

great influence in well-regulated kitchens before it became known that Mrs Johnstone was the authoress. This work was originally written at Inverness, chiefly, like her "Clan Albyn," to keep the *Inverness Courier* press going. Its success was very great. It always yielded her a considerable and steady income, and is still in high favour. In 1858 the work published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, had reached its tenth edition. The fame of Mrs Johnstone, will chiefly rest on her *Tales* and her *Meg Dodds' Cookery*. As works of fiction her stories were not excelled by those of any of her contemporaries, and many and gifted were the tale writers of her day. Every one of her tales carries a grand moral, gently but irresistibly enforced—a power possessed only by a female writer of genius like her. In private life Mrs Johnstone bore about her as little as possible of the air of authorship, and is described as having been truly amiable and worthy in all relations. De Quincy speaks of her as "our own Mrs Johnstone, the Mrs Jameson of Scotland," and cites her along with Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and other women of admirable genius, as an example of a woman cultivating the profession of authorship, with absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity." "Mrs Johnstone," he continues, "has pursued the profession of literature, the noblest of professions, and the only one open to both sexes alike, with even more assiduity (than these others) and as a daily occupation; and, I have every reason to believe, with as much benefit to her own happiness as to the instruction and amusement of her readers; for the petty cares of authorships are agreeable, and its serious cares are ennobling." Mrs Johnstone died at Edinburgh, 26th August 1857, aged seventy-six. Her husband survived her but a few months. They were buried in the Grange Cemetery, where an elegant obelisk was erected to their memory, bearing the following inscription:—"Mrs CHRISTIAN ISOBEL JOHNSTONE, died 26th August 1857, aged Seventy-six. JOHN JOHNSTONE, died 3d November following, aged Seventy-eight. A memorial of literary excellence and private worth. Erected 1858." As a writer, Mrs Johnstone's style was remarkably clear and lucid, and she possessed a rich imagination, great power of description, and diligent observation. Of an unassuming disposition, she shrank from anything like publicity or conspicuousness. It was always with difficulty that her mingled modesty and pride—both conspicuous elements of her character—would allow her name to appear on her writings. In this, being a professional writer, she was undoubtedly wrong, as her literary reputation, to some extent, suffered by her over-sensitive feelings in this respect. More knowing authors, who live by their pen, generally court every opportunity of having their names before the public, and bringing the accumulated fame of all their previous works to bear upon their latest. A

writer in *Tait's Magazine*, in an obituary notice, says:—"Her manner of life was that of a perfect gentlewoman. Even the good she did was often concealed from those for whom it was done. Many persons came to occupy respectable positions in the world who were indebted exclusively to her plans, devised without solicitation, and untold when they were successful. Robert Nicoll, who has been called the second Burns of Scotland, was indebted to her kindness for the means that rendered his genius known, and placed him forward on the road through life, a road to be so short for him; and, on his return to Scotland in broken health, he became again, with his young wife, the guest of the same lady. While dying in her house, he revised, we believe, his last sad verses, "Death Answers many Prayers."

JOHNSTONE, JOHN, teacher in Dunfermline, and sometime resident in Kennoway, was born in 1779. He devoted himself to literature, and edited at one time the *Inverness Courier*, and also superintended editions of several popular works, among others, "Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary." His wife was the well known Mrs Johnstone of whom a notice is given in the preceding article. Mr Johnstone was the original editor if not projector of *The Schoolmaster*, a periodical which possessed many of the best features that have since been developed in the numerous class of weekly serials. In early life Mr Johnstone had very creditably laboured in the honourable profession from which his cleverly conducted serial took its title, afterwards he became a master printer, an occupation which he pursued until his retirement from business. For the last fifteen years or so of his life, he, and his much esteemed wife, lived in Kennoway, but latterly in Edinburgh, on a comfortable competency, which their prolonged and independent exertions had happily enabled them to secure. One of the modes in which Mr Johnstone's goodness of heart was best and oftenest shewn, was in rendering to young men, seeking their way in the world, such aid and advice, as, assisted by his wife's kindly, but calm judgment, he thought they most required. He died 3d November 1857, aged seventy-eight.

K.

KEITH, Bishop ROBERT, an eminent scholar and historian, a lineal descendant of Alexander, youngest son of William, third Earl Marischal, was born at Uras, in the Mearns, Feb. 7, 1681. He lost his father when only two years old; and at the age of seven his mother, who was the daughter of Robert Arbutnott of Little Fiddes, removed with him into Aberdeen, where he obtained an excellent education both at school and college. In July 1703 he was appointed tutor to his noble relatives, the young Lord Keith and his brother, afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, with

whom he continued for seven years. In August 1710 he was admitted to the order of deacon by Bishop Haliburton of Aberdeen, and in November following he became domestic chaplain to the young Earl of Errol, whom, in June 1712, he accompanied on a tour to the Continent. On his return, in the beginning of 1713, he was invited by an Episcopalian congregation in Edinburgh to become their minister, and was accordingly raised to the priesthood by Bishop Haliburton, May 26 of that year. His talents and learning gave him great influence among the clergy of the Scots Episcopal Church, and his known liberal and enlightened principles at all times rendered his advice of much value in the then depressed state of that communion. In June 1727 he was raised to the Episcopate, and entrusted with the superintendence of Caithness, Orkney, and the Isles. In 1733 he was preferred to the diocese of Fife, which he resigned in August 1743, continuing still to perform the functions of Bishop in Caithness and Orkney. In the same year he was unanimously elected Primus, as successor to Bishop Rattray. His latter years he spent in retirement at the villa of Bonnyhaugh, near Leith, which belonged to himself, and he died there at an advanced age, January 20, 1757. Bishop Keith's works are well known. His principal production, "The History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland, from the beginning of the Reformation to the retreat of Queen Mary into England," was published in 1734; and his "Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops," the most popular and useful of his works, appeared in 1755, dedicated to his illustrious kinsman, Marshal Keith. Besides these, the Bishop displayed his peculiar talent for genealogical research in a "Vindication of Mr Robert Keith, and of his young Grand-nephew, Alexander Keith," to the honour of a lineal descent from the noble house of the Earls Marischal, in answer to "The unfriendly Representation of Mr Alexander Keith, jun., of Ravelston."

KEITH, The Right Hon. GEORGE, Viscount.—The ancestor of this nobleman was a German of the name of Elvington, who settled in Scotland during the reign of Robert I., and married Margaret, daughter of Sir Christopher Seton, a lady related to the royal family, and who appears to have been an heiress, or to have obtained crown lands by way of dower, in the fertile shire of Lothian, which her husband called after his own name. From this gentleman, usually considered as the founder of the family, descended Alexander, who in the 33d year of David II. (1362) exchanged his estate of Kinchibar for the lands of Arthberg, in the county of Stirling, which were called Elphinstone, and became the residence of his descendants. Sir Alexander, one of these, was created a Baron in 1509, and the title has descended in regular succession during many generations. Charles, the tenth Lord Elphinstone, married Cle-

mentina, only surviving daughter and sole heiress of John, the last Earl of Wigton, a title now extinct, and niece of George Keith, hereditary Earl Marischal of Scotland, and of Field-Marshal Keith, whose family, with a noble attachment to learning, added to a degree of munificence befitting a sovereign house, founded the college of New Aberdeen, which is still called by their name.* The subject of this memoir was the fifth son by the above marriage. He was born in the year 1746; and received at Glasgow an education suitable to the profession which he had chosen. Not deterred by the melancholy fate of an elder brother, George, who was lost in the Prince George in 1758, he went to sea in February 1762, on board the Gosport, commanded by Capt. Jervis, late Earl of St Vincent. He subsequently served in the Juno, Lively, and Emerald frigates, until the year 1767, when he went a voyage to China with his brother, the Hon. W. Elphinstone. In 1769 he proceeded to India, with Commodore Sir John Lindsay, by whom he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. Soon after his return to England, whither he had been sent with important despatches, he was appointed to the flag-ship of Sir Peter Dennis, commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; and in 1772 was advanced to the rank of commander, in the Scorpion, of 14 guns. His commission as post-captain bears date March 11, 1775; and his first appointment as such appears to have been to the Marlborough, of 74 guns, stationed at Portsmouth, from which ship he soon after removed into the Pearl, and afterwards into the Perseus frigate, and served in her on the coast of America, under Lord Howe and Admiral Arbuthnot. At this time he was returned as knight of the shire for the county of Dumbarton, in which his family possessed considerable property and influence. At the reduction of Charlestown, Capt. Elphinstone commanded a detachment of seamen on shore; and his brave and spirited efforts obtained him honourable mention in the official letter of the commander of the land forces, General Sir Henry Clinton. He was also present at the attack on Mud Island, Nov. 15, 1777. On his return to England, with Admiral Arbuthnot's despatches, our officer was appointed to the Warwick, of 50 guns. In 1780 he was again elected to represent his native county, and was one of the independent members who met at the St Alban's Tavern, with a view of reconciling Mr Pitt with Mr Fox and the Duke of Portland (the latter being at that period in opposition), and by a union of parties forming a "broad-bottomed administration." In the month of January 1781, he captured, after a smart action, the Rotterdam, Dutch ship of war, of 50 guns and 300 men; which had been before ineffectually engaged by the Isis, also a fifty-gun ship. During the

* Marshal Keith was one of the favourite generals of Frederick II., King of Prussia.

remainder of the war Captain Elphinstone was employed on the American station, under Admiral Digby. While there, H. R. H. Prince William Henry (then Duke of Clarence), and a midshipman in the Prince George, being desirous of a more active life than he spent at New York, requested permission to go to sea, in order that he might obtain practical experience; and added to this reasonable and honourable request his wish to cruise in the Warwick; the admiral acquiesced, and Captain Elphinstone had the honour of the Prince's company till he was transferred to the care of Sir Samuel Hood. On the 11th September 1782, the Warwick, in company with the Lion, Vestal, and Bonetta, off the Delaware, captured l'Aigle, a French frigate, of 40 guns, 24-pounders, on the main deck, and 600 men, commanded by the Count de la Touche, who made his escape on shore with the Baron Viominil, commander-in-chief of the French army in America, M. de la Montmorency, Duc de Lausan, Vicomte de Fleury, and some other officers of rank; they took in the boat with them a great quantity of specie; two small casks and two boxes, however, fell into the hands of the captors. La Gloire, another frigate which was in company with l'Aigle, in consequence of drawing less water, made her escape. La Sophie, armed vessel, of 22 guns and 104 men, was also taken, the Terrier sloop of war was recaptured, and two brigs were destroyed. At the general election in 1786, Captain Elphinstone was chosen representative in Parliament for Stirlingshire. In 1793, soon after the war broke out with France, Captain Elphinstone was appointed to the Robust, of 74 guns; and having been placed under the command of Lord Hood, sailed with him to the Mediterranean. That nobleman, who had always been deemed one of the ablest admirals in the British service, was now engaged in a project of no small importance. While the south of France had been a prey by turns to terror and to insurrection, the combined fleets of England and Spain menaced her departments in that quarter, cut off the supplies of corn and provisions, and infused new hopes into the minds of the malcontents. After negotiating with the inhabitants of Marseilles and Toulon, the British admiral issued a notice, in which he stated, "that if a candid and explicit declaration were made in favour of monarchy in those places, the standard of royalty hoisted, the ships in the harbour dismantled, and the ports and forts placed at his disposal, the people of Provence should enjoy the protection of His Britannic Majesty's fleet, and not an atom of private property be touched." He also published a proclamation to the same effect; and after stating the anarchy and misery of the inhabitants, he concluded with observing, "that he had come to offer them the assistance of the force with which he was furnished by his sovereign, in order to spare the further effusion of human blood,

