

the guitar for Maggie, to the hotel this evening. I am going to dine to-day at the Literary Union, with Campbell and some others. To-morrow I shall be busy all day, calling on naval officers, and at the Admiralty, nor could I have sooner done so. And on Thursday, I shall leave London for York in one of the morning coaches. This will enable me to stop some hours there to rest, and I shall be in Edinburgh on Saturday afternoon; I do not know at what hour, but I believe *two or three after the mail*, unless I take my place *in the mail from York*. The gals can ask Bob at what hour any coach arrives in Edinburgh from York, besides the mail. I should think he will know. But should any thing detain me, it will only be my not getting a place at York. The gals may take a look at the mail, perhaps on Saturday. I need say no more than that I shall be truly happy to find you all well and happy, as you deserve to be. God bless you all! Yours ever affectionately,

“JOHN WILSON.”

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### LITERARY AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

1832-'37.

THE following letter will be read with interest:

“LONDON, *November 30, 1832.*

“SIR:—You have often, and ‘on the *Rialto*’ too, twitted me with an addition to Sonnets, and ‘such small deer’ of poetry, sometimes in a spirit of good-humor, at others in that tone of raillery which is so awful to young gentlemen given to rhyming *love* and *dove*. Yet, notwithstanding the terrors of your frown, I think there is so much of the milk of human kindness blending up with that rough nature of yours, as would prevent you from willingly hurting the weak and the defenceless; on the contrary, if Master Feeble acknowledged his failing in a becoming manner, I can believe that you would put the timid gentleman on his legs, pat his head, cocker his alarmed features into a complacent smile, and, giving him some-

thing nice, washing it down with a jorum of whiskey-toddy, send him home to his lodgings and landlady with your compliments, so that I, you will perceive, have no bad opinion of your lionship.

“You can do me a great good; and when I assure you, which I do seriously and in all sincerity, that I seek not your favor in the spirit of vanity, that I may plume myself with it hereafter; and when I tell you that I have ventured on this publication not to exalt myself, but, if possible, to benefit some poor relations, weighed down by the pressure of our bad times, I am sure that I may rely on your appreciating my motive, whatever you may think of the means I have taken to work it out.

“One thing more I would say; these poems, such as they are, are the productions of a self-educated man, who, in his tenth year of childhood, with little more than a knowledge of his *Reading Made Easy*, was driven out into the world to seek his bread, and pick up such acquirements as he could meet with; these are not many, for he was not lucky enough to meet with many. This is a fact which I do not care that the public should know, for what has that monster so well off for heads to do with it; nor, perhaps, have you; I have mentioned it merely because I could not conceal it at this moment, when the disadvantages it has surrounded me with return upon me like old grievances for a time forgotten, but come back again to ‘sight and seeing,’ as palpable as ever, and as provoking.

“Enough of myself. There are many errors in the book staring me out of countenance. While it was in the press I was dangerously ill, and, therefore, paid but little and distracted attention to it. Think, then, as mercifully of me and mine as you can; and though, when you are frolicsome, you love to spatter us poor cockneys, sometimes justly enough, at others not so, believe that I can candidly appreciate the power and the beauty of some parts of *Blackwood’s Magazine*, and that I am, all differences notwithstanding, your humble servant,  
 \_\_\_\_\_.”\*

In my mother’s letters during 1833 and 1834, the strong political feelings of the time are occasionally exhibited. In one she says:

\* The signature of this letter has been torn off, but the letter itself is indorsed “from Charles Lamb to Professor Wilson.” I am, however, afraid that it is not the production of “Elia,” and as I am not familiar with the handwriting, I cannot say who is the writer, or whether the appeal was responded to.

“ We are all terribly disgusted and annoyed at the result of the late elections. I never look into a newspaper now ; and my only comfort is in reading the political papers in *Blackwood*, and remembering that I have lived in the times of the Georges.” Again she writes : “ What do you think of Church and State affairs ? We are in a pretty way ; oh, for the good old times ! Thank Heaven, while Mr. Wilson can hold a pen, it will be wielded in defence of the right cause.” His pen, indeed, was not allowed to lie idle at this time, as the reader will find by referring to his contributions. During 1833-’34 he wrote no fewer than fifty-four articles for *Blackwood*, or upwards of 2,400 closely printed columns on politics and general literature. Among these were reviews of Ebenezer Elliot\* and Audubon, the ornithologist, which called forth interesting and characteristic replies.

FROM EBENEZER ELLIOT.

“SHEFFIELD, 8th May, 1834.

“MR. PROFESSOR :—I do not write merely to thank you for your almost fatherly criticism on my poetry, but to say, that when I sent that unhappy letter, addressed, I suppose, to the Editor of *Blackwood’s Magazine*, I knew not that the Professor was the editor. I had been told that the famous rural articles were yours, and the ‘Noctes.’ This was all I knew of that terrible incarnation of the Scotch Thistle, Christopher North. I had judged from his portrait on the cover of the Magazine. I understand it is a true portrait of Mr. Blackwood, whose name even now involuntarily brings before my imagination a personage ready to flay poor Radicals alive. When at length I understood you was the editor, I still thought you was only the successor of C. North, the dreadful. The letter must have been the result of despair. The *Monthly Review* had stricken me on the heart with a hand of ice, but I had failed to attract the attention of the critics generally ; and perhaps I then thought that even an unfavorable notice in *Blackwood* would be better than none. But when I was told, a few days ago, that I was reviewed in ‘Maga,’ I expected I was done for, never to hold up my head again. Having no copy of the letter I know not what vileness it may contain, besides the sad vulgarity† unfortunately

\* Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymers, was born in 1781 ; he died in 1849.

† “Mr. Elliot was pleased, a good while ago, in a letter, the reverse of flattering, addressed to  
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quoted, and for which I blush through my marrow; but on the word of a poet, whose fiction is truth, when I wrote it I was no more aware, than if you had never been born, that I was writing to Professor Wilson. I should hate myself if I could deliberately have sent a disrespectful letter to the author of those inimitable rural pictures, which, before God, I believe have lengthened my days on earth.

“After your almost saintly forbearance, I must not bother you about the Corn-Laws; but I will just observe that in our Island of Jersey, where (perjury [*sic*] excepted) the trade in corn is free, land lets much higher than in England. But is it not a shame that wheat should be sent from Holland to Jersey, after incurring heavy charges, and the Dutchman’s profit, and then be sent to England as the produce of Jersey? Poor John Bull paying for all out of his workhouse wages, or the sixteen-pence which he receives for fourteen hours’ factory labor in the climate of Jamaica.

