, and had submitted to the learned world another version by himself, which he conceived would at once establish his superiority to Buchanan. Johnston, who probably did not at that time dream that he would himself one day enter the lists with Buchanan, wrote a bitter attack on the unlucky Eglisham, which was printed at Paris and at Edinburgh in 1619. Dr. Irving, whose experience in modern Latin poetry is great, declares this to be a "very elegant satire." We humbly confess, that, with the exception of the passage in praise of Buchanan, it appears to us to be offensively pedantic and affected. The most remarkable and the most gratifying thing in it is the passage in which, though alluding to the King, who was his patron, he has introduced a distinct commendation of Buchanan's famous treatise, "De Jure Regni," which certainly could not have been very agreeable to Buchanan's royal pupil:—

"Finxit et os tenerum puero, quo pectora mulces
Quos regis populos, non sinis esse feros.
Os dedit, et dignos formavit principi mores
Et docuit quæ vos sæpe latere solent;
Quid rex privato, quid distet rege tyrannus
Quid populus regi debeat, ille Deo."

* Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, p. 76.

In the following year, 1620, Johnston published at Paris another satire against Eglisham, under the title of *Onopordus Furens.* Dr. Eglisham however, was handled with much greater ability, and with far more effect, by our townsman, Dr. William Barclay.*

Johnston's reputation as a poet was established by these satires; and he now gave, at intervals, different pieces to the public, which increased his fame. On the death of King James in 1625, Johnston, whom he had patronised, celebrated his mild virtues in an elegy, which was printed at London in the same year. In 1628, he published at Aberdeen two elegies, one addressed to Bishop Patrick Forbes on the death of his brother, and the other on the breaking of the ancient alliance between Scotland and France. The following passage, in the former of these elegies, describing the happiness of the blessed in heaven, appears to be very beautiful:—

"Hic diadema gerens rutilis insigne pyropis
Aureus ingentes eminet inter avos.
Adscriptus choro Superûm cælique ministris
Conspectu fruitur semper et ore Dei.
Et circumfusis pascuntur lumina gemmis,
Ætheriumque sonat semper in aure melos.
Sub pedibus solemque videt, Lunamque moveri,
Et mundi famulas calcat ubique faces.
Despectatque cavo cæli sub fornice nubes,
Oceanumque vagum, quamque reliquit humum.
Dum procul hoc spectat cæli novus incola punctum
Ridet et hic partas temnit et odit opes.
Ridet in exiguo luctantes pulvere reges
Et pro tantillo bella tot orta luto."

From the title page of these Elegies, it appears that

* In his "Judicium de certamine poetico G. Eglisemmii cum G. Buchanano, pro dignitate paraphraseos Psalmi civ."

Johnston was then one of the royal physicians. At what time he attained this honour has not been accurately ascertained. From his verses, "Ad Medicos Regios," it appears that the appointment had been promised to him, both by James and by Charles, on a vacancy occurring amongst the royal physicians; and he complains of the opposition made to his preferment by the members of that body living longer lives than they were entitled to do, and not letting nature take her fair course.

The year 1632 has been generally fixed as the year when Johnston returned to Scotland; and it is certain, from his own statement, that he had lived abroad for twenty-four years—

> "Sole sub ignoto vixi ter mensibus octo
> Et melior vitæ pars fuit illa meæ."

In the same year, his Parerga and his Epigrams were printed at Aberdeen. The Parerga were dedicated to Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, a gentleman whose patriotism and love of literature are commemorated in more than one of Johnston's poems. The Epigrams were inscribed to the Earl of Lauderdale.

About the time of Johnston's return to his native country, it appears that he had a lawsuit in the Court of Session, and in reference to it several of his poems are written, one of which is addressed to the Lord Chancellor Hay, and another to the Lord Advocate Nicholson. In the former, there is a pretty description of his family seat, which he has more minutely described in his poem, "De Vulturno;" and in the latter, there is a beautiful allusion to the

peaceable life which he had led on the Continent; but both pieces are disfigured by bombast and exaggerated descriptions of his wrongs, of the greatness of which it is possible that he was not a cool and impartial judge. As might have been expected, he is very learned in the history of the honours which had been paid by kings and great men to poets and physicians, and adduces numerous examples from ancient history. These references on the part of Johnston indicate considerable vanity; and his complaints of oppression probably had their rise from the same source. Poets in particular have been in the way of annoying the world with the story of their woes, and of the oppressions which they have suffered; but the sensible part of mankind, knowing that the woe and oppression seldom if ever have any existence but in the mortified vanity of the complainers, very properly laugh at them and their sufferings together. Most people delight in a hearty good-humoured egotism; but a constant selfish grumbling, either in prose or verse, can hardly be agreeable to any christian reader.

Several of Johnston's poems are composed on Isabella Abernethy, the lovely daughter of Adam Abernethy. of whom he says, that if Apelles had seen her fa ope. he would have succeeded better in painting his V seness, "If you wish," he says, "to paint this goddes scribed, lips, and neck, paint stars, coral, and snow. leihen

"Si tu oculos, si labra deæ, si pingere c venus seyn."
Rite cupis, pingas astra, corqensive minuteness the

The extraordinary charms of cal man might be able to ich the learned theologian however, attacked by the sma suffering as Job had, and, if r, as much patience.—*Vie de*

to be the disease alluded to by the poet. One of his epigrams is, "De Abrenethæa Virgine, cum scabie laboraret." From this title, the author of the "Book of Bon Accord" has been led to believe that the lady had been afflicted with the itch; and thereupon he expresses his conviction, that now-a-days no poet would be found gallant enough to deplore such a calamity befalling a fair one. The description, however, of the disease in Johnston's verses, where, while he regrets that the whole face is destroyed though the eyes are saved, shews clearly that the small-pox is the disease alluded to. It is well known that about the time that Johnston wrote, medical authorities were but little accurate in their designation of diseases, and that, in describing cutaneous disorders, the nomenclature has been particularly confused; and a poet might be excused if he took the first Latin word that occurred to him on the subject. Johnston, as might have been expected, ascribes this visitation to the spite and envy of Venus, who could not bear to see herself outshone by Miss Abernethy. We give the second epigram which Johnston composed on this subject:—

"Formam Abrenethæa Venus ereptura veneno,
Infecit frontem, pectora, labra, genas;
Intacti mansere oculi, suis est vigor illis
Et sine labe acies et sine fæce nitor.
Ruæ patitur mortale genus contagia cælum
espuit, et constans sidera lumen habent."

Johnston states that Venus had minutely described in's beautiful eyes, because she which her son had lost before or because she wished to

co
of Sc
poems
Lord Cha
cate Nichols
description of his
and in the latter, there

keep them for him. Besides this, he has written an eclogue full of conceits, and in which he himself is one of the speakers, upon this lady's eyes, which appear to have given him some trouble.*

It is satisfactory to discover that the object of so much admiration was not seized with a disorder reckoned so vulgar and ungenteel as the itch; which no poet, except perhaps Swift, would have thought of celebrating, notwithstanding that it has been contended that no less romantic a person than the celebrated lover of Eloise died of it.† But opinions on this subject may not have been uniform in all ages and countries, as it is well known that in former times this disease was, amongst the great highland chieftains, however much it may be despised now-a-days, considered to be an aristocratic and genteel affection, the exercise of scratching by which it is uniformly and

* But all that he has been able to say on the subject of eyes is not to be compared to that prettiest of all Latin epigrams, the author of which is, we believe, unknown:—

"Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro
Et potis est forma vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori
Sic tu cœcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

This thought has been versified in all the languages of Europe. Amongst the Germans, Kleist has given it with amazing conciseness, by leaving out all notice of the beauty of the person described, which is left to be inferred:—

"Du musst, O Kleiner Lykon, dein Aug' Agathen leihen
Blind wirst du dann Kupido, die Schwester Venus seyn."

† Gervaise has described with such offensive minuteness the nature of Abelard's disorder, that a medical man might be able to settle what was really the malady of which the learned theologian died. It appears that he had as much suffering as Job had, and, if we may believe his pious biographer, as much patience.—*Vie de Pierre Abeillard*, tom. ii. p. 227.

naturally accompanied being looked on as a luxury which only princes, or, at any rate, gentlemen of very ancient families, were worthy of enjoying.

In 1633, King Charles visited Edinburgh; and on that occasion Johnston was introduced to Archbishop Laud, who was one of the privy council, and who became the poet's patron, and urged him to proceed with the version of the Psalms which he had commenced. About this time, his paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, accompanied by the seven penitential and the seven consolatory Psalms, was published. The version of the Song of Solomon was dedicated to the King, the seven penitential Psalms to Laud, and the other seven to Lesley, Bishop of Raphoe. The dedication of his version of the Canticles to the King is very elegant, and shews—what might not have been so obvious from the work itself—that he regarded the poem as being purely a piece of mystical divinity. The concluding lines are beautiful:—

> "Hic Deus ipse suos e cœlo cantat amores
> Succinit in terris filia, nupta, nurus;
> Tolle quod hic nostrum est, interpretis erue sentes
> Cætera sunt violæ, lilia, myrrha, rosæ."

But this last thought is expressed with far greater beauty by Professor Kerr of King's College, in the dedication of his two versions of the same poem. There is a delightful Eastern air about the following lines:—

> "Hic nisi quod nostrum est, nil non pretiosius auro,
> Lac nive candidius, mellaque flava fluunt;
> Cuncta nitent gemmis; halantes undique surgunt
> Nardus, myrrha, crocus, lilia, tura, rosæ."*

* Poet. Scot. Musæ Sacræ, p. 162.

Johnston is allowed not to have much offended in the way of manufacturing his verses from shreds and patches of the Latin poets; and perhaps we are hypercritical in objecting to his "dulcissime rerum" and "animæ pars magna meæ," as attempts to engraft the prettiness of Horace on the poetry of Solomon; but surely we may express our regret that the poverty of the Latin tongue reduced the poet to the necessity of designating the mystical bride by so very offensive a title as "dulcis amica," which, to the classical scholar, who recollects that the ancients, having no gallantry about them, held that women were incapable of friendship, is uniformly associated with a bad meaning. We admit that these are trifling improprieties in comparison to what some of our modern Latin versifiers have been guilty of in handling sacred subjects. No man possessed of even moderately religious feeling can read without pain the version which Dr. Pitcairne has given of the hundred and fourth Psalm, in which he designates the Supreme Being by the name of "Jupiter" six times over, and once by the title of "Tonans." This fact alone we think far better evidence than all the profane jokes attributed in the jest books to the Doctor—that he possessed more than a fair share of the characteristic gracelessness of his profession. Though the proverb may not be perfectly correct, that wherever there are three physicians there are two atheists, observation of the facts will shew that medical men are nearly divided between one class, who are altogether careless of their spiritual interests, and another class, whose ostenta-

tious devoutness is found to be advantageous at once to their patients and to themselves.

In the year 1637, a complete version of the Psalms in Latin verse, which had been the labour of four years, was published by Johnston at Aberdeen from the press of Edward Raban. To this edition are appended the "Cantica Evangelica," comprehending the Salutation of the Angel, the Song of Elizabeth, the Song of the Blessed Virgin, the Song of Zacharias, the Song of Simeon, the Hymn of St. Ambrose, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. When the pious Dr. Isaac Watts, the best, because the simplest and plainest and most harmonious, of all hymn makers, comprehended the ten commandments in ten verses, he no doubt thought that he had done something rather clever and meritorious; but Johnston, favoured it must be admitted by the power of condensed expression which the Latin possesses, has beat Watts hollow, having crammed the ten commandments into six lines, in which form he perhaps conceived that they would be fully as acceptable to the younger branches of families as in any more diffuse state. We give the version which is pretty. It will be observed that in the first couplet he gets clear of four whole commandments; and it is quite evident, that, if he had liked, he could have done all the ten in five lines; which, however, would not have made out a regular set of hexameters and pentameters:—

"Me solum venerare Deum; nec sculpe quod oras;
Impia nec vox sit; luce quiesce sacrâ:

Majores reverenter habè; nec sanguine dextram
Infice; nec sancti pollue jura tori:
Pura manus furti; sit falsi nescia lingua;
Nullius optetur verna, marita, pecus."

The manner in which the fourth and tenth commandments are expressed, are instances of a beautiful conciseness. The Psalms are dedicated to Mary Erskine, Countess of Marischal. The poet's compliments to this lady are utterly spoiled by classical allusions to Juno, Venus, and Minerva, and the judgment of Paris, who made a selection which Johnston says he is under no necessity of following, because the lady to whom he inscribes his work surpassed in beauty all these goddesses put together. The inferiority of this dedication to the verses in which Buchanan inscribes his version to Mary Queen of Scots, will not fail to strike the least critical reader. In the same year in which the Psalms appeared in Aberdeen, another edition was printed in London, and contributed much to extend the reputation of the author. He was also about this time made Rector of King's College—an honour which, if we are to believe the notorious Lauder, is never conferred but on renowned and illustrious men. A number of poems by Johnston appeared in the "Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum," which was published at Amsterdam in 1637.

Several of Johnston's poems belong to the humorous class, though these are in general more learned than humorous. As a specimen of his manner of handling his subject, we may take a poem addressed to the town council in favour of a midwife, whom he designates Thaumantia, who had been put into con-

finement on account of some improper liberties which she had used with her tongue. Johnston accuses the council of a design against the continuance of the human race by the shutting up of Thaumantia. He then enters learnedly into the subject of child-bearing; alludes to the irregular manner in which Nero was born, and to the scientific operation which gave Julius Cæsar, Manlius, and Scipio Africanus to the world. He perhaps did not think that it would be classical to allude to the tradition about his countryman, Macduff, concerning which most people will be inclined to take the authority of Shakspere as decisive of the truth. He next treats of the birth of Pallas from the brain of Jove, by Vulcan splitting the forehead of the god with his axe; and remarks, that, on that trying occasion, the king of gods and men would have liked well to have had the professional assistance of the ingenious lady whom the magistrates were keeping in the tolbooth. The poet also alludes in a very pretty manner to the service which Thaumantia had done himself, in delivering his wife, and preserving three lives at once, as he himself was dying of sorrow at witnessing the probable fate of his spouse and daughter:—

> "Hæc mihi cum dulci servavit conjuge natam
> Primitias thalami, deliciasque mei;
> Me quoque subduxit letho, qui funere prolis
> Mæstus et uxoris, commorituru eram."

He next puts it to the magistrates who had imprisoned Thaumantia, whether they themselves, in their families, had not often experienced her skill; and asks, if such proceedings had taken place in former

days, where would have been all the Menzieses, and Rutherfurds, and Collisons, and Cullens, and other ornaments of the North. He also expresses his fears, that Venus and her winged son may take their flight from the earth in consequence of this untoward affair, or that an increase of child murders may be the result. He appeals to the humanity of the magistrates, whether it was right that virtuous women should suffer the fate of the adulterous Alcmena, who, by the power of Juno, was made to suffer the pains of labour for seven days and seven nights before she brought forth Alcides, as a punishment for having dared to detain the king of gods three days and nights in her embraces. From his allusion to the Egyptian midwives, whose piety was rewarded by God, we are led to conjecture that Thaumantia's special offence had been the telling of falsehoods. We have alluded to some of the points touched on in this curious poem, in order to give an idea of the nature of Johnston's satire and fancy. It is to be hoped that so much learning and elegiac verse were not thrown away upon the town council, and that this mother of the public in general was speedily set at liberty, in order to exercise her wonderful obstetric skill.

Among Johnston's miscellaneous poems are two upon the burning of the house of Frendraucht, a horrid affair, which took place in the end of the year 1630. The first is the complaint of Sophia Hay for the death of her husband, Viscount Melgum, who perished in the flames. The other is a lament on the death of the Viscount and of Gordon of Rothiemay.

In both poems, the origin of the tragedy is spoken of as a deep mystery :—

> "Auctorem nec scire datur; secretior ille est
> Quam pelagi fontes aut incunabula Nili."

There appears to have been scarcely a family of any name in the north of Scotland to some branch of which Johnston has not addressed some verses. He has celebrated, in pretty lines, the parrot, the lap-dog, and the cat, of Anne, daughter of the Marquis of Huntly; and one of his pieces is occasioned by his sending a present of two whelps to this lady. This last poem, to our taste, is one of the most elegant in the whole collection. The concluding verses are delightful :—

> "Nobile par tecum nitida colludet in aula
> Carpet et ambrosias, te tribuente, dapes.
> Tu quoties parvis simulant latratibus iras
> Palpabis nivea serica terga manu.
> Basia fors roseis audebunt ferre labellis
> Vel si non audent, tu, Dea, forte dabis
> Forsan et invadent gremium fraterque sororque
> Et simul in molli stertet uterque sinu.
> Numine cur posito pennas sibi sumpsit oloris,
> Jupiter et torvi cornua flexa bovis?
> Si quis amat superûm, donis simuletur Elizæ
> Anna tuo propius si cupit ore frui."

Of the private life of Johnston, little is known besides what can be gathered from his poems. It appears that he was on terms of intimacy with most of the eminent men of his time. One of his pieces is addressed to Dr. Robert Baron, on the death of his only son. In a beautiful passage, the poet acknowledges that he had experienced the soothing consolation of his friend when he had himself to bewail the

loss of his own children. Amongst other eminent men commemorated in Johnston's poems, we find Dr. Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen; Dr. John Forbes of Corse; Dr. William Forbes; Dr. Patrick Dun; Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet; Jamieson, the painter; Andrew Melville; Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate; William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; David Wedderburn; Thomas Nicholson, Lord Advocate; Dr. Andrew Ramsay; besides a host of the nobility of the North. From his address to Wedderburn, whom he styles his "old friend," we learn several of the particulars of his history given above. It would appear that Wedderburn had been his fellow-student and companion. It is something remarkable to hear Johnston, who died at no very advanced age, speaking so feelingly as he does of his grey hairs and the infirmity of years. From such passages, as well as from his poetical law papers, which we have noticed before, we suspect that Johnston was a discontented man, as a great many poets are. Amongst his *Parerga* are some lines on the poet Gasper Barlæus, well known for his Latin verses, and with whom Johnston had probably become acquainted during his residence on the Continent.* Amongst his English

* This friend of Johnston's is said to have possessed more than a fair share of a poet's weakness of nerves. We are told that at one time he believed that he was made of glass, and was afraid that people coming against him would knock him in pieces—a common delusion with hypochondriacs. At other times he looked on himself as a lump of butter, and took care not to come near the fire for fear of melting. A third form of his delusion led him to esteem himself a bundle of hay; and this also made him avoid fire, lest a chance spark might put him in a blaze.—See *Bayle*, vol i. p. 455.

friends were Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Pembroke; and amongst the Aberdeenshire gentry celebrated in his verses, are Forbes of Craigievar, Forbes of Tolquhon, Urquhart of Craigston, and Seton of Pitmedden.

Johnston's death took place at Oxford in the year 1641. Having gone there to visit a daughter, who was married to a clergyman of the Church of England, he was seized with a diarrhœa, which cut him off in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried at Oxford, a circumstance which led David Wedderburn, in one of his *Suspiria*, to call on Scotland to grieve at being deprived of the tomb of so great a poet, the high honour of possessing such a memorial having fallen to England. A collected edition of his works, in a very neat form, was published at Middelburg, in the year after his death, by Mr. William Spang, minister of the Scotish church at Campvere. His version of the Psalms was republished in London in 1637, and again in 1652; and an edition without a date is mentioned as having been printed at Cambridge. In 1706, an edition was printed at Amsterdam under the inspection of David Hoogstratan, and dedicated to Janus Brockhusius. In 1709, a new edition of his Song of Solomon was printed at Edinburgh by Ruddiman. In 1739, the notorious William Lauder published Johnston's sacred poems in the collection intitled "Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ." In the year 1741, William Benson, Auditor of the Exchequer, put forth a treatise on the comparative merits of Buchanan and Johnston as translators of the

Psalms, and assigned the preference to the latter. This caused a great ferment in the learned world, and particularly amongst schoolmasters. In the same year, Benson published an edition of the Psalms in 4to. and 8vo., with notes in the manner of the Delphin classics, for the use of the Prince of Wales. He again printed the Psalms in 1742, along with the Greek version of Duport. The criticisms of Benson called forth a learned reply from Ruddiman, who vindicated the superiority of Buchanan with great earnestness; and who, though no great judge of poetry, carried the general feeling along with him.

Johnston's poetry, like all other modern Latin poetry, has now justly fallen into disrepute. The dispute whether he or Buchanan had best succeeded in translating the Hebrew poet's strains into the feebleness of Latin verse, will not in all likelihood be revived to trouble the peace of the literary world. That any version into the Latin of these Psalms, or of the Song of Solomon, can afford much delight to those who really enjoy these poems in our beautiful Saxon tongue is what we may be permitted to doubt. Those, however, who placed Johnston on a level with Buchanan, certainly appear to us to have wished to distinguish themselves by holding peculiar opinions, or to have been gifted with no ordinary want of taste and feeling. In elegance, ease, and grace, the superiority is all on the side of Buchanan, who is allowed to hold equal rank with Vida and Sannazarius, amongst those moderns who have wasted splendid talents in the composition of Latin poetry; if, indeed, he be not the

greatest of them all. By those who hold Virgil to have been the chief of the Latin poets, Buchanan has been called the Virgil, and Johnston the Ovid, of the translators of the Psalms; and it ought not to be forgotten, that, though the general voice ranks Johnston below Buchanan, the same judgment places him above all the other Latin translators of the Psalms; and Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose turn of mind fitted him for being a good critic in Latin poetry, places Johnston next to Buchanan amongst the Latin poets of Scotland. The praises of Johnston's own countrymen have been re-echoed by the scholars of the Continent. It has been justly objected to his version, by Lowth, and indeed by some of Johnston's warmest admirers, that it is all, with the exception of the varieties introduced in the hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, written in that eternal elegiac, which our poet seems to have thought fit for every subject, serious or comic, tender or truculent. Even his idolatrous admirer, Lauder, declares that the elegiac is principally adapted for affairs of sorrow or love, and that it is unsuited for the sublime and magnificent—a sad reflection, certainly, on the judgment of the poet who chose it for a version of the Psalms. We hardly think, that, in turning the Song of Solomon into the verse of Ovid's Epistles, Johnston was so happy as our townsman, Professor Kerr, one of whose two versions is given entirely in the Sapphic measure.

There are people who hold a successful imitation of the Latin poets of the Augustan age to be a splendid literary achievement, in the same way as these

Augustan poets conceived that all excellence lay in a slavish imitation of the Greeks. "Roman poetry," says Mühlenfels, "was never anything more than court poetry. The vain Augustus, and his favourite Mæcenas, longed for verses *à la Grecque*, and they were supplied by Virgil and Horace." Those who do not choose to take their opinions implicitly from books on the belles lettres, but who have endeavoured to make themselves acquainted with the great productions of genius, and are able to look on Virgil in his proper light, as an elegant compiler from the Greeks, will be very little disposed to indulge in any rapturous admiration of modern Latin poetry. They will rather lament that men of genius in modern times should have chosen to write in a language in which they dared not to put two words together in any form for which they could not find a precedent in the meagre pages of the Roman writers; and in which, if they used one phrase of their own, that phrase would be branded as an error. Of all literary people, the Romans could least afford to be pillaged; and the poverty of those who borrow from beggars is proverbially extreme. To some people's minds, however, Latin has a most supernatural charm in itself. It was long ago declared by a learned Jesuit, Melchior Inchofer, to be the language spoken by the angels in heaven; and in more recent times, the strangest things have been said about it by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, a man not devoid of sense, but who flies in a rage at a French critic for impudently asserting that, after all, Latin was no more than any other language.

The Doctor says, that Dante and Ariosto, and Milton and Moliere, came to be what they are by copying from the Romans; and there are boys at our colleges who are persuaded that the English language is derived from the Latin. And not only is poverty of expression concealed under the guise of this "learned" tongue, but the same sentence which would be laughed at in English will be highly applauded if worded in Latin. How often are we called on to admire Terence's beautiful thought—

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Yet, what is this but just one of those bits of vulgar affected sentimentality which we hear every day from the mouths of swindlers and blackguards, and which may be gathered in any quantity from the fashionable comedies of Reynolds, Colman the younger, and writers of their stamp?

EDWARD RABAN.

It is rather a singular circumstance, that the art of printing was not introduced into Aberdeen for considerably more than a century after it had found its way into Edinburgh, though the inhabitants of this city have always been amongst the first to adopt all real improvements, as they have always been amongst the last to go into useless and unprofitable novelties. As the first man who set up a printing press in Aberdeen, Edward Raban would have been entitled to some notice, even if he had not been, as he was, a writer both in prose and verse. Of the birth-place of Raban, no record has, we believe, been preserved; but it has been conjectured that he was a native of England. He was following his craft in St. Andrew's, when he was invited to Aberdeen at the instance of the provost, Sir Paul Menzies, and of Bishop Patrick Forbes; and was appointed to the office of printer to the city and university, with a monopoly of the printing business, which at that period it is not likely that many would have been inclined to dispute with him. He commenced business here in the year 1622, when he set up his press in a house on the north side of Castle Street, and published a treatise "De Disciplina Ecclesiastica," and the tale of the "Twae Freirs of Berwick."* Mr. Kennedy, who had not been aware

* Book of Bon Accord, p. 55.

of these works, mentions a prayer-book, with the calendar, and the Psalms, set to music, printed in the year 1625, as amongst the first fruits of Raban's labours in Aberdeen. In the year 1626, as we learn from the author of the "Book of Bon Accord," Raban commenced the publication of an almanack, believed to be the earliest in Scotland, which was continued by him for several years, and is the progenitor of the present Aberdeen Almanack. In order to relieve the natural dryness of an almanack's contents, Raban, as appears from the title of his first "Prognostication," had inserted in it "a summary discourse of the proceedings against the Pope and Spaine," which might have been as interesting reading as the Joe Miller's jokes which generally accompany the modern Belfast almanacks.

Raban, it would appear, was duly sensible of the honour of having been the first to introduce the art of printing into this city, and took care to affix to his name that he was "Master Printer, the first in Aberdene." He was also pleased to take upon himself the title of "Laird of Letters." Of his treatise called "The Glorie of Man consisting in the Excellence and Perfection of Woman," we have not seen any further notice than the mention of it by the author of the "Book of Bon Accord." We can, however, present the reader with a short specimen of Raban's prose and verse, both of which are curious enough. In the year 1635, he lost his distinguished patron, the Bishop of Aberdeen, and the printer, who had got a good deal of work from Forbes, manifested

the unfeigned sorrow which, in common with the whole community, he felt on this occasion, by putting forth the following original effusion :—

RABAN'S REGRATE

For the present losse of his very good Lord, Patron, and Master,

PATRICK FORBES,

Bishop of Aberdene, Baron of Corse and Oneill; who most peaceablie and godlie departed hence to a better lyfe, vpon Easter-Even, about 3 aclocke in the morning, at his Pallace in Olde Aberdene, adjacent to the Cathedrall Church, in the 71 yeare of his honorable age, and the 17 yeare of his godlie governament.

March 28, *Anno* 1635.

Behold, alas! here lyeth one,
Who, on this earth compare had none;
A learned patron, wyse and grave,
A consull good. What would you haue?
Chiefe orator of Scotland's north.
The world can not afford his vvorth.
A prelate and a pastor good;
Who in due tyme gaue heavenlie food,
At morne, at noone, and ev'ning tyde,
Vnto his flocke—sweet IESUS bryde;
The poor with meate hee fed also,
None hungrie from his house did goe.
A crosse into his badge hee bore,
And follow'd CHRIST, who went before;
But halfe a day, for to prepare
For Corse with Him an heavenlie share.
Then, death, where is thy sting? Let see,
And, graue, where is thy victorie?
Your honour in the dust is spred;
Patricke now reynes with Christ his Head,
Death's but a passage, to convoy
Such saynets into their Master's ioy.
The Lord prepare us, lesse and more,
To follow him; hee's gone before.

Good Sirs, I am bihind the rest,
I do confesse, for want of skill;
But not a whit behind the best
To shew th' affection of good will.

EDWARD RABAN, Master Printer, the first in Aberdene."*

* Funerals of a Right Reverend Father, &c., p. 428.

Though these verses prove that Raban had not courted the Muses with any very distinguished success, yet, considering the heap of rubbish written by learned doctors, professors, and divines, amongst which his production was inserted, there is something very like false modesty in apologising for his want of poetical talent.

The author of the "Book of Bon Accord" conjectures that Raban died in 1649. It is from no want of veneration for the earliest Aberdeen printer that we notice, that the work from which we have taken the foregoing poem appears to us to be very inelegantly got up, even for the period in which it was produced; though, from the subject of it, we might conclude that due pains had not been spared upon it.

DR. WILLIAM GUILD.

The life of this distinguished benefactor of the incorporated trades of Aberdeen was written, about forty years ago, by the late Dr. James Shirrefs, one of the ministers of the town.* Dr. Shirrefs died in the year 1830. He was highly respected for his christian character, as were the great body of the established clergy of the country in his time. His life of Dr. Guild is one of the best specimens of that artificial way of writing which is the besetting sin of almost all clergymen, professors, and schoolmasters who addict themselves to literature. A notion appears to possess the minds of writers of this class, that, in relating the most trifling circumstance, or expressing the simplest opinion upon paper, they must convey it in sentences made according to scientific principles, and quite distinct from the language of every-day conversation. Accordingly, they take care, as far as possible, to deprive their discourse of all vigour and energy, by substituting, wherever they can, the unemphatic and nerveless terms which we have taken from the Latin for the beautiful and expressive words of the glorious Saxon tongue which their mothers taught them in childhood, and which, before they grew learned, they themselves were not ashamed to make

* An Inquiry into the Life, Writings, and Character of the Rev. Dr. William Guild, &c. Abdn. 1798.

use of. With the same diseased taste, they appear to hold that a main thing in the art of fine writing is to convey as little meaning in as many words as possible. Therefore, a "school" is to be called an "educational institution"—the word "educational" being, by the bye, an abomination introduced the other day; "black ink" is known under the title of "writing fluid;" the word "sweat," notwithstanding that the great scholars and unrivalled masters of the English language who made our noble translation of the Scriptures have made beautiful use of it, is thought so low a term, that it is got quite out of use with this class of writers; and the word "perspiration," which has not the same meaning at all, is used in its place, to the great confusion of statements of physical facts. Then plain "working people" are called at least by the nickname of "operatives," and sometimes by that of "industrial classes," a term, we suspect, not intelligible, without a translation, to factory girls, certainly not the least numerous nor the least interesting portion of the body so miscalled. A thing which a plain man would call "contrary to truth and justice," must be stigmatised as "directly contrary to the fundamental principles of justice and the very elements of eternal truth." The whole of these people's language appears as if stereotyped for them; you know the class by a glance at the first line of their productions. When you see a book beginning with "Man is a social animal," a sentence by which any subject might be commenced; or, "When we look around us, and survey the works of nature;" or, "A late eminent writer

justly remarks,"—depend upon it that the author has at one time or other filled a pulpit, or a professor's or schoolmaster's chair. Few indeed of these public teachers have escaped this corruption; some of them of eminent abilities have been deeply tinged with it. Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the auld dominie that keepit a schule and ca'd it an acawdemy," as Boswell the elder, a much wiser man than his son, expressed it, is a notorious instance of a great man infected with this malady. The writings of the late Dr. William Lawrence Brown, an eminent scholar, are far from being free of it. The thoroughly masculine intellect of Dr. Campbell enabled him to see the ridiculousness of this system, and to avoid it. The great Dean Swift, who was a clergyman like no other clergyman, seems to have been totally and entirely uncontaminated by this or by any other weakness to which his profession is peculiarly liable. Amongst writers who have not been public teachers, Dr. Irving, to whose works we owe so much of what is known of Scotish literature, is an example of a man of ability fallen deeply into this perverse taste. In speaking of a writer's style being tedious, he says that "it is obnoxious to the charge of prolixity." These people ought really to adopt Moliere's plan, and read over their works to their housekeepers, or, as they perhaps would call them, "the females who preside over the domestic arrangements of their establishments."

William Guild was born in Aberdeen in the year 1586, and was, says Dr. Shirrefs, the son of "an eminent artificer"—an elegant designation, which the

Doctor afterwards interprets, by telling us that Guild's father was an armourer, and a member of the incorporation of hammermen. A portrait, said to be that of Guild's father, is to be seen amongst the curious paintings by which Trinity Hall is adorned. Guild had three sisters, two of whom survived him. The eldest, Jean, was married to the famous David Anderson of Finzeauch, commonly called, on account of his varied acquirements in practical science, "Davie-do-a'-thing." Jean, who appears, like her brother, to have had a tender care for the poor, left a considerable sum for the maintenance and education of orphans. "Christian," says Dr. Shirrefs, "was unmarried at the time of her brother's death. Margaret, the other surviving sister, was married to Thomas Cushnie, glazier." Guild's father, who was in comfortable circumstances, sent his son to the recently opened University of Marischal College, which was then thought to be a much safer place for young men than King's College, on account of the more decided orthodoxy of the professors. Here, while not neglecting other studies, he devoted himself chiefly to such as would qualify him for the office of the ministry. At the early age of twenty-two he became an author, having published his "New Sacrifice of Christian Incense; or the True Entry to the Tree of Life and Gracious Gate of Glorious Paradise" at London in 1608. This treatise was dedicated to Prince Henry, to Charles, Duke of York, and to the Princess Elizabeth. In the same year he published another work, intitled, "The only way to Salvation, or the Life and Soul of

True Religion." These treatises were, as Guild's all are, to use the words of his laudatory biographer, "judiciously concise." In the same year in which he published these works he was appointed minister of the parish of King-Edward in the presbytery of Turriff. In two years after this, says Dr. Shirrefs, "the tender endearments of conjugal affection were added to his other comforts by his marriage to Mrs. Katharine Rowan, daughter of Rowan or Rolland of Disblair;" but as they were childless, "he knew not the cares nor the pleasures of a father."

In the year 1617, King James revisited Scotland. Nothing was more at the monarch's heart than the establishment of Episcopacy, in its full vigour, in his native country. He was attended by Dr. Lancelot Andrews, the Bishop of Ely, famous as one of the translators of the Bible, of whose great learning a poet of that time has said—

> "Great Andrews, who the whole vast sea did drain
> Of learning, and distilled it in his brain."

Andrews was one of the King's privy council; and on his services in assisting him to reconcile the people of Scotland to Episcopacy, James placed great dependence. Amongst those whom Andrews honoured with his marked attention was Dr. Guild, who sat in the Assembly held in Aberdeen at which it was resolved that a liturgy should be prepared for Scotland. This project, however, was afterwards abandoned. During these transactions Guild had acquired the intimate friendship of Andrews; and on that prelate's promotion to the see of Winchester in 1618, he dedicated to

him his work intitled "Moses Unveiled." This little treatise professes to explain "those figures which served unto the pattern and shadow of heavenly things, pointing out the Messiah, Christ Jesus." It appears to us to be an exceedingly worthless production, and by no means calculated for edification; and "the Harmony of all the Prophets," which soon after followed it, is a work of the same character. Both treatises, however, found plenty of admirers, and were repeatedly published both in Scotland and England—the "Moses Unveiled" having last year been reprinted by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh. The fortune of religious treatises is indeed exceedingly curious. Many of them, possessed of not one particle of merit, either in matter or manner, have gone through numerous editions; while others, of a very high character indeed, have been totally forgotten. The friendship of Bishop Andrews introduced Dr. Guild to the acquaintance of the learned Dr. Young, the Dean of Winchester, and Guild's own countryman, whose influence with the King procured for him the appointment of one of his Majesty's chaplains. To Dr. Young, Guild dedicated his "Harmony of all the Prophets."

While yet at King-Edward, Dr. Guild had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him—an honour which, if he obtained it by the writings to which we have alluded, was certainly very cheaply purchased.

About this time it was exceedingly popular to write against Romanism, and especially against Bel-

larmin; so that, as Dr. Shirrefs very truly remarks, there was scarcely a learned divine who did not write against that famous Jesuit. Dr. Guild did his duty, as a Protestant clergyman, by putting forth a work against purgatory, intitled "*Ignis Fatuus*, or the Elf-Fire of Purgatory," "wherein," says Dr. Shirrefs, "Bellarmin is confuted by arguments both out of the Old and New Testament, and by his own proofs out of the Scriptures and Fathers." He afterwards published an "Annex to the Treatise of Purgatory," in which he examined the Popish distinction between venial and mortal sin. The work was dedicated to the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale.

