

A man sets out with the ordinary view of human character, and common-sense notions of right and wrong. He has no scruple in calling Smith a good man and Jones a bad one. But he gets to study moral philosophy, perplexes himself with "motives," adopts the selfish theory of morals, and forbids you to draw invidious distinctions between Smith and Jones, as they are both seeking their own ends, both, ultimately, equally selfish. In a short time, Jones cheats and almost beggars him, and he is only saved from ruin by the assistance of Smith. "After all," says he, "Jones is a consummate rascal, and Smith a generous and disinterested friend." But his temporary adherence to the selfish philosophy has taught him a wholesome suspicion of all specious and undiscriminating theories of human nature, and has quickened his eye for the appreciation of character. All reflective men have experienced transitions of feeling and thought somewhat like these which I have hastily sketched. Susceptibility to them is one element of genius. This versatility of mind, while perplexing to the philosopher, is essential to the novelist, the dramatist, and the poet. While most men hurry through the various stages of their inner life, more or less forgetting the last as soon as they enter upon a new one—the schoolboy of a few years back becoming a schoolmaster as rigid and pedantic as if he had never spun a top or pinched a companion at lesson-time—the stamp of each is fresh in the mind and reproduced in the pages of genius, and the child claps his hands as he sees his own picture there, and the thoughtful boy wonders who has stolen the secrets of his bosom, and the youth hears his tale of passion told in words that are not his own, and manhood confirms the truth and the wisdom they contain.

But there are many who, though lacking the power of describing their past views of life in prose or verse, have still a vivid recollection of them. These are men of experience in the highest sense of the word. They may not possess

the information of many ordinary men of the world; they may be, comparatively, children in the practical business of life, and quite ignorant of the technicalities of the mart and the exchange; but they are and have been, by the necessity of their mental constitution, "students of the heart of man," and have a clue to the discernment of character often mysterious to their better-informed and more worldly-wise friends. Little do the pompous and superficial, when in the company of a man of this class, know how clearly he sees to the bottom of their shallow affectations of importance. Little does the shy but ardent youth know with how penetrating and unerring a glance the quiet observer is reading the inmost thoughts of his heart, how clearly he sees his weaknesses, his perplexities, his aspirations, by the light which the memory of his own casts upon them; how thoroughly he comprehends all his anxieties and impulses, how surely he can refer them to their causes and foretell their issue.

A consideration of the changes to which our views are liable from the "many parts" we play in life, and from other causes, need not deter us from carrying out such as we sincerely and deliberately entertain. If we cannot affirm them to be absolute truth, if we must even admit that it is possible, nay likely, that they will give place to others widely different, still they are the best and the only ones which we can hold at present, and that is all we need know in order to act in decided and manly accordance with them. Life is too short for us to spend much time in the nice balancing of possibilities. Were we to wait for final certainty, we should do nothing. "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis." The true practical lesson which this consideration should teach us is to avoid anything like dogmatism and intolerance in the assertion of our views, and to yield a patient attention to those of all honest and true men, who, standing at a different point of sight from ourselves, necessarily perceive a somewhat different prospect.

LIFE OF DR. CHALMERS.*

THE new volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers embraces his professorial appointments in St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and his connexion with the Veto and Church extension movements in the Scottish Establishment; and includes numerous notices of and correspondence with the notables of the period.

Chalmers was appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's in 1823, and, exhausted as he was by his superhuman labours in Glasgow, the change from its noisy thoroughfares to the grassy streets of the once archiepiscopal city must have been grateful in the extreme. He shook the dust from the chair

to which he was appointed, and entered on his duties with characteristic energy and zeal. Although from "hand to mouth," to use his own phrase, in the preparation of his lectures, the students (whose numbers he doubled) were enraptured with his eloquence, and gave vent to their satisfaction by very unacademic applause; and at the conclusion of the session they threatened a presentation of plate. Whilst prohibiting the latter proceeding, the professor dealt the following blow against

AMATEUR STUDENTS.

There is one topic more which I shall advert to, and that is, to certain liberties which some very few of my visitors

* *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* Vol. III. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1851.

have indulged in amid the general propriety that has characterised their attendance. I acquit my stated attendants, indeed, from the charge altogether; but there have been occasional hearers who, by coming in late, have inflicted a sore annoyance on the business of the class. It is too late now to set up any practical check against an inroad so unseasonably, but I hold it of importance to the cause of academic discipline, that even now I should make avowment of the principle, that not one freedom can be tolerated in a visitor which ought not also to be permitted to any of the regular students.

And on the same ground, gentlemen, I must allude to the further indecorum of yesterday. It is not of a certain obstreperousness of yours that I now speak, against which I have already made my remonstrances during the progress of our course, and which perhaps, if permissible at all, might, by way of easing the restraint under which you have been laid, be humoured with one tremendous bellow at the termination of it. But what I speak of is the presence of a certain noisy admirer, who added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within these walls was so monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that dog was a great breach of all academic propriety. I dared not trust myself at the time with the utterance of the indignation that I then actually felt, but it might be lowering your sense of those deonities that belong to a university were I to pass it unnoticed now. A visit from the first noblesman of the land were disgraceful to us all, if it turned out to be a visit from the nobleman and his dog.—P. 10.

The mention of student life carries us to a story which occurred in Edinburgh long after Chalmers had left St. Andrew's. It refers to

THE TROUBLES OF A DENTIST.

The pedestrian approbation accompanied Chalmers through the whole of his academical career. After the disruption of the Church, temporary premises were taken for the classes in connexion with the new body. These premises were immediately adjoining to the house of an eminent dentist, a thin partition wall dividing the room in which he operated upon his patients from that in which Dr. Chalmers lectured to his class. The ruffing of the one room penetrated into the other, and disturbed at times its delicate and nervous operations. Mr. N. at last, and in the gentlest terms, complained to Dr. Chalmers, asking him whether he could not induce his students to abate the vehemence of their applause. As Dr. Chalmers entered his class room on the day after that on which this complaint was made, a suppressed smile lurked in his expressive countenance. He rose, told the students of his interview with Mr. N., and, after requesting that the offence should not be repeated, warned them most significantly against annoying or provoking a gentleman who was so much in the mouths of the public.—P. 60.

Considering the number of students whom Chalmers passed through his hands, he must have encountered many instances of the Bæotian element. One specimen was given in our number for July, and Dr. Hanna presents us with another.