“What is to follow such legislation? I am, with heartfelt respect and thankfulness,  
EBENEZER ELLIOT.”

I cannot resist giving a passage from an article which afforded the author of the *Corn-Law Rhymes* so much genuine pleasure:—

“Ebenezer Elliot does—not only now and then, but often—ruralize; with the intense passionateness of a fine spirit escaping from smoke and slavery into the fresh air of freedom—with the tenderness of a gentle spirit communing with nature in Sabbath-rest. Greedily he gulps the dewy breath of morn, like a man who has been long suffering from thirst drinking at a wayside well. He feasts upon the flowers—with his eyes, with his lips; he walks along the grass as if it were cooling to his feet. The slow typhus fever perpetual with townsmen is changed into a quick glad some glow, like the life of life. A strong animal pleasure possesses the limbs and frame of the strong man released from labor, yet finding no leisure to loiter in the lanes—and away with him to the woods and rocks and heaven-kissing hills. But that is not all his pleasure—though it might suffice, one would think, for a slave. Through all his senses it penetrates into his soul—and his soul gets wings and soars.

us, and written with his own hard hoof of a hand, to call us a ‘big blue-bottle,’ but we bear no resemblance to that insect,” &c.—From “Poetry of E. Elliot,” in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, May, 1834.

Yes ; it has the wings of a dove, and flees away—and is at rest ! Where are the heaven-kissing hills in Hallamshire ? Here, and there, and everywhere—for the sky stoops down to kiss them—and the presence of a poet scares not away, but consecrates their embraces

‘ Under the opening eyelids of the morn.’

Of such kind is the love of nature that breaks out in all the compositions of this town-bred poet. Nature to him is a mistress whom he cannot visit when he will, and whom he woos, not stealthily, but by snatches—snatches torn from time, and shortened by joy that ‘ thinks down hours to moments.’ Even in her sweet companionship he seems scarcely ever altogether forgetful of the place from which he made his escape to rush into her arms, and clasp her to his breast. He knows that his bliss must be brief, and that an iron voice, like a knell, is ringing him back to dust and ashes. So he smothers her with kisses—and tearing himself away—again with bare arms he is beating at the anvil, and feels that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. For Ebenezer Elliot, gentle reader, is a worker in iron ; that is—to use his own words—‘ *a dealer in steel, working hard every day ; literally laboring with my head and hands, and alas, with my heart too ! If you think the steel-trade, in these profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break a ton.*’

“ We have worked at manual labor for our amusement, but, it was so ordered, never for bread ; for reefing and reeving can hardly be called manual labor—it comes to be as facile to the fingers as the brandishing of this present pen. We have ploughed, sowed, reaped, mowed, pitchforked, threshed ; and put heart and knee to the gavelock hoisting rocks. But not for a day’s darg, and not for bread. Now here lies the effectual and vital distinction between the condition of our poet and his critic—between the condition of Ebenezer Elliot and that of all our other poets, except Robert Burns.”\*

The next letter is from Mr. Audubon ;†—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND ;—The first hour of this new year was ushered to me surrounded by my dear flock, all comfortably seated around

\* *Blackwood’s Magazine*, May, 1834.

† J. J. Audubon, author of *The Birds of America*, &c., died in 1831.

a small table, in a middle-sized room, where I sincerely wished you had been also, to witness the flowing gladness of our senses, as from one of us 'Audubon's Ornithological Biography' was read from your ever valuable Journal. I wished this because I felt assured that your noble heart would have received our most grateful thanks with pleasure, the instant our simple ideas had conveyed to you the grant of happiness we experienced at your hands. You were not with us, alas! but to make amends the best way we could, all of a common accord drank to the health, prosperity, and long life, of our generous, talented, and ever kind friend, Professor John Wilson, and all those amiable beings who cling around his heart! May those our sincerest wishes reach you soon, and may they be sealed by Him who granted us existence, and the joys heaped upon the 'American woodsman' and his family, in your hospitable land, and may we deserve all the benefits we have received in your ever dear country, although it may prove impossible to us to do more than to be ever grateful to her worthy sons.

"Accept our respectful united regards, and offer them to your family, whilst I remain, with highest esteem, your truly thankful friend and most obedient servant,  
JOHN J. AUDUBON."

The next letter is from the Rev. James White:\*

"LOXLEY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON,  
4th November, 1834.

"MY DEAR SIR:—The last was an admirable 'Noctes,' and in my opinion, makes up for the one for July. After describing the party at Carnegie's, who did you mean by the ass that, after braying loud enough to deafen Christopher, went braying all over the

\* The Rev. J. White, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, author of *Sir Fizzle Pumpkin, Nights at Mess, &c.*, and other stories, died March 23, 1862, aged fifty-eight. "Mr. White, says the *Edinburgh Courier*, who was a native of this country, where his family still possess considerable property, was born in the year 1804. After studying with success at Glasgow and Oxford, he took orders in the Church of England, and was presented by Lord Brougham to a living in Suffolk, which he afterwards gave up for another in Warwickshire. On ultimately succeeding to a considerable patrimony, he retired from the Church and removed with his family to the Isle of Wight, where Mrs. White had inherited from her father, Colonel Hill, of St. Boniface, a portion of his estate, Bonchurch, so celebrated for its beauty and mild climate. His retirement enabled him to devote a considerable share of his time to literary pursuits, which he prosecuted with much success. The pages of *Blackwood* were enlivened by many of his contributions of a light kind, too popular and well known to require to be enumerated; and his later works, including the *Eighteen Christian Centuries* and the *History of France*, showed that his industry and accuracy, as well as his good sense and sound judgment, were not inferior to his other and more popular talents."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Borders? You unconscionable monster, did you mean me? Vicar of the consolidated livings of Loxley and Bray! I console myself with thinking it is something to be mentioned in the 'Noctes,' though in no higher character than an ass.

"Have you ever thought of making Hogg a metempsychosist? what a famous description he would give of his feelings when he was a whale (the one that swallowed Jonah), or a tiger, or an antediluvian *aligator* near the Falls of Niagara, his disgust after being shot as an eagle, to find himself a herd at the head of Ettrick!\*

"Do you think of coming to England next year? Remember, whenever you do, you have promised me a benefit. Has Blair come up to college yet? If he has, I wish you would for once write me a letter with his address; for, as I am only a day's drive from Oxford, I should be most happy to show him this part of the country in the short vacation. My wife desires to be very kindly remembered to you and Mrs. Wilson, not forgetting the young ladies. And I remain, ever yours very truly,

"JAMES WHITE."

