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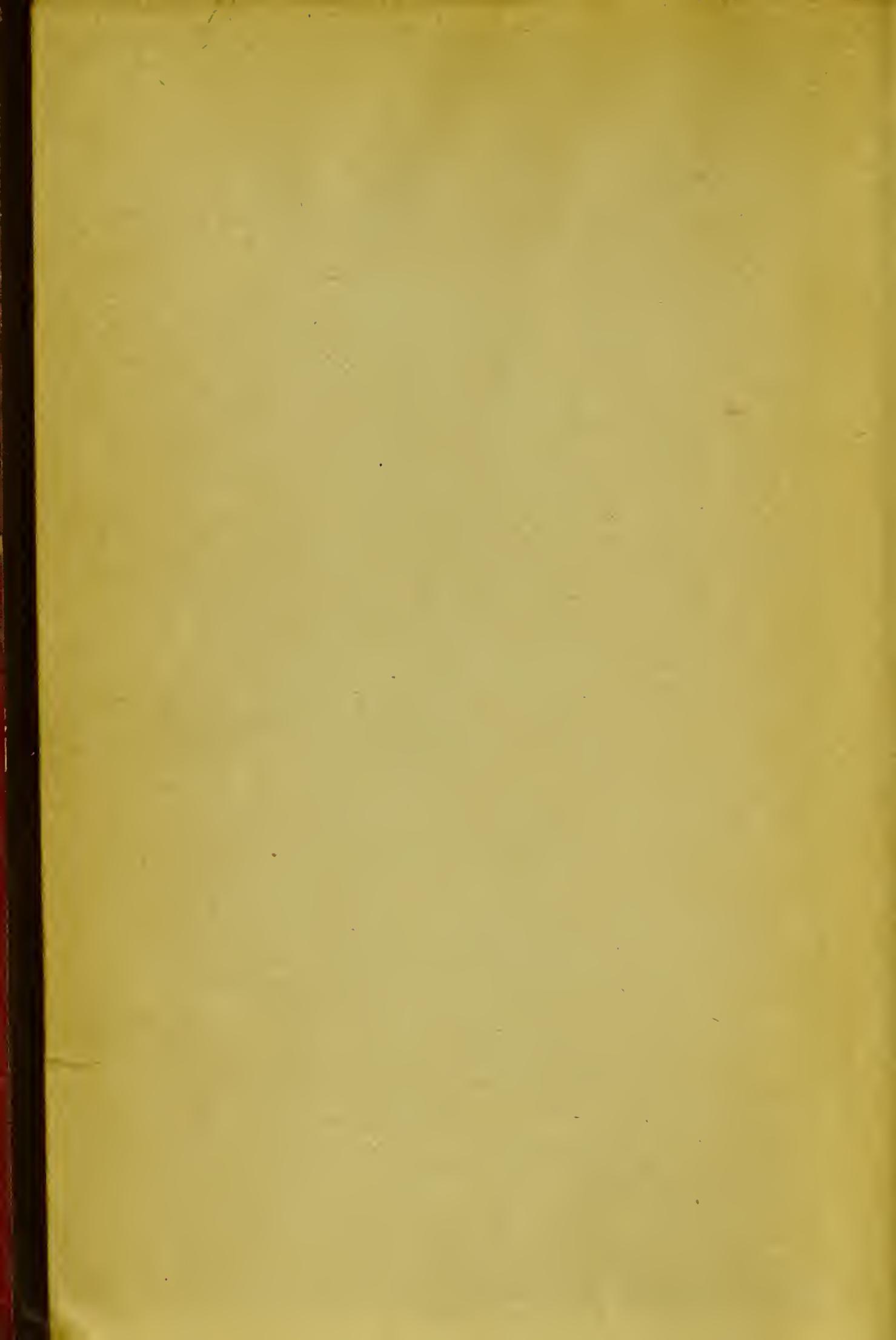
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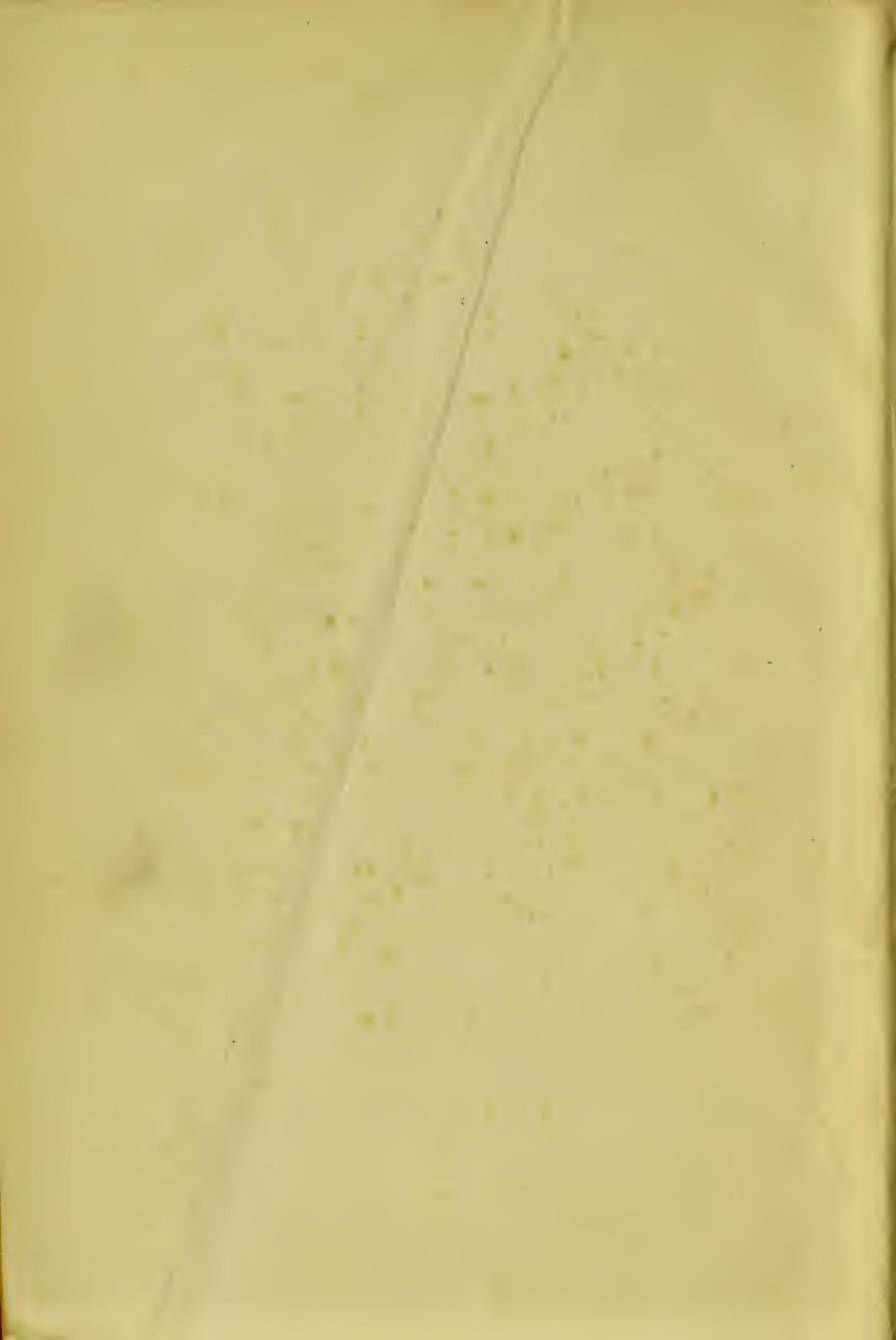