CURIOUS UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.

A raw-boned student from the wilds of Ross-shire was called up. "Who," said the professor, about to plunge with all eagerness into the discussion of the Malthusian doctrine, "who was the father of the correct theory of population?" At once, and in the strongest northern accent, his young friend answered, "Julius Cæsar." The gravest students were overset by this incongruous reply, and for a few minutes nothing was seen of the Professor himself but his back rising and falling above the book-board as he struggled with the fit of laughter into which he had been thrown. When at last he was able to command himself, he courteously apologised for his untimely hilarity to the poor student, who still stood in confusion before him, and, without the least allusion to the answer, expressed his great regret that he could never hear that peculiar dialect without his risibility being affected.—P. 66.

Graver times, however, soon clouded these

merry episodes in the class-room. St. Andrew's was the head-quarters of the Scotch High Church party, whose principles and practice were of a negative character, and tended towards "saying little and doing less;" Chalmers, on the other hand, was positivism personified; necessity was laid on him to do something, and woe unto him if that something was not done earnestly. He had a mission, and it must be fulfilled. Positive and negative do not come into collision in the heavens without disturbance, and their contact on earth is always signalled by disorder; and so Chalmers and his colleagues walked not together.

He was opposed to pluralities; and a vacancy having taken place in one of the city parishes, he addressed a letter to Lord Melville, the University Chancellor, and virtual patron, earnestly requesting that the living should be bestowed on one who would devote his whole time to the "cure of souls." The remonstrance was unheeded, and a pluralist received the benefice. This result caused a discussion about the church-attendance of students. Previously, Dissenters had been allowed to attend their own places of worship, and Chalmers now contended that Churchmen, when dissatisfied with the ministrations of the Establishment, should be allowed similar licence to visit Dissenting chapels. This proposal led to much discussion; but the chief sore was connected with the administration of the pecuniary resources of the college.

From 1784 up to the time of Chalmers's induction, the professors had been wont to distribute amongst themselves certain surplus funds, designated Candlemas dividends; the "Candlemas" money amounted to about a third of his income, but, having doubts as to the legality of its appropriation, he declined receiving his share during the whole time of his residence there. In 1828, when he had taken up his abode in Edinburgh, and when the untouched sum at his credit amounted to upwards of 700*l.*, he received from the Royal Commissioners appointed to visit the Scotch colleges a communication stating "that, under all the circumstances, there is no good reason why Dr. Chalmers, who has now ceased to be a professor, should not receive and accept of the sums so due to him;" and on the faith of this declaration he took the money. The Commissioners, however, published their report without alluding to the part which Chalmers had acted, and gravely averred that "the principals and professors appear to have made these appropriations without any authority." And this was the occasion of Chalmers's coming before the public with a spirited pamphlet, explanatory of his position in the matter.

Although dissatisfied with the state of affairs in St. Andrew's, Chalmers declined no less than three offers of removal. One was the chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University, tendered through the recommendation of Lord Brougham; and the other two were the livings of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and the West Parish, Greenock, the latter being the richest living in Scotland. The first was the offer of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the second that of the patron, Sir M. S. Stewart;

and he grounded his declinations on his preference for academic labour.

During his connexion with St. Andrew's he made occasional preaching-excursions; and to two of these we shall now advert. In our notice of the second volume of this work we referred to a female tormentor who annoyed him in Glasgow. On revisiting that city, she again fastened on him.

"THE WOMAN."

On our arrival at the chapel-gate, was met by my old friend the daft woman, who used to pursue and annoy me, and at one time presented me with a sheep's head and trotters. She got hold of my legs as I was stepping out of the noddly; she has been urging me in this way for several Sundays.

The Sunday after brought no relief.

Went with Mrs. Glasgow in her own carriage. I had the benefit of the daft wife's attention and civilities as usual. She got hold of me by the hand, and I was with very great difficulty extricated.

The good doctor was not only hunted by "daft" people, he was also tormented by silly people. Here is an admirable sketch of

THE WEARINESS OF OVER-CIVILITY.

Miss — never asks the same thing twice of me, but she makes up for this by the exceeding multitude of these things: such as, if my tea is right; if I would like more sugar; if I take cream; if I am fond of little or much cream; if I would take butter to my cake; when I take to loaf, if I take butter to my white bread; if I move from one part of the room to another, whether I would not like to sit on the sofa; after I have sat there, whether I would like to stretch out my legs upon it; after I have done that, whether I would let her wheel it nearer the fire; when I move to my bedroom, whether the fire is right, whether I would like the blinds wound up, &c. &c. She at the same time most religiously abstains from repetitions, but to reply even once to her indefinite number of proposals is fatigue enough, I can assure you; nor is the fatigue at all alleviated when, instead of coming forth a second time with each, she comes forth with a most vehement asseveration, accompanied by uplifted hands, that she will let me do as I like, that she will not interfere, that I shall have liberty in her house; and when I said that I behoved me to make calls immediately after dinner, she declared that I would have leave to go away with my dinner in my mouth, if I so chose. I have got the better of all this by downright laughing, for I verily think now that the case is altogether desperate.

Should this analytical review meet the eye of any newly-married lady, and we doubt not that many such read TART, we beg to state for her consolation that, so far back as 1824, when as yet our fair one had not seen the light—

(The gallant youth who may have gained
Or seeks a winsome marrow,
Was but an infant on the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow,)

—we beg, we say, to state to such that the "greatest plague of life" then disturbed the peace of families on these islands in as large numbers as they probably do at the present time. Take in proof of his the following:

Thursday.—Had a conversation with Miss — before breakfast. Find that she is as much aggrieved by her servant as we are by ours. Let us not think that any strange thing has happened to us, or that any affliction hath overtaken us which is not common to our brethren in the world.

Chalmers had agreed to preach in behalf of a Sunday-school in Stockport, and, on proceeding

thither, ascertained that he was only one item in a series of entertainments. His journal account of the orchestral interview is amusing.