Attention to the ordinary course of duties, and the numerous occupations which engrossed his daily life, never stood in the way of my father's endeavors to be useful to his fellow-men. An example of this may be seen in his correspondence with a mutual friend, in order to pacify and to restore Mr. Hogg to his former position with Mr. Blackwood. This labor, for such it was, ended ultimately to the satisfaction of all parties, and the correspondence which led to that result is truly honorable to the writers.

"MY DEAR SHEPHERD:—From the first blush of the business, I greatly disliked your quarrel with the Blackwoods, and often wished to be instrumental in putting an end to it, but I saw no opening, and did not choose to be needlessly obtrusive. Hearing that you would rather it was made up, and not doubting that Mr. Blackwood would meet you for that purpose in an amicable spirit, I volunteer my services—if you and he choose to accept of them—as mediator.

"I propose this—that all mere differences on this, and that, and

\* This hint appears to have been acted upon, as those who are interested may read the Shepherd's transmigrations fully detailed in the "Noctes" of February, 1835.

every subject, and all asperities of sentiment or language on either side, be at once forgotten, and never once alluded to—so that there shall be asked no explanation nor apology, but each of you continue to think yourself in the right, without taking the trouble to say so.

“But you have accused Mr. Blackwood in your correspondence with him, as I understand, of shabbiness, meanness, selfish motives, and almost dishonesty. In your Memoir there is an allusion to some transaction about a bill, which directly charges Mr. Blackwood with want of integrity. In that light it was received by a knave and fool in *Fraser's Magazine*, and on it was founded a public charge of downright dishonesty against a perfectly honorable and honest man. Now, my good sir, insinuations or accusations of this kind are quite ‘another guess matter’ from mere ebullitions of temper, and it is impossible that Mr. Blackwood can ever make up any quarrel with any man *who doubts his integrity*. It is your bounden duty, therefore, to make amends to him on this subject. But even here I would not counsel *any apology*. I would say that it is your duty as an honest man to say fully, and freely, and unequivocally that you know Mr. Blackwood to be one, and in all his dealings with you he has behaved as one. This avowal is no more than he is entitled to from you; and, of course, it should be taken in lieu of an apology. As to writing henceforth in ‘Maga,’ I am sure it will give me the greatest pleasure to see the Shepherd adorning that work with his friends again; and, in that case, it would be graceful and becoming in you to address Mr. Blackwood in terms of esteem, such as would remove from all minds any idea that you ever wished to accuse him of want of principle. I should think that would be agreeable to yourself, and that it would be agreeable to all who feel the kindest interest in your character and reputation. In this way you would both appear in your true colors, and to the best advantage.

“As for the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, that is a subject in which I am chiefly concerned; and there shall never be another with you in it, *if indeed that be disagreeable to you!!!* But all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honored, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. If there be another man who has done more for your



fame than *I* have done, let me know in what region of the moon he has taken up his abode. But let the 'Noctes' drop, or let us *talk* upon that subject, if you choose, that we may find out which of us is insane, perhaps *both*.

"Show this letter to the Grays—our friends—and let them say whether or not it be reasonable, and if any good is likely to result from my services. I have written of my own accord, and without any authority from Mr. Blackwood, but entirely from believing that his kindness towards you would dispose him to make the matter up at once, on the one condition which, as an honest man, I would advise him to consider essential, and without which, indeed, he could not listen to any proposal. I am, my dear sir, your affectionate friend,

JOHN WILSON."

"MY DEAR MR. HOGG :—Your letter in answer to mine is written as mine was, in a friendly spirit; but on considering its various contents, I feel that I can be of no use at present in effecting a reconciliation between you and Mr. Blackwood. I was induced to offer my services by my own sincere regard for you, and by the wishes of Mrs. Izett and Mr. Grieve; but it rarely happens that an unaccredited mediator between offended friends in a somewhat complicated quarrel can effect any good. Should you, at any future time, wish me to give an opinion in this matter, or advice of any sort, you will find me ready to do so with the utmost sincerity. I will merely mention to Mr. Grieve, who was desirous of having you and Mr. Blackwood and myself to dinner, that I wrote you, and had an answer from you; but I shall leave you to tell him or not, as you please, what passed between us. That I may not fall into any unintentional mis-statement, I will likewise tell Mr. Blackwood the same, and no more, that I may not do more harm than good by having taken any step in the affair. If you never have made any accusation of the kind I mentioned against Mr. Blackwood, then am I ignorant of the merits of the case altogether, and my interference is only an additional instance of the danger of volunteering counsel, with erroneous impressions of the relative situation of the parties. I proposed a plan of reconciliation, which seemed to me to make no unpleasant demand on either party, and which was extremely simple; but it would seem that I took for granted certain accusations or insinuations against Mr. Blackwood's

character as a man of business, which you never made. I am, therefore, in the dark, and require to be instructed, instead of being privileged to counsel. With every kind sentiment, I am, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

JOHN WILSON."

In a long letter to Mr. Grieve, my father is at great pains to clear up the matter, and effect the much-desired reconciliation on terms honorable to both parties. He says :—

"If Mr. Hogg puts his return as a writer to 'Maga,' on the ground that 'Maga' suffers greatly from his absence from her pages, and that Mr. B. must be very desirous of his re-assistance, that will at once be a stumbling-block in the way of settlement; for Mr. B., whether rightly or wrongly, will not make the admission. No doubt Mr. H.'s articles were often excellent, and no doubt the 'Noctes' were very popular, but the Magazine, however much many readers must have missed Mr. Hogg and the 'Noctes,' has been gradually increasing in sale, and therefore Mr. B. will never give in to that view of the subject.

"Mr. Hogg, in his letter to me, and in a long conversation I had with him in my own house yesterday after dinner, sticks to his proposal of having £100 settled on him, on condition of writing, and of becoming again the hero of the 'Noctes,' as before. I see many, many difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, and I *know* that Mr. Blackwood will never agree to it in that shape; for it might eventually prove degrading and disgraceful to both parties, appearing to the public to be a bribe given and taken dishonorably.

