

acknowledgment of services, in which he held chief command; and three times for those in which he held a subordinate situation. Twice by name he obtained the thanks of Parliament; and he bore three medals, one for Maida, one for Vittoria, and one for the siege of St Sebastian. He was nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath at the enlargement of the Order in 1815; was advanced to the grade of Grand Cross, February 25, 1824, and was invested at Carlton House 9th June following. In July 1818 he obtained the Colonelcy of the Rifle Brigade. In August 1819 he received the brevet of Lieutenant-General, and the 9th October following was removed from the Rifle Brigade to the Colonelcy of the 35th Foot. In politics Sir John Oswald was a zealous Conservative, but highly esteemed by all parties. He died at Dunniker, June 8, 1840. He was twice married; first, in January 1812, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Rev. Lord Charles Murray-Aynsley, uncle to the Duke of Atholl, and that lady having died, February 22, 1827, he married, secondly, in October 1829, her cousin, Emily Jane, daughter of Lord Henry Murray, who survived him.

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PAGE, DAVID, F. R. S. E., F. G. S., Edinburgh, was born at Lochgelly, Fifeshire, about the beginning of the present century. He was educated at the school of Auchterderran, and afterwards at the Universities of St Andrews and Edinburgh, with a view to entering the clerical profession, but Mr Page preferred to devote himself almost exclusively to literary pursuits. He studied the natural sciences; and geology and physical geography had for him peculiar attractions. On his return from a geological excursion in 1853, he became proprietor of the *Fifeshire Journal*, which he conducted for many years with great success, delivering at intervals a popular course of lectures on geology. Having disposed of the property of the *Fifeshire Journal* in 1857, Mr Page has ever since taken a warm interest in all social questions, and has devoted himself to various scientific pursuits, which have given him a high character amongst learned men. Besides giving great attention to the selection and accuracy of his geological observations, he has from time to time published their results in such forms as render them immediately useful—a practice which by degrees will doubtless be generally followed. His last work, so far as we know, is "The Philosophy of Geology—a Brief Review of the Aim, Scope, and Character of Geological Enquiry." It is sad to think that our benefactors are so often overlooked and unrequited while they live, and that when they die attempts are made to atone for neglect by building monuments to their memory. We are so very apt to enthroned the great master teachers in our regard, and

to pay but slight attention to those who, amid much care and pain, may have assiduously led us to that elevation in which we caught the light of the greater spirits. We undoubtedly owe most to those who first have quickened our impulses, and taught us to seek after excellence. And yet we are too prone to worship confirmed greatness—to bow before the Lyells and the Murchisons, and forget the Pages and the Geikies, who taught us somewhat of the measure of these vast minds. Mr Page belongs to both the higher and the lower class of geologists, if we may so speak—he is one of the men who deal at once with facts and with principles, and who, on that account, stand as interpreters between the select few and the inquiring many. And we are glad that his claims for recognition have met with grateful acknowledgment generally. He has clearly shown his right to a seat among the first of geologists; but because he has chosen rather to simplify and interpret than to systematise on a grand scale, there was some danger that the highest place might be denied him. For, through his clear, simple, and masterly expositions, he has been a benefactor to not a few who were toiling wearily amid doubts and conflicting evidence; and he has, without doubt, done more to place the science on a firmer footing—to reconcile it as far as possible with our received notions of creation, and to popularise and spread a genuine love for the study of it than any man living. And there has always in his writings been evidence of so much labour and carefulness—such a manifest determination to test every fact by research, that he more than any other may rightly have assigned to him the title of "Guide to young students of Geology." And, unlike some pretentious individuals who fancy that a general smattering of scientific knowledge will enable them to write popularly he knows and feels that the clearer and simpler he desires to write, the deeper he must think, and the more thorough must be his investigations. He is, therefore, himself an arduous and constant student. He is one of the ardent and hard-working disciples of science, whose example, when it is fully beheld, must be infectious. In this new volume Mr Page deals with the principles of the science, and proceeds to elucidate and simplify them much in the same way as in the last volume he dealt with the facts of the science, or the accumulated result of geological research. He then sought to arrange and label, so to speak, the various materials which form the subject of the science; now he attempts to enunciate the necessary principles under which these must be dealt with and interpreted. In a very lucid and yet compendious fashion he sets forth the aims of the geologist, defines succinctly as he goes the limits to which he must submit; and while pointing out the best principles for the practical geologist to follow, he indicates the results to which the science may ulti-

mately lead. We can confidently recommend the book to those who have begun the study of geology. His other principal treatises on scientific subjects are as follows:—"Introductory Text-Book of Geology;" "Advanced Text-Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial;" "The Geological Examiner;" "Hand-Book of Geological Terms and Geology;" "The Past and Present Life of the Globe;" "Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography;" "Advanced Text-Book of Physical Geography;" "The Earth's Crust: a Handy Outline of Geology." One of his last works is his "Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography." No man but an accomplished scholar and geologist could have given us a text-book of physical geography really worthy of the name; and if there was one man to whom more than to another we had a right to look for a supply of what was wanted, it was surely to the talented author of the "Past and Present Life of the Globe." Of Mr Page's admirable endowments for the task to which he has applied himself it is unnecessary here to speak. *Multum et terris jactatus et alto*, he must long have had all the principles and most of the facts of the science at his finger ends. One enters on the perusal of the text-book, therefore, with the confidence which the man inspires who undertakes to show you his own house, and explain to you all its facilities, conveniences, and accommodation. Nor is Physical Geography any more than "Divine Philosophy," that harsh and crabbed thing, which, to the ill-informed, the name of the science might seem to suggest. Text-book as Mr Page's volume is, the circulating library has not many works which an intelligent and thoughtful reader would peruse with more satisfaction and relish. His style is, for one thing, admirably adapted to the elucidation of scientific truth. His arrangement is always excellent, and he marshals his facts in a way which, by making them mutually interpret each other, is as much calculated to assist the memory as to gratify the taste and satisfy the judgment. We venture, therefore, to anticipate for the author of the "Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography" an honourable and welcome place among the Berghouses, and Humboldts, and Somervilles, who have given to the science all, and more than all, the fascination of romance. This science demonstrates that there is no caprice in nature. It shows how necessary the regular and harmonious action of the aqueous and atmospheric machinery of the globe is to our existence and comfort; and it points out how admirably this regularity is secured. It expounds the laws that determine the distribution of animals and plants. We ascend the tropical mountains with Mr Page, and find that in the torrid zone itself there is a climate for the lichen as well as for the palm. The physical geographer proves that the so-called irregularities of temperature, the waves of the isotherm, and

the oscillations of the snow-line are determined as exactly as the jags in the orbit of the planet Uranus. He addresses us in the words of Mrs Barbauld's hymn, "Come and I will show you what is glorious." He uplifts the veil from the face of nature, and displays it shining with the oil of gladness. The whole earth becomes a solemn temple in which the voice of science praises the Lord from the heavens and in the heights—fire, and hail, and snow, and vapour joining the sublime hallelolah. And we feel that the facts by which our life is circumstantiated are indeed held together by that golden chain of cause and effect, the first links of which are lost in the brightness of the throne on high.

PARK, The Rev. JOHN, D.D., minister of the Parish Church of St Andrews, first charge, was born in the year 1804, and died suddenly at St Andrews on the 8th of April 1865. The cause of death was paralysis. The sad intelligence soon spread and cast a gloom over the city, for Dr Park was deeply and affectionately beloved not only by his own congregation but by the entire community, who mourned his sudden departure with deep and sincere sorrow. Dr Park was a native of Greenock, and was educated at Glasgow University. He was ordained in 1831, and would be about sixty-one years of age when he died. The period of his ministry is exactly divided into three decades. He was for ten years minister of a large and influential congregation in Liverpool, whence he was translated to the pastorate charge of the church and parish of Glencairn, in the Presbytery of Penpont, in Dumfriesshire, where, for nearly as long a term, he laboured with much acceptance among an attached people. When, on the death in March 1854 of the late Principal Haldane, who was also first minister of St Andrews, the first ministerial charge of the parish became vacant, the Crown, in whom is vested the appointment, allowed the parishioners to choose a minister for themselves. Among many eminent ministers who were recommended to fill this very important charge was Dr Park. A deputation having been sent by the congregation to hear him preach, returned with so favourable an opinion of him that, upon their recommendation, the parishioners at once petitioned the Crown to give him the appointment. He was presented with the church and parish, upon the duties of which he entered in September 1854. He was not long minister in this parish when the St Andrews University conferred upon him the degree of D.D. The more immediate occasion of it, as many will yet remember, was a sermon which he preached before the University on the text, "There is nothing new under the sun," a discourse which was so eloquent that the students could barely resist from applauding it, and the Professors testified their appreciation of his abilities upon this and other occasions by conferring upon him the honour of which he was eminently worthy, and

which always sat so lightly and gracefully upon him. As a preacher he was both eloquent and impressive. His discourses were characterised by independence and power of thought, by vigor of style, and above all by chaste and beautiful expression; and he was listened to by an attached flock, who now sadly mourn his loss. In private he was ever kind and courteous, and his amiable disposition won for him not only his congregation, but we might say, the whole of the citizens, as his friends and admirers. In many public positions he will be greatly missed. He was one of the Trustees of the Madras College, and assuch ever took a faithful and careful interest in all that concerns the welfare of that large institution. He was honorary chaplain of the Rifle Volunteers, whom he greatly encouraged by his counsel and example. In testimony of the high respect in which he was held, all the public bodies in the town attended the funeral on Thursday. The procession was the largest of the kind ever witnessed in St Andrews. The funeral took place under circumstances peculiarly solemn and imposing. The departed was deeply beloved, and this was evinced by the commotion and excitement created at his interment. Multitudes crowded the thoroughfares and streets around Hope Street before the hour appointed at which the funeral procession was to move. The crowds of people were not noisy, but sad looking, and eager to catch a glimpse of the bier as it passed along to the churchyard, bearing with it the mortal remains of one who was friend, counsellor, and pastor; one whom they knew to be great in their midst, and whose loss they felt to be great indeed, and more than ordinary. Never in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant has there been such a large procession of the kind seen in St Andrews, and on no occasion has there been witnessed such a genuine and general expression of deep sorrow and grief at the funeral of any individual holding a similar position, as that which was displayed by the citizens of St Andrews on Thursday. The arrangements for the funeral procession were made by Provost Milton, and reflected on him the highest credit—as everything passed off decently and in order, as befitted the solemn occasion. Divine service was conducted in St Mary's Church, before the funeral, by the Rev. Matthew Rodger, of St Leonard's, where the different bodies connected with the city assembled. The Rev. Dr Cook and the Rev. Alexander Hill conducted the service in the house. The order of the procession was as follows:—

Firing party of Rifle Volunteers.

Teachers and Scholars of Madras College.
The Provost, Magistrates, & Town Council.
University.

THE BODY.

Private Friends.

Kirk-Session.

Presbytery of St Andrews.

General Public.

Artillery and Rifle Volunteers.