Sunday.—Sedly annoyed all last night with their quackish advertisement. I visited the school at one, and the sermon was to begin at half-past five. Could see a certain hard and ungracious reception of me, perhaps from the consciousness of something wrong on their part. Mr. M., my correspondent, did not appear for some time, and when he did, there was a blush in his countenance and a tremulousness in his voice. I was in the midst of managers, and the stairs to the different rooms of their immense fabric were crowded with scholars. I asked what they were about; and, with some hesitation and difficulty, they told me that they had been practising for the music of this evening. When I went to the great preaching-hall, I found that there was just this practising before an immense assemblage; on which I called out, in the distinct hearing of those about me, that there was an air of charity about the whole affair, and that I did not like it at all. I would stay no longer in that place, and went along with them to the committee-room, where there were about twenty managers and others. I said that I had come from a great distance on their account, and had therefore purchased the privilege of telling them plain things; that they should have consulted me ere they had made their arrangements; that I was quite revolted by the quackery of their advertisement; that they had made me feel myself to be one of the performers in a theatrical exhibition; that what they had done stood in the same relation to what they ought to have done, that an advertisement of Dr. Solomon's did to the respectable doings of the regular faculty, &c. &c. I was firm, and mild withal—they confused and awkward, and in difficulties. I said, that still I would preach, but that I thought it right to state what I felt. On the other question of the urgency, and the pleading a promissory obligation on my part, I have as yet had no reckoning. . . . I got a second letter from a minister on the subject of the indecent exhibition of Stockport. I had got one the night before from another minister on the same subject. It seems that many serious people here are scandalised at it, and that many eyes are fixed upon my conduct in regard to it. I sent for Mr. M., that I might hold conversation with him. Mr. M. sent back word that he could not possibly come; and why? because he was presiding at a dinner given before sermon to the gentlemen of the orchestra, and he was just in the middle of a speech to them when my message came. On this Mr. Marsland and Mr. Grant walked down to Stockport, and told Mr. M. of my difficulties and wishes; that I would not comply with their arrangement until it was altered. They wished my prayers and sermons to be mixed up with their music, me all the while in the pulpit. I said, that I would not be present at their music at all; that my service should be separated altogether from their entertainment;* that I should pray, preach, and pray again *in continuo*—not entering the pulpit till the moment of my beginning, and retiring from it so soon as I should have ended. The gentlemen had their interview with Mr. M., and he was very glad to comply. I dined at half-past two, retired for an hour to prepare, drank coffee after five. The two gentlemen walked before, to be at the music. The two ladies went down with me in the carriage at six. Will you believe it? an orchestra of at least 100 people, three rows of female singers, in which were two professional female singers, so many professional male singers, a number of amateurs: and I now offer you a list of the instruments, so far as I have been able to ascertain them—one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpents, violins without number, violoncellos, bass viols, flutes, hautboys. I stopped in the minister's room till it was over. Went to the pulpit—prayed, preached, retired during the time of the collection, and again prayed. Before I left my own

* Amongst those whose performances were to be mixed up with the sermon and prayers, the name of a Miss Cheese had been announced; and Dr. Chalmers reinforced his argument with the managers by telling them that in his country the cheese was never served till the solid part of the entertainment was over.

private room they fell to again with most tremendous fury, and the likeliest thing to it which I recollect is a great military band on the Castlehill of Edinburgh. I went up with the ladies again in the carriage. They were far franker and pleasanter than before. Supped after Mr. Maraland's return. He told me that the collection was 398*l*. Went to bed between eleven and twelve. I forgot to say that the number of my hearers was 3,500.

Monday.—I am told that the Stockport people, suspicious of my dislike to exhibitions, blazoned and advertised much less than they would have done; and the interpretation given by some to this is, lest it should meet my observation too soon. Found a company in David Grant's, and he kept me up till two in the morning. A kind-hearted, rattling fellow. N.B. The collection is now 401*l*.—P. 50.

Chalmers was appointed to the professorship of theology in Edinburgh in 1828. He mentions that, in preparation for its duties, he got up at six o'clock, in order to have time for "a little of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew each day." Alluding to the prospect of diminished revenues and other untoward features, he says, "I foresee the coldness of friends, the controversy of foes, and probably the decline of earthly comfort in my approaching connexion with Edinburgh." The salary of the professor of theology at the period of his induction was 200*l*.; but at the end of the first session the "amateur students," headed by Dr. Morehead, an English clergyman, presented a thank-offering of 202*l*.

Dr. Hanna adverts copiously to the Church controversies that took place within the sphere of his narrative, but as they are of ecclesiastical rather than general interest, we can touch only on salient points. In early life Chalmers was as determined a pluralist as in after-times he was the reverse, and a *brochure* of former days having been tartly referred to in debate, he boldly made the following

RETRACTATION.

At the close of the debate, and amid breathless silence, he spoke thus:—

"Sir, that pamphlet I now declare to have been a production of my own, published twenty years ago. I was, indeed, much surprised to hear it brought forward and quoted this evening; and I instantly conceived that the reverend gentleman who did so had been working at the trade of a resurrectionist. Verily I believed that my unfortunate pamphlet had long ere now descended into the tomb of merited oblivion, and that there it was mouldering in silence, forgotten and disregarded. But since that gentleman has brought it forward in the face of this House, I can assure him that I feel grateful to him from the bottom of my heart for the opportunity he has now afforded me of making a public recantation of the sentiments it contains. I have read a tract entitled the 'Last Moments of the Earl of Rochester,' and I was powerfully struck in reading it with the conviction how much evil a pernicious pamphlet may be the means of disseminating. At the time when I wrote it I did not conceive that my pamphlet would do much evil; but, sir, considering the conclusions that have been deduced from it by the reverend gentleman, I do feel obliged to him for reviving it, and for bringing me forward to make my public renunciation of what is there written. I now confess myself to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and I now stand a repentant culprit before the bar of this venerable assembly.

"The circumstances attending the publication of my pamphlet were shortly as follows: As far back as twenty years ago, I was ambitious enough to aspire to be successor to Professor Playfair in the mathematical chair of the University of Edinburgh. During the discussion which took place relative to the person who might be appointed his successor, there appeared a letter from Professor Playfair to the magistrates of Edinburgh on the subject, in

which he stated it as his conviction that no person could be found competent to discharge the duties of the mathematical chair among the clergymen of the Church of Scotland. I was at that time, sir, more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession; and feeling grieved and indignant at what I conceived an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habits of a clergyman. Alas! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that, in the utterance of it, I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But *then*, sir, I had forgotten *two magnitudes*—I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!"—P. 76.

In 1832 Chalmers was nominated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church; and, true to his character as a reformer of abuses, he addressed a letter to the King's commissioner on

SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENTS.

Edinburgh, May 3, 1832.