"But nothing can be more reasonable than for Mr. Hogg to make £100 or more by 'Maga,' and by the *Agricultural Journal*. If he writes again for both, Mr. B. is bound to pay him handsomely and generously, as an old friend and man of genius; and no doubt he will do so, so that if Mr. Hogg exert himself to a degree *you and I* think reasonable, there can be no doubt that he will get £100 or more from Mr. Blackwood, without any positive bargain of the kind above mentioned, which might injure Mr. Hogg's reputation, and appear to the public in a degrading light.

"To insure this, *none of Mr. Hogg's articles should ever again be returned*. If now and then any of them are inadmissible *they*

*should still be paid for*, and Mr. Blackwood, I have no doubt, would at once agree to that, so that at the end of the year Mr. Hogg would have received his £100 or more, without any objectionable condition, and on reasonable exertions.

“And now a few words about myself. The Shepherd, in his letter to me (which you have seen, I believe), seems to say that *I* ought to settle the £100 a year on him, and that he is willing to receive it from me, if I think it will be for my own benefit. I have said nothing about this *to him*, but to *you* I merely say that I never did and never will interfere in any way with the pecuniary concerns of the Magazine, that being the affair of Mr. Blackwood; *secondly*, that of all the writers in it, *I* have done *most* for the *least* remuneration, though Mr. B. and I have never once had one word of disagreement on that subject; and *thirdly*, that it is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me, whether or not I ever again write another ‘Noctes,’ for all that I write on any subject seems to be popular far above its deserts; and considering the great number of ‘Noctes’ I have written, I feel very much indisposed ever to resume them.\* My own personal gain or loss, therefore, must be put out of sight entirely in this question; as I can neither gain nor lose by any arrangement between Mr. B. and Mr. Hogg, though the Shepherd thinks otherwise.

“This, likewise, must and will be considered by Mr. Blackwood, whether the ‘Noctes’ *can* be resumed, for if the public supposed that *I* were influenced by a regard to my own interests in resuming them, I most certainly never would; and were I to resume them, and Mr. Hogg again to prove wilful, and order them to be discontinued, I should feel myself placed in a condition unworthy of me. I wrote the ‘Noctes’ to benefit and do honor to Mr. Hogg, much more than to benefit myself; and but for them, he with all his extraordinary powers would not have been universally known as he now is; for poetical fame, you well know, is fleeting and precarious. After more than a dozen years’ acquiescence and delight in the ‘Noctes,’ the Shepherd, because he quarrelled with Mr. Blackwood *on other grounds*, puts an end to them, which by the he had no *right* to do. It is for me to consider whether I *can* resume them; but if I do, it must be clearly understood that I am not influenced by self-interest, but merely by a desire to bring back things as they

\* My father never wrote another “Noctes” after the Shepherd’s death, which took place in 1835.

were before, and to contribute my part to an amicable arrangement.

“But I will say *to you* what must not be said to anybody else, that if it be necessary, owing to Mr. Hogg not writing a sufficient number of articles fit for insertion, to make up some considerable sum towards £100 per annum being given to him, I will certainly contribute half of it along with Mr. Blackwood.

“There are various other points to be attended to. The Magazine *now* is the least *personal* periodical existing, and it will continue so. Now Mr. Hogg may wish to insert articles about London and so on, that may be *extremely personal*. Mr. Blackwood could not take such articles. He *has himself* reason to be offended with Mr. Hogg’s writings about himself, and could not consistently in like manner offend others. Suppose that the Shepherd sent such MS. for the first year as could not be inserted at all, is Mr. Blackwood to be paying him £100 for nothing? The *kind*, therefore, of his contributions must be considered by ‘James,’ though he may still be allowed considerable latitude.

“With respect to past quarrels, they should at once be forgotten by both parties, and not a word said about them, except *if* Mr. Hogg has published any thing reflecting on Mr. Blackwood’s *integrity*. *I think he has*. *That*, therefore, must be done away with by the Shepherd in the Magazine itself, but not in the way of *apology*, but in a manly manner, such as would do honor to himself, and at once put down all the calumnies of others, to which Mr. Blackwood has been unjustly exposed, especially in *Fraser’s Magazine*. All abuse of Mr. Blackwood in that work, *as founded on his behavior to Mr. Hogg*, must, by Mr. Hogg, be put a stop to; for if he continues to write in *Fraser*, and to allow those people to put into his mouth whatever they choose (and they hold him up to ridicule every month after a very different fashion from the NOCTES!!), their abuse of Mr. Blackwood will seem to be sanctioned by Mr. Hogg, and neutralize whatever he may say in ‘Maga.’ This is plain.

“Consider what I have said attentively, and I will call on you *on Tuesday at two o’clock*, and will explain a few other matters perhaps tedious to write upon. After that, the sooner you see Mr. B. the better, and I think an arrangement may be made, in itself reasonable and beneficial to all parties, on the above basis. Yours ever affectionately,

JOHN WILSON.”

The result of these friendly negotiations may be gathered from the "Noctes" of May 1834, in which there is a lively and most amusing description of the Shepherd's return to the bosom of his friends in the tent at the Fairy's Cleugh.\*

I make use of my mother's words to tell of the plans for the summer of 1834:—"Our own plans for the summer are, to spend four months of it at least, that is, from the 20th June till the 20th October, in Ettrick Forest. The house we have taken, which is furnished, belongs to Lord Napier, who is at present in China, and he wished to get it let for the summer; but, from the retirement of the situation, hardly expected to meet with a tenant for that time. It is called Thirlstane Castle; the country around is all interesting, being pastoral, with no lack of wood and water, and a great lack of neighbors; we all like retirement, young and old, and look forward, with great satisfaction, to spending a quiet summer."