to crush with promptitude the factious, to re-establish a regular government in France, and thereby maintain peace and tranquility in Europe." The inhabitants of Marseilles were prevented from accepting these terms by the approach of a republican army; but the sections of Toulon immediately proclaimed Louis XVII.; and promised, by a deputation, "that the moment the English squadron cast anchor in the roads, the white flag should be hoisted, the ships of war disarmed, and the citadel and forts on the coast placed provisionally at the disposal of the British admiral." Notwithstanding these professions, a large portion of the people, and also of the sailors, was not a little mortified at the idea of such a surrender. Rear-Admiral Trogoff, indeed, declared in favour of the conditions; but Admiral St Julien, who had been recently invested with the chief command, together with the crews of seven of the ships, for some time exhibited a spirited, although ineffectual resistance. They were accordingly forced to yield; and on August 28, 1793, the English obtained possession of Toulon, of which Rear-Admiral Goodall was declared governor, and Rear-Admiral Gravena commandant of the troops. But as it became necessary to take possession of the forts which commanded the ships in the road before the fleet could enter, 1500 men were previously landed under Capt. George Keith Elphinstone; who, after effecting this service, was ordered to assume the command of the whole, as governor of Fort Malgue. But the English in their turn were fated to be exposed to the sudden changes incident to a state of warfare. A few days after their arrival, General Carreaux, at the head of a detachment of the republican army which had lately taken possession of Marseilles, and routed the troops raised by the associated departments, appeared on the heights near Toulon. As he was accompanied only by an advanced guard of 750 men, and ten pieces of cannon, the governor of Fort Malgue placed himself at the head of 600 British and Spanish troops, with which he marched out, put the enemy to the rout, and seized their artillery, ammunition, horses, and two stands of colours. On the 1st of October, the combined British, Spanish, and Neapolitan forces, under the command of Lord Mulgrave, Captain Elphinstone, and Rear-Admiral Gravina, also obtained a complete victory at the heights of Pharon over a detachment of the French army, consisting of nearly 2000 men, the flower of the eastern army; of whom about 1500 were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, during their precipitate retreat. The loss on the side of the allies amounted only to eight killed, seventy-two wounded, two missing, and forty-eight taken prisoners. But the enemy soon recovered from these defeats; and a body of about 15,000 men having been assembled, they obtained possession of several outposts, and seized on the heights

of Cape Brun. On the junction of the victorious army, which had lately captured Lyons, they at length threatened to storm the forts, and by the aid of Buonaparte, then an obscure officer of artillery, found means to carry some, and annoy all our posts. It was therefore reluctantly determined, in a general council of war, that Toulon was no longer tenable; and measures were accordingly adopted for the evacuation of the town and arsenal, as well as for the destruction of the ships of war. Early in the morning of the 18th Dec. the embarkation commenced; and by day-break on the 19th the whole of the combined troops, to the number of 8000, together with several thousands of the French royalists, were safe on board, without the loss of a single man. This service was effected under the superintendance of Captains Elphinstone, Hallowell, and Matthews, to whose indefatigable attention and good dispositions the fortunate success of so important an operation was mainly attributable. It was also owing to their benevolent and persevering efforts that many of the unhappy Toulonese were indebted for an asylum. Lord Hood, in his despatch to Government, says, "In the execution of this service, I have infinite pleasure in acknowledging my very great obligations to Captain Elphinstone for his unremitting zeal and exertion, who saw the last man off," &c. ; and Lieutenant-General Dundas, in his official letter, says, "Captain Elphinstone, as Governor of Fort La Malgue, has ably afforded me the most essential assistance in his command and arrangement of the several important posts included in that district." In the spring of 1794, Captain Elphinstone returned to England with the trade from the Mediterranean, and three French men of war under his protection. On the 12th April, in the same year, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue; and, on the 4th of July, to that of Rear-Admiral of the White, in which capacity he hoisted his flag on board the *Barfleure*, of 98 guns, in the Channel Fleet. On the 30th of May he was created a K. B., as a reward for his distinguished merits. We have hitherto beheld the subject of this memoir acting under the command of others, but we are now to contemplate him under different circumstances. In the month of January, 1795, hostilities being about to take place between Great Britain and the Batavian Republic, Sir George Keith Elphinstone shifted his flag to the *Monarch* of 74 guns, and sailed from Spithead, April 2, for the Cape of Good Hope, having under his command a small squadron destined for the reduction of that settlement. On the 1st of June following he was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral. Sir George arrived in Simon's Bay early in July, and was there reinforced by several men of war and Indiamen, having on board a number of troops under the command of Major-General Craig. The Dutch governor, M. Van Sluyskin re-

jecting the proposals which were made to him for putting the colony under the protection of Great Britain, in trust for the Prince of Orange, the necessary measures were taken to reduce the place by force. The Dutch troops were entrenched in a strong position at Muzzenberg, distant six miles from Cape-Town, and well furnished with cannon, having a steep mountain on their right, and the sea on their left, difficult of approach on account of shallow water, with a high surf on the shore; but the absolute necessity of securing the post determined the British commanders to proceed without any hesitation. For this service the Vice-Admiral prepared a gun-boat, armed the launches of the fleet with heavy carronades, landed two battalions of seamen, about 1000 strong, in addition to 800 soldiers and marines, and sent ships frequently round the bay to prevent suspicion of the attack, which it was agreed should be made whenever any favourable opportunity might offer. On the 7th of August a light breeze sprang up from the N.W., and at twelve o'clock the preconcerted signal was made; when Major-General Craig instantly put the forces on shore in motion, and at the same moment Commodore Blankett, with a detached squadron got under weigh, whilst the armed boats preceded the march of the troops about five hundred yards, to prevent their being interrupted. About one o'clock, the ships, being abreast of an advanced post of two guns, fired a few shot, which induced those in charge to depart; and, on approaching a second post, of one gun and a howitzer, the same effect was produced by the same means. On proceeding off the camp, the confusion of the enemy became instantly manifest, although the distance from the squadron was greater than could have been wished; but the shallowness prevented a nearer approach. The ships having taken their stations in a very judicious manner, opened so brisk and well-directed a fire, as to compel the enemy to fly with the greatest precipitation; leaving to the assailants two heavy guns, one brass 6-pounder, and two howitzers. In this attack the squadron had only two men killed, and five wounded. Five Dutch East Indiamen were found in the bay, and taken possession of: three of them from Batavia, with valuable cargoes on board, and two from Amsterdam, which had delivered their lading previous to the arrival of the British. The next day the enemy endeavoured to regain the important position they had lost, having drawn out their whole force from Cape-Town, with eight field-pieces; but were everywhere repulsed. Upon this occasion the seamen and marines particularly distinguished themselves, and manœuvred with a regularity that would not have discredited veteran troops. From this period no material circumstance occurred till the 4th Sept., when the Vice-Admiral was joined by fourteen sail of Indiamen, having on board a large body of troops, under the command of

Major-General Alured Clark. Upon this accession of strength, it was determined to make an immediate attack upon Cape-Town; accordingly the troops, artillery, and stores, were landed with the greatest expedition; and on the morning of the 14th the army began its march, each man carrying four days' provisions, and the volunteer seamen from the Indiamen dragging the guns through a deep sand, frequently exposed to a galling fire from the enemy. At Wynberg, a post at a small distance from Cape-Town, the Dutch had planted nine pieces of cannon, and collected their forces, determined to make a firm stand; but they were so resolutely pushed by the British, as to be under the necessity of retreating; and nearly at the same time, they were alarmed by the appearance of Commodore Blankett, with several vessels, which Sir George K. Elphinstone had detached into Table Bay, to cause a diversion on that side. Further resistance on the part of the enemy being now fruitless, M. Van Sluyskin sent out a flag of truce, asking a cessation of arms for forty-eight hours, to settle the terms for surrendering the town; but only half that time was granted; and on the 16th this valuable colony fell into the possession of Great Britain. The regular troops taken in the garrison amounted to about 1000 men. In his despatches to the Secretary of State, General Clarke made the following honourable mention of his naval coadjutor:—"The general character of Sir George Keith Elphinstone, and his ardent desire to serve his country, are too well known to receive additional lustre from anything I could say on that subject; but I should do injustice to my feelings, if I did not express the obligations I am under for the ready and cordial co-operation and assistance that he afforded upon every occasion, which so eminently contributed to the success of our joint endeavours." In a former despatch, Major-General Craig thus expressed himself:—"My sense of the obligations I am under to Sir George Elphinstone is such as I should not do justice to in an attempt to express it; his advice, his active assistance, and cordial co-operation on every occasion, have never been wanting, and entitle him to my warmest gratitude." This conquest being finally secured, the Vice-Admiral proceeded to the Indian seas, and instantly commenced operations for distressing the enemy; and so rapid were the movements of his squadron, so well laid were all his plans, so admirably adapted were the means to the object, that in a very short time the islands of Ceylon*, Cochin, Malacca, and the Moluccas, surrendered to the British arms. In the midst

of this scene of success Sir George learned, by means of a spy at Trangubar, that a Dutch squadron was shortly expected at the Cape of Good Hope, having been despatched by the Gallo-Batavian Government, to make a strenuous effort for its recovery; upon which he immediately sailed thither, and fortunately arrived before the enemy. On the 3d August, 1796, he received intelligence that a hostile fleet was off the coast; but owing to the violence of the weather, it was not until the 6th that he could go out in quest of them. "On getting under weigh," says Sir George, in his official despatch, "an officer from the shore came on board, to inform me, that a number of ships had been seen the preceding night in the offing, near False Bay; I then resolved to steer to the south-west, in expectation of their having taken that course. The squadron continued cruising in the most tempestuous weather I have ever experienced, which damaged many of the ships, and at one time the Ruby had five feet water in her hold. On the 12th I returned, with a fresh breeze blowing from the south-east; and upon anchoring in Simon's Bay, the master attendant came off with the information, that the ships seen, consisting of nine sail, had put into Saldanha Bay on the 6th, the same day on which I had proceeded to sea; that they remained there by the last advice, and that four ships had been despatched in quest of me, to communicate this welcome intelligence. I immediately made the signal to sail, but the Crescent had got ashore; the wind blew strong, and increased the following day to a perfect tempest, in which the Tremendous parted two cables, drove, and was in great danger of being lost; so that, notwithstanding every exertion, and the most anxious moments of my life, we could not get out till the 15th." On the 16th, at sunset, the Vice-Admiral arrived off Saldanha Bay, when the enemy's squadron were descried, consisting of two ships of 66 guns each, one of 54, five frigates, and sloop, and one store-ship. Sir George, seeing the inferiority of their force in point of numbers, came to anchor within gun-shot of them, and sent an officer to the Dutch commander, with a request that, to avoid the effusion of human blood, he would surrender to the British fleet; intimating, at the same time, that resistance to a force so superior must expose his ships to certain destruction. The Dutch Admiral, Lucas, perceiving that it was impossible to escape, and that opposition would be of no avail, presented terms of capitulation; all of which were accepted by Sir George K. Elphinstone, excepting the second, wherein the Dutch commander required two frigates to be appointed cartel, to convey himself, officers, and men to Holland. This was refused, in consequence of the cartel ships which had been sent from Toulon and various other places, under similar circumstances, having been detained, and their crews imprisoned contrary to the laws and usage of war, and