Dr. Guild, however, had not yet done with the Romish Church, but in the following year put forth a work against her antiquity. All churches whatever would like to be ancient if they could; and there is nothing in the Romish Church with which her opponents are more grievously offended than with her antiquity, which, in spite of numerous most ingenious attempts to prove her a thing of yesterday, is still allowed to her by the general voice of the christian world, not excluding those who are strongly opposed to her in other respects. This work Dr. Guild dedicated to Sir Alexander Gordon of Cluny.

Guild's next publication was intitled "A Compend of the Controversies of Religion," and was dedicated to the Countess of Enzie. It was printed at Aberdeen by Edward Raban. The character of Dr. Guild now stood so high in public estimation, that, on one of the pastoral charges in Aberdeen becoming vacant,

the magistrates unanimously appointed Dr. Guild to fill it, which he did in 1631. It appears, from the minute of his election, that he had preached in the pulpits of the town with great approbation. It is believed that his appointment was then acceptable to the people. His colleagues in the situation were, Dr. William Forbes, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, Dr. James Sibbald, and Dr. Alexander Ross—all eminent scholars and divines. In his new situation, he distinguished himself as a warm and generous friend to the interests of the city. He had, so far back as the year 1623, while minister of King-Edward, given to the town council a house beside the Greyfriars' Church, which he had purchased, for the purpose of enabling them to enlarge the gateway of Marischal College. It appears that about the time of his removal to Aberdeen, the Greyfriars' Church stood so much in need of repair, that it was unfit for public worship. Dr. Guild contributed liberally to its renovation, and, with the assistance of a patriotic citizen, Alexander Stewart, merchant, all the windows were repaired in the year 1633, and the church made in every way fit for accommodating the congregation; and, in the year 1640, the General Assembly, which sat at Aberdeen, held its meetings in it. Having become patron of the incorporated trades, he made such liberal additions to their funds, as to lay the foundation of their present opulence. In the year 1631, he purchased the ancient convent of the Trinity Friars from Mowat of Ardo, and gifted it to the trades, as an hospital for the reception of decayed workmen. From his deed

of mortification, it appears that Guild interdicted the admission into the hospital of any women, even of the wives of the inmates. Over the gateway of the hospital three ornamental panels were placed, in commemoration of his beneficence. On the two first are the following inscriptions:—

I.

Fundavit Gulielm R. Scot. 1181.
To ye. glorie of God and confort of the Poore
This Hows was giwen
To the Crafts by Mr. Wiliam Guild Doctour of Divinitie
minister of Abd: 1633.

II.

W. D. G. Fundator.

On the third panel is that passage of Scripture which contains the most powerful and most sublime of all arguments for almsgiving:—

III.

He . That . Pitieth . the . Poore . Lendeth . To . The . Lord . And
That . Which . He . Hath . Given . Will . He . Repay.
Prov. 19. 17.

"There is more rhetoric," says Sir Thomas Browne, "in that one sentence than in a library of sermons; and, indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they were delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instruction, but might be honest by an epitome."

The deed of the foundation of the Trades' Hospital was ratified by royal charter in 1633.

About this time, the troubles in which the country was involved, owing to the attempts of the Stuarts to impose the English liturgy on the people of Scotland took their rise. The clergy, professors, and principal

inhabitants of Aberdeen, were but little averse to Episcopacy; and many of them refused to subscribe the Covenant, though most of them were at last obliged to submit to it. On the 29th of July, 1638, a band, consisting of the Marquis of Montrose, the Lord Couper, the Master of Forbes, the Laird of Leys, the Laird of Morphie, the famous Mr. Alexander Henderson, Mr. David Dickson, and Mr. Andrew Cant, came to the Town Hall, in order to force the signing of the Covenant; and so earnest were they in their work, that they rudely refused a glass of wine offered to them by the magistrates—a thing, "whereof the like," says Spalding, "never was done to Aberdeen in no man's memory;" and declared that they would "drink none with them till once the Covenant was subscribed." In the case of one of this deputation, Andrew Cant, we have here a strong proof of his zeal for his principles, when we recollect that he was no abstainer, but one who, though he punished people for taking the fresh air on the Lord's Day, did not scruple to drink a tumbler for his own comfort on a Sunday evening. Dr. Guild, as well as some others, subscribed the Covenant with certain qualifications. Some time after, Guild, Dr. Baron, Dr. Sibbald, Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Belhelvie, Mr. John Lundie, master of the Grammar School, and Mr. James Hervie, minister, were appointed Commissioners from the Presbytery of Aberdeen to the famous General Assembly which met at Glasgow and decreed the abolition of Episcopacy in Scotland. It is thought that Guild was in his heart favourable to the system

which he concurred in abolishing, being, as Dr. Shirrefs says, "desirous, by prudent concessions, to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and knowing that if he had not gone in with the majority, he would have been cast out of his living and subjected to all the persecution with which majorities of ecclesiastical bodies never fail to visit those who offer any honest opposition to them. On the Sunday after he returned, he intended to read from his pulpit the Act of Assembly and the excommunication of the bishops, but was prevented by an interdict from the magistrates, with which, in the meantime, he thought it judicious to comply; but sent intimation to Edinburgh of what had taken place: "whereupon," says Spalding, "mickle sorrow followed upon Aberdeen." In the month of March following, on the approach of an army to the city, in order to compel an unlimited subscription of the Covenant by all within the burgh, the clergy and professors of Aberdeen were obliged to leave their charges and provide for their safety. Several of them fled to different parts of the country; some went to England; and Dr. Guild passed over to Holland; but in a short time returned again, from "a resolution," says Dr. Shirrefs, "to share in the trials and sufferings of his oppressed countrymen;" which is not likely to have been the motive actuating a man of Dr. Guild's character. He was, however, well received by a party of his townsmen, though the more zealous of the Episcopalians no doubt looked upon him as a time-server. From some entries in the Aberdeen Kirk-Session Register about this time,

we learn, that while the Doctor was perhaps unpopular with the community in general, he possessed considerable influence with his own party. On the 10th of November, we find that he was moderator of the Kirk Session, and that at their meeting on that day, at which, as was the custom, one of the magistrates was present, "James Davidson, servant to Alex^r. Gordoun, wobster, being convict be the Depositiones of sindrie famous witness', admitted, sworne, and examined for speiking some injurious disdainfull words aganes Doctour Willeam Guild, was thairefoir ordanit to be putt in the Jogges the morrow, and thaireafter to be quheipit at the staik in the correction hous." In the month of February in the following year, we find, from an entry in the Session Register, that Guild and Sibbald received forty pounds (Scots of course) from the Kirk Session, "for causs known to the said ministers, and privie to thame onlie," and which was "to be employed be thame wpon pious wses, as thay shall think gude"—an explanation not likely to have been made by the rev. gentlemen if the money had been to be used for any honest purpose. In those "best and purest days of the Church" there is, however, most complete evidence from its own record, that the Kirk Session of Aberdeen, which in all probability was not worse than other Kirk Sessions, was entirely under the guidance of unprincipled persons. In the extraordinary pure year of 1640, we find these persons ordering a poor woman to be whipped at the stake, and repeatedly putting her into confinement, in order to force from her a confession of being guilty

of an offence with which, without any evidence, another person of admitted bad character had accused her.* Such proceedings, however, will be allowed to detract but little from the character of these men in the eyes of their admirers, when it is considered that about the same time they passed an order to remove the portrait of Mr. Alexander Reid of Pitfoddels from above the session door, because some godly officers in the army, then lying here, looked on the picture "as smelling someqt. of poprie." They also made Isobell Lumsden to stand in sackcloth before the pulpit, and crave pardon of God for her sin in "resideing and dwelling with excommunicat papistis." Further, in order that no interruption might be offered to the preaching of the clergy, they put out a special order, prohibiting, under penalties, any of the inhabitants from suffering "thair Dogges, whither thay be mastives, curres, or messens," to follow them to the kirk, it having been found that serious injury had been done to true godliness by these "dogges" interfering with the integrity of sermons by interpolating their own barking into the middle of them; in which case, as in all similar instances, the spurious passages had no doubt attracted the greatest share of attention. Besides, it is very likely that the poor animals did not

* "14 June, 1640. Margrat Warrak wes injonet to the correction hous, thairin to remain dureing the pleasour of the Session, and quhill sho be brocht to ane confession of hir sin of fornication with James Aberdour; and for that effect shoe is ordanit to be quheipet the morne at the staik." After this, as she still protested that she was innocent, she was sent back again to the house of correction, "thairin to remain qll shoe [be] brocht to ane forder confession."

bark when the minister would have wished them, nor pay a proper attention to the context. Montaigne, who knew more things than most people, has certified that elephants have a considerable sense of religion; but though dogs have justly obtained a fair reputation for natural judgment and common discretion, these sagacious brutes, as far as we are aware, have never got credit for their devotional feelings.

After his return, Guild, in order to calm the minds of his countrymen, wrote his "Friendly and Faithful Advice to the Nobility, Gentry, and others," which is mentioned with much contempt by Spalding, who bore the Doctor an especial ill-will. In the meantime, Dr. William Leslie, Principal of King's College, having refused to subscribe the Covenant, was deprived of his office, and Dr. Guild was named in his room on the 18th August, 1640. Dr. Shirrefs omits to notice, that, before receiving this appointment, Guild, who had previously subscribed the Covenant with limitations, and who, in his "Friendly and Faithful Advice," had condemned the conduct of subjects raising an army against their King, now signed the Covenant without any qualification whatever. Guild was put on a leet with Mr. Robert Baillie for the office of Principal. Spalding, who speaks of both the candidates with the greatest contempt, holds that the election was not a regular one, as certain gentlemen had appeared as procurators for the Earls of Lothian, Angus, Mar, and Murray, as Spalding insinuates without any warrant. The election, however, was confirmed by the ruling party in church matters, and

Dr. Leslie delivered up "the haill keys of the college library, and all which he had, to Dr. Guild," and retired to a chamber which was allowed him within the College to "ly in and study." It was some time after this election before Guild gave up his pastoral charge and consented to his induction. As minister of Aberdeen, Guild appears, we should think contrary to his own sounder judgment, to have gone into all the follies and unchristian practices of his more fanatical brethren; and we learn with surprise that he preached against the celebration of Yool, because it was the pleasure of the Church at that time to hold it a crime, and to punish as such the taking any notice of the birthday of the Saviour.* Though, however, he would not observe that day, nor allow others to observe it, it appears that the Doctor did not conceive it to be at all contrary to piety to get drunk on the evening before Christmas. Provided that Christmas was duly desecrated, it seems to have been thought that you might feast and drink on any other day with great propriety. Even music and the singing of songs was strictly prohibited on the return of the day of

* Ninth January, 1654 (a year in the very heart of the golden age), "Jhonne Keannie, baxter, was this day sharplie rebuked befor the Sessioune be the moderator for careing pyes one Zoolday. He promised newir to backe pyes for Zuilday, nor to carie anie that day throwe the streates in tyme comeing, with certificatioune," &c.—(*Session Register*, vol. v.) In February, 1657, John Cowtes, the tacksman of the Flour Mill, was publicly rebuked in the church for having, like a good Christian, refused to work upon Christmas. This sound-hearted miller had, it is true, added to his offence by rashly uttering a wish, that the parties who wished him to desecrate Zool might break their legs; which words, spoken in haste, the Session decided to be "curseing and wicked expressions."

redemption. How different was the mind of our great religious poet on this subject:—

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.

* * * *

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the heaven by the sun's team untrod?
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright.
See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet;
O run! prevent them with thy humble ode,
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir
From out his secret altar, touch'd with hallowed fire."

From the time that Guild returned from the continent, he appears to have been zealous in enforcing the subscription of the Covenant and the notions of its supporters. On the 5th of August, 1640, he, along with the Master of Forbes, who was a ringleader in all kinds of mischief, and other covenanters, committed a series of outrages, which cannot be read of without sorrow; and which, whatever might be said by Dr. M'Crie, or any other Old-Light Seceder, who may hold all respect for the representations of sacred things to be mere affected sentimentality, are incapable of being honestly defended. "They came all," says Spalding, whose language we adopt because it cannot be mended, "riding up the gate to St. Machar's kirk, ordained our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, his arms to be cut out of the fore front of the pulpit

thereof, and to take down the portraiture of the blessed Virgin Mary and our Saviour in her arms, that had stood since the up-putting thereof, in curious work, under the ceiling at the west end of the pend whereon the great steeple stands, unmoved till now; and gave order to colonel master of Forbes to see this done, whilk with all diligence he obeyed; and besides, where there were any crucifixes set in glass windows, those he caused pull out in honest men's houses. He caused a mason strike out Christ's arms in hewn work, on each end of Bishop Gavin Dunbar's tomb, and sicklike chizel out the name of Jesus, drawn cypher ways, out of the timber wall on the foreside of Machar's aisle, anent the consistory door; the crucifix on the Oldtown cross was thrown down; the crucifix on the Newtown closed up, being loath to break the stone; the crucifix on the west end of St. Nicholas Church in New Aberdeen thrown down, whilk was never touched before."

On the 27th of June, 1641, Guild preached his last sermon as minister of Aberdeen, in which situation he was succeeded by the famous Andrew Cant. After sermon, he intimated that he was called on to leave his charge, and to fill the situation of Principal of King's College. According to Spalding, some of his audience were not ill pleased at his departure, "he being somewhat seditious." Spalding, in other parts of his history, has let us know that Guild's sermons were "unsavoury," and that the people did not care about them; which we can well believe. On entering on his Principalship, Guild, for his first work, accord-

ing to Spalding, "employed masons to cast down the walls of the Snow Kirk, and transport the stones to big up the College-yard dykes, and to employ the hewn work to the decayed windows within the College, whereat many Oldtown people murmured, the samen being some time the parish kirk of Old Aberdeen, within the whilk their friends and forefathers were buried." He also threw down the Bishop's dove-cot, which was, however, his own property, and which Spalding admits to have been "ruinous and unprofitable," in order to assist the building of a song school. In his zeal against Dr. Guild's destructive disposition, Spalding not only blames him for what he demolished, but also for what he constructed. We learn that he pulled down the Bishop's house and broke all the beds and boards, in order to fit up the college chambers. "He tirred," says this interesting historian, "the haill toofalls of the office-houses, such as bake-houses, brew-houses, byres, stables, yea, and of some toofall chambers also, and carried roof and slates away; wherewith he roofed a song school, and slated the samen, within Bernard Innes's close, *where never song school was before*;" which certainly was no good reason that a song school should never be there, if this Bernard Innes's close was a respectable "court," as it would be called now-a-days. Though we cannot condemn the building of song schools, we certainly concur with the historian, that it was "pitiful and lamentable to behold! kirks and stately buildings first to be casten down by ruffians and rascals, and next by churchmen, under colour of religion." In order

to perfect the work of demolishing what the piety of his predecessors had reared, Dr. Guild and Mr. William Strachan, the minister, "yoked William Charles, wright in Aberdeen, to the down-taking of the back of the high altar, standing upon the east end of Bishop Gavin Dunbar's aisle as high nearly as the ceiling thereof, curiously wrought of fine wainscot, so that within Scotland there was not a better wrought piece." According to this historian, the wright felt some religious scruples about touching this noble monument of piety, and would not demolish it till Strachan sanctified the work of destruction by putting his own hand to it. In taking down one of the three wooden crowns, it fell on "the kirk's great ladder," which it broke in three pieces, destroyed part of the pavement, the crown itself being shivered in pieces. The reason for removing this high altar and its ornaments was not merely because they "smelled of popery and idolatry," but in order to the following out of a scheme which Strachan had of building a loft in the church. It appears that in his zeal for the spiritual interests of the people, Strachan took care to call out from the pulpit the names of all persons who absented themselves from hearing his preaching; "which," says Spalding, "drew in such a fair auditory, that the seats of the kirk were not able to hold them." To accommodate this crowd, Strachan resolved to erect a loft in the cathedral; which he did, and thereby "took away the stately sight and glorious show of the body of the haill kirk; and with this back of the altar and haill ornaments thereupon he decored the foreside and

backside of this beastly loft; whereas, forty pounds would have coft as meikle timber as would have done the samen, if they would have suffered the foresaid ornaments to stand." Spalding further informs us that Strachan, or, as he calls him, "our minister," plastered over the part of the church where the back of the altar had been, "that it should not be kent." The whole of this great mischief the historian lays to the charge of Dr. Guild's advice. Spalding, indeed, has taken particular care to leave none of the Doctor's ill deeds, either small or great, unrecorded, not unfrequently repeating the same charge in different parts of his work. He took down, we are told, the organ case of fine wainscot in the College Chapel, where he preached a weekly sermon; which sermon it had been usual to deliver in the Cathedral; and for this innovation the Doctor is severely reprehended: "This order," says Spalding, "seemed strange, to preach out of Machar Kirk as was sometime used before, and to bring down the people, man, wife, and maids, to the College Kirk, among young scholars and students." The Doctor also offended by preaching in English on these occasions, "whereas," says Spalding, "by the foundation he is bound to preach and give out his lessons in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, except Exercise and Presbytery days that he should use the vulgar tongue." By Guild's order, also, the bells of the College and the Cathedral were rung three times to call the people to sermon, "whilk," adds the commissary clerk, "was never used before, and which decayed shortly, to his disgrace, as he justly deserved."

In the fact mentioned by Spalding, that William Charles was afraid to lay his hands on the ornaments of the altar till the example was first set before him by his spiritual father, we have one amongst many instances which experience and history afford, that as doctors are not remarkable for their reverence for their own medicines, nor lawyers distinguished above other men for the strict legality of all their proceedings, so clergymen are in the way of taking greater liberties with sacred things than laymen would venture upon. A very striking and well known instance of this occurs in the history of the conspiracy of the Pazzi against the De' Medici family. After assassins had been provided for Giuliano, a difficulty occurred in procuring a person to murder Lorenzo. The time chosen for executing the deed was the solemn moment when the Host was to be elevated. No layman could be got to engage in such a horrid deed; and the conspirators were obliged to apply to two ordained clergymen, who undertook the work and did their best to execute it, though, as is well known, they failed in their attempt to despatch their intended victim. The story of the Emperor Henry VII. of Germany having been poisoned by a consecrated wafer, (not in the chalice, as Sir Thomas Browne, who has spoken so affectingly and beautifully on the subject, supposes,) administered to him by a monk called Bernard Politian, is not believed to be authentic. There is, however, an instance recorded of an English bishop who swallowed the consecrated cup, though he knew that it had been poisoned, trusting in his own creed of

transubstantiation more than most people would have done. The conduct of Abelard is more in the usual course of proceeding. When he found that the monks of Ruis repeatedly attempted his life by poisoning the chalice out of which he used to drink and the wine used for the sacrament, he got a chalice for his own particular use; and instead of taking the wine belonging to the monastery, got his supplies from his friends or from particular shops. It is somewhat remarkable, that, though Sir Thomas Browne was of opinion that a true Catholic would have doubted the effect of poison administered under such circumstances, yet Gervaise, a most devout Romanist and a man of gigantic credulity, in relating this incident, which rests on Abelard's own testimony, makes no allusion whatever to any counteracting effect which might arise from transubstantiation, but speaks of the matter just as an affair of poisoned wine. But even with the full admission of transubstantiation, we have no doubt that a Roman Catholic reasoner would be able to shew, by a discussion on the subject of accidents and qualities, that a man ought to die if he should drink of a poisoned sacrament.

On the death of the king in 1649, commissioners were appointed to visit King's College, for the purpose of ejecting all who should be found favourable to the royal cause. Sentence of deposition was passed against Dr. Guild, as well as the sub-principal and two of the professors; but it was not carried into effect. Dr. Guild held the office of Principal till the year 1651, when he was deposed by a commission of

five colonels in General Monk's army. The office was then conferred on Mr. John Row, one of the ministers of Aberdeen. Dr. Guild now applied to the Presbytery of Aberdeen to reinstate him in his former situation as one of the town's ministers, the removal of Mr. Row having caused a vacancy. The Presbytery refused his request; on which he appealed to the Synod. It is not known whether or not that court took up the case; but it is certain that Guild was never replaced in his former living.

From this time, Dr. Guild lived in retirement, occupying himself partly with performing deeds of charity, and partly in literary labours. On the 15th September, 1655, he made a bequest of five thousand merks to the incorporations, to be paid at the first term after his decease, for maintaining three poor boys, sons of craftsmen, as bursars at Marischal College. In the deed it was provided, that if his heirs did not choose to pay this money, then the premises in Castle Street, inhabited by himself, should be given to the trades for the purposes contemplated, reserving a liferent of the house to his widow. The Doctor's heirs were pleased to give the incorporations the house rather than the money. The house is well known to this day by the name of "the Bursars' house."

Dr. Guild having now plenty of leisure time on his hands, added several treatises to his former theological works. It was at this period of his life that he wrote "The sealed Book opened," being an explanation of the Apocalypse; "The Novelty of Popery Discovered," which was published at Aberdeen in

1656, and dedicated to David Wilkie, Dean of Guild of Edinburgh; and his "Exposition upon the Canticles," published at London in 1658, dedicated to the provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh. This last work appears to us to be as feebly written as all the other treatises of Dr. Guild which we have seen, though the writer has not fallen into the coarseness of taste which Rutherford and some other divines of the same century have done in commenting on the Canticles. Guild's "Exposition" principally consists in a profuse, indiscriminate, and unnecessary citation of passages of Scripture which the writer conceives to be calculated to illustrate the mysteries on which he is discoursing. The following passage from his exposition of the second verse of the first chapter will illustrate our remark. The words of the verse are, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." On this the Doctor observes—

"As for kisses, we read of sundry, for sundry ends and signifying sundry things, in Scripture: for, 1, there is a kisse of salutation, 1 Sam. xx. 41; 2, there is a kisse of valediction, Ruth ii. 9; 3, there is a kisse of reconciliation, 2 Sam. xiv. 33, and Luke xv. 20; 4, there is a kisse of subjection, Ps. ii. 12; 5, there is a kisse of religious adoration, 1 Kings xix. 18; 6, there is a kisse of approbation, Prov. xx. 24, 26; and 7, there is a kisse of love and affection, as Gen. xlv. 15. Seeing, therefore, that she speakes here of kisses in the plurall number, the kisses that she means are those two specially of reconciliation and affection, to the which may be added the third of

approbation, which is the sweetest of all, when he shall say, 'Come, faithful servant, and enter into thy master's joy;' and of this kiss is she most desirous, as we may see, Rev. xxii. 17."*

We confess that the utility of commentaries of this sort is not at all obvious. Surely there is no person possessed of natural judgment that could require the authority of a learned divine, with a crowd of quotations from Scripture, to prove to him that there are kisses of salutation, kisses of valediction, kisses of affection, and so on. It may indeed be said that it is some information to be told that there are seven kinds of kisses, though, perhaps, it might be as easily shewn that there are seventeen, if it were worth the trouble.

On the subject of Popery, Guild wrote "An Answer to a Popish Pamphlet called 'The Touchstone of the Reformed Gospel,' made specially out of themselves." This work he dedicated to Sir Thomas Mudie, the provost, and the other magistrates of Dundee. A work intitled, "An Antidote against Popery," published anonymously, has also been attributed to Dr. Guild, but without sufficient evidence.

Dr. Guild was a man diligent in the lawful procuring and furthering of his own wealth and outward estate, which the Shorter Catechism shews to be a requirement of the eighth commandment. He dedicated his various little treatises to a variety of great people; and when we find that he inscribed his "Ex-

* An Exposition upon the Canticles, p. 3.

position of the Song of Solomon" to the town council of Edinburgh, and his "Touchstone of the Reformed Gospel" to the town council of Dundee, we can hardly doubt that these corporations had then some Church living or something good to dispose of.

In the year 1657, Dr. Guild made his last will. He bequeathed seven thousand merks, "to be secured on land, by the town council and kirk session of Aberdeen," the yearly profit of which was to be applied for "the sustentation of poor orphans, to hold them at schools or trades, impartially, without inverting any way this mortification, as they shall answer to God." To the poor of the parish of King-Edward he also left a bequest. His library he bequeathed to the University of St. Andrew's, with the exception of one MS., believed to be the original of the letter of the States of Bohemia and Moravia to the Council of Contance in 1415, relative to John Huss and Jerome of Prague. This MS. he bequeathed to the University of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Guild, who survived her husband, and who partook of his charitable disposition, left an endowment for the maintenance of six students of philosophy, four scholars at the public school, two students of divinity, six poor widows, and as many poor men's children.

Dr. Guild died in August, 1657, in the 71st year of his age. His widow erected a monument to his memory, which is to be seen on the west wall of the churchyard of St. Nicholas. It is profusely ornamented with figures and emblems cut in stone, and

bears the following inscription on the upper compartment:—

Sanctiss. et individ. Trinitati
S.
et piæ memoriæ GULIELMI GUILD,
qui in hac urbe natus et institutus, sacrisque studiis a
teneris innutritus, primum curæ
Ecclesiæ de Kinedward admotus, eaque per 23 annos administrata, a
Municipibus suis in hanc urbem vocatus, jam SS. Theologiæ
D. et Carolo regi a sacris, per decennium
hic Ecclesiasticis munere functus; unde translatus ad
Collegium Regale, ubi Primarii onus ad decennium sustinuit;
donec rebus apud nos turbatis,
integritas ejus livorem temporum non effugit; inde igitur
digressus, hic ubi cunabula, nidum senectutis posuit: non tamen
inerti otio deditus, sed voce, calamo, et inculpata
vita, aliis exemplo fuit.
Amplum et innocenter partum patrimonium, multo maximam
partem piis usibus legavit. Conjux quoque,
quæ sua erant iisdem usibus addixit. Vixit annos 71;
Et
Ad 7 kalendas Augusti, anni 1657,
in spem optatissimæ resurrectionis, mortalitatem explevit.
KATHARINA ROWEN, superstes vidua,
dilectiss. marito, cum quo concorditer 47 plenos annos vixit,
H. M. L. M. F. C.
Nec cæpisse, nec fecisse virtutis est, sed perfecisse.

In Trinity Hall is preserved a portrait of Dr. Guild, which, as Dr. Shirrefs has justly remarked, is "much more nicely finished" than that strange fresco picture of King William the Lyon which adorns the same room, and which was observed strongly to attract the attention of Lord Brougham when he visited this city and enjoyed the hospitality of the incorporated trades. This queer picture, which represents the warlike monarch with something like a deal board before him for holding his beard on, ought to be engraved as a curious specimen of art. At all the Trinity Hall social meet-

ings and public dinners, which are not unfrequent, and are distinguished for their excellence, there is always sure to be somebody to propose "the memory of Dr. Guild;" and in prefacing this toast, it is not usual to make any allusion to the mischief which the Doctor did to the Old-Town Cathedral.

Dr. Guild appears, from the general tenor of his life, to have been a man of good intentions. His heart was kind and charitable. He was a lover of peace, a friend to the poor, and a benefactor to learning. With all these good properties, he did not possess the exalted virtue which has led some eccentric people to sacrifice their livelihood for the sake of their principles. There were some ministers in Guild's time who would have "flung their stipends to the winds" for conscience' sake; but the Doctor was not one of them. But who is entitled to blame him for that? This breed of clergymen, which was never plenty, is now extinct. The man who would blame Dr. Guild for sacrificing or concealing his principles in order to retain his situation or his salary, just shews that he is ignorant enough of human nature to revile a good man because he was not a perfect prodigy of heroic virtue.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Amongst the learned men whom Aberdeen has produced, this voluminous writer is entitled to hold a distinguished place. He was born in the year 1590. His parentage is unknown. He quitted his native country while a young man. Of his history while in Aberdeen we have been able to learn nothing except what he has told us himself, that one morning, while walking along the banks of the Don, he had the satisfaction to hear the Water Kelpie, or some other water spirit, raising a disturbance. "One day," says he, "travelling before day with some company near the river Don by Aberdeen, we heard a great noise and voices call to us. I was going to answer, but was forbid by my company, who told me they were spirits which never are heard there but before the death of somebody, which fell out too true; for the next day a gallant gentleman was drowned with his horse offering to swim over."* We daresay it will be readily admitted that if such voices are heard in rivers, it must always be, as Ross's companions told him, "before the death of somebody."

On leaving his native place, Ross went to England, where he became master of the Grammar School of Southampton, and was made chaplain to King Charles

* Πανσεβεια; or a View of all Religions in the World, p. 77. Lond. 1683.

I. It is believed that he obtained these appointments through the influence of Archbishop Laud. To this bigoted prelate, the Torquemada of the English Church, Ross very properly dedicated a treatise against the Copernican system, in which, as he conceived, he had satisfactorily refuted the new-fashioned notion, that the earth revolved on its axis. We are unable to say whether or not Ross's opinions on this subject were also held by the prelate, who gave God thanks when he found that he had prevailed on the Star Chamber to subject our countryman, Dr. Leighton, to a series of lingering and inhuman tortures, the very description of which cannot, even at this distance of time, be read without horror, because Leighton had been guilty of writing a book in favour of Presbyterianism and against Laud's notions of church government.* It is certain that more than a

* It is truly lamentable to think that such a man as Dr. Southey should have so far forgotten the better feelings of his heart as, after the lapse of two centuries, to speak in his best work, "The Doctor," with malignity of the unfortunate Leighton as a "firebrand." But Dr. Southey, in his "Book of the Church," has made a saint out of Archbishop Laud, and has even shown an affection for the bloody Henry VIII., who "spared no man in his anger and no woman in his lust." There is no accounting for tastes. Nero murdered his mother; and yet, says the historian, in that strange passage so often referred to, there were not wanting friends who for a long period decked his grave with the flowers of the Spring and Summer (Sueton. Nero. c. 57); and the great historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has in his Journal expressed his opinion, that this monster was after all not without his good properties—that he was not deliberately wicked, and had not "a taste" for cruelty. "Dois-je le dire, et dire ici? Neron ne m'a jamais revolté autant que Tibere, Caligula, ou Domitien. Il avoit beaucoup de vices, mais il n'etoit pas sans vertus. Je vois dans son histoire peu de traits d' une mechanceté etudiée. Il etoit cruel, mais il l'etoit plutot par crainte que par gout."

century after the discovery of Copernicus, the notion of the sun revolving round the earth was firmly believed by many of the learned. Sir Thomas Browne, writing in 1646, more than a hundred years after Copernicus had been laid in his grave, tells us distinctly, in his work against vulgar errors, that the world, as the centre of the system, stands immoveably still while the sun performs his circuit round it; and therefore he has written "A Digression of the Wisdome of God in the Site and Motion of the Sun," in which he points out quite logically the shocking consequences that would have ensued had the sun been fixed; for of the earth's standing still he entertained no shadow of a doubt. "First," he says, "we cannot passe over his providence in that it (the sun) moveth at all; for had it stood still, and were it fixed like the earth, there had beene then no distinction of times, either of day or yeare, of Spring, of Autumn, of Summer, or of Winter."* So it was also with the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Though it had been broached a century before his time by the unhappy Servetus, yet it is well known that Dr. Harvey declared that when he revived it he could not get any man arrived at the age of forty to adopt it; young people being, from their love of change, more naturally inclined than aged men to admit any thing new either in the way of discovery or delusion. The most ridiculous and the best refuted scientific imposture of the present day has many believers

* Pseudodoxia Epidemica, book vi. chap. v.

amongst people come to what ought to be the years of discretion; but it must be taken into account that there is a peculiar temptation to believe in Phrenology, as it presents a short and easy road by walking in which a born idiot may in his own judgment become a perfect philosopher; so that Dr. Roget's remark is full of good sense, that the wonder is that more people do not become converts to this mountebank science. It is a lucky circumstance that this droll philosophy, as Dr. Hibbert calls it, though a thousand times more absurd than the now half-exploded belief in witches and hobgoblins, is, as far as moral tendency is concerned, perfectly harmless; and that, though it leads to sad confusion of the brains of individual patients, it does not sensibly injure the interests of society. The same remark, unfortunately, will not apply to the other gross delusions we have received from the country of those great quacks, Gall and Spurzheim; for Animal Magnetism has been used by its professors for the hellish purpose of seduction, just as might have been expected from such an abominable invention. We are certainly much obliged to our German friends for gunpowder and printing; but we can hardly thank them for their more recent favours—the fooleries of Phrenology, the licentiousness of Mesmerism, and the cultivation of that worst kind of all immoral writing which Kotzebue has displayed in his "Stranger," and Göthe in his "Sorrows of Werter."

The earliest publication of Ross's, now known, appeared at London in the year 1617. This was a poem on the Jewish History, in two books. To these

he added a third book in 1619, and a fourth in 1632. His next work, in order of time, was his "Questions and Answers on the First Six Chapters of Genesis." For some years after this, he appears to have given nothing to the world; though it is proper to mention that there are several of his treatises published without dates. In 1629 appeared his "Tonsor ad Cutem Rasus;" and in 1634, his work against the Copernican system, to which we have already alluded.*

Four years after this appeared the work by which Ross is best known to the world, his Latin Cento, intitled "The Christiad," in which the sacred history from the death of Abel to the birth of Christ is given in the language of Virgil. Before Ross's work appeared, the heathen poet had been made to serve the cause of religion in the same way by Otto Gryphius, who compiled a cento from Virgil on the Life of Christ, which was printed at Ratisbon in 1594; and Fabricius, from whom we learn this fact, mentions two other centos on the same subject published after the appearance of Ross's work. The one is a cento, "De Nativitate Servatoris," by Christopherus Diatericus Steinmannus, printed at Helmstädt in 1670; and the other is a cento with the title (perhaps borrowed from Ross) of "Virgilius Christianus," by a Jesuit called Lawrence Le Brun, which appeared in 1696. The idea of adapting the verses of Virgil to this purpose may have suggested itself to these labo-

* Commentum de Terræ motu circulari refutatum. Lond. 1634. In the year 1640, Ross put out another work against the Copernican system, intitled, "The New Planet no Planet."

rious scholars from the circumstance that many learned men were convinced, by the Eclogue to Pollio, that the Roman poet, like the divine Plato, had some notions of the advent of the Saviour into the world. This opinion is distinctly stated by Ross, who holds that the digression about the death of Cæsar, at the end of the first book of Georgics, also referred to the Saviour. Besides, the piety of these christian poets had led them to this work from reflecting on the wicked use that had been made of Virgil's verses by Ausonius in his profligate cento; in reference to which, men without any deep feeling of religion had expressed their regret that the lines of the most chaste of heathen poets should have been, by a perverse ingenuity, prostituted to the purposes of obscenity by a christian writer.* It was no doubt a desire to wipe

* Some of the attempts made to prove that Ausonius was a heathen, notwithstanding that he was educated by two pious christian aunts and was the favourite of the orthodox christian Emperor, Valentinian, and lived at a time when it was the interest of all who looked to their worldly prospects to be Christians, are sufficiently ridiculous. The licentiousness of his cento has been adduced as an argument that he was not a Christian, though it is admitted that he wrote that piece at the command of his christian Emperor, who had himself composed a cento on the same subject, and no doubt of the same reprobate description. History testifies that christian writers have not always in their works been studious of christian purity; and the instance of "The Divine Aretino," shews that the same person could write poetry for the sanctuary and the brothel. A learned German, Tholuck, has however said of the heathen poets who have left immoral works behind them, that their writings were quite in accordance with their theology, and were the natural fruits of it; and we must all agree with him, that on those who have lived in the light of Christianity, and have sinned against its purity, the full measure of the woe denounced by our Saviour on Chorazin and Bethsaida will be poured out.

off the stain which true religion had received from the conduct of Ausonius that led Proba Falconia to compose the earliest cento on the sacred history taken from the verses of Virgil. The accounts given in different works about Proba are so various, that it is nearly impossible to say who she was, or whether the works attributed to her are genuine, which has been disputed. Some writers hold her to have been Anicia Proba Falconia,* the wife of the Consul Sextus Anicius Probus, who is the Proba spoken of by Augustin, Chrysostom, and Jerome; while others make her to have been Proba, the wife of the Pro-Consul Adelphius. On this question a dissertation was published at Bologna in the year 1692. Her cento, now a very obscure work, has gone through a vast variety of editions. It was published in one volume, along with the Epigrams of Ausonius, Ovid's "Consolation to Livia," and other discordant works, so early as the year 1472;† and between this date and the year 1601, when the work was republished at Cologne, it had gone through fifteen other editions, most of which are enumerated by Wolfe.‡ The publication of this pious lady's production in the same volume with Au-

* Moreri, Diction. tom. i. p. 99. Paris, 1759.

† J. C. Wolfii Catalogus Fœminarum, sapientiâ, artibus, Scripturisve apud Græcos, Romanos aliosque gentes olim celebrium, p. 349. Lond. 1739.