We accordingly took up our quarters at Thirlstane, and enjoyed Ettrick Forest vastly; the boys had their fishing and shooting; the very dogs were happy. "The dowgs," as James Hogg called them, shared in all our amusements; it was here that Rover had his adventure with the witch transformed into a hare. "She was sitting in her ain kail-yaird, the preceese house I dinna choose to mention, when Giraffe, in louping ower the dyke, louped ower her, and she gied a spang intil the road, turning round her fud within a yard o' Clavers,†—and then sic a brassle; a' three thegither up the brae, and then back again in a hairy whirlwind; twa miles in less than ae minute. She made for the mouth of the syver,‡ but Rover, wha had happened to be examining it in his inquisitive way, and kent naething o' the course, was coming out just as she was gaun in, an' atween the twa there ensued, unseen in the syver, a desperate battle. Well dune witch; well dune warlock; and at ae time I feared, frae his yelping and yowling, that Rover was getting the worst o't,

\* The whole dialogue, which will be found in the *Noctes*, May, 1834, is too long for quotation, but a few lines of the apology may be given:—

"I'll never breathe a whisper even to my ain heart, at the laneliest hour o' midnight, except it be when I am saying my prayers, o' ony misunderstanding that ever happened between us twa, either about 'Mawgs' or ony ither topic, as lang's I leeve, an' am no deserted o' my senses, but am left in full possession of the gift of reason; and I now dicht aff the tablets o' my memory ilka letter o' ony ugly record that the Enemy, taking the advantage o' the corruption o' our fallen nature, contrived to scarify there wi' the pint o' an airn pen, red-het frae yon wicked place. I now dicht them a' aff, just as I dicht aff frae this table the wine-drops wi' ma sleeve; and I forgave yo frae the very bottom o' ma sowle," &c., &c.

† The Shepherd's colleys.

‡ A covered drain.

and might lose his life. Auld poosies\* cuff sair wi' their fore-paws, and theirs is a wicked bite. But the outlandish wolfiness in Rover brak forth in extremity, and he cam rushing out o' the syver wi' her in his mouth, shaking her savagely, as if she had been but a ratton, and I had to choke him off. Forbye thrapping her, he had bit intil the jugular; and she had lost sae meikle bluid, that you hae eaten her the noo roasted, instead o' her made intil soup."

Rover was a colley from the beautiful pastures of Westmoreland; he had succeeded Brontë† in the Professor's affections. He had all the sagacity of his species; he was generally admired, but strictly speaking he was not beautiful, as the Shepherd remarked that he had "a cross o' some outlandish blood" in his veins; he, however, walked with a stately, defiant air, and was very "leesh;" his coat was black and glossy, it gleamed in the light; a white ring surrounded his neck, and melted away into the depths of his muscular chest; he was very loving and affectionate, and as we children told him every thing that was going on, these communications quickly opened his mind, and Rover increased so much the more in intelligence. We never doubted in his humanity, and treated him accordingly; animation of spirit and activity of body combined to give him a more than usual share of enjoyment. Rover's companion in dog-life was Fang the terrier. Poor Fang was one of the victims in Hawthornden garden; but at Thirlstane he, like Rover, and like us all, old and young, enjoyed himself vastly. Poor Rover fell sick in the spring of the following year, and struggled for many days with dumb madness. I remember that shortly before the poor creature died, longing for the sympathy of his master's kind voice, he crawled up stairs to a room next the drawing-room; my father stood beside him, trying to soothe and comfort the poor animal. A very few minutes before death closed his fast-glazing eye, the Professor said: "Rover, my poor fellow, give me your paw." The dying animal made an effort to reach his master's hand; and so thus parted my father with his favorite, as one man taking farewell of another. My father loved "both man, and bird, and beast;" he could turn at any moment from the hardest work, with playful tenderness, to some household pet, or any object colored by home affection.‡

\* Hares.

† A favorite dog of my father's, of whom more anon.

‡ It is worth observing how close in description two students of dog-life have approached each

Wife, children, pets, idealized as they sometimes are, play through many of his most beautiful and imaginative essays. Memory re-creates in his soul matters trivial enough; but to those familiar with his ways, these little touches, embalming the fancy or taste of some cherished friend, are deeply interesting. For example, my mother's favorite plant was the myrtle: we find it peeping out here and there in his writings, thus—

*North.*—"These are mere myrtles."

*Shepherd.*—"Mere myrtles! Dinna say that again o' them—mere; an ungrateful word, of a flowery plant, a' fu' o' bonny white starries; and is that their scent that I smell?"

*North.*—"The balm is from many breaths, my dear James. Nothing that grows is without fragrance."

In a letter written by my mother this autumn she says:—"We like our residence exceedingly, notwithstanding its great retirement and moist climate: the latter we were prepared for before we came, and have certainly not been disappointed, for we have had rather more of rain than fair weather. The house is situated in a narrow valley in Ettrick, with high hills on every side, which attract the clouds. We, however, contrive to amuse ourselves very well, with books and work, music and drawing; and when fair and fine, the boys and girls have their ponies, and the old people a safe low open carriage, yeapt a drosky, in which they take the air. The walks are quite to my taste, and without number in the wood which surrounds the

other. Every one remembers the celebrated contest in *Rab and his Friends*; here is my father's description of a dog-fight from the *Noctes*. No one was more amused at the resemblance than the genial author of *Rab*, when the writer pointed out that he had been anticipated by the "Shepherd:"—

"Doun another close, and a battle o' dowgs! A bull-dowg and a mastiff! The great big brown mastiff mounthin' the bull-dowg by the verra haunches, as if to crunch his back, and the wee white bull-dowg never seeming to fash his thoomb, but sticking by the regular set teeth o' his under-hung jaw to the throat o' the mastiff, close to the jugular, and has to be drawn off the grip by twa strong baker-boys pu'in' at the tail o' the tane, and twa strong butcher-boys pu'in' at the tail o' the tither; for the mastiff's maister begins to fear that the viper at his throat will kill him outright, and offers to pay a' bets, and confess his dowg has lost the battle. But the crowd wish to see the fecht out—and harl the dowgs that are noo worrying ither without any growling—baith silent, except a sort o' snorting through the nostrils, and a kind o' guller in their gullets,—I say the crowd harl them out o' the midden, until the stanes again—and, 'Weel dune, Cæsar!' 'Better dune, Vesper!' 'A mutchkin to a gill on Whitey!' 'The muckle ane canna fecht!' 'See how the wee bick is worrying him noo, by a new spat on the thrapple!' 'He wud rin awa', gin she wud let him loose!' 'She's just like her mother, that belanged to the caravan o' wild beasts!' 'O, man, Davie, but I wud like to get a breed out o' her by the watch-dowg at Bellmaiden Bleachfield, that killed, ye ken, the Kilmarnock carrier's Help in twenty minutes at Kingswell!'"—

*Noctes.*

house, and there is one delightful walk, the avenue, which is the approach, and which, from one lodge to the other, is rather more than a mile of nice dry gravel, and quite level, or nearly so, which suits me vastly well; there is a beautiful flower-garden close to the house and a very pretty brawling stream, which reminds one of Stockgill at Ambleside; there is a very good waterfall likewise in the grounds, about a mile from the house, which I have not yet seen, the path being very steep, and, owing to the rains, very wet; it is called the Black Spout. The boys have abundance of amusement in fishing and shooting, there being plenty of game—hares and rabbits. John has the Duke of Buccleuch's permission to shoot, and therefore we expect to have plenty of grouse. . . . .  
 . . . Our neighbors, who are few and far between, consist of respectable farmers, who have showed us great attention, indeed, Mr. Wilson was known to all the neighborhood long ago, in his pedestrian perambulations. The church is about a mile and a half from us, a neat little building, with a comfortable manse attached. Mr. Smith, the minister, is a very favorable specimen of a Scotch clergyman, with a modest, hospitable wife, and two children.