The solemn cortege extended through several streets. On reaching the grave, those in front halted, and opened out and allowed the bier to pass on. The coffin was then lowered into the grave—earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. The Rifle Volunteers then gave the parting salute, and thus terminated the performance of the last rite to the mortal remains of one much beloved, deeply lamented, and who will be long remembered with feelings of profound respect and veneration by an attached community. We have already intimated that Dr Park was no ordinary preacher. About six months after his death a volume of his sermons was published by William Blackwood and Sons, containing twenty discourses. These discourses completely demonstrate that the form of literary production called a sermon, though often dull and insipid in the hands of a drivelling preacher, becomes, in the hands of a man of intellect, of learning, and taste, one of the highest and most effective forms of literature. The work is a most scholar-like, richly-suggestive, and impressive volume. It contains no new doctrines; nothing but sound orthodox, settled and unquestioned divinity. Of the twenty discourses alluded to six are lectures, all taken from the book of Psalms. The remaining fourteen are sermons on a variety of subjects. Of these perhaps the three best are the first, "On the Uniformity of the Divine Laws"—an admirable discourse; the sixth, "On Sorrow for the Departed;" and the seventh, "On Spiritual Awakening." The main topics discussed in the whole of these discourses are always presented in language singularly pure and classical, and illustrated by multitudinous and happy references to the various departments of nature, science, literature, and art. There is no straining at effect—no declamation; all is calm, manly, dignified. The author's illustrations are numerous, and all from matters of fact, expressed in language singularly copious and flowing. Altogether, it is a volume of extraordinary merit, and does credit to the memory of Dr Park. It is so richly and strikingly illustrated by facts and allusions—historical, literary, philosophic, and even statistical—that it is impossible for the readers' attention to flag for a moment; so enlivened by sentiments of the noblest kind, expressed in language which never descends to common place, that no one can read without having the heart warmed, as well as having the intellect instructed. But without further observation, we shall give some extracts from these discourses, as examples of the author's elegant style and composition.

THE NATIONAL RECOGNITION OF
CHRISTIANITY.

"The obligation of obedience to the Son of God certainly lies doubly upon all in authority, because from their station their influence is the greater. We never could

understand that reasoning by which many seem desirous of teaching us, that while every one, as an individual ought to be a Christian, yet that, in the capacity of kings and queens, legislators, judges or magistrates, they ought to be of no religion at all. If all that is meant by this were merely to assert the necessity of impartiality and religious toleration on the part of the magistrate, we might find no fault with the intention, but the way in which it is often stated would still be liable to objection; for it would literally amount to this, that Christianity ought to be excluded from all our public laws and measures. But this is not the place to enter on the argument. We merely say, that if no Christian can divest himself of the obligations of Christianity in private life, as little can he get free from Christian obligation in his public acts, and that a doctrine which would lead him to dispense with it, in any character, certainly seems at least to be seriously at variance with the injunction of my text. No doubt difficulties must often occur. In this, as in every other matter of duty, it were strange if we never had difficulties to contend with. But no difficulties can ever make it right that a magistrate's Christianity is to be submerged and swallowed up in his official character; whether as king or judge, Christ's authority is as binding upon him in all his acts as on the meanest of his fellow-creatures. To promote what he conscientiously believes is for God's glory and the people's good is the solemn duty of every one in authority, and happy were the land where all rule was consecrated to such ends, and exerted to secure them. For over all the powers of this world one invisible but universal King reigns in irresistible power. He raiseth up and putteth down; and as He, at His pleasure, gives the breath of life to his creatures or takes it away, so doth He revive a nation too, or utterly destroy it, and sweep it from the face of the earth."—(P. 36.)

THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED AND THE
SPIRIT WORLD.

"There is a rest for both the body and the soul, which may be well compared to sleep—gentle, reviving, and refreshing sleep; pain and care and anxiety are over for both for ever. The aching head shall never more be vainly laid upon a restless pillow. The anxious mind shall never more count the hours as they strike, and wish, perhaps, that death itself would come at last to end the weary waking. The gentle time of God's own peace hath closed over the stormy night, and soul and frame, although in different ways, partake the welcome blessing. In different ways we say, for the rest in Jesus implies no insensibility in the departed spirit. Far from that. Some have thought the soul to be as dead as the body during the interval between death and the resurrection. But we have more than once reminded you how decided the testimony of Scripture appears to be against the supposition. When John saw in vision the

souls of those who had been slain, and heard them crying with a loud voice; when our Lord told the penitent thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me paradise;' when in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, we read of both being immediately carried to their several destinations in the spiritual world; when the apostle expressed his desire to depart and be with Christ—'Absent from the body and present with the Lord;'—in these and many other intimations, a plain proof was undoubtedly intended that the day, the hour, the moment of the body's death is the beginning of heaven's rest to the soul of a Christian. Blessed moment, indeed, for him! Better far than the most joyous hour he ever knew on earth! Ah! when the last sigh passes from the worn-out frame, and the corpse is lying lifeless before us, and the first burst of bereavement may be like a cry of anguish, as if some great calamity had befallen our beloved, how great is the contrast between the spiritual and the natural world. For even at that very moment of grief on earth there is joy in heaven. While friends below are weeping round the unconscious clay, friends above are welcoming the spirit home, and the disencumbered soul, leaving all darkness and sin behind, beholds, as it never saw before, all things in the light of God's everlasting love. Yea, at one comprehensive look, perhaps, the soul knows how immense is the difference between sin and holiness, the sorrow of the one and the happiness of the other. At one glance, assuredly, the spirit knows that all the darkness of death is past for ever—that the river is crossed—that the cloud has been passed through—that for ever and ever, to all eternity, there is to be no more grief and no more dying; and how joyful beyond our conception must be the hearing then of such words as these—"Come, beloved of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you!" It is only such truths as these which can render the bereavements, which we all may look for, means of grace and benefit to our own souls. Unhappy is the hopeless grief of him who sees no benefit in death to those who were most worthy of his best affection!—who sees them but as drops of water fallen into a wide ocean of oblivion, never to emerge again! And it is only such truths which can truly reconcile us to our separation for a time from those whose smiles were the chief charms of our households, and whose kind voices were the sweetest music of our homes."—(P. 227.)

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

"Whether in consequence of the change from the natural to the spiritual body, or some other reason, it has been supposed, though not generally, that in the heavenly state, and after the resurrection, we shall not be known to each other as those with whom we were connected in the present world; that the memory of past attachments shall there be lost, and that they whom we

loved here shall there be undiscoverable by us as those formerly loved and longed for. Surely there is something cold-hearted in this too lofty imagination. Happily, as it appears to us, there are sufficient Scriptural testimonies against it. We are told, for instance, in the words of Jesus, that His people shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, thus distinctly specifying certain individuals who shall be known then as the glorified fathers of the children of Israel—and yet shall these patriarchs not know each other? Paul says, in his epistle to the Colossians, that he preached, warning and teaching, that he might present every man perfect in Christ. Where was he to present them but before God in glory? and yet was he not to know them, or they to know him, there? To the Thessalonians themselves he says, elsewhere—'For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?' And yet can it be conceived that in the presence of Christ at His coming they should not know each other? We read, too, that the apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration saw whom they understood to be Moses and Elias communing with Christ—was that scene to be forgotten when they entered heaven? or, were Moses and Elias to be known in glory only by sinners on earth, and not by saints above? Our Lord, too, represents the rich man in torments as seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Does this intimate forgetfulness of those with whom we have been connected in this world? And, not to multiply instances unnecessarily, let us just look at the argument of the passage before us. 'Sorrow not,' says the apostle, 'for the dead in Christ, as those who have no hope.' No hope of what? Most certainly of ever seeing them again. Sorrow not, for God shall bring them—*them*, the same persons—with Him.' And bring them to whom? Why, to those who were mourning their loss; and what comfort could there be in these words to them if they were never to know these friends again as such? Nay, nay; we need never doubt that we shall know in Heaven the Christian friends whom we loved on earth. We shall yet, we humbly trust, walk with them before the throne of the most high God. We shall yet recount to each other the triumphs of that grace in which we were mutually partakers, and heighten each other's gratitude to the Redeemer by our mutual recollections of His wisdom and His mercy."—(P. 230.)

PATON, JOSEPH NOEL, R.S.A., an historical painter, was born at Dunfermline, in Fifeshire, in 1823; the son of Mr J. F. Paton, senior, an able artist and pattern designer, still living. He never studied at any public school of art, although in 1843 admitted a student of the Royal Academy of London. He first became known to the public as the author of "Outline Illustrations to Shakespeare and Shelley;" productions whose fanciful grace scarcely compen-

ates for their want of simplicity and nature. His first serious effort was a cartoon of "The Spirit of Religion," produced in 1845. To the competition of 1847 he sent two oil pictures of striking dissimilarity in character, "Christ Bearing the Cross," and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," the latter of which received the second-class prize of £300, having been previously purchased for the Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy. In 1849 he painted "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," now in the Scottish National Gallery, which, exhibited with other productions of modern English artists, at the Paris Exhibition of 1853, received "honourable mention" from the jurors. His pictures of "Dante" and "The Dear Lady" prepared the public for the more serious tone of succeeding works, and more especially for his large and elaborate allegorical picture "The Pursuit of Pleasure," which confirmed the high reputation of the artist. "Home" represented the return of a Crimean soldier, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, enjoyed a wide popularity, was esteemed as one of the artist's most perfect works, and copied for the Royal Exhibition by command of Her Majesty. "In Memoriam," a work of high aim, and minute truthfulness of execution, was one of the leading pictures in the Royal Academy's Exhibition of 1858. The earlier works of this painter are characterised by overflowing fancy and elaborate detail; those which he has produced of later years have obviously a higher and more serious purpose, and though not less minute in execution, are much more true to nature. The prices which this artist has received for his recent works, show the high estimation in which he is held. His "Pursuit of Pleasure," sold to Mr A. Hill, a printseller of Edinburgh, was again sold by him for two thousand guineas, while "In Memoriam" fetched twelve hundred pounds. Mr Paton was appointed to the office of Queen's Limner in Scotland, lately vacant by the lamented death of Sir John Watson Gordon.