‡ Proba Falconia wrote also a history of the war between Constantine and Maxentius. Notices of Proba, besides that in Wolfe, who gives the fullest account that we have seen, will be found in Lorenzo Crasso—"Istoria de' Poeti Greci, p. 433. Napoli, 1678; Hoffmann—"Lexicon Universale," tom. iii. p. 901. Lugd. Bat. 1698; and in the "Biographie Universelle," tom. xiv. p. 129.

sonius must have been the work of some uncommonly impartial person, who wished the christian reader to have a fair choice between good and evil, and to be able to say, in the language of Joseph Addison's Cato—

"My bane and antidote are both before me."

In the way of turning secular into divine poems, by an ingenious assorting of the verses, the most grotesque and curious must be the work which, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was composed by Giulio Cesare Croce, on the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ, in which the materials were taken from the Orlando Furioso; but we have not sufficient information whether or not this strange writer had hashed up his production in the usual style of a cento.

Whatever merit such compositions as Ross's "Christiad" may be entitled to as ingenious tricks, they certainly cannot be looked on by people of sound taste but with considerable contempt. As a cento, Ross's work has received much applause; and his countryman, Lauder, has not scrupled to call him "the christian Maro," and to assert that he follows his heathen model "with equal, if not superior steps, in proportion to the dignity of his subject." "I am acquainted," he says, "with some persons who admire the copy more than the original; that is, wonder more how the reverend author could accommodate Virgil's language to so sacred and different a subject, than how Virgil could be the original author of his poem at first."* Ross himself appears to have been

* Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, p. 94.

impressed with a very high idea of the merits of his own production. He states, in his preface, that he only intended his work for the learned and the wise, and not for those people who have no more relish for poetry than an ass has for a lyre, or a sow for sweet marjoram; and he declares that he considers those persons as little better than the traitor Judas, who may speak ill of him for having, like Mary Magdalene, poured out this precious ointment on his Lord; adding very beautifully, "May I not be permitted to adorn with wreathed laurels and flowers that head which for me was pierced with thorns?"

In the year 1642, Ross published his "Mel Heliconium,"* a treatise on the heathen mythology, which he dedicated to the Marquis of Hertford, whose grandfather, he says, was "the true Mæcenas of my young muses whilst he lived." The work, he says, was "the fruit of some sequestred howres" from his "divinity exercises," and had lain long by him, till it had at last been drawn out to the light "by the importunity of some worthy friends"—a very common excuse for publishing a book. This little work is a favourable specimen of Ross's talents. After the explanation of the mysteries which he says are concealed under the fables regarding each of the heathen divinities of which he speaks, he gives us a "Meditation in verse."

* Mel Heliconium; or, Poeticall Honey gathered out of the weeds of *Parnassus*. The first Book, divided into vii. Chapters, according to the first vii. Letters of the Alphabet: containing xlviii. Fictions, out of which are extracted many Historicall, Naturall, Morall, Politicall, and Theologicall Observations, both delightfull and usefull; with xlviii. Meditations in Verse; By Alexander Rosse His Maiesty's Chaplein in Ordinary. Lond. 1642.

These "Meditations" are in a vast variety of metres. The following verses on the fable of the Gorgons, which are in the style of Wither, appear to us to possess some merit:—

"Who glory in your golden hair,
And in smooth alabaster skins,
And think with swans you may compare
In whiteness; that your cheeks and chins
Can match white lillies and
Vermillion,
Yet think upon
The flower that's in your hand.

For as the lustre of the flower
In your hand suddenly decayes,
So beauty fades even in an hower;
With ghastly looks we end our dayes;
No grim-fac'd Gorgon can
With worse aspect
Our hearts deject
Than pale-fac'd lifelesse man.

If thou had'st all perfection
Of beauty which can mortalls grace,
And wouldst hold in subjection
All things with thy bewitching face.
Like sparkling stars what though
Thy eyes do shine,
And with divine
Nectar thy lips doth flow;

If thy teeth orient pearls were,
And were thy neck white ivory;
If musk perfume, or rosied air,
Or balm, could vaporate from thee;
If heav'n's best peece thou wert,
Whose sweet aspect
Could all subject
And maze each mortall heart;

Yet shall these rare endowments all
Prove in the end but vanity;
Sweet honey shall conclude in gall,
And beauty in deformity.

See, then, you be not proud
Of that which must
Conclude in dust,
Which death's black vail will shroud.

Take heed, likewise, you dote not on
Medusa's face and golden locks;
For beauty hath kill'd many a one,
And metamorphos'd men to rocks.
Then lest it should entice
Thee, guard thyself
From this strange elf,
And hide thy wandering eyes."*

In 1645, Ross, who had an uncommon desire of appearing as a corrector and improver of other people's writings, put forth a treatise called "The Philosophical Touchstone," in which he commented on Sir Kenelm Digby's "Discourse on the Nature of Bodies and of the Reasonable Soul," and, to his own satisfaction, refuted "Spinoza's Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul." As we have never seen this work, which is likely enough a very curious one, we cannot say anything about the way in which Ross has handled his subject. Spinoza's doctrines have given rise to many obscure and uninteresting controversies; but in Sir Kenelm Digby, Ross had an opponent whose notions were so strange, and fanciful, and superstitious, that it would not have required much ingenuity to have made out a strong case against him on any subject. From the highest speculations to the lowest, this accomplished knight, of whom it was said that "had he been dropped out of the clouds into any part of the world, he would have made himself

* Mel Heliconium, p. 167.

respect," seemed to doubt every thing which it was reasonable to believe, and to put faith in every thing that was against common sense. It is well known that he stoutly affirmed the doctrine, that the true way to cure wounds was to anoint, not the wound, but the sword that inflicted it; and that he put his wife, Venetia Stanley, upon a regular diet of capons that had been fed upon vipers, as he had ascertained, by the light of science, that this was a certain method of preserving female beauty to extreme old age.

The next writer with whom Ross entered the lists was Sir Thomas Browne; whom he attacked in his "Medicus Medicatus, or the Physician's Religion Cured," which appeared in 1645. This treatise, as the name may shew, was written to refute the "Religio Medici," one of the most fascinating books which our language contains; and which, amongst some strange vagaries of judgment, has as much profound philosophy and thorough christian feeling in it as almost any volume that could be named, while it everywhere sparkles with passages of the most exquisite beauty. The anonymous annotator on the "Religio Medici" speaks with sufficient contempt of Ross's publication. "For the work itself (the 'Religio Medici'), the present age," he says, "hath produced none that has had better reception amongst the learned; it has been received and fostered by almost all, there having been but one, that I know of (to verify that books have their fates from the capacity of the reader), that has had the face to appear against it; that is Mr. Alexander Rosse, in his 'Medicus Medicatus;' but he is dead,

and it is uncomely to skirmish with his shadow."* Dr. Johnson's criticism is concisely contemptuous. Speaking of the "Religio Medici," he says, in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, "We know not of more than one professed answer, written under the title of 'Medicus Medicatus,' by Alexander Ross, which was universally neglected by the world."

In 1647, Ross put out a second work of considerable size on the subject of mythology, under the title of "Mystagogus Poeticus," a third edition of which was published in 1653.† It is dedicated to the Right Worshipfull Sir Edward Banister, of whom Ross speaks as an attached friend. In alluding to the value of the study of mythology, Ross states a favourite opinion of scholars in that age. "There are no books wherein so much learning is couched up in so little bounds as in these old poets, who were indeed the onely learned men of their times; I could instance one in whose rich cabinet are treasured up the jewels of all learning fit for a gentleman to know; and that is Virgil by name, the king of poets." Ross has elsewhere repeated the same opinion of Virgil, and has not scrupled to treat with contempt the father of Grecian poetry when compared with "that incom-

* Religio Medici.—Annotations. Lond. 1668.

† "Mystagogus Poeticus, or the Muses Interpreter; explaining the historicall mysteries and mysticall histories of the ancient Greek and Latine poets. Here Apollo's temple is again opened, the Muses' treasuries a third time discovered, and the gardens of Parnassus disclosed more fully, whence many flowers of usefull, delightfull, and rare observations, never touched by any other mythologist, are collected.

parable swan of poets," Virgil, who, he says, "hath as far excelled Homer as the Muses did the daughters of Pireus;" and, indeed, he calls the works of the Mæonian bard, "confused inventions." The judicious observer will, we have no doubt, be inclined to think that a gentleman who had not more jewels of learning than could be gathered out of Virgil, would not possess a very rich treasury; and that Ross shewed himself a true teacher of a grammar school when he could tell the countrymen of Shakspere that Virgil was "the king of poets." The notion of finding every kind of learning in some favourite book has long been a prevailing folly of the learned. "Not only your men of the more refined and solid parts of learning, but even your alchemist and fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in Homer and Virgil."* This extraordinary folly was laughed at, a century before Ross's time, by Rabelais; † and yet, strange to say, though that original writer has himself expressly declared that he composed his works for the amusement of sickly people, the learned, from his day down to that of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, have professed to believe that his works contain an

* Addison's Dialogues on Ancient Medals.

† "Croyez-vous en votre foi, qu'onques Homere ecrivant l'Iliade et l'Odissee, pensât es allegories lesquelles de lui ont calefreté Plutarque, Heraclide, Pontic, Fristatie, Cornute, et ce que d'iceux Politian a derobé? Si les croyez, vous n' approchez ni de pieds, ni de mains à mon opinion; qui decrette icelles aussi peu avoir eté songées d'Homere que d'Ovide en ses Metamorphoses, les Sacremens de l'Evangile, lesquels un frere Lubin, vrai croquelardon, s'est efforcé de montrer si d'avanture il rencontrait gens aussi fols que lui, et comme dit le proverbe, couvercle digne de chauderon."—*Gargantua.*

inexhaustible treasure of philosophical mysteries. It is not unconnected with this subject to remark, that a class of misguided Scripture commentators have endeavoured, with singular profanity, to shew that the Scriptures contain a complete system of human science. These critics have been reproved by Lord Bacon for their degraded notions of revelation. "For to seek heaven and earth," he says, "in the Word of God, whereof it is said, 'heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass,' is to seek temporary things amongst eternal; and as to seek divinity in philosophy is to seek the living amongst the dead, so to seek philosophy in divinity is to seek the dead amongst the living."

Prefixed to the "Mystagogus Poeticus" are some commendatory verses by John Jones, an old admirer of Ross, who had formerly written some Greek lines in praise of his "Mel Heliconium." There are also three sets of verses, two in English and one in Latin, by Henry Oxenden of Barham, a poet who is mentioned by Granger in his curious biographical history. Oxenden's second set of verses are vigorous, and his rhymes are perfect:—

> "Great ALEXANDER conquered only men,
> With swords and cruell weapons used then;
> But thou the monsters which Parnassus hill
> Brought forth, hast vanquisht only with thy quill.
> He in his conquests sometimes suffered losse,
> Thou none, my friend, great ALEXANDER ROSSE."

Amongst other works which Ross published was his "Arcana Microcosmi," in which he attempted a refutation of Sir Thomas Browne's famous book, the

"Enquiries into Vulgar Errors." In this little work, which is very curious and interesting, Ross lays it plainly down, that the moderns are "but children in understanding, and ought to be directed by these fathers of knowledge;" as he says, "we are but dwarfs and pigmies compared to those giants of wisdom." Agreeably to this general principle, he sets himself to re-establish the truth of all exploded errors, small and great. He believes in the existence of the Phœnix, of the boy that was born with the golden tooth, of whom we have spoken in the life of Dr. Liddel; and of the birds that grow out of rotten timber, as related by Hector Boece. He further holds, that there are means by which old men may become young again, several instances of which he relates. One of his strange notions he establishes by an appeal to his own personal experience. "That the presence of a deare friend," says he, "standing by a dying man will prolong his life a while is a thing very remarkable and true, and which I found by experience; for about ten yeares agoe, when my aged father was giving up the ghost, I came towards his bed's side; he suddenly cast his eyes upon me, and there fixed them; so that all the while I stood in his sight he could not die till I went aside, and then he departed."* He also relates an instance within his own experience of that mysterious sympathy and communication which have been said to exist between dear friends, however far separated from each other, and which

* Arcana Microcosmi, p. 149. Lond. 1651.

appear to have been believed in by Lord Bacon. The theory by which this doctrine was accounted for, was, we believe, this, that the power of a strong imagination in one man influenced the mind of another. In this way, if a person were dying in a distant country, his thoughts being turned towards some beloved friend in another land, the effect of his earnest longing would be impressed on its object. It is sufficiently obvious, that if we could once adopt this theory, it would account for a great many of the strange stories of mysterious intimations of deaths which are attested by very trustworthy authorities. "Truly," says Ross, "the sympathy of affections and strength of imagination is admirable, when the mind is able to presage the death or danger of a friend, though a great way off. This also I found in my selfe; for once, I suddenly fell into a passion of weeping upon the apprehension I took that my dear friend was dead whom I exceedingly loved for his vertues, and it fell out accordingly as I had presaged; for he died about the same houre that I fell into that weeping fit, and we were about sixty miles asunder, nor could I tell certainly that he was dead till two days after." Further, it appears that Ross was a firm believer in the existence of centaurs and griffins, and of nations of pigmies and giants. He sees no reason "to reject that story of the Indian king that sent unto Alexander a faire woman fed with poison purposely to destroy him." He also credits the story, that the Duke of Bragantia's servant could, with a glance of his eye—and he had but one—make a hawk in the air instantly

fall to the ground. As for the existence of those evil spirits called *Incubi* and *Succubi*, he considers that to be a matter of faith; "for to deny that," says he, "were to accuse the ancient doctors of the Church, and the ecclesiasticke histories, of falsehood, which affirm that the *Catechumeni* were much troubled with these *Incubi*." That the chameleon lives on air he holds to be proven; and that crystal is nothing else but water hardened by cold he also avers to be the truth; and he believes that strong garlic will counteract the attraction of the loadstone. In Ross's time most people believed in witches, and he amongst the rest. In a passage of his "Mystagogus Poeticus" he, however, expresses himself as not perfectly satisfied with the accuracy of the established method of discovering whether women were witches—by flinging them into the water, and holding all as witches who were not drowned, because, as he wisely observes, "some bodies are more active and fuller of nimble spirit than others who are more lumpish and heavie, and therefore apter to sinke." From a passage in his ΠΑΝΣΕΒΕΙΑ, it also appears that he did not believe that witches could change themselves into hares and cats, a gift which has, however, been very generally attributed to them. He there lays down the powers of the devil with great accuracy, shewing what he can and what he cannot do. It seems he can raise storms, carry witches in the air, make beasts speak "by guiding their tongues;" but he cannot raise the dead, give sight to the blind, "where there is a total privation," nor change men into beasts, nor beasts into

men."* He can, however, frighten people with Jack in the candle, balls of fire at sea, and raising appearances in churchyards of dead men in their shrouds.

Dr. Johnson has been uncommonly happy in the use of a single expression which denotes the estimation in which he held Ross's answer to Sir Thomas Browne. "This book (the 'Vulgar Errors')" he says, "was received with great applause, *was answered by Alexander Ross*, and translated into Dutch and German, and not many years ago into French."

Ross appears to have had a most unlucky propensity for bringing his talents, which were respectable, into an unfavourable comparison with those of greater men. We have already seen that he had twice entered the lists with Sir Thomas Browne; and he now thought proper to make a more daring attempt, and to associate his name with one of the greatest writers that this country has produced, the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh. In the year 1652 he published "The History of the World, the second part, in six books, being a continuation of Sir Walter Raleigh;" and in the following year appeared "Animadversions and Observations upon Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World." A more daring attempt we could scarcely conceive than that of furnishing a continuation to the grandest and most magnificent of our English prose writers—for Bacon himself, in point of

* Sir Thomas Browne, who held it to be Atheism not to believe in witches, declares that he did not "credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the devil hath a power to transpeciate a man into a horse."—*Religio Medici*, p. 66. Lond. 1668.

style, must yield the palm to Raleigh. The melancholy beauty of the very first paragraph in his "History of the World" has not yet been equalled in any other book; and those who have often read it, and luxuriated in its music, will excuse our insertion of it as a note on this part of our work.* We must say, that the man who, reflecting on Raleigh's greatness and misfortunes, could calmly take up his pen and commence writing a second part to his History, must have read with other feelings than he ought to have read the sublime and solemn language with which the book which he was to continue, closes:—"It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himselfe. He tells the proud and insolent that they

* "How unfit, and how unworthy a choice I have made of myself, to undertake a worke of this mixture, mine owne reason, though exceeding weake, hath sufficiently resolued me. For had it beene begotten then with my first dawne of day, when the light of common knowledge began to open it selfe to my younger yeares, and before any wound received, either from fortune or time, I might yet well have doubted that the darkenesse of age and death would have couered ouer both it and mee, long before the performance. For, beginning with the creation, I haue proceeded with the History of the World; and lastly purposed (some few sallies excepted) to confine my discourse within this our renowned iland of Great Brittaine. I confesse that it had better sorted with my dissability, the better part of whose times are runne out in other trauailes, to haue set together, as I could, the unioynted and scattered frame of our English affaires, than of the universall: in whome, had there been no other defect (who am all defect) then the time of the day, it were enough—the day of a tempestuous life drawne on to the very evening ere I began. But those inmost and soule-piercing wounds, which are ever aking while uncured, with the desire to satisfie those few friends which I haue tried by the fire of aduersitie; the former enforcing, the latter perswading, have caused mee to make my thoughts legible, and my selfe the subject of euery opinion, wise or weake."—*History of the World.* Lond. 1614.

are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them crie, complaine, and repent, yea, euen to hate their forepassed happinesse. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the grauell that filles his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautifull, and makes them see therein their deformitie and rottenness; and they acknowledge it. O eloquent, just, and mightie death! whom none could aduise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and couered it all ouer with these two narrow words, *Hic iacet.*"

The most celebrated work which Ross has written, with the exception of his cento from Virgil, was now given to the public, his "ΠΑΝΣΕΒΕΙΑ, or a View of All Religions in the World," the sixth edition of which was printed in 1683. To this work is annexed "The Lives, Actions, and Ends of certain Notorious heretics, with their effigies in copper plates." This volume, which is of considerable size, is written in the cumbersome form of question and answer. It affords abundant evidence of the talents and learning, as well as of the virulent bigotry and prejudices of the author. The work commences, as it ought to do, with an account of the Jewish religion; and the description which Ross gives of the customs and ceremonies of the Jews in modern times is exceedingly

curious. He allows that Jews should be tolerated by Christians "if they deride not the true faith;" but he lays it down, that they must not be admitted to any civil office, and that Christians must neither eat, drink, lodge, nor entertain friendship or familiarity with them. It has always been held quite legitimate to bring people to do what is right by appealing to the motive by which they will most easily be actuated, though, in so doing, we may not be taking what is commonly called "high and holy ground." Upon this principle, Ross forbids us to employ a Jewish physician, for fear that he should poison us; or to deal with a Jew merchant, for fear that he cheat us; neither must we, he says, on any account borrow money from them, unless we mean to be undone; "for," says he, "they have ever been, and are to this day, unconscionable extortioners"—an uncharitable judgment, which is participated in by a very large portion of the christian world, and which is held even by the enlightened readers of Shakspere.* Moreover, he says we are not to read their books, but burn them—a piece of very low spite certainly, for which he cites, with commendation, the examples of Pope Gregory IX. and Pope Julius III. Amongst the good properties generally and justly allowed to this ancient people is the temperance for

* A late Jewish writer, David Levi, in his "Interpretation of the Prophecies," written to refute the christian explanation, has complained bitterly of the injury done to the character of his countrymen by Shakspere's "Merchant of Venice." It has been said that Shakspere reversed the characters of the story on which he founded his play, and put on the Jew the wickedness attributed to the Christian.

which, as a body, notwithstanding their well-known licentiousness in other respects, they are distinguished. But Ross will not concede to them the possession of any virtue whatever, and twice over insists positively that they "drink strenuously" after supper, and that in taking off their finishing bumper, they pray a hearty curse upon all Christians. Throughout the whole work, his abuse of all sorts of people who did not agree with himself is uncommonly energetic and forcible. We entirely concur in what he says of that very dull book, Mahomet's Koran, which he justly calls "a meer hodgepodge of fooleries and impieties without either language or order;" "yet," he adds, "to him that readeth this book a thousand times is promised a woman in paradise whose eyebrows shall be as wide as the rainbow."

Like many in his own day as well as in ours, Ross held, that people who did not believe as they were commanded should be punished by the civil magistrate. He bursts out into a perfect rapture with the piety displayed by Calvin in the murder of Servetus; and in his "Mystagogus Poeticus," where he compares heretics to boars, he expresses a pious wish that the "christian princes" would "assemble a general synod and destroy these boars." The doctrine of toleration is as yet little better understood than it was in his time. The late Dr. M'Crie, with all his theological learning, knew as little about it as Bishop Bonner did; and while, with execrable hypocrisy, he expresses his horror at "blood or fire in anything immediately connected with religion," he has expressly

justified the punishment of Servetus, though not his death—a distinction which does not at all affect the principle of persecution. The Church of Scotland, out of admiration of the character of the amiable sect to which Dr. M'Crie belonged, has lately struck up a union with them; and it is but reasonable to expect that our clergy will imbibe some of the very pure principles of people with whom they have long been enamoured, and whose hidden virtues and christian conduct they take every opportunity of trumpeting to the world; which, however, has been extremely slow to receive the report.

The heretics whom Ross has commemorated are, Thomas Munzer, John Mathias, John Buckhold, Bernard Knipperdoling, Herman the Cobbler, Theodor the Botcher, David George, Servetus, Arius, Mahomet, Balthazar Hubmor—in the cruel burning of whom and his wife, Ross rejoices with great jocularity,—John Hut, Ludowick Hezer, Melchior Hoffmann, Melchior Rink, Adam Pastor, and Henry Nicholas—the father of the Family of Love. The copper plates in the edition of 1683, which we have used, are curious. The portrait of Servetus presents us with the severe air and calm large forehead found in the common pictures of this unfortunate martyr; while the figure of David George conveys a rude sketch of that personal comeliness attributed to him, and which is of incalculable service to the founder of a new religion, though it is but rarely found in fanatics. All the figures are accompanied by contemptuous Latin couplets. The lines on Arius contain a brutal joke upon the manner

of his death as it is related by the ecclesiastical historians :—

> "Divisit Trini qui formam numeris ecce !
> Dividitur membris, visceribusque suis."

In the year 1651 the famous Thomas Hobbes put out his well-known book, the "Leviathan," a work which created a terrible sensation in the world, and had the honour of being attacked by a host of learned men, including the great Lord Clarendon and Bishop Bramhall. This was a case in which Ross could not have been expected to hold his hands; and accordingly in 1653 out came his "Observations upon Hobbes's Leviathan," which appears to have been his last work.

During the great civil war, Ross attached himself to the royal cause; and in many places in his works he indicates his devotion to the King and his hatred of the democratic party. In a passage of his "Mel Heliconium," after telling us in prose that "all seditious persons rebelling against the Church and State are Ægeons fighting against God, and they must look for their reward," he breaks forth into the following eloquent denunciation of them in verse :—

> "As he who did against Great Jove rebell
> Was struck with thunder, and knockt down to hell;
> So God will all you monsters overturn
> Who 'gainst the King, the Church, the State, dare spurn;
> Your glory shall be shame, black hell your mansion,
> Furies your fellows, brimstone and fire your pension."

This allusion to the nature of the pension which these people are to receive must be allowed to be the more happy, as no doubt in the poet's day as in ours there

were many patriotic persons who were exceedingly desirous of pensions, and would gladly have exchanged the whole public virtue of which they were possessed for a comfortable endowment.

Ross died in 1654, leaving a considerable fortune. By his will, dated in 1653, he bequeathed to the town council of Aberdeen two hundred pounds sterling, for the maintenance of two bursars in Marischal College; and fifty pounds sterling to the Guild Brethren's Hospital. He also left donations of fifty pounds each, to the poor of the town of Southampton, to the poor of the parish of All-Saints, and to the Bodleian Library.

We have alluded only to a part of the numerous writings of Alexander Ross. He is, out of all sight, the most voluminous of our Aberdeen writers; while he certainly is not by any means the least able and learned. His writings, now universally neglected, are far from uninteresting. He was an eminent master of abuse and scurrility, which he felt it his duty to pour out very profusely upon all who did not agree entirely with every one of his notions on religious subjects.* But though he wrote and printed a whole

* In one of the best treatises on practical religion that have ever been written, St. Francis of Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life," in the midst of a strong exhortation against evil speaking, we are surprised to find a passage teaching us that there are people against whom we are bound to be very scurrilous. "I except always," he says, "the declared enemies of God and his Church; for these we must disparage as much as we can, as all heretics, schismatics, and their fomenters; it is charity to cry out against the wolf when he is among the sheep, yea, wherever he be." It is right to add that this is a single unhappy passage in a volume of almost spotless

library of books, and none of them without merit, he is now best known, and, by most of his countrymen, only remembered, from the well-known lines in Hudibras :—

> "There was an ancient sage philosopher
> That had read Alexander Ross over."

This couplet has placed Ross in a conspicuous niche, where he will stand as long as the English language shall be intelligible; so that, though all that he has written should perish, his name, it may be safely said, has, by the care of Butler, been ensured of immortality, and need not fear the fate of the great heroes alluded to by Horace, whose memory has utterly passed from the earth for want of a poet to sing about them.

beauty. The injunction laid down has, it must be admitted, been very zealously followed by almost every denomination of Christians, who have forgotten that "Michael, the Archangel, when contending against the devil, durst not bring against him a railing accusation." It is Archbishop Tillotson, we believe, who states that the reason why Michael would not use railing against the devil, was, that he knew that at that trade he would be no match for his opponent.

GEORGE DALGARNO.

The obscurity into which the very name of this ingenious and original writer has fallen, even in the very city which gave him birth, is not a little remarkable. We recollect that at an exhibition of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution in this town, when one of the pupils, on being desired to mention something connected with Aberdeen, announced in writing that it had the honour of producing Dalgarno, the audience appeared to receive the information with the same wonder as we listen to an American talking about "the immortal Buckminster," or any such-like luminary of the United States, with whose merits the Old World has not yet become acquainted. If the whole of the educated population of Aberdeen were polled on the subject, perhaps not forty of the body could say anything about George Dalgarno, whose writings attracted the applause of Leibnitz, and of others of the most eminent men of that age.

Dalgarno was born in Old Aberdeen in the year 1626, and is said to have studied in Marischal College. At the age of twenty-one he went to Oxford, where he continued to teach a private grammar school for the remainder of his life; during which it appears that he lived on terms of intimacy with some of the most celebrated men of his time. In the year 1661

he published his treatise on a universal language.* Various persons had contributed sums of money to enable him to print this work, which met with the commendation of the learned. About seven years after this time, Bishop Wilkins, who had expressed his approbation of Dalgarno's treatise, put forth his "Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," a work well known, at least by name, to all readers. The Bishop has been accused of having taken, without acknowledgment, several hints from Dalgarno; and it is not improbable that the idea of handling the subject may have been suggested to him from reading Dalgarno's book. In his "Didascalocophus," Dalgarno thus states the object of this treatise. "About twenty years agoe I published Latiali but rudi Minerva, a Synopsis of a Philosophical Grammar and Lexicon; thereby shewing a way to remedy the difficulties and absurdities with which all languages are clogged ever since the confusion, or rather since the fall; cutting off all redundancy, rectifying all anomaly, taking away all ambiguity and æquivocation, contracting the primitives to a few number, and even those not to be of a meer arbitrary, but a rational institution; enlarging the bounds of derivation and composition, for the cause both of copia and emphasis. In a word, designing not only to remedie the confusion of languages by giving a much more easie medium of communication than any yet known, but also to cure even philosophy itself of the disease of

* Ars Signorum, vulgo Character Universalis et Lingua Philosophica. Lond. 1661.

sophisms and logomachies; as also to provide her with more wieldy and manageable instruments of operation, for defining, dividing, demonstrating, &c."* He goes on to state that the work, though it had not met with much public favour, had received the testimony of some of the learned, among whom he enumerates Dr. Seth Ward, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Wallis, and Dr. William Dillingham.

The subject of a universal language had also about this period occupied the attention of our countryman, Sir Thomas Urquhart, a whimsical and wrong-headed scholar, who has, however, in his wonderful translation of Rabelais, given the most substantial proofs of his real genius, and of his amazing and enviable command of the riches of the English language.

In the year 1680, Dalgarno published his work on the teaching of the deaf and dumb.† It appears, if we understand his own quaint language correctly, that the publishing of these treatises had been the employment of his time during periods of sickness. His former work, he says, "became a fruitful mother of two sister-germans, Didascalocophus and a Discourse of Double Consonants; which, having layen as twins in the womb for many years, at last two severe fits of sickness did midwive into the world, the

* Introduction to Didascalocophus.

† Didascalocophus, or the Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor; to which is added, a Discourse of the Nature and Number of Double Consonants; both which Tracts being the first (for what the author knows) that have been published on either of the subjects. By George Dalgarno. Printed at the Theatre in Oxford, Anno Dom. 1680. A copy of this very rare work is in the library of Dr. Glennie of Marischal College.

latter here in order being senior to the other in the space of full seven years." Of the utility of this treatise he seems to have formed a proper notion. "It is," he says very beautifully, "restrained, at least in its most proper ends and principal effects, to a small number of mankind; but comes recommended by the strongest arguments of charity and necessity." From his introduction, as well as the title of his work, he appears to have considered erroneously that he was the first who had treated of the subject of teaching the Deaf and Dumb. Before Dalgarno's time, Dr. Holder had in 1669 published a treatise on the same subject; and still earlier, a work on the teaching of the deaf and dumb had been given to the world by Dr. Bulwer, the author of several works on various subjects, and who is described as a man of universal knowledge.* It will, however, be observed that Dalgarno has with great modesty and diffidence stated his claim to be the first that had written on this subject.

In the commencement of this treatise, Dalgarno discusses with great acuteness the comparative advantages and disadvantages in the condition of the blind and the dumb as far as the acquirement of knowledge is concerned; and it is rather surprising that he gives a decided preference to the condition of the dumb. This judgment is sufficient to shew the confidence which Dalgarno had in the practicability of his system of teaching. We believe, however, that in point

* Grainger's Biographical History of England, vol. iv. p. 32. Bulwer's work on the Deaf and Dumb was printed in 1648.

of fact persons blind from their infancy have attained to much greater acquirements than have ever been mastered by persons deprived of speech. The blind also appear, to those who are in the full enjoyment of all their faculties, to be capable of much more social comfort than the dumb, and chiefly so from their being able to indulge to any extent they please in rational conversation, which is certainly one of the most delicious luxuries in this world; but it is a consolatory truth, that Providence gladdens, in some way that we know not of, the hearts of people afflicted with what men in their rash judgment are disposed to look on as the deepest and most intolerable calamities; teaching us the great and invaluable lesson, that by the appointment of God human happiness has been made to depend far less on circumstances which we cannot command, than on that which has been put within our control—the keeping of the sunshine of a good conscience within our own breasts.

Dalgarno then proceeds to shew that the dumb man's instruction ought to commence as early as that of the blind; and he conceives that "there might be successful addresses made to a dumb child even in its cradle when he begins *risu cognoscere matrem*, if the mother or nurse had but as nimble a hand as commonly they have a tongue." This part of the treatise is exceedingly interesting and well written. It is remarkable to find that at so early a period Dalgarno had formed the most sanguine notions as to the extent to which the education of dumb persons might be brought. We find him laying down a system by

which a dumb person and a blind might communicate together, an achievement of which the enlightened nineteenth century gets the credit; and he also contemplates the practice of a finger alphabet by dumb men with one hand. His directions for the use of the finger alphabet are—" 1. *Touch the places of the vowels with a cross touch with any finger of the right hand.* 2. *Poynt to the consonants with the thumb of the right hand.*" The whole treatise appears to us to be at once amusing and instructive. His "Discourse on Double Consonants" will also repay a perusal. It is somewhat remarkable that Wallis, who had, like Wilkins, borne testimony to the merits of Dalgarno's first work, has been charged with having borrowed from the "Didascalocophus" in writing his letter upon the education of the deaf and dumb, which first appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1698. It is but fair, however, to mention, that many years before the appearance of Dalgarno's work, the attention of Dr. Wallis had been turned to the teaching of the deaf and dumb, as appears from some remarks which he has made in his treatise "De Loquela seu Sonorum Formatione," appended to his "Grammatica Linguæ Anglicanæ," published in 1653. In his "Didascalocophus," as well as in his "Discourse on Double Consonants," Dalgarno has spoken in high terms of his friend Dr. Wallis. About this period the attention of a number of learned men was turned to the teaching of the deaf and dumb. In the year 1692, John Conrad Amman, a Swiss physician, published his "Surdus Loquens" at Haerlem. The

original is in Dutch; but the work was speedily translated into Latin, German, and English. A notice of it is given by Dr. Millingen in his very amusing work, "The Curiosities of Medical Experience."

The real merits of Dalgarno's writings ought to have saved them from the obscurity into which they have fallen. They furnish abundant proofs of the acuteness and manliness of the writer's mind. His style is plain, idiomatic, and vigorous; and, like a man of sense, he apologises for being compelled, by the nature of his subject, to introduce some hard technical terms into his treatise.

Of the private life of this ingenious and now forgotten scholar we do not know of almost anything being recorded. From certain passages in his "Didascalocophus" we conjecture that he was an Episcopalian; and from another part of the same treatise it would appear that he was rather devotedly given to smoking tobacco—a practice which, though sanctioned by the example of Sir Walter Raleigh and some other great men, is worthy of reprobation as a fosterer of indolence and a great enemy to the free course of rational conversation. If the limits of this volume had allowed us to give the biography of Dr. William Barclay, who wrote in praise and defence of smoking, we would have favoured our readers with some rather sensible remarks on this subject.

Dalgarno died of fever on the 28th of August, 1687, and was buried in the north body of the church of St. Mary Magdalene at Oxford.

The very name of this writer, who does honour to

the place which gave him birth, seems to have been forgotten for a very long period, when it was partially brought before the public by Professor Dugald Stewart, who endeavoured to call attention to the merits of both his rare treatises; and in the year 1834 a beautiful edition of both his works was published at Edinburgh, by the Maitland Club, under the title of "The Works of George Dalgarno of Aberdeen." "Of the Scotish authors," says Professor Stewart, "who have turned their attention to metaphysical studies prior to the union of the two kingdoms, I know of none so eminent as George Dalgarno of Aberdeen, the author of two works, both of them strongly marked with sound philosophy as well as with original genius."

Two years after the republication of his works by the Maitland Club, a far higher testimony to the merits of our townsman came from a quarter where it might not have been so readily expected. In the month of February, 1836, the Messieurs Guyot, the directors of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Groningen, addressed a letter to the Maitland Club, in which they stated, that though they had enriched the library of the Asylum with all the treatises which had been written on the education of the deaf and dumb, in Spanish, Italian, English, French, German, Danish, and Dutch, they were never more gratified than when, some years before, they had the fortune to meet with a copy of the "Didascalocophus," which they caused instantly to be translated into their language, and which they considered "a first master-

piece in its species,"* from which much profit and instruction might be drawn. They had themselves contemplated the republication of the work, with their translation. From the perusal of this treatise they had become desirous of getting hold of any other works written by "this philosophic genius," and of learning any particulars of his life that might yet be known; and they had communicated their wishes to M. de Gerando of Paris, an eminent writer on the subject of the deaf and dumb. The Messieurs Guyot concluded by requesting the Maitland Club to send them a copy of Dalgarno's works, for which they would make any return that was within their power.

All those writers whose studies have led them to treat on the subjects on which Dalgarno has written, have spoken of him in the highest terms, as a writer of an acute, philosophical, and vigorous mind.† It might have been expected that the commendation of a genius so renowned and universal as Leibnitz would have ensured to our townsman an enduring reputation. The rareness of his treatises is one of the best refutations that could be wished of an absurd opinion, that books are scarce or common according to their worthlessness or worth. His reward has been the praise and the respect of the judicious few, "which must outweigh a whole theatre of others." By them his genius has been most liberally acknowledged; and

* The MM. Guyot wrote in English, and at the end of their letter apologised for any awkward expressions that might occur in their communication.

† His work is referred to by Scagliotti.—Cenni Storici sulle Instituzioni dei Sordi-Muti. Torino, 1823.

let it not be forgotten, that while men, of abilities contemptible in comparison with his, have attained to a name in the world because they devoted all the energies of which they were possessed to the promotion of their own glory, he chose a better part, and dedicated his great talents to the noblest purpose to which human talents can be applied, to the best service of his Creator, by piously endeavouring to promote the happiness and alleviate the sorrows of his fellow-creatures.

JOHN SPALDING.