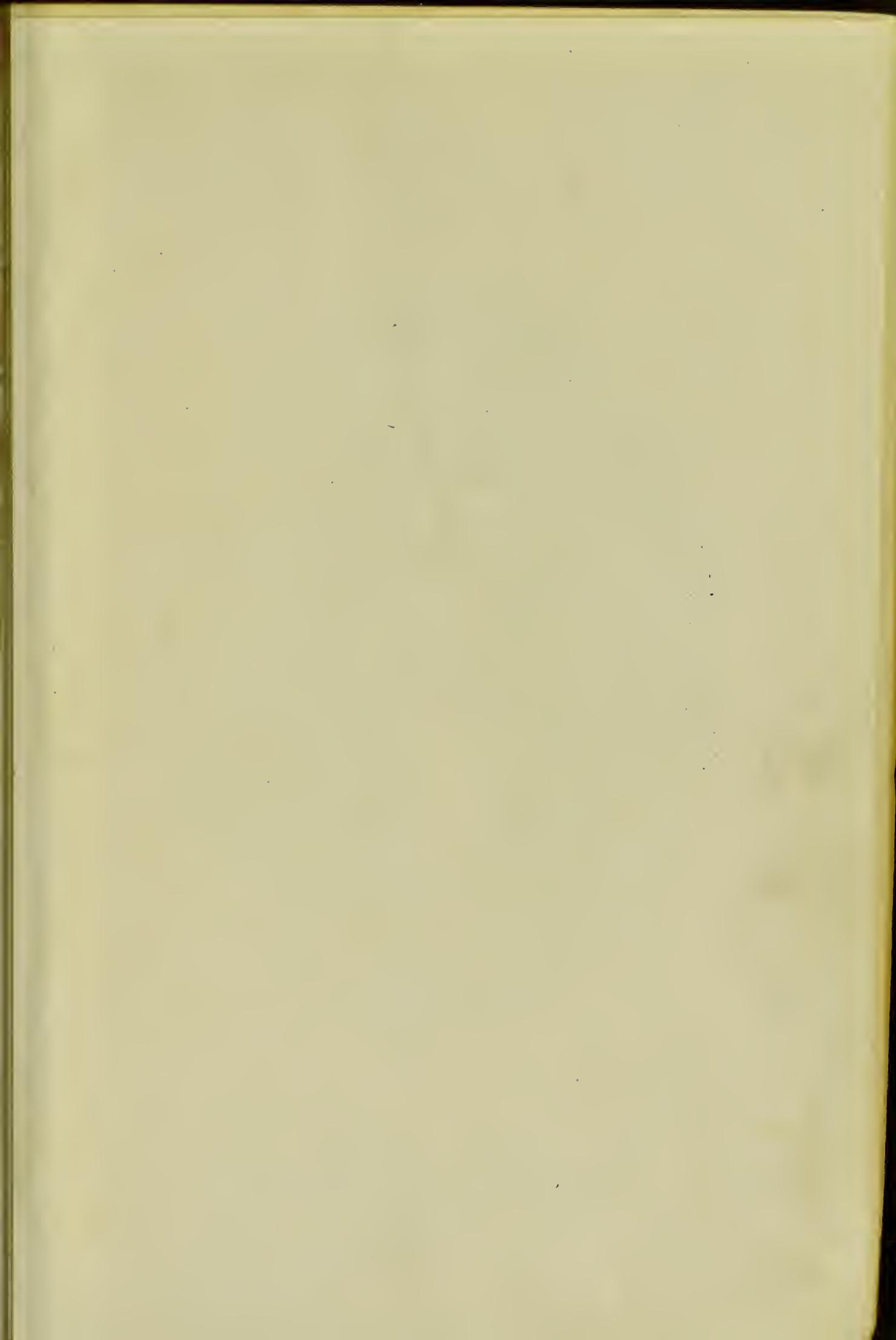
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DR JOHN LEYDEN
POET AND LINGUIST







John Leyden

LIFE
OF
DR JOHN LEYDEN

POET AND LINGUIST

BY

JOHN REITH, M.A., B.D.

Author of "The Life of Dr Alexander Murray, Linguist"

GALASHIELS :
A. WALKER & SON, PUBLISHERS.

1908

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P R E F A C E.

THE following Work professes to be a more complete and exhaustive Life of the Poet and Linguist than any that has yet appeared. In saying this, the Writer wishes to make no reflection on previous biographers, who were all more or less handicapped in various ways.

1. The first sketch by Scott in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811 must have been dashed off against time and limited in space. The news of Leyden's death could not have reached Edinburgh sooner than the month of January or Feb. 1812, when the *Annual* was due to be published. The writer seems to have trusted very much to his general recollection of the events of Leyden's life, and could have had no full particulars of his Indian career.

2. Rev. James Morton, the Poet's cousin, writing a few years later, had a more intimate knowledge of the subject, and fuller sources of information in the shape of innumerable letters and other documents. Good use he made of his advantages, and

produced a model biography. The one disadvantage under which he laboured was in being circumscribed for space in respect of the Life being merely an Introduction to the Poems, which at that time (1819) formed the more important part of the publication.

3. Mr Robert White of Newcastle's scrappy Supplement to Scott's sketch, published in 1858, while adding something and subtracting or correcting something, and using Morton's material besides, did not withal make out of the two a full, smooth-flowing narrative, which a biography ought to be.

4. Rev. W. W. Tulloch's short sketch for the Kelso centenary edition of the *Scenes of Infancy*, although admirably written, certainly supplied nothing new.

5. In Nimmo's centenary edition, the Poems in which were edited by Mr Robert Cochrane, Mr Thomas Brown's Life is complete and exhaustive but for material that has come to light since. The material, indeed, is more conspicuous for its abundance than for its clear and coherent arrangement.

A few of the principal items of new material introduced in this Life will now be mentioned :—

“ (1) The *Dictionarium Octolingue*, which was thrown in as a luck-penny with a donkey in the well-known story, and which has hitherto remained a mere

name, is shown to have been the foundation-stone of the boy's future linguistic scholarship.

- “ (2) His acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Campbell, to whom his two principal poems are dedicated, is explained through the Campbells of Fairfield.
- “ (3) A correct account is given of his medical studies and of his equipment for the medical profession, which has hitherto been given as more or less of a farce disgraceful to all concerned.
- “ (4) The difference of opinion between him and Mungo Park explained.
- “ (5) Dr Chalmers's connection with Cavers.
- “ (6) The Journal of the Highland Tour in 1800, which, like the Scots Regalia, was lost for a hundred years. It was lost in 1801-2, the last trace of it being in a letter of Leyden's to his brother Robert, asking him to get it from Dr Anderson, who had lent it to Mr Fletcher, advocate. By rare good fortune, Mr James Sinton got trace of it in 1901; bought it, and published it. It is the most important and valuable contribution to Leyden-lore made since 1819. Nor is the Journal itself the only valuable part of the volume. Appended to it there is a complete Bibliography—of every scrap Leyden ever wrote, and

of every scrap ever written to or about him. It is a monument of patient labour, unwearied devotion, and literary skill. It is to this bibliography, combined with Mr Sinton's cordial co-operation, that the present Life owes in large measure whatever completeness it may possess. My indebtedness to Mr Sinton, whose relationship to the Poet and his life-long labour on the subject render his assistance so valuable, is inexpressible.

- “ (7) His journey to London and meeting with Scott there.
- “ (8) Explanation of his acquaintance with the noblemen mentioned in his letters from London.
- “ (9) A full account of the voyage to Madras.
- “ (10) His Journal to Seringapatam, and a connected narrative onwards.
- “ (11) His relations with Stamford Raffles and his wife.
- “ (12) Leyden an intermediary between the Government of India and Serampore (*Life of Lord Minto in India*).
- “ (13) The description of Leyden from the pen of Lord Minto—so natural and life-like, so devoid of all caricature and burlesque, and withal so truthful.”

Part of the above new material is drawn from MSS. in the British Museum. The Author desires to express his grateful thanks to Thomas Morton, Esq., and Dr John Leyden Morton of West Hampstead, London, for their kindness and courtesy in granting him access to the MSS. in their possession. He has also to express his thanks for assistance in various ways to the following gentlemen:—J. Maitland Anderson, Esq., Librarian and Registrar, St Andrews; Robert Cochrane, Esq., of *Chambers's Journal*; John Hunter, Esq., W.S., Town Clerk; Rev. George T. Jamieson, D.D., Clerk to the Presbytery of Edinburgh; James Robertson, Esq., Clerk R.C.S.E.; Mr James Robson, Denholm.