MY LORD,—On the chance, which I now see to be a likely one, of my becoming Moderator of the next General Assembly, there is one point respecting which I beg to throw myself on the indulgence of your lordship. I could not without pain be present at the public dinners on the Sundays; and I feel that nothing more is necessary than the bare communication of this feeling to make your lordship willing to dispense with my attendance on these occasions. I have made no one else privy to this communication, preferring that the matter should be adjusted by a liberal and understood arrangement between your lordship and myself, to its becoming the subject of a public discussion. At the same time, let me not disguise my conviction (and I ask your lordship to pardon the liberty I take in expressing it), that it were greatly better if both the dinners were altogether dispensed with. I feel quite assured, my lord, that did such an arrangement originate with yourself, it would be felt as a strong additional claim to those already possessed by your lordship on the respect and gratitude of the Church of Scotland. With many apologies for this intrusion, I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

To the Right Hon. Lord Belhaven.

The change requested was made, and, we presume, still remains the order of the day.

In 1835 Chalmers was in the midst of his great and favourite scheme of Church extension. The Conservatives appeared to be favourable to a Government grant, but on the accession to office of Lord Melbourne the Dissenters' hostility gathered strength, and a Commission of Inquiry was proposed. Mr. Hope, then Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and now Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, wrote to Chalmers on the subject in what occurs to us to be a singular strain.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

Edinburgh, 20 Moray-place, August 1834, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—The terms of this extraordinary Commission respecting the Church, which seems to me subversive of Presbytery, and of the spiritual authority and independence of our Church, will be my apology for writing to you.

It is most unfortunate that the terms of the Commission were not known at the meeting of the Assembly's Commission, and that there has been some *unfair* trick to prevent the terms being known to the Commission is plain, as you will see by the copy in to-day's *Courant*, that it passed the seal on the *twenty-ninth of July*.

The subject has now assumed an importance in my view infinitely beyond the selection of Commissioners; although

the objects of the Commission of course render the selection much more pernicious, and the hostility to the Church in the selection more marked. I need not comment to you on the character of the Commission. The attempt by the Crown (unconstitutional even by Act of Parliament, but by the Crown, whether on address of one House or not, a most flagrant attack on the Church) to inquire as to how the Church of Scotland performs its duty of affording religious instruction and pastoral superintendence to the people, by Commissioners who are to visit your parishes and sit in judgment on you individually, taking evidence of all complaints, I suppose, which they may receive against individual members, and against both the ministers and the Church courts—this attempt is not *paralleled*, I think, by anything in the reigns of James or Charles I.

The terms of the Commission now warrant, and, I think, call upon all the Presbyteries of the Church to petition the House of Lords to interfere and protect the Church from this most flagrant outrage. I trust that the Presbyteries will unanimously resolve to refuse to acknowledge the power to institute any such inquiry, or to make any answers whatever to these Commissioners, now that the terms of the Commission are known. No good that might be incidentally expected can compensate for acquiescence in the overthrow of Presbyterian independence. On this subject my opinion as a lawyer is of little consequence: but you may quote it as decidedly formed, that the Commission is illegal and incompetent, and the power with which the Crown attempts to arm the Commissioners also illegal and ineffectual.

I have stated to Lord Aberdeen that this visitation of the ministers by the Crown or by Parliament is *utterly inconsistent with the Divine appointment of ministers—of the authority of the Church, and destructive of the principle and independence of Presbytery.*

The power given to these Commissioners is *wholly illegal*, can only be exercised in the way most degrading to the Church, and especially in the hands of Commissioners who will exercise them for that purpose, whether they take the evidence of the ministers or of the people and complainers, stimulated by the Voluntaries.

As a member of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, as our firm and well-tried Presbyterian champion, I trust your voice will be exerted upon this, as it seems to me, the commencement of the *final fight* for our Church.—I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful servant,

JOHN HOPE.

This "extraordinary" document, viewed from the reflecting distance of sixteen years, looks very like a storm in a tea-pot. The Church said, "There is a deficiency in "pastoral superintendence"—Dissent said, "There is *not*." And what could Government do but toss a bone to some of its hungry followers and ask them to take evidence? As to "the Divine appointment of ministers," when the "Church," in virtue of her "Presbyterian principle and independence," ventured a step towards return to the Scripture ideal, Mr. Hope, as a judge, was not slow to decide that statutory duties rendered her the creature of the State; and that the limit of her independence was the will of the Court of Session. And as to the "reigns of James and Charles I." (meaning, we presume, Charles II. and James II.) we marvel what history of their days has been honoured by his lordship's perusal. Even Dr. Lingard would have blushed at such a comparison, and not without reason, as there is a wide gulf of separation between the doings of Chief Justices Scroggs, Saunders, and Jeffreys and Lord John Russell's Commission on Church Extension. We need hardly add that Dr. Chalmers did not participate in the views of the dean.

Turning from controversy to preaching, we find

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a magnificent passage in a sermon delivered about this time in anticipation of the breaking out of cholera. The topic insisted on is the

CONNEXION BETWEEN PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

Instead of propounding our doctrine in the terms of a general argument, let us try the effect of a few special instances, by which, perhaps, we might more readily gain the consent of your understanding to our views.

When the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor-boy now exposed to its fury on the waters of a distant ocean, these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forbid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in His hand, as if lifted up with senseless impotency to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer the prayer, not by unsettling the order of secondary causes—not by reversing any of the wonted successions that are known to take place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere—not by sensible miracle among those nearer footsteps which the philosopher has traced, but by the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all his instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might bid the wild uproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation between these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapour, and the atmospherical precipitates, and the consequent moving forces by which either to raise a new tempest, or to lay an old one, all these may proceed, and without one hairbreadth of deviation, according to the successions of our established philosophy, yet each be but the obedient messenger of that voice which gave forth its command at the fountain-head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth, and made lightnings for the rain, and brought the wind out of his treasures. These are the palpable steps of the process; but an unseen influence, behind the farthest limit of man's boasted discoveries, may have set them a-going. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe; and who, without violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feeble cry may have overruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held the first and fondest of her earthly treasures to its desired haven.—P. 320.