It is a curious circumstance, that of the lives of three historians who have written about Aberdeen, and whose works are in everybody's hands, scarcely any notices have been recorded. We allude to John Spalding, Baillie Skene, and William Orem. Of the late Mr. Kennedy, from whose work, notwithstanding all the faults that have been industriously picked in it, more knowledge of Aberdeen is to be got than from all other compilations on the subject put together, we have also no biography. This is the more to be regretted, as the "Annals of Aberdeen" is a substantial monument of real public spirit; as the author in his most sanguine moments could never have expected to receive any adequate pecuniary reward for the great research and labour necessary for its production.

The amount of information which the most diligent investigations have brought out regarding John Spalding, the historian of "The Troubles and Memorable Transactions in Scotland and England," is, that he was Commissary Clerk of Aberdeen in the reign of Charles I. That he was a royalist and an Episcopalian is testified by every page of his history. His work was first printed in the year 1792 from the MS., a folio of about a thousand pages, which is preserved in the library of King's College. It is but seldom that antiquarian labour has been able to give to the

world anything so valuable and interesting. In the year 1829, a new edition was published, in one volume octavo, by Mr. King; and in the years 1828 and 1829, a splendid edition, said to be the only correct one, was printed by the Bannatyne Club, under the editorship of Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, who was at the trouble to give a list of various readings as an appendix to the work. Mr. Skene illustrated this edition by several sketches of places mentioned in the history.

Whatever rank we may be disposed to give to Spalding himself as an author, the work which he has produced is certainly one of which Aberdeen ought to be proud. In its own way, it is unique and unrivalled, excelling in interest all the other diaries which this country has produced. As an accompaniment to the formal histories of the period, it is invaluable, being rich in those minute and graphic details, the want of which renders these histories frequently dry and uninteresting. It might be a fair question for discussion, whether the writer was a stupid man or a man of abilities; for it is a fact, that not only may a stupid man write a truly interesting book, but that there are books which, as has been most truly observed of Boswell's delightful life of Johnson, derive their value and their interest from the candid stupidity of the author, and the subjects of which would have been spoiled if handled by a man of talents. Those who consider Spalding to have been a stupid man cannot deny, that, in a thousand passages in his work, he has succeeded admirably in conveying, in a very few words, his bitter contempt of the covenanting clergy-

men, whom it was his delight to hold up to ridicule. If, on the other hand, he be considered a man of genius, it must at the same time be admitted that his turn of mind was of that class called "old-wife-ish;" and hence his unrivalled skill in telling a story, a faculty which old wives have in all ages possessed in greater perfection than the most gifted of men. The very way in which old women surpass men in the telling of stories is the way in which Spalding surpasses all his contemporaries. Men conceive that in telling a story they should lay before their hearers the facts essential to the narrative; women, on the other hand, justly hold that the whole interest and the whole graphic power of history depend on the number of irrelevant and impertinent details with which they can load the facts. Thus, if a woman has to mention a death, she is sure to tell you whether the day on which it took place was fair or foul; and if she mentions a birth, the probability is that she adds the information of the price of provisions at the time. Shakspere has admirably portrayed this characteristic in his Mrs. Quickly. The following is a splendid specimen of a woman's way of stating a fact:—

Falstaff.—What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess.—Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good

dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? and didst not thou kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

This glorious passage is probably one of the evidences which our philosophic countryman, David Hume, would have pointed to, of that want of taste and "propriety of thought" which he regretted to find in Shakspere. It is lamentable to think of a man of letters not being able to see that truth and nature are better than regularly constructed sentences, and that a faithful picture of real life is more valuable than all the volumes that have ever been written of that contemptible stuff called metaphysics, a life-time study of which leaves a man just as ignorant as when he began it. What it is that these people who write criticisms upon philosophical principles mean by "taste," it is sometimes difficult to guess at; but we are always led to understand that it is some great gift that they themselves possess in an eminent degree; it is something which Dante and Shakspere wanted, and which is found in Virgil and Racine; and therefore clearly a thing that a man may lack, and yet be amongst the greatest of human beings. The criticism of Hume upon Shakspere is an unrivalled instance of a metaphysician's folly:—"If Shakspere be considered as a MAN, born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, *without any instruction either from the world or from books*, he may be regarded as a prodigy; if represented as a POET, capable of furnishing *a proper*

entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy." The discovery, that Shakspere got no instruction from the world, is undoubtedly Hume's own; the ridiculous notion, that he was educated in the lowest manner, he might learn from a thousand quarters; for that delusion has been handed down, from one stupid pedant to another, to our own day, in the very face of the most complete evidence to the contrary, furnished by the immortal writings of the poet himself, and by the testimony of his learned contemporary, Ben Jonson, who declared that he "had small Latin and less Greek," a certificate which Jonson would have never given but to a scholar of respectable attainments.* But learned men naturally delight to believe that the greatest of geniuses are not their equals in some respects, and therefore very willingly swallow the nonsense that Dr.

* Hume's philosophic interlocutor has all the obtuseness, without any of the spirit and vigour, of Jeremy Collier's verdict on Shakspere. "His genius," says Collier, "was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious."—(Dict., Art. Shakspere.) William Cobbett has generally been ranked amongst those who were insensible of Shakspere's greatness; but we cannot believe that he really did not feel it. That excellent writer was in the way of deluding his readers by affecting likings and dislikings which there is reason to believe that he did not feel. A writer in one of the magazines hit off a trait in Cobbett's character admirably, when he said, that, after abusing Shakspere and potatoes, he would no doubt sit down and eat some of these valuable vegetables with his fat bacon, and read the "Merry Wives of Windsor." It is indeed not conceivable that he did not relish Shakspere's humour. Our French neighbours, in whose intellectual development the want of imagination and the want of a sense of the humorous are the most prominent defects, seem to be totally insensible of Shakspere's merit, even at this day, when their old formal notions of literature have been nearly swept away by the Revolution.

Farmer has written about Shakspere's learning, in that choice piece of pedantry and sophistry which he put out to prove that Shakspere was no scholar like himself. The learning of Shakspere, we shrewdly suspect, was above that of Hume; and though he might not have so much of the rubbish of books upon his memory as some of his commentators, his classical allusions are invariably brought in with a propriety and appreciation of the spirit of ancient literature that their works were marvellously void of.

To return from this digression to Spalding's history—it has been very strongly condemned by Dr. Shirrefs, whose business it was to praise Dr. Guild, whom Spalding hated with a perfect hatred, and abused with much unction. The Doctor held that Spalding's style was defective, and that the substance of "his performance" as he calls it, was of no value, and that he had not "thrown any new light upon public transactions," nor "made any discoveries in the secret views of parties," nor "established any certainty with regard to the real character of particular persons." In all this, if we could suppose that the Doctor would have condescended to be witty in so grave a publication as his life of Dr. Guild, we might believe that his condemnation of Spalding was ironical, and was meant for praise in disguise. His last accusation against Spalding is, however, no doubt correct; he condemns him for not having "rendered undeviating justice to all," a charge which may fairly be brought against all uninspired historians that have ever written; historians being after all but mere human

beings, and not exempted from the frailties of our fallen nature. Even the classic ancients, who, according to some people's notions, had no faults at all, have been suspected, by more searching inquirers, of national and party feelings. The researches of Niebuhr have led to the conviction, that Livy did not give an impartial history of the war of the Romans with Porsenna; and it is conjectured, that, if we had the lost writings of Hannibal, it would be seen that "undeviating justice" had not been rendered to the Carthaginians by their rivals in arms. As for the moderns, we hardly know of one historian of name who is not accused of more or less partiality. Those who have written of civil matters are all charged with leaning too much to aristocracy or too much to democracy; while works on ecclesiastical history consist, in a great measure, of the attempts of the authors to convict each other of lying and dishonesty. The Romanists consider that John Foxe was rather partial to the Reformation, and Father Parsons has enumerated the number of thousands of lies which he had found in the Martyrology;* while Dr. Lingard, on the other hand, is accused of a fondness for Popery.

* Father Parsons must have been a mathematician. The way in which he made out his account of Foxe's lies was this: a learned man had noted thirty lies in two pages of the "Book of Martyrs," Parsons discovered, to his notion, other thirty, making, in all, sixty in the two pages, or thirty lies per page. He then multiplied th number of pages by thirty, and the product was thirty thousand lie in the book. We do not know whether or not this scientific method was adopted by the diligent critic who found out the number of lies in Sleidan's history, which, however, it appears, amounted only to eleven thousand in all.

Presbyterians have been thought to admire Samuel Rutherford at the expense of Prelacy; while Scotish Episcopalians, of whom Spalding was one, have at no time, down to this hour, been anywise remarkably distinguished for their candid and charitable views of the motives and conduct of those who do not reverence their ridiculous claim to an uninterrupted apostolic succession.

The name of 'Spalding' has been adopted as the designation of an antiquarian club instituted in Aberdeen in December, 1839, for the purpose of republishing neglected authors, and printing all sorts of despised and rejected manuscripts. The first work which the club gave to the world was a book exceedingly unlike Spalding—a "History of Scots Affairs from 1639 to 1641," by James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, which being almost totally unreadable, the club selected as worthy of being published for the entertainment and delight of the members; and, accordingly, they printed it "on special good paper and in a very good letter," as Winstanley said of the works of John Ogilvie; the only external faults about the book being its ugly shape and the awkward manner in which the year of God is printed on the title page; in both of which respects the taste of an antiquary is manifested; for no reflecting person would lay the blame of either deformity upon a printer of the nineteenth century, if left to his own discretion and the light of nature.

HENRY SCOUGAL.

THIS amiable man and distinguished religious writer was born in the year 1650. He was the son of Patrick Scougal, who was Bishop of Aberdeen from the year 1664 to 1682. The family were descended of the Scougals of Scougal, in Fifeshire. The Bishop married Margaret Wemyss, a lady of Fifeshire, by whom he had three sons and two daughters. John Scougal, the eldest brother of Henry, was commissary of Aberdeen. Henry was the second son. James, the youngest, succeeded his brother in the situation of commissary; but afterwards sold the place and went to Edinburgh, where he became one of the senators of the College of Justice under the title of Lord Whitehill. He appears to have addicted himself to medical studies, having translated from the French a work on anatomy, and published a treatise called "The Country Physician."* Of the two daughters, the elder, Katherine, was married to Alexander Scroggie, Bishop of Argyle; and the younger, Jean, to Patrick Sibbald, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.† Bishop Patrick Scougal was a man of eminent virtues and learning. His portrait, which is preserved in King's College, represents him with much of the calm, placid aspect which was remarkable in his son Henry;

* Book of Bon Accord, p. 321.

† Preface to "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." Edinb. 1747.

and the curious sculptured figure of him in the Cathedral of Old Machar has preserved a considerable likeness of the portrait amidst all its rudeness.

We have met with no mention of the birth-place of Henry Scougal; but it was most probably Salton in East Lothian, of which his father was parson previously to his being made Bishop of Aberdeen. Scougal was fourteen years of age when his father came to reside here. From his earliest years he was distinguished by the great progress which he made in learning. He was of a sweet and mild temper, and mingled little in the diversions usual among boys, but spent much of his time, even when a child, in study and devotion—his desire even then being to become a minister of religion. The studious and retired character of Scougal, when a mere child, was in all probability occasioned by the weakness of health under which he laboured, and to which his early death is no doubt to be attributed, even when we make every fair allowance for the sentimental cause which may have hastened it. Having one day taken up the Bible, and opened it, by chance, as he thought, his eye fell on that passage, "By what means shall a young man learn to purify his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." These words seemed to make a deep impression on his mind, and to determine him still more earnestly to lead a life of holiness and purity. It seems that notwithstanding his general retirement from the exercises of his school-fellows, he used to meet with some of them who were much devoted to learning, and

that they "composed little orations, and acted the parts of the Roman senators."* He was at this period distinguished for the ripeness of his judgment and the strength of his memory,† which enabled him to commit to recollection great part of the Scriptures, as well as to be able to give abstracts of any discourses to which he happened to listen. In human knowledge, the attainments of his boyhood comprehended the mastering of an elegant Latin style, considerable acquirements in Greek, and in the Hebrew and other oriental languages, besides an acquaintance with history, mathematics, and logic.

At the age of fifteen, Scougal was sent to the University of King's College. The simplicity of his mind was dissatisfied with the wrangling philosophy then in fashion. "He was desirous," says Dr. Gairden, "to dive into the nature of things, and not to be involved into a strife of hard words and a maze of nice distinctions; and therefore, by his own proper industry and private study, he became even then master of that philosophy which has now got such footing in the world." In the meantime, he was careful in avoiding the allurements of all systems of science, falsely so called, which tend to lead the mind from religion, or to withdraw it from the service of God.

* A sermon preached at the funeral of the Rev. Henry Scougal. By George Gairden, D.D.

† "Though he loved more to study things than words, yet, for instance, in a few days' time he learned to understand one of our Western languages, and could read it in English, in a few days, with more readiness than those who have lived many years where it is spoken."—*Gairden's Sermon.*

In the private meetings of his fellow-students, Scougal, on account of his learning and wisdom, was uniformly appointed president; and his discourses to them from the chair were, says Dr. Gairden, "so grave and becoming, that they looked upon them as the sayings of a grey-head, and thought they savoured of the wisdom of a senator." Having finished his course at the College, he was selected to teach the class of one of the Regents, who was occasionally absent; and having done so for one term with great credit to his abilities, he was at the early age of nineteen promoted to the Regency, with which the Professorship of Philosophy was connected. At that time regencies in the University were situations generally bestowed upon young men preparing for the office of parish ministers. However learned and grave Scougal was at this period, the appointment could hardly be considered as judicious; and there is reason to believe that, as might have been expected of a teacher of his tender years and soft disposition, he was unable to preserve due authority over his scholars. Dr. Gairden has indeed stated otherwise, but he alludes to the disorders which arose in his class, and to the expulsion of some of the ringleaders. As a professor, Scougal, we are told, "was careful to instruct the youth in the most intelligible and useful principles of human knowledge;" and, according to Dr. Gairden, he was the first in this part of the country, if not in Scotland, who introduced the philosophy of Bacon into his class. "He looked upon it," says the Doctor, "as the most proper for framing their judgments and dis-

posing them to conceive things aright; for taking them off from a disputing humour, and a vanity in hard words and distinctions, and in thinking they knew something when they knew nothing. He thought it served to enlarge and raise their apprehensions of Almighty God, by considering the vastness of his works, and the admirable wisdom and goodness that appeared in the order of the world and the wonderful contrivance even of the most minute creatures; that it disposed them to consider the nature and worth of their immortal souls, and of what small moment all the sensual pleasures of this lower world were; and that it inclined them to a more universal love and good-will towards all, and to meaner thoughts of themselves and their knowledge." A curious instance of the celebrity of Hobbes's famous treatise is furnished by the abrupt manner in which the mention of it is introduced by Dr. Gairden: "He," (Scougal,) he says, "was very careful to train them up in the best and most useful principles of morality, and to guard them against the debauched sentiments of 'Leviathan.'"

After holding the professorship of philosophy for four years, he resigned his chair, and, by the advice of his friends, accepted the pastoral charge of the parish of Auchterless. In this situation, which he held for only one year, he distinguished himself by a faithful and zealous discharge of the duties of a christian minister; and, by the respect and esteem which he shewed for those whose religion manifested itself in their quiet lives, he discountenanced the clamorous

godliness of those whom the world calls religious. From Dr. Gairden we learn, that in his parish he found one of those exemplary Christians described so beautifully by Cowper :—

> "Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
> Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
> Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
> Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
> Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
> Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
> She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
> Has little understanding, and no wit;
> Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
> (Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
> Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true."

"He more valued," says the Doctor, "the humble innocence and cheerful contentment and resignation of one poor woman in that place than all the more goodly appearances of others." While his sound notions of the christian character are obvious from this anecdote, it also appears that his opinions on the subject of preaching were equally enlightened and equally opposed to the fashions generally prevalent in his time, and now revived in ours—"He thought," says Dr. Gairden, "it should be a minister's care to chuse seasonable and useful subjects, such as might instruct the people's minds and better their lives; not in airy and fanciful words, nor in words too big with sense, and having a great many thoughts crowded together, which the people's understandings cannot reach; nor in philosophical terms and expressions, which are not familiar to vulgar understandings; nor in making use of an unusual word where there could be found one more plain and ordinary to express the

thought as fully."* His private life, at this time, Dr. Gairden describes as that of a hermit, his fare being coarse and his lodging hard.

In the year 1674, Scougal, now in his twenty-fourth year, was called unanimously to fill the chair of Divinity in King's College, the right of appointing to which lay with the clergy of the diocese. It appears that at first he hesitated whether or not he should accept the charge; but was prevailed on, by the unanimous wish of his friends, to fill the office. During the time that he was Professor of Divinity, he devoted two summers to visiting the Continent, where he acquired the friendship of several eminent scholars.

It was while he held the chair of Theology that this accomplished young man conceived an unfortunate passion, which laid the foundation, or hastened the issue, of the disease by which he was taken from the world in the flower of his youth, though not before he had displayed a genius which does honour to his country, and which, when increase of years would have matured his intellect, might have ranked him, had he been spared, with the greatest divines which this country has produced. It has been said that at a still earlier period Scougal had suffered what the Greek poet calls the greatest of all miseries, the pangs of

* Dr. Gairden, a writer of great good sense and truly christian mind, had not failed to observe a device of which religious impostors have made much use—"There are," he says, "some kinds of words and expressions, some tones and ways of utterance, which will raise the passions and affections of predisposed tempers without at all enlightening their minds, even as music does."—Sermon, in *Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man*, p. 280.

disappointed affection; and that the unhappy fortune of his earthly passion had led him, as it has in all ages led many others, to fix his love on God. The blessed Saint Katherine of Sienna was long tormented in her soul by the love of a mere mortal, to which her warm imagination gave a terrible power over her; and when, by fervent prayers and tears, she at last succeeded in changing the direction of her affections to her Saviour, her earlier passion was so interwoven with her whole constitution, that she expressed her spiritual desires in the burning language in which she used to give utterance to her earthly flame; and in her rapturous vision received on her finger the symbol of marriage from the hand of her heavenly bridegroom. There are many edifying histories of the same kind on record. It is the natural course of love to seek for return, and when disappointed in one quarter, it flies to another; and in this way it has often, by a blessed change, left the earth and sought for solace in heaven—"the flame breaks out anew at some more hallowed shrine, and mere human love refines itself into seraphic rapture."*

This early passion of Scougal's has been said to be alluded to indirectly in various passages of his beautiful treatise, "The Life of God in the Soul of Man;" and we are sure that our readers will excuse an extract from that excellent volume, in which the vanity of mere human love is spoken of with rather a deeper feeling than men confined to manses and colleges

* Philemon to Hydaspes, p. 52.

generally give utterance to on that popular subject:—"When this affection is misplaced, it doth often vent itself in such expressions as point at its genuine and proper object, and insinuate where it ought to be placed. The flattering and blasphemous terms of adoration wherein men do sometimes express their passion are the language of that affection which was made and designed for God, as he who is accustomed to speak to some great person doth perhaps unawares accost another with those titles he was wont to give to him. But, certainly, that passion which accounteth its object a Deity, ought to be bestowed on him who really is so. Those unlimited submissions, which would debase the soul if directed to any other, will exalt and ennoble it when placed here. Those chains and cords of love are infinitely more glorious than liberty itself; this slavery is more noble than all the empires in the world. Again, as Divine love doth advance and elevate the soul, so it is that alone which can make it happy. The highest and most ravishing pleasures, the most solid and substantial delights, that human nature is capable of, are those which arise from the endearments of a well-placed and successful affection. That which embitters love, and makes it ordinarily a very troublesome and hurtful passion, is, the placing it on those who have not worth enough to deserve it, or affection and gratitude to requite it, or whose absence may deprive us of the pleasure of their converse, or their miseries occasion our trouble. To all these evils are they exposed whose chief and supreme affection is placed on creatures like them-

selves; but the love of God delivers us from them all. First, I say, love must needs be miserable, and full of trouble and disquietude, when there is not worth and excellency enough in the object to answer the vastness of its capacity. So eager and violent a passion cannot but fret and torment the spirit when it finds not wherewith to satisfy its cravings; and, indeed, so large and unbounded is its nature, that it must be extremely pinched and straitened when confined to any creature: nothing below an infinite good can afford it room to stretch itself and exert its vigour and activity. What is a little skin-deep beauty, or some small degrees of goodness, to match or satisfy a passion which was made for God—designed to embrace an infinite good? No wonder lovers do so hardly suffer any rival, and do not desire that others should approve their passion by imitating it. They know the scantiness and narrowness of the good which they love—that it cannot suffice two, being, in effect, too little for one. Hence love *which is strong as death* occasioneth *jealousy which is cruel as the grave*, the coals whereof are coals of fire which hath a most violent flame. But Divine love hath no mixture of this gall. When once the soul is fixed on that supreme and all-sufficient good, it finds so much perfection and goodness as doth not only answer and satisfy its affection, but master and overpower it too: it finds all its love to be too faint and languid for such a noble object, and is only sorry that it can command no more. It wisheth for the flames of a seraph, and longs for the time when it shall be wholly

melted and dissolved into love; and because it can do so little itself, it desires the assistance of the whole creation, that angels and men would concur with it in the admiration and love of those infinite perfections. Again, love is accompanied with trouble when it misseth a suitable return of affection. Love is the most valuable thing we can bestow; and by giving it, we do in effect give all that we have; and therefore it must needs be afflicting to find so great a gift despised—that the present which one hath made of his whole heart cannot prevail to obtain any return. Perfect love is a kind of self-dereliction, a wandering out of ourselves; it is a kind of voluntary death, wherein the lover dies to himself and all his own interests; not thinking of them, nor caring for them, any more, and minding nothing but how he may please and gratify the party whom he loves. Thus he is quite undone unless he meets with reciprocal affection. He neglects himself, and the other hath no regard to him. But if he be beloved, he is revived, as it were, and liveth in the soul and care of the person whom he loves; and now he begins to mind his own concernments, not so much because they are his as because the beloved is pleased to own an interest in them. He becomes dear unto himself because he is so unto the other."*

We must not forget to mention, that there is a tradition that the object of Scougal's love, and the cause of his untimely death, was a married woman; but

* Life of God in the Soul of Man, p. 25. Edinb. 1747.

who she was, or whether she was beautiful or otherwise, or what kind of taste the Professor of Theology had in these matters, are circumstances now unknown even to those who are best informed in Old Aberdeen scandal; and it could not have been expected that his friend, Dr. Gairden, from whom we learn most of the particulars known about Scougal, could have introduced a topic so interesting into a funeral sermon. We regret to notice the sneering allusion which Mr. Pinkerton, a man of a bitter spirit, makes to the sufferings and death of this amiable scholar. "It is said," observes this cold-hearted writer, "that, being of an amorous complexion, he sometimes loved God and sometimes loved women; and that, having unfortunately become enamoured of a married lady at Aberdeen, he died in the struggles of virtue and passion. But he had grown so corpulent in his retreat, the steeple of the Cathedral Church of St. Machar at Old Aberdeen, that his executors were forced to extract the body through a window. These traditions seem rather inconsistent, as love is generally supposed rather to belong to the class of consumptions than of dropsies; and it is rare that the amorous swain pines away into plenitude."* This, it will readily be admitted, is a witty passage; but, so little do we envy

* Iconographia Scotica. In the west side or front of the south steeple of the Cathedral a recent filling up in the wall is to be seen, while the gap still remains in the inside, as the outward building up is only superficial. Through this opening we have no doubt that the body of the learned theologian was got out. The door in the inside of the steeple leading up the stair to his place of abode is too narrow to let a very corpulent body pass with convenience.

the spirit in which it is written, that we would not take it upon ourselves for any reward. The account of the physical symptoms of Scougal's malady has been told in quite a different way from that in which Pinkerton gives it. "He fell into a consumption," says one biographer, "which wasted him by slow degrees, and at last put an end to his valuable life."* Love being an impatient passion, its victims, when it comes to a height, seldom allow it to shew fairly its real power over the constitution, but generally take their fate into their own hands; and instances of regular dying out in consequence of this passion are too rare to allow us to establish any judgment of how it affects the person. Though we do not admit the truth of Sir John Falstaff's story, that he was blown up with sighing and grief, yet nothing is better known than that, in some constitutions, grief and vexation do not attenuate the body. In the gloomy confinement of Fotheringay Castle, Mary Queen of Scots grew corpulent, though her hair turned grey,† and though the summers and winters of eighteen long years passed away in succession while she awaited the hour in which her blood was to glut the malice of her rival, when

——— "The tired head of Scotland's Queen
Found rest upon the block."

* Preface to "The Life of God in the Soul of Man."

† "Ce n'etoit pas la viellesse qui les avoit ainsi changés en l'age de trente cinq ans, et n'ayant pas quasi quarante ans; mais c'estoient les ennuis, tristesses et maux qu'elle avoit endurez en son royaume et en sa prison."—*Brantome. Les Vies des Dames Illustres*, p. 146. Leyde, 1699. Mary was, however, four years older than Brantome makes her.

The fate of this accomplished divine is one instance amongst many that history furnishes us with, that no men become more easily the victims of love than those who lead lives of solitude, contemplation, and study. Had Scougal gone about, like Cant and other theologians of that age, abusing, tormenting, and oppressing all who did not submit to their arbitrary authority and infallible wisdom, he might have lived to have been fourscore in spite of all the ladies in the world. All culture of the mind, of the taste, and the imagination, only renders its possessor more deeply sensitive to the enchantments of beauty, and therefore more liable to be overcome by its power; and even the study of theology will not furnish him with armour to resist its terrible attacks, as the history of many an Abelard bears testimony; for not less wisely than beautifully has the poet sung—

> "On women nature did bestow two eyes
> Like heaven's bright lamps in matchless beauty shining,
> Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise
> And wary heads made rare by art's refining."

The histories of those saints who have fled to solitude and betaken themselves to a life of meditation, shew that there, where they thought that their souls would be delivered from the thraldom of worldly passions, they felt themselves assailed with more than ordinary violence. In his solitary retreat at Sublaco, the devil took care to keep continually before the eyes of Saint Benedict the form of a lady whom he had seen before he left Rome; and it was not till the saint had subjected himself to severe bodily torture that divine

grace triumphed in the overthrow of his earthly affections.*

Scougal died on the 27th June, 1678, before he had completed his twenty-eighth year. An admirable sermon was preached at his funeral by Dr. George Gairden, which was afterwards published by the Rev. Mr. Cockburn, minister of St. Paul's Chapel, who also collected and published the sermons of Scougal, which are to be found along with the edition of his "Life of God in the Soul of Man," printed at Edinburgh in 1747. Scougal was buried in the chapel of King's College, where a tablet of black marble, bearing the following simple and beautiful inscription, was erected to his memory:—

Memoriæ Sacrum.

HENRICUS SCOUGAL, Reverendi in Christo Patris
Patricii Episcopi Aberdonensis filius;
Philosophiæ in hac Academia Regia, per quadriennium, totidemque
annis ibidem Theologiæ Professor: Ecclesiæ in Auchterless,
uno anno interstite, Pastor. Multa
in tam brevissimo curriculo didicit, præstitit, docuit.
Cœli avidus, et cœlo maturus, obiit Anno Dom. MDCLXXVIII.
Ætatis suæ XXVIII.
Et hic exuvias mortalitatis posuit.

Scougal had bequeathed his library to King's College,

* As it may be useful to people under like afflictions to know what remedy Saint Benedict used, we give the statement of Jacobus de Voragine—"Moxque diabolus quandam feminam quam aliquando viderat ante mentis ejus oculos—[a hunter after plagiarisms might say that Shakspere had stolen his expression of the "mind's eye," which is now become a household word, from the Bishop of Genoa] reduxit ejusque animam tanto igne in speciem illius accendit ut pene heremum, voluptate victus, deserere deliberaret. Sed subito, divina gratiâ, ad se reversus continuo se exuit et in spinis et in vepribus quæ ibi aderant nudum se adeo volutavit ut toto corpore inde vulneratus exiret, ut per cutis vulnera mentis ardorem educeret."—*Legenda Aurea*, fol. lviii. Col. 1483.

and left a sum of money to enlarge the income of the Divinity Professor.

The works of Henry Scougal consist of his famous treatise, "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," which has gone through numerous editions; nine Discourses, which have also been several times republished; some "Occasional Reflections," which we have not seen; and three Latin Tracts, still in manuscript—the first being a short system of ethics, the second "A Preservative against the Artifices of the Romish Missionaries;" and an unfinished treatise on the Pastoral Care. All of his productions that have been given to the world are of the highest excellence as works of practical religion. Of the merits of his "Life of God" it is nearly impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. This work, which was written for the private use of a noble friend, and not intended for the press, was made public in the year 1677 by Dr. Burnett, afterwards the Bishop of Sarum, into whose hands the manuscript had fallen, and who has warmly expressed his feeling of the value of the treasure which he was giving to the world. Dr. Gairden's eulogy is just and well expressed—"Sure, whoever considers the importance of the matter of that book, the clear representation of the life and spirit of true religion and its graces, with the great excellency and advantages of it, the proposal of the most effectual means for attaining to it by the grace of God, the piety and seasonableness of the devotions, together with the natural and affectionate eloquence of the style, cannot but be sensible of its great use-

fulness to inspire us with the spirit of true religion, to enlighten our minds with a right sense and knowledge of it, to warm our hearts with suitable affections and breathings after it, and to direct our lives to the practice of it." Dr. Wishart, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, who published an edition of it, says—"Since I had the happiness to become acquainted with this book, I have heartily blessed God for the benefit I have received to my own soul by the perusal of it; and have earnestly wished it had a place in every family, was carefully perused by every one who can read, and that the sentiments of pure and undefiled religion it contains were impressed upon every heart." It is indeed a work of a truly evangelical character, using that term in its right and original, and not in its fashionable and modern, sense. It is truly a lovely and fragrant flower, blooming sweetly in the sterile desert of Scotish divinity, and which, by some kind providence, has been enabled to flourish in its place amidst all the bleakness around it. It is a fact not more singular and melancholy than true, that though the great bulk of the people of this country are zealous theologians and religious disputants, no civilised country in Europe has produced so few religious treatises of any utility or beauty. The people of France and Italy are not religious; but this is not because their clergy have not given them works of piety of the highest character. In this way almost nothing has been done in Scotland; and there is little expectation that anything will soon be done. From the spirit that animates the majority

of our clergy, and the contempt in which sound learning and sound sense are now held, it would be sanguine indeed to look forward to the appearance of any religious works that might wipe away this reproach to our National Establishment. Nothing, in all probability, will be heard for years to come, but contentious disputings about patronage and anti-patronage, calls and inductions, the voluntary principle and the established principle, and other such like things, about which Christianity knows nothing and cares nothing, looking on them all as questions of mere human convenience and arrangement.

To return to Scougal, the writing of a beautiful book of piety is certainly no proof that the author himself is possessed of any particle of religion; but all testimony is uniform as to the unblemished innocence and purity of Scougal's life and conversation, his love to God and his benevolence to man; in all which his bright and blessed example was the best and most glorious commentary on his valuable writings. We have alluded to the fatal passion which hurried him to his grave. It leaves not the shadow of a stain on his sainted memory. He did not give up his virtue, but his innocent life, to the force of what all history and experience shew to be the most powerful passion that can assail humanity; which has decided the fates of nations as well as of individuals, when their destinies were trembling in the balance; and which, whenever there occurs any case of competing jurisdictions between it and any other passion, invariably vindicates its own supremacy. The sub-

lime purity of our Saviour's morality, which condemns not merely guilty actions but guilty thoughts and imaginations, does not direct its sentence against the man who dies in an unavailing struggle to divorce from his heart an unhappy passion which he abhors while he cannot forget.

A portrait of Henry Scougal, which has been engraved in Pinkerton's collection, is preserved in the hall of King's College. The portrait is that of a person inclining to corpulence, and the features are handsome and full of sweetness and sensibility. The eyes are dark and large, and the hair falls down in curls on the shoulders. There is a general resemblance in this portrait to the common pictures of Pascal, but the features are more regular and elegant.

ROBERT GORDON.

This famous miser is said to have been born in the year 1665. He was the only son of Arthur Gordon, an advocate, and a relative of the family of the Gordons of Pitlurg. He received a good education, and a patrimony of eleven thousand merks, or eleven hundred and eleven pounds two shillings and two pence and two thirds of a penny sterling, as Mr. Francis Douglas has counted it, with an accuracy very commendable in the biography of a miser. In his youth he visited the Continent, where, it is said, he "wasted his substance with riotous living." Some add, that in those his more unthinking days, having been jilted by a lady, he ever after bore a most unreasonable hatred to the whole gender, which he manifested in some of the absurd enactments of his well-known Deed of Mortification. Having now removed his affections altogether from the fair sex, he placed them upon the making of money, and is said to have realised a considerable sum at Danzig, where he carried on business as a merchant. He returned to Aberdeen in the prime of life, about the beginning of last century; and from this date he appears to have been engaged in no business whatever. He now waxed more miserly every day, and, with increasing years, attained to increased experience and wisdom in saving money. It is but right to state that it has

been said that Gordon at this time had conceived the idea of founding an hospital for the benefit of his native city, and therefore resolved to half-starve himself out of pure christian benevolence and that kind consideration for posterity which is a common trait in the character of benevolent bachelors. Mr. Kennedy is one of those people who have good-naturedly agreed to believe this story. "Although a man," says he, "who had seen a good deal of the world and enjoyed the first society in the place, yet, having formed the noble design of founding an hospital in the town, for the maintenance and education of young boys, he denied himself for many years the comforts and conveniences of life at home, that he might be better enabled to provide a fund adequate to the accomplishment of his favourite object." We confess that it would require evidence of the strongest and most direct kind to substantiate the truth of this beautiful story, though there are some narratives nearly similar that have obtained credit in the world. There is a popular tale, which most of our readers may have met with, though we cannot now refer them to the book where we have read it, of an ecclesiastic in some town on the Continent, who, finding that the place in which he lived was not supplied with water, resolved to be the instrument of conferring this blessing upon his fellow-citizens; and for the greater part of his days lived the life of a wretched miser, enduring patiently the scorn and the insults of his neighbours till the day of his death, when he left as much money as defrayed the expense of bringing water into the

town, which had all along been the patriotic object which he had at heart. We certainly think that if a man mean to starve himself in order to bless posterity, he ought to announce his intention to the world, which would give him due credit for his virtue, and instead of reviling him as a miser, would revere him as a saint; and the public would no doubt provide him with some sort of a hole to live in, and perhaps help him with subscriptions. That he formed any intention of founding an hospital with his money till towards the close of his life is what may very fairly be doubted; but that he saved his money, not out of love to it, but in order to effect this valuable object, is a theory very good for a romance, but which will hardly be believed by a rational man. In one biography of Gordon,* written with no ordinary want of

* Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen, by Robert Chambers. (Art. Robert Gordon.) In this useful work, which, with all its numerous defects, is by far the best Scotish Biographical Dictionary that has yet been published, though it might be easily improved in various ways, there is, as might be expected, great inequality in the merits of the different articles. Almost all of them display accuracy as to facts and dates; and this, perhaps, by many readers, will be considered the chief excellence to be looked for in such a work. The defects are in what we are bound to hold as matters of far higher consequence—in the careless manner in which the interests of morality and religion are attended to in criticisms on these subjects. Thus, in this article on Gordon, the religion of the New Testament is deliberately and solemnly set aside. Let the reader turn to the article, *James Melville*, and he will be perfectly surprised to find the writer stating that Melville's diary indicates "throughout the best feelings both of a Christian and a gentleman;" while, immediately after, we are told that all the calamities which befel those who did not belong to his party, are by Melville set down as special instances of the Divine vengeance upon them—an arrogant judgment, which, as the writer justly remarks, has been expressly condemned by our Saviour. We are perhaps singular in

judgment and perversity of moral feeling, the writer, with the simplicity of a man whose whole notions of his fellow-creatures were derived from books, states, "We are certain that this design was formed by him a number of years previous to his death, for so it is clearly stated in the preamble to the deed of mortification." No doubt the old miser, in his deed of mortification, states that "I have deliberately and seriously, for these several years bygone, intended and resolved, and am now come to a full and final resolution and determination, to make a pious mortification," and so on; but the man who would believe the moral doctrine of a deed of mortification is certainly capable of putting faith in the statements of grave-stones themselves. Of course, this writer believes the mortifier when he states that his "resolution purely proceeds from the zeal I bear and carry to the glory and honour of God; and that the true principles of our holy and christian religion may be the more effectually propagated in young ones;" for the biographer declares himself "inclined to believe him well imbued with religious principles and feelings, from the anxiety which he manifests, and the ample provision which he makes, in the deed of mortification, for the support and encouragement of true religion

objecting to a practice in so general use with writers as that of calling all who differ in opinion from them infidels, without any proof; but we cannot help regretting that, in a popular work like this to which we are alluding, the charge of infidelity, which an illiberal and unprincipled faction raised and have kept up, against that truly manly and admirable writer, Dr. Conyers Middleton, should be set down as an unquestioned fact, without any expressed doubt or qualification whatever. (See art. Bellenden.)

and good morals in the institution which he founded." This argument may be safely left without a word of comment. There are a number of pious expressions, no doubt, in Gordon's testament, but not more than may be got in the bulls of the most profligate of the Popes of Rome.