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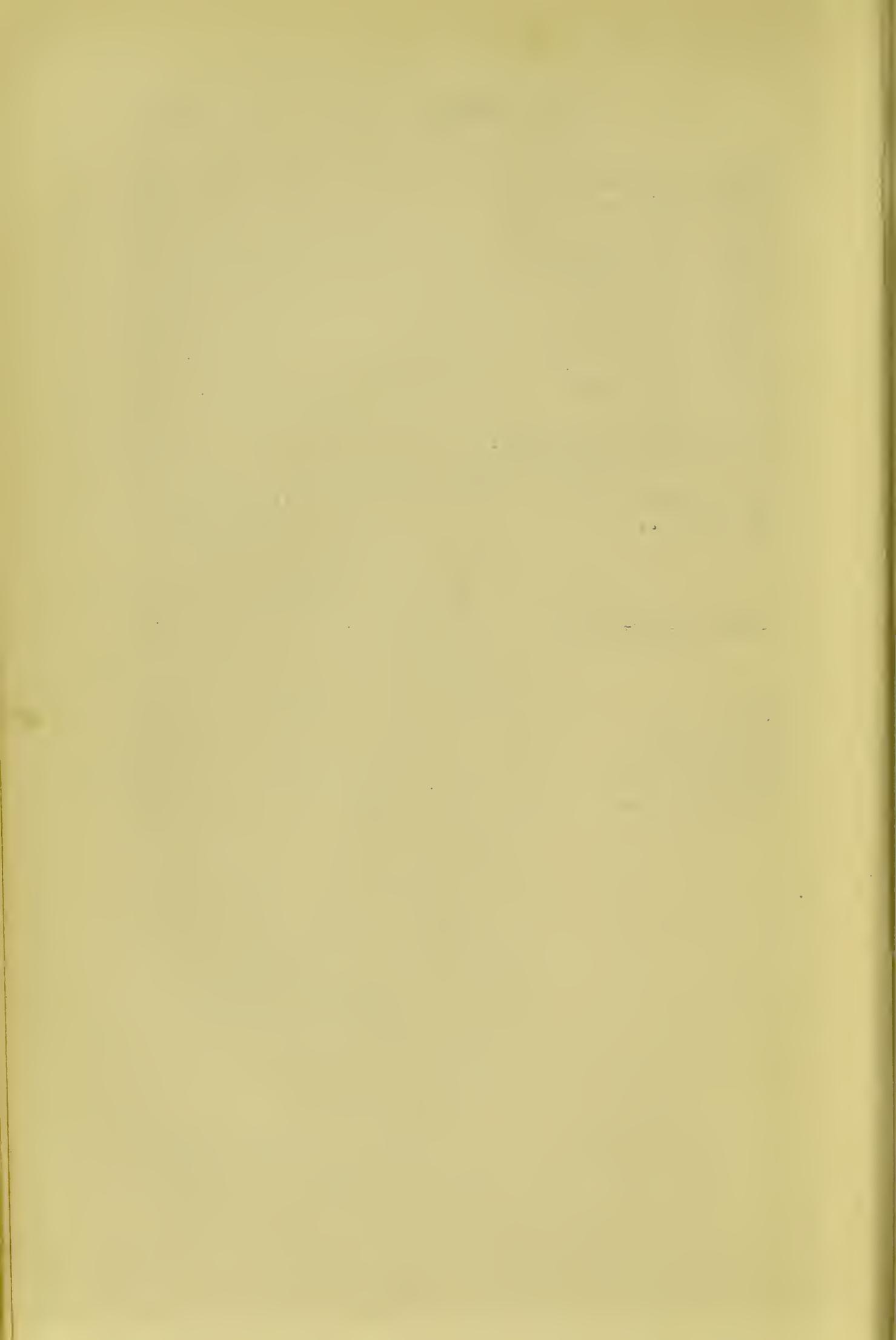
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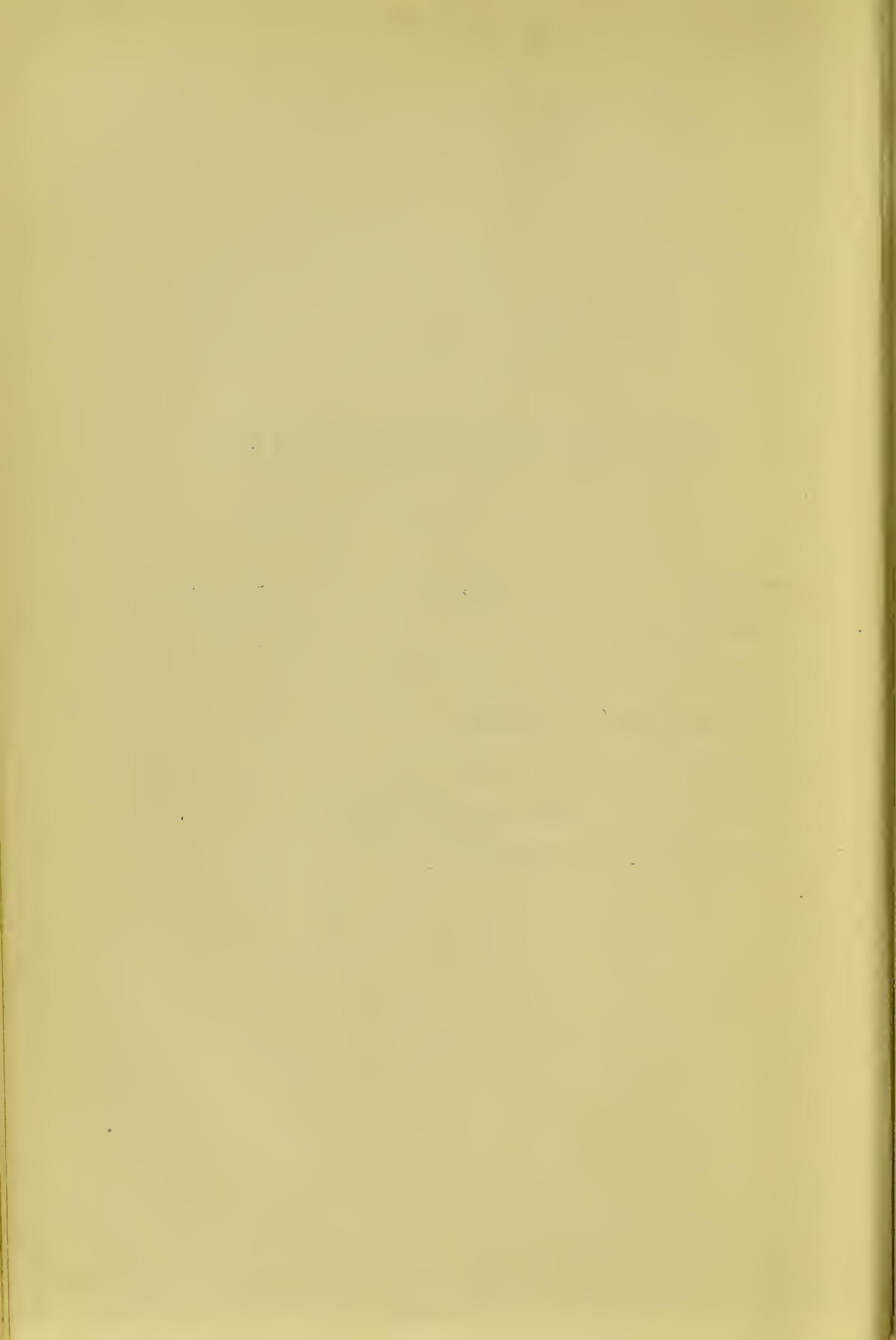
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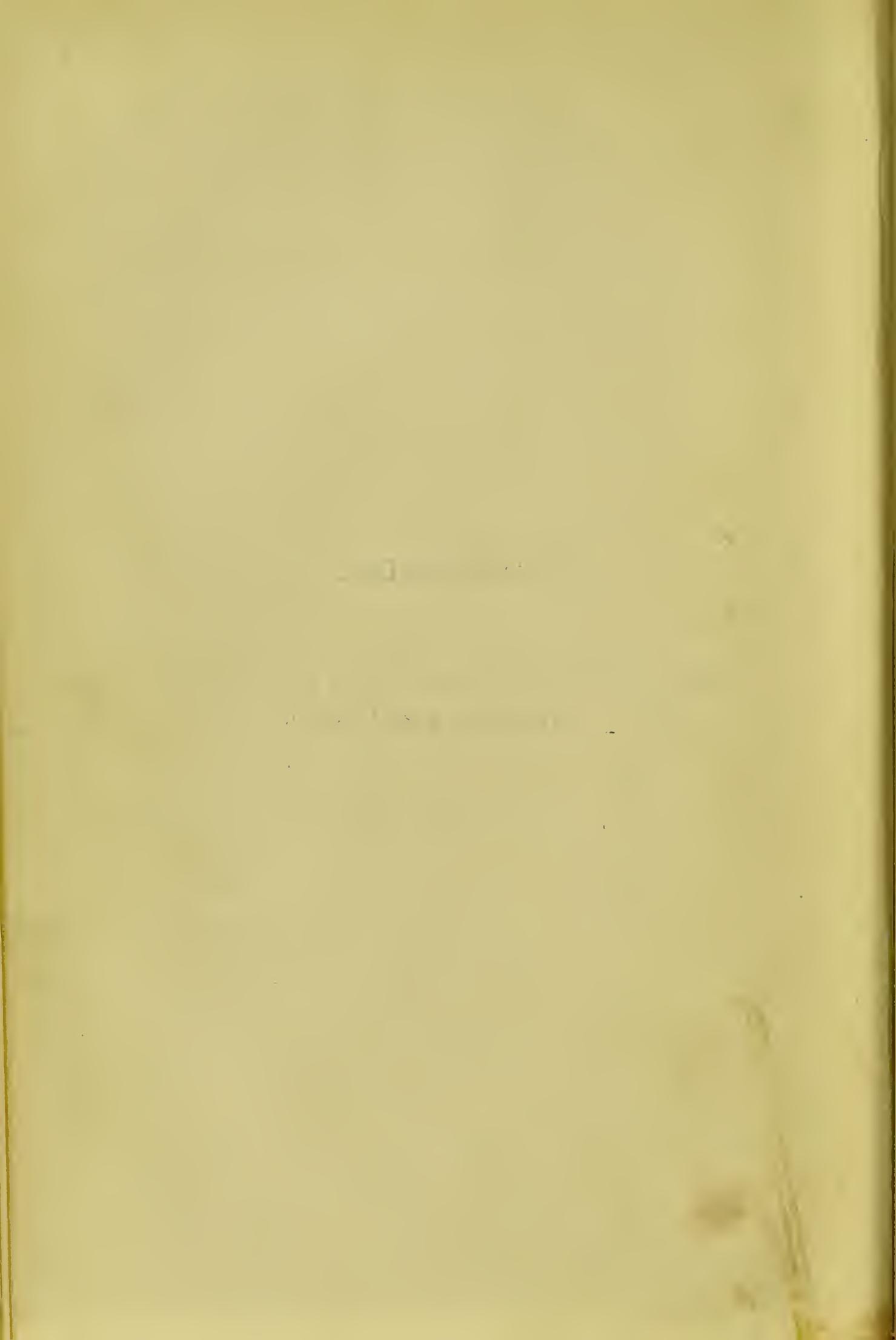
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CORRIGENDA.