During the period embraced in this volume, Chalmers' literary efforts were confined for the most part to the production of his "Political Economy" and his "Bridgewater Treatise." Economics was a congenial subject, but yet it is the one department of his labours least appreciated by the public. We observe that Mr. Mills rescues one of his theories from unmerited obloquy, and possibly other writers of acknowledged eminence may do the same for other isolated portions; but, as a whole, Chalmers' system does not seem to have been adopted by any modern school. That a right

moral is necessary to a right civil order of things will be admitted; but similarly right morals are necessary to the right health of the animal body, yet no amount of ethics or knowledge of the dependence of hygiene on ethics will prevent or cure organic and functional derangements. For prophylactic or remedial measures we must have recourse to the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and these must be studied independently of all moral considerations. In like manner, probably, the structure, functions, and abnormal states of the social system must be investigated in their inherent subtleties without reference to moral curative treatment. "The extent and stability of the national resources" may be seriously affected without any infraction being made on the decalogue, and exclusive reference to ethics may tend to obscure the profounder problems of the science.

But leaving this dry subject, we shall now collect such sketches of the "notables" of the day as are to be found scattered through the volume.

Scott and Chalmers appear to have met only once in public, namely on the platform of the School of Arts; whether they met in private is not stated.

Coleridge and most of the under-mentioned were seen by Chalmers during his visits to London.

"*Thursday*.—We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tamma," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life."

Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said that, for his part, he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. "Ha!" said Mr. Irving in reply, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."

Alluding to his preaching in London during this visit, Chalmers says—

Mr. Coleridge, and many other notables whom I cannot recollect, were among my hearers. Coleridge I saw in the vestry both before and after service; he was very complimentary.

On an after-visit to the metropolis he remarks—

Half an hour with Coleridge was filled up without intermission by one continuous flow of eloquent discourse from that prince of talkers. He began, in answer to the common inquiries as to his health, by telling of a fit of insensibility in which, three weeks before, he had lain for thirty-five minutes. As sensibility returned, and before he had opened his eyes, he uttered a sentence about the fugacious nature of consciousness, from which he passed to a discussion of the singular relations between the soul and the body. Asking for Mr. Irving, but waiting for no reply, he poured out an eloquent tribute of his regard—mourning pathetically that such a man should be so throwing himself away. Mr. Irving's book on the "Human

Nature of Christ" in its analysis was minute to absurdity; one would imagine that the pickling and preserving were to follow, it was so like a cookery-book. Unfolding then his own scheme of the Apocalypse—talking of the mighty contrast between its Christ and the Christ of the Gospel narrative, Mr. Coleridge said that Jesus did not come now as before, meek and gentle, healing the sick and feeding the hungry, and dispensing blessings all around, but he came on a white horse; and who were his attendants?—Famine, and War, and Pestilence.—P. 262.

Of Edward Irving much is said. Among other eccentricities was the length of his services.

Saturday, 19th.—Mr. Gordon informed me that yesterday Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies at Hackney Chapel for two hours and a half, and though very powerful, yet the people were dropping away, when he, Mr. I., addressed them on the subject of their leaving him. I really fear lest his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his services, may unship him altogether, and I mean to write to him seriously upon the subject.—P. 163.

Chalmers' personal experience was to the same effect.

I undertook to open Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES." "Then," replied I, "I must decline the favour."—P. 271.

Irving afterwards visited Edinburgh, the downward career being manifest.

Monday, 26th.—For the first time heard Mr. Irving in the evening. I have no hesitation in saying that it is quite woful. There is power and richness, and gleams of exquisite beauty, but withal a mysticism and an extreme allegorisation which I am sure must be pernicious to the general cause. This is the impression of every clergyman I have met; and some think of making a friendly remonstrance with him upon the subject. He sent me a letter he had written to the King against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and begged that I would read every word of it before I spoke. I did so, and found it un satisfactory and obscure, but not half so much so as his sermon of this evening.—P. 230.

Chalmers and Irving met for the last time in London. The former was in bed at the time. "He stopped," says Chalmers, "for two hours, wherein he gave his expositions; and I gave, at greater length and liberty than I had ever done before, my advice and my views. We parted from each other with much cordiality, after a prayer, which he himself offered and delivered with great pathos and piety."

The manner of Irving's death was in keeping with his whole history. His father-in-law mentions that—

His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes and inclemency of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost by exposure to the weather and occasional preaching, contrary to the injunctions of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the North. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable, for several days, to quit his bed; but no sooner could he

rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamboat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination that had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that, even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished in any other way; and it was only because the friends about him refused to comply with his urgent requests to that effect that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt, at least, would have been made. . . . "Well," said he, "the sum of the matter is, if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying, I am the Lord's;" a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the impending event.—P. 288.

There is a fine, solemn description of the unknown tongues, by Irving himself, which want of space prevents us from quoting. It will be found at page 248, and is worthy of perusal.

A BATCH OF NOTABLES.

Dr. S——, Mr. D——, and I went forth after breakfast, in the first place to the Courts at Westminster Hall, where I was much interested by the aspect of the various judges, who looked very picturesque; then towards Covent Garden, where Cobbett and Hunt were to address the people on politics. I had a view of their persons, but was excessively anxious to hear their speeches. There was a ladder set up from the street to the flat roof of a low house, which every person who paid a shilling had the privilege of going to. Duncan would not ascend, I and Strachan did; but on the moment of our doing so, the peace-officers came and dispersed the speakers. Duncan enjoyed our disappointment vastly, and we felt that a fool and his money were soon parted. We followed the crowd in the hope of hearing them somewhere else; but all we got was a sentence or two from Gale Jones.

Going to the House of Commons, he

saw and spoke to Peel; after which Mr. Macaulay got another introduction, and joined me. In the lobby, met an old acquaintance, Mr. Whitmore, M.P.; we were disappointed as to the debate, it having been postponed, and the topics of discussion were comparatively of smaller interest, as spring-guns, and others. However, we got a sight of more of the speakers, as Sir Francis Burdett, and some more. Mr. Brougham spoke a little; he came and talked with me in a way that was very friendly and interesting. He said nothing about the London University; and my impression now is that, rather than risk any discouragement, they will wait the progress of events, more especially as they have time for waiting. This leaves the matter in the best possible state for me.

From Brougham Chalmers afterwards received the following note regarding the short-lived Wellington administration.

MY DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you sincerely on the favourable prospects of some of those great causes in which (as indeed in most) we feel interested in common. Really slavery cannot now expect much longer protection from a Government so weak, that it is even about to give Parliamentary Reform as a sop, and to save itself for a few months.—Believe me, ever most respectfully and sincerely yours,
H. BROUGHAM.