“Mr. Wilson was obliged to go to Edinburgh last Saturday, but I hope he will be here again on Wednesday. He is staying at the Bank. Poor Mr. Blackwood is very ill; indeed, I fear dangerously so. It is a surgical case, and though his general health has not as yet suffered, should that give way there is no chance for him. He would be an irreparable loss to his family, and a serious one to Edinburgh, being an excellent citizen, a magistrate, and highly respected even by his enemies.”

My father's spirits were at this time very much disturbed at the prospect of soon losing his kind and long-tried friend, the gradual increase of whose illness he writes of with much feeling to his wife:—

“GLOUCESTER PLACE, *Thursday Night.*

“MY DEAR JANE:—I found Mr. Blackwood apparently near his dissolution, but entirely sensible, and well aware of his state, which indeed he had been for a long time, though, till lately, he had never said so, not wishing to disturb his family. He was very cheerful, and we spoke cheerfully of various matters; this was on Monday, on my arrival from Peebles in a chaise, the coach being full. Tuesday was a day of rain, and being very ill, I lay all the day in bed. I did



not, therefore, see any of the Blackwoods, nor anybody else, but heard that he was keeping much the same. On Wednesday I saw Alexander and Robert, and found there was no change. This morning (Thursday) I called, and found him looking on the whole better than before, stronger in his speech and general appearance. I had much conversation with him, and found him quite prepared to die, pleased with the kindness of all around him, and grateful for all mercies. It is impossible, I think, that he can live many days, and yet the medical men all declared on Sunday that he could not hold out many hours. A good conscience is the best comforter on such a bed as his, and were his bed mine to-morrow, bless God I have a conscience that would support me as it supports him, and which will support me till then, while I strive to do my duty to my family, with weakened powers both of mind and body, but under circumstances which more than ever demand exertion. I have been too ill to write one word since I came, and have seen nobody, nor shall I till I return to Thirlstane. Not one word of the Magazine is written. Last night I made an effort and walked to the Bank through a tremendous storm.

“I was in bed to-day till after bank hours, and could not disturb the Blackwoods, of whom I have not heard since the morning. I have consulted Liston. Sedentary employments are bad for that complaint, but sedentary I must be, and will work till I can work no longer. It is necessary that I should do, and better men have done so, and will do so while the world lasts. Thank God, I injure nobody in thought, word, or deed. I am willing to die for my family, who, one and all, yourself included, deserve all that is good at my hands. I believe that poor Mr. Blackwood’s exertions have caused his illness, and after his death my work must be incessant, till the night comes in which no man can work. I have been interrupted all summer, but winter must see another sight, and I will do my utmost. I will write again by Ebenezer Hogg, and shall not, indeed cannot, leave this before Mr. Blackwood’s death. He cannot survive many days, but I do not think the boys and Mr. Hay need come in. I will speak of that again in my letter. I am yours affectionately,

JOHN WILSON.”

“BANK, *Thursday Night*.

“MY DEAR JANE:—I arrived at the Bank at half-past twelve on

Monday with a violent toothache; dined there alone; saw the Blackwoods, and went to bed at nine. On Tuesday called on Mr. Blackwood, and found him tolerably well. Lost all that day in being unable to settle to any thing; finding the bank-house most uncomfortable in all respects—no pillows to the beds, no sofas, no tables on which it was possible to write, from their being so low and the chairs so high. I did nothing. On Wednesday did a little, but not much; and dined, perhaps injudiciously, with Liston,\* to meet Schetky;† stayed till one o'clock; and to-day had an open and confused head; wrote in the back shop, but not very much. I sent for Nancy to the Bank, and found from her that she was picking currants in Gloucester Place, and told her that I would be there to-morrow (Friday) at nine o'clock, and write in my room, which, she says, is open, and sleep at the Bank. I dine at Mr. Blackwood's. Mr. Hay called on me at the shop to-day, and is well, having been ill with cholera or colic. The Magazine is in a sad state, and entirely behind, and as yet I have done little to forward it. I am not quite *incog.*, I fear, but have avoided seeing any of my old friends of the Parliament House. I will write by Sunday's mail, so you will hear from me on *Tuesday*, telling you when to send the gig to Innerleithen. I think it will be on Wednesday night, therefore keep it disengaged for that day; but I will mention particulars in my next. My face is swelled, but not so bad as before nearly. The Whigs are all *in* again, or rather were never out, except Lord Grey, who remains out. Poor Blackwood looks as well as ever, and there seem to be hopes, but the disease is very, very bad, and I do not know what to say. Love to all. Yours ever affectionately,  
 "JOHN WILSON."

"*Saturday Evening.*

"MY DEAR MAGGIE:—Mr. Blackwood is in the same state, wear-

\* Robert Liston, the celebrated surgeon; died in 1847.

† John Schetky, an artist, a friend of my father's.—"I have no conceit of those 'who are all things to all men.' Why, I have seen John Schetky himself in the sulks with sumpsh, though he is more tolerant of ninnies and noodles than almost any other man of genius I have ever known; but clap him down among a choice crew of kindred spirits, and how his wild wit even yet, as in its prime, wantons! playing at will its *virgin* fancies, till Care herself comes from her cell, and sitting by the side of Joy, loses her name, and forgets her nature, and joins in glee or catch, beneath the power of that magician, the merriest in the hall."—*Noctes*, No. lxvi., 1884.

"A gentleman who served with our army in the Spanish campaigns, and has painted several wild scenes of the Pyrenees in a most original manner. He is, I imagine, the very finest painter of sky since Salvator Rosa."—*Letters on the Living Artists of Scotland.*

ing away gradually, but living longer than any of the medical people thought possible. Last Sunday, it was thought he could not live many hours.