Page 1, title of Chap. I, for *Sixteen* read Fifteen.
,, 207, ,, 27, for *twenty* read twelve.



DR JOHN LEYDEN.

P E R I O D I.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD—TO THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

WHEN John Leyden was born, on September 8th, 1775, his parents were living in a thatched cottage still standing looking out on Denholm Green, on which a handsome monument to his memory has been erected by friends and admirers. The village, about five miles below Hawick, on the southern bank of the Teviot, is in the parish of Cavers and the county of Roxburgh. His father was a shepherd, and had taken the cottage in the village as a temporary home, in order to get married; working at odd jobs for the neighbouring farmers till he got a situation on a farm where there was a cottage for him. This situation he found, at the Whitsunday following the birth of his first-born, with Mr Andrew Blyth, tenant of Nether Tofts, a sheep-farm lying at the foot of the northern slope of Ruberslaw, due south of Denholm.

The situation and the cottage attached had been promised to them, when vacant, at the time of their marriage, for the bride was Mr Blyth's niece. Isabella Scott must have been at service before her marriage, and where so likely as with her bachelor-uncle at Nether Tofts? The fondness he showed for her eldest boy means that he regarded his niece to some extent as a daughter.

The young couple were now established in what was their home for sixteen years, and had other three sons and two daughters born to them. The husband acted first as shepherd, and latterly as manager of the farm. The standard of comfort at the time for the dwellings of ploughmen and shepherds was not a high one. The walls, generally built of turf or clay, were barely three feet high, so that the projecting thatch almost reached the ground outside. Inside, there was no proper partition of the space into rooms, except what was made by the box-beds and presses. John Leyden's abode, the cottage at Henslawshiel, was very similar to any other shepherd's hut in the country, neither much better nor any worse; and neither he nor any of his family thought it a hardship to have to live in it, and what was it that made his famous son the man he was? Would a life of comfort and luxury have done as much for him as did the bare simplicity of his early home?

By and by, Mrs Leyden, the boy's grand-

mother, came, on her husband's death, to live with her son. It says a good deal for his wife's character that his mother was able to spend the closing years of her life with her daughter-in-law. It means that the latter was an exceptionally good-tempered, warm-hearted, and gentle woman. No doubt, in a family with young children, the grandmother could make herself very useful—nursing, mending, and spinning. The shepherd's wages consisted of the keep of two or three score of sheep and of one or two cows, with two or three bolls of meal and some loads of peats (see *Life of Dr A. Murray*, p. 1). The wool of the sheep had to be spun, in order to be woven into wincey, which was made into clothes for the shepherd by the itinerant tailor, as well as into dresses for the women by the village dressmaker.

There is a tradition that Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother. It need not be denied that his grandmother, who was an intelligent, pious woman, had given him lessons in reading—and many a struggle his teachers had had, as they always have with a grandmother's boy, to eradicate her antiquated pronunciation of words, worse by a generation than that of his father and mother.

But she was not the only one of the household that could read. Her son was an exceptionally intelligent and conscientious man, well read in one book at least—the

book on which John Bright, Ruskin, and other masters of English formed their nervous Saxon style. And if, at a later time, the son used to follow on the Hebrew Bible while his father read the evening chapter, are we to believe that the father did not find time to give his boy in his childhood reading-lessons from the same precious Book? Is it likely, is it credible that such a man would allow such a sacred duty to be taken entirely out of his hands by any one? At any rate, the boy, whose thirst for Bible stories and history was simply insatiable, needed no urging to learn. At a very early age he had read the whole Bible, and committed a great deal of it to memory.

We have, from the pen of another shepherd-boy, who was born amongst the hills of Kirkcudbrightshire exactly six weeks after the birth of Leyden, a very vivid picture of how he learned to read. He had not a grandmother to teach him a letter, and yet he was taught by his father to read as well as Leyden did; and there is no apparent reason why Leyden's father should have taken less interest in his boy's education than he did. In his *Autobiography*, Alexander Murray says:—

“Sometime in autumn, 1781, my father bought a Catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and throughout the winter he drew the figures of the letters to me in his written hand on the

board of an old wool-card with the black end of an extinguished heather-stem snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became a writer as well as reader. . . . Then the Catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. . . . In May, 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the Catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces and concealed in a hole of a dyke."

Does it require a great stretch of imagination to suppose that something very similar to this was going on at the very time in the cottage of Henslawshiel ?

So much for the boy's father, and what about his mother ? How comes it that she has been so little heard of ? It would be strange indeed if Leyden were an exception to the rule that every great man owes a great deal of what he is to his mother. The first to do justice to her was Dr James Russell (Thirlstan), writing in the *Border Counties Magazine*. She is thus described by this writer :—

"A woman of good wit, clear intelligence, active mental faculties, with such training as Nature had given, she early recognised her own spirit redawning in that of her child, and loved to recite to him the wild and weird ballads of the district (his father giving him his lesson from the Bible and Shorter Catechism), fanning his young spirit into patriotic enthusiasm over the story of Border fights and forays, or thrilling his keen fancy with tales of superstitious eld—of goblins and warlocks, gnomes and fairies. Such material influences as these, which to most boys would mean nothing more than an occasion of temporary wonderment, the filling up of a vacant hour, were to Leyden a source of deeper

sensations that in time found affinities in his own soul, till by and by they kindled within him that rhythmic fervour which Nature had at the first implanted there, and which only waited for the sunshine and shower of such poetic impulses to bud and bring forth fruit after its kind."

This is admirably expressed and all true. But there is one point which the writer, with all his superior insight, has not observed. He speaks of the rhythmic fervour which Nature had implanted in the boy. It was implanted in the boy by Nature through his mother, from whom Leyden got certain physical and mental peculiarities. Of the former, his round head and long nose—the one the index of indomitable energy and resolution; the other, of culture and acquisitiveness. The mental peculiarities from the same source were his lively imagination, poetic fancy, susceptibility to all the sights and sounds of Nature, and especially his sympathetic sensibility to the supernatural. This last cannot be better described than in the words of Scott:—"In his early days, he probably really felt the influence of those superstitious impressions which at a later period he used sometimes to assume, to the great amusement of his friends and the astonishment of strangers. It was indeed somewhat singular to hear Leyden, when he got upon this topic, maintain powerfully and with great learning the exploded doctrines of demonology, and sometimes even affect to confirm the strange tales with which

his memory abounded by references to the ghostly experiences of his childhood.*

ANDREW BLYTH.

From his mother the boy passed on to another teacher in the same line, namely her uncle, Mr Blyth. As soon as he was able to go as far as to the farm-house the child had been sent messages, and finding himself hospitably welcomed when he went, he needed no pressing to go back. Indeed, he often went off without any special errand, and spent a great deal of his time with the old man, who was like a grandfather to him. Seated in a summer-seat or rudely constructed arbour, he told the child stories like his mother's, and many more than she had; he sang ballads to him, and answered his innumerable questions both about the subjects and the authors of the ballads. In the *Scenes of Infancy*, the autobiographical material in which has been strangely overlooked, he gives us a picture of himself with his grand-uncle :—

* “ The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain-streams that murmured near,
The antique tombstone, and the churchyard green,
Seemed to unite me with the world unseen.
Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead—
Heard in the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,
Or airy skirts unseen that rustled by.”