PITCAIRN, ARCHIBALD, an eminent physician and ingenious poet, was born at Edinburgh, December 25, 1652. His father, Alexander Pitcairne, who was engaged in trade, and became one of the magistrates of that city, was a descendant of the ancient family of Pitcairne of Pitcairne, in Fifeshire, and his mother, whose name was Sydsersf, belonged to a good family in the county of Haddington, descended from Sydsersf of Ruthlaw. He commenced his classical education at the school of Dalkeith, and from thence removed in 1668 to the University of Edinburgh, where he obtained in 1671 his degree of M.A. He studied first divinity, and then the civil law, the latter of which he pursued with so much ardour as to injure his health. He was, in consequence, advised by his physicians to proceed to the south of France; but by the time he reached Paris he found himself much recovered, and resolved to attend the law

classes at the University there. Meeting, however, with some of his countrymen, who were medical students, he was induced to abandon the study of the law, and for several months attended the hospitals with them. On his return to Edinburgh he became acquainted with Dr David Gregory, the celebrated Professor of Mathematics, and directing his attention to the exact sciences, he soon attained to such proficiency as to make some improvements in the method of infinite series, then lately invented. Believing, with many learned men of his time, that there was some necessary connection between mathematics and medicine, and hoping to reduce the healing art to geometrical precision, he finally fixed on physic as a profession. There being, however, in Edinburgh at this period, no other medical school than the sick-chamber and the drug-shop, he returned to Paris about 1675, where he prosecuted his medical studies with diligence and enthusiasm. In August 1680 he received from the Faculty of Rheims the degree of M.D., which in August 1689 was likewise conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen. After making himself master of the science of medicine from the earliest periods, he returned to Edinburgh, with the firm resolution to reform and improve it in practice. In November 1681 the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh was incorporated, and his name, as one of the first members, graced the original patent from the crown. He settled as a physician in his native city, and ere long rose to the highest eminence in his profession. Soon after establishing himself in Edinburgh, he married Margaret, daughter of Colonel James Hay of Pitfour, who died, after bearing him a son and a daughter, when he wrote an elegiac poem to her memory. The children, also, were soon removed by death. In 1688 he published his "*Solutio Problematis de Inventoribus*," in vindication of Harvey's claim to the discovery of the circulation of the blood. In consequence of his high reputation, he was invited, in 1692, by the Curators of the University of Leyden, to fill the chair of Physic there, at that time vacant. His well-known Jacobite principles excluding him from all public employments at home, he accepted the invitation, and delivered his inaugural oration on the 26th of April of that year. During his residence at Leyden, where among his pupils was the celebrated Boerhaave, he published several dissertations, chiefly with the view of showing the utility of mathematics in the study of medicine. In little more than a year after he returned to Scotland to fulfil a matrimonial engagement with Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Archibald Stevenson, one of the King's Physicians at Edinburgh. This lady he married in 1693, and as her friends were unwilling that she should leave her native place, he resigned his chair at Leyden, and once more settled in practice in Edinburgh. His great success, however,

as well as his powers of satire, soon raised around him a host of enemies, and he was attacked in various publications of the period, particularly in a sarcastic little volume, entitled "*Apollo Mathematicus*," the production of Doctor, afterwards Sir Edward, Eyzat. Sir Robert Sibbald having published a treatise in ridicule of the new method of applying geometry to physic, Dr Pitcairne published an answer in 1696, under the title of "*Dissertatio de Legibus Historiæ Naturalis*." The opposition to him was shown even within the College of Physicians itself. Having, on 18th November 1695, tendered a protest against the admission of certain Fellows, one of whom was Dr Eyzat, on account of its having been conducted in an irregular manner, the matter was referred to a committee, who, on the 22d, delivered in a report that Dr Pitcairne's protestation was "a calumnious, scandalous, false, and arrogant paper." The meeting approving of this report, did thereupon suspend him "from voting in the College, or sitting in any meeting thereof;" nay, it was even proposed to prohibit him from the practice of physic. After a violent and protracted contention, during which various attempts at reconciliation were made, the President, Dr Dundas, on January 4, 1704, proposed an act of oblivion, which was unanimously agreed to, and Dr Pitcairne resumed his seat in the College. In October 1701 the College of Surgeons admitted him a Fellow, an honour which had never been bestowed upon any other physician. He appears to have held, also, the nominal appointment of Medical Professor in the University of Edinburgh. During the year last mentioned he republished his *Medical Treatises*, with some new ones, at Rotterdam, in one volume 4to, under the title of "*Dissertationes Medicæ*," dedicating the work to Lorenzo Bellini, professor at Piza, who had inscribed his "*Opuscula*" to him. A more correct edition of the same appeared a few months before his death. Dr Pitcairne died at Edinburgh, October 20, 1713, and was interred in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. By his second wife he had a son and four daughters, one of whom, Janet, was, in October 1731, married to the Earl of Kellie. His chief work was published in 1718, under the title of "*Elementa Medicinæ Physico-Mathematica*," being his lectures at Leyden. An addition of his whole works appeared at Venice in 1733, and at Leyden in 1737. He was universally considered as the first physician of his time. He is said to have had one of the best private libraries of that day, which, after his decease, was purchased by the Czar of Russia. His Latin poems, collected after his death, were, with others, published by Roddiman, in 1727, in a small volume, entitled, "*Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcairni et ailorum*;" and, according to Lord Woodhouselee, they comprise almost all that are of any value in that publication. He was also the author of a comedy called

"The Assembly," printed at London in 1722, which Mr George Chalmers says is "personal and political, sarcastic and profane, and never could have been acted on any stage." It may be noticed before concluding this biographical sketch, that Dr Pitcairne, at the solicitation of his literary and political friends, was in the habit of printing for private circulation the numerous *jeux d'esprit* which he composed from time to time with extraordinary facility. These were generally on single leaves or sheets of writing paper, and many of them were distinguished for their brilliancy and elegant Latinity; but, from this ephemeral way of distributing them, few of them, it is supposed, have been preserved. The late Archibald Constable, Esq., the well-known bookseller, and the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who was named after Dr Pitcairne, had formed a very large and valuable collection of these pieces, with numerous manuscript effusions in prose and verse. These Mr Constable had intended to publish, with the rest of his miscellaneous poetry, accompanied by a Life of Pitcairne, for which he had amassed extensive materials. A large folio volume of printed and MS. pieces, being part of these collections, appeared in a London catalogue a few years ago, and was priced at £10 10s; but it cannot now be traced into whose possession it has been transferred. A small atheistical pamphlet, attributed to Dr Pitcairne, entitled "Epistola Archimedis ad regem Gelonem Albæ Græcæ, reperta anno ære Christianæ," 1688, was made the subject of the inaugural oration of the Rev. Thomas Halyburton, Professor of Divinity in the University of St Andrews in 1710, which was published at Edinburgh in 1714, under the title of "Natural Religion insufficient, and Revealed necessary to Man's Happiness." Dr Pitcairne has been generally represented as a professed unbeliever, and it must be admitted that his profane jests but too much exposed him to the character of a scoffer at religion. But, as remarked by the writer of his life in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, whatever doubts might be entertained as to the soundness of his creed, they are completely removed by his verses written on Christmas Day; and Dr Drummond has stated, that, during his last illness, he continued in the greatest tranquility of mind, and evinced just apprehensions of God and religion. A pleasing specimen of this eminent physician's poetical powers, being a poem "On the King and Queen of Fairy," in two versions, Latin and English, will be found in Donaldson's Collection, under the assumed name of Walter Denestone. An account of the Life and Writings of Dr Pitcairne, by Charles Webster, M.D., was published at Edinburgh in 1781. Dr Pitcairne was likewise author of "Babell, or the Assembly, a Poem, M.DC.XCII." Like the comedy of "The Assembly," this satirical poem was written in ridicule of the proceedings of the General Assembly, in the

year 1692; but until 1830 it remained in MS., when it was presented to the members of the Maitland Club, under the editorial care of George R. Kinloch, Esq. That gentleman made use of two MSS., one in the possession of Dr Keith of Edinburgh, the other in the library of Mr Dundas of Arniston, which had formerly belonged to the well-known Scottish collector, Robert Milne of Edinburgh.

PITCAIRN, DAVID, M.D., an eminent physician, the eldest son of Major John Pitcairn of the Marines, killed in the attack upon Bunker's Hill in 1775, and Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Dalrymple, Esq. of Annfield, Dumfriesshire, was born, May 1, 1749, in the house of his grandfather, the Rev. David Pitcairn, minister of Dysart. After being at the High School of Edinburgh for four years, he attended the classes of the University of Glasgow till he was twenty, spending much of his leisure time with the family of the Rev. James Baillie. In 1769 Mr Pitcairn entered at the University of Edinburgh, and studied medicine there for three years. In 1772 he went to London, and attended the lectures of Dr William Hunter and Dr George Fordyce. About the same time, that he might obtain an English degree in Physic, he entered at Bennet College, Cambridge, where he graduated. In 1780 he was elected physician to St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and, in 1792, physician to Christ's Hospital. The former office, on account of the great increase of his private practice, he resigned in 1793. By the death of Dr Warren in June 1797, Dr Pitcairn was placed at the head of his profession in London. It was his friendship for Dr Matthew Baillie that first brought that eminent physician into notice. Although there was a great disparity of years, there existed between them a long and uninterrupted friendship, and the confidence reposed by Dr Pitcairn in the professional abilities of his friend was sincere, Dr Baillie being his only medical adviser to the last moment of his existence. Dr Pitcairn died in April 1809. He was a man of elegant literary accomplishments, joined to much professional knowledge. In person he was tall and erect. He was fond of country sports and athletic games, particularly golf. It was a saying of his that "the last thing a physician learns in the course of his experience is to know when to do nothing." A flattering tribute to his memory, written by Dr Wells, was inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* soon after his decease. It concludes thus:—"Although of great practical knowledge, and having made many original observations on disease, he never published anything; but he fell a victim to a disease which had before escaped the notice of medical men—inflammation of the larynx—and so had the peculiar and melancholy privilege of enlightening his profession in the very act of dying."

PITCAIRN, A. Barrister, Hobart Town, was born in 1802 near the village of Ceres,

Fifeshire, and was the son of the late proprietor of Kinnimonth in that parish. For the following account of this gentleman, who died suddenly in 1861, we are indebted to the *Hobart Town Mercury*:—"Over every circle there was not in this colony a man more esteemed for high intellectual attainments, for probity and disinterestedness of purpose, for Roman-like virtues than was Mr Pitcairn. The stern simplicity of his life, adorned only by domestic virtues, stood out in unostentatious but grand relief to the 'trappings which 'dizen the proud.' There was nothing pinchbeck in his character. He was a thorough gentleman—sincere in his belief, strong in his affections, and steadfast in his principles. Happily blended with these qualities, was a disposition and temperament of the most genial kind, and the highest discrimination and literary taste. Nor must we omit to bear record to the benevolence of his nature, which shed its influence unseen, though not unfelt, over the highways and byways of life, where man was 'made to mourn.' How often have we known him expend time, trouble, and money to help, professionally and otherwise, the unfortunate, to some of whom he gave life itself; to others—it was all he could give them—a decent grave. Mr Pitcairn arrived in the colony upwards of thirty years since, and was first established as a settler in the district of Richmond. Owing to the persuasions of Sir Alfred Stephen, then at the bar in this colony, he abandoned that life, and betook himself to his profession as a Solicitor, which he followed to the time of his death. In the pursuit of this he was distinguished no less for his ability and industry, than for high personal honour; and we are sure it is not too much to say, that his name stood amongst the highest on the professional rolls of fame in all the colonies. We may add that he arrived in the colony from Edinburgh, where he had become eligible for admission as a Writer to the Signet, having performed all the necessary preliminaries, and was admitted as a barrister, solicitor, proctor, &c., of the Supreme Court of this Colony in 1825, being the fourteenth on the roll, and consequently one of the oldest members. As a legal practitioner, Mr Pitcairn confined his practice to the higher branches of conveyancing; and his probity, skill, and kindness of disposition rendered him very highly esteemed and implicitly confided in by his friends and clients." He died on the 28th day of January 1861, in the 59th year of his age.