* Columbo and its dependencies, in the island of Ceylon, submitted to a small squadron under the orders of Captain Alan Hyde, afterwards Viscount Gardner, and a detachment of soldiers commanded by Colonel James Stuart. The spices and merchandise found in the warehouses were estimated at 25 lacks of rupees, or upwards of £300,000 sterling.

general good faith of nations. On the 18th, the whole of the Dutch ships were taken possession of by the British. After the completion of these highly important and valuable services, Sir George sailed for Europe, and arrived at Spithead, Jan. 3, 1797. On the 7th March following, he was raised to the dignity of a Baron of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the title of Baron Keith of Stonehaven Marischal. In the month of May, the same year, he superintended the naval preparations at Sheerness against the mutineers, who at that time unhappily held the command of several ships of war at the Nore, and had committed various acts of insubordination and outrage. This storm being dispelled, his Lordship for a short time commanded a detachment of the Channel Fleet. He afterwards proceeded, in the *Foudroyant*, of 80 guns, to the Mediterranean station, as second in command, under the Earl of St Vincent, whom he joined at Gibraltar in December 1798. On the 14th of Feb. 1799, he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Red. The Commander-in-Chief being seriously indisposed, gave charge of the fleet off Cadiz to Lord Keith, and our gallant officer remained employed in the blockade of the Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-two ships of the line, until the 4th May 1799, when he discovered the Brest fleet, consisting of twenty-four sail of the line and nine smaller vessels, which had escaped the vigilance of Lord Bridport, at some distance to windward, steering in for the land. The Vice-Admiral did not hesitate a moment what part to act, although the wind at this time was blowing extremely hard right on the shore: he instantly weighed, stood off, and undiscouraged by the numerical superiority of the enemy's force*, offered them battle, which they assiduously declined; neither did the French Admiral, Bruix, persevere in the attempt to join his friends at Cadiz, which port was not more than seven or eight miles to leeward. During the ensuing night the storm was so great, it was with much difficulty the ships could be kept together. At daylight on the morning of the 5th, only four sail of the enemy were to be seen, to which chase was given, but without effect. Lord Keith remained on his station until the 9th, when he suspected, from not again getting sight of the French fleet, that it had passed the Straits. He first bore up for, and anchored at Gibraltar, and then cruised off Cape Dell Mell. Having by this time learned that the French were at anchor in Vado Bay, he determined to attack them there; but Earl St Vincent, who had received intelligence that the Spaniards meditated a descent on Minorca, immediately despatched him to the relief of that island. In the mean time, the French commander

reached Carthage, where he was soon after joined by Admiral Massaredo, with five ships of 112 guns each, one 80, and eleven seventy-fours, together with the following flag-officers, viz., Gravina, Grandilana, Cordova, Nava, and Villavicencis. The Vice-Admiral on this collected his whole force, and proceeded in quest of the combined fleet; but on his arrival off Cadiz, he learned from one of his cruisers, that they had sailed for Brest on the 21st of July, and, on his repairing thither, found that they had entered that port only five hours before! After this long and unsuccessful pursuit, his Lordship steered for England; but his cruise did not prove upon the whole unfortunate, for, on the 19th of June, a part of his squadron, consisting of the *Centaur*, *Bellona*, *Santa Teresa*, and *Emerald*, captured a 40 gun ship, a frigate, and three small armed vessels, bound from Jaffa to Toulon. Towards the latter end of November 1799, his Lordship sailed from Plymouth in the *Queen Charlotte* of 100 guns, to resume the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean, which had been resigned to him on the 2d of June by the Earl of St Vincent, in consequence of increasing ill health. He arrived at Gibraltar on the 6th December. The season for brilliant operations was in some degree over in that quarter, in consequence of the severe losses which the enemy had sustained, and were in no condition to repair; but much praise was due to Lord Keith for the excellent disposition of the force under his command, and the judgment with which he stationed his cruisers, so that few of the enemy's vessels ventured out of port without falling into the hands of some of our ships of war. Early in the year 1800, his Lordship proceeded to Malta, and cruised off the port of La Valetta, to intercept any succours that might be attempted to be thrown in during the blockade. In order more completely to ensure success, he ordered Lord Nelson to cruise to windward with three sail of the line, while he himself remained with the flag-ship and a small squadron at the mouth of the harbour. This judicious arrangement produced the capture of *Le Générux* of 74 guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Perrée, and having a number of troops on board for the relief of the place, together with a large store-ship. On the 7th March, 1800, his Lordship anchored at Leghorn, for the purpose of co-operating with the Austrian army against the French, under the command of General Massena, who at that time occupied the city and territory of Genoa. On the 14th he issued a proclamation, wherein he signified to all neutral powers, that the ports of Toulon, Marseilles, Nice, and the coast of the Riviera, were in a state of blockade. Being now determined to seize on the island of Cabrera, then in possession of the French, as a proper place for refreshing his men, he detached Captain Todd with the *Queen Charlotte* for that purpose; but on the 17th

* The British squadron consisted only of one first-rate, five other three-deckers, two ships of 80 guns each, and seven seventy-fours.

of March, when between Leghorn and the island of Cabrera, the Queen Charlotte was discovered to be in flames, and in the course of an inconceivably short period, upwards of 600 gallant men lost their lives, and one of the noblest ships in the British navy was totally destroyed. His Lordship was on shore at the time the conflagration happened; after which he hoisted his flag in the Audacious, but subsequently shifted it to the Minotaur, and proceeded in that ship, with part of his fleet, off Genoa, in order to co-operate with the Austrians, who were at that time besieging it. As there was little probability of being able to reduce the place by any other means than famine, it became an object of the first importance to cut off all supplies by sea; and this service was so effectually performed, that in the beginning of June the French general was obliged to capitulate, being reduced to the greatest extremity for want of provisions. This achievement in our naval annals would not have failed to be estimated as it deserved, had not the disastrous result of the battle of Marengo, and the convention of Alexandria, between the Austrian Baron de Melas and General Buonaparte, overwhelmed Europe with astonishment and dismay. It is here proper to remark, that the Austrians never fired a gun against Genoa during the whole of the siege, and that its reduction was wholly caused by famine, which the vigilance and severity of our sea blockade had occasioned.* On the 4th of September following, the Island of Malta surrendered to a detachment of Lord Keith's fleet. It being now determined to strike a mortal blow at Spain, orders were sent from England for collecting ships and troops for that purpose. Accordingly, on the 13th of Sept., Admiral Lord Keith repaired with the fleet to Gibraltar, and the transports, with Sir James Pulteney's division of troops, having joined the forces commanded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, amounting in all to about 18,000 effective men, the squadron passed the Straits, and entered the bay of Cadiz; a city at that time visited with a malady which in many respects resembled, and in the extent of its ravages equalled, the plague. No sooner had the detachment, consisting of three eighty, and four seventy-four gun ships come to anchor, than the governor, Don Thomas de Marla, addressed a most energetic letter to the admiral, in which, after exposing the unhappy situation of the inhabitants, he proceeded to say, "I have too exalted an opinion of the English people, and of you in particular, to think that you would wish to render our situation more deplorable; but if, in consequence of the orders your excellency has received, you are inclined to draw down upon your country

the execration of all nations, and to cover yourself with disgrace in the eyes of the whole universe, by oppressing the unfortunate, and attacking those who are supposed to be incapable of defence, I declare to you that the garrison under my orders, accustomed to behold death with a serene countenance, and to brave dangers much greater than all the perils of war, know how to make a resistance which shall not terminate but with their entire destruction. I hope that the answer of your excellency will inform me, whether I am to speak the language of consolation to the unfortunate inhabitants, or whether I am to rouse them to indignation and vengeance." A regular correspondence ensued, and squally weather coming on, the admiral and general thought it expedient to depart without effecting a descent; although the plan of debarkation had been already concluded upon, and orders for it issued. Soon after this the eyes of England, and of continental Europe, were turned towards Egypt, while the French army there, in consequence of its abandonment by Buonaparte, was reduced to such a critical situation, that Kleber at length entered into a treaty with Sir Sidney Smith, and actually consented to abandon that country for ever. Lord Keith, however, no sooner received information of that event, than he frankly informed the French commander-in-chief that he could not accede to any capitulation, unless the troops would lay down their arms, and surrender prisoners of war. This declaration was immediately published in the orders issued to the French troops, and, taking advantage of their sudden enthusiasm, the Turks were once more attacked, and beaten; so that when instructions arrived to accede to the convention of El Arisch, the enemy, flushed with new victories, declined agreeing to that which they would before have joyfully consented to receive as a favour. At length it was determined to wrest Egypt from the hands of the French by force; and while Sir Ralph Abercrombie was nominated to the command of the expedition by land, Lord Keith was entrusted with the fleet which was assembled for that purpose. The armament destined for this expedition accordingly repaired to Marmorice, to wait for the co-operation of the Turks; and having sailed from that capacious port on the 23d of Feb. 1801, anchored in the bay of Aboukir on the 22d of March, near the very spot on which the memorable battle of the Nile had been fought. The following is a list of the fleet employed upon this occasion:—

1. Foudroyant, 80, Admiral Lord Keith;
- John Elphinstone, Captain of the fleet.
2. Ajax, 80, Capt. J. C. Searle; Capt. the Hon. A. Cochrane.
3. Tigre, 80, Captain Sir W. Sidney Smith.
4. Swiftsure, 74, Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart.;
- Capt. B. Hallowell.
5. Kent, 74, Captain W. Hope.
6. Minotaur, 74, Captain T. Louis.
7. Northumberland, 74, Captain George Martin.
8. Flora, 36, Capt. B. G.

* During the blockade of Genoa, the city and mole were frequently bombarded by the British flotilla; and on one occasion *la Prima*, the principal galley in the port, having on board two brass 36-pounders, 30 brass swivels, 257 men, and rowing 50 oars, was brought off in triumph.

Middleton. In addition to these there were two sixty-fours, two fifties, five forty-fours, two thirty-eights, two thirty-sixes, four thirty-twos, and six twenty-eights, armed *en flûte*; together with two bomb-vessels, transports, Turkish gun-boats and kiacks, &c. The army, to the amount of 16,150 men, together with a battalion of 1000 seamen under Sir Sidney Smith, could not be landed as soon as intended, on account of a heavy swell; but the most effectual means were taken for that purpose; and not only were written orders issued, but a coloured plan of the debarkation, such as had been before circulated at Cadiz, exactly specifying the number and stations of the vessels intended to convey and cover the troops, was distributed. About two o'clock in the morning of the 8th of March, the first division began to enter the boats designed to receive them; at three, signal rockets were fired, in consequence of which they all rendezvoused opposite the Mendovi, an armed vessel anchored on purpose in a central position near the beach. At nine, they advanced towards the shore, preserving the form of a line as much as possible, under the direction of the Hon. Capt. Cochrane, and seconded by the Captains Stevenson, Scott, Larmour, Apthorp, and Harrison; with both flanks protected by cutters, gun-boats, and armed launches; while the Tartarus and Fury bomb-ketches were employed to throw shells, and several vessels of a small draught of water presented their broadsides so as to protect and facilitate this very important and critical operation. Opposed to these was a large body of troops, familiar with the country, flushed with recent successes, and confident of victory. Cannon and mortar batteries were placed on the heights, and the castle of Aboukir alone threatened destruction to the assailants; while the sand-hills still nearer to the water's edge were lined with musquetry, and parties of infantry were kept in readiness to advance at the same time that bodies of horse were prepared to charge the invaders. Notwithstanding the boats were exposed to an amphitheatre of fire, and an incessant discharge was kept up of shot, shells, and grape, yet they rowed briskly ashore; and, a landing being effected, the adjoining hill was scaled, and seven pieces of artillery were seized. It is not a little remarkable, that, during the whole of this gallant and very perilous operation, not a single officer belonging to the navy was killed, and only seven officers and seventy-three men were wounded. The battalion of sailors continued to be of great service while on shore; and the capture, both of Cairo and of Alexandria, depended not a little on the co-operation of the navy. Their services were thus noticed in the despatches of Lord Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the death of the heroic Abercrombie. "During the course of the long service on which we have been engaged, Lord Keith has, at all times, given me the most able