—*Scenes of Infancy.*

“ What minstrel wrought these lays of magic power,
A swain once taught me in his summer-bower,
As round his knees in playful age I hung,
And eager listened to the lays he sung.”

SCHOOL LIFE.

At the usual age for a boy in his circumstances, he was sent to the nearest school (two miles away), at Kirkton. Scott says that he was ten years of age; this would mean that he went at the close of the harvest-vacation in October, 1785. Morton says he was nine, which might mean that he went in October, 1784. But a child is seldom sent to a distant school in the country at the beginning of winter; it is almost certain that he went in the spring of 1785. This leaves time for the death of his first teacher, Mr Wilson, that year. It seems to have been into 1786 till the school was re-opened by Mr Walter Scott, who remained at the Kirkton, however, for that summer only. It was in the beginning of 1787 that the school was again re-opened by Mr Andrew Scott. Why it should be specially mentioned that the boy “gained some knowledge of arithmetic” from this last teacher, whilst he began to learn Latin with the second, it is not easy to see. It is as certain as anything can be that both subjects must have been taught simultaneously by both teachers.

The arithmetic-book used was doubtless

Cocker's, called by A. Murray "the plainest of all books," which became proverbial as an authority for exact information on any subject, in the expression "According to Cocker." The Latin Grammar almost universally used at the time and long after, was the *Rudiments*, written, printed, and published by Thomas Ruddiman, the Laurencekirk schoolmaster brought to Edinburgh in 1700 by Dr Pitcairn. This book gets from Murray a character the very opposite of that he gives to Cocker: "The most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose." One reason for this is obvious when it is understood that the grammar is written entirely in Latin. The first Latin reading-book almost universally used in Scotland (Corderius) was much more interesting, helpful, and popular. It was a collection of dialogues and extracts compiled by Monsieur Cordière, the celebrated Paris schoolmaster who had the honour of being for a time the teacher of John Calvin. The next book put into his hand was almost certainly *Cornelius Nepos*.

WHAT DID HE READ ?

The account given of the literature read by the boy is so meagre that it is very misleading. We are told that he read everything he could lay hands on, both at home and elsewhere; and yet the following is the

complete list :—The Bible, one or two popular works on Scottish History, the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, Sir David Lindsay's Poetical Works, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Chapman's *Homer*—seven in all. The natural inference on reading the meagre list would be, at what a cruel disadvantage a studious boy was placed at that time as compared with the advantages of such a boy at the present day.

As a matter of fact, the peasantry were then almost as well supplied with cheap literature as they are yet. The time when Leyden first wanted books to read (1780-90) was the most flourishing period of the Chapbooks—penny-books carried as part of their stock-in-trade by the Chapmen or pedlars, then the only merchants in the country districts ; so that the books were found in every farm-house and cottage. Granting that there was some trash among them, there was not such a large proportion, nor anything like so pernicious, of trash as there is among the cheap literature of the present day. Many of them were both instructive and edifying ; many were the very classics still provided for children. They were historical, biographical, religious and moral, romantic, poetical, humorous, fabulous, supernatural, legendary, criminal ; jest-books, manuals of instruction, almanacs, &c. But whatever they were, no one can form a true estimate of the standard of intelligence and

of education in Scotland at the end of the eighteenth century, at a time when there was hardly a peasant in England who could read or write, who does not take account of this literature.

As we found an illustration in the *Autobiography of Alexander Murray* of how the boy Leyden might have learned his alphabet, we may find another from the same source of his youthful reading.

“About this time,” says Murray, “and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny-histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Grenoch and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. The ballads that I liked most were *Chevy Chase*, *Sir James the Rose*, *Jamie and Nancy*, and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued all through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, *Sir David Lindsay*, *Sir William Wallace* (Blind Harry condensed by Hamilton of Bangour), *The Cloud of Witnesses*, *The Hind Let Loose*, and all the books in the place.” Who can doubt that his double in Teviotdale was similarly employed at the same time? (1) Every one of the seven books enumerated above, not excepting the Bible (in separate books) or Chapman’s *Homer* (in the separate stories), was to be bought for a penny. (2) Mrs

Leyden had no difficulty in finding a supply of the ballads, songs, and stories with which she used to entertain her son. She had bought copies from the pedlars when she was a servant-girl. (3) What has been said above simplifies the following story told by Scott about the boy at the age of eleven:—
“A companion had met with an odd volume of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and gave an account of its contents which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in the possession of a blacksmith’s apprentice who lived at several miles’ distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden waded through the snow, however, to present himself by daybreak at the forge-door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in the presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job; and when he found him, the son of Vulcan, with a caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume; and he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure

for which he would have subjected himself to still greater privations.”

If the book in question were really a “volume,” it renders the incident much more intelligible to suppose that the boy had already read *Aladdin*, *Ali Baba*, or *Sinbad*—three of the regular penny-stories. But, in reality, all the facts of the case, especially the blacksmith’s extraordinary generosity, and his having it in his pocket, are best explained by supposing that the much-coveted “volume” was merely a penny chap-book—one or other of the above three—and this does not detract in the least from the boy’s eagerness and perseverance.

CALEPINI DICTIONARIUM OCTOLINGUE.

About a year before Murray came into possession of his great prize of *Ainsworth’s Dictionary*, which “had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew,” Leyden secured a greater prize still. It was in the spring of 1788, when there must have been at least a tacit understanding that our hero was to go to the University, that he was sent to a Secondary School at Denholm, with six or eight pupils, taught by Rev. James Duncan, the Cameronian minister. “Denholm being about three miles from his home, his father was going to buy him an ass to convey him to and from school. The boy was unwilling, however, from the common prejudice against this

animal, to encounter the ridicule of his school-fellows by appearing so ignobly mounted, and would at first have declined the offered accommodation. But no sooner was he informed that the owner of the ass happened to have in his possession a large book in some learned language which he offered to give into the bargain, than his reluctance entirely vanished, and he never rested till he had obtained this literary treasure, which was found to be *Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue*.

A literary treasure indeed ! Which only makes it all the more remarkable that hitherto the donkey has always occupied the foreground of the picture, with the book in the background diminished by the perspective to a mere name. It is proposed here to reverse the relative positions. Father Ambrose of Calepo, in Italy (hence called Calepinus), compiled a Latin Dictionary which was so popular that it became *the* Dictionary on the Continent in the sixteenth century, so that a Calepin came to be a generic name for a lexicon. In the original edition (1502), besides the meanings of the Latin words given in Italian, the Greek and Hebrew synonyms were given, and also the German. As it was re-edited and reprinted, other languages were added, till there were eleven in it. In the edition of 1647, however, the number was again reduced to eight, with French, Spanish, and English in

addition to the first five. Here is the title-page :—*Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue—Thesaurum Linguae Latinæ. Adjectæ sunt Latinis Dictionibus Hebraeæ, Graecæ, Gallicæ, Italicæ, Germanicæ, Hispanicæ, atque Anglicæ.*