PITTENWEEM, BARON, a title (extinct) in the peerage of Scotland, conferred in 1606 on Frederick Stewart, son of Col. William Stewart, Captain of the King's Guards, who, on the 31st July 1583, obtained a charter of the lands and priory of Pittenweem, and was thenceforth styled Commandator thereof. This Col. William Stewart, one of the unworthy favourites of James VI., was the second son of Thomas

Stewart of Galston, in Ayrshire, third in descent from Alexander Stewart of Dreg-horn, second son of Alexander Stewart of Darnley. On obtaining favour at Court, he seems to have changed the spelling of his name to Stuart, as being of kin to His Majesty. Calderwood says of him:—"Colonell Stuart was (as is constantly reported) first a cloutter of old shoes. He went to the Low Countries, where he served in the warres, first as a souldiour, then as a Captane, at last as a Colonell. He returneth home, and was immediately employed by the King to apprehend anie subject, in anie corner of the kingdom, that the Court had anie quarrel at. He wanted not likewise his reward, for he was gifted with the Pryorie of Pittinweme, and married the Ladie Pitfirrane, not without suspicions of the murder of her former husband." In October 1582, he and Mr James Halyburton, Provost of Dundee, were the King's Commissioners to the General Assembly. In January 1583, after the Raid of Ruthven, by Colonel Stuart's interest, the King obtained permission, from the confederated lords, to visit the Earl of March at St Andrews, and on his entrance into the castle there, the Colonel ordered the gates to be shut, and his followers excluded. The profligate Earl of Arran soon regained his place in the royal favour. In April Colonel Stuart was sent as Ambassador to England. At a Parliament held at Edinburgh, 4th December of the same year (1583), those who had been concerned in the Raid of Ruthven were declared guilty of high treason. At this Parliament it was also, says Calderwood, "that the old placks, babes, threepenny pieces, and twelvecpenny pieces, sould be brought in betwix and July next to be brokin; and that a new coine be strickin, fourspennie groats, eightpennie groats, sixteenpennie groats, and that they be three pennie fyne. Yitt were they not so fyne. This was done to gett silver to Colonell Stuart to pay the wajged men of warre. The burrowes disassented from breaking of the old coin." It was Colonel Stewart, or Stuart, as he called himself, who apprehended the Earl of Gowrie at Dundee, 13th April 1584. The Earl was beheaded at Stirling on the 4th of the following month, and on the Earls of Mar and Angus and the Master of Glamis seizing the Castle of that town, Colonel Stewart hastened thither with 500 men. Hearing of the approach of James with 20,000 men, they fled to England, whence they returned in Oct. 1585 with a large force, and having laid siege to Stirling Castle, succeeded in obtaining possession of it and of the King's person. On this occasion, Colonel Stuart, who had been directed to defend the street at the west port of the town, had a narrow escape. Being fiercely assaulted, he fled to the Castle, but was followed and overtaken by James Haldane, brother of the Laird of Gleneagles, who, as he was laying hands on him, was shot by the

Colonel's servant, Joshua Henderson. This led to the removal of the King's favourites, and Colonel Stuart was deprived of the command of the King's Guard. In June 1589, he was sent to Denmark, with a full commission to be present, with the Earl Marischal, James' Ambassador, at the ratification of the King's marriage with the Princess Anne, the youngest daughter of the Danish King; and having soon after returned to Scotland, he was again despatched, on 28th March 1590, by the nobility, with fine ships, to bring home the King and Queen. On 20th January 1592, he was warded in the Castle of Edinburgh for taking part with the Queen in her intrigues against the Chancellor, but was soon released. On the 15th August following, having accused Lord Spynie of secret conference with the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, who at this time was the torment of James' life, Spynie challenged him to single combat, on which he was again imprisoned for a short time in the Castle of Edinburgh, Spynie being warded in that of Stirling. In 1606 the lands and baronies belonging to the priory of Pittenweem were, by Act of Parliament, erected into a temporal lordship in favour of Col. Stewart's son, Frederick, to him and his heirs and assigns; and he had farther charters of the same in 1609 and 1618. Lord Pittenweem died without issue, and the title has never been claimed by any heir general or assignee. Previous to his death he disposed the lordship to Thomas, Earl of Kellie, who, with consent of his son Alexander, Lord Fenton, surrendered the superiority of the same into the hands of the King.

PLAYFAIR, JOHN, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, was doubly connected with Fifeshire, as tutor in the family of Ferguson of Raith, and secondly as an alumnus of the University of St Andrews. He was the eldest son of the Rev. James Playfair, a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland. John was born in the year 1749, in the Manse of Benvie. His father, who was an excellent scholar, appears to have qualified him for the University, and he was accordingly sent to St Andrews, where he obtained a bursary at the early age of fourteen. His genius immediately pointed towards the exact sciences, and Dr Wilkie, then Professor of Mathematics, and a man remarkable for unaffected candour, became first his friend and then his companion. Proceeding in his studies at St Andrews, he attended the divinity class, and at length obtained a licence to preach. This empowered him to perform an act of filial piety, for he was thus enabled occasionally to assist his father, who, although not old, yet was frequently disabled by disease, from fulfilling the duties of his station. In 1772 he lost his father, who left behind him a numerous family, of whom the three youngest sons and two daughters were under fifteen years of age. Towards the latter,

Mr Playfair henceforth exercised all the paternal duties. The living of Benvie being vacant, Lord Gray, of Gray, who had the alternate presentation, nominated Mr Playfair to be minister in room of his father. On this he retained and supported at the manse a part of his father's family, which he had adopted as his own. The latter part of his mother's life, too, was at once cheered and blessed by finding an asylum under the roof of such a son. She enjoyed this happiness in common with two of her daughters for many years, and died at the age of eighty. Soon after his settlement in an obscure country parish as a member of the Established Church, an event occurred in the life of Mr Playfair that contributed not a little to confer novelty, variety, and even affluence during the latter part of his life. Mr Ferguson, of Raith, a gentleman of considerable landed property and influence, appointed Mr Playfair to educate his two sons, General Ferguson and his brother. This produced a resignation of his classical preferment, and a removal to Raith, in Fifeshire. He afterwards went over with his pupils to Edinburgh, and while there, his merits were so well appreciated that when Professor Ferguson resigned the Chair of Moral Philosophy to Dugald Stewart, Mr Playfair was selected by the Magistrates to preside over the mathematical class of Edinburgh University. Soon after this, on the establishment of the Royal Society by charter from the King, he was also nominated to be secretary. He contributed many valuable papers to the transactions of this northern institution, and in 1796 published his "Elements of Geometry;" this was followed by a new edition of "Euclid." At a later period he was busily employed in the generous task of defending the character, and displaying the merits, of a man whose discoveries and experiments afterwards threw a lustre over the first of our northern universities. When Professor Leslie was about to be appointed to a chair, a clergyman, full of zeal, but devoid of discretion, accused him before the patrons of having once uttered certain doctrines in a lecture *approximating to materialism*. Several of his brethren joined in the persecution, but the subject of this memoir, who had been bred to, and obtained preferment in, the Church of Scotland, victoriously refuted the charge. It was the triumph of genius over superstition. In 1812 appeared his "Outlines of Natural Philosophy," and soon after this he enjoyed the pleasure of beholding a nephew, whom he had adopted, obtaining the prize for, and carrying into execution, the plan for building the new College at Edinburgh. When the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica was first meditated at Edinburgh, the most eminent men in that city were selected to compose the different articles of which the new volumes consisted. Accordingly, on the appearance of the first, it was preceded by a masterly dissertation from the pen of Dugald Stewart, F.R.L.S., on the

progress of metaphysical, ethical, and political philosophy, since the renewal of letters in Europe. To another portion of this work was appended a general view of the progress of mathematical and physical science, by John Playfair, Professor of Natural Philosophy, &c. The only praise aspired to by this very learned man in the work alluded to is that arising from "clearness and precision." In the course of his dissertation, he not only gives a history of the sciences, but also biographical sketches of the men by whom they were either cultivated or repressed. The whole of this composition exhibits an equal degree of ability and investigation, and of candour and liberality in respect to the various inductions and conclusions; and it abounds with hints and instructions for the youthful student, and, by supplying one general, unbroken line of scientific knowledge, cannot fail to be eminently useful to all. In 1816, when approaching his 68th year, the subject of our memoir repaired, on a scientific mission, to Italy, and spent a considerable time in visiting and examining the Alps. Soon after his return to Edinburgh the Professor's health began to decline, notwithstanding which he, at this very period, made some scientific discoveries concerning the rays of the sun. Of Mr Playfair's scientific attainments, of his proficiency in those studies to which he was peculiarly devoted, we are but slenderly qualified to judge; but we believe we hazard nothing in saying that he was one of the most learned mathematicians of his age, and among the first, if not the very first, who introduced the beautiful discoveries of the later continental geometers to the knowledge of his countrymen, and gave their just value and true place in the scheme of European knowledge to those important improvements by which the whole aspect of the abstract sciences has been renovated since the days of our illustrious Newton. He possessed, in the highest degree, all the characteristics both of a fine and powerful understanding, at once penetrating and vigilant, but more distinguished, perhaps, for the caution and sureness of its march, than for the brilliancy or rapidity of its movements, and guided and adorned through all its progress by the most genuine enthusiasm for all that is grand, and the justest taste for all that is beautiful, in the truth or the intellectual energy with which he was habitually conversant. To what account these rare qualities might have been turned, and what more brilliant or lasting fruits they might have produced, if his whole life had been dedicated to the solitary cultivation of science, it is not for us to conjecture; but it cannot be doubted that they added incalculably to his elegance and utility as a teacher, both by enabling him to direct his pupils to the most simple and luminous methods of enquiry, and to imbue their minds from the very commencement of the study, with that fine relish for the truths it disclosed, and that high sense of the majesty with which

they were invested, that predominated in his own bosom. While he left nothing unexplained or unreduced to its proper place in the system, he took care that they should never be perplexed by petty difficulties, or bewildered in useless details; and formed them betimes to that clear, masculine, and direct method of investigation, by which, with the least labour, the greatest advances might be accomplished. Professor Playfair, however, was not merely a teacher; and has fortunately left behind him a variety of works, from which other generations may be enabled to judge of some of those qualifications which so powerfully recommended and endeared him to his contemporaries. With reference to these works, we do not think we are influenced by any national or other partiality when we say, that he was certainly one of the best writers of his age, and even that we do not now recollect any of his contemporaries who was so great a master of composition. There is a certain mellowness and richness about his style which adorns, without disguising the weight and nervousness which is its other characteristics; a sedate gracefulness and manly simplicity in the more level passages, and a mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm where he rises above them, of which we scarcely know where to find any other example. There is great equability, too, and sustained force in every part of his writings. He never exhausts himself in flashes and epigrams, nor languishes in tameness or insipidity. At first sight you would say that plainness and good sense were the predominant qualities; but, by and by, this simplicity is enriched with the delicate and vivid colours of a fine imagination, the free and forcible touches of a most powerful intellect, and the lights and shades of an unerring and harmonizing taste. In comparing it with the styles of his most celebrated contemporaries, we would say that it was more purely and peculiarly a written style, and therefore rejected those ornaments that more properly belong to oratory. It had no impetuosity, hurry, or vehemence; no bursts or sudden turns or abruptions, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious, it was not modulated to a uniform system of solemn declamation like that of Johnson, nor spread out in the richer and voluminous elocution of Stewart; nor still less broken into the patch-work of scholastic pedantry and conversational smartness which has found its admirers in Gibbon. It is a style, in short, of great freedom, force, and beauty; but the deliberate style of a man of thought and of learning; and neither that of a wit throwing out his extempores with an affectation of careless grace, nor of a rhetorician, thinking more of his manner than his matter, and determined to be admired for his expression whatever may be the fate of his sentiments. Professor Playfair's habits of composition, as we have understood, were not, perhaps, exactly what might have been expected from