assistance and counsel. The labour and fatigue of the navy have been continued and excessive; it has not been of one day or of one week, but for months together. In the bay of Aboukir, on the New Inundation, and on the Nile, for 160 miles, they have been employed without intermission; and have submitted to many privations, with a cheerfulness and patience highly creditable to them, and advantageous to the public service." In a subsequent despatch, the General recurs to the "many obligations" that he was under to Lord Keith. On the 1st of Jan. 1801, a general promotion took place, in honour of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, and on that occasion Lord Keith was advanced to the rank of Admiral of the Blue. When the news arrived of the glorious termination of the operations in Egypt, his Lordship received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and on the 5th Dec. 1801, was created a Baron of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Keith, of Banneath, county of Dumbarton. He was also presented by the Corporation of London with the freedom of that city in a gold box, together with a sword of the value of one hundred guineas; and the Grand Seigneur conferred on him the Order of the Crescent, which he established to perpetuate the memory of the services rendered to the Ottoman Empire by the British forces. Previously to this, Lord Keith had obtained a patent as Chamberlain, Secretary, and Keeper of the Signet to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Great Steward of Scotland; in addition to which he had become one of the six state counsellors for the same. At the peace of 1802, Lord Keith returned to England, and struck his flag; but he was not suffered to remain long unemployed. On the re-commencement of hostilities, in 1803, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's ships employed in the North Sea, and in the English Channel, as far to the westward as Selsea-Bill. The nature of this extensive and complicated command, consisting at one time of upwards of a hundred and twenty pennants, required that his Lordship should be established on shore, at some convenient station for maintaining his correspondence with the Admiralty Board, and with the commanding officers respectively employed under his orders, in the Downs, at Dungeness, Sheerness, Yarmouth, Leith, and upon the different stations within the limits of his flag; as well as for the purpose of regulating the distribution and stations of the block-ships, which it had been judged necessary to employ for the defence of the entrance to the River Thames; in consequence of which he took up his residence at East Cliff, near Ramsgate, a beautiful marine villa, built by the late Poind Hopkins; occasionally going on board his flag-ship for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's coast, and directing the attacks which it was thought proper to make on the flotilla destined for

the invasion of England. In the beginning of October 1803, his Lordship made an experiment on a small scale, with a new mode of attack on the gun-vessels in Boulogne, which, to a certain degree, succeeded, and without any loss being sustained on our part. His Lordship was, on the 9th of Nov. 1805, raised to the rank of Admiral of the White; and continued to hold the extensive and important command which we have described until the month of May, 1807, when the Admiralty having determined to divide his command into three separate ones, he struck his flag. In 1812, his Lordship succeeded the late Sir Charles Cotton, as Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. On the 14th May 1814, he was created a Viscount of the United Kingdom. During the period of the second invasion of France by the allied powers, the noble Admiral commanded in the Channel, and by the judicious arrangement of his cruisers, secured the person of Napoleon Buonaparte, who acknowledged that an escape by sea was rendered impossible—an event which secured the peace and tranquility of Europe. On the 23d May 1815, Lord Keith laid the first stone of Southwark Bridge. In 1822 his Lordship was graciously permitted by his Majesty to accept the Grand Cross of the Royal Sardinian Order of St Maurice and Lazare, for services rendered at Genoa in 1809. His Lordship died, at Tulliallan House, on Monday the 10th of March 1823, in the 77th year of his age. Lord Keith married, first, 9th April 1787, Jane, daughter and sole heiress of William Mercer, of Aldie, Esq., co. Perth, and by her (who died 12th Dec. 1789) had issue an only child, Margaret-Mercer Elphinstone, on whom the English Barony of Keith was settled in remainder, on failure of his Lordship's issue male. He married, secondly, Jan. 10, 1808, Hester-Maria, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Henry Thrale, Esq. of Streatham, co. Surrey, the intimate friend of Dr Johnson, and M.P. for Southwark in 1768 and 1775. By this lady the Viscount had issue, Georgiana-Augusta-Henrietta, born Dec. 12, 1809. His Lordship's eldest daughter married in 1817, Count Flahault, who served as Aide-de-Camp to Buonaparte at the battle of Waterloo.

KEITH, SIR ROBERT MURRAY, K.B., a distinguished diplomatist, was born in 1730, and was the eldest son of Sir Robert Keith of Craig, in Kincardineshire, who was under-secretary for foreign affairs, and ambassador at Vienna and St Petersburg. Having been educated for the military profession, he served in a Highland regiment which was employed by the States of Holland, and subsequently acted as adjutant-general and secretary to Lord George Sackville, who commanded the English contingent of the allied army under Prince Frederick of Brunswick. On the resignation of Lord George, Keith obtained the office of major in a Highland corps, which had recently been raised for the war in Germany, and, though

composed entirely of raw recruits, by their conspicuous gallantry gained great distinction, along with their young commander, in the campaigns of 1760 and 1761. After the disbandment of this corps in 1762, Keith was unemployed for some years; but in 1769 he was appointed, by the elder Pitt, British envoy to the Court of Saxony. He was subsequently transferred to the Court of Denmark, and was fortunately residing at Copenhagen when the Danish queen, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III., was made the victim of a vile conspiracy, and would in all probability have been put to death but for Keith's spirited interference. His firm yet prudent conduct met with the approbation of the British Court, and the king sent him the Order of the Bath as a reward for his services. In 1772 Sir Robert was appointed ambassador at the Court of Vienna; six years later he was a second time appointed to this important post, and earned for himself the reputation of an able and high-minded diplomatist. He closed his diplomatic career with the pacification concluded between Austria, Russia, and Turkey, which was greatly promoted by his exertions; and died in 1795, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Sir Robert left a daughter, Mrs Gillespie Smyth of Gibleston, Carnbee, the authoress of several able and important works.

KENNEDY, JAMES, was the younger son of James Kennedy of Dunnure, by the Lady Mary, Countess of Angus, daughter of King Robert III. He was a prelate, says a good historian, who rendered himself no less illustrious by his virtues than he was by his princely birth. He was first created Bishop of Dunkeld in 1438; and, upon the death of Bishop Wardlaw, was chosen by the Prior and Canons of St Andrews in 1440, while he was abroad at Florence with Pope Eugenius IV., whither he had gone in order to obtain Papal authority for putting a stop to the disorders and abuses which he saw were daily increasing in the Church. After he returned home, and the ceremony of his translation was over, he set himself to a universal reformation of manners; and for that end, in the year 1446, it is said this worthy prelate made a second journey to Italy with the same view of getting abuses reformed, and likewise to assist in composing the divisions which were likely to arise in the Papacy; and for his journey he got a safe conduct from King Henry VI. of England for himself and thirty persons in his retinue. It would appear, however, he was not able to effect any great remedy for the evils he went about; so, after his return home the second time, he applied himself to the cultivation of religion and learning; and for this end, in the year 1456, he founded a college in the city of St Andrews, which he appointed to bear the name of St Salvator. He had been made Lord Chancellor in the year 1444, but resigned the office within the space of a few weeks. When King James

III. came to the throne he was made one of the regents of the kingdom, but in effect the whole management was left in his hands—his colleagues being well aware of his superior abilities for discharging so important a trust. Buchanan himself says that he surpassed all men in Scotland in point of authority, that his prudence was held in the highest estimation, and that he was lamented at his death as a public parent. He died on the 10th May 1466, and was interred under a noble monument, which he himself had caused to be erected in St Salvador's College, of the finest Gothic workmanship, and embellished with his coat-of-arms; which monument is still in excellent preservation.

KERR, Rev. JAMES RALSTON, minister of the U.P. Church, Pittenweem, was born at Camlachie, near Glasgow, in 1816, and was, at the time of his death, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was ordained as the Relief minister of Pittenweem in the year 1838, and had therefore been a pastor there for 27 years, having succeeded the late Rev. Mr Findlay, after whose demission, a lect of probationers having been heard by the congregation, Mr Kerr was unanimously chosen to be their minister. In a short time he became very popular in the town as a preacher and an exemplary minister. At that time the Relief congregation met in a cold, damp, and unsuitable place of worship near the shore, and their number was far from being numerous. Through Mr Kerr's active exertions, however, a neat and suitable new church was erected, which he soon filled; and from that time to the present, more than twenty years since, he maintained his popularity to the last, being greatly respected by his flock, who were as numerous as the church could contain. Through Mr Kerr's exertions also a suitable manse was bought; and although these additions entailed a heavy outlay on his people, the congregation is now, and has been for some time, entirely free of debt. Mr Kerr lost a beloved son by an accident at sea about the year 1862, after he had nearly attained manhood, and that event appeared to have had a very serious effect on his mind and health, for from the time it happened, up to his last illness, a marked change was visible in his healthy and active appearance. The subject was always uppermost in his mind, and it is understood that he had been for some time engaged in writing a book for sailors, in which numerous allusions were made to his son, whose untimely and lamented fate appears to have continually preyed upon his mind, and this eventually led to a softening of the brain, of which disease he died, in the prime of life and the midst of his usefulness, to the deep regret of an affectionate family, an attached congregation, and a wide circle of friends in the town and neighbourhood. As a minister, Mr Kerr was greatly respected in the town by all classes of people. His pulpit ministrations were

much relished, being all strongly imbued with a practical tendency, and delivered with a liveliness of action, and a feeling of earnestness which never became tedious or uninteresting to his hearers. His visits to the sick and afflicted were frequent and unwearyed, and his kindness and attention in this respect were beyond all praise; for he did not confine his visits merely to his own congregation, but was ever at the call of the sick and necessitous, no matter to what church they belonged. His kindness and goodness of heart to all was very conspicuous. He would encounter any amount of labour or trouble to confer a favour or oblige a friend, and few young men of any character ever left Pittenweem without his good offices being enlisted on their behalf in procuring their advancement when they went to large cities. His liveliness of disposition and cheerful conversation made him greatly endeared to all with whom he came in contact. In any local matter affecting the public good or morals he always took a leading part, and evinced great activity and zeal in furthering every good cause. Mr Kerr has left a widow, one son, and four daughters, one of whom is married. He died on the 16th of May 1865; and his funeral was the largest that has ever been witnessed in Pittenweem.

KIDD, Rev. ALEXANDER, D.D., minister of the parish of Moonzie, was born at Cupar in the year 1781. He received his early education at the seminaries of his native town, from whence he was removed to the University of St Andrews, where he became a diligent student. In 1807, while yet a young man, and having previously held no other charge, he was presented, by the last Earl of Crawford, to the church and parish of Moonzie, of which he was nearly forty years minister. The Doctor had, for about two years before his death, been in a weak and declining state of health; and the loss of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, about four months previous, had affected his spirits so deeply as to aggravate his illness in a very marked manner. Dr Kidd's pulpit ministrations were characterised by sound evangelical principles, and were remarkable for the elegance and taste which they displayed. To the duties of his parish, he was singularly attentive, moving amongst his parishioners with the kindness of a father and friend. In the Church Courts his advice was ever listened to with deference and respect; both the older and younger members holding his judgment in great esteem. He was a Conservative in politics, and exercised considerable influence among that party, taking a share in all the leading questions of the day, whether secular or ecclesiastical. Dr Kidd died at Moonzie manse on Saturday, the 31st of Oct. 1846, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and fortieth of his ministry.