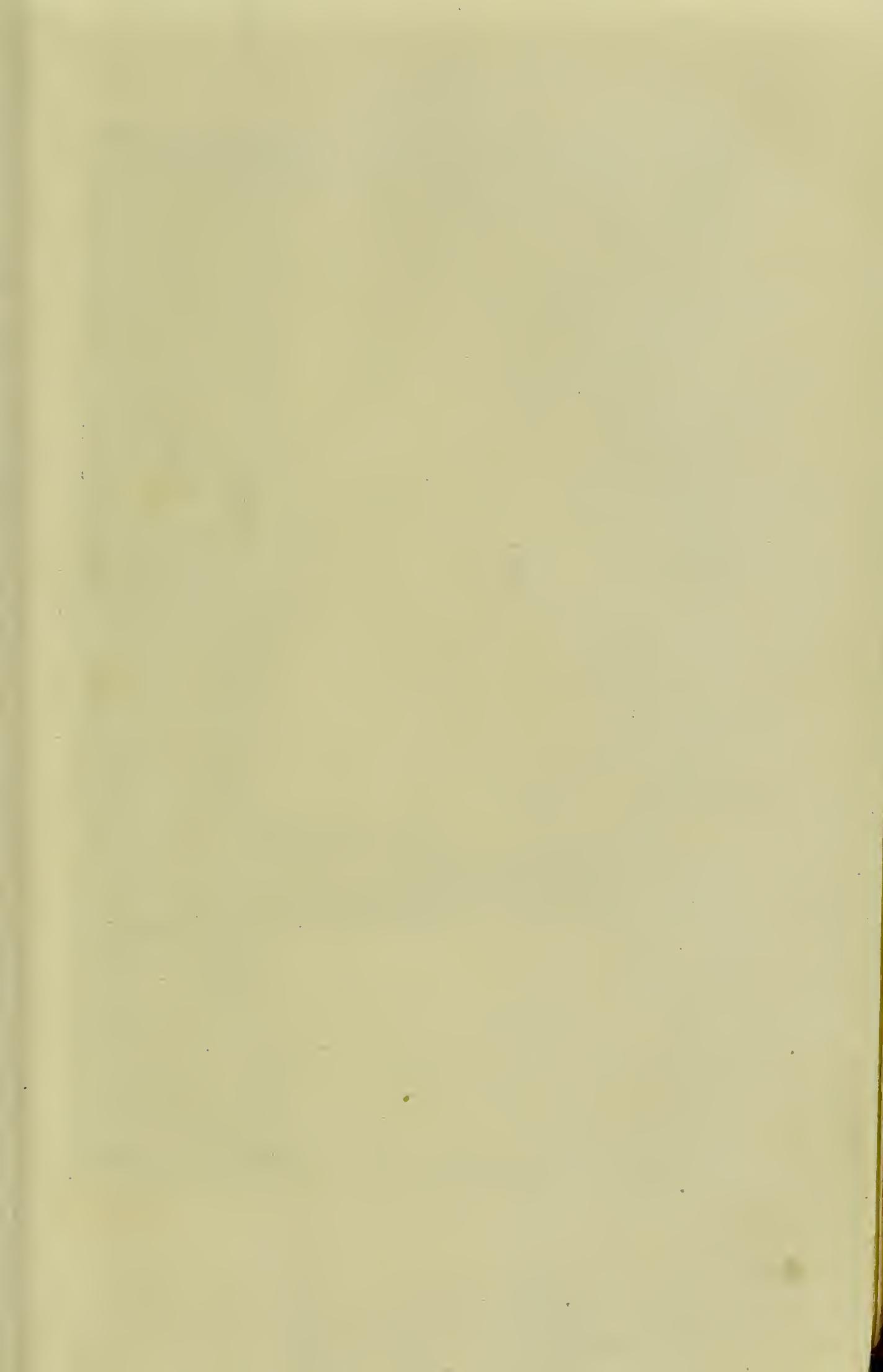
A Thesaurum truly to such a boy. After reading the above title, can any one wonder that John Leyden became a linguist, or how he gained his first acquaintance with the Romance Languages derived from the Latin—the Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, &c. ?—or with the German ? Behold the boy at the age of 12-13, with a complete vocabulary of seven foreign languages put into his hands, and with a right good will to use them. It is unquestionable that from this time, as he prepared his tasks in Latin and Greek, he was storing his mind with a vocabulary of every one of the rest ; so that whenever a grammar of any of them afterwards fell into his hands, it was a pleasant amusement for him to master the language and read any book therein that offered.

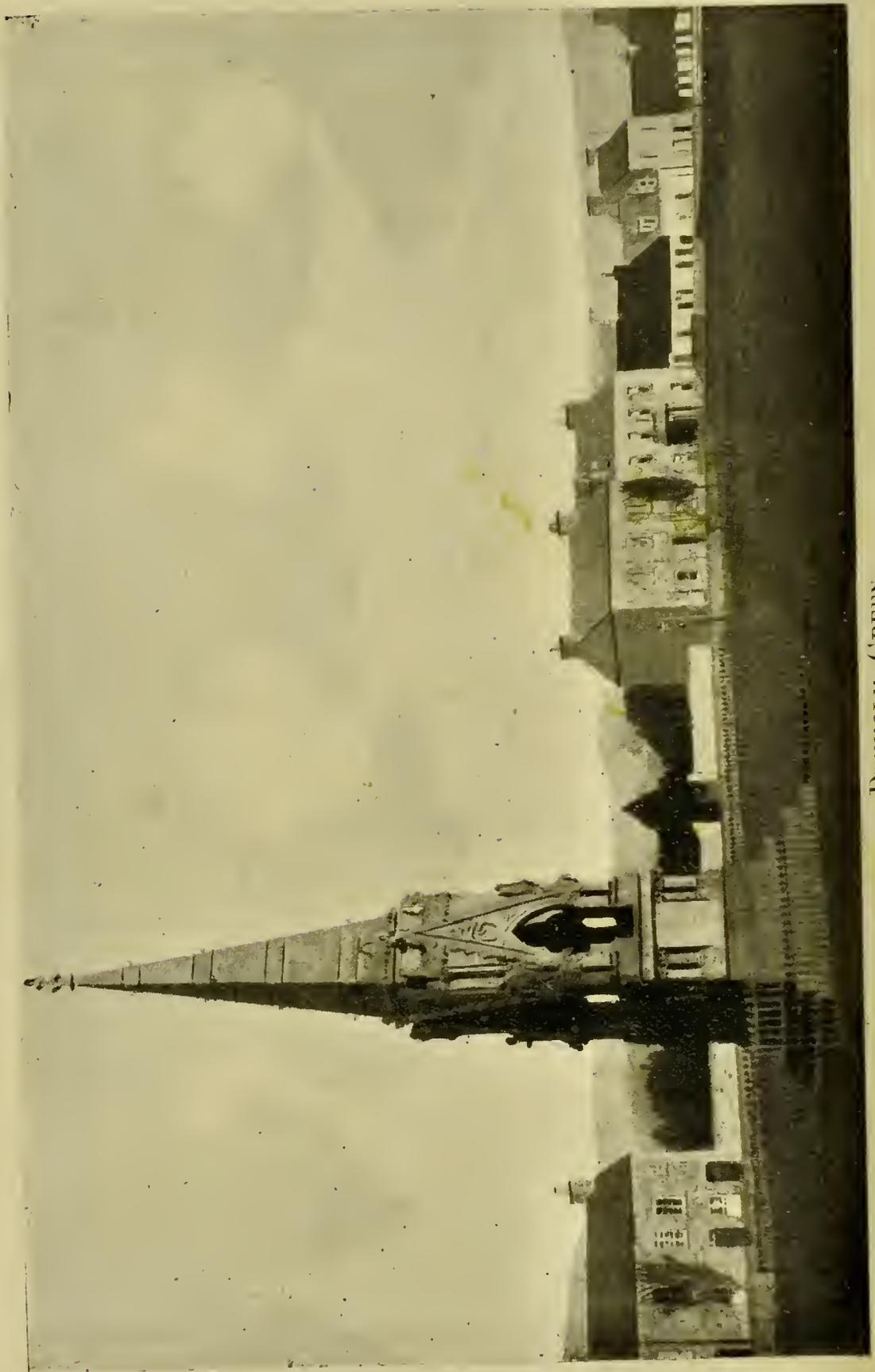
STUDIES AT DENHOLM.

Of his studies at this time it may be safely assumed that he read considerable portions of *Cæsar*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Cicero*—possibly some of *Sallust* and *Livy*—this from the fact that during his first session at the University he did not take the Junior Latin Class at all. From the dis-

tinguished appearance he made in the Greek Class it appears certain that he was well grounded in that language, and had read considerable portions of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and of Homer's *Iliad*. It must have been at this time that he read some of the chap-book histories of the Grecian heroes in Chapman's translation. The titles were such as *The Siege of Troy*, *Hector Prince of Troy*, *The Speech of Ajax to the Knabs of Greece*, &c. Although their rough woodcuts could not be compared with the fine illustrations of the original, it may be taken for certain that, like Murray, he was greatly affected by the fateful experiences of the heroes, and read their story with avidity in the original Greek. One can imagine the thrill of exultant delight with which our Poet would have read Keats' *Ode* had he been spared, recognising therein the perfect expression of his own feelings :—

“ Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which Bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”





DENHOLM (GREEN).

THE PLAYGROUND.

The boys' playground was the village-green, although their games there were sometimes varied by a scramble in the Dene, in the spring-time chiefly, when there were birds' nests to be found, or after the harvest-vacation, when the hazel-nuts were ripe. Happily, we have a sketch of the proceedings drawn by his own hand, inspired by meeting in India James Purvis, one of two of his play-mates who, like himself, found their way thither. The other, Gavin Turnbull, was a gentle, yellow-haired boy, who died soon after he reached India. Purvis was a more mettlesome youth—more of Leyden's own style—and there is a hint in the poem of a pitched battle between the two. When the latter had the unspeakable pleasure of meeting his quondam school-fellow in the foreign land, the sight of the familiar face brought to his mind a gush of recollections of the sports and pranks of those happy days, which he embodied in the vivid and heart-stirring poem, the first three stanzas of which are here given:—

DENHOLM GREEN.

Purvis, when on this eastern strand
With glad surprise I grasp thy hand,
And memory's, fancy's powers employ
In the formed man to trace the boy,
How many dear illusions rise ;
And scenes long faded from my eyes,
Since first our bounding steps were seen
Active and light on Denholm's level Green.