their results. He wrote rather slowly, and his first sketches were masterly pictures. His chief effort and greatest pleasure was in their revision and correction; and there were no limits to the improvement which resulted from this application. It was not the style merely, or indeed chiefly, that gained by it. The whole reasoning, and sentiment, and illustration, were enlarged and new modelled in the course of it, and a naked outline became gradually informed with life, colour, and expression. It was not at all like the common finishing and polishing to which careful authors generally subject the first draughts of their compositions, nor even like the fastidious and tentative alterations with which some more anxious writers essay their choicer passages. It was, in fact, the great filling in of the picture, the working up of the figured web of the naked and meagre woof that had been stretched to receive it; and the singular thing in this case was not only that he left this most material part of his work to be performed after the whole outline had been finished, but that he could proceed with it to an indefinite extent, and enrich and improve as long as he thought fit, without any risk either of destroying the proportions of that outline or injuring the harmony and unity of the design. He was perfectly aware, too, of the possession of this extraordinary power, and it was partly, we presume, in consequence of it that he was not only at all times ready to go on with any work in which he was engaged without waiting for favourable moments or hours of greater alacrity, but that he never felt any of these doubts and misgivings as to his being able to get creditably through with his undertaking, to which we believe most authors are occasionally liable. As he never wrote upon any subject of which he was not perfectly master, he was secure against all blunders in the substance of what he had to say, and felt quite assured that, if he was only allowed time enough, he should finally come to say it in the very best way of which he was capable. He had no anxiety, therefore, either in undertaking or proceeding with his tasks, and intermitted and resumed them at his convenience, with the comfortable certainty that all the time he bestowed on them was turned to good account, and that what was left imperfect at one sitting, might be finished with equal ease and advantage at another. Being thus perfectly sure both of his ends and his means, he experienced in the course of his compositions none of that little fever of the spirits with which that operation is so apt to be accompanied. He had no capricious visitings of fancy which it was necessary to fix on the spot, or to lose for ever, no casual inspirator to invoke and to wait for. All that was in his mind was subject to his control, and amenable to his call, though it might not obey at the moment; and while his taste was so sure that he was in no danger of overworking any thing that he had designed, all his thoughts

and sentiments had that unity and congruity that they fell almost spontaneously into harmony and order, and the last added incorporated and assimilated with the first, as if they had sprung simultaneously from the same happy conception. The same admirable taste which is conspicuous in his writings, spread a similar charm over his whole life and conversation, and gave to the most learned philosopher of his day the manners and deportment of the most perfect gentleman. Nor was this in him the result merely of good sense and good temper, assisted by an early familiarity with good company, and consequent knowledge of his own place and that of all around him. His good breeding was of a higher descent, and his powers of pleasing rested in something better than mere companionable qualities. With the greatest kindness and generosity of nature he united the most manly firmness and the highest principles of honour, and the most cheerful and social dispositions, with the gentlest and steadiest affections. There never, indeed, was a man of learning and talent who appeared in society so perfectly free from all sorts of pretention or notion of his own importance, or so little solicitous to distinguish himself, or so sincerely willing to give place to every one else. Though the most social of human beings, and the most disposed to encourage and sympathize with the gaiety and joviality of others, his own spirits were, in general, rather cheerful than gay, or at least, never rose to any turbulence or tumult of merriment; and while he would listen with the kindest indulgence to the more extravagant sallies of youth, and prompt them by the heartiest approval, his own satisfaction may generally be traced in a slow and temperate smile gradually mantling over his benevolent and intelligent features, and lighting up the countenance of the sage with the expression of the mildest and most genuine philanthropy. It was wonderful, indeed, considering the measure of his own intellect, and the rigid and undeviating propriety of his own conduct, how tolerant he was of the defects and errors of other men. If we do not greatly deceive ourselves, there is nothing here of exaggeration or partial feeling, and nothing with which an indifferent and honest chronicler would not concur. Nor is it altogether idle to have dwelt so long on the personal character of this distinguished individual, for we are persuaded that this personal character has always done as much for the cause of science and philosophy among us as the great talents and attainments with which it was combined, and has contributed, in a very eminent degree, to give to the better society of Edinburgh that tone of intelligence and liberality by which it is so honourably distinguished. It is not a little advantageous to philosophy that it is in fashion, and it is still more advantageous to the society which is led to confer upon it this apparently trivial distinction. It is a great thing for the country at large,

for its happiness, its prosperity, and its renown, that the apparent influencing part of its population should be made familiar, even in its untasked and social hours, with sound and liberal information, and be taught to know and respect those who have distinguished themselves for great intellectual attainments. Nor is it, after all, a slight or despicable reward for a man of genius to be received with honour in the highest and most elegant society around him, and to receive in his living person that homage and applause which is too often reserved for his memory. Now those desirable ends can never be effectually accomplished unless the manners of our leading philosophers are agreeable, and their personal habits and dispositions engaging and amiable. From the time of Blair and Robertson down to Stewart and Brewster, the people of Edinburgh have been fortunate in possessing a succession of distinguished men, who have kept up this salutary connection between the learned and the fashionable world; but there never, perhaps, was any one who contributed so powerfully to confirm and extend it, and that in times when it was peculiarly difficult, as the individual of whom we are now speaking; and they who have had the most opportunity to observe how superior the society of Edinburgh is to that of most other places of the same size, and how much of that superiority is owing to the cordial combination of the two aristocracies of rank and of letters, of both of which it happens to be the chief provincial seat, will be best able to judge of the importance of the service John Playfair rendered to its inhabitants, and through them, and by their example, to all the rest of the country. At length, while enjoying a high degree of fame, and a very extensive reputation, Professor Playfair was snatched away from his pupils, his friends, and the learned and scientific circle of society around him, being seized with a disease that proved fatal. This was a *suppression*, the same malady with which he had been before afflicted. He died like a Christian philosopher. Finding his end approach, our amiable Professor assembled his sisters and nephews around his bedside, and after a succinct statement of his affairs, he took his leave of them with great affection, notwithstanding the agonies endured by him. About two next morning the pain wholly ceased, and he soon after expired, in presence of his afflicted relatives, on the 20th July 1819, at the mature age of seventy. The funeral of this much regretted scholar took place on Monday, 26th July, in Edinburgh, and the ceremony presented a solemn and mournful spectacle. The students of the Natural Philosophy class went to Professor Playfair's house in Albany Row, from the College Yard, at half-past one. The Professors of the University met at Dr Gregory's at the same time, and walked in procession, preceded by their officers, bearing their insignia reversed, covered with crape, to the Professor's house,

where they were in readiness to receive the Right Hon. the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City. The members of the Royal Society, the Astronomical Institution, Royal Medical Society, and others, were accommodated in the different apartments of the house of this friend of genius and learning. At half-past two this affecting procession advanced from the Professor's house up Duke Street, through St Andrew Square, and along Princes Street, and the Regent's Bridge, to the Calton Burying Ground. The whole procession went four and four, and it is supposed the train of mourners consisted of not less than five hundred persons. On reaching the burying-ground, the gentlemen who preceded the corpse opened two and two, and uncovered as it passed to the place of interment. All the windows in the streets through which the funeral passed were filled with ladies, seemingly anxious to view so large an assemblage of learning and talent. A monument was, a few years afterwards, erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:—

JOANNI PLAYFAIR,
Amicorum Pietas,
Desideriis Icta Fidelibus,
Quo Ipse Locc Templum Uraniae Suae
Olim Dicaverat.
Hoc Monumentum
Posuit

M.D.C.C.C.X.V.I.

Nat. VI. Idus. Mart. : M.D.C.C.XLVIII.
Obiit. XIV. Kal. Septil. : M.D.C.C.C.XIX.
which we thus translate:—

To

JOHN PLAYFAIR,
The Devotion of His Friends,
Moved by their Sincere Affections,
In the Place Where He Himself a Temple
to His Own Urania
Formerly had Dedicated,
This Monument
Has Erected
MDCCCXXVI

Born, 8th March, MDCCXLVIII.
Died, 19th July MDCCCXIX.

PLAYFAIR, Lieutenant-Colonel SIR HUGH LYON, LL.D., Provost of St Andrews, was born at the Manse of Meigle and Newtyle on the 17th November 1786, and died at St Andrews on the 23d January 1861, in his 75th year. He received his early education at his native place, afterwards at Dundee Grammar School, and finally at the United College of St Andrews, of which his father had been appointed Principal. The erudition and literary acquirements of Principal Playfair were well known. He was historiographer to the Prince of Wales, member of the Royal Society, and author of "A System of Chronology," and many other learned works. In 1804 Hugh enlisted in the volunteers, and was placed on the Colonel's Staff, and the same year received an artillery appointment to Bengal. After preparatory study at Edinburgh and Woolwich, and after

passing preliminary examinations by Dr Hutton and Mr Landman, he sailed from Portsmouth in 1805, and arrived in Calcutta the same year. He was selected in 1806 to command a detachment of European Artillery proceeding to the upper provinces, having a surgeon attached, and arrived at Cawnpore without the loss of a man or any casualty whatever. This successful first command speedily induced a second; and in 1807 he was appointed by Sir John Horsford to the command of the artillery at Bareilly—four guns and a full complement of men, cattle, and ammunition. At Bareilly the young officer found much laxitude of discipline and many abuses to correct, in which duties he succeeded admirably, getting his detachment into a capital state of order and efficiency. On 9th September of the same year (1807), he was ordered to march at 10 P.M. with his detachment, a battalion of infantry, and a troop of cavalry, to quell a disturbance in Oude against the robber Tumor Sing, fifty miles distant. The expedition was successful, and Playfair was well rewarded for his previous exertions in drilling his men, by finding that his guns kept up with the cavalry all the way. After a variety of services, he marched in January 1809 to join the army at Sabarunpore, under General St Leger and General Gillespie, and had some skirmishing with the Sikhs. Being selected to go to Herdwar Fair to purchase horses for a re-mount in the Horse Artillery, Playfair declined to take any share in the purchase unless he had the selection and choice of the number to be allotted to the Horse Artillery, as his horses had double the work to do that any others had. This formed a precedent which was followed ever after. In November 1809 he was appointed, as the fittest officer in the regiment, to fill the office of Adjutant and Quarter-Master to the enlarged corps of Horse Artillery, on the recommendation of General Sir John Horsford, the Commandant. The next five years were occupied in drilling and organizing his new corps, in building barracks, stables, and houses, and in ordinary regimental duty. In 1814 he arrived from a visit to Calcutta at the Horse Artillery camp, in front of the fortress of Kolunga, where General Gillespie had been killed two days before in attempting to escalate the fort. Battering guns were then sent for, and Major Brooks and Playfair got the eighteen pounders up the hill into the batteries, and opened their fire at one hundred and eighty yards from the fortress. Playfair was struck by a spent ball on the breast, and his cheek was grazed by a splinter from a shell which had exploded in the battery. But Kolunga was stormed, after two days' breaching, by 1500 men, who, in about an hour after, were driven back with the loss of 500 killed and wounded. After some more days of heavy fighting, the enemy evacuated the fort. In 1815 Playfair was promoted to be Captain in the