Many curious anecdotes of Gordon are on record; but a doubt hangs over their genuineness, from the circumstance that several of them are nearly identical with what are related of other misers. He lived, or rather starved, in a small hired apartment, his whole expenditure not exceeding, it is said, five pounds a-year. Various were the methods by which he contrived to satisfy his hunger without spending any of his money, one of the least ingenious being his practice of going through the public markets tasting the provisions, as if he wished to know their quality. His method of warming himself in cold weather is entitled to more credit as an effort of science—"He had discovered," says one of his biographers, "the secret of deriving warmth from coals without consuming them as fuel; for although the grate in his cheerless chamber was always filled with them, yet they were never wastefully kindled, but merely kept in their own place, as a matter of propriety. Their calorific virtue he derived from carrying a 'birn' of them on his back, and thus pacing about his room till he walked himself into a comfortable glow."* With

* From a well-written article on Gordon's Hospital, by Mr. John Ramsay, which appeared in the "Letter of Marque," a periodical published in the year 1834.

regard to his economy in the victualling department there is an excellent story on record, which squeamish people may consider below the dignity of biography. Having one day found a rat drowned in a bowl of buttermilk which was in his press, he took care not to remove the body of the deceased till he had squeezed out of him all that he could get of his own property.

Gordon, who is said to have been an intelligent and well-informed man, delighted much in rational conversation, which is a luxury that costs nothing and is good for the health. When a friend would call on him of an evening, he did not consider it necessary to light a candle, as he justly observed that "one could see to speak in the dark." "His dress," says the writer whom we have before quoted, "displayed a struggle between his pinching propensities and some ambition to appear in a habit suitable to his rank as a gentleman. Gloves he allowed himself; but he knew that they would last all the longer for being never put on, and so he always carried them in his hand."

Most of Gordon's biographers have described him as a man of good taste; and Francis Douglas mentions that he left behind him a good collection of coins and medals. He is also said to have been fond of reading; and he displayed some judgment in his choice if he purchased that copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" which now lies in Marischal College. In order to indulge his literary habits in the dark evenings, he contrived to get as much light as to see the page before him by boring a hole

in the floor of his apartment and lying down on his side, and getting the benefit of a lamp in a cobbler's room in the floor below.

On the 13th December, 1729, Gordon executed and signed a deed of mortification, disposing of his whole substance, which amounted to ten thousand pounds sterling, for the founding and endowing of an hospital for the "maintenance, aliment, entertainment, and education of young boys whose parents are poor and indigent, and not able to maintain them at schools and put them to trades and employments." On the 19th September, 1730, he signed a supplementary deed confirming the former one. We cannot omit mentioning here the conduct of Provost Cruickshank, in whose time this mortification was left to our city. It appears that Gordon had a sister married to a poor but respectable man, to whom she had borne a numerous family. To provide for his destitute sister and his nephews and nieces would have been the first object of a Christian; but avarice hardens all feelings of natural affection. "While he one day conversed with the provost of Aberdeen," says Mr. Douglas, "on the subject of his intended settlement, the provost modestly insinuated, that, however commendable such institutions were, yet near and respectable connexions merited some notice. The gentleman's humanity was speedily checked by a short but severe rebuke to the following effect: 'What have I to expect, Sir, when you, who are at the head of the town of Aberdeen's affairs, plead against a settlement from which your citizens are to derive so great benefits?'"

Mr. Douglas has spoken with right feeling on the christian conduct of the chief magistrate, and with the indignation which a sound-hearted man should entertain of the opposite disposition of Gordon. His biographer in Chambers' work has formed quite a different judgment. He is of opinion that the provost received a "well-merited rebuke" for his impertinent interference, and does not see that "there was any *strictly moral* obligation upon him, as there was certainly none of a legal nature, to bestow upon his relatives any part of that wealth which he had acquired by his own industry; and when we take into account the invaluable and extensive benefits which he conferred on the public by so acting, we should pause before we condemn his seeming want of natural affection." We have no knowledge of what standard of morals this writer looks on as obligatory upon him. By the New Testament system, this moral obligation is such as can neither be set aside nor evaded. Writers of biographical dictionaries may have invented a code of morals infinitely superior, in their estimation, to that of the Gospel; but for our part, we can tolerate no appeal from the judgment of Scripture pronounced in the clearest and most terrible terms—"If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." With regard to the gross and disgusting sophistry of calling upon us to "take into account the invaluable and extensive benefits which he conferred on the public by so acting," we have nothing whatever to do with such a consideration. The New Testa-

ment is not to be trampled under foot for reasons of finance. Christianity allows of no "pausing before we condemn" the murders and adulteries of King Henry VIII., though we do take into account that the Reformation arose out of his crimes—

"And Gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes."

Gordon did not live long after making his final settlement. His death is said to have been hastened by a debauch. It appears that he was a lover of good eating when it could be procured at the expense of another; or, as Chambers ingeniously states the case, "although avarice had taken a strong hold of his mind, and subjected him to the most severe privations, it was never able fully to eradicate the natural sociability of his disposition, or to destroy his relish for the luxuries and enjoyments of life." Having been invited to dine with a friend, or, as some say, to a public entertainment, he gorged himself so extravagantly as to cause his death very soon after. Mr. Douglas has recorded another anecdote, which we trust is authentic, and which is eminently creditable to the magistrates of the city. "His nephew," he says, "then apprentice to a physician in town, was called by the magistrates to let blood of his uncle and attend him. This furnished them with an opportunity of making him a handsome present; and I have been told it was no less than five hundred pounds sterling." It is not easy sufficiently to commend such an instance of right christian feeling. Gordon died in January, 1732. His body lay in state

in Marischal College, where all who wished to see it were admitted, and partook of the refreshments given on such occasions. His remains were buried in Drum's Aisle. The bells were tolled and cannon were fired on the occasion. "The expense," says Mr. Douglas very happily, "was great; but it was out of time for Mr. Gordon to object to it."

The hospital founded by Gordon was built on the ground which had once belonged to the Dominican Friars. Though the house was completed in 1739, it was not opened for receiving pupils till the year 1750, by which time the money left by Gordon had accumulated to about fourteen thousand pounds, though the expense of the building had been three thousand three hundred. The number of boys at first admitted was thirty; but that number has been increased from time to time till now, when it amounts to about one hundred and sixty. The building, also, has been enlarged by two spacious and elegant wings, designed by Mr. John Smith, architect. Above the door of the original central building is a niche containing a fine statue of the founder. The body of the figure is made of some composition, but is finely finished; and the head, in particular, is remarkably spirited. On a tablet, over which the figure leans, is a representation of charity, according to the idea in Correggio's well-known picture, a woman surrounded by children, to whom she is giving suck. The garden-ground in front of the hospital is very extensive.

The affairs of this institution have all along been managed with much prudence by the magistrates and

council and the town's clergymen, who are the governors. The founder took care to provide in his will that the master should always "be a man of the true Protestant religion, well affected to the Protestant succession, fearing God, of honest life and conversation." It may very much shock the feelings of those who hold the absolute inviolability of deeds of mortification to hear, that the institution had not been a year in operation, when the governors, in defiance of the mind of the founder, very properly resolved "that women servants be taken into and employed in the hospital." We have not discovered in what year a matron or mistress was first introduced. Among other foolish regulations of the founder's, one was, that all the teachers should be unmarried men; and in this particular his will has been observed to this day, more, we believe, from reasons of economy than from approval of the principle or satisfaction with its working. This monastic piece of discipline will in all probability be altered within a few years. On the petition of the master and teachers, a committee of the governors lately took into their consideration the propriety of allowing them to live out of the house; and we suspect that the additional expense was the only substantial reason for not agreeing to the prayer of that petition. However well celibacy may work amongst people with whom it has the sanction of religion, experience shews that you cannot coop up four or five gentlemen of Protestant principles in the inside of a house, and get them to live with any degree of comfort. You may furnish them with the pret-

tiest gardens imaginable, and give them all the conveniences and many of the luxuries of life, but they will be sure to contrive some means or other of making themselves miserable and giving you trouble. The root of the evil is, that they are living in an unnatural state, which Heaven will not bless; for bachelors are miserable creatures, and as peevish and little minded as old women—they are not respected by the world, and they cannot in their hearts respect themselves—they are ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate—they do not enjoy such a thing as a home or a hearth—wherever they are, they are just like a parcel of boarders in a lodging-house.

Amongst the boys who have been educated in Gordon's Hospital, several have risen in the world, and have attained to large fortunes. By a provision in the deed of mortification these persons should pay back to the hospital the expense of their education; and in some instances this has been done. We have heard it remarked that the institution has not turned out any man of genius. We certainly do not know of an exception to the observation except in the case of our townsman, Mr. Frederick Cruickshank, the miniature painter, a pupil of Robertson, and now his rival in art.

In the hall of Gordon's Hospital is a quarter-length portrait of Gordon, and a full-length, by Mossman, a painter of the coarsest order, who seems to have got into fashionable practice in this quarter, as he received a very handsome sum for that monstrous picture of the city which is to be seen above the fire-place in

the Town Hall. There is also in the hospital a third picture of Gordon, of a very small size, painted on oak; and a companion to it, which appears to be the portrait of his relative, Gordon of Straloch.

Gordon appears from these portraits to have been a handsome comely man, with a mild and intellectual countenance. We have already alluded to his alleged taste. We are not aware upon what authority it has been established that the fine folio copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" now in Marischal College, which appears to have belonged to a Robert Gordon, was once the property of our Gordon. This book, which is a copy of the edition of Oxford, 1638, bears on the first blank leaf the name "John Cottinghame," and then "Robert Gordon, his book." We have never heard that Gordon was a Quaker; and from various circumstances, and especially from his making the town's ministers trustees of his property, we conjecture that he was not. Yet, the owner of this book appears to have been one, from the note on the second blank leaf—"Robert Gordon bought this book in London ye 13th of ye 3d month, 1687, price 4 lb. Scots." In 1687 Gordon was but twenty-two years of age, and his love had not yet been turned to Mammon, and therefore he might have paid six shillings and eightpence in order to console his heart by reading the pages about "Love Melancholy," as has been conjectured by some of his biographers. But, by the year 1705 he had turned miser, and therefore not likely to give presents; which makes us doubt if the Gordon who gave this book to Marischal College in

that year be the true Gordon. The Latin inscription is, "Academiæ Mariscallanæ dono dedit Robertus Gordon, *Senior*, Mercator, Abredonensis, 1705"—where we think the word "senior" is interpolated by a later hand.

It is hardly necessary to say a word about the character of Gordon. To call such a man "benevolent," because the hospital founded by his money is a benevolent institution, is a perversion of language, and an insult to religion. That a man can be a Christian and a miser, is not true, unless the New Testament be erroneous in its morality. That such a man might possess some good properties, is just possible; but his vice was not the vice of a well-disposed nature, and good men will remember and join in the prayer of Sterne, "If I am to be tempted, let it be by glory, by ambition, by some generous and manly vice; if I must fall, let it be by some passion which Thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat, and come back to Thee!"

THOMAS BLACKWELL.

Amongst the learned men who have filled chairs in our colleges, Dr. Blackwell is entitled to hold the highest rank. His father, Thomas Blackwell, after having been for some time one of the ministers of Aberdeen, was appointed Principal of Marischal College in the year 1717. He bestowed the greatest attention on the education of his sons Thomas and Alexander, of which last we shall afterwards have to speak: both of them became accomplished scholars in Greek and Latin. Blackwell was born in Aberdeen in the year 1701, and was educated, first at the Grammar School, and afterwards at Marischal College, where he took his degree of Master of Arts in the seventeenth year of his age. He had, while a mere boy, attained an uncommon proficiency in literature, and especially in the Greek language, of which, at the early age of twenty-two, he was appointed Professor in the College by a presentation from the Crown. As, however, it was not till the year 1755 that the present system, by which each Professor is confined to the teaching of one branch of knowledge separately, was introduced, Blackwell must have had to conduct his students through a whole curriculum of University instruction. As a teacher of Greek, Blackwell, by his profound knowledge and his untiring zeal, rendered the greatest service to the University and to

the cause of learning in this quarter. At a later period Campbell, Alexander Gerard, and Beattie, were among his pupils.

In the year 1737, Blackwell published at London his "Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer," a second edition of which came out in the year 1746. The work is now seldom looked into, but has been considered the most valuable of his writings.

In the year 1748, on the death of Principal Osborn, Blackwell was called to preside over the University. He compelled a more regular attendance of the students, and expelled some of them who refused to submit to the authority of their teachers. He instituted or revived a practice amongst the Professors, of delivering discourses in the public school, and set the first example himself. Indeed, this worthy man seems to have set his whole heart upon the promotion of the interests of the College. He instituted a course of lectures in ancient history, geography, and chronology, in all of which he was profoundly skilled. Under his direction, and mainly by his exertions, the improved mode of instruction now followed in the College was introduced in the year 1752.*

It was about this period that Principal Blackwell married the daughter of a merchant in Aberdeen, by whom he had no children. Mrs. Blackwell survived her husband for many years. She founded a Profes-

* See "Plan of Education in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, with the Reasons of it. Drawn up by order of the Faculty. Abdn. 1755." This Report was written by Alexander Gerard, the Professor of Philosophy.

sorship of Chemistry in the College, the chair of which was first filled by the late Dr. George French. Mrs. Blackwell also left an annual premium of ten pounds for the best essay in the English language on a given subject.

It is by his last work, the "Memoirs of the Court of Augustus," the first volume of which was published in 1753, that Principal Blackwell is now best known. The criticism of Dr. Johnson has contributed to the celebrity of this very worthless book; for so, with all its varied erudition, it must be considered. It is a singular hotch-potch of pedantry and affectation, as the mere title itself might lead the reader to see, and few now-a-days will go beyond the title, except for some special purpose. It is inscribed to the Right Hon. Henry Pelham. The second volume appeared in 1755, and the last in 1764, some years after the death of the Author.

The writings of Blackwell can be characterized in a very few words. When you read a single passage, you see the whole spirit and style of all that he has written. Blackwell, like a number of other teachers of Greek and Latin, had a weak prejudice in favour of the ancient republics, which he has displayed in various parts of his "Memoirs of the Court of Augustus." Though the ancient republicans were not degraded by the sordid and illiberal spirit of the modern republicans in the United States of America, they seem, like them, to have lived under as complete a despotism, and under the same ridiculous pretence of being free men.

Blackwell died of a consumptive disease on the 6th of March, 1757. He had left Aberdeen to go to the Continent for the benefit of his health; but having proceeded to Edinburgh, he was seized with a violent illness, which carried him off in a few days, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Though the writings of Blackwell are now justly neglected, the services which he rendered to learning in this quarter ought not to be forgotten. He seems to have been a man thoroughly conscientious in discharging the duties of his office. His private character, notwithstanding a few eccentricities, is allowed to have been that of a gentleman. His dress, like the style of his writings, was ornamental and tawdry; and his manner, in speaking and walking, was pompous and important.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

The piety and domestic virtues of Elizabeth Blackwell entitle her to rank amongst the best women whose names have found their way into public history; a fortune which has happened to her and Lady Rachel Russel and two or three other virtuous women; but which has, in the instance of most of their sex who have attained to celebrity, been a calamity upon their memory, being a rank at which it is not easy for a woman to arrive by the practice of those private and retiring virtues and graces which are the real solid ornaments of the female character, and which give to it its fascination in the eyes of all of the other sex whose respect is worth having; for of all the forms in which the ancient painters and sculptors embodied their ideas of Venus, it was found that the *Venus Semireducta* attracted the noblest and the most passionate admirers.

Elizabeth Blackwell was the daughter of a stocking merchant in Aberdeen, where she was born about the beginning of last century. The first event in her life which is now known, was her secret marriage with Alexander Blackwell, and her elopement with him to London. It is probable, from the name, that Blackwell was her relative. Of the peculiar circumstances which prevented this affectionate pair from being publicly united we are in complete ignorance; but

we are bound, on reflecting on the virtuous life of Elizabeth Blackwell and her pious attachment to her husband, to believe, though elopements in general are equivocal demonstrations, that this was a most justifiable, if not an absolutely necessary elopement. We are inclined to think that there must, in this case, have been some unreasonable, and, as religious writers say, "inconvincible obstinacy" on the part of the old people to the wishes of their offspring, which rendered it quite proper and highly becoming for the young folk to take the matter into their own hands. That it was a judicious elopement may indeed be fairly inferred from the fact that their union was a most affectionate one; whereas, in most cases where foolish couples go off in this style, their love, after an extravagant manifestation for two or three calendar months, speedily passes through the wearisome and insipid stages of lukewarmness (which is so strongly condemned in Scripture) and coldness to the more satisfactory and decided state of mortal hatred.

Alexander Blackwell, as we have stated in the life of his brother, received a finished education, and was an accurate Greek and Latin scholar. He had studied medicine under the famous Boerhaave, and, in travelling over the Continent, had lived in the best society, and had acquired an extensive knowledge of the modern languages. He was, however, unsuccessful in his endeavours to secure a comfortable livelihood. After having in vain attempted to get into practice as a physician, and having now a wife also to provide for, he applied for the situation of corrector of the

press to a printer of the name of Wilkins, and for some time continued in that employment. He then set up a printing establishment in the Strand; but having been prosecuted by the trade on account of not having served a regular apprenticeship, he became involved in debt and was thrown into prison.

It was this circumstance that brought into notice the talents and virtues of Mrs. Blackwell. She resolved, by an unexampled labour for a woman, to effect the delivery of her husband. She had in her girlish days practised the drawing and colouring of flowers, a suitable and amiable accomplishment for her sex. Engravings of flowers were then very scarce, and Mrs. Blackwell thought that the publication of a Herbal might attract the notice of the world and yield her such a remuneration as would enable her to discharge her husband's debts. She now engaged in a labour which is at once a noble and marvellous monument of her enthusiastic and untiring conjugal affection, and an interesting evidence of the elegant and truly womanly nature of her own mind. Having submitted her first drawings to Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Mead, these eminent physicians encouraged her to proceed with the work. She also received the kindest countenance from Mr. Philip Miller, a well-known writer on horticulture. Amongst those who were honoured in patronising her labour of piety was Mr. Rand of the botanical garden at Chelsea. By his advice Mrs. Blackwell took lodgings in the neighbourhood of this garden, from which she was furnished with all the flowers and plants which she required for

her work. Of these she made drawings, which she engraved on copper, and coloured with her own hands. Her husband supplied the Latin names and the descriptions of the plants, which were taken principally from Miller's "Botanicum Officinale" with the author's permission." The two volumes were the work of four years' labour. While it was in progress the following public recommendation of it was given to the world:—

LONDON, *October* 1, 1735.

We whose names are underwritten, having seen a considerable number of the drawings from which the plates are to be engraved, and likewise some of the coloured plates, think it a justice to declare our satisfaction with them and our good opinion of the capacity of the undertaker—

R. Mead, M.D.,	Jas. Douglas, M.D.,	Joseph Miller,
G. L. Teissier, M.D.,	James Sherard, M.D.,	Isaac Rand,
Alexr. Stuart, M.D.,	W. Cheselden,	Robt. Nichols.

In 1737, the first volume, a large folio, came out under the following title, "A Curious Herbal, containing Five Hundred Cuts of the most useful Plants which are now used in the Practice of Physick. Engraved in Folio Copper Plates after Drawings taken from the Life by Elizabeth Blackwell: to which is added a short description of the Plants and their common uses in Physick, vol. i. London; printed for Samuel Harding in St. Martin's Lane, 1737." The volume is accompanied by the following certificate from the College of Surgeons, dated July 1st, 1737:—

Imagines hasce Plantarum Officinalium per Dominam Elizabetham Blackwell delineatas, ære incisas et depictas, iis qui Medicinæ operam dant perutiles fore judicamus.

Thomas Pellet, *Præs.*

Henricus Plumptre. } *Censores.* { Peircius Dod.
Richardus Tyson. } { Gulielmus Wasey.

The volume contains dedications to Pellet, to Mead, and to Dr. Alexander Stuart, one of the Queen's physicians. To Dr. Pellet Mrs. Blackwell says, in an artless style, which reminds us of those delightful letters of Lady Russell, in which all the received rules of grammar are so gracefully set at defiance—

SIR,—If this work proves useful to mankind, they are chiefly indebted for it to the encouragers of the undertaking, among whom you ought in a principal manner to be remembered.

Permit me on this occasion to acknowledge the honour I esteem your approbation, and to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

CHELSEA, *ye 14th of July*, 1737.

Every word that this woman has written is precious, and we must give all her dedications. The inscription to Dr. Mead is as follows:—

SIR,—As the world is indebted to the encouragers of every publick good, if the following undertaking shou'd prove such, it is but justice to declare who have been the chief promoters of it; and as you was the first who advised its publication and honoured it with your name, give me leave to tell its readers how much they are in your debt for this work, and to acknowledge the honour of your friendship.—I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

CHELSEA, *ye 14th July*, 1737.

In the middle of the volume is the following address to Dr. Alexander Stuart:—

SIR,—As you have given me the greatest marks of your favour by encouraging and promoting this work on all proper occasions, more especially by showing some of the first drawings at a public Herbarizing of the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries, and recommending me to the friendship of Mr. Isaac Rand, without whose assistance this work would have been very imperfect, I shou'd be guilty of the highest ingratitude if I omitted this occasion to make a publick acknowledgement, and to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

CHELSEA, *ye 2d of August*, 1737.

On the publication of her first volume, Mrs. Blackwell in person presented a copy to the College of Physicians, and received at their hands a substantial reward for her labour, and a recommendation of her work to the public. The second volume of the work was published in 1739. It is inscribed to her warm friend, Mr. Rand, in the following becoming terms:—

SIR,—Your readyness to assist and instruct me in this undertaking (which otherwise would have been very imperfect) is so visible to every judge who must know that I had no skill in botany, that I am under a necessity to declare that it is to you that I am obliged for any complete part of this work; and therefore I hope you will accept of this small acknowledgment which gratitude obliges me to make.—I am, with great respect and esteem, Sir,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

CHELSEA, *August ye 16th*, 1737.

These short writings appear to us to possess a moral beauty which it is not easy to describe. They are faithful effusions of womanly modesty, propriety, and good sense. For the credit of a profession the members of which are honoured for their general humanity and benevolence, we willingly believe that Dr. Mead and those other men of science received these addresses with a pleasure of the purest and most exalted nature; that they then felt that the exercise of kindness brings its own ample and unspeakable reward; and that, compared with the consciousness of having aided this great and good woman in her rare and heroic labour, all the honours which they had obtained and all the reputation which they had with their contemporaries, or might hope to have with posterity, were mean and unsubstantial and unsatisfactory.

With regard to the expression "you was" in Mrs. Blackwell's dedication to Mead, it was not then, and, by some scholars, it is not even now considered ungrammatical; and we have been told, though we are not in a condition to ascertain the fact, that the phrase was repeatedly used in the original edition of the polished and accurate Junius.

The profits which Mrs. Blackwell received from this work enabled her to relieve her husband from prison. The adventures of Blackwell after his release are well known. Having devoted much of his attention to agricultural science, he obtained for some time a lucrative employment from the Duke of Chandos. He was subsequently invited to Sweden on account of a work which he had published on agriculture. He went there, leaving his wife in England. He was received with honour at the court of Stockholm, where he lived with the prime minister in the enjoyment of a salary from the government. To his other honours was added the appointment of being one of the royal physicians. During this period of prosperity he had continued to send large sums of money to his wife, who was now making arrangements to leave England with her only child, and join her husband. But heaven, which often brings human histories to a very different conclusion from what readers of romances are disposed to acquiesce in, for the wise end of impressing men with the most solemn conviction of the reality of another world, which is the appointed place of rest and reward for goodness, saw fit to remove from this noble woman the husband whom she had

loved so ardently, and for whom she had wrought a work of such singular piety, and to take him from the world by a melancholy and frightful death. A conspiracy against the constitution of Sweden was formed by Count Tessin; and Blackwell, it is believed innocently, was suspected of being concerned in the plot. He was seized and put to the torture, when, as some accounts bear, he denied his guilt, while other statements say that he confessed it—an evidence to which, however, no rational man will attach any weight. However that may be, he went through the form of a trial, and was sentenced to be broken on the wheel and subjected to other ignominies. The sentence of death was carried into effect, but not with the cruelties of torture. Blackwell was beheaded in the month of July, 1747. On the scaffold he behaved with the calmness of a man conscious of his integrity. He declared to the assembled people his innocence of all intention of injuring the government of the country in which he lived. Having prayed for a short time, he laid his head on the block, and was then in so tranquil a mind, that, like Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn, he indulged in a humour for jesting. Having placed his head in a wrong posture, he excused himself for his awkwardness as it was his first experiment in that way. Blackwell, with great talents, appears to have been a man of a somewhat restless disposition. His life was chequered by turns of prosperity and misfortune. He might have been considered ill-fated, if that man could be called unhappy that had such a woman to his wife.

Of Mrs. Blackwell, from the period of her husband's death, we hear nothing more; and the time of her decease is unknown. We believe that she spent the remainder of her days in seclusion from this vain world and in constant preparation for another, and that the piety and humility of her heart shone still more brightly (though not in the sight of the world) in the time of her deepest earthly adversity than they had done before her worldly hopes were laid in the grave—like that sweet flower, the emblem of the christian life, which, the more that it is trod upon, yields its delightful fragrance more profusely.

When we turn to Mrs. Blackwell as an author, and without any reference to the noble object which she had in view when she appeared before the public, it is gratifying to reflect that her amiable mind led her into a walk becoming a modest woman. She occupied herself in

> ——— "Gathering flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower."

She did not, like some female writers, cry out against the manners of the age, and bewail the sins of her neighbours, and weep for the decline of vital religion, which an acute writer whom we cannot name at present says very truly is one of the purest luxuries that self-righteous persons can indulge in, as it furnishes them with a world of internal satisfaction with themselves. Neither did she go away, like some other women, and write novels and romances, in which not only the grossest ignorance of human life and of human nature is displayed, but the greatest laxity of

moral principle is manifested; for women really know, and ought to know, but little about human life; and their moral theories, even when their practice is tolerably fair, are in general rather perverse. Neither did she compose sonnets and other pieces, like the things which we see in those handsomely bound little volumes with gilt edges and full of plates, which come out about the Christmas season, and in which are found collected the best effusions, in prose and verse, of those ladies and gentlemen who form the offscourings of the literary world—the whole very appropriately illustrated by pictures of women, made by people who call themselves artists; and who, if a judgment might be formed from their drawings and engravings, might be supposed never in their lives to have seen women but in pictures. We have no doubt that Mrs. Blackwell knew that a woman must prudently consider what she is about before she come before the public, and particularly before she become the author of a book. Almost all women who have become celebrated for their talents, have done so at some expense of what ought to be "the immediate jewel of their souls," their fair reputation. From "burning Sappho" down to "the eloquent De Stael" scandal has been very busy with their characters.*

* As might have been expected, all these talented women have found defenders. Sappho's morality has been asserted by Welcker, a learned German—(Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreyt. Göttingen, 1816.) No distance of time or country seems to weaken the spirit of gallantry. Petrarch has twice over declared his entire conviction of the virtue of Dido, Queen of Carthage—

"Quella che per lo suo diletto et fido
Sposo, non per Enea, volse in al fine.

This may be uncharitable, but it is not unnatural; for there is something offensive in a woman putting out a book, except on some such subject as Mrs. Blackwell handled; or on dancing, or cookery, or anything of that kind which women ought to know about, and will be the more amiable for their knowledge. But when they go the length of writing sonnets, political economy, theories of morals, essays on population, systems of chemistry, and theological discourses, it is perfectly unbearable. Learned and intellectual women have never been in great estimation with the more judicious of the other sex. Literary men are seldom agreeable companions, but literary ladies are generally allowed to be insufferable. What sort of husbands and fathers they are who allow their wives and daughters to write for the edification of the public we do not take it upon us to say, further than that they must have strange notions of what is attrac-

Taccia 'l vulgo ignorante; i' dico Dido
Cui studio d onestate a morte spinse
Non vano amor come il publico grido."
Trionfo della Castita.

This famous woman's virtue has also been asserted by Buchanan, who is thought to have given harsh usage to his own Queen. Amongst his *Icones* are the following very pretty verses:—

"Casta, decens, generosa animi Phœnissa peregi
Fœmina magnanimis, vix imitata viris
At tu sacratam, Maro, labe aspergere famam
Conaris famæ non sine labe tuæ."

The numerous defences of Mary Queen of Scots may, without condemning her, be fairly attributed as much to gallantry as to a dispassionate love of truth. There is no man of any good feeling that would not rejoice to discover perfect evidence of her innocence; and it is said that Sir Walter Scott was restrained from writing her history because his convictions ran counter to his inclinations.

tive and amiable and becoming in the female sex, when they do not discourage their literary efforts by every means in their power, and endeavour to keep them in that place in society where they will be least known and most happy. This is not being cruel to genius; for the light of nature, and the Word of God, and the moral constitution of women, all combine to shew that they are a people who were not sent into this world to shine by their own light, but to be helpmates to the other division of the human family; and the very first instance which the Scripture records of a woman's advice being taken about the acquirement of knowledge was followed by the most disastrous consequences.

The merit of Mrs. Blackwell's work, without reference to its romantic history, has been acknowledged both at home and abroad. The plates are distinct, and are faithful likenesses of the plants. A man of a generous mind will feel more pleasure in turning over these two large folios, with their hundreds of plates, each one of them bearing the inscription, *Elizabeth Blackwell, delineavit, sculpsit, et pinxit,* than he would in handling an ear-ring of Cleopatra, or even a lock of Helen of Troy's hair.

DR. GEORGE CAMPBELL.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the literature of Scotland owes so very little to the Presbyterian clergy, notwithstanding the leisure and the opportunities which their profession affords them of rising to eminence. The national character for genius and intellect has been almost entirely maintained by our laymen—by Smollett, Thomson, Burns, Scott, Kames, Hume, and Beattie. If the whole amount of what has been done by our Presbyterian clergy were laid in one scale, and "Humphry Clinker" and "Roderick Random" flung into the other, the worth of these two masterpieces of the greatest and most original genius that Scotland has produced would far outweigh the accumulated merit of the whole literature on the other side. There are some people who may think that it would not have become clergymen to have written such works as "Humphry Clinker" and "Roderick Random," and that they should confine themselves to their theology. But, alas! this does not better the case. Scarcely can we point to a single religious work of merit which our national clergy have produced. Burnett, Leighton, and Scougal, belonged to another communion. We have plenty of writers on religious subjects, and plenty of ministers who have published sermons; but where are there any of them who have imbibed the spirit of the Gospel in

their writings—who discover any knowledge of its moral beauty, or any sympathy with its charity and benevolence?

The best and most distinguished period in the history of our Church, is that which followed the Secession and continued till within about ten years ago. During that time her ministers were not, perhaps, learned divines or great geniuses, but they were men generally of peaceable and respectable lives; and about the end of last century and the beginning of the present, the Church bade fair to produce a succession of men worthy of filling the pulpits and the professors' chairs in the country. The Church during that period, it may be safely said, performed the services for which an establishment of religion is intended, as efficiently within her own sphere as ever any national church at any period did. It is almost needless to add, that the flattering appearances to which we have alluded have all been blasted, and that a retrograde movement commenced about some eight or ten years ago, and has gone on with amazing success. The ministers of the *quoad sacra* churches have been admitted into the Church Courts, unions have been formed with the Seceders, every kind of delusion and fanaticism has been encouraged—the use and design of an Establishment have been lost sight of—and ministers of the Establishment do not scruple to affirm boldly, that the Church is not a creature of the State. Of course in all these doings, the *quoad sacra* ministers, having nothing to lose, have aided and abetted the endowed ministers with all their might; while the

endowed ministers, in their character and preaching, follow the standard of the voluntary clergy, conceiving that the State has nothing more to do with them than to give them money to live comfortably upon.

This is a melancholy state of things; but they are the best friends of their country and of the Church who declare it the most distinctly—"Melius est," says St. Augustin, "cum severitate diligere quam cum lenitate decipere."

Amongst the clergymen who appeared during the best period of our Church, Dr. George Campbell holds by far the most distinguished rank, nor since his day has any equal to him arisen. He was the son of the Rev. Colin Campbell, one of the ministers of this city, and was born in Aberdeen on the 25th of December, 1719. His grandfather was Mr. Campbell of Westhall, in the county of Aberdeen. The Rev. Colin Campbell was a man of great worth, though as it is said, somewhat eccentric in his manners, and peculiar in his style of preaching. He married Margaret the daughter of Alexander Walker, merchant in the city. By her he had three daughters and three sons, of whom George was the youngest.* He died while Campbell was only nine years of age.

After acquiring a knowledge of Latin at the Gram-

* On this point we have followed the authority of the Rev. George Skene Keith. In a notice of Dr. Campbell which appeared in the *Aberdeen Magazine* for June, 1796, he is stated to have been the second son. In Keith's biography, Campbell's maternal grandfather is said to have been "provost or mayor" of the city; but no such name as that of Alexander Walker occurs in the series. See Kennedy, vol. ii. p. 230.

mar School, where he is said to have been by no means distinguished for the studiousness of his disposition, Campbell was sent to Marischal College, where an attention to the study of Greek had lately been aroused by the exertions of Dr. Blackwell; and here he distinguished himself by his acquirements in that language. After finishing his course at the College, he went to Edinburgh, where he served a regular apprenticeship to a writer to the signet; a circumstance which, by varying the course of his education, must have been of great service to him in after-life. His inclination, however, led him to the study of divinity, and, in order to advance himself in his profession, he attended, while in Edinburgh, the lectures of Professor Goldie, who then held the Divinity chair in the University. Here also he formed a friendship with Dr. Blair, then a young man about his own age, who was about that time coming out as a preacher. On returning to Aberdeen he attended the lectures of Professor John Lumsden in King's College, and Professor James Chalmers in Marischal College. About this period Campbell, along with Mr. John Glennie, afterwards the minister of Mary-Culter, and the father of Dr. Glennie, the respected Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, formed a literary society, the object of which appears to have been principally their advancement in theological learning.—Campbell is said to have read to this club the substance of the lectures on Pulpit Eloquence, which he afterwards delivered to his class when he was Professor of Divinity.

In the year 1746, Campbell was licensed as a preacher, and in the following year was an unsuccessful candidate for the Church of Fordoun, against Mr. Forbes, one of the members of the theological club to which we have before alluded. The Crown gave the presentation to Mr. Forbes, on account of his having a majority of the heritors in his favour. The reputation of Campbell was, however, rapidly extending itself; and in about twelve months after, he was, without any solicitation on his part, or any personal acquaintance with his patron, presented, by Sir Alexander Burnett of Leys, with the church of Banchory-Ternan. And thus did the Church of Scotland receive amongst the number of her ministers the greatest man of whom she can boast, and the man who, of all her ministers, has done most by his writings for the cause of the Christian religion,—and received him by means of the system of Patronage, which now-a-days is declared to be "a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear;" a grievance forced upon our Church by "the infidel Bolingbroke and an unprincipled ministry;" and which it would appear is so horrid an abomination, that ministers who owe all that they, or their fathers before them, have or had of rank in society, or of worldly comfort, feel conscientiously called upon to load it with every term of abuse and reviling that language can afford, as an invention of the Pope, or, as some say, of the devil himself; while the same conscientiousness will not allow them to give up any of the carnal advantages which they derive from this popish and devilish contrivance.

As the minister of Banchory, Campbell acquired the affection of his parishioners by the unaffected kindness and goodness of his heart, and promoted their best interests by preaching sermons as different as could be conceived from the sermons now in fashion, and which are delivered by all young men who wish to rise in the Church. We need not tell those who have the least acquaintance with his writings, that his discourses were plain, simple, and practical; but we must state that we use the word "practical" in the sense in which it is explained in dictionaries, and not with its fashionable meaning—as our readers are aware, that, in the slang of the present day, a "practical discourse" means a discourse that has no reference whatever to practice, and is neither calculated nor intended to instruct men in their christian conduct. It was while he lived in the parish of Banchory that Campbell conceived the design and laid the foundation of his "Translation of the Gospels" and of his "Philosophy of Rhetoric;" and it was at this period of his life that he married Miss Farquharson, the daughter of Mr. Farquharson of Whitehouse; and "a lady," says Dr. Keith, "remarkable for the sagacity of her understanding, the integrity of her heart, the general propriety of her conduct, and her skill in the management of domestic economy." Mrs. Campbell died in 1792.