KILGOUR, ALEXANDER, Town Clerk of Dunfermline.—This gentleman was born in Dunfermline in the year 1800. He received his education in the seminaries of that town;

and having served a regular apprenticeship to the profession of a writer, became assistant clerk to Mr William Beveridge, former town clerk of the city. In 1849, Mr Kilgour succeeded to the city clerkship, which he occupied for sixteen years, and during that time rendered invaluable services to the town. Provost Whitelaw and the Town Council bore testimony to the very efficient manner in which he had transacted the business devolving on him. Under his able management the Council had succeeded not only in paying off the debt contracted previously to his appointment as town clerk, but in saving no less than £830. Mr Kilgour laboured most assiduously for the welfare of Dunfermline—in fact, it seemed that to contribute to his prosperity was one of the chief aims of his life. By his courteous behaviour, his modesty, his straightforwardness of character, as well as by the ability with which he discharged his duties, he won for himself the confidence and esteem of the Town Council and whole community, who highly appreciated his worth. His untimely death was deeply regretted. Mr Kilgour died suddenly at his residence in Viewfield Place, between the night of the 11th and morning of the 12th of January 1865. He was in apparent good health on the preceding evening, having conversed freely with several gentlemen, without manifesting any signs of weakness, or of ill health, and on the morning of the 12th he was found dead in his bed. At the first meeting of Town Council after Mr Kilgour's death, Provost Whitelaw passed a high eulogium upon his character; and concluded by proposing the following motion:—"Before entering upon the business of the meeting, the Council deem it due to the memory of their late clerk, Mr Kilgour, to record the high sense they entertain of his character and of his services during the sixteen years he has been officially connected with the city. Mr Kilgour's devotion to the interests of the town, his integrity and sagacity in Council, his economy as an administrator, and the unfailing urbanity of his character, constituted him alike the safest and pleasantest of advisers. On entering upon the duties of his office he found the affairs of the city peculiarly complicated and embarrassed; he has left them equally perspicuous and prosperous. The immense public debt, which cramped energy and paralysed improvement, is now gone; these happy results are mainly attributable to the ceaseless vigilance and ever watchful care with which he superintended the affairs of the city. While recording its own sense of the loss of so invaluable a public servant, the Council would also tender to the relatives of their departed friend all that sympathy which the sudden removal of one so highly esteemed, no less for the beauty of his personal character than for his public services is so well fitted to call forth." The funeral of Mr Kilgour, which took place on Wednesday the 18th of January, at Dunfermline church-

yard, was attended by a large company of mourners, composed of the Sheriff-Substitute of the district, the Provost and Magistrates of Dunfermline, the writers in town, and of the other leading and influential men in the place. Mr Kilgour died unmarried, in the 65th year of his age.

KING, Mr JAMES, of Irawang, New South Wales, wine-grower, was a native of Kilconquhar in Fifeshire.—Fife has contributed its full quota of industry and talent to the colonisation of Australia, that vast region of the British empire. In the district of New South Wales (where parties first sat down), and afterwards in Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), and at Melbourne, and Adelaide, and the Swan River—nay, as far as New Zealand—the sons of "the Kingdom" have made their way, not a few of them with signal success. Beside them and around them have individuals, who had emigrated to those distant lands at no distant date, returned laden with the fruits of their labours to revisit their natal soil, if not to settle by the green Lomonds, or the East Neuk, and contentedly lay their bones in the graves of their fathers. Or, their children have betaken themselves homeward (if we may use the expression), to make the acquaintance and the friendship of the relatives whom their fathers had left behind. While large portions of our antipodean dominions are copiously filled with golden ore, requiring us only to stoop and pick it up; we cannot for a moment forget that they contain other, and probably surer, sources of the elements of human happiness. The illimitable plains of Australia feed thousands, if not millions, of sheep and cattle, whence the toiling sons of Sydney and Maitland, and Melbourne and Adelaide—diggers and all—are supplied with food, and vast quantities of wool and hides are exported to the Old World. Grains of all sorts are abundantly produced in Australia; and it is destined to become one of the richest exporting countries, connected with the British dominions, of the necessaries of life. Mr King, the subject of our memoir, emigrated to Australia so far back as 1826, and settled on a delicious spot on the River Hunter, some ten miles below Maitland, the second town in the colony. A few miles further up, Dr Cunningham of Dumfries, who wrote the first account of Australia—"Two Years in New South Wales"—had his settlement at Dalswinton, also on the same river. Mr King's discerning mind soon discovered that a country so freely producing corn, might produce also wine, and mayhap oil, too. Under that conviction he imported many plants of the vine, and had them laid out on his favoured locality at Irawang. There, in very few years, he found them yielding grapes in great plenty and in great variety. But let Mr King speak for himself, in a small pamphlet printed by him in 1857, intitled—"Australia may be an Extensive Wine-growing Country." He there says—"I

emigrated from Scotland to New South Wales in the year 1826. Early in 1828 I received, in common with other emigrants at the time, a primary grant of about 2000 acres of land at Irrawang, from the Crown, on part of which, in the year 1832, I commenced planting an experimental vineyard of a few acres extent, the soil being previously all trenched thirty inches deep. I made wine from it in February 1836, of good quality; what remained of it was perfectly sound, and in fine order, eighteen months ago. During the following years, I extended the vineyard principally with varieties of grape then in the colony, selecting those which bore abundantly every year, and brought their fruit to the greatest perfection; for there were many varieties already seen to be unsuited to the climate amongst those imported from France, Portugal, Spain, &c. I imported a collection from the Rhine, which happened, unfortunately, all to die on the passage. I experimented on various methods of training and pruning, to endeavour to discover the mode best suited to the climate, for there were no persons that could be hired professing such local experience; in short, I studied the peculiarities of the climate as they generally affected the growth of the grape vine, and made myself acquainted with various methods adopted in many parts of Europe during the vintage. I was thereby enabled to adopt a plan of operations modified to the climate of the colony. . . . By ardent zeal, and steady personal attention to every possible detail, I succeeded in course of time in producing a good, marketable wine, the white resembling Hock or Sauterne, and the red wine that of Burgundy. I have cultivated the vine in New South Wales for upwards of twenty-four years, and I may say, generally with success, although for many years at the outset, very unprofitably; because, from the want of experience and sufficient means, my plantation was then necessarily of limited extent, and its produce, too, rendered less, as some of the varieties of the grape then planted had to be cut down after they began to bear, so that others—experimentally, too—might be planted or grafted in their stead; whilst some of the early vintages had, from the same cause, to be passed through the still, a process never had recourse to in the case of light, sound wines. Of later years, my vineyards, although still limited, were more extensive, the plants of greater growth, and all in full bearing, so that the product was more abundant; and, from my having personally acquired more experience, the quality was much improved; consequently, my wine-growing became remunerative. I have seen the vineyards in many parts of France, South and North Italy, Switzerland, and Germany; and in one place and another have tasted various growths of wine, many inferior to those of New South Wales. The white wine produced by my vineyard at Irrawang mostly resembles some of the wines of Germany,

especially that grown at the vineyards of His Highness the Duke of Nassau, whose extensive and celebrated vineyards and cellars I visited, where the stock of wine is extensive, some not less than 150 years old—age imparting to the wine much of its value. I tasted some out of a vat from which a pipe was lately drawn, and for which a sum equal to £1000 was paid! On Baron Von Leibig receiving a copy of a printed report from New South Wales, of a meeting of the Hunter River Vineyard Association, at which a paper of mine on wine-making had been read, he remarked to me, with reference to that paper, in a letter dated Giessen, November 1849, which was also read at another meeting of the same society—"Science and your country are indebted to you for your ardent zeal, with which you have devoted yourself to its advancement; sooner or later this must bring forth the best of fruit!" Mr King further says—"In the year 1854, I was solicited specially, and by circular, to send specimens of my vineyard produce to the Commissioners in Sydney, for the purpose of being transmitted by them to the Paris Exhibition. Before they were sent to France, they with others were tested in Sydney by a special jury, and testimonials, according to their merits, were awarded to some of the growers by the local commission. On account of the approved quality of my samples, I was awarded one of the highest premiums in the power of the Commissioners to bestow. When the samples reached the Exhibition at Paris, they were reported on very favourably by the special jurors of the exhibition. The commission, consequently, awarded me a medal." Mr King was a man of great energy and perseverance, and did much to show how the produce of the colony could be enriched. He also possessed many amiable and social qualities. He married in 1837, and had three girls and a boy; two of the former were carried off by fever; the third daughter most unfortunately was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a servant. Mr King himself returned to England in 1856, in somewhat feeble health, with his wife and son, and died in London, at the age of sixty. He was born at Colinsburgh, in the parish of Kilconquhar, where he directed his wife to erect a stone in the church-yard, to mark the grave of his father, who was an officer of the Inland Revenue—a sacred task which his widow and her child faithfully performed. The stone simply bears that it was erected at the dying request of Mr King, in memory of his father and mother (whose maiden name was Skinner), and his aunt. A note at the bottom, written by Mr Robert Chambers, his friend, says:—"James King, of Irrawang, died in London, 29th November 1857, aged 60 years, having returned from New South Wales, where he attained eminence as a wine-grower, and was universally esteemed."

KIRKALDY, Sir WILLIAM, of Grange, was born in Fife, and educated in the tenets of the reformed faith by his father, Sir James Kirkaldy, who was treasurer to King James V., and a man of blunt and fearless speech and carriage. Young Kirkaldy, who was tall and well-formed, was sent, like the generality of Scottish youths of name, to France for his education; and there, like his countryman and contemporary, the Admirable Crichton, he was deemed one of the most accomplished and gallant knights of his age, bearing off the palm from all rivals in the tournaments of the times by his spirit and address. When but a youth he returned to his native country, and shortly afterwards engaged in one of the most disgraceful murders which is upon record in the annals of Scotland. On the 28th of May 1546, Peter Carmichael, Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, John Leslie of Parkhill, William Kirkaldy, and their retainers, burst into Cardinal Beaton's castle at St Andrews, where they assassinated him, and then held the castle against the forces of Moray of Guise and the Regent Arran for fifteen months. Upon the fall of the castle, the principal prisoners, among whom was John Knox, who had fled to this fortress from the pursuit of his implacable enemies, were sent into captivity in France, Kirkaldy and his accomplices were confined in the king's fortresses. The great reformer was constrained to tug as a galley-slave for two years at the oar. The author of the life and adventures of Kirkaldy of Grange more than once refers to John Knox in passages such as the following:—"Knox was nearly two years in the degrading situation of a slave; and it is not probable that the lash of the taskmaster increased his good-will towards Popery, as it failed to inspire him with that spirit of charity, forgiveness, and peace, which ought to be the chief characteristic of a Christian." We accept this passage gratefully, and acknowledge its appositeness and justice; but it seems to us rather invidious to find the same author upholding as the pink of honour and chivalry, a man who kept up a private and traitorous correspondence with England—who, presuming upon his skill in arms and strength of body, was always ready to crush his word down a man's throat with his gauntlet, and who was the suborner and defender of assassins. John Knox was vehement, and was at times impelled to say and do most unchristian things; but he was more consistent and heroic than Kirkaldy of Grange, or any other man of his day, and the lusts that warred in the members of his fierce, unprincipled, intriguing contemporaries did not defile him. The prisoners being liberated, and having returned to Scotland, were soon once more into the vortex of political intrigue and battle; and, at last, upon the formation of the party of the Congregation, Kirkaldy was recognised as a bulwark and pillar of the new faith. He had sold his