Horse Artillery; and in 1817 he sailed for Scotland on furlough, granted on sick certificate. On the voyage they touched at St Helena, and Captain Playfair spent a day with Madame Bertrand, and saw Napoleon Buonaparte. In 1820, having come to St Andrews, he was presented with the freedom of the City, on which occasion he gave a ball to his friends in the Old Town Hall. Captain Playfair married in 1820, and again sailed for India. On his arrival at Calcutta he was offered the command of a troop of Horse Artillery by the Marquis of Hastings. This appointment, however, he did not accept, but applied for the vacant office of Superintendent of the Great Military Road, Telegraph Towers, and Post-Office Department between Calcutta and Benares, a distance of 440 miles. This high appointment was obtained by him in 1820, and he discharged its duties faithfully and diligently up to 1827. During this period his great natural abilities, indomitable perseverance, and amazing adaptation of means to ends, were fully displayed, and effected wonderful results. In 1827 the Quarter-Master-General appointed a committee to inspect and report on this road; and the committee having travelled over and carefully inspected the whole line from Benares and Chunar to the capital, gave in a report exceedingly favourable, and justly so, to the "zeal evinced by Captain Playfair in every circumstance connected with his charge," as well as to the successful improvements of that officer on the dull routine of government service in the interior. In June 1827 he was promoted to the rank of Major, and was ordered to assume the command of the fourth battalion of artillery at Dumdum. He was elected the same year to be a member of the Asiatic and Orphan Societies of Calcutta. Whilst in command of Dumdum, Major Playfair endeared himself to the station by the wise and salutary measures for conducting regimental business. He instituted games, such as cricket and his native golf, for the men; set agoing a garrison theatre and extensive and useful library; established messes in the regiment, and generally did very much for the innocent amusement, religious instruction, and moral improvement of those under his command. That he was beloved by the whole station, civilians, officers, and privates, was to be expected as a result of his unwearied efforts to promote the enjoyment and comfort of all. In 1831 Major Playfair resigned his appointment in the 4th battalion of Artillery, on which occasion he received addresses from the men of the regiment, and a public dinner from the officers, and complimentary orders were likewise issued by the commandant. The Major resigned the service of the Hon. the East India Company on the 10th of February 1834, and retired to the city where he had spent many happy days in his youth, and in which centred all his sympathies and affections. To pass the evening of his life at St Andrews had ever

been the ardent desire of his heart ; and indeed, he purchased his future residence there before he could return to inhabit it, in order to rivet one link of the chain which was to bind him to the old city during the remaining years of his earthly pilgrimage. In this brief sketch it is impossible thoroughly to realise for the general reader the utter degradation and miserable decay of St Andrews thirty years ago. It was not then, nor for many years after, the gay yet dignified Scarborough of Scotland as we now recognise it. The magnificent links lay, with all their vast capabilities, untrodden ; there was no aristocratic golfing club ; the city itself was heaped with ruins ; the streets were irregular and dirty ; many of them, such as the Bell Streets, Playfair Terrace, Gladstone Terrace, &c., &c., were unbuilt ; the cathedral and castle remains were crumbling into unheeded decay ; pigs and kine grazed in front of the ill-attended colleges ; so that, in fact, when Major Playfair schemed a reformation in St Andrews, he was simply proposing to himself the erection of a handsome town on the site of a ruined city, and that with no public funds, little co-operation, and small chance of securing the application of private resources for his proposed end. First of all, the Major, as he was catholically known, took to golfing, infused a fresh spirit into the practice of that beautiful pastime, and founded a modest club under the name of the Union Parlour Club. This association was based on an effete body of royal and ancient golfers which had existed since 1754. In 1842, the Major accepted the office of Provost as a means of doing more good to St Andrews. From that year forward, he carried on the most extraordinary campaigns against abuse, filth, nigardliness, and ignorance, till some ten years afterwards gay visitors of rank and fashion accepted (as a matter of course) the fine old city as the first watering-place in North Britain. How this was accomplished is matter for detail beyond the scope of a brief biographical notice such as the present. The Major was never known to try anything which he did not accomplish. In his individuality he was proficient in all kinds of manly sports—a good mechanic, with a special leaning towards photography, which he was the first (being initiated by his friend Claudet) to introduce into St Andrews, now celebrated as a chief home of the art. The Major was also endowed with a plentiful fund of the driest of dry humour, which smoothed many a difficulty away in his intercourse with the inhabitants of St Andrews. In music he was a proficient on several instruments ; and, in general, Major Playfair may be described as an accomplished gentleman with very shrewd, practical uses for the same. He was at home everywhere and with everybody—could “ chaff ” my Lord at the club into a subscription for some pet improvement, and ten minutes afterwards walk down the broad pavement

of South Street with a veritable fishwife on each arm, sharing their somewhat noisy confidences with an admirable affectation of interest. And here let us pay the tribute of one sentence to that able Lieutenant of the Major's—Allan Robertson, the champion golfer, who died in September 1859. These two men, dissimilar in station, but akin in their genial natures, have done more for St Andrews than school, or college, or storied tradition. The improved look of St Andrews, consequent on the active interposition of Major Playfair, brought moneyed people into the place. The Madras School thrives apace. The red-cloaked students became more familiar to the streets. The easy aspect of prosperity settled upon the grey city. The cathedral remains were explorable by antiquaries. The most timid lady could safely shudder over the Bottle-dungeon of Beaton's Castle. The change, let us say it in brief and once for all, was wonderful indeed, and has no parallel as the result of what one strong will can do in the annals of an every day life. Whilst Major Playfair was thus devoting himself singly for the good of St Andrews, two of his sons fell in India—one at the storming of Sobraon in 1846, the other at the storming of Mooltan in 1848. The Major was appreciated by his townsmen. In 1844 he was entertained at a public dinner ; in 1847 his portrait, by Sir J. Watson Gordon, was placed in the Old Town Hall ; in 1850 he was presented by the town with a piece of plate for increasing enormously the revenues of the mussel bait department ; in 1856 the University of St Andrews conferred on him their highest honour, the degree of LL.D. ; and the same year, the honour of knighthood was bestowed on him by Her Majesty the Queen. Seldom, in these days of tinsel reputations, has that last honour more worthily been bestowed ; and it was only a fitting mark of recognition on the part of Royalty to bestow it on the eccentric and energetic soldier who had begged, and bullied, and wheeled away the filth and ruinous neglect which bid fair to entomb St Andrews as completely as did the lava torrents Herculaneum or Pompeii of old. He was a man, this Sir Hugh Playfair, only to be thoroughly appreciated by his familiars, and, now that he is gone, happy is he who can even say, “ *Vidi tantum.* ” Sir Hugh was twice married, and left a widow, four daughters, and three sons, the eldest of whom, Captain Frederick Playfair, Madras Artillery, was married to Miss Farnie in 1855. Whether we look on the deceased knight as the centre of a peculiar social circle, or as a city reformer, or as an exemplar to Provosts generally, we look on one not likely to recur in the hurch annals of Scotland.

PLAYFAIR, LYON, C.B., a Scottish chemist, was born at Bengal in 1819. He received his early education at St Andrews University, Fifeshire ; and from his decided taste for chemical pursuits, was sent to

Glasgow to study under Mr Graham. After returning from India, whither he had gone on account of ill-health, he placed himself as an assistant to his old master, who had then become Professor of Chemistry in University College, London. In 1839 he was induced to proceed to Giessen, whose laboratory was under the management of Liebig; and like many other eminent British chemists, he studied organic chemistry under that celebrated Professor, engaged in original investigations, and became Doctor of Philosophy in Giessen University. After holding the Professorship of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, Manchester, Dr Playfair removed to London, where he was much employed in royal commissions and government inquiries, and took an active part in the Exhibition of 1851. He was also appointed Inspector-General of Schools and Museums of Science to the Government. In 1858 he was elected to the Chemical Chair in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of another of Liebig's pupils, Dr Gregory.

PORTEOUS, JOHN, tailor in Edinburgh, the victim of the Porteous Mob, one of the most extraordinary events recorded in history, the origin of which having occurred in Fife may perhaps justify a brief sketch here of Porteous' history. John Porteous, one of the captains of the Edinburgh City Guard, was son of Stephen Porteous, a tailor in Canongate. The father held a fair character, and was esteemed a good, honest man in the whole conduct of his life, his greatest misfortune was his having such a son as John. The father early discovered in his son a perverseness of nature, and a proneness to commit mischievous and more than childish tricks. The mother, out of a blind affection for her child, took them all for growing proofs of spirit and manliness, and as marks of an extraordinary and sprightly genius. Thus the family were divided upon the education of the son, and from being often thwarted in his measures about him, the father lost his authority, and for the peace of his family winked at faults which the good man saw it his duty to correct. The loss of parental authority begot want of filial regard to the father, so that the boy shooting up with these vicious habits and disregard of his parent, advanced from reproaches and curses to blows, whenever the unfortunate old man ventured to remonstrate against the folly and madness of his son's conduct. The mother saw, when it was too late, what her misguided affection had produced, and how to her fond love in childhood the man made the base return of threatening language and the utmost disregard; for he proved too hard for both father and mother at last. The father having a good business, wanted John to learn his trade of a tailor, both because it was easiest and cheapest for the old man, and a sure source of good living for the son whether he began business for himself or waited to succeed the father after his death; but as

he grew up his evil habits increased, and when checked by his father in his mad career, he almost put the good old man to death by maltreatment. At last, provoked beyond all endurance, the father resolved to rid himself of him by sending him out of the country, and managed to get him engaged to serve in the army under the command of Brigadier Newton. While in Flanders, he saw in passing along with one of his brother soldiers, a hen at a little distance covering her chickens under her wings, and out of pure wanton and malicious mischief he fired his musket and shot the hen. The poor woman to whom it belonged, startled by the shot, went out and saw her hen dead; and following the young soldier asked him to pay the price of the hen and chickens, for both were lost to her, and they formed a great part of her means of subsistence; but the unfeeling youth would not give her a farthing—threatening if she annoyed him he would send her after her hen; upon which the injured old woman predicted, "that as many people would one day gaze in wonder on his lifeless body as that hen had feathers on hers." Young Porteous afterwards left the army and returned to London, where he wrought for some time as a journeyman tailor; but his evil habits brought him to poverty, and he was found in rags by a friend of his father's, who wrote to the old man to remit £10 to clothe him and defray his travelling charges to Edinburgh, which, moved by the compassion of a father, he did, and when John appeared, the kind-hearted old man received him with tears of joy, and embraced him with all the warmth of paternal affection. Vainly hoping that his son was a reformed man, he gave up his business to him, and agreed that he should only have a room in the house and his maintenance and clothes. Young Porteous, thus possessed of the house and trade of the father, and of all his other goods and effects, began by degrees to neglect and maltreat the old man, first, by refusing him a fire in his room in the middle of winter, and even grudging him the benefit of the fire in the kitchen. In addition to this he disallowed him a sufficiency of victuals, so that he was in danger of being starved to death with cold and hunger. In this unhappy condition he applied for admission into the Trinity hospital. John Porteous having been for some time in the army, and being known to be possessed of no small courage and daring, was selected by John Campbell, Lord-Provost of Edinburgh, in the memorable year 1715, to be drill sergeant of the city guard, as it became necessary to have the guard well disciplined and made as effective as possible in that eventful period for the support of the government and the protection of Edinburgh. In this office he discharged his duty remarkably well, and was often sent for by the Lord Provost to report what progress his men made in military discipline. This gave him an opportunity of meeting sometimes