After having filled the situation of a country minister for nine years, Campbell was called by the magistrates to the situation of one of the town's ministers, vacant by the death of the notorious John Bisset.

This man was, intellectually, morally, and in every way, the most perfect contrast to Campbell that could be conceived. He had a shining character for godliness amongst the ignorant, and was distinguished for his factious, domineering, and wicked behaviour. On Sundays he used to take a walk through the town in order to become acquainted with its iniquities; and on such occasions, when he chanced to meet a poor woman or a simple servant girl carrying water, he would maliciously lay hold of her pitcher and spill the contents on the ground, from which, as both Scripture and experience teach, they could not be gathered up again. This put the poor women to the trouble of returning to the well to replenish their vessels. By thus endeavouring to put down, as sinful, the enjoyment of clean water and fresh air on the Lord's Day, and by other like means, Bisset came to be looked on by the wrong-headed portion of the public as an eminent saint. He contended, also, strongly for the independence of the Church, and did every thing in his power to despite the magistrates of the city. In short, he was one of those contemptible imitators of Thomas à Becket, of whom we have plenty in the present day, who are totally destitute of the talents and the moral courage of the Romish prelate, and who do not imitate any one of the virtues which he is allowed to have possessed. Bisset was the representative of the spirit of priestcraft in this quarter in the eighteenth century, as Andrew Cant was in the seventeenth. He was a bitter enemy to patronage; and having had to preach at the induction of the cele-

brated Dr. Reid, as his successor in the parish of New Machar, he inveighed fiercely against patronage, and did his best—and with great success—to excite animosity against the worthy man and truly christian minister who succeeded him. It is well known that Dr. Reid's settlement was a forced one, and as well known that he soon after became the idol of his people; so that, as one of his parishioners declared, they were all ready to fight against him when he came, and all ready to fight for him before he went away. This was likewise the very case with the Rev. Mr. Foote of Fettercairn, the father of the respected minister of the East Parish in this city, who was put into his parish contrary to the will of the people, and without any such marriage between him and his flock as is now-a-days said to be necessary for the forming of the pastoral relation—an invention of modern times not dreamed of when the apostles and saints went forth and preached the Gospel to people who hated to hear it; and were beheaded, and stoned to death, and crucified, for their trouble. Those were the pure times, when there was no patronage at all, and when to have presented a young man to a church would have been the same as to present him to be put to death.

Bisset died in the year 1756, after having been eight-and-twenty years minister in Aberdeen. He was born in the year 1692, and had been made minister of New Machar in 1717. He was, according to his gravestone, which lies near the Back Wynd gate of the churchyard of St. Nicholas, "An able and faithful minister of the New Testament; a clear,

distinct, copious, and experimental preacher; zealously attached to the doctrines, discipline, worship, and government of the Church of Scotland, from the most thorough persuasion that they were in every respect agreeable to, and founded on, the Word of God. For this reason, no worldly consideration could ever make him deviate from them in any instance. An impartial and undaunted reprover of the vices of the age and place in which he lived, through the whole course of his ministry, particularly in the latter part of it, he encountered many difficulties and the most violent opposition; but he was remarkably supported under the severest trials, and his character and estimation seemed to increase in proportion to the opposition he met with. He was an instrument, in the hands of God, of doing good to the souls of many in the different places where he had laboured as a minister—to whom, on that account, his memory is and must be precious. He died justly and deeply regretted by all who wished well to the interests of religion. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." His son, who was minister of Culsamond, is not less laudatory than his gravestone. "It was," he says, in a preface to one of his father's sermons, "the character of the author to reprove, with the strictest impartiality and most undaunted courage, the vices of the age he lived in. On days of public fasting, and on every proper occasion, he was mindful to cry aloud and not to spare; to lift up his voice like a trumpet, and to shew God's people their transgression and the house

of Jacob their sins. By so doing, no doubt he would incur the odium of many; reproof and plain dealing is a thing so harsh and disagreeable to human nature."* The sermons of this active and factious parson have been published. They are uncommonly wretched productions. In the sermon which he preached on the occasion of the Fast on account of the great earthquake at Lisbon, he enumerates, amongst the sins of the age, the visiting of the Castle-hill on a Sunday.

Such was the man to whom Campbell succeeded; and so great was the ascendancy which Bisset had been able to attain over the minds of a part of the congregation, that a considerable portion of them left the church in disgust on the appointment of Campbell, and set up a meeting-house of their own, where they could get doctrines that suited their own hearts preached to them. It was on this occasion, we have been told, that the Seceders first made their appearance in Aberdeen as a body. They leagued themselves with the admirers of Bisset from a congenial admiration of the doctrines and notions of religion which he had inculcated. It is certainly highly to the credit of Campbell that his preaching was offensive to these people. They had been accustomed so long to the stimulus of ignorance and fanaticism that real religion had no charms for them, any more than the pure water of the fountain, to use the familiar comparison, has to a palate vitiated by a continued course of dram-drinking. To people who had been

* Discourses on several Important Subjects. By the late Rev. Mr. John Bisset. Edinb. 1763.

led by priestcraft to believe that it was sinful to taste clean water or breathe fresh air on Sunday, common sense and Christianity were naturally perfectly intolerable. In our own day many of these inventions of the Puritans are revived; and the extent to which they are credited and submitted to by people who have been taught to read and write, and have the New Testament in their hands, forms a staggering objection to the notions of those very silly people who believe in what popular orators call "the march of intellect"—a thing for the existence of which nobody produces any evidence, though many hold it as an article of faith. To those who look with their own eyes at what has been done before them and what is now doing, and form their conjectures of the future in the only rational way in which they can be formed —from the past—it appears to be evident that ignorance, since this world began, has just had its heavings and fallings, its ebbings and flowings, and that a great portion of the human race are destined to tumble out of one delusion into another; and where new absurdities cannot be got, to revive, perhaps very unconsciously, old ones. The follies of Robert Owen, which his disciples and he himself no doubt think grand discoveries of a new and improved system of carrying on the affairs of the world, are the follies of "the divine Plato" raised from the grave, where they ought to have lain for ever. The notions entertained by many people of the means of securing perfect civil liberty, were entertained more than two thousand years ago in the republics of Greece; and there those

notions were put into practice, and despotism was the result. Our transatlantic brethren wished for a set of laws of their own making, which they thought must be very perfect; they got these laws, and they have no security for life or property under them. And yet there are people in this country, who would repeat the experiment made in the ancient republics, and in the modern commonwealth. So it is, to use Sir Thomas Browne's poetical comparison, that errors, like heresies, "perish not with their authors, but, like the river Arethusa, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be cancelled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again."

In Aberdeen, Campbell's great talents were seen to advantage by those who could appreciate his excellence; and, in about two years after his becoming one of the town's ministers, he was presented to the Principalship of Marischal College, then vacant by the death of Principal Pollock. Hitherto he had been unknown as an author; as a sermon, which he had delivered before the Synod, in 1752, and which was published, can hardly be said to have given him this character. He now, however, came before the world as a writer of no ordinary abilities. The infidel principles of David Hume were, at that time, creating a great sensation in the country, and many persons thought that his reasoning, in his "Essay on Miracles," was incontrovertible. Campbell, himself,

considered that this essay was one of the most dangerous attacks that had been made on religion, both natural and revealed; and, in order to counteract the injury which it was calculated to do to Christianity and to sound reasoning, he wrote his famous "Dissertation on Miracles," which appeared in 1763, and was received with the applause which it deserved, not merely by all the friends of Christianity, but by all admirers of fair and sound reasoning; for, if the value of Christianity were left entirely out of view, Campbell's work is still entitled to the highest praise, as a most successful exhibition of the vast superiority of the reasoning of common sense over what is called philosophical argument. It will surely be accounted no detraction from the merit of this admirable dissertation, that to those who have the advantage of Campbell's masterly exposure it will appear strange indeed that men of intellect should have been, even for a time, deluded by Hume's absurd notion of testimony deriving its whole strength from experience, and his equally ridiculous scheme of weighing testimony and experience in opposite scales, and subtracting the difference as the amount of evidence. We may laugh at this philosophy now that it has been torn to pieces by the manly understanding of Campbell; but it appears that before Campbell's common sense struck Hume's philosophy to the ground, there were people, not reckoned unintelligent, who were ready to give up the truth of the Christian religion for the sake of such contemptible sophistry and nonsense. On this work of Campbell's we do not feel inclined to enlarge, as

on all hands it has been allowed to be one of the best specimens of sound masculine reasoning that modern times have produced. Its value has been amply acknowledged by the learned of all Europe, and hardly less warmly by candid infidels than by sincere Christians. Such testimony can be but weakly corroborated by our humble judgment, that no divine whom this country has produced, with the exception of Paley, whose excellence it is hardly possible to speak of in exaggerated terms, has rendered so great a service to Christianity as Campbell has done,—by bringing plain practical sense to the support of religion; by treating its opponents with that candour and charity to which, as our fellow-men, it is both unchristian and sophistical to deny that they are fully entitled; and by utterly discarding that persecuting and unholy zeal, which has led some of the advocates of Christianity to endeavour to enlist the basest and most malignant passions of men, in favour of the best and purest of all causes. We are delighted to find the honourable mention which Campbell makes of Dr. Conyers Middleton, an admirable writer, whom it is fashionable now to call an infidel, on account of the rough treatment which he gave to the Fathers of the Church, whom some people greatly prefer to the Apostles themselves. It is equally gratifying to find him declaring the excellent and sensible Montesquieu to be "the most piercing and comprehensive genius that has appeared in this age." Few writers, indeed, has France produced who have rendered so much real service to the cause of sound sense and the

interests of humanity. He was a writer that Campbell was bound to admire.

Like all that Campbell has written, his "Dissertation on Miracles" is pervaded throughout by a thoroughly christian spirit. We trust that all who, like him, are zealously attached to the cause of religion, will read again and again, and never forget, the noble and dignified words with which this admirable treatise concludes—"Let them therefore write, let them argue; and when arguments fail, even let them cavil against religion as much as they please. I should be heartily sorry that ever in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood—however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts—than in any other part of the christian world;—I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice were done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must, at the same time, acknowledge that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to shew an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the christian system, if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest, than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly

threaten its subversion, whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper and stand the firmer ever after."

The manner in which Hume appreciated the merit of Campbell's work and the worth of his character is well known; and the letter which Campbell received from his opponent, while it is honourable to the amiable and benevolent mind of the writer, must have been highly gratifying to the receiver. There was about the publishing of this essay a circumstance which we suspect is nearly unexampled in the history of literary warfare, and we fear quite without parallel in religious contention, and which, of itself, is the most unquestionable evidence of the exalted moral and intellectual character of Campbell. He not only sent the manuscript of his work to Hume for his perusal, in order that he himself might avoid any misrepresentation of his opponent's opinions in any particular, but also altered, with the good humour of a real philosopher, some expressions which Hume complained of as offensive or too severe. From the remarks that Hume made on the "Dissertation," there is sufficient evidence, that, like many literary characters, he thought that people ought not to turn his writings into ridicule—just as if any man of sense should put forth a book to the world and then complain of the judgment that the public or any individual may express of it; whereas, certainly, an author's printed productions are fair game, which every body has a perfect right to ridicule and abuse to his heart's contentment. One of the complaints made by

Hume would, if it were listened to or deemed worthy of notice, put an end at once to all free discussion and to all investigation. "There is," says he, "little more delicacy in telling a man that he speaks nonsense by implication than in saying so directly"—just as if, in a printed controversy about the truth of religion, a man were bound by the refined regulations of a private social party; and as if there were anything indelicate in a public writer telling his dearest friend, either directly or indirectly, that his arguments were nonsense. Mr. Hume's sensitiveness on this point shewed that he was no practical philosopher. Poets have in general been the greatest nuisances in this way. Many of them have been known to fly into great rages, and to curse and to swear, when plain honest people treated their poetry with contempt. There is Sir Egerton Brydges; he has put out two sizeable volumes to shew that a poet is the best judge of the worth of his own poetry; and that the world can have no right or title to laugh at poetry which the manufacturer himself knows to be admirable; and that the whole public are a set of base black-hearted villains for not falling in love with certain sonnets with which he favoured them, and which he is satisfied, notwithstanding the universal neglect of them by the world, are worthy of immortality. While some go out of their senses in this way on account of this ill-usage of the world, others are said to die literally of the abuse thrown upon their poetry. If this be the fact, it is certainly no mighty calamity either to the world or to these geniuses themselves;

for poets of this order can scarcely be considered as anything else than pests to society and plagues to themselves; and the sooner the earth gets clear of them the better for both parties.

About the time that Campbell was engaged in writing this dissertation, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from King's College. In 1771, he received the appointment of Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, on the removal of Dr. Alexander Gerard to King's College. In that year one of his best and most important sermons was published. It was preached before the Synod in April, and is intitled, "The Spirit of the Gospel a Spirit neither of Superstition nor of Enthusiasm," the text being that most appropriate passage in the second epistle to Timothy: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." If any one, who is not acquainted with any sermons beyond what he has heard from the preachers now in fashion, will turn to this truly christian discourse, we venture to say that he will be utterly amazed at what he will consider the novelty of its doctrine; and will be alarmed by an air of heresy in every sentence. When would a man hear from a fashionable preacher what Dr. Campbell and the Apostle both lay down—that a sound mind was connected with true religion, and that good sense gives the finish to a religious character? Or what preacher now-a-days would tell us, as Dr. Campbell with the authority of the Gospel tells us, that we are not to look for the spirit of the Gospel in those who call themselves Christians? or

that it was fanatical for a person to consider himself a favourite of heaven? or that it was at all wrong in those favourites to call their opponents impious? or that by these favourites a revengeful disposition was called zeal and "malice against the person of an antagonist" termed "love to his soul?" Those who pay no attention to any precept of the Gospel whatever would hold it impious to declare, as Campbell does, that all the parts of Scripture are not of equal value; and to treat the great body of religious writings and commentaries with the contempt that this truly enlightened man does, in that sermon, would, at the present day, be denounced as perfect blasphemy; while we do not know what terms would be applied to the Doctor's assertion, that there are questions relative to religion on which the Scripture is neutral; whereas, in our day, ministers are not ashamed impudently to declare that the Scripture has not only spoken on all religious topics, but has given its decision on all kinds of political subjects, and always on their side of the question; and that it settles the mode of electing ministers, and condemns patronage, the abominable Act of Queen Anne, and the exceeding sinfulness of the Court of Session.

We are not at all surprised that this admirable sermon was, as we learn from Dr. Keith, found fault with in certain quarters. Had it been delivered in the pure days on which we are fallen, the Doctor would have been denounced as an infidel. It is one of the most complete and accurate commentaries on the Gospel that modern times have produced.

In the year 1776, Dr. Campbell published his "Philosophy of Rhetoric." Though, like all his other writings, this work is full of good sense and of valuable remarks, yet we cannot agree with those who consider it equal in merit to his "Dissertation on Miracles" and his "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History." Dr. Campbell was a man incapable of writing anything worthless or uninstructive. The "Philosophy of Rhetoric" is a wonderful work of literary criticism to have been the production of a clergyman and a Principal of a college; but it is far behind many similar works produced by writers who have been placed in more favourable circumstances. There are, however, parts of it of the highest value. The whole of his remarks on obscurity of language, and on the choice of words, are of this character. Few clergymen would have had the moral courage to treat the paraphrases made on the Scripture by commentators with the well-merited ridicule and contempt which Campbell has poured upon them. In the most popular of all the commentaries on the Scripture now in the hands of the people of this country, the writer, from a total want of a sense of the ridiculous, and an utter blindness to the beauties of the language and sentiments of the work which he presumed to overlay with his own conceits and notions, has placed side by side with the sublimest and most lovely passages of the sacred volume, paraphrases of his own, which, if the piety of his life had been at all questionable, might have been thought to have been put there for the purpose of ridicule and burlesque.

In the year 1779, the whole country was thrown into a ferment in consequence of the proposals made to repeal the statutes for the persecution of Roman Catholics. The Kirk Session of Aberdeen, at a very full meeting, resolved, by a majority of thirty-three to two, to oppose the repeal of the persecuting statutes by every means in their power; and in the Presbytery of Aberdeen a strong minority voted against the toleration of Catholics, though a resolution in favour of the repeal of the penal laws was carried. But not only did many of the clergy at that time set themselves against the christian principle of toleration, but the town council, also, at their meeting on the 29th of January in that year, resolved, as it would appear unanimously, to oppose the repeal of these detestable enactments, considering their abolition to be "of most dangerous consequence to the civil and religious liberties of this country." Further, they resolved to spend the public money in the maintenance of persecution, and therefore "remit to the magistrates to cause fee and employ able counsel and solicitors at London, to transmit this resolution to Mr. Drummond, the Member of Parliament, and empower the treasury to disburse whatever expenses may be incurred." *

The generous and enlightened mind of Dr. Campbell viewed these proceedings with disgust. Like

* Town Council Register, vol. lxiv. p. 154. *Sederunt*—The Provost (William Young); Baillies Cruden, Marr, Auldjo, and Adam; Provost Duncan, Provost Jopp; Baillie Burnett, Baillie Abercrombie, Baillie Cargill; Alexander Black, Alexander Cheyne, James Mason, William Forsyth, Deacon Clerk, and Deacon Donaldson.

Montesquieu, he held the sound maxim, that he who persecutes a man for not being a Christian is not himself a Christian. He did not, like Dr. M'Crie, believe that persecution consisted only in the persecution of the truth; but held it to be equally anti-christian and criminal to persecute the grossest errors in opinion as it was to persecute the Gospel itself. He also did not hold, with Dr. M'Crie, that, though it was too severe to burn men for errors of judgment, it was highly commendable to imprison them; but contended that nothing but the greatest mischief could possibly arise from lenient or moderate persecution, as all who argue with any degree of consistency for persecution ought to do. "I insist on it seriously," he says, "that if the popish and not the christian mode of conversion is to be adopted, there is not a step on this side of the utter extirpation of those who will not yield at which we can stop, without doing the cause of Protestantism more injury than service." Such is the wise judgment which he states in the address which he put forth at this time to the people of Scotland. This beautiful production is one of the soundest expositions of the christian doctrine of toleration which has ever been given to the world; nor do we think that from that day to the passing of the just and wise measure of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, a period of half a century, had any general principle been laid down by the advocates of religious liberty which is not anticipated by Campbell. We do not know whether or not he intended any indirect reflection on the town council, for spending the public

money in order to keep up the spirit of the devil in the country, when he ridicules "some noted boroughs and corporations" who were proposing to serve the cause of Protestantism by throwing away money upon lawyers; and suggests, as a more feasible and a more creditable manner of effecting their object, to erect Protestant places of worship in those parts of the country where the Roman Catholics were most plenty. We cannot refrain from quoting the following commentary on the natural opposition which there is between the spirit of the world and that of the Gospel. After laying down his own way of opposing Popery, by placing Protestant teachers in the Highland parishes where that religion was most prevalent, he goes on to say—"Indeed, I can conceive but one objection against it, which is, I own, as times are, a great one, namely, that it is a christian method; for, to say the truth, christian methods of conversion are become so obsolete in Christendom that it looks rather romantic to propose them. This makes me fear much lest that objection alone prove sufficient to defeat the project. We are very zealous without doubt, and so are the Papists. And what does their zeal mostly, and ours too, amount to? Just to this, that we can be persuaded to do anything for God's sake except to love God and our neighbour. Of all tasks this is the hardest. For the sake of God, men will divest themselves of humanity; and to advance their Church, will sacrifice every remain of virtue, will even turn assassins and incendiaries. But how few, in comparison, can be persuaded for God's sake, to make a

sacrifice of their pride, of their revenge, of their malice, and other unruly passions? Who can be induced to be humble, to be meek, to be humane, to be charitable, to be forgiving, and to adopt their Master's rule of doing to others as they would that others should do to them." We must add the concluding words of this noble production; they breathe of the loveliness and holiness of the Gospel—"Permit me, then, my dear countrymen, fellow-christians, and fellow-Protestants, to beseech you, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, that ye would maturely weigh this most momentous business, and not suffer your minds, by any means, to be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. Remember, O remember! that if ye would serve God indeed, ye must serve him in his own way. We shew an absolute distrust in him, and a want of faith in the principles for which we pretend to be zealous, when we cannot restrain ourselves to those means only for the advancement of his cause which are warranted by his Word. God grant you understanding in all things."

This address, being conceived in the very spirit of Christianity, and intended for the benefit of the world, was, of course, on the first moment of its appearance, declared, by that most unchristian of all sections of the community, known by the name of "the religious public," to be an infidel and papistical production—these terms being generally used indifferently by this sort of persons. The rabble, under the direction of this class, honoured the Doctor by breaking all his windows; and as he had been the friend of religious

liberty, and had opposed the proceedings of the Popes by whom they were deluded, they called him by the nickname of "Pope Campbell." In 1745, when the news came to town that Prince Charles had triumphed at Prestonpans, the Jacobite mob "sent in" the Rev. Mr. Bisset's windows, because he was opposed to a Popish government; in 1779, a Protestant mob demolished Principal Campbell's windows, under an ignorant impression that he was favourable to Popery.

The next work which Campbell gave to the public was his "Translation of the Gospels." It appears, at one time, that he intended, if his health had permitted him, to have translated the whole New Testament. The preliminary dissertations to the translation are justly and universally considered to be the most valuable part of the work. In these the Doctor has displayed at once his learning and candour and good sense in the most conspicuous manner. It may safely be asserted, that neither the Romish Church nor the Church of England has produced a better piece of Scripture criticism; and no work of the kind has been so much read and esteemed by laymen. In point of perfect freedom from sectarian bias or prejudice, and complete impartiality in judging of the arguments of his opponents, Campbell's work is honourably distinguished from almost all others that have been given to the world. He has spoken with respect of the great talents and acute reasoning of Father Simon, whom it is fashionable now-a-days to treat as an infidel not to be listened to. He has

thrown the shield of his candour over Castalio, and chastised the presumption of Beza. With a noble spirit of independence, he has deserted the great body of the Protestant critics, and joined the Catholic, upon the question of the original language in which the Gospel of St. Matthew was written; and treats with the contempt that they deserve the miserable attempts to set aside a fact, established by a superabundance of unquestionable authority, by impudent *a priori* arguments, derived from what these theologians considered to be the duty of Providence. The manner in which the Protestant critics had hampered themselves in their judgments in matters of Scriptural criticism, and the freedom which the Church of Rome, no doubt from reasons which will be obvious enough to those who understand her polity, had allowed on this subject, had been seen and regretted by Campbell, as it has been by all candid critics in the Reformed Church. "In fact," says a late writer, who has struck out a bold course, "so far as biblical criticism is concerned, the Papists have acted with much more light and liberality than the Protestants; 'unde quæso,' exclaims Wetstein, 'isthæc partium permutatio ut Pontificii scilicet partes Protestantium, et hi vicissim partes illorum sustineant.'"*

That Dr. Campbell has corrected some inaccuracies in our received translation will not be denied; and that he has used no unwarrantable liberties with the text is just what might have been expected of him.

* Palæoromaica, p. 362.

His own style was strongly idiomatic and greatly Saxon, and therefore he has not made the same devastation amongst the beauties of our version that some other translators of less judgment and less taste have done. But, notwithstanding all this, and endeavouring to divest ourselves of the reverence which we bear to our English Scriptures, which, we confess, borders on idolatry, we feel that, as a mere literary composition, Campbell's Gospels are inferior to what we have in our hands. Though he has not admitted many additional words of Latin origin, he has admitted some; and in every case a reader of feeling will admit that the Latin expression comes in with a chilling and freezing effect. Let the reader compare the following passage, taken by chance, from Matt. xi. 25:—

THE RECEIVED VERSION.

At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

DR. CAMPBELL'S VERSION.

On that *occasion* Jesus said, I *adore* thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because, having hid these things from sages and the learned, thou hast revealed them to babes: yes, Father, for such is thy pleasure. My Father hath imparted every thing to me; and none knoweth the Son, except the Father; neither knoweth any one the Father, except the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him. Come unto me all ye who toil and are burdened; and I will relieve you. Take my yoke upon you, and be taught by me; for I am meek and *condescending*; and your souls shall find relief. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

With regard to the translations of the Scripture, or of portions of it, which have been made since our received English version was given to the world, we are not sorry that they have met with but little acceptance. The few errors which it contains should be amended; but to recast its noble and pure language without spoiling it appears to be a thing impossible if undertaken by the greatest of geniuses. As for people who, like Boothroyd, could change the words, "And God made two great lights," into "And God made two great luminaries," they must have been perfectly insensible to the beauty of our Saxon tongue, and the worst men in the world to write a translation fit to be put into the hands of the people. The vast excellence of our own translation has been acknowledged by both Catholics and Protestants. "Though it has many errors," says Dr. Doyle, "I consider it one of the noblest translations that has ever been produced." "A truly admirable translation," says Dr. Southey, "was thus completed, wherein, after the great advances which have been made in oriental and biblical learning, no error of main importance has been discovered. Minor errors inevitably there are; and whenever it may be deemed expedient after this example to correct them, we may trust that the diction will be preserved, in all other parts, with scrupulous veneration, and that no attempt will be made to alter what it is impossible to improve."* As for the vulgar pulpit critics, to hear them, when they have a point to establish which they cannot well do with an

* Book of the Church, vol. ii. p. 337.

impartial translation, they would make one believe that there was hardly a verse properly translated in this work which employed the labour and the talents of forty-seven of the greatest scholars which a learned age produced: but sad havoc of the truth would, we are convinced, be the result, if these people who feel such a lust to indulge their inclinations with this fair and excellent production, were to have their wills gratified. Just let any man turn to that mysterious passage in the First Epistle of Peter, iii. 19, 20, and then look at the audacious and unprincipled manner in which it has been, to serve a party purpose, interfered with by Boothroyd, who seems to have looked on the judgment denounced against those who add to the Word of God as a mere empty threat. We do not certainly condemn him for the opinion which he has taken up of the meaning of that passage; but we, and all Christians, must condemn him for filling in as much of his own manufacture as made the Scripture come fairly round to his views; whereas, our received translation has allowed the passage to stand in its integrity, to be used just as men's inclinations may lead them.

This was the last work which Dr. Campbell lived to publish. His "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History" were published four years after his death. They display his learning, his wit, and his sound sense, in all their full vigour. His contemptuous treatment of those theologians who held Episcopacy to be a part of the christian religion is characteristic of his masculine understanding, and gave great offence to the

Scotish Episcopalians. He had formerly treated the claims which these people make to an uninterrupted apostolical succession with the ridicule which it deserves. In his noble sermon on the Spirit of the Gospel, to which we have before referred, he had alluded to people who proposed, "as the sole authentic evidence of our being Christians, the examination of certain endless genealogies, as if Christ had intended that all his disciples should be antiquaries; because, otherwise, they could not have the satisfaction to know whether they were his disciples or not. Unfortunately for these people, all such spiritual pedigrees are so miserably lame, that if their rule were to be admitted, we should be involved in darkness on this subject from which no antiquary could extricate us, and there would not remain the slightest evidence that there were a single Christian on the earth. We shall, however, be satisfied with Paul's rule on this subject, who enjoins every man, in order to make this important discovery with regard to himself, carefully to examine his own heart (2 Cor. xiii. 5). Strange indeed that none of these curious tests have been recommended to us by Christ in order to direct us in the choice of teachers. Still more strange, that all sects should, as it were by general consent, overlook the only rule he gave on this subject."

Campbell's remarks on Episcopacy drew out a book from the late Bishop Skinner, which he called "Primitive Truth and Order Vindicated," and which those of his own sect considered to be a reply. To the mind of this man Campbell's Lectures appeared to

be "ill-digested." This vindication was characterised by the gravity and stolidity natural amongst the Scotish Episcopal clergy; and the way in which the primate, as he was called, attacked Campbell, was, to use the words of Dr. Mitchell, a fine illustration of the fable of the living ass kicking the dead lion. The primate had the meanness to vilify Campbell because he had neglected an opportunity of speaking ill of Gibbon. Dr. Mitchell, however, remarks, that though Campbell did not consider that he ought to calumniate the character of an infidel, he was uncivil enough to refute Hume's "Essay on Miracles," which, he adds, was "more than the whole Episcopal Church of Scotland ever did in defence of Christianity." *

Dr. Campbell had all along been of an infirm constitution, and in early life he was thought to be consumptive. By temperance, regularity of habits, and cheerfulness of temper, as well as by a systematic avoiding of the use of medicines, he prolonged his life to a good old age. He was at different periods seized with violent colics, but never called in a physician till within a few years of his death, when he yielded to the wishes of his friends in this respect. In the

* Presbyterian Letters, p. 151.—Dr. Mitchell's work is the work of a man of strong common sense; but it is really, like what Skinner said of Campbell's Lectures, very ill digested. In his twenty-second letter he labours very unnecessarily to support the truth of the story of a female Pope, a fable which has been very clearly refuted. The best thing in his book is where he expresses his surprise at a piece of ignorance manifested by the "Anti-Jacobin Review," and which Skinner had also fallen into. He adds, to the primate, "I am not much surprised at *your* want of discrimination; you are well enough for a Scotish Bishop."

seventy-second year of his age he was seized with a violent illness, and his life was despaired of. He appeared then to believe that his recovery was hopeless; and in a conversation which he had with the late Dr. Cruden, expressed his desire to be relieved, and his faith in his Saviour. He however recovered, to the surprise of all his friends, and contrary to his own expectation, and was able to enter again upon the duties of his office. About this time his usual good spirits were much affected by the death of his wife, and from that period he mingled but little in public business. In the year 1795 he resigned his situation as Professor of Divinity, and minister of Grey-Friars Church, (which he held along with it), in favour of Dr. William Lawrence Brown. Soon after, on receiving a pension of £300 a-year from Government, he resigned the Principalship, which was also conferred on Dr. Brown. He did not long survive this resignation. On the 2nd of April, 1796, he was struck by palsy, which deprived him of the power of speech. He lingered in a state of insensibility till the 6th, when he died without any pain. On the 17th of April, a sermon, on the occasion of his death, was preached by Dr. Brown, who sketched the character of the deceased with great truth and discrimination. "As a public teacher," says Dr. Brown, "Dr. Campbell was long admired for the clearness and copiousness with which he illustrated the great doctrines and precepts of religion, and the strength and energy with which he enforced them. Intimately persuaded of the truth and infinite conse-

quence of what Revelation teaches, he was strongly desirous of carrying the same conviction to the minds of his hearers, and delivered his discourses with that zeal which flows from strong impressions, and that power of persuasion which is the result of sincerity of heart combined with clearness of understanding. He was satisfied that the more the pure dictates of the Gospel were studied, the more they would approve themselves to the mind, and bring forth, in the affections and conduct, all the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The unadulterated dictates of Christianity he was, therefore, only studious to recommend and inculcate, and knew perfectly to discriminate them from the inventions and traditions of men. His chief study ever was, to direct belief to the great object of practice; and, without these, he viewed the most orthodox *profession* as 'a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.'"

Dr. Campbell possessed in a high degree all the talents which are calculated to make a writer and a clergyman useful and valuable to society. The merits of his works are of the most substantial description. His great excellence, upon which all his other gifts and attainments were reared, was that sound common sense without which other talents are unworthy of reverence. The matter of all his writings is solid and interesting; his style, a perfect index to his intellect, is perspicuous, simple, and nervous, in an eminent degree. We know of no one who has denied the excellence of Campbell's style, with the exception of Dr. Irving, who says, in his usual frigid manner, "While the acuteness and importance of the author's remarks

are valued for intrinsic qualities, the imperfections of his style remind us of the propriety of inculcating an early application to the study of rhetoric." The style of Dr. Campbell is assuredly the style of a man of the world, who puts down upon paper the first words that occur to him without the least regard to rules; and it is consequently free, natural, impressive, and idiomatic. The style of Dr. Irving, who has seen "the propriety" of "an early application to the study of rhetoric," is stiff, dry, and pedantic, as might have been expected from a writer of a treatise on English composition.

Dr. Campbell, like Dr. Paley, whom he in certain respects resembled, is one of those writers whose excellence is likely to be overlooked by many readers on account of its greatness. There are many people who think that originality is connected with a certain degree of obscurity, and that writers who express themselves clearly and intelligibly want depth of thought. Men of sense know that the reverse is the case; that obscurity of expression is a sure proof of want of clearness in thinking; and that there are no writers so stupid as those whose writings are beyond the comprehension of the vulgar. Turn up any of the contemptible poets of the day, or any of the ignorant writers in the quarterly Reviews, and you will soon light upon something the wisdom of which is past all finding out. Shakspere is intelligible to every body; and as there was no sort of character which he did not understand, he has, in his description of Gratiano, stated in one sentence the merits of those literary

quacks whose writings are above common comprehension—"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice; his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek them all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search."

As an expounder of christian truth, Campbell has had few equals, and never had a superior. We shall in vain look over the whole of Christendom, for the last eighteen hundred years, for any writer who has more completely understood the sense, and more thoroughly imbibed the spirit, of the Gospel. A man of a sounder head and a sounder heart than Campbell perhaps never put pen to paper.

Dr. Campbell was a man of low stature. "He had," says Keith, "a fine open countenance, a significant index of his candid mind; very regular features, which were marked with lines of thought; and a most piercing eye, which indicated his uncommon natural perspicacity." A portrait of Campbell is to be seen in Trinity Hall, and various likenesses of him have been engraved.

A life of Dr. Campbell, prefixed to his "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History," was written by the late Dr. George Skene Keith, a clergyman who is well remembered in this quarter. His preaching was earnest, and though delivered without any of the graces inculcated by teachers of what is called "elocution," was highly impressive. In the Church Courts he held the rank of a leader; and though not very decided in his Church politics, was thought to lean to the side of

evangelicism. Dr. Keith had the reputation of being a man of science, and used to shew his parishioners the art of taking alcohol out of various vegetable substances. He received a presentation to the parish of Tullicallan after one of his sons had been appointed his assistant and successor at Keithhall, where he now officiates. His other son, Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus, is the well-known author of a work intitled the "Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the Literal Fulfilment of Prophecy," which was brought into notice by the charge of plagiarism which was made against it, and has now reached a seventeenth edition. The high reputation which Dr. Keith enjoys amongst his brethren is evident from the circumstance of his having been selected as one of the deputation sent to Palestine for the conversion of the Jews, which is universally allowed to be one of the most difficult branches of the whole missionary business.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

The varied talents and acquirements of this celebrated writer, and the extent of his reputation, as well as the great merits, both in an intellectual and in a moral point of view, of much that he has written, and also the defects and blemishes, moral and intellectual, by which we think that candour must allow that these merits are clouded, and the necessity which honesty, and a regard for truth, imposes on a biographer, of noticing the faults and failings as well as the virtues and excellencies of any man, whose character he takes upon himself to describe, would have induced us, if it had been in our power, to devote to the examination of the prose and poetical writings of Dr. Beattie, an extent of space equal to that occupied by the whole of these lives. We confess that we never yet have seen any criticism whatever on the writings of Dr. Beattie; for we do not call it criticism to tell us, of a book, that it is good, or excellent, or bad, or contemptible, without stating in what the excellence or the badness of it consists, though we admit that this is the way that has been almost universally adopted by the writers of literary biographies. A fair and impartial account of the writings of Dr. Beattie, we have long held to be a thing wanting in Scotish literature; because it has not been, as far as we have yet seen, attempted by any body. It has

been generally thought perfectly sufficient to tell us that he was a poet, a philosopher, and a Christian, without furnishing us with any notion whatever of what kind of a poet and philosopher and Christian he was. Yet, of a writer whose works can be got access to, it is quite unpardonable for any one to speak any other than his own opinion, whatever may have been said before him, or however worthless his own opinion may be. We shall take care, therefore, to give our own judgment, without the least regard to what any other person, however illustrious, has said. The reader can judge for himself, whether there be evidence sufficient to bear out the conclusions at which we arrive; and, if he think there is, he will acknowledge that some service has been done to the cause of truth; if he think otherwise, then, of course, he will treat our judgment with contempt; and, in either case, we shall be equally satisfied, as, in either case, our honesty will be equally manifest.