Playmate of Boyhood's ardent prime,
 Remember'st thou, in former time,
 How oft we bade, in fickle freak,
 Adieu to Latin terms and Greek,
 To trace the banks where blackbirds sung,
 And ripe brown nuts in cluster hung,
 Where tangled hazels twined a screen
 Of shadowy bough in Denholm's mazy Dene ?

Remember'st thou, in youthful might
 Who foremost dared the mimic fight,
 And, proud to feel his sinews strung,
 Aloft the knotted cudgel swung ;
 Or, fist to fist, with gore imbrued,
 The combat's wrathful strife pursued,
 With eager heart and fury keen,
 Amid the ring on Denholm's bustling Green ?

At the vacation of 1790 the boy's school-days came to an end ; he was to leave for Edinburgh in the end of October to attend the University. When the time came, as he was to walk the sixty miles or so, his father convoyed him so far on his road with a horse. His "kist" containing changes of underclothing, the preparing of which had been a busy and a sacred task to his mother for months ; a spare suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a jar of salt butter, a cheese, and a box of eggs, had been sent off, along with a bag of oatmeal and another of potatoes, from Hawick by the Edinburgh carrier some days before. He was to lodge with Mr Scott, cabinet-maker, Lawson's Wynd, Lauriston.

When the horse was brought to the door

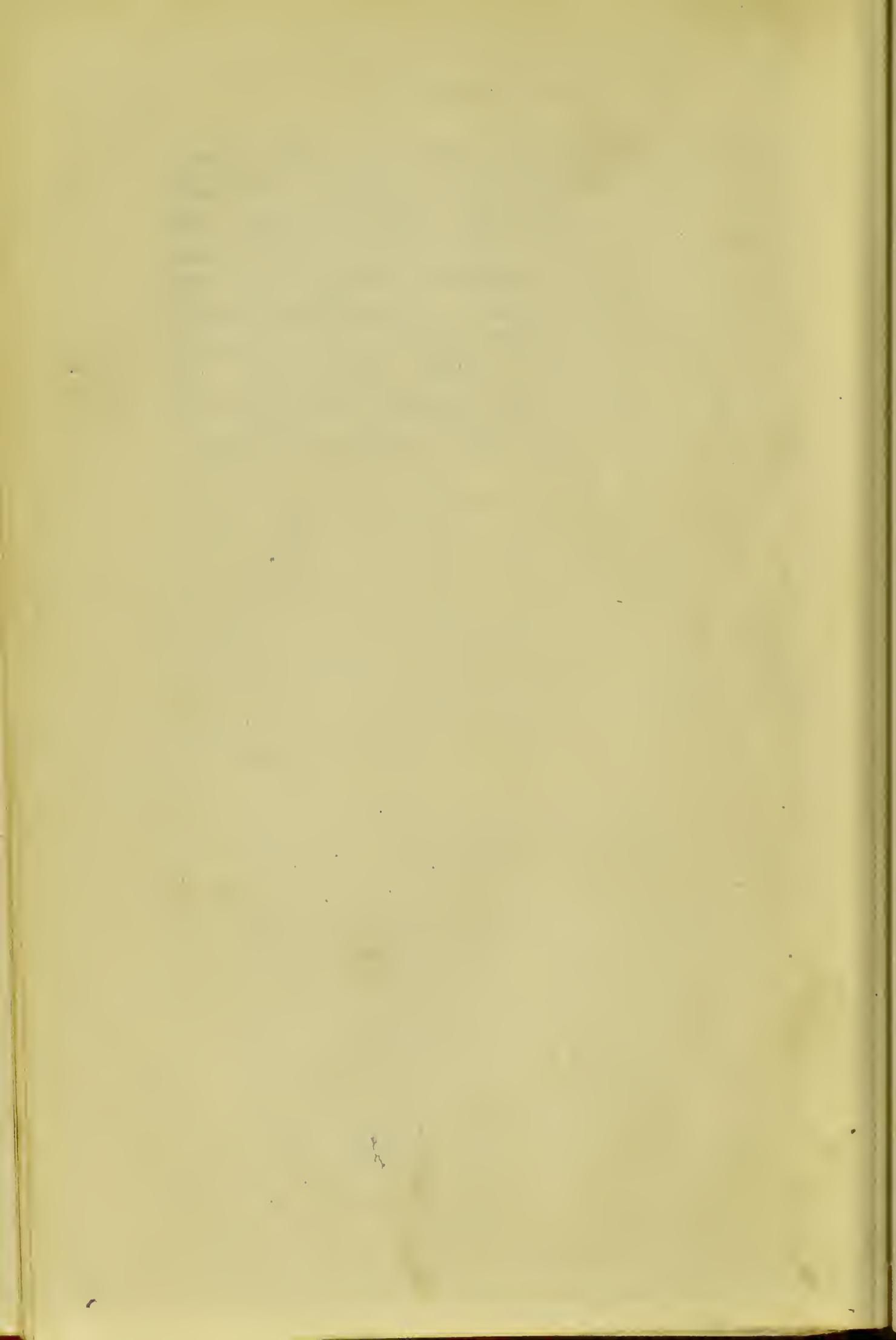
in the morning, the mother gave her boy a bundle after he was mounted, in which was bread and cheese for the day, with strict injunctions not to forget about the letter he was to write and send with the Hawick carrier, who left the Grassmarket on Wednesday. She then took his hand and made him kiss her, and the cavalcade moved off into the darkness of the morning. It was not four o'clock yet, and the sun did not rise till seven, but the best part of sixty miles had to be covered, the first half at the rate of less than four miles an hour. Some miles beyond Galashiels it behoved the father to turn, for to carry the boy farther and get home that night was more than man and horse could do ; so he had to do the rest on foot. But he had ridden the most of the way, as his father could ride all the way back, and it was now a relief to walk. The parting was short and simple. As regards any display of feeling, it was a very commonplace, tame affair. The Scots peasantry were never in the habit of wearing their heart upon their sleeve. All the same, they both felt it very deeply. Whatever may have been said in the course of the forenoon, the father could not fail to give his son a parting word of advice : " Now, laddie, see an' aye do what's richt, an' no shame your forebears. The God o' Jacob defend ye, an' keep ye frae a' ill. Dinna forget to write the morn. Your mither'll be terrible

disappointet if there's no a letter wi' the carrier on Wednesday." Giving his son's hand a warm clasp, he said "Guid-day," and turned to mount the horse. It was to him no occasion for tears or even anxiety, for he knew that, in the city as in the country, his son was in the keeping of the Almighty, who gives His angels charge over His children, to keep them in all their ways.

For the boy, he had little to say at the time but "Guid-day" in reply to his father. While he trudgèd the rest of the way into Edinburgh, however, his shadow—whether cast by the afternoon sun or by the moon—suggested the idea of the Spirit of his Ancestors ever walking beside him as a Guardian Angel. In the well-known passage in the *Scenes of Infancy*, addressed by the Poet to his Shadow, reference is made to this parting :—

“ But when I left my father's old abode,
 And thou the sole companion of my road,
 As sad I paused, and fondly looked behind,
 And almost deemed each face I met unkind,
 While kindling hopes to boding fears gave place,
 Thou seem'd'st the ancient Spirit of my Race.
 In startled Fancy's ear I heard thee say,
 ‘ Ha ! I will meet thee after many a day,
 When Youth's impatient joys, too fierce to last,
 And Fancy's wild illusions all are past ;
 Yes ! I will come, when scenes of youth depart,
 To ask thee for thy innocence of heart—
 To ask thee, when thou bid'st this light adieu,
 Ha ! wilt thou blush thy Ancestors to view ? ’ ”

Finer and nobler sentiments than these were never expressed by poet; and the finest thing about the lines is that the author lived up to them, even, as we shall see, through the subtlest temptation that assails the human heart. Whatever poverty and hardship Leyden experienced, however small the fortune he left behind him, he died rich beyond the dreams of avarice in that he could meet his ancestors without a blush.



PERIOD II.

CHAPTER II.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY—PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON.

THE personality that dominated the University for thirty years from 1762 was that of Principal Robertson, who was a born leader of men and one of the leaders in the Revival of Literature in Scotland. While minister of Gladsmuir he wrote his *History of Scotland*, which took London by storm. While the work was in the press he was presented to Lady Yester's Church; the year in which it was published (1759), he was appointed Chaplain of Stirling Castle; in 1761 he was made King's Chaplain for Scotland; in 1762, Principal of the University; and in 1764, Historiographer Royal. The *History of Charles V*, his greatest work, was published in 1769; and the *History of America* in 1777.