Peel also became his correspondent, having voluntarily conferred on him the office of king's chaplain. With Jeffrey he appears to have been intimate, and specimens of their correspondence are inserted in the volume. Dr. Philpotts and

Washington Irving he met at Murray's, the publisher. But not to dwell on more of the notorious, we shall conclude the list with

O'CONNELL AND MRS. OPJE.

Monday, July 1st.—After dinner I went down to the House of Commons. A dull debate, and I did not sit to the end of it. Sir Robert Peel the best speaker. A number of the members came to me; last, though not least, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who shook me most cordially by the hands, complimenting me on my evidence about the Irish Poor-laws, saying that he was a disciple of mine upon that subject, and not of his own priest, Dr. Doyle; and I, on the other hand, glad of good being done whatever quarter it came from, and knowing him to be an influential personage, expressed myself much gratified with the view that he had taken on that question. I am sure it would have done your heart much good to have seen how closely and cordially Mr. Daniel O'Connell and your papa hugged and greeted each other in the Lower House of Parliament. . . .

But last of all I saw another lady, who dined and spent the night—now aged and in Quaker attire, which she had but recently put on, and who in early life was one of the most distinguished of our literary women, whose works, thirty years ago, I read with great delight—no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, and for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. It was curious to myself that, though told by Mr. Gurney in the morning of her being to dine, I had forgot the circumstance, and the idea of the accomplished novelist and poet was never once suggested by the image of this plain-looking Quakeress till it rushed upon me after dinner, when it suddenly and inconceivably augmented the interest I felt in her. We had much conversation, and drew greatly together, walking and talking with each other on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. I complained to her of one thing in Quakerism, and that is the mode of their introductions: that I could have recognised in Mrs. Opie an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, but that I did not and could not feel the charm of any such reminiscence when Joseph John simply bade me lead out Amelia from his drawing-room to his dining-room. I felt, however, my new acquaintance with this said Amelia to be one of the great acquisitions of my present journey; and this union of rank, and opulence, and literature, and polish of mind with plainness of manners, forms one of the great charms of the society in this house [Mr. Gurney's].

Passing from talent to state, we now follow Chalmers to his presentation to William IV. He had accompanied a deputation of the Scotch clergy armed with an address to the new monarch.

We assembled in our hotel at one. The greatest consternation amongst us about hats, which had been promised at twelve but had not yet arrived. There were four waiting; and at length only three came, with the promise that we should get the other when we passed the shop. We went in three coaches and landed at the palace entry about half-past one. Ascended the stair; passed through a magnificent lobby, between rows of glittering attendants all dressed in gold and scarlet. Ushered into a large ante-room, full of all sorts of company walking about and collecting there for attendance on the levee: military and naval officers in splendid uniforms—high legal gentlemen with enormous wigs—ecclesiastics, from archbishops to curates and inferior clergy. Our deputation made a most respectable appearance among them, with our cocked three-cornered hats under our arms, our bands upon our breasts, and our gowns of Geneva upon our backs. Mine did not lap so close as I would have liked, so that I was twice as thick as I should be, and it must have been palpable to every eye at the first glance that I was the greatest man there—and that though I took all care to keep unbuttoned, and my gown quite open: however, let not mamma be alarmed, for I made a most respectable appearance, and was treated with the utmost attention. I saw the Arch-

bishop of York in the room, but did not get within speech of him. To make up for this, however, I was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was very civil; saw the Bishop of London, with whom I had a good deal of talk, and am to dine on Friday; was made up to by Admiral Sir Philip Durham; and was further introduced, at their request, to Sir John Leach, Master of the Rolls, to Lord Chief Justice Tindal, and to the Marquis of Bute. But far the most interesting object was Talleyrand, whom I could get nobody to introduce me to—splendidly attired as the French Ambassador, attended by some French military officers. I gazed with interest on the old shrivelled face of him, and thought I could see there the lines of deep reflection and lofty talent. His moral physiognomy, however, is a downright blank. He was by far the most important continental personage in the room, and drew all eyes. I was further in conversation with Lord Melville, Mr. Spencer Percival, and Mr. Henry Drummond. The door to the middle apartment was at length opened for us, when we entered in processional order. . . . We stopped in the middle room—equally crowded with the former, and alike splendid with mirrors, chandeliers, pictures, and gildings of all sorts on the roof and walls—for about ten minutes, when at length the folding-doors to the grand state-room were thrown open. We all made a low bow on our first entry, and the King, seated on the throne at the opposite end, took off his hat, putting it on again. We marched up to the middle of the room, and made another low bow, when the King again took off his hat; we then proceeded to the foot of the throne, and all made a third low bow, on which the King again took off his hat. After this the Moderator read his address, which was a little long, and the King bowed repeatedly while it was reading. The Moderator then reached the address to the King upon the throne, who took it from him and gave it to Sir Robert Peel on his left hand, who in his turn gave the King his written reply, which he read very well. After this, the Moderator went up to the stool before the throne, leaned his left knee upon it, and kissed the King's hand. We each in our turn did the same thing; the Moderator naming every one of us as we advanced. I went through my kneel and my kiss very comfortably. The King said something to each of us. His first question to me was, "Do you reside constantly at Edinburgh?" I said, "Yes, an't please your Majesty." His next question was, "How long do you remain in town?" I said, "Till Monday, an't please your Majesty." I then descended the steps leading from the foot of the throne to the floor, and fell into my place in the deputation. After we had all been thus introduced, we began to retire in a body just as we had come, bowing all the way with our faces to the King, and so moving backwards, when the King called out, "Don't go away, gentlemen, I shall leave the throne, and the Queen will succeed me." We stopped in the middle of the floor, when the most beautiful living sight I ever beheld burst upon our delighted gaze—the Queen, with twelve maids of honour, in a perfect spangle of gold and diamonds, entered the room. I am sorry I cannot go over in detail the particulars of their dresses; only that their lofty plumes upon their heads, and their long sweeping trains upon the floor, had a very magnificent effect. She took her seat on the throne, and we made the same profound obeisances as before, advancing to the foot of the steps that lead to the foot-stool of the throne. A short address was read to her as before; and her reply was most beautifully given, in rather a tremulous voice, and just as low as that I could only hear and no more. We went through the same ceremonial of advancing successively and kissing hands, and then retired with three bows, which the Queen returned most gracefully, but with all the simplicity, I had almost said bashfulness, of a timid country girl. She is really a very natural and amiable-looking person. The whole was magnificent. On each side of the throne were maids of honour, officers of state, the Lord Chancellor, a vast number of military gentlemen, and among the rest the Duke of Wellington.—P. 280.