James Beattie was born in the village of Laurencekirk, in the year 1735. His father, who was tenant of a small farm, had a large family, of whom James was the youngest. The care of his early education soon devolved on his mother, his father having died when he was a child. At the parish school, he acquired the knowledge of Latin; and having been taken notice of by the minister, he got access to his library, and, as we are told, first became acquainted with English poetry, by reading Ogilby's translation of Virgil, which he found there. At the early age of fourteen, he entered Marischal College, and studied

Greek, in which he became a proficient, under Principal Blackwell, whose erudition he has alluded to in his "Essay on the Utility of Classical Learning." After going through the ordinary course at College, Beattie, for some time, followed the study of divinity, and delivered a theological discourse, which is said to have been of a rambling character, such as a poet, at his time of life, and before knowing how little the world cares about poetry, might think very suitable in a divinity-hall exercise. He had, long before this time, addicted himself to writing verses, and, at the school of Laurencekirk, had been known by the name of "the poet."

About the year 1753, Beattie, having given up all intention of entering the church, was appointed the parish schoolmaster of Fordoun—a situation which afforded him abundant opportunities of increasing his learning, and cultivating his poetical talents. He was then a contemplative youth, and an admirer of nature, like the Minstrel whom he has so well described. It was while he taught the school of Fordoun, that several of his poems were written or sketched. His genius, at this period, attracted the notice and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Garden (afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and then sheriff of Kincardineshire, a good-hearted man, though a very indifferent poet) and of the famous Lord Monboddo. In the year 1758, Beattie was elected, after competition, to the office of usher in the Grammar School, in Aberdeen, for which he had been an unsuccessful candidate in the year previous. In two years afterwards,

he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. The chair of Natural Philosophy having become vacant, Beattie had been persuaded to apply for it. A merchant in the city, Mr. Robert Arbuthnott, exerted his influence with Lord Erroll, who applied to the Duke of Argyle, who then controlled the Crown patronage in Scotland. The application was successful, and Beattie having received the appointment, exchanged it for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, to his own satisfaction, as well as that of the Professor with whom he made this arrangement. He was now in a situation where his income was comfortable, and the duties neither laborious nor difficult for any man to discharge.

In the year 1767, Dr. Beattie married the daughter of Dr. James Dun, the Rector of the Grammar-School, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died before their father, as we shall have to notice. It was soon after his marriage that he wrote the famous "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," which laid the foundation of the extensive reputation which he enjoyed as a man of letters, and was the means of procuring for him an introduction to royalty, and, when added to his other means, a comfortable independence for life. About this period, the infidel writings of David Hume created a sensation in the country greater than perhaps any works, hostile to religion, which had previously appeared in this country had done. Against the doctrines of Hume, Beattie wrote this essay, the object of which is, to shew that there are certain things which we must believe, though

we may not be in a condition to prove their absolute truth, and that we are led to this belief by our common sense. The Essay was finished in 1767, but was not given to the world till the year 1770. Between these years, he had shewn it to Sir William Forbes and several others of his friends, who all highly approved of the manner and the ability with which he had handled his subject; and he himself had made various alterations and amendments upon it. The whole was ready for press by the autumn of 1769. Beattie, however, was disinclined to run the risk of publishing the work at his own expense, as he considered that it was not reasonable that he should suffer in his pecuniary interests for having been the champion of the immutability of truth; and he thought, besides, that if a bookseller should give a sum of money for the work, he would then have an interest in doing all in his power for the sale of the book. Beattie, therefore, intrusted his friends, Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnott, with his manuscript, in order that they might dispose of it to a publisher. The name of the author was not then known further than as connected with a small volume of "Original Poems and Translations," which had been published at London in the year 1760, and had not attracted much notice. His friends failed in procuring any bookseller who would publish the work on his own account, though all of them were willing to do so at Beattie's risk, a circumstance which, as Sir William Forbes says, "strongly marks the slender opinion entertained by the booksellers at that period of the value of a

work which has risen into such well-merited celebrity." Though discouraged by their failure, Beattie's friends resolved not to let the world lose so valuable a defence of religion; and, after some consideration, fell upon a plan of giving it to the public, which is entitled to much credit for its ingenuity. They were aware that Beattie not only had objections, which no arguments could overcome, to losing money by the speculation, but was also decidedly averse to doing anything for the benefit of truth without receiving that reward to which he felt that the advocate of the best interests of mankind was most justly entitled. They, therefore, in order to overcome his scruples, wrote to him that they had sold the work for fifty guineas, but had stipulated with the bookseller that they should be partners with him in the transaction. At the same time, they transmitted fifty guineas from themselves to Beattie, who expressed his satisfaction with the sum as exceeding "his warmest expectations." "On such trivial causes," says Sir William, "do things of considerable moment often depend; for had it not been for this interference, in a manner somewhat ambiguous, perhaps the 'Essay on Truth,' on which all Dr. Beattie's fortunes hinged, might never have seen the light." In all this transaction the strict integrity of Beattie is conspicuous. He adhered to his principle of not allowing his zeal in a good cause to injure his worldly interest. He was lucky in having friends who deceived him so much to his advantage, and who acted so faithfully on the philosophy which he himself had inculcated. In a letter

to Sir William, written some time before, Beattie lays it down that "happiness is desirable for its own sake; truth is desirable only as a means of producing happiness; for who would not prefer an agreeable delusion to a melancholy truth? What, then, is the use of the philosophy which aims to inculcate truth at the expense of happiness, by introducing doubt and disbelief in the place of confidence and hope? Surely the promoters of all such philosophy are either the enemies of mankind, or the dupes of their own most egregious folly." The result of this manœuvre of Beattie's friends proved the wisdom of his doctrine. The publication of the Essay, accomplished in this singular manner, brought honour and wealth and respect and fame to the author; and the devisers of the scheme do not appear to have regretted that it was by a temporary sacrifice of truth that they were enabled to establish its eternal immutability.

The work was received with unbounded applause; and in one year came to a second edition, and was speedily translated into several of the continental languages. The author revised it in his second edition, and gave it his final corrections in the edition of 1776.

The "Essay on Truth" appeared at the proper time to establish its author's reputation and to be read by the world; and hence it obtained a reputation over the whole country which contrasts very strongly with the comparative neglect into which it is now fallen. In such cases the reaction is generally extreme, and the Essay is now, perhaps undeservedly,

undervalued; but it was to be expected that a work written against Mr. Hume should now be little read when the infidel productions against which it was directed are nearly about as much despised as the writings of the schoolmen. About the time when Beattie wrote, infidelity was openly avowed by many of the educated people of Scotland, and was looked upon as fashionable and genteel. In the present day, when such a thing is almost unknown as an open profession of infidelity, and when disgrace and degradation assuredly fall on all who render themselves suspected of a secret attachment to it, we are surprised to find Beattie declaring in this work that his defence of religion, he is aware, "will draw upon him the resentment of a numerous, powerful, and fashionable party; but

> Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past,
> For thee, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the last."*

With regard to the merits of the Essay, it is impossible not to applaud the spirit of contempt with which Beattie treats the writings of the metaphysicians, a set of people who have done so much for the promotion of ignorance and nonsense, and have in a particular manner brought so much discredit on the literature of Scotland. Many parts of the Essay are

* A still more curious instance of the difference between the notions of Beattie's day and those of our own will be found in this Essay. He mentions, (p. 340: Edit. Lond. 1820,) that freethinkers were in the way of sneering "at the 'Whole Duty of Man,' or any other good book." In the present day, the sneers at the "Whole Duty of Man" come from those who profess to be zealous in the cause of religion: and who consider that admirable treatise to be, not a good, but a very bad book.

highly valuable. The doctrine laid down in the following paragraph is full of sound sense and sound philosophy :—

"A body is neither vigorous nor beautiful in which the size of some members is above, and that of others below, their due proportion: every part must have its proper size and strength, otherwise the result of the whole will be deformity and weakness. Neither is real genius consistent with a disproportionate strength of the reasoning powers above those of taste and imagination. Those minds, in whom all the faculties are united in their due proportion, are far superior to the puerilities of metaphysical scepticism. They trust to their own feelings, which are strong and decisive, and leave no room for hesitation or doubts about their authenticity. They see through moral subjects at one glance; and what they say carries both the heart and the understanding along with it. When one has long drudged in the dull and unprofitable study of metaphysics, how pleasing the transition to a moral writer of true genius! Would you know what that genius is, and where it may be found? Go to Shakspere, to Bacon, to Johnson, to Montesquieu, to Rousseau;* and when you have studied

* In a long note appended to this passage, Beattie endeavours to justify himself for having put Rousseau on a footing with these great men; and speaks in high terms of admiration of the eloquence and feeling, and even the morality, of his writings. Strange to say, though he notices the inconsistency of the characters drawn in the *Nouvelle Eloise*, he passes not one word of censure on the dangerous character of that work. It may also be questioned whether he has not been rather indulgent in attributing "the improprieties" of Rousseau's conduct rather to bodily infirmity than to "moral depra-

them, return, if you can, to Hume, and Hobbes, and Malebranche, and Leibnitz, and Spinosa. If, while you learned wisdom from the former, your heart exulted within you, and rejoiced to contemplate the sublime and successful efforts of human intellect; perhaps it may now be of use, as a lesson of humility, to have recourse to the latter, and, for a while, to behold the picture of a soul wandering from thought to thought, without knowing where to fix; and from a total want of feeling, or a total ignorance of what it feels, mistaking names for things, verbal distinctions and analogies for real difference and similitude, and the obscure insinuations of a bewildered understanding, puzzled with words and perverted with theory, for the sentiments of nature and the dictates of reason. A metaphysician, exploring the recesses of the human heart, has just such a chance for finding the truth as a man with microscopic eyes would have for finding the road. The latter might amuse himself with contemplating the various mineral strata that are diffused along the expansion of a needle's point; but of the face of nature he could make nothing: he would start back with horror from the caverns yawning between the mountainous grains of sand that lie before him; but the real gulf or mountain he could not see at all."

It may appear somewhat paradoxical to aver that

vation." With regard to his character as a true genius, in whom the intellectual faculties are equally balanced by each other, Beattie appears to us virtually to give up the case when he admits that Rousseau "often mistakes declamation for proof, and hypothesis for fact."

imagination is a faculty necessary to an inquirer after truth; yet nothing can be more certain than that no men fall into greater absurdities in their writings than that class of writers who reason and argue without imagination. A more complete specimen of this sort of genius than our countryman Lord Hailes, perhaps never existed. He appears to have had a perfect passion after dull dry facts and dull dry arguments, and to have been utterly devoid of the least particle of imagination or fancy. If a man were called on to mention what writer had succeeded best in depriving an interesting subject of all its attractions and making it unreadable, he might without hesitation point to the volume which this good man and learned antiquary wrote in reply to the infidel remarks regarding Christianity in Gibbon's History. The gift of tediousness displayed in this volume must appear something miraculous when the nature of the subject is considered. This writer, to whom all who value accuracy in the facts and dates of Scotish history are more indebted than they are to all our other antiquaries put together, furnishes us with one of the most amazing instances that could well be conceived of the extraordinary errors into which a man may fall from the circumstance of being a reasoner without a particle of fancy about him. We all recollect, that before the battle of Bannockburn, King Robert Bruce gave instructions to Sir Thomas Randolph to guard a particular passage, in order to prevent the English from relieving the garrison lying in Stirling, and that Randolph thoughtlessly allowed a party of eight hundred of the enemy's

cavalry to pass to the open plain. When Bruce saw his nephew's error, he reproved him by using an expression which shews that the monarch's mind was of a different complexion from Lord Hailes's. "A rose," he said, "is fallen from your chaplet," a remark which no ordinary person could well misunderstand. To Lord Hailes, however, it was a most dark and intricate passage, and he brings all his erudition to the task of making it intelligible to the ignorant. By the light of his learning we are given to understand that in this speech of the King's "a rose" does not signify a rose, as any uninstructed man might have thought, but "implies the large bead in a rosary or chaplet, for distinguishing a *Pater Noster* from an *Ave Maria* in the enumeration of prayers." He then goes on to say that a chaplet of roses signifies a string of beads, and that the whole phrase "means literally" that Randolph had "been careless in his devotions," and had "omitted part of the prayers which he ought to have repeated;" and this, again, "by metonymy," meant that he had neglected the charge intrusted to him. The force of mere human erudition certainly never went further than this; and such a lamentable instance of the folly of the learned ought greatly to console those who have never enjoyed the inestimable advantages of a liberal education.

There is a great deal of truth in the remark that has been made on Beattie, that he was "too much of a poet to be a philosopher, and too much of a philosopher to be a poet." The reputation which he still deservedly enjoys, and will continue to enjoy, is not

owing, we suspect, to those works which brought him into notice in his own day. His genius and his talents were varied; and it is perhaps true that this may incline people to underrate him in each of the departments in which he excelled; for there is a disposition in mankind not to allow of any such thing as a universal genius. "Even the greatest geniuses," says Dr. William Laurence Brown, "when they leave that particular tract in which indulgent nature had provided them with unfading laurels, and endeavour to invade the province and snatch the rewards of others, while they present, on the one hand, the most astonishing instances of the strength of the human mind, afford, on the other, no less convincing proofs of its weakness and vanity."* It cannot be said that Beattie has failed in any of the pursuits to which he applied himself. As a philosopher, he does not stand high; but it is not to be denied that the "Essay on Truth" has very great merits; that it is clearly, forcibly, and eloquently written; and that Dr. Beattie, had he not also been, as he was, a real poet, and, when his strong prejudices did not interfere, an admirable critic in literature, would have deservedly obtained a name by this Essay alone. Its defects, as a philosophical work, it must be admitted, are great; though, perhaps, these defects add to the interest of the book with the majority of readers. They are such defects as Rousseau, whom he so much admired, would have fallen into in a philosophical controversy.

* Essay on the Natural Equality of Men.

It is undeniable that he is declamatory where he should be critical, and that he appeals to the passions when he ought to address the reason; though, again, it must be allowed that his declamation is very eloquent, and that his appeals to the passions are highly pathetic. But these are not the only blemishes which a cool reader will perceive in this Essay. He will find that Beattie frequently contends for the truth of a doctrine on account of its moral tendency, and charges as erroneous all such reasoning as he conceives to lead to consequences adverse to religion. In many passages he appears to argue, that the truth of Christianity ought not to be impugned, because it is a religion calculated to make men happy and to preserve order in society. Now it is surely obvious, that, when the infidel denies the truth of our religion, it is not a fair reply, on our part, to shew its utility. We can, indeed, legitimately enough refer to the moral beauty of Christianity as a proof of its divine origin, but not in reply to a specific objection in which the morality of our religion is not concerned. It is certainly a serious mistake to plead in defence of Christianity in the very same way that infidels have done, and to take the same low ground, in advocating its maintenance, that many of the more irreligious of the ancient writers did for the heathen superstition.* This was not the course pursued by Paley and Watson and Campbell; and though the mode which Beattie

* "Nulla res efficacius multitudinem regit, quam superstitio; alioqui impotens, sæva, mutabilis, ubi vana religione capta est, melius vatibus quam ducibus suis paret."—*Quintus Curtius*, lib. iv. c. 10.

adopts on many occasions is more popular than that which was followed by these great writers to whom the cause of truth is under so deep obligations, yet it is exceedingly illogical, and, with inquiring readers, is much calculated to injure the cause which he so heartily desired to benefit.

A short time after the publication of the "Essay on Truth," Beattie gave to the world the first part of "The Minstrel," the work on which his reputation as a poet mainly rests. It was received with the favour which it deserved; and was republished with the second part in the year 1774. It is well known that Beattie designed to add a third part to this poem, but wanted leisure to fulfil his intention. "The Minstrel" is unquestionably one of the finest poems which any Scotsman has written.* Of a poem which is in every body's hands it is needless to give any extracts. The great charm of "The Minstrel" is that warm sympathy which the writer displays with the beauties of nature, and the pure moral feeling that runs through every verse. In the less poetical stanzas, it will be found that the defect arises from the introduction of a strain of philosophical reasoning, which in some de-

* If Burns's "Tam o' Shanter" be the greatest poem which has been written by a Scotsman, Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" will surely be reckoned the second. If so short a piece as Campbell's "Mariners of England" were allowed to compete, it would also stand in the same class with these great productions. Scott's description of the Battle of Flodden Field, in "Marmion," is more heroic than any of Homer's productions in the fighting line; but it is one of the discoveries of this enlightened nineteenth century, that Scott never wrote one line of poetry in his life—a verdict which is certainly highly honourable to him when coming from the admirers of Wordsworth.

gree mars the spirit of the poetry. The adoption of Spencer's stanza by various poets has been censured as injudicious; but it will be allowed that Beattie has used it with much success, while it is the measure of two of the greatest poems of which our language can boast, "Childe Harold" and that most luxurious fruit of a rich imagination, "The Castle of Indolence."

In the year 1773, Beattie, who had twice before visited London, where he had become acquainted with Dr. Johnson and several others of the most eminent men of the day, again went to the metropolis, where he was received by his old friends with every kind of respect. The principal inducement which Beattie had to visit London at this time, as well as formerly, was the expectation, held out to him by his friends, that Government were inclined to confer upon him some reward which would secure him in permanent comfort, as a return for the service which he had rendered to the cause of religion by his writings. Lord North having interested himself in Beattie's behalf, the King expressed himself desirous of conferring some mark of favour on him; and in a short time Beattie was introduced to his Majesty, who testified his approbation of the "Essay on Truth," which he professed to have read, and to have particularly admired for its perspicuity. No intimation of any reward from Government was, however, made at this interview. In the meantime, Beattie added daily to his acquaintance with the most influential people in London, and had the honour of receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford. At last, on the 20th

of August, he received a letter from Lord North, intimating that his Majesty had been pleased to give him a pension of two hundred a-year. Four days after, he was also honoured by a private interview with both their Majesties at Kew. The conversation which took place at this time lasted for upwards of an hour, as the Doctor has taken care to inform us. The King told Beattie that he and the Queen always kept the "Essay of Truth" by them, having one copy at Kew and another in town; and that he had actually stolen the Queen's copy to give it to Lord Hertford to read. His Majesty also spoke very warmly against infidelity, his principal arguments on the subject being, according to Dr. Beattie's account, addressed to the Queen. King George further inquired into the state of Marischal College, and agreed with Dr. Beattie that the English language was then on the decline, and that the "Spectator" was "one of the best standards." His Majesty, also, with great soundness of feeling, alluded to the superiority of the English Prayer-Book over the extempore effusions of the clergy. The whole narrative of this conversation, as given by Dr. Beattie himself, shews pretty clearly that his endowment from Government had opened his eyes very much to the merits of both their Majesties, whose "good sense, acuteness, and knowledge," he was much struck with. He has left his testimony, and, as far as we have ever heard or read, it is a solitary testimony, to the personal charms of Queen Charlotte. He found "something wonderfully captivating in her manner," and thought "that if she

were only of the rank of a private gentlewoman, one could not help taking notice of her as one of the most agreeable women in the world;" and he was taken very much with "something peculiarly engaging" in the expression of her eyes and of her smile.

An honour, which some may think of a higher kind than this interview with royalty, was conferred on Dr. Beattie by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted his portrait in his best manner, introducing beside him a figure of an angel holding in one hand a pair of scales, while with the other he is pushing down three figures, intended to represent Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly. This picture is in the possession of Dr. Glennie of Marischal College. The personification of abstract ideas, which in poetry is so interesting, is in painting almost always ineffective. This portrait of Dr. Beattie is, however, allowed to have been a striking likeness of him at that time.

These, however, were not all the honours that Beattie received. He was solicited to accept a professorship in the University of Edinburgh; but as he had by habit become attached to Aberdeen, he declined the appointment. He also refused an offer made to him of a comfortable living in the Church of England, though he had repeatedly avowed his preference of the worship and government of the Episcopal Church as compared with the forms and polity of the Presbyterian.

In the year 1787, Dr. Beattie, feeling his health declining, applied to the Senatus of the College for a recommendation to the Crown in favour of his son,

James Hay Beattie, as his assistant and successor in the chair of Moral Philosophy. This application was successful. His son was then only twenty years of age; but at that early period he had acquired a very large amount of learning, and especially of Greek and Latin literature. That he was a precocious scholar there can be no doubt; but that he was a genius there certainly is not evidence in the productions which he left behind him. The regularity of his education, which had been the object nearest his father's heart, was not calculated to allow the natural powers of his mind to expand, though it had filled his memory with plenty of erudition. His piety and virtues, however, promised to make him a blessing to society. But all the worldly hopes of his father and of his friends were blasted by the death of this amiable young man at the early age of twenty-two. This was a sad affliction, from the effects of which Dr. Beattie's mind appears never to have recovered. We know of few things so affecting as the language in which he speaks of his loss, in a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, the witty and beautiful Jane Maxwell:—"My chief comfort," he says, "arises from reflecting upon the particulars of his life; which was one uninterrupted exercise of piety, benevolence, filial affection, and indeed every virtue which it was in his power to practise. I shall not, with respect to him, adopt a mode of speech which has become too common, and call him *my poor son*, for I must believe that he is infinitely happy, and will be so for ever." It is unnecessary to dwell upon the natural and fond weak-

ness which led Dr. Beattie to publish the literary remains of his beloved son. Fathers have never been esteemed impartial judges of the talents of their children, and Dr. Beattie would not listen to the suggestions of his dearest and best friends in the selection of the pieces which he gave to the public, in order to convince them of the genius of his son. There is no subject that parents delight more to talk of than the wit and humour of their children. Beattie, who understood wit and humour in others, and has written well upon both, mistook something else for them in his own child. The pieces in which wit and humour are attempted were most strongly condemned by Dr. Beattie's friends; and they now stand convincing proofs that this accomplished boy did not possess either of these faculties.

Soon after the death of his son, the still declining health of Dr. Beattie made him feel himself unequal to the task of teaching his class in the College; and in the year 1793, he devolved a large share of the duties on Mr. Glennie (now Dr. Glennie), who had been his pupil, and had married his niece; and whose accomplishments as a scholar, gentlemanly manners, and high personal character, eminently qualified him for succeeding to the chair which he now holds. The death of his second, and then only son, Montague, at the age of eighteen, appears to have broken down all the remaining energy of Beattie's mind, and to have completely unfitted him for the business of life. As he took his last look at the dead body of his son, he said, "Now I am done with the world." From that

moment, his beloved studies and his favourite amusements had no attractions for him. In the year 1799 he was struck with palsy, and afterwards suffered at intervals from the same disease till the autumn of 1802, when it deprived him of the power of motion. In this state he lingered till the month of August in the following year, when he died without any appearance of pain. His remains were interred in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, where a monument, with an inscription by Dr. John Gregory, was erected to his memory by Dr. Glennie.

"In his person, Dr. Beattie," says Sir William Forbes, "was of the middle size; though not elegantly, yet not awkwardly, formed; but with something of a slouch in his gait. His eyes were black and piercing, with an expression of sensibility somewhat bordering on melancholy, except when engaged in cheerful and social intercourse with his friends, when they were exceedingly animated. As he advanced in years, and became incapable of taking his usual degree of exercise, he grew corpulent and unwieldy, till within a few months of his death, when he had greatly decreased in size."

The talents of Dr. Beattie have conferred real honour on the literature of Scotland. His accomplishments and acquirements were various and elegant. His philosophical work, on which his fame with his contemporaries was reared, if now judged to be not so valuable a piece of reasoning as it was then considered, possesses great merits as an eloquent and interesting production. As a poet, Beattie stands so

high, that, if he had written nothing in prose, his reputation would have been established. We have already spoken of his "Minstrel," the work on which his poetical fame depends. "The Hermit" will ever and justly be a popular favourite. His "Ode to Peace" contains several poetical stanzas; and the last one, in reference to the invasion of America by the Spaniards, has been often praised, and not more than it deserves:—

"On Cuba's utmost steep,
Far leauing o'er the deep,
The goddess' pensive form was seen;
Her robe of nature's varied green
Wav'd on the gale; grief dimm'd her radiant eyes,
Her swelling bosom heav'd with boding sighs:
She eyed the main: where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
'Midst the dread pomp of war,
Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar;
She saw; and on refulgent pinions borne
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn."

His "Judgment of Paris," like all allegorical poems, is tedious; but there are good verses in it; and the address which the Goddess of Beauty makes to the Trojan Prince is a fine specimen of that voluptuous philosophy which Lord Byron has embodied, with so much power of poetry, in his character of Sardanapalus. It is a curious circumstance, that, in his "Essay on Poetry," Beattie has selected a verse from this piece of his own as a specimen of a kind of writing in which the harmony is lost and the sense obscured by a profusion of epithets:—

"Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
And languish with unutterable love;
Heav'n's *warm* bloom glows along each *brightening* limb,
Where fluttering *bland* the veil's thin mantlings rove."

Like most good poets, Beattie has written some very bad poems; but a writer is entitled to a verdict pronounced upon his best works without reference to his failures.*

As an essayist, Dr. Beattie holds a very high rank, and his moral and critical dissertations are the most valuable of his works. His judgment in matters of literature was accurate, and his taste more catholic than most critics of his time. He seems to have read Shakspere and to have understood him, which his contemporary the Colossus of English literature, as he was called, did not. He had a partiality in favour of the ancients, but it was not the blind, stupid admiration which one classical scholar takes by inheritance from another. He has shewn his independence in this respect by the contempt which he expresses for Aristophanes, whose wit and humour it is allowed are not intelligible to the moderns, but which most moderns speak very highly of, because they were admired by the ancients. The common-sense view of the matter certainly is, that a writer whose wit the moderns cannot discover, is to them as dull as if he were not witty. Sir William Forbes has noticed the effects which private feelings had on Beattie's judg-

* The most extraordinary English writer, in respect of equality of excellence, is Goldsmith; who wrote prose and poetry, history, drama, and novel; and yet, in all his works, no one can point to a page that is not excellent. This is not the usual way with miscellaneous writers, or even writers of many volumes in one department. Smollett wrote "Sir Lancelot Greaves," which would not do credit to any body; and Sir Walter Scott was capable of producing such gross caricatures of human character as Dominie Sampson and Caleb Balderstone.

ment. His hatreds and his likings betrayed him into the defects which appear in his literary criticisms. He has declared that he could not get through half a volume of Gibbon; and he has spoken with the greatest coldness of the historical merits of Hume and Robertson. But Lord Lyttleton was his private friend, and him he calls always "the great historian," though, as one of the monthly reviewers slyly remarked, he is obliged to give his lordship's name afterwards, to let his readers know of whom he is speaking. From his letters, it might appear that all the literary talent, all the taste, and all the virtue of the country were confined to his circle of friends, Lord Lyttleton, Mrs. Montague, Dr. Porteus, and Major Mercer.*

From various passages in his letters, we are convinced that Beattie laboured in some measure under that delusion which, in a more exaggerated state,

* A notice of Major Mercer would have found a place amongst the lives in this volume if there had been room. His poems were very favourably spoken of in the "Edinburgh Review," shortly after his death. The criticism, however, was, it is believed, written by his brother-in-law, Lord Glenbervie. Major Mercer was an accomplished scholar and an excellent man. Sir William Forbes says that he was one of "the pleasantest companions" that he ever knew. We have been told by gentlemen who have seen Major Mercer, and who are well qualified to speak of such accomplishments, that his manners and conversation were more refined and amiable than those of any other person that they had ever met with. A curious anecdote of the Major is worth relating, as illustrating a feeling in our nature. While a boy, he had, like the Italian bride whose story is so beautifully told by Rogers, stepped into a chest, the lid of which fell down upon him; but he was delivered from his horrible confinement, though not before he had nearly been suffocated. This event created in the Major's mind so lively a sense of the horrors of being buried alive, that he directed, that, before his body should be consigned to the coffin, his friends should pierce his breast, as near his heart as possible with a gold pin.

Rousseau and other men of morbid feelings entertained, that they were beset with enemies. It may be admitted, that infidelity was much more powerful in Beattie's day than it is in ours; but the repeated assertions which he makes of the number of enemies which he had raised up to himself, on account of having written in defence of Christianity, can hardly be looked on as anything else than a deception of his own mind. The idea of a man drawing on himself a single particle of malice, as he fancied that he had done, on account of having opposed irreligion, is hardly conceivable. Yet, in one of his letters, Dr. Beattie actually speaks of being more within the reach of those who bore him ill will, if he were to remove from Aberdeen to Edinburgh. In others of his communications, he talks loudly of not being afraid to meet his adversaries, and of the contempt with which he could afford to treat their obloquy; but this is not the language of a man whose heart is at ease. We hardly ever saw a more decided specimen of a poet's weakness, than the following serious letter, which Beattie wrote to Mr. Arbuthnott about a matter not worth one minute's talking of. Dr. Campbell, or any plain unpoetical man would have laughed at the story which, as it appears, gave the author of the "The Minstrel" a world of trouble:—

ABERDEEN, *8th January*, 1774.

Since I left London, Mr. Hume's friends have been contriving a new method to blacken my character. I have been written to upon the subject, and desired to vindicate myself; as the utmost industry is used, even by some people of name, to circulate the malicious report. The charge against me, as stated in my correspondent's letter, is word for word as follows: I am accused of rancour,

and ingratitude to Mr. Hume; for, say they, "Mr. Hume was very instrumental in procuring for me the professorship I now hold at Aberdeen, and kept up a friendly correspondence with me for some time; till at length I sent him a poem of mine (which was never printed); but Mr. Hume not liking it, and being frank in his nature, sent me word it was as insipid as milk and water; upon which, bent on revenge, I immediately set about my 'Essay on Truth,' which is full of virulence and misquotation." You may believe that an accusation of this sort, in which, you know, I can prove there is not one single word of truth, cannot give me much pain. But I should be glad that Mr. Hume, for his own sake, would disavow it; and indeed I cannot suppose that he is so destitute of candour as to give countenance to a report which he himself certainly knows to be altogether false.

The life of Dr. Beattie has been written, with great industry, by his friend the late Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. This is one of those books which it is impossible to read without feeling convinced that the writer was a good-hearted and amiable man. One peculiarity in the work is this, that, while the writer had evidently the most affectionate regard for Dr. Beattie, and the highest opinion of his intellect, and warmly sympathised with all his nobler and better judgments, we never find that, in any of the instances in which Beattie's too keen feelings led him to be unjust to the character and motives of others, his prejudices are either participated in or defended by his biographer. A biography written throughout in a more christian, and more candid spirit, it would not be easy to name.

DR. HAMILTON.

This distinguished writer and excellent man was the son of a bookseller in Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1743. His grandfather was Dr. William Hamilton, who was First Professor of Divinity, and afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh. From his earliest years, the mind of Hamilton was turned to those mathematical studies in which he afterwards became so eminent. At school and at college, Hamilton distinguished himself above his companions; and the weakness of his health in early life, as in the case of Gibbon, Pascal, and other men who have attained to great acquirements, by preventing him from joining in many of the amusements common amongst his comrades, left him more leisure and opportunity for amassing that amount of general knowledge of which he became possessed. His eminence, from his earliest days, has been said to have arisen less from any remarkable quickness of understanding, than from a power and habit of application to his subject; and, to the man who wishes to distinguish himself as a useful writer, this faculty is undoubtedly more valuable, though less showy, than the other. It was no disadvantage to young Hamilton that, for some time, he was compelled to withdraw from his studies, and to spend a part of his time in a banking establishment in Edinburgh. It was while

in this situation, that he formed an acquaintance with Lord Kaimes, an excellent man, and a writer whose merits have hardly been sufficiently acknowledged. The occasion of Hamilton's introduction to his Lordship, was the circumstance of his having written a review, in a newspaper, on some of Kaimes' writings, which induced his Lordship to seek his acquaintance. Hamilton now became known to a circle who loved him for his amiable character, and could appreciate his great acquirements. In the year 1765, the Mathematical Chair in Marischal College became vacant, by the death of Professor John Stuart; and Hamilton, by the advice of his friends, stood as a candidate, along with some eminent mathematical scholars. On this occasion, he was unsuccessful, the chair having been gained by the celebrated Mr. Trail.* In a letter, written by Professor Thomas Gordon, one of the examiners, to Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh, a circumstance is mentioned connected with Hamilton's appearance at this time, which is characteristic of the man, and highly creditable to his good sense and his real abilities. "All the examinators," says Gordon, "were highly satisfied with the candour of his written performances, in which he never attempted to throw

* The candidates on this occasion, besides Dr. Hamilton, were Mr. Trail, Mr. Playfair, Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Stewart. The examination was of the most extensive, rigorous, and judicious character. The examinators were, Professor Vilant of St. Andrew's, Professor Gordon of King's College, and Professor Skene of Marischal College. The sums of the merits of the candidates were, respectively, as follow:—Trail, 126; Hamilton, 119; Playfair, 90; Fullerton, 58; Stewart, 47; Douglas, 16.—*From an excellent Notice of Dr. Hamilton by Mr. John Ramsay in the "Letter of Marque."*

doubt or conceal where he was at a loss; and, even upon these occasions, from the ingenious attempts which he made to get himself disengaged, the judges formed the most favourable opinion of his abilities."

After this, Hamilton returned to the pursuits of business, and, for some time, held a share in a paper-mill, which had been established by his father. From this, however, he was called in the year 1769, on his being appointed Rector of the Perth Academy. While in this situation he married Miss Mitchell of Ladath, who died in the year 1778, leaving behind her three daughters, of whom the second, Helen, was married to the late Mr. Thomson of Banchory, and the youngest, Marian, to the Rev. Mr. Swan, a clergyman in Fife.

It was in the year 1777 that Hamilton first became known as an author, by the publication of his well-known work on Merchandise. Soon after, he received a presentation from the Crown to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, the duties of which he performed for about a year. He then exchanged classes with Dr. Copland, then Professor of Mathematics, the transfer being equally agreeable to both professors; but it was not till the year 1817 that Hamilton was presented to the Mathematical Chair. As a teacher, notwithstanding his own great acquirements, he was not very successful. He wanted that art of communicating instruction which is often possessed by persons of shallow information.

About four years after the death of his first wife, Hamilton married Jane, the sister of the present Dr. Morison of Banchory. She died in the year 1825,

without leaving any family. In the year 1790, Hamilton published, without his name, an "Essay on Peace and War." This work displays very fairly the benevolent character of the author, and is written with that uncommon plainness and perspicuity for which all his writings are distinguished. Hamilton replies solidly and sensibly to the general arguments used in favour of war, and urges with great force the advantages which nations derive from peace. The goodness and child-like simplicity for which his nature was remarkable, led him to look forward to a time when men would be persuaded by the arguments of Christian philanthropists, to beat their "swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." The following passage, with which this essay concludes, is a remarkable illustration of amiable credulity; and, when we look at what has taken place since it was written, will just serve to confirm us the more in the rational conviction that this world is never to be the abode of wisdom and virtue:—"Some men of the greatest abilities, both natives and foreigners, have inculcated and enforced doctrines favourable to peace. *Their opinions are gradually, although silently and imperceptibly, gaining ground.* As yet, they are chiefly confined to persons of a philosophic temper, and in retired situation. They are too weak to influence national councils, or to be heard amidst the noise of angry passions, which national councils excite. *Yet, the French Assembly have formed the noble resolution of abstaining from interfering with foreign politics, and from aiming at ex-*

tension of territory. The progress of the human mind in an enlightened age, and the growing experience of human affairs, are favourable to the dissemination of these liberal sentiments. We may be permitted to indulge the pleasant hope that posterity may enjoy the blessings of peace, in a degree we cannot look for in our own days; and that nations, convinced of what constitutes their true interest, may apply their exertions to cultivate the arts of peace, and desist from the barbarous work of destroying one another." Did ever our readers listen to anything so artless and good natured as this—so beautifully characteristic of a person of a philosophic temper, and in a retired situation—of a man full of that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things? It is the more remarkable, that Hamilton should have indulged in such airy dreams, when, in the same essay, he had made such judicious reflections as these: "We are always dissatisfied with the terms of peace. We look for conditions which it is impossible to obtain. An opinion prevails that our enemies excel us in the art of negotiating, as much as we excel them in the art of fighting. *The fury excited by the Peace of Utrecht is not yet forgotten.* Nothing would then have satisfied the national ardour, but to march our armies into the heart of France, and conquer or dismember that monarchy. *The public discontent occasioned by the Peace in* 1763, *the most glorious we ever made, is still fresh in every one's memory. The late Peace, although absolutely necessary, afforded topics for popular clamour.*"

Dr. Hamilton's next work was his "System of Arithmetic," which has been extensively used in schools, and has gone through several editions. Soon after, he gave to the world his "Heads of a Course of Mathematics." In both these works Hamilton, as might have been expected, was eminently successful, and both have contributed much to the dissemination of mathematical knowledge.