with a gentlewoman who had the charge of the Lord Provost's house and family, with whom he fell deeply in love, and after paying his addresses for some time, and proposing to her, he was accepted, and they were married. From a grateful sense of her services, as well as from a conviction of Porteous' ability for the office, the Lord Provost proposed that John Porteous should be elected one of the captains of the city-guard, and it was agreed to. This was a situation of trust and respectability, and would have enabled the young couple to live in comfort and ease if the husband had conducted himself properly. The gentlewoman was a person of virtue and merit, but was unlucky in her choice of a husband—Porteous was no better a husband than he had been a son. They were not long married when he began to ill-use her. He dragged her out of bed by the hair of the head, and beat her to the effusion of blood. The whole neighbourhood were alarmed sometimes at midnight by her shrieks and cries; so much so, indeed, that a lady living above them was obliged between terms to take a lodging elsewhere for her own quiet. Mrs Porteous was obliged to separate from her husband, and this was her requital for having been the occasion of his advancement. His command of the city-guard gave him great opportunities of displaying his evil temper, and manifesting his ungovernable passions. Seldom a day passed but some of his men experienced his severity. The mob on all public occasions excited his naturally bad temper, and on all days of rejoicing when there was a multitude from the country as well as from the town, the people were sure to experience offensive and tyrannical treatment from him. The hatred and terror of him increased every year, and his character as an immoral man was known to everybody, so that he was universally hated and feared by the lower orders both in town and country. This was the position in which Captain Porteous stood with the people when he was called upon to take charge of the execution of the law in reference to Andrew Wilson, which it has been thought proper to detail before proceeding to narrate the extraordinary events that followed, and which indeed partly serves to explain the cause of these events. Andrew Wilson, George Robertson, and William Hall, were condemned by the High Court of Justiciary to die on Wednesday the 14th of April 1736. Hall was relieved, but Wilson and Robertson were left to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. A plan was concocted to enable them to escape out of the Tolbooth by sawing the iron bars of the window; but Wilson, who is described as a "round squat man," stuck fast, and before he could be disentangled the guard were alarmed. It is said that Robertson wished to attempt first to escape, and there is little doubt he would have succeeded, but he was prevented by Wilson, who obstinately re-

solved that he himself should hazard the experiment. This circumstance seems to have operated powerfully on the mind of the criminal, who now accused himself as the more immediate cause of his companion's fate. The Tolbooth stood near to St Giles' Church, and it was customary at that time for criminals to be conducted on the last Sunday they had to live to church to hear their last sermon preached, and in accordance with this practice Wilson and Robertson were upon Sunday the 11th of April carried from prison to the Tolbooth church. They were not well seated there, when Wilson boldly attempted to break out, by wrenching himself out of the hands of the four armed soldiers. Finding himself disappointed in this, his next care was to employ the soldiers till Robertson should escape; this he effected by securing two of them in his arms, and after calling out, "*Run, Geordie, run for your life!*" snatched hold of a third with his teeth. Thereupon Robertson, after tripping up the heels of the fourth soldier, jumped out of the pew, and ran over the tops of the seats with incredible agility, the audience opening a way for him sufficient to receive them both; and in hurrying out at the south gate of the church, he stumbled over the collection money. Thence he reeled and staggered through the Parliament Close, and got down the back stairs, which have now disappeared, often tripping by the way, but had not time to fall, some of the town-guard being close after him. He crossed the Cowgate, ran up the Horse Wynd, and proceeded along the Potterrow, the crowd all the way covering his retreat, who by this time were becoming so numerous, that it was dangerous for the guard to look after him. In the Horse Wynd there was a horse saddled, which he would have mounted, but was prevented by the owner. Passing the Crosscauseway, he got into the King's Park, and took the Duddingstone road, but seeing two soldiers walking that way, he jumped the dyke and made for Clear Burn. On coming there, hearing a noise about the house, he stopt short, and repassing the dyke, he retook the route for Duddingstone, under the rocks. When he crossed the dyke at Duddingstone, he fainted away; but after receiving some refreshment, the first he had tasted for three days, he passed out of town, and soon after getting a horse, he rode off, and was not afterwards heard of, notwithstanding a diligent search made. Upon Robertson's getting out of the church door, Wilson was immediately carried out without hearing sermon, and put in close confinement to prevent his escape, which the audience seemed much inclined to favour. Notwithstanding his surprising escape, Robertson came back about a fortnight afterwards, and called at a certain house in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Being talked to by the landlord touching the risk he ran by his imprudence, and that if caught he would suffer unpitied as a madman, he answered, that as

he thought himself indispensably bound to pay the last duties to his beloved friend Andrew Wilson, he had been hitherto detained in the country on that account, but he was determined to steer another course soon. He was resolved, however, not to be hanged, pointing to some weapons he had about him. It was strongly surmised that plots were laid for favouring Wilson's escape. It was well known that no blood had been shed at the robbery; that all the money and effects had been recovered except a mere trifle; that Wilson had suffered severely in the seizure of his goods on several occasions by the revenue officers; and that, however erroneous the idea, he thought himself justified in making reprisals. Besides, Wilson's conduct had excited a very great sympathy in his favour; and the crime for which he was condemned was considered very venial at the time by the populace, who hated the malt tax, and saw no more harm in smuggling or in robbing a collector of excise, than in any matter of trifling importance. The magistrates of Edinburgh, in order to defeat all attempts at a rescue, lodged the executioner the day previous in the Tolbooth, to prevent his being carried off; the sentinels were doubled outside the prison; the officers of the trained bands were ordered to attend the execution, likewise the city constables with their batons; and the whole city-guard, having ammunition distributed to them, were marched to the place of execution with screwed bayonets, and to make all sure, at desire of the Lord Provost, a battalion of the Welch Fusiliers, commanded by commissioned officers, marched up the streets of the city, and took up a position on each side of the Lawnmarket; whilst another body of that corps was placed under arms at the Canongate guard. A little before two o'clock, Porteous came to receive Wilson the prisoner from the captain of the city prison. He was in a terrible rage, first against Wilson, who had affronted his soldiers, and next against the mob, who were charmed with Wilson's generous action in the church, and had favoured Robertson's escape. They are always on the side of humanity and mercy, unless they are engaged themselves. Porteous was also infuriated because the Welch Fusiliers had been brought to the Canongate, as if he and his guard had not been sufficient to keep down any riot within the city. The manacles were two little for Wilson's wrists, who was a strong powerful man; and when the hangman could not make them meet, Porteous flew furiously to them, and squeezed the poor man, who cried piteously whilst he continued squeezing till he got them to meet, to the exquisite torture of the miserable prisoner, who told him he could not entertain one serious thought, so necessary to one in his condition, under such intolerable pain. "No matter," said Porteous, "your torment will soon be at an end." "Well," said Wilson, "you know not how soon you may be placed in my condition; God Al-

mighty forgive you as I do." This cruel conduct of Porteous still more embittered the minds of the populace, who were sufficiently exasperated against him before this, and the report of it was soon spread over town and country. Porteous conducted Wilson to the gallows, where he died very penitent, but expressing more sorrow on account of the common frailties of life, than the crime for which he suffered. His body was given to his friends, who carried it over to Pathhead in Fife, where it was interred; George Robertson having, as we have seen, rashly attended the funeral before going abroad. During the melancholy procession of the criminal and his guard, accompanied by the magistrates, ministers, and others from the Old Tolbooth, which stood in the Lawnmarket, to the scaffold, which was placed in the Grassmarket, there was not the slightest appearance of a riot, nor after Wilson had been suspended, until life was extinct, did the least manifestation of disturbance occur on the part of a vast crowd of people collected from town and country to witness the execution. The magistrates of Edinburgh had retired from the scaffold to a house close by; concluding, with reason, that as all was over with poor Wilson, no disturbance could then happen, and the executioner was actually on the top of the ladder cutting Wilson down, when a few idle men and boys began to throw pebbles, stones, or garbage at him (a common practice at that time), thinking he was treating the affair rather ludicrously;—whereupon Captain Porteous, who was in very bad humour, became highly incensed and instantly resented, by commanding the city-guard, without the slightest authority from the magistrates, and without reading the riot act or proclamation according to law, to fire their muskets, loaded with ball, and by firing his own fuzee among the crowd, by which four persons were killed upon the spot and eleven wounded, many of them dangerously, who afterwards died. The magistrates, ministers, and constables, who had retired to the first storey of a house fronting the street, were themselves in danger of being killed, a ball, as was discovered afterwards, having grazed the side of a window where they stood. The Lord Provost and Magistrates immediately convened, and ordered Captain Porteous to be apprehended and brought before them for examination; and after taking a precognition, his Lordship committed Porteous to close imprisonment for trial for the crime of murder; and next day fifteen sentinels of the guard were also committed to prison, it clearly appearing, after a careful examination of the firelocks of the party, that they were the persons who had discharged their pieces among the crowd. In the month of July 1736, Captain Porteous was put on trial, at the instance of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, before the High Court of Justiciary, for the murder of Charles Husband and twelve other persons on the 14th of

April preceding, being the day of the execution of Andrew Wilson; and after sundry steps of procedure, having been found by the unanimous voice of the jury, guilty, he was, on the 20th of July sentenced to suffer death on Wednesday the 8th of September in the same year, in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh—that was, about five months after Wilson's execution. On the 20th of August, the Duke of Newcastle, one of the Secretaries of State, wrote a letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Justice-General, Justice-Clerk, and other Lords of Justiciary, of which the following is a copy:—"My Lords, application having been made to Her Majesty" in the behalf of John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City-Guard of Edinburgh, a prisoner under sentence of death in the gaol of that city, I am commanded to signify to your Lordships Her Majesty's pleasure that the execution of the sentence pronounced against the said John Porteous be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution. I am, my Lords, your Lordships' most obedient, humble servant, (Signed) Holles, Newcastle." On receipt of this letter, the Lords of Justiciary granted warrant to the magistrates of Edinburgh for stopping the execution of Porteous till the 20th day of October following. The effect of this respite on the minds of the people of Scotland was to induce the belief that the government did not intend to carry out the sentence of death against Porteous at all—that it was merely a preliminary step to his pardon and liberation—and that, so far from condemning him, the government had taken up a prejudice against the town of Edinburgh, on account of the proceedings, and in some measure against all Scotland. A number of persons, therefore, who were never discovered, resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and on the 7th of September 1736, a body of strangers, supposed to be from the counties of Fife, Stirling, Perth, and Dumfries, many of them landed gentlemen, entered the West Port of Edinburgh between nine and ten o'clock at night, and having seized the Portsburgh drummer by the way, brought along his drum with them, and his son. Some of them advancing up into the Grassmarket, commanded the drummer's son to beat to arms. They then called out, "Here! all those who dare to avenge innocent blood!" This probably was a signal for their associates to fall in. It was followed by instantly shutting up the gates of the city, posting guards at each, and flying sentinels at all places where a surprise might be expected, while a separate detachment threw themselves upon, and dispersed the city-guard; and seizing the drum, beat about the High Street to notify their success so far at least. At that instant, a body of them proceeded to the Tolbooth,