In 1827 Chalmers visited

IRELAND.

Thursday 20th.—Started at six, but we had a specimen of Irish punctuality in not getting off till an hour after the

stipulated time, or half-past seven. I may here mention a specimen of Irish furniture, in that to make the bedroom look a little more respectable, the fragments of a chair were put together into the inviting semblance of a whole one, on which I tried to sit, but came speedily to the ground, with the expense of a pretty severe ruffling on the skin of my left arm, which had to be a little bandaged. A various road to Coleraine, which we reached after ten. We had here a specimen of Irish tackling, in that the carriage gave way at the turn of a street, and swung on a broken stay to within a few inches of the ground. We came out, and walked on to the inn kept by Miss Henry. She soon learned that it was I, and showed uncommon kindness. We breakfasted there, and went off about twelve. Miss Henry packed our carriage, which was a chaise, with provisions, for which she took nothing. She is literary, well-disposed, and had read my works. We were now forced to tear ourselves away from all her attentions, and spent the most interesting day I ever recollect.

His excursions in the English provinces were productive of more amusement than anything that happened in the Emerald Isle. As, for example, in one town the case of

THE BARBER AND BATH-KEEPER.

Wednesday, 26th.—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humourist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation; and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other. Went from this to the warm-bath, where a German had the management. He told me that he understood me better than most of the English who came to him. I was at pains to explain to him the reason of this; and tell Miss Parker what my explanation was—that our island was named Great Britain, that English was the *patois*, but that I came from Scotland, and that our Scotch was the pure British dialect.—P. 380.

Chalmers took his due share of the discussion of public questions. He was in favour of Catholic emancipation, and was invited by Sir James Mackintosh to throw the weight of his influence into the Liberal scale. He was also summoned by Mr. Spring Rice as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Poor-laws; but as those are stale topics now, we prefer dwelling on subjects of a personal and domestic character. Here is a good hint on

NATURAL AFFECTION.

I fear that I erred with Miss L. to-night in my rebuke about the exactions of attention on the part of Mrs. ——. I see that, by a law of our sentient nature, love cannot be bidden, and whenever attentions are demanded I do feel a very strong repugnance, so that it is working against a moral impossibility to attempt the affection; and without the affection I feel it very painful to be working at the required attentions in the spirit of bondage. But let me be silent on these occasions; aim at charity and never be diverted from the meekness of wisdom.

Nothing could exceed the humour of

A SCENE AT BRADFORD.

Found a fair where I alighted, and was somewhat

annoyed in my transition to the coach for Halifax. I had first to get a porter to carry my luggage through the crowds to a distant part of the town from which that coach started, then was told that the coach had not come in, and I could not get a place till it arrived; then had not a hole to put my head in, as every room swarmed with drinking and drunken market-people; then, as I did not like to be far away from my luggage, in an open and crowded coach-office, had to keep my station near the door, where, as fortune would have it, there was a large, circular assemblage of swine, on the margin of which I stood and contemplated their habitudes and politics, for I could perceive an action and reaction, a competition for food, a play of emotions reciprocating from one to the other, of which emotions, however, anger is far the most conspicuous, prompting to a bite or a scratch, and even an occasional engagement. Speaking of politics, you have heard me say that a man of refinement and education won't travel through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a Tory. My Toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, travelling from their boarding-school home, and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and wool-staplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only puffy and vesicular projections on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves, as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infringement of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks. The days were when I would have put down all this; but whether from the love of peace, which grows with age, or perhaps from some remainder of the enfeebling influenza, which, however, is getting better, my quiescence predominated.—P. 365.

Those who were familiar with the outer man of the subject of this biography will smile at his

ALLUSIONS TO COSTUME.

Thursday.—Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall teach you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveller. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my bands.

Friday.—I found yesterday a new waistcoat among my clothes which I did not commission; however, I put it on with the rest of my new suit, and, being a good day, came yesterday to Broomhall without luggage. My *braws* are not the worse.

Equally provocative of risibility are two references to

COMPULSIVE.

The minister of D—— insisted for a sermon for some schools there. He put his arm under mine, and meant to overbear all my negations. His last argument for a sermon was that I was *fat*; on which I wrenched my arm away from him, and came off.

The fact that the minister of D—— was right as to obesity received corroboration at an "academic party."

Mr. Duncan annoyed me by the affirmation that I am sensibly and considerably fatter since I left St. Andrew's. There must be serious measures taken to keep me down. Had cordial greetings with the gentlemen in the library, then we sallied out to the premises, and had a very delightful forenoon saunter through the woods and lanes of Posterton. Before dinner we had a game at bowls in a green before the house. I and Mr. Duncan against Dr. Nicoll and Dr. James Hunter. We had the best of three games. With all the convivialities of the west, I have seen so much guzzling as to-day with my St. Andrew's friends, and told Mr. Duncan so. They are rare lads these *lecterati* or *Eaterati*. Before supper there was family worship, when I was asked to officiate. We were shown our beds about twelve. I got the large bed-room in which Mr. Duncan was the night before, and he had a closet with a small sofa-bed that communicated with the room.

This arrangement was vastly agreeable to me; and we tumbled into our respective couches between twelve and one. I like him.—P. 279.

The great charm of the volume is the free and unrestrained style of the letters and journals contained in it. Being written to or intended for the perusal of the members of his own family, and with no view to publication, there is an ease and racy homeliness about them that is truly refreshing. The amount of his domestic correspondence was extraordinary, and could have been prompted only by the purest and most devoted attachment to his household. To Mrs. Chalmers he says on one occasion:

I want each letter you receive from me to be signalised by a feast of strawberries to the children on the day of its arrival: therefore, I expect that on Saturday, which will be the day of your receiving this, these strawberries, with a competent quantity of cream and sugar, shall be given accordingly, and given from me the papa of these said children, each and all of them being told that he is the donor of the same.

Temporary ebullitions of irritability he ever deplored.