sword to the service of France, after his liberation from durance vile, and had distinguished himself in the wars of the League as a leader of light horsemen; and, upon his return to Scotland, he had lent himself privately to the intrigues of England, so that he was not only esteemed as a military but political chief, by soldiers and politicians. The animosity of parties, the cupidity of the aristocracy, and the oppressive tyranny of the Scottish rulers, accelerated that awful period of our nation's history, the deeds of which are, perhaps, one of the most disgraceful records on the book of time—a period of awful suffering, and contention, and bigotry. This author, however, in his charges of fanaticism against the reformers of this era, seems to forget that a more dangerous fanaticism than their's provoked it—the fanaticism of inertia—the sacerdotal fanaticism of satisfaction and spiritual bondage, which evoked an energy and vehemence which were nobler, better, and more beneficial far to society, than even the stately piles and works of art, the ruin of which we deplore as much as he can do, but which we would not for a moment weigh in the balance with the vital spirit of progress. The party of the Congregation, whatever might be the motives of those constituting it, had the common excuse of patriotism for its operations, while the procedure of Mary of Guise, the queen regent, was characterised by glaring breaches of faith and acts of tyranny. "Sir William Kirkaldy served with the army of the Congregation during all its operations in the field, until the end of the war, when the death of Mary of Guise, and the final establishment of the Reformation, brought peace to the land for a time. His name appears continually in all the annals of the period; and Knox says that he encountered and escaped many dangers. He fought bravely in defence of Fife, his native shire; and from the moment those French troops first arrived in aid of the Popish faction, and for the purpose of reducing Scotland to a province, 'no man stood firmer to the interests of his country than Kirkaldy; and in the first encounter he is said to have slain the first man with his own hand.'" History is, perhaps, the most instructive branch of study, but it is most important that the student guard himself against the leanings of historians. We have shown how broadly and unreservedly the author of Kirkaldy's life and adventures condemns the bold and fiery spirit of Knox; behold how he palliates his hero: "I would gladly have passed over such intriguing, which some readers may consider a blot on his fair fame; but be it remembered, that though his correspondence with the English court was clandestine, and strictly contrary to the law of the land, he was steadily adhering to the popular cause when, by doing so, he strengthened Protestantism, and furthered the projects of the party." Inspired with a fierce and implacable hatred

towards Bothwell, and believing that Mary, Queen of Scots, had lent herself to the death of Darnley, and the furtherance of the Duke of Orkney's schemes of ambition and crime, Kirkaldy had joined what was termed the King's faction, and had contributed more than any man to the ruin of Mary's cause. He had retained, however, a name for something like manhood, and Mary respected him, even although he bore arms against her. It was Kirkaldy who, at Carberry Hill, accepted the gage of Bothwell; and, upon the prohibition of the combat by Mary, it was he who led the horsemen of the king's party to the foot of the hill, when the queen was in a distracted state of mind, and anxious to evade the shedding of blood. "In this time of distress she was attracted by the band of horse at the foot of the hill, and, asking her attendants who led them, was answered, Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange." At that moment she was weeping bitterly. Entertaining the highest respect for the worth and valour of Kirkaldy, whom she knew to be incapable of violating his plighted word, she sent the Laird of Ormiston to request he would speak with her. Grange, not anticipating any danger, attended only by a gentleman, spurred his charger up the hill of Carberry, and dismounting approached the queen, who was seated on a stone, with Bothwell near her. Mary was then four-and-twenty, and in the full bloom of her beauty. Nature had formed this fair being for love rather than for governing a nation of lawless barons and unscrupulous serfs, who possessed all the headlong valour of the age of chivalry, without the gentle courtesy which distinguished it. Her dark-grey eyes admirably expressed the softness and vivacity of her disposition, as her full pouting lips and dimpled chin did archness and wit, and her pure open brow intelligence and candour. One moment her eyes were languid, and the next they were full of fire; the brightness of her complexion was dazzling, and her hair was of the most beautiful auburn. Her taste in dressing lent additional lustre to her charms; she rode with courage and danced with grace; which, with her love of Parisian gaiety, formed the *ultima Thule* of horror and abomination in the nostrils of Knox and his intolerant compatriots. But Mary could read Virgil and Livy with Buchanan, when such high-born ruffians as Glencairn could scarcely sign their names; in short, the name of Mary Stuart summons at once to the mind all that the greatest enthusiast can imagine of misfortune, of beauty, and romance. Kirkaldy knelt respectfully before her. Tall, strong, sheathed in the complete armour of a knight, this courtly soldier, from his bearing and aspect, was as prepossessing as the gifted being he saluted. The queen addressed him calmly, and bade him remember, "that there were punishments in another world to be inflicted upon the rebellious in this; that all honourable men would look upon aveng-

ing King Henry's murder as a poor pretence for the confederates taking arms, as they themselves had voted the Duke of Orkney innocent of that crime, and, by their recommendation, had brought about that union, which, by force of arms, they now sought to disannul." "No man can bear a greater affection for your royal person than I," replied Kirkaldy with ardour and frankness; "all these lords with whom I am engaged, and whose measures I have espoused, as being, in my opinion, most consistent with the strict rules of duty and honour, are the most faithful subjects of your grace, and have only taken up arms for your service and safety. You are now in the hands of dangerous enemies—men of wicked lives, whose very breath infects your reputation—men whose advices have ruined your authority and alienated the affection of your subjects. If guilty, the Duke of Orkney is unworthy the honour of being your husband; if innocent he may with safety submit to a new trial. For myself, and those with whom I am in arms, I can assert that nothing is designed by us but the re-establishment of order and good government, on that footing which has been handed down to us by our ancestors." He added much more concerning Bothwell's crimes, and the cruelty with which he had divorced his countess, the accomplished Lady Jane Gordon, to whom he had been married only six months before. The handsome but vindictive earl, who during the conference had been an anxious listener, enraged by the boldness and freedom of Kirkaldy, secretly desired one of his harquebussiers to shoot him. The assassin was in the act of deliberately levelling his long-barrelled weapon at the unsuspecting knight, who was yet kneeling before Mary, when she observed the act. Starting, she uttered a scream, and throwing herself before the harquebuss, exclaimed to Bothwell, that surely he would not disgrace her so far as to murder one to whom she had promised protection. What notice Kirkaldy took of this intended outrage, Melville, who records it, does not say; but, in no way daunted, he continued to urge, that if ever Mary expected to enjoy the confidence of her subjects, she must instantly abandon Bothwell, who, being charged with regicide, would be allowed to leave the field until the cause were tried in a civil court; and that if Mary would come over to the troops of the confederates, they would from that moment again *acknowledge and obey* her as their sovereign. Finding herself deserted by her friends, fearful of war and anxious for peace, expecting to be generously and kindly received on the pledged word of the gallant envoy, the queen (whose confidence and good nature appear at times to have bordered on girlish simplicity) readily agreed to perform what Kirkaldy proposed. Delighted with her answer, he repaired to the confederate barons, who ratified his stipulations. Galloping back, he communicated their resolu-

tion to the queen, and taking Bothwell by the hand, with soldier-like frankness advised him to depart, promising that he would neither be opposed nor followed. Overwhelmed for a moment with remorse and disappointment, perhaps by despair, the unfortunate noble turned his eyes for the last time to gaze on that beautiful queen, whose hand he had committed so many daring crimes, and risked so many dangers, to obtain. Bidding her a sad adieu, he rode down the hill with a few attendants, leaving Mary, fame, a throne, and hope behind him. Unworthy as he was, his ultimate fate cannot be contemplated without pity. Although lord of so many noble castles and estates, heir of so many sounding titles and magnificent heritages, the representative of the long line of the Hepburns of Hailes, from that hour he was an outcast :—

“ A fugitive among his own,
Disguised, deserted, desolate—
A weed upon the torrent thrown—
A Cain among the sons of men—
A pirate on the ocean—then
A Scandinavian captive fetter'd
To die amid the dungeon's gloom ! ”

The violation of Kirkaldy's pledge followed immediately upon this act of womanly confidence, and Lochleven became her home instead of Holyrood. Kirkaldy was consenting unto these things, and it was only in later years that he forsook the ostensible cause of James, and became a partizan of his unfortunate mother. The Laird of Grange was less actuated by base personal motives towards Mary, and less inspired with cupidity towards the lands of the Chorch, than any of his compatriots in the Scottish civil wars. It was he who hunted Bothwell from the Orkneys, and destroyed his piratical fleet. It was he who was the Halbert Glendinning of the battle of Langside, who mainly contributed to the overthrow of the queen, who, it is said, he believed to have clung to Bothwell with a fatal pertinacity ; but still these personal services were not given to the cause he espoused, from a desire to enrich himself, but from a wish to punish what, in his crude morality, he esteemed to be dishonourable. “ As a reward for his important services, on the 5th September, Kirkaldy was appointed governor and captain of the castle of Edinburgh—a fortress every way of the first rank in the kingdom. Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich [had received that office from his patron Bothwell, and until the battle of Langside had retained it in his hands ; but for a sum of money, and a gift of the Augustinian priory of Pittenweem, and on Kirkaldy pledging his word for his safety, he gave up the fortress with its stores to the regent. Kirkaldy with his family immediately repaired to the important stronghold, where they continued to reside during the remainder of his troubled career. Strong at all times from its lofty situation, the castle of Edinburgh, by the height of its towers and number of its cannon, was fully a place of as

great strength in the days of Kirkaldy as it is now. The non-military compilers of topographical accounts are very careful to inform their readers that, before the invention of gunpowder, this castle was impregnable, but forget to add that, by all tacticians it has been considered still more so since Friar Bacon's notable discovery. Perched on the western rock, which, by a precipice nearly three hundred feet high, terminates the ridge of the ancient city, the walls of that magnificent fortress rise from steep and abrupt precipices of black whinstone, perpendicular in many places, and inaccessible on all, save where, to the eastward, a narrow bank or passage, cut through by a deep fosse, communicates, by a drawbridge, with the town below. In the days of Kirkaldy, as now, strong batteries of cannon frowned over this only approach ; but the grand features of the fortress were markedly different. Instead of square barracks and storehouses of homely aspect, a series of tall towers or bastel-houses—each like the fortlet of a lesser baron—reared up their lofty outlines from every angle of the jagged cliffs ; massive battlements crowned, and strong curtain-walls connected them. On the highest part of the rock stood, and yet stands, the square tower where Mary of Guise died, James VI. was born, and where the regalia have been kept for ages. On the north a massive pile, called David's Tower, built by the second monarch of that name, and containing a spacious hall, rose to the height of more than forty feet above the precipice, which threw its shadows on the loch two hundred feet below. Another, named from Wallace, stood nearer to the city ; and where now the formidable half-moon rears up its time-worn front, two high embattled walls, bristling with double tiers of ordnance, flanked on the north by the round tower of the Constable, fifty feet high, and on the south by a square gigantic peel, opposed their faces to the city. The soldiers of the garrison occupied the peel, the foundations of which are yet visible. Below it lay the entrance, with its portcullis and gates, to which a flight of forty steps ascended. The other towers were St Margaret's, closed by a ponderous gate of iron, the kitchen tower, the laich-munition house, the armourer's forge, the bakehouse, brewery, and gun-house, at the gable of which swung a sonorous copper bell, for calling the watches and alarming the garrison. Between the fortress and the city lay a strong round rampart, called the Spur, and another, named the Well-house tower, defended a narrow path which led to Cuthbert's Well. The castle then contained a great hall, a palace, the regalia, a church and an oratory, endowed by St Margaret, who, five hundred years before, expired in a room which tradition still named ‘the blessed Margaret's chamber.’” The jealousy, ambition, and intrigues of Murray, Morton, and their faction, eventually led to the disruption of their relations with Maitland of Lethington,