called for the keeper, and finding he was gone, fell a breaking the door with fore-hammers; but making no great progress in that way, they got together a parcel of dried broom, whins, with other combustibles and heaps of timber and a barrel of pitch, all previously provided for the purpose, and taking the flambeaux or torches from the city officers, they set fire to the pile. When the magistrates appeared, they repulsed them with showers of stones, and threatened, if they continued in the streets and offered resistance, they would discharge platoons of fire-arms among them; and it is even reported they placed sentinels on the magistrates to watch their motions. Upon the prison door taking fire, two gentlemen made up to the rioters, and remonstrated with them on the imminent danger of setting the whole neighbourhood on fire, insinuating that this outrage was likely to be deeply resented, and might bring them to trouble; to which it was answered that they should take care no damage should be done to the city, and that as to the rest, they knew their business, and that they (the gentlemen) might go about their's. Before the prison door was burnt down, several persons rushed through the flames, ran up stairs, demanded the keys from the keepers; and though they could scarcely see one another for the smoke, got into Captain Porteous' apartment, calling "Where is the murdering villain?" He is said to have answered, "Gentlemen, I am here; but what are you going to do with me?" When they answered, "We are to carry you to the place where you shed so much innocent blood, and hang you." He begged for mercy, but they instantly seized and pulled him to the door in his bedgown and cap; and as he struggled, they caught him by the legs and dragged him to the foot of the stair, while others set all the rest of the prisoners in the Tolbooth at liberty. As soon as Porteous was brought to the street, he was set on his feet, and some seized him by the breast, while others pushed behind. He was thus conducted to the Bow-head, where they stopped a moment, at the pressing solicitation of some of the citizens, on the pretence that he might die peaceably, but really that time might be gained, as they expected the Welch Fusiliers every moment from the Canongate, or that the garrison of the Castle would come to Porteous' relief. By this time some who appeared to be the leaders in the enterprise ordered him to march, and he was hurried down the Bow and to the gallows stone, where he was to kneel,—to confess his manifold sins and wickedness, particularly the destruction of human life he had committed in that place, and to offer up his petitions to Almighty God for mercy on his soul. After which, in a very few minutes, he was led to the fatal tree. A rope being wanting, they broke open a shop in the Grassmarket, and took out a coil of ropes, for which they left a guinea

* This was Queen Caroline, who was regent of the kingdom during the absence of her husband George the First at Hanover.

on the counter,* and threw the one end over a dyer's cross trees close by the place of execution. On seeing the rope, Porteous made remonstrances and caught hold of the tree, but being disengaged they set him down, and as the noose was about to be put over his head, he appeared to gather fresh spirit, struggling and wrenching his head and body. Here again some citizens appeared for him, telling that the troops being now in full march, they must all expect to be sacrificed, and that the artillery of the Castle would doubtless be discharged among them. They answered, "No man will die till his time come." About a quarter of an hour before twelve they put the rope about his neck, and ordered him to be pulled up; which being done, observing his hands loose, he was let down again; after tying his hands he was hauled up a second time, but after a short space, having wrought one of his hands loose, he was let down once more, in order to tie it up and cover his face. Stripping him of one of the shirts he had on, they wrapped it about his head, and got him up a third time with loud huzzas and a ruff of the drum. After he had hung a long time, they nailed the rope to the tree; then formally saluting one another, grounding their arms, and another ruff of the drum, they separated, retired out of town, and numbers of them were seen riding off in bodies well mounted to different quarters, leaving the body hanging till near five next morning. Neither the two gentlemen who conversed with the rioters at the Tolbooth, nor those who were sent out by the magistrates to see if they knew any of them, could say they had ever seen any one of them before, though the flames of the fire at the Tolbooth door rendered it as light as noonday; so that it was generally believed no citizen acted any principal part in the tragedy; though, indeed, it is certain that many of the burghesses and inhabitants of Edinburgh, led by curiosity, went to the streets to behold the surprising boldness and incredible extravagance of the scene. Upon the whole, it would seem that the rioters were a body of gentlemen and others in disguise, some having mason's aprons, others joiner's, fletcher's, shoemaker's, dyer's, and those of other trades, who had concerted their plot with judgment, conducted it with secrecy, executed it with resolution and manly daring, and completed the whole in the short space of two hours with unparalleled success.

PRATT, JOHN, Esq., of Glentarkie, was born in the year 1768, and died at Kirkcaldy on the 13th January 1847. Mr Pratt had long been identified with the manufacturing interests of the district, and as long had he been known and admired for those properties which constitute the true man of business.

* The person who did this was a man of the name of Bruce, belonging to Anstruther, who returned some time after to the town, and was well-known to the late Mrs Black, the mother of the late Admiral William Black.

Gifted with a clear and vigorous intellect, he soon saw the way to success, and that he as sedulously pursued. Acute and penetrating, he was equally enterprising and industrious, while his oldest acquaintance esteemed him for accuracy, honesty, and fairness in all his commercial dealings. This, at an early period of his life, was discovered by a large banking establishment that entrusted him with the issue of their notes, and the granting of money accommodations, before any agency had been appointed in Kirkcaldy. We are not to wonder, then, that these talents and habits secured for him such imminent success, and such a high mercantile reputation, not only in his own vicinity, but as far as his transactions extended. Nor did he only benefit himself—he gave judicious counsel to some, reasonable aid to others, and an example of activity to all; and, living as he did the last of his day, his memory was long cherished, and his loss long felt, by a numerous class of neighbours, and an extensive circle of friends.

PRINGLE, JAMES, was born in the parish of Collesie on the 11th December 1803. At the Parochial School of Kettle having received an ordinary education, he was, in his seventeenth year, apprenticed to a millwright. For many years he prosecuted this occupation in the district of his nativity. From his youth he has cherished an enthusiastic love of poetry and composed verses. In 1853 he published a duodecimo volume entitled, "Poems and Songs on Various Subjects."

PRINGLE, JOHN, mariner, Newton-Bushel, Devonshire, was born in Pathhead, by Kirkcaldy, on the 19th May 1760, where he learned the weaving business, at that time a flourishing one. When he came to manhood he married, and the issue of that marriage was the late John Pringle, better known among his companions as Jack Pringle, who died at Kirkcaldy a few weeks ago (1864). Shortly after the birth of the younger Pringle, which was in 1795, a regiment of Highlanders came to Kirkcaldy, and the frail Mrs Pringle left her husband, and eloped with one of the kilted sergeants of the regiment. This event so afflicted poor Pringle that he at once abandoned his business and entered the Royal Navy. Like all boys brought up in seaport towns, Pringle soon felt himself at home on board a ship, where, by his activity, his exemplary conduct, and good seamanship, he ultimately became coxswain to England's greatest naval hero, the immortal Nelson, with whom he was a great favourite, as well as being his constant attendant in all his battles. A picture of Lord Nelson was once exhibited, standing on his victorious quarter-deck, receiving the swords of the vanquished officers of a French and Spanish fleet which he had just conquered, Pringle being immediately behind him in fighting trim, that is, half naked, and bareheaded and barefooted, to whom Nelson was handing sword after

sword respectively as he received them, and which Pringle bundled up under his arm with as much *sans froid* as if he had been bundling up so many sticks into a faggot. We may mention, as a singular coincidence in those strange eventful times, that old Pringle once, and once only, came in contact with his faithless wife, and that was upon the occasion of the regiment of her paramour embarking for a place beyond seas, when he was put on board the very ship in which Pringle was a sailor. Jack, however, with the magnanimity of a true British sailor, took no further notice of the guilty couple than to make them as comfortable while on board as he possibly could, but without letting them know from whence the good things flowed. To return to his infant son: Old Pringle, on leaving Kirkcaldy to become a man-of-war's man, gave his child in charge to his mother, the infant's grandmother, then living at Pathhead, where he grew up to boyhood. He, too, became a weaver and a rover, and, like his father, went to sea; but not taking with it so well, the youth enlisted into the 42nd Highlanders, and was present with that gallant corps at the battle of Waterloo, for which he received the Waterloo medal. Ten years afterwards young Pringle was discharged, and his period of service, together with the two years allowed for Waterloo, entitled him to a pension of 1s 2½d per diem, which he enjoyed from the date of his discharge in 1825 up to the day of his death. Young Pringle and his father, the coxswain, owing to the estrangement of the latter from the circumstances detailed above, never had much intercourse with each other, and latterly it may be said none at all. Whether the name of Kirkcaldy had become distasteful to him owing to his wife's infidelity is not known, but it is certain that during the latter years of his long life, he had no correspondence whatever with his native place. Old Pringle, while in the service of the Royal Navy, which he entered at the age of twenty-one, took an active part in many of our celebrated naval actions, and among others, those of the Nile, Trafalgar, and Alexandria. He had a pension granted him, and at the mature age of ninety-two entered into a second marriage. His wife survives him. Prior to his last illness, although he was rather infirm, still his mental faculties were unimpaired, and he used to display those social qualities which rendered him so agreeable a companion and so greatly distinguished him as a brave sailor in early life. On his birthday, for several years past, he was in the habit of taking a summer's drive round the town of Newton Bushel in company with his wife, and they, an amiable old couple, who were much and justly respected by their townspeople, were the observed of all observers, and heartily congratulated at each appearance. Mr Pringle took part in the demonstrations of the 10th March 1863 at Newton Abbot on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince

of Wales. Mr Pringle died at his residence, Newton Bushel, in the month of June 1863, having attained the extraordinary age of 103 on the 19th of May preceding.

PYPER, WILLIAM, LL.D., late Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews, was born in the parish of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, in 1797, and became a student in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was Parochial Schoolmaster of Laurencekirk from 1815 to 1817; was then translated to Maybole, and in 1820 to the Grammar School of Glasgow. In 1822 he succeeded Mr James Gray in the High School of Edinburgh, which position he worthily occupied until 1844. On the 22d of October that year he was appointed to the chair of Humanity in the above University in succession to Dr Gillespie, which he occupied for more than sixteen years, having died on the 7th January 1861. In the strictest sense of the words, Dr Pyper was the architect of his own fortune; he rose by merit alone. A strong sense of duty was perhaps his strongest characteristic; and to this, as in many other persons of a like stamp, we must in justice attribute a certain sternness and even severity with which he is stated to have discharged his functions as a schoolmaster. The punctuality, alacrity, and assiduity which distinguished him in his former capacity he carried with him to his higher post at St Andrews. His prompt and powerful elocution found here a more congenial field for its exercise. He had a high idea of philological study as one of the most effective instruments of mental discipline, and this idea he strove to reduce to practice in his instructions. The tinge of severity traceable in his earlier career is stated to have been greatly softened during his academic life. While insisting on thorough preparation and a well grounded knowledge of the Latin tongue, he is stated to have cultivated with his students most friendly relations, and he certainly had at heart their moral as well as intellectual advancement. He was himself a thorough classical scholar of the older stamp, and the extent and selectness of his library showed that he was devoted through life to the studies which he professed. It does not detract from his reputation as a teacher to say that he did not attain to that mastery of the wide range of philological attainment which falls to the lot of but a few. As a man of business he was clear, temperate, and sagacious; and the University Library was for some time indebted for its orderly management in no small measure to his gratuitous services. By his colleagues he was prized as an able and friendly coadjutor; but for some years an insidious disease had deprived the college of his services, and his friends in a great measure of his society. His decline was rapid, and the close sudden and tranquil. He left a lasting proof of his interest in this College by the bequest of £500 to found a bursary, which came into operation Session 1862.