During the period of the French Revolution, Hamilton wrote an "Essay on Government," which was printed in the year 1831, along with his "Essay on Peace and War," and another "Essay on the Management of the Poor." These essays were not published, but merely printed for circulation amongst Hamilton's friends, under the superintendence of his relative, Dr. Morison of Banchory. The extraordinary change which has taken place in the Government of this country, since the period that this essay was written, gives an interest to the speculations, on constitutional questions, of a calm inquiring man like Dr. Hamilton. In this essay, he has discussed, with great freedom, and in his own beautifully simple style, almost all the questions which came to be debated during the progress of the Reform Bill. Upon almost all these questions, his opinions, which, at the time that they were written, were what would have been considered Whiggish, would now be declared Tory. He expresses, what Burke has done more decidedly, the opinion that members of society have no abstract or essential rights whatever, and that political institutions are to be tried by the sole standard of the

public welfare; the only right which he acknowledges the community to have, being "that of enjoying the protection of an equitable, beneficial, and steady Government." A sound and wise doctrine of this kind, it is evident, will never become popular. People contend far more strongly for what they call their "rights," than they will do for what is their interest; and prefer a good share of misery and oppression, of their own creating, to the enjoyment of substantial benefits, granted to them by a Government which denies to them their "rights." In fact, the grossest sophism in the world, has always been and still is sufficient to delude the majority of mankind.

For a good many years, Hamilton had given nothing to the world; when, in 1813, he published his famous "Inquiry concerning the Rise and Progress, the Redemption, and Present State, and the Management of the National Debt of Great Britain," the work by which his name has become known over all Europe. This treatise entirely demolished a system of finance, which had not only been acted on by practical statesmen, who may be supposed to have seen through the falsity of a delusion which they considered to be a beneficial one, but had been advocated as sound and beneficial by calculators and learned political economists. This was Pitt's Sinking Fund, a scheme for paying off the National Debt, by borrowing money, and laying it by at compound interest. Dr. Hamilton had the merit of proving to the public, that a man would not grow richer by taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another; and that there

was no true solid way of paying off debt, except by a surplus of income over expenditure. His doctrine, simple as any one now says that it is, fell upon the financiers of the day, like a revelation from heaven; cabinet ministers confessed that they had got a new light in arithmetic, and mere school-boys learned to laugh at the blunders of "the heaven-born minister," who thought of paying off debt by a borrowed Sinking Fund. In this treatise, Dr. Hamilton had also the merit of applying his arithmetical skill fairly to the question of the National Debt; previously, the state of the mere figures used to be mystified by our statesmen. Hamilton "worked the question" properly; and, since this time, it has been a subject of complaint, that the ministerial budgets are not nearly so entertaining as they used to be, and that they are hardly worth reading, as there is no originality displayed in them.

As a scientific work, Hamilton's "Inquiry" cannot be answered. He demonstrated completely all that he wished to demonstrate, namely, that the National Debt was not to be paid off by borrowing money. This is perhaps all that most people would think becoming or suitable in such a treatise, and, perhaps, not many will agree with us in thinking that it is any defect in his work, that he does not allude to the good moral effects of a National Debt, and the advantages of a considerable taxation, judiciously allocated. To the arithmetical arguments in the Doctor's work, it is impossible to demur for a moment; but a good deal might be said against his objections to taxation. The

National Debt, which, very possibly, is larger than it should be, has given a stability to the Government of this country, from which we derive the greatest blessings, and, without the pressure of her taxation, Great Britain would never have risen to the rank which, in arts and civilization, she holds amongst the nations of the earth.

About the year 1814, Dr. Hamilton, from his increasing infirmities, found it necessary to have an assistant appointed to him. Dr. John Cruickshank, who now fills the Mathematical Chair with so much ability, and whose talents as a teacher are so well known, was appointed to this situation. Dr. Hamilton lived in an infirm state for nearly fifteen years after. At the age of eighty-two, he experienced a deep affliction in the loss of his wife. Four years afterwards, he died, on the 14th of July. His remains were interred in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, where a monument, designed by Mr. John Smith, was erected to his memory.

A collection of posthumous papers by Dr. Hamilton was published at London, in the year after his death, by his relatives. They appeared under the title of "The Progress of Society." In these essays, most of the questions which engage the attention of political economists are discussed with that enviable plainness and simplicity which characterise all Hamilton's writings, and which are merits that cannot be overrated. Hamilton's style possesses all that clearness and precision which have been attributed to the Greek of Euclid. It is usual to say, that perspicuity

is most of all desirable in scientific and argumentative works. It would surely be better to say that in writings of every kind perspicuity is more desirable than any other quality whatever.

Besides these writings, Dr. Hamilton had prepared a treatise on practical astronomy; but it is not known whether this work is still in existence. That it would have been a valuable acquisition to the students of astronomy we can have little doubt, when we consider the eminent talents of Dr. Hamilton as a man of science.

Of the personal appearance of Dr. Hamilton, we give a description which it would not be easy to improve:—"We have been informed by those who knew him in his younger days, that Dr. Hamilton was a person of a florid, open, comely countenance, and erect carriage. We were only familiar with the time-worn frame which his latter years presented to the view, when 'the strong men had already bowed themselves,' and 'the almond tree had long been flourishing.' We still delight to conjure up before the eye of fancy his long-remembered form; the child-like guileless expression of his countenance, in which the discerning observer might mark, the while, traces of deep thought amid the more obtrusive furrows of age;—the bustling diligence of his shuffling gait, impeded, as much as aided, by his staff, now planted in careless haste in front, and anon trailing, at length, in rear, the left arm generally resting behind;—his eyes, in which intelligence twinkled through the dimness of age, sometimes fixed on the ground, and again

peering straight forward from beneath his grey eyebrows."*

We have already, in noticing the different writings of Dr. Hamilton, endeavoured to describe their peculiar excellence. His great eminence in science, using the word in its restricted sense, has never been questioned; but his mind had evidently been generally cultivated, a circumstance which is not often the case with those who have addicted themselves to mathematical studies, many of whom are very ignorant and very stupid. He was a much better moral reasoner than most great mathematicians are. That his mind was wholly freed from the prejudices which mathematical studies, if not well mingled with others of a counteracting kind, are apt to beget, cannot be, perhaps, asserted. In a well-written memoir of his life,† by his relative Mr. Thomson of Banchory, we are furnished with a curious fact regarding Hamilton, which we think is of more interest and value than all the other incidents which have been recorded, of his peaceful and quiet life: In the year 1807, he was appointed one of the judges who were to decide on the merits of the essays which were written for the prizes left by Mr. Burnett of Dens. The number of essays given in was fifty; and we are told by Mr. Thomson that Dr. Hamilton wrote abstracts of the whole of them "in order to enable him to come to a right decision on their respective merits." This labour occupied him many hours a-day for several months.

* From the article on Dr. Hamilton in the "Letter of Marque."
† Article, Hamilton.—Encyclopædia Britannica: seventh edit.

It is impossible not to admire the zeal, and the anxiety to do justice to all the candidates, displayed by Dr. Hamilton; but we may be allowed to say that it was strange if forty out of the fifty treatises were not of a kind that warranted their being struck off the leet at once.

The character of Dr. Hamilton was such as it is in every way delightful to dwell upon. It was all that we are pleased to picture to ourselves, and so rarely meet with in the world, of the humble and modest Christian. His high intellectual endowments were joined in a happy alliance with that childlike simplicity of mind which is the most unequivocal evidence of true religion, and which is accordingly never found in the ostentatious professors of piety. Those who had the pleasure of his most intimate friendship speak with the deepest feeling of his real worth. With all the virtues that render a man beloved in the bosom of his own family, he united the character of a patriotic citizen, active and zealous in the furtherance of every measure calculated for the benefit of the public. All his prejudices were in favour of goodness, and all his errors were the fruit of an amiable mind that could not form a true estimate of the worthlessness of mankind. His whole writings shew that he felt, and acted on the conviction, that the proper and legitimate use of his talents was the promotion of the best interests of his fellow-men.

DR. WILLIAM LAURENCE BROWN.

This eminent scholar and excellent man, though neither born nor educated in Aberdeen, was so long at the head of the University of Marischal College, and so long a useful and worthy citizen, that the omission of a biography of him would be felt as a great defect in this volume. His life has been already written by his friend and admirer, Dr. Irving; from whom we learn, that he was a good classical scholar, who wrote several books, and gained several prizes by his writings. But of the character of these writings, or in what their merit consists, Dr. Irving gives us not one single idea; and if we were confined to his biography, and had not Dr. Brown's writings in our hands, we should remain in perfect ignorance whether his prose works more resembled those of Dean Swift or of Dr. Johnson, of William Cobbett or of Thomas Carlisle; and whether his poetical productions looked likest to those of Pope, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, or the late lamented L. E. L.

Dr. Brown's father was the Rev. William Brown, minister of the Scotish church at Utrecht; and his mother was Janet, the daughter of the Rev. George Ogilvie, minister of Kirriemuir. He was born at Utrecht in the year 1755. Two years afterwards, his father having been appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrew's, came

over with his family to this country. Under the care of his father, who was an excellent classical scholar, the education of Brown was pushed forward by far too prematurely. He was sent while a child to the Grammar-School of St. Andrew's, and at the age of twelve entered the University. There he was distinguished by his acquirements in classic literature and philosophy, and displayed to great advantage that kind of ability which enables a man to become what Brown was beyond any other writer that we have ever heard or read of—a successful prize essayist. "Of the prizes," says Dr. Irving, "distributed by the chancellor of that period, the Earl of Kinnoul, he obtained a greater number than fell to the share of any other competitor." His studies, in the meantime, were directed towards the ministry; the clerical profession, as he has stated in his "Philemon," being, in his opinion, "best calculated to form the mind to virtuous habits, and to inspire dignity of sentiment and conduct"—a notion which he endeavours to support by a piece of *a priori* reasoning, a mode of proof as worthless in this case as it is in any other. After pursuing the study of divinity for two years at St. Andrew's, Brown removed to Utrecht, where he conjoined, with theology, the acquiring of a knowledge of civil law. In the meantime, his uncle, Dr. Robert Brown, who had been appointed minister of the church at Utrecht, having died in the year 1777, Brown was in the following year, at the early age of twenty-three, named as his successor, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. The church over which he now pre-

sided numbered but a small body of worshippers; but it ought to be recorded to his honour, as shewing the just sense which he entertained of the dignity and importance of his office, that the discourses which he preached to his scanty congregation were as carefully prepared as any that he delivered in after-life, when he had to preach to large audiences. In order to increase his then limited means, he received pupils into his house. He at the same time found leisure, at different intervals, to enlarge his own knowledge by repeated visits to France, Germany, and Switzerland.

In the year 1783, the trustees of a legacy which had been left at Leyden for the encouragement of theological learning, offered the prize for the year, for the best essay on "The Origin of Evil"—a most unprofitable question, and one that the trustees might have known could not be cleared up to satisfaction, or, indeed, handled at all more wisely by the most learned than by the most ignorant. The first prize was gained by a native of Hungary called Joseph Paap de Fagoras. To Brown was awarded the next honour, that of having his essay published at the expense of the trust. If the essay cleared up the position laid down in its title, to the satisfaction of human reason, it was certainly an invaluable production. It was intitled "Disputatio de Fabrica Mundi, in quo mala insunt, Naturæ Dei Perfectissimæ haud Repugnante." In the following year he received the honour of the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of St. Andrew's. On various occasions he received prizes for essays on different subjects. His "Essay

on the Folly of Scepticism, and the Absurdity of Dogmatism, on Religious Subjects," obtained the gold medal of the Teylerian Society at Haerlem, in April, 1787. It was printed at London in the following year. It is written in a plain style; and as it does not go deep into the subject, it contains nothing very striking, and nothing calculated to give much offence to either sceptics or dogmatists.

In the year 1786, Dr. Brown married his own cousin, Anne Elizabeth Brown, by whom he had a numerous family. His third son, Dr. Robert Brown, now fills the situation of Professor of Greek in Marischal College.

In the year 1791, Dr. Brown, who sometime before had been made Professor of Philosophy and of the Law of Nature at Utrecht, published a work in verse under the title of "An Essay on Sensibility;" in which, as he states in his preface, he has discussed the question, "whether sensibility or the want of it is upon the whole most productive of comfort and happiness in the course of life." If judged by the strictest rules of what is called "the art of poetry," and all the laws of composition, this essay would no doubt be pronounced perfectly correct; yet no reader of any sensibility could point to a single poetical passage in it. It concludes with the praise of Howard the philanthropist, George III., and William Pitt. In reading the essay, the attention is principally attracted by the rhymes, and they appear to be almost all unexceptionable.

In the year 1792, Dr. Brown gained the silver

medal awarded by the Teylerian Society for his "Essay on the Natural Equality of Men," which is generally allowed to be the best written of all his works, and which has reached a second edition. It had the advantage, which no other work of the Doctor's had, of being written on a subject then of immediate interest, on account of the commotions in France, and the notions of liberty and equality then afloat in men's minds. The subject is rationally and intelligibly discussed by Dr. Brown in this essay. The general principles which he lays down are such as no moderate politician could well object to. The essay, however, might have been made twice as interesting, if the speculations which it contains had been illustrated by references to history.

Dr. Brown continued to discharge his duties as professor and minister at Utrecht till the year 1795, when Holland was invaded by the French. He then fled with his wife and children, and other relatives, and crossed the sea to England in an open boat during a stormy winter. After he became minister of the West Church, he took frequent opportunities in the pulpit of inveighing against Buonaparte and his countrymen. On arriving in London, Dr. Brown was kindly received by Lord Auckland, with whom he had previously become acquainted when his lordship had been ambassador at the Hague, and who now recommended him to the notice of Dr. Moore, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The influence which Dr. Brown acquired at this time led to his future promotion; and as gratitude to his benefactors was a marked

feature in his character, he has commemorated, both in prose and verse, the virtues of the Archbishop and of his Lordship.* On the resignation by Principal Campbell of the Professorship of Divinity in Marischal College, Dr. Brown was appointed to the office, and soon after, on the death of the Principal, succeeded him as head of the University. In the year 1800, he received the appointment of Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, and soon after was made Dean of the Chapel Royal and of the Order of the Thistle,—a sinecure office in the Church of Scotland. At a later period of his life he accepted of a Lectureship on Practical Religion, founded by John Gordon of Murtle. Though the endowments of these offices were not very great separately, it is undeniable that but few clergymen in the Church of Scotland have ever had so large an income as Dr. Brown had, and none, perhaps, ever held so many offices together. In principle, however, Dr. Brown was strongly opposed to the existence of pluralities in the Church, and frequently lifted up his voice against them; holding, as he did, that no man could well discharge the duties of a clergyman who had a multitude of other occupations to engage his time, his talents, and his attention. In the meantime, Dr. Brown was frequently taunted by his opponents with being a pluralist, and was sometimes called an arch-pluralist; but it should be recollected, that, if his own practice was exceptionable, he made atonement for his failings by not only abstaining from saying a word in defence of the theory of plural-

* See Philemon, vol. i. p. 7, and vol. ii. p. 191.

ism; but by doing all that he could by precept and persuasion to prevent others from participating in his sins. Besides this, what more lively proof could the Doctor have given of the evil nature of pluralism than he did, by shewing that even he, at the moment that he was profiting by the system, could not help crying out against it? Such, however, is the blinded ignorance of people in general, that when they see a man who has his failings in practice, stedfastly and conscientiously maintaining sound opinions, they accuse him of inconsistency and hypocrisy, and actually insist that those who do wrong should justify their iniquity and do all that they can to make others follow their bad example. Now, surely, if a man finds that he cannot amend his own practice, the next best thing that he can do is to shew some zeal for the reformation of his neighbours. And if this line of conduct, which is nearly all that we can expect of fallen creatures, were generally followed, the very best effects would ensue to the cause of morality; as every man would then be his brother's instructor, and would feel it to be both a duty and a pleasure to reprehend his neighbour for his faults and keep a very strict watch over his virtue. Nothing can be more clear, than that those who have been overtaken in a fault have the most reason to condemn that fault. Such was the mind of the great St. Jerome, who tells us that the reason why he spoke so warmly and earnestly in praise of chastity was, that he felt very sensibly, how little credit he could take to himself for the possession of any considerable share of that virtue.

For some years after his appointment as Principal of Marischal College, Dr. Brown gave nothing to the world except a volume of Sermons, published in 1803. From his reputation as a scholar, it was expected that he would favour the public with some production which would prove that he was not unworthy of the Chair which had been filled by Principal Campbell. His friend Dr. Irving, writing in 1803, after stating that, with the exception of Dr. Campbell, no Presbyterian clergyman had "produced any professional work of more than vulgar learning," adds, "from Dr. Laurence Brown, the accomplished successor of Dr. Campbell, there is, however, reason to expect some splendid exertion; some theological production which shall display a happy union of uncircumscribed erudition with the perspicacity of genius."* The first work, however, with the exception of some controversial writings of temporary interest, which the Doctor gave to the world, was of quite a different character from such a production as that sketched out for him by Dr. Irving. About this time he had been seduced from his theological studies by a feeling which appeared to himself to be the influence of the Muses; and though the public have come to a different conclusion on this subject, it ought not to be concealed, that there were others who concurred in opinion with the Doctor, and that one of his colleagues, Mr. Beattie, the Professor of History, on whose judgment in poetical matters he placed as implicit a reliance as he did on his stern candour, gave it as his advice, that

* Lives of the Scotish Poets, vol. i. p. 184.

the Doctor should not defraud the world of the fruits of his courtship with the daughters of Mnemosyne. The terms in which Dr. Brown speaks of the reasons which led him to publish his "Philemon," betray a good deal of that ignorance of our own hearts, with which we are all afflicted, and much more ignorance of the world than one would have expected, even in a doctor of divinity. "Nothing," he says, "can be more frivolous, than the excuse that a publication has been occasioned by the solicitations of friends. But it is no frivolous reason for risking the public judgment, that persons of erudition and taste have, without any motive of flattery, induced a writer to suppose, that he is capable of respectable exertion, in a certain department of literature. The performance which I now offer to the public, has been submitted to the censure of a friend, whose judgment, taste, and classical knowledge, enabled him to discover, and whose sincerity would not permit him to palliate, its defects, or to conceal his opinion, whether of the whole or of the particular passages that came under his observation. To this friend I am indebted for many judicious remarks and corrections; and he knows how readily and gratefully I received them. He knows also, that if he had advised the suppression of the poem, it would have been suppressed. But, as in this case I would have followed his advice, so, his opinion has chiefly induced me to risk the public judgment." Poets, we suspect, are with their verses like young women with their marriages. It is abundantly known that girls always ask

the advice of their most candid friends whether they should marry or not, but that they submit the question to decision in the same ingenuous spirit and in the same good faith with which our General Assembly lately went to the House of Lords with their quarrel; that is, with a full determination to pay no attention to any deliverance that is not in exact accordance with their own inclinations. So poets, we fear, never ask their judicious friends whether or not they should publish till they have sworn in their own hearts that they will publish. We never yet met with a poet that could refrain from printing—they must rush upon foolscap. That benevolence of heart which, as poets tell us, accompanies their poetical temperament, will not allow them to deprive even this ungrateful world, which cares so little about them, of the fruits of their heaven-gifted genius. Professor Beattie perhaps knew all this, and was not inclined to risk the consequences of forbidding a wilful man to have his own way. Besides, he had certainly read the story of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada; and if he was a man of sense, he no doubt preferred it to all his university learning, and to all the volumes that ever have been written on the theory of moral sentiments, and the philosophy of mind. Poetry appears to be a secretion which it is not by any means safe to the constitution of the individual affected by the gift to stop or restrain —like a rash on the skin, which it is dangerous to put back by astringents, and therefore the learned have called it an itch. It is painful to read the lives of poets, and find how many of them took up low, mean,

and remorseless spites and ill-wills against those who did not choose to admire their poetry. Dean Swift never forgave Dryden for telling him he was no poet; but debased his splendid endowments and unrivalled wit in defaming the reputation of a genius who was worthy of his warmest praises. It may indeed be affirmed that you may as prudently speak despitefully of a woman's beauty as sneer at the poetry of the most pitiful verse maker; the poet becomes your eternal enemy, and you fill the breast of the slighted fair one with "immortal hate and study of revenge." While all this is true, it is but justice, both to poets and to women, to turn to the fairer side of their character; and it is as true of poets as of the fair sex, what Chesterfield has said of them, and it applies to them to the very letter: "No flattery is either too high or too low for women. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. He who flatters them most pleases them best. No assiduity can be too great—no simulation of passion too gross; as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt is unpardonable, and never forgiven." There can be little doubt in the mind of those who know about the poetical temperament, that Dr. Brown, having written "Philemon," was determined to publish it, in which resolution he was backed by those of his friends whom he looked on as possessed of most taste and judgment; and there can be as little doubt that,

if any of his advisers had been honest enough to tell him that it was not poetry, he would have printed it in order "to shame the fellows." Out therefore came "Philemon" in the year 1809. There had been a blank in the poetical line for a good many years, but one twelvemonth gave to the world "Philemon" and the "Lady of the Lake." The neglect into which this "Philemon" has fallen ought not to make us insensible to the merits which it really possesses. In the first place, as the writer himself justly remarks in his preface, "the object of the poem being moral and religious, cannot be condemned." But this is only a small part of the merits of "Philemon." It will be admitted by every man who has perused it, that in this poem, while the author has introduced no kind of figure of poetry, or allusion, or imagery, or machinery, for which he could not find precedents in the very best poets that had sung before him, he has, at the same time, conformed to all the rules and regulations that were ever devised by the wit of man for the furtherance of good poetry, many of which rules have been most wantonly and shamefully broken through by William Shakspere and other lawless persons, who did not enjoy the unspeakable advantages of a regular University education. These merits may perhaps compensate for the defects which unlearned readers have noticed in "Philemon." They declare that they cannot find one single particle of poetry in it from beginning to end.

"Philemon" is the history of a virtuous person, from his cradle to his grave. Philemon is born in the country, as clergymen and others, who will not open

their eyes and look about them at what is going on in the world, have always declared the country to be more virtuous than the town. Dr. Brown sends young Philemon to one of our excellent parish schools, where he becomes addicted to literature, and particulary to the "Babes in the Wood" and "Chevy Chase." When he is grown up a little, having one day laid himself down in a cool grotto to meditate upon his future prospects, he is visited by the angel Ithuriel, who gives him a great deal of sound counsel, and, in the first place, advises him to go to College. On coming home, his mother tells him to take care of his cash, to be clean and neat in his wearing apparel, and not to allow himself to be led away by women of indifferent character. He is now to go to College, and the whole family are dissolved in tears. To recover them out of this state, Philemon's father assures them that the boy is only leaving them for the session, and will be back again when College closes—

> "Philemon goes to drink the inspiring well
> To those allotted who with science dwell;
> Soon as she closes her quiescent dome,
> He bounds to share again the sweets of home."

Old Philemon at the same time orders Maria, a young lady who lodges with them, to take down her guitar, or, as he very properly calls it, her "tinkling wire," and favour the company with a few of her best songs. Next morning, the father and son set out together. Dr. Brown, having been educated at the University of St. Andrew's, and knowing the value of the instruction received there, sends Philemon to the same seat of learning; but as the introduction of the name St.

Andrews would spoil fine poetry, he calls it *Andréa*, and locates it in *Fifa*, which, as all who have read "Rudiman's Rudiments" are aware, is Latin for Fife. At Andréa, Philemon learns Greek, mathematics, poetry, moral philosophy, playing at the golf, and, in short, every thing. He was now a very fine looking young man, and his person and address were both very agreeable to the fair sex.

> "Philemon's sportive wit and pleasing air,
> In soft enchantment held the wond'ring fair;
> Where'er he was they also wish'd to be,
> Their hearts were captive while they thought them free.
> Whate'er he said or did possessed a grace,
> Sense on his lips, and honour in his face."

Philemon becomes very much attached to a fellow-student called Eugenio, who is a nice young man on the whole, but not having been properly grounded in religious principles before he came to Andréa, he is not altogether a model of moral perfection. Eugenio, whose parents were very wealthy, having always his pockets full of money, takes Philemon away to public-houses, and gives him drink; and we are led to understand that, over their liquor, the conversation indulged in by these young men was not by any means regulated according to the strictest notions of propriety. This goes on for a while, till one afternoon, Philemon having a drinking-match with Eugenio to attend in the evening, is sitting at his book, when in comes his old friend, Ithuriel, who first advised him to go to College, but certainly for the purpose of learning other things than drinking. Ithuriel enters in a passion that makes the whole house shake

about him, and after giving Philemon a pretty lecture about his conduct, tells him to break his appointment with Eugenio, and go to his bed and sleep, instead of sitting up the half of the night drinking as usual. Philemon obeys, and goes to bed, but it does not appear that he slept soundly, as we are told that he had an extraordinary night of dreaming. In the morning, Eugenio catches him, and abuses him for not keeping his appointment, but Philemon tells him that he has done with him for ever unless he choose to mend his manners. Philemon now abjures all friendship with persons who were not religious, and no doubt said, with Cousin Slender, "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves." While he is on the outlook for religious companions, he falls in with the most pious person at the whole College, a lad of the name of Vulpellus, who comes to Philemon, and congratulates him warmly on having dropped the acquaintance of such a profligate as Eugenio, and gets himself admitted as his bosom friend. Philemon having, in the meantime, observed some abuses in the affairs of the University, such as are to be found in the affairs of all mere human universities, writes a satire upon his *Alma Mater* and the Professors, in which he represents the ghosts of Cardinal Beaton and of Archbishop Sharp, holding learned conferences together, over night, by the light of brimstone matches, made out of old coffins, and devising schemes of mischief to the College. This piece, having a moral tendency, Philemon reads to Vulpellus. Vulpellus admires it

very much, and advises Philemon to circulate it anonymously, as it would be productive of great good, and kindly offers to transcribe a number of copies. The poem comes out, and causes a great sensation. Vulpellus now goes away to the Senatus Academicus, and tells who is the author, adding that this was just what was to be expected of a fellow like Philemon, and that he never knew a real instance of any of these coarse characters turning vitally religious, whatever they might pretend. Philemon is immediately called in before the Senatus, and is asked—

"Art thou the author of that vile lampoon?"

To which Philemon replies, "The *piece* is mine," and proceeds to justify himself, by pointing out to the Senatus the distinction between the *lampoon* and the legitimate *satire*, to which latter class of compositions he ably maintains that his humble production belonged.

"Yet even on this, no censure you can ground,
Lampoon and *satire* you must not confound.
Vice I have lash'd, but lash'd without a name;
None here are touch'd, but who the likeness claim.
If Horace, Pope, and Dryden merit praise,
Why hurl such vengeance on my humble lays?"

The Senatus, however, far from being pacified, as they ought to have been, by this piece of judicious criticism, fly into an infernal passion, and Philemon, seeing them fairly bent on his destruction, meditates leaving Andréa and running off to North America, as he is afraid of facing his parents, who possibly might not be possessed of sufficient critical acumen to know the difference between *lampoons* and *satires*. Vulpellus expresses his sorrow at the unfortunate fate of Phile-

mon, when Eugenio comes in and tells the whole story, showing that Vulpellus was the instigator of the publication. This averts the wrath of the Professors from Philemon, and some of them were now disposed to say that the *satire* was rather a clever production for a young man, though somewhat keen; and the result of this painful investigation is, that Philemon is pardoned, and Vulpellus expelled with disgrace; and Philemon and Eugenio, who has now given up drinking, become good friends again, and are united in "the harmony of pious minds." At the end of the session, Philemon comes home to his friends and tells the whole story. His father reprehends him for indulging in satire, but is secretly pleased at finding that his son has a poetical genius. As for Maria and Clara, being women, and, of course, fond of scandal, they are delighted with the *lampoon* story, and with Philemon's escape, and both of them fall at once desperately in love with him. So much do these ladies console Philemon upon this occasion, that Dr. Brown is obliged to cry out—

> "Ye sons of woe! ensure a female friend,
> Your lot is sweeten'd and your sorrows end."

Philemon now resolves to be a parson, and gets a variety of good instructions on the subject from his father and Ithuriel. He proceeds to the Divinity-hall: he takes his notions of religion from the New Testament, and consequently they are such as would not advance a young man in the Church now-a-days, whatever they might have done in Dr. Brown's time. He sets out on a tour to the Continent, as companion

to Eugenio. When his portmanteau is ready, a very affecting scene takes place between him and Clara, in the course of which both the lovers exchange strong vows with each other, much in the style of those which passed between Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene, in Monk Lewis's delicious ballad, and which those who reflect upon the frailty of our human nature ought not to be too rash in binding themselves by. The two friends set out on their journey; and, after passing through Anglia, proceed to Batavia, Helvetia, and other places, enjoying a variety of choice adventures by the way. In the forest of Ardennes they meet with a horrible affair, similar to that in which Count Fathom was involved in the wood. "On the banks of the blue Moselle," the two travellers fall in with a beautiful woman, who, though she had never seen either of the young men before, immediately proceeds to tell them the whole story of her woe. From her narrative we learn that Lisette was a lady like the Mrs. Haller described in the detestable play of the "Stranger," who marries a man whom she adores, bears him several lovely children, lives a life of perfect purity for many years, and then takes advantage of her adored husband being out of the way to adore some other body, whom she finds still more amiable; and when her husband discovers her treachery, turns a most interesting fair penitent, and becomes the virtuous heroine of some play or romance, by a sophistical German sentimentalist. This Lisette tells her tale of guilt so beautifully to our young friends that Eugenio falls directly in love with her.

Philemon, however, has more sense, and after administering religious consolation to the woman, and reminding her that King David, the penitent thief, and Mary Magdalene had all found mercy, calls on Eugenio to leave the place, and threatens to give him up for ever if he did not drop this hopeful connexion. This has the desired effect; and having both given Lisette a prayer, they turn their backs upon her for ever. On they travel, and ascend the Alps, where they are terribly tormented with the sun, who shoots

> ——————— "from his meridan stage,
> His arrows on their backs with restless rage."

They have, however, a mule with them, carrying a quantity of eatables and drink, with which they refresh themselves, and get very jocular, and so benevolent that they leave all their crusts to two poor country lads, who

> "Partake the fragments, and to heav'n commend
> The donors, to whatever clime they tend."

After visiting Italy, they come to France, and at Paris Philemon falls in love with an accomplished lady of the name of Adele, and is about to forget Clara, just as might have been expected of one that had protested so much. He is, however, frightened back into his virtue partly by a challenge which he receives from a young gentleman to whom Adele was betrothed, and partly by a scolding from Ithuriel. He and Eugenio immediately take their passage for Britain. Philemon is taken on trials by his Presbytery, and acquits himself nobly. Eugenio's father gives him a presentation to a church, which, as Philemon is

no believer in the sinfulness of patronage, he thankfully accepts. He marries Clara, to whom he never mentions a syllable of the tender affair with the French lady. He begets a great many children, all very like himself; he discharges the duties of a clergyman in the most exemplary manner; and he continues to suck in great draughts of learning,—an exercise at which he never tires. In the meantime, the rebellion of forty-five is going on; and one day a youth, who had come all the way from Helvetia to see Philemon, whom he had met with there, is plundered of all his property, by the rebels, near Philemon's house. Philemon instantly gets up a band of the country people, and pursues the robbers, whom he overtakes and conquers, and hands over to the proper officers of the law. His warlike spirit being now excited, nothing will serve him but he must go to the battle of Culloden; and off he sets, in spite of all that Clara and the children can say, as he saw that the Church was in danger. He fights against the rebels in a style which commands the admiration of the best tried veterans. After the battle is over, having admitted a wanderer to his house, his old deceiver, Vulpellus, gets him apprehended for harbouring rebels. He is, however, acquitted. Vulpellus dies of remorse. Philemon makes a happy end, and is carried to heaven by Ithuriel. Such is the plot of "Philemon." Here you have virtue rewarded, and vice punished, and what more would you have?

In the year 1815, Dr. Brown obtained the First Prize, of £1250, under the Burnett Mortification.

Mr. John Burnett of Dens was a merchant in Aberdeen, who had realised a fortune in business. His mind was naturally turned to religion, but not finding any community of Christians with whose doctrine he could entirely concur, he resolved to keep his own mind pure, and therefore became clergyman to himself, and altogether gave up attending churches. He was, however, in other respects, a strict observer of the Lord's Day, and never opened on Sunday any business letter which he received. Dr. Brown, who has written his biography, professes not to understand how Mr. Burnett "could discover before opening a letter whether it was on business, or on some subject connected with religion." We feel the same difficulty; but we have not the least doubt that, if Dr. Brown had been a clergyman of the high Evangelical kind, of whom we have so many in the present day, instead of being a plain, honest Christian, who read the newspapers on Sunday, he would have been able to have given some very ingenious explanation of this mystery. Mr. Burnett died in 1784. He left, amongst other legacies, a sum of money for the purpose of giving two prizes to the two best essays which should be produced in proof of the being and goodness of God. The subject was given out in the year 1807, and half-a-dozen of years were allowed to the competitors to write their books. The Ministers of the city, the Professors of both Colleges, and Mr. Burnett's Trustees were appointed to nominate the three judges of the essays. To discourage persons who were sensible of their own want of abilities from meddling in the

matter, the judges were empowered, if they thought proper, to give the prizes to nobody, but to declare all the essays that should be given in to be unworthy of reward. The announcement having been made, Dr. Brown wrote a letter to the Trustees, in which he urged that the judges to be appointed ought to be strangers, and that two of them might be taken from two other Scotish universities, and one from England. He at the same time stated that, if he should be proposed as a judge, he should most positively decline to act. This declaration, taken along with the well-known character of the Doctor as a long-experienced prize essayist, must have left those to whom it was addressed in little doubt that he had made up his mind to be a competitor. The advice which he gave about the selection of the judges was disregarded, and Dr. Gilbert Gerard, Professor of Divinity in King's College, Dr. Hamilton, and Dr. George Glennie, all certainly men of high character and high attainments, were appointed to that office. They were unanimous in their decision. They gave the first prize to Dr. Brown, and the second to Dr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Chester.

The essay produced by Dr. Brown is one of the fairest specimens of a prize essay that could well be mentioned, and it is just such a work as would pass a committee with unanimous approbation. We never yet met with a single person, whose opinion we could respect, who did not avow that he individually would have given the first prize to Dr. Sumner, but that he did not wonder that a committee gave it to Dr. Brown.

A first-prize essay must be a work that will give offence to nobody. It need have no beauties, but it must be perfectly void of deformities and of eccentricities. The sentences must be regularly composed, the language must be according to the fashion—the sentiments must be moral and just, but neither original nor striking. All generally received truths must be vindicated, and all universally condemned errors must be censured; but it will be a fatal mistake if the essayist should attack errors which nine-tenths of mankind have agreed to patronize, or uphold any truths which the pulpits have not thought proper to take under their protection. No man could for an instant conceive that Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," or Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig," had been prize essays. No committee would have tolerated such things.

We need hardly apply these general principles to Dr. Brown's "Essay on the Existence of a Supreme Creator." Will any candid person who has read this Essay say that any part of it occurs to his recollection, except it be the prayer for its success with which it concludes?

Besides the volumes to which we have referred, Dr. Brown wrote several other works to which it is unnecessary to allude, as the character of his great Prize Essay is that of all his prose works. His death took place on the 11th of May, 1830, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Brown is admitted by the most competent judges to have been an excellent classical scholar.

His writings, however, do not furnish evidences of the "uncircumscribed erudition" imputed to him by his friend Dr. Irving. They, however, abundantly shew the soundness of his head and heart, and the liberality of his opinions. His personal character was that of a Christian and a gentleman. Had he lived in the present days, his brethren in the Church would have considered him little better than Dr. Campbell. As a minister in the pulpit he was eloquent and impressive. In the Church Courts, Dr. Brown was considered to be somewhat Evangelical; but we must take into consideration that what was called Evangelical then would be thought Moderate enough now, and that what is now called Evangelical would, in Dr. Brown's time, have been termed raving fanaticism. If we are to believe Dr. Irving, Dr. Brown would have rejoiced to have leagued himself with the ministers of the Chapels of Ease, and to have supported the measures which they support. We know not what Dr. Brown might, in theory, have judged to be desirable improvements in the Church of Scotland, but we utterly disbelieve that, maintaining the character of a scholar and a gentleman as he did, and holding as he did the rank of a public instructor in a learned University, he would have given the least countenance to the present Evangelical party, who are degrading the character of the Church of Scotland in the eyes of all sound-headed and sound-hearted men, and in all likelihood bringing on her utter destruction.

INDEX.

THE END.

Aberdeen: Printed at the University Press.