and the incarceration of the same upon a charge of participation in Darnley's murder. His friend, Kirkaldy, forcibly rescued the cunning chancellor from prison, and bore him to the castle of Edinburgh, where he was in the meantime safe from the enmity of the regent and his cabal. The jealousy produced by this act, and the severities of Murray, coupled with the eloquence of Lethington, soon widened the breach between the Laird of Grange and his quondam friends, until at last, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, after the regent's murder, hoisted the banner of Queen Mary, declared the forced deed of abdication, extorted by the brutal Lindsay, as no abdication, and defied Morton and all the lords of the old confederacy. It gratifies the imagination and wonder of certain people to read of doughty deeds of old chivalry, and to see the reanimated scenes of the past burnished up like old coats of mail upon the page of history. The hearts of some people swell with something like the ardour of romance, as historiographers speak of brave knights, waving plumes, stout steeds, gay pennons, silken banners, war-cries, martial airs, and all the gay paraphernalia of tournaments and campaigns; but let it be remembered, that always beneath the hoofs of the horses of war, and beneath the wheels of war-chariots, thousands of hearts were crushed, and that ruin and desolation marked the path of strife. "It is impossible," observes Tytler, "to conceive a more miserable spectacle than that presented at this moment by the Scottish capital: the country torn and desolated by the struggles of two exasperated factions, whose passions became every day more fierce and implacable, so that the very children fought under the name of King's and Queen's men; the capital in a state of seige, whilst the wretched citizens, placed between the fires of the castle and the camp of the regent, were compelled to intermit their peaceful labours, and either to serve under the queen's banner, or to join Lennox and have their property confiscated." While the treacherous interposition of Elizabeth's ministry served but to make matters worse, "fanaticism added her horrors to the war; and the Reformed clergy, by a refusal to pray for the queen, inflamed the resentment of her friends, and gave an example of rancour to the people." All business was at an end, and all confidence between men had ceased; the bells rang no more for public worship—they tolled only the signal to arms; and the ceaseless din of the artillery thundered above the desolate capital from the dawn to the sunset of each long summer day. Skirmishes and conflicts ensued daily, even hourly; and the citizens soon learned, without emotion, to behold the dead and the dying borne through their guarded barriers. In these our days of ease and opulence, it is impossible to conceive the wretched state to which the lowlanders of Scotland were brought by the wars of those fierce factions in every part of

the country, but more especially around the capital. From the shores of the Forth to the shire of Peebles, from the ramparts of Stirling to the peak of Soutra, the fertile Lothians were one vast arena of daily war and bloodshed: the castles and strongholds of earl, lord, and laird were taken, garrisoned, and retaken; while the surrounding villages were sacked, the farmsteads ruined, growing corn cut down, destroyed, or trod to mire by the cavalry—the churches demolished, the land laid waste, the war-cry and the cannon-shot ringing on every passing breeze. "You would have seen," records the venerable Archbishop Spottiswood, "fathers against their sons, sons against their fathers, brothers fighting against brothers, nigh kinsmen and others allied together, as enemies seeking one the destruction of another. Every man, as his affection led him, joined to one party or another. But the condition of Edinburgh was, of all parts of the country, the most distressed. They that were of quiet disposition and greatest substance were forced to forsake their houses, which were rifled and abused, partly by the soldiers, and partly by necessitous people, who made profit of the present calamities." The atrocious and inhuman butcheries, called the Douglas wars, continued to rage and distract our poor country without intermission and without mercy. "No pen can adequately describe the miseries endured by the peaceful portion of the citizens during the storm of civil war which raged around them; and the peculiar spirit of the time is evinced by the fact of a drummer being sent to Leith, challenging fifty men from that town to meet and fight an equal number from the capital—a defiance never answered. Kirkaldy's soldiers made terrible havoc on the estates of their enemies: and now came those atrocities which, from being introduced by Morton, were named "the Douglas wars"—scenes of death and horror, in which both parties were so lost to the principles of humanity and the laws of honour that they appear to have become insane. It was not in the field alone that their implacable vengeance was displayed; but for two months after every engagement, both parties hanged their prisoners without regard to mercy, age, rank, or justice. Morton strung up his by fifties on a gigantic gallows at the Gallowlee, midway between Leith and the city; and the loyalists invariably displayed an equal number on a gibbet which reared its ghastly outline on the Castlehill, in view of the regent's camp. Meanwhile the distresses of the hapless citizen increased. During the severities of an inclement winter, the poor were driven from its closed and hostile gates, where the pike glittered and the cannon ever frowned; the houses of foes and fugitives were demolished, and their elaborate fronts of ornamental oak torn down and sold for fuel at an exorbitant price; a stone weight of wood was bartered for a peck of meal; the arts of peace were utterly abandoned; in

the city and around it, the Sabbath bell was heard no more, or rang only the call to arms; the fields lay untilled, while the plough rusted in the grass grown furrow; the farmhouse was bedstrove by the mailed trooper, or yoked to the clanking culverin. The surrounding hamlets and villages had all been given to the flames, and women and children fled from the bloody hearths, where fathers and husbands had perished beneath the sword of the destroyer—if not dragged away to the wheel, the rack, or the gibbet. The poor peasant who dared with his stores to approach the desolate and unused market-place, was branded with hot iron like a slave, or hanged; and even women, whom necessity forced on the same perilous errand, were scourged, burned on both cheeks, and hanged or drowned. Men heard even the voice of the preacher and the word of God in fear and trembling; for daily and nightly the galloping troopers, the booming cannon, and the volleying harquebusses, the clash of armour, and the war-cry of *God and Queen!* rang among the dark wynds and desolate streets of the capital. At one time a hundred of its citizens fled to Leith, but were driven back with blows and opprobrium, threatened with the cord as spies and adherents of Mary, and returned to find the gates closed and their houses demolished. Such were the horrors of the Douglas wars, which (save the butcheries of Cumberland) form the blackest chapter in our Scottish annals. "The cause of the queen, which had seemed at first to prosper, at last became concentrated in Kirkaldy, and, finally, her banner floated over no other spot of Scottish ground save the great dark rock of Edinburgh Castle; and there the Laird of Grange displayed that infamous cruelty and obstinacy, which gave the roofs of many undefending people to the flames, and their flesh to the hungry bandogs of Morton's brutal camp-followers. "Two days after the escape of his brother from Dalkeith, Kirkaldy resolved to make a sally into the city. It was now the gloomy month of February, and he chose a dark and stormy night, when a tempestuous wind was sweeping round the rugged cliffs of the ancient castle. Rushing forth in complete armour, at the head of a chosen band, he attacked the trenches of the regent, scoured them sword in hand, and drove the trench-guards down the Lawnmarket in disorder. After this, ere he returned, to avenge himself on the citizens for having deserted him, he ordered several thatched houses to be fired—some in the steep and narrow Castle Wynd, and others further westward in the ancient barony of the Portsburgh. The thick dry thatch blazed like tinder in the stormy wind, which blew keenly from the westward and fanned the rising flames; a fearful conflagration—one which threatened the entire destruction of the capital—ensued. From the barrier of the West Port the fire raged eastward, through all the dense alleys and wynds in succession, along the spacious and pic-

turesque market-place, past the lower Bow Port and the gloomy houses of the knights of St John, until it reached the chapel of St Magdalene and Forrester's Wynd in the then fashionable Cowgate. The wretched citizens used every means to quench the conflagration, and save their perishing property; but the cannoneers of Kirkaldy, guided by the light of twenty blazing streets, poured the bullets of their sakers, falcons, and culverins on the scene of conflagration, three hundred feet below. The utmost exertions of the people were thus rendered completely abortive; many were slain, and in the hearts of the rest, a hatred was kindled against the aggressor which even his ultimate fate did not appease. "On the 8th of March, Morton was joined by a hundred English pioneers. On the 11th they broke ground in Castlehill Street, and threw up a sence or battery, on which they worked for four consecutive days, exposed to a constant fire poured on them by the besieged from the lofty eastern curtain. They endured considerable loss until the night of the 15th, when Kirkaldy made a sally at the head of a small party, and, again scouring the trenches with sword and pike, routed the pioneers, and destroyed the fruits of their labour. For three days his cannon continued pouring death and destruction on the city—sweeping the cross wynds and raking the length of the High Street—beating down roofs and gables, and overthrowing those heavy projections of timber, and ponderous stalks of dark old chimneys, which have always formed the most striking features of the ancient city. On the 18th he compelled the blockading troops to agree to a thirteen days' truce." The demoniacal skill of Morton and Drury finally overcame the endurance and obstinacy of Kirkaldy, and he was at last constrained to yield himself to his implacable foe the Earl of Morton. Tears, entreaties, bribes, offers of service and submission, could not move the vindictive and cruel regent to spare his old comrade. He obtained his condemnation, and he commanded his execution. Kirkaldy was attended in his last moments by David Lindesay, minister of Leith, who carried his last appeal to the regent, and bore back the final answer to the Laird of Grange. "Then, Master David," replied Kirkaldy firmly, "for the love of Christ and the memory of our old friendship, do not leave me now!" Immediately afterwards, with his brother Sir James and the two burgesses, he was bound with cords and brought forth from the palace. They were placed upon conspicuous hurdles, as spectacles to the dense concourse which thronged the Abbey Close, and thus were slowly drawn backwards up that long and steep street called the Canon-gate. The pious Lindesay remained in the hurdle of Kirkaldy, who listened to his earnest exhortations and discourse with deep attention, and acknowledged the value of his ministrations with sincere gratitude. Calderwood and others give brief but graphic

notices of his last moments on the scaffold. Through streets crowded to excess by scowling and vindictive citizens, by railing churchmen and pitying loyalists, he was drawn to the ancient market-cross, surrounded by the mailed soldiers of Morton. When the bright sunset of the summer evening streamed from the westward, down the crowded and picturesque vista of that noble and lofty street, and "when he saw the day faire and the sunne shynyng cleere" on the vast gothic façade of St Giles, the high fantastic gable of the old Tolbooth, grisly with the bleaching skulls of traitors, and the grim arm of the fatal gibbet, with its cords dangling near the tall octagon column and carved battlements of the cross, "then his countenance changed," and so markedly, that Lindsay asked why. "In faith, Master David," he replied, "now I well perceive that Master Knox was a true servant of God, and that his warning is about to be accomplished. Repeat unto me his last words." The minister then rehearsed Knox's prediction, which was in every man's mouth, and in all men's memory. "The soul of that man," Knox said, "is dear to me—I would fain have saved him; but he shall be dragged forth and hanged in the face of the sun!" Lindsay added, that Knox had been "earnest with God for him—was sorry for that which should befall his bodie, for the love he bore him; but was assured there was mercy for his soule." "May his words prove true!" rejoined Kirkaldy fervently, and requested Lindsay to repeat them over to him once more. Knox had been one of his oldest and earliest friends, and now the strong spirit of the stately soldier was so subdued, that he shed tears while Lindsay spoke. He expressed regret for the answer he had sent to Knox's friendly message, and added, with humility, that he was sincerely penitent for any sins of which he had unwittingly been guilty. To the last he expressed the most devoted and unshaken attachment to his country and its unhappy queen. John Durie, another clergyman of Leith, attended him on the scaffold. "Master David," said he with an unaltered manner, as Lindsay was about to descend from the fatal platform, "I hope that, after men shall think I am dead and gone, I shall give them a token of assurance of mercy to my soul, according to the words of Knox, that man of God." The ministers retired. Exactly at four in the afternoon, he was thrust off the ladder by which he had ascended the scaffold. "The sun being about the north-west corner of the steeple (of St Giles)," continues the superstitious Calderwood, "as he was hanging, his face was set towards the east, but within a prettie space, turned about to the west against the sunne, and so remained; at which time Mr David marked him—when all supposed he was dead—to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and to lay them down againe softlie, which moved him with exclamatione to glorifie God before the people!"