"I enclose £10 for present use, and shall write to your mamma on Monday, so that you will hear from me on Wednesday.

"This goes by Ebenezer Hogg, and two other letters; and Nancy, I understand, is sending clothes to Bonjeddard, from which I gather you are going to the ball, which is right. Love to all. Use the gig as you choose, for I shall not want it for some time. Thine affectionately,  
JOHN WILSON."

"GLOUCESTER PLACE, *Monday Evening.*

"MY DEAR JANE:—I shall be in Innerleithen on Thursday per coach, so let the gig be there the night before. I have been writing here since Friday, with but indifferent success, and am at this hour worn out. Nancy has done what I asked her to do, and I have let the bell ring 10,000 times without minding it.

"Billy called, with Captain Craigie, on Sunday, and, after viewing them from the bedroom window, I let them in. I have seen nobody else, not even Sym, but intend to call to-morrow night. I have slept here, and in utter desolation, as at Blackwood's it was too mournful to go there.

"What is to become of next Magazine I do not know. If I come here again, I will bring Maggie with me. Five hours of writing give me a headache, and worse, and I become useless. I do not think Blackwood will recover, but Liston speaks still as if he had hopes. Nobody writes for the Magazine, and the lads are in very low spirits, but show much that is amiable. I believe Hogg and his wife and I will be in the coach on Thursday morning to Innerleithen; so Bob told me. The printers are waiting for MS., and I have none but a few pages to give them; but on Wednesday night all must be at press. I hope to find you all well and happy. Yours ever affectionately,  
JOHN WILSON."

Mr. Blackwood died on the 16th of September, 1834. "Four months of suffering, in part intense, exhausted by slow degrees all his physical energies, but left his temper calm and unruffled, and his intellect entire and vigorous even to the last. He had thus what no good man will consider as a slight privilege, that of contem-

plating the approach of death with the clearness and full strength of his mind and faculties, and of instructing those around him, by solemn precept and memorable example, by what means alone humanity, conscious of its own frailty, can sustain that prospect with humble serenity.\* This event made no change in my father's relations with the Magazine, but two years later a trial came that deadened his interest, and the willingness of his hand to work.

"What is to become of next Magazine?" was the question on Monday evening, while the printers were waiting for MS., and he had but a few pages to give them. How he worked that night and next two days may be seen by examining the number of the Magazine for October, of which he wrote with his own hand 56 out of the 142 pages required. His articles were: "A Glance at the Noctes of Athenæus;" and a "Review of Coleridge's Poetical Works."

For the remainder of this year, and for the two subsequent years, he gave the most unequivocal proofs of his regard for his friend's memory, and his interest in his family, by continuing his labors with unflagging industry. In glancing over his contributions for 1835, I perceive that in January he had three; in February five; in March two; in May two; in July five; in August four; in September three; and in October and November one in each month, making a total of twenty-six articles during the twelve months. Of all these criticisms I have only space to allude to the very brilliant series of papers on Spenser, regarding which Mr. Hallam remarks, that "It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others almost as invidious to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, that 'no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser.'"†

In 1836 and 1837, he continued to contribute an article at least once a month until his own great loss paralyzed him.

The following letters were written in the autumn of 1835 from the banks of the Clyde:—

"THE BATHS, HELENSBURGH,  
1835, Tuesday, 12 o'clock.

"MY DEAR JANE:—I dined with Miss Sym on Sunday, and was kindly received by her and Mr. Andrew.

\* *Blackwood*, October, 1837.

\* *Literature of Europe*, vol. ii., p. 136.

"Dinner was over (half-past four), but the Howtowdy and pigeon-pie brought back, and having cast the coat to it, much to the old lady's amusement, I made a feast. I left Glasgow at half-past six on Thursday morning, and reached Helensburgh about nine. I forgot to say that Blair was at the Mearns, so I did not see him. Monday (that is yesterday) was a broiling day without wind; not a breath till about twelve, when some yachts started for a cup; the heat was intense, though there was a canopy over the *Orion*, in which the party was gathered. We had every thing good in the upper and lower jaw-most line; and the champagne—a wine I like—flew like winking. This continued till six o'clock, and I had a mortal headache. Race won by the 'Clarence' (her seventh cup this summer), the 'Amethyst' (Smith's yacht) being beaten. At seven we sat down forty-five to dinner in the Baths, so the hotel is called, and we had a pleasant party enough, as far as the heat would suffer."

"LARGS, *Sunday, August 2, 1835.*

"MY DEAR MAGG!—I duly received the governess's letter, and write now to say that two gentlemen are to dine with us in Gloucester Place on Wednesday first, viz., Wednesday, August 5th, at six o'clock. Get us a good dinner. It was my intention to write a long letter about *us*, but how can I? We have all been at church, and the room is filled with people, and the post goes in an hour. Blair and Frank Wilson and Willy Sym came down per steamer last night, and return to Glasgow to-morrow morning, but Blair has no intention, as far as I know, of returning to Edinburgh. I have just seen him, and no more. The Regatta is over, and Umbs was at the ball here; 200 people present. To-day is a storm. To-morrow I hope to get to Glasgow, and be home to dinner on Tuesday per mail—sooner not possible—so do try all of you to be contented till then without me. All are well. Your affectionate father,

JOHN WILSON,

"Who sends love to the lave, chickens and dogs included."

In August, 1836, the Professor, with his wife and two eldest daughters, visited Paisley, where a public dinner was given to him, to which he was accompanied by his friend Thomas Campbell. The meeting was numerously attended, and went off with *éclat*.

The following note to Mr. Findlay accompanied a report of the speeches on this occasion:—

“6 GLOUCESTER PLACE, *September 1.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—The pen is idle; not cold the heart! I forget not ever the friends of my heart. This report is a very imperfect one, but I thought you might not dislike to see it. I *will* write very soon, and at length. We are all well, and unite in kindest regards and remembrances. Ever yours most affectionately,

“JOHN WILSON.”