At dinner was very irritable and impatient with my children; let me be firm but gentle in my family discipline. Erred, too, in giving way to much irritableness with Mr. Duncan about college matters; let this remind me to be on my guard when these are afterwards referred to. . . . My mother and aunt came up from Anster in a chaise. My poor mother had fallen in Anster, and I was affected by the swelling that in consequence arose in her forehead and other marks. O my God, pardon all my peculiarities of temper towards her. Give me to honour her during the remainder of her days. Continue to her the blessings of faith and peace and piety. Speak powerfully of this world's worthlessness to my aunt; and oh, guide me to the right Christian way of holding intercourse with all my friends. . . . Should I ever be exposed to annoyance from Dr. B. (and I have been threatened therewith), let patience have its perfect work; should maintain this quality in my family, whereas I transgressed it on perceiving the disorderly state of A.'s and E.'s room.

These are internal emotions regarding external acts, but the spirit of self-examination penetrates into deeper recesses.

25th.—I have to record this day that I am not mortified to the love of praise. I did feel an anxiety that Miss L. should speak of the sermon of yesterday when we walked. I did feel interested and gratified when she did speak. Still more, I did feel the gratification of Mr. Duncan's compliments, and of the yet fuller testimonies which were reported to me in the evening; and I do much fear, or rather I certainly know, that I feel a complacency in all this; and what if it be not superior to the pleasure I should feel in having been the instrument of a saving and spiritual impression? This is so distinct a preference of my own glory to that of God's, so obvious a preaching of self instead of the Saviour, so glaring a preference of the wisdom of words to the simplicity which is in the cross of Christ, that my carnal tendencies in regard to this matter should be the subject of my strictest vigilance and severest castigation.

Do not speak enough in society of these things. I am complained of on that account. O God, keep me from the guilt of denying Christ by my silence.—P. 91.

Again:

Have still to record a dreary absence of God and of the Spirit from my soul. The want is, that I do not feel its dreariness; I live in comfort without God, and can enjoy humour and conversation with ungodly people. There is no such thing as laying a charge at any time through the day upon my conscience; an act of self-recollection, that

now I am in the presence of God, and I must not forget that I am His servant. Might not this be a good expedient? and when doing so, if I vent forth my aspirations for present grace, will not this be a combination of watchfulness with prayer? O my God, enable me to spread a savour of divine things around me! Let my life be a perpetual testimony for God!—P. 93.

We understand that another volume will conclude this memoir; and we learn that, as Dr.

Hanna nears the quicksands of contemporary events, fears are entertained in some quarters that the biographer may be merged in the partisan. We have no apprehension of any effect of this kind. The able, interesting, and impartial manner in which he has executed the first portion of his work is a sufficient guarantee as to the last.

ITALIA MILITANS.*

SIGNOR DANDOLO, the author of one of the books which we quote at the foot of this page, is the descendant of a noble Lombard family. Immediately after the Milanese revolution of 1848 he joined the corps of volunteers which proposed to repel the retreating Austrian army from the soil of Italy. He took part in the two Piedmontese campaigns; and when his native province was lost, and even the protection of the King of Sardinia became doubtful, he and his comrades proceeded to Rome to assist in repelling the French and Neapolitan invasion. After the fall of Rome, the legion to which he belonged, and which had been terribly decimated, was disbanded, and Signor Dandolo returned to Turin, where he joined the crowd of exiled Lombards. His "Italian Volunteers" contains an account of the adventures and sufferings of his corps in these campaigns. They record its actions and account for its want of success, and that of the Italian cause generally, with such a vividness of description, with so much good sense and practical delicacy, and, above all, with such classical candour, that we have risen from the perusal of this volume not only delighted and instructed, but full of hope also (for the first time in our life) of the emancipation of Italy.

Travellers in Italy, and indeed in most other countries, labour under the very great disadvantage of coming into contact with the extremes of society only. They are either introduced at a court, from whence they take their information, or they judge from the state of the society such as they find it in the worst and most disreputable quarters of the towns through which they pass. Hence, their sketches of foreign society depict either the vices of the upper or the degradation of the lower classes. They remain strangers to the middle walks of life, and to the customs, the morals, and the sentiments of the great bulk of the nation. Persons in search of political information are in the same dilemma. The papers on which they lay their hands are but the mouth-pieces of extreme parties. They are rank in their despotism as well as in their opposition. They are uncompromising and unpractical. If the curious in continental politics, despising printed

matter, turn to *viuâ voce* instruction, he is even worse off. If he travel he must take his impressions from platform-oratory, or, what is worse still, from the more violent because more irresponsible ravings of some ranting patriot or champion of divine right. If he stay at home, the man most likely to fall in his way is some illustrious exile, the victim of the extravagance or the tyranny of a party, the advocate of impossible reforms or revolting abuses. These are the men who are most accessible, and most prone to din their wild hopes and intentions into the reluctant ears of foreigners. As for that large class which is often the tool and always the victim of the noisy and the violent, that class which bears all, does all, and suffers all, its sentiments are rarely uttered, and, if uttered, scarcely ever heard. Thus, the existence of a liberal constitutional party among the rival factions which contend for the undisputed possession of the various Italian provinces, is a thing scarcely ever heard of. Italy appears to be doomed to hopeless slavery, because that party which usurps her championship is at war less with her oppressors than with the forms, the traditions, the laws, and even the decencies of civilised and Christian society. Italy must needs suffer from foreign brutality, ecclesiastical oppression, and Bourbon tyranny, because those who appeal to our sympathies in her behalf make no secret of their intention of forcing her into a form of unity which nothing but the strong hand of terrorism could either create or maintain, and which is as unsuited to her geographical position, and repugnant to the provincial traditions of her inhabitants, as the idea of a "Confederation of Italian States" is clearly prescribed by nature, and as the independence of the Peninsula is desired by the vast majority of her gifted and unfortunate sons.

Of these, Signor Dandolo is one of the most favourable specimens; and though evidently young in years, and, from his very position as a campaigner and a subaltern, unable to contribute to the secret history of the failure of the Italian movement, the young soldier's work contains more real information of the spirit which animated the insurgent corps of Lombardy, the royal

* The Italian Volunteers and Lombard Rifle Brigade. Being an authentic narrative of the Organisation, Adventures, and final Disbanding of these Corps in 1848-49. By Emilio Dandolo. Translated from the edition published at Turin in 1849. London: Longmans and Co. 1851.
Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection, and to the Royal War of 1848. By Joseph Mazzini. London: Charles Gilpin. 1850.