Then the people cried aloud that the prophecy of Knox was fulfilled. Thus died Kirkaldy of Grange, and thus closed the last chapter of Mary's history in poor, torn, lacerated, bleeding, debased, demoralised Scotland.

KNOX, JOHN, was born at Gifford, in East Lothian, in 1505. In his boyhood he attended the grammar-school of Haddington, and in the year 1522 he was sent by his father to the University of Glasgow, and the name of Johannes Knox stands among the incorporati of that year. His preceptor was Mair or Major, at that time Professor of Theology and Philosophy, who removed in the following year to St Andrews, whether Knox followed him, and where he taught his current philosophy. Before his twenty-fifth year, Knox was ordained to the priesthood. But his examination of Popish theology as usually taught did not satisfy him, and from the writings of Jerome and Augustine, he turned to the study of the Scriptures themselves. By degrees he renounced scholastic theology as useless and unsound; and about the year 1535, his mind began that decided process of scrutiny and repudiation which ended in his withdrawal from St Andrews, and the vengeful arm of Cardinal Beaton, and in his formal avowal of Protestantism about the year 1542. He soon found an asylum at Langmidge, in the house of Hugh Douglas, to whose sons he acted for a short time as tutor. The principles of the Reformation had now been spreading for some time—the stake had been consuming its victims—the murder of Cardinal Beaton had produced an immense excitement, the conspirators still held the castle of St Andrews, and, as it was reckoned a place of safety, Knox and his pupils took refuge in it at Easter, in the year 1547. Here he taught and exhorted, and being called to the ministry, exercised also the functions of a Christian pastor, and solemnly dispensed, for the first time in public in Scotland, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, after the primitive and Protestant mode. But, in the month of June, a French fleet came to the assistance of the Regent Arran, invested the castle, and forced it to capitulate. Knox and some others were transported to Rouen, confined on board the galleys, and loaded with chains. After a severe and unhealthy imprisonment of nineteen months, he was liberated in February, 1549, and repaired to England; was at once recommended to the English Council, and sent by Crammer to preach in Berwick. For two years he continued there, labouring with characteristic ardour, exposing the delusions of Popery with no unsparing hand, and gaining hosts of converts to the cause of the Reformation. Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, cited him to Newcastle, and the undaunted Knox delivered a public vindication in presence of the bishop and the learned priests of his cathedral, and so increased his fame that the privy council in London appointed him one of King Edward's chaplains,

with a salary of £10 a-year. He was consulted also about some changes in the Book of Common Prayer and general form of service for the English Church. His plain speech in the North of England made him many enemies, so that he was summoned to appear at London, where he had already declined a living, and commanded to vindicate himself; and he was there in full enjoyment of the royal patronage, when King Edward died, 6th July 1553. After the accession of Mary he left the capital, preached in various parts of the country, and was married at Berwick to Marjory Bowes, a young lady to whom he had been long and warmly attached. Finding himself in increasing jeopardy, he left the kingdom and landed at Dieppe, on the 20th January 1554, set out the next month, and travelled through France to Switzerland, was cordially received by the leading divines of the Helvetic Churches, returned to Dieppe in order to gain information from his native land; went back to Geneva and won the friendship of Calvin; was again at Dieppe to learn still more of his family and the cause of truth in Scotland, took charge for a brief time of a disturbed church at Frankfort, re-visited Geneva, and recrossed the channel in 1555. After visiting his wife at Berwick, he preached in Edinburgh and various parts of the country, patronised by many of the nobility and gentry; dispensed the Lord's Supper in Ayrshire, the region of the Scottish Lollards; was, in consequence of his zealous labours, ordered to sist himself before a convention of the clergy, in the church of the Blackfriars at Edinburgh; but the summons was set aside and the "diet deserted." Being about this time chosen pastor of the English congregation at Geneva, he, with his family, departed for Switzerland, and remained in Geneva for the two following years. The English version, usually called the Geneva Bible, was made at this time by the English exiles, and here, too, Knox blew "The first blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous regiment of women." A series of changes favourable to the Reformation had, in the meanwhile, been taking place in Scotland, the Protestants had greatly multiplied, the prospect of coming persecution had banded them together, and Knox, on their invitation, landed at Leith, 2d May 1559. No sooner was it known to the terrified priesthood that the ardent reformer had returned, than he was proclaimed an outlaw. Joining with his brethren, he repaired to Perth, and preached zealously against idolatry, while the chicanery of the Queen Regent, and the accidental folly of a priest so enraged the mob, that they pulled down several religious houses and churches, overthrew the altars, and defaced the pictures and images. This tumult, the origin of which has been often misrepresented, Knox distinctly ascribes to the "rascal multitude." The Queen Regent mustered her host to quell these riots, and the Protestant leaders, aware of her ultimate

design, raised an army in self-defence; but a treaty prevented any hostile engagement. The lords of the congregation were now alarmed into activity. Knox went down to St Andrews, and soon, as the effect of his instructions, the Popish worship was peacefully abolished, and the church stripped at once of all idolatrous symbols. This example was quickly, but not as peacefully followed in many other parts of the Kingdom; and so there perished many valuable works of art, which had been degraded by their application to superstitious purposes. When his party had obtained temporary possession of Edinburgh, Knox was chosen minister of the city, but he retired with his Protestant forces on the approach of the Regent; made an extensive tour, and preached in many of the larger towns. After being formally ordained at Edinburgh in 1560, he pursued with ceaseless zeal the work of reformation; a confession had been already drawn up, a Book of Discipline was added, and the organization of the Church was so far matured that the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held at Edinburgh on the 21st December 1560. No sooner had Queen Mary arrived in Scotland, than she had a long interview with the stern reformer, after a sermon which had offended her. This was followed by several meetings, but to no purpose. Knox's sermons at this time were bold, defiant, and mighty—his tongue was a match for Mary's sceptre. He was accused of high treason, but acquitted, in spite of all the malignant influence of queen and court. After being about three years a widower, he married in March, 1564, Margaret, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, and connected with the royal blood of Scotland. His dispute with the Abbot of Crossraguel about this period is familiar to most readers. The reformer persevered amidst growing difficulties—the marriage of the Queen with Darnley, and its melancholy consequences—the attempt to restore Popery—the assassination of Rizzio—his own virtual banishment, and the Queen's refusal of permission for him to return to Edinburgh. Darnley was murdered—Mary wedded Bothwell, soon resigned in favour of her son; appointed the Earl of Murray regent during his minority, and fled to England; the good Regent was assassinated; but Knox still kept his post at Edinburgh. Yet the Regent's death, and his own multifarious anxieties and labours during these critical times, preyed upon his constitution, and in October, 1570, he was struck with apoplexy. In the course of a few weeks he was able to preach again; but not with his wonted vigour. In the meantime the Queen's party gained strength by the weakness of Lennox, the abilities of Maitland, and the defection of Kirkcaldy of Grange, and when the civil war broke out he retired to St Andrews, still carrying on by tongue, pen, and counsel, the great work to which his life had been devoted. During a cessation of arms he returned to Edinburgh,

and shone out in his pristine style, when, on hearing of the massacre of St Bartholomew, he denounced, in glowing terms, Charles IX. of France. Sickness, however, soon seized his emaciated frame, and after a very brief period of increasing debility, he died 24th November 1572. Two days afterwards his body was interred in the churchyard of St Giles. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of weeping and afflicted people, as well as of the resident nobility, and the Regent Morton pronounced over him the well-known eulogium, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." Knox was of small stature, and by no means of a robust constitution. His character has been portrayed very differently by various writers. Indiscriminate eulogy would be here as much out of place, as sweeping censure would be unjust. The reformer was cast upon an age of violence and change, and he needed a correspondent energy. Elegance and delicacy of language were not common at the period, and would have been crushed in the tumult. Knox spoke and wrote his honest thoughts in transparent terms, in terse and homely simplicity, and with far less of uncouthness and solecism than might be imagined. He was obliged to appear, not like a scholar in the graceful folds of an academic toga, but as a warrior clad in mail, and armed at all points for self-defence and aggression. It must have been a mighty mind that could leave its impress on an entire nation, and on succeeding ages. He was inflexible in maintaining what he felt to be right, and intrepid in defending it. His life was menaced several times, but he moved not from the path of duty. The genial affections of home, friendship, and kindred, often stirred his heart amidst all his sternness and decision. In short he resembled the hills of his native country, which, with their tall and splintered precipices, their shaggy sides, and wild sublimity of aspect, yet often conceal in their bosom green valleys, clear streams, and luxuriant pastures.

L.

LATTO, THOMAS C., was born in 1818 in the parish of Kingsbarns. Instructed in the elementary branches of education by Mr Latto, his father, parochial teacher in that town, he entered, in his fourteenth year, the United College of St Andrews. Having studied during five sessions at this university, he was in 1838 admitted into the writing chambers of Mr John Hunter, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, Auditor of the Court of Session. He subsequently became advocate's clerk to Mr William E. Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, and Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland. After a period of employment as a Parliament House Clerk, he accepted the situation of managing clerk to a writer in Dundee. In 1852 he

entered into business as a commission agent in Glasgow. Subsequently emigrating to the United States of America, he was engaged in mercantile concerns at New York. Latto first became known as a song-writer in the pages of "Whistle-binkie." In 1845 he edited a poem entitled "The Minister's Kail Yard," which, with a number of lyrics of his own composition, appeared in a duodecimo volume. To the "Book of Scottish Song" he made several esteemed contributions, besides furnishing sundry pieces of versification of merit to *Blackwood* and *Tait's Magazines*.

THE KISS ABINT THE DOOR.

TUNE—*There's nae luck about the house.*

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss;
While's mair than in a score;
But wae betak't the stoulen smack
I took abint the door.

O laddie, whist! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in before,
Fou brawly did my mither hear
The kiss abint the door.
The wa's are thick—ye need'na fear;
But gin they jeer and mock,
I'll swear it was a startet cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
An' as for me, I could hae crept
Into a mouse's hole.
The mither look't—saves how she look't—
Thae mitherers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss abint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The deuce gudeman, tho' he was there,
As weel might been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thumb;
But titterin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's night for me they might
Hae stood abint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began;
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up—
I to my heels and ran.
A besom whiskit by my lug,
An' dishelous half a score;
Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
At kissin' abint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

LAWSON, GEORGE, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, a native of Fifeshire, was born in the year 1827, at Maryton, a beautiful village on the banks of the Tay, not far from Flisk, where Dr Fleming spent so many years of his life, and on whose ministrations, in former years, several of Dr Lawson's relatives attended. The family, soon after his birth, removed to Dundee, but most of his childhood summers were spent with a relative in a secluded cottage on the Newton Hill, near Kilmarny. There ample opportunities were afforded for