As an illustration of his humorous post-prandial speeches, I give an extract from the report:—“Mr. Campbell had been pleased to give them an animated character of his physical power; all he would say was that nature had blessed him with a sound mind in a sound body, and he had felt her kindness in this, that it had enabled him in his travels and wanderings to move with independence and freedom from all the restraints that weakness of body might imply. He remembered seeing it mentioned in the public prints some years ago that he resembled the wild man of the wood, but little did he dream that at last he was to grow into a resemblance of their immortal Wallace.” After some further observations, in which the learned Professor spoke warmly and eloquently of the genius of Mr. Campbell, he referred to the remarks of that gentleman about the circles of reputation that surrounded him, and his reception at the dinner of the Campbell Club. Perhaps, he observed, it was not so great an achievement for Mr. Campbell to come 400 miles to receive the honors awaiting him, as it was for him (Mr. W.) to go forty miles to see those honors bestowed upon him; while the little discharge of applause with which his appearance was welcomed, was to be regarded only as a humble tribute due to Mr. Campbell’s superior artillery. He gave Mr. Campbell willingly the possession of all the outer circles. He gave him London—undisputed possession of London—also of Edinburgh; he did not ask for Glasgow; but here in Paisley (tremendous cheering which drowned the rest of the sentence), they would agree with the justice of the sentiment, when he said that had he been born in the poorest village in the land, he would not have cause to be ashamed of his birthplace; nor, he trusted, would his birthplace have cause to be ashamed of him (cheers). But when he considered where he was born—the town of Paisley—where

he had that morning walked along the front of his father's house— itself no insignificant mansion—a town of the very best size—not like the great unwieldy Glasgow, or Edinburgh, where (while fears were entertained of the failure of the crops in the country) a crop was going on in the streets of the city (cheers and laughter), but turned he to his native town, “ Ah, seest'u ! seest'u ! ”\* (tremendous cheering and laughter). Politics were very properly excluded from that meeting, etc., etc.

After the festivities at Paisley were over, they took a short excursion to Loch Lomond, Glen Falloch, Killin, Loch Earn, Crieff, Comrie, Perth, and homewards; nor was it then imagined that one of that happy party was so soon to be removed from the honored and loved place she held in her family.

On New Year's day, 1837, my mother wrote her last letter to her dearly loved sister; and the correspondence, which had continued without interruption for twenty-five years, was now to cease:—

“ MY DEAR MARY:—With the exception of Mr. Wilson, we are nearly as well as usual. I cannot get Mr. W. to take proper care of himself; he would put you out of all patience, as he really does me, and neither scolding nor persuasion avail, and I am obliged to submit, and so must he; he consents to stay in the house, which is one comfort, and therefore I trust his cough will soon disappear.

“ Frank says the preparations in Glasgow for the reception of Sir R. Peel will be splendid. Mr. Wilson and John will be both there. I believe there will be at least 2,000 at the dinner, and the demand for tickets is unprecedented. I will take care to send you a newspaper, with the best account of the meeting that can be had. There is some anticipation, I hear, that the Radicals will try to make some disturbance, but there is no fear but their attempts will be soon put a stop to.

“ I am just now reading a delightful book; if you have not already seen it, pray try and get it; it is Prior's ‘ *Life of Goldsmith.* ’ Do you remember how you used to like Goldsmith? and I never read a line of this book without thinking of you, and wishing we were reading it together. You will love him better than ever after reading these Memoirs.

“ A thousand thanks for your welcome letter, and for all the good

\* This is a Paisley expression peculiar to the people, and means “ Seest thou, seest thou ? ”

and kind wishes therein contained. In return, pray accept all our united and most cordial wishes, which are offered in all sincerity and affection to yourself and all our well-beloved friends at Penny Bridge, that you may enjoy many, many happy returns of this blessed season.

Your affectionate sister,  
J. WILSON."

My mother's illness was not at first of a nature to alarm the family; but my father was always nervous about her, when any thing more than usual disturbed her health; she had been for some years delicate, and took less exercise than was perhaps for her good. We thought that the little tour, made in the autumn of 1836, had been very beneficial, and hoped that this would in future tempt her to move more frequently from home. About the middle of March, little more than two months after sending an affectionate greeting at the beginning of a new year to the beloved friends at Penny Bridge, she was taken ill with a feverish cold, which, after a few days, turned to a malady beyond the aid of human skill. Water on the chest was the ultimate cause of her death, which sad event took place on the 29th of March, and was communicated to her sister Mary in the following touching letter by a relative, who could well understand the irreparable loss that had befallen husband and children by the passing away of this gentle spirit:—

“My letter, written last night, will have prepared you to hear that our worst fears have been confirmed; our dearest Jane expired last night at half-past twelve o'clock. Immediately after writing to you, I went, along with my husband, to Glo'ster Place, trusting that she might once more know me. She had been sleeping heavily for two or three hours, but when I went into her room, she was breathing softer though shorter, and a kind of hope seized upon me. The physician had ordered a cordial to be given her every hour; for this purpose it was necessary to rouse her from her sleep, and it was at this time a trial was to be made whether she would know me; how anxiously I hoped to exchange one kind look with her, to kiss her again, but it was not God's will it should be so. Her husband was just going to raise her head, that he might enable her to taste the draught, when she breathed three sighs, with short intervals, and all was over before we who were around her bed could believe it possible that her spirit had fled. We were stunned with the unexpected stroke, for none of us had anticipated



any change last night. The Professor was seized with a sort of half delirium, and you can scarcely picture a more distressing scene than him lying on the floor, his son John weeping over him, and the poor girls in equal distress. His first words were those of prayer; after that he spoke incessantly the whole night, and seemed to recapitulate the events of many years in a few hours. They were all calmer this morning. Maggy tells me that she scarcely ever spoke except when addressed; that she did not think herself in danger, and had even yesterday morning spoken of getting better. But she did not know any of them, at all times, for the last day or two, and I believe *none* of them *yesterday*. The funeral, I believe, will take place on Saturday. God bless you both;—with kindest love to all.”

So passed away from this earth the spirit of his idolized wife, leaving the world thenceforth for him dark and dreary. This bereavement overwhelmed him with grief, almost depriving him of reason, nor, when the excess of sorrow passed away, did mourning ever entirely leave his heart. When he resumed his duties next session, he met his class with a depressed and solemn spirit, unable at first to give utterance to words, for he saw that he had with him the sympathy and tender respect of his students. After a short pause, his voice tremulous with emotion, he said, “Gentlemen, pardon me, but since we last met, I have been in the valley of the shadow of death.”

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## CHAPTER XV.

LITERARY AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

1837-'44.

“PICTURES and visions which fancy had drawn and happy love had inspired, came now in fierce torrent of recollection over the prostrate and afflicted soul. Though sorrow had no part in them before, it possesses them now. Thus, one idea, and the pain which is now inseparable from it, reign over all changes of thought—though these thoughts in themselves have been fixed in their con-