Robertson inaugurated his term of office as Principal by establishing the Library Fund, and his great ambition was to see new buildings for the University, although twenty-seven years were to elapse before the foundation-stone was laid. The buildings at the time consisted of a wretched collection

of old dwelling-houses, in some of which were the low, dark class-rooms, and a few chambers for the poorer students. Even those latterly deserted the rooms, leaving them to some tradesmen and washer-women. The largest of the houses, standing on the site of the old Kirk of Field, was occupied by the Principal; and one of the rooms, of course, by Darnley's ghost. It had a fine garden stretching down to the Infirmary and the High School. Another was occupied by Professor Dalzel; and in a third Dugald Stewart was born.

In 1768 a memorial, prepared by Robertson, was circulated, in which he said:—
“A stranger, when conducted to view the University of Edinburgh, might, on seeing such courts and buildings, naturally enough imagine them to be almshouses for the reception of the poor; but would never imagine that he was entering within the precincts of a noted and flourishing seat of learning. An area, which, if entire, would have formed a spacious quadrangle, is broken up into three paltry divisions, and encompassed partly with walls which threaten destruction to the passenger, and partly with a range of low houses, several of which are now become ruinous and not habitable.”
In view of the improvements in the city at the time—the building of the Royal Exchange, and of the North Bridge, and the commencement of the New Town—“the

University fabric alone remains in such a neglected state as to be generally accounted a dishonour to Edinburgh and to this part of the kingdom.”

Five years after (1773), the Principal had the mortification of shewing Dr Johnson the same buildings, with an apology. Says Boswell:—“We proceeded to the College with the Principal at our head. As the College buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr Johnson that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when showing a poor college abroad: *Hæ Miseric Nostræ*. Dr Johnson was much pleased, however, with the Library.

. . . I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall which bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to that concerning Bacon’s study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down. Dr Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said: ‘They have been afraid it never would fall.’ ”

The first stone of the North Bridge was laid on August 1st, 1785, and the street finished in 1788; the extension of Nicolson Street being carried through the College gardens. In 1789 the Town Council obtained a plan of new buildings from Robert Adam, architect, and on the faith of contri-

butions to be received from the public, and of aid from Government, the foundation-stone of the New College of Edinburgh was laid with great pomp and rejoicing on the 16th November, 1789. The state of the students for session 1788-9, as recorded on the vellum buried under the stone, was as follows :—

Students of Divinity	130
„ Law	100
„ Physic	440
„ General Classes	420—1090

Of the £40,000 expected, only a little over £30,000 was raised, and for lack of funds Adam's fine design was not fully carried out. The Principal did not live to see the work completed, and when he died in June, 1793, parts of the old dilapidated buildings were standing side by side with portions of the new, which were unfinished and going to ruin. Such was the condition of the University buildings while John Leyden attended the Arts Classes from 1790 to 1793.

BURSARIES.

It may naturally be asked, Were there any bursaries open to competition, one of which could be gained by such a boy as John Leyden, and from which his class-fees could be paid and something considerable left for his maintenance? At the time in question, such a youth could go to a sister-university in the North; and on the morning of the

competition he could walk into the hall without question asked, and provided with nothing but a pen and a sheet or two of paper. There he took down from dictation a piece of English to be turned into Latin in three hours. A few days thereafter the Bursary-list was read to the expectant crowd by the Principal; and the competitor who had made the best Latin was at the top; the rest following in order of merit. The first bursary amounted to nearly £20, and with a number of resignations on the part of some who intended to come back and climb higher next year, there were left very few students who had not at least about £5.

At Edinburgh, the whole story of the University is a pitiful record of a continual struggle for centuries with poverty and destitution, both for students and professors, in respect of accommodation and maintenance. The first mortification to the College was dated 1597, and when stock was taken by the Town Council in 1656, there were thirty-five bursaries, ranging from 50 merks (£2 16s 3d) up to 100 merks. Supposing that the stream of endowment continued at the same rate, by the end of the eighteenth century there had been about 140 bursaries—among 1000 students, that is, or 14 per cent.

Further, a large proportion of them were in the patronage of the representatives of the donors, for presentation to students of a particular name—Fraser's, Buchanans, &c.

For these, as well as for those in the patronage of the Town Council, testimonials from teachers, ministers, &c. were required; but there appears to have been no bursaries open for competition to all-comers. They were all given in answer to special recommendations by persons of influence. The chance for a student coming to this great University at the time in question, standing independently on his merits, is seen from the case of John Leyden, for whom there was no bursary. His name does not appear on the Town Council Records, on which the names of all bursars were entered.*

On the other hand, there seems to have been great liberality on the part of the professors, with their miserable salaries, in admitting poor students to their classes without fees. Of Professor Dalzel in particular, when he was a candidate for the Clerkship of the General Assembly, it was said that many of the members voted for him because he had admitted students to his classes free on their recommendation: Might not some of them have been themselves the students recommended?

GREEK CLASS.

The first class Leyden attended was the Greek, taught by Andrew Dalzel, already

* For this information I am indebted to the courtesy of Thomas Hunter, Esq., W.S., Town Clerk.

mentioned, who was one of the most popular, influential, and useful of the professors in the College. This was not due so much to extraordinary ability as to his unbounded enthusiasm for classical learning, and especially for his own particular branch.

The teaching of Greek in the University had been heavily handicapped in the eighteenth century by the suicidal tradition that the University had a monopoly of teaching the subject, which dared not be infringed, so that many students came to the class ignorant of the very letters. In the middle of the century the Professor of Greek taught in his first class : “ *Greek Grammar, the New Testament, a Delectus containing some of Æsop’s Fables, some of Lucian’s Dialogues, Two Orations of Isocrates, and the Tabula Cebetis* ; three or four books of Homer’s *Iliad* ; and Upton’s *Collection*. . . . This record reflects a state of things which lasted on into the nineteenth century. It shews us industrious professors doing the work of schoolmasters.”

The Act of Privy Council (1672) conferring the above monopoly—an Act more honoured in the breach than in the observance—was oftenest evaded by teachers in the remoter parts of the country ; the school which might have been expected to be the most advanced—the Edinburgh High School—was in the worst position of all, because it was under the same control as the Uni-

versity, that of the Town Council, to which the Senatus at once appealed on the slightest symptom of encroaching on their sacred privilege. It thus happened that, as a rule, the students who knew most of Greek when they arrived were boys from country schools. Just before Dalzel's appointment in 1772, Dr Adam of the High School got permission to teach Greek to his Fifth Class—a privilege extended shortly after to the Fourth.

In his *Life of Andrew Dalzel*, Cosmo Innes describes the wonderful influence the Professor had over the students, with all his gentleness, or because of it: "A look, a pause, a single word gently intoned was sufficient to nip any attempt at tumult in the bud. . . . He was the friend of his pupils, and the kind adviser of those who wanted his friendship and were worthy of it." His exertions for the intellectual progress of his pupils were only equalled by the interest he took in their general welfare.

There are two interesting references to Dalzel preserved for us relating to the very time at which we wish to look into the classroom. The first is given by Scott in his *Autobiography*:—"I was recalled to Edinburgh about the time when the College meets (1783), and put at once to the Humanity Class, under Mr Hill, and the First Greek Class, taught by Mr Dalzel. The former held the reins of discipline very loosely, and, though beloved by his students,

for he was a good-natured man as well as a good scholar, he had not the art of exciting our attention. This was a dangerous character with whom to trust one who relished labour as little as I did, and amid the riot of his class I speedily lost much of what I had learned under Adam and Whale. At the Greek Class I might have made a better figure, for Professor Dalzel maintained a great deal of authority, and was not only himself an admirable scholar, but was always deeply interested in the progress of his students. But here lay the villainy. Almost all my companions who had left the High School at the same time with myself, had acquired a smattering of Greek before they came to college. I, alas, had none; and, finding myself far inferior to all my fellow-students, I could hit upon no better mode of vindicating my inequality than by professing my contempt for the language, and my resolution not to learn it."

The other reference is given in the *Memoirs of his Time* by Lord Cockburn, who went to the University in 1793. "My first class," he says, "was for more of that weary Latin—an excellent thing if it had been got. . . . But the mischief was that little Latin was acquired. The class was a constant scene of unchecked idleness and disrespectful mirth. Our time was worse than lost.

"Andrew Dalzel, the author of *Collec-*

tanea Græca and other academical books, taught my next class, the Greek. At the mere teaching of a language to boys he was ineffective. How is it possible for the elements, including the very letters of a language, to be taught to one hundred boys at once by a single lecturing professor? To the lads, who, like me—to whom the very alphabet was new—required positive teaching, the class was utterly useless. Nevertheless, though not a good school-master, it is a duty and delightful to record Dalzel's value as a general exciter of boys' minds. Dugald Stewart alone excepted, he did me more good than all the other instructors I had. Mild, affectionate, simple, an absolute enthusiast about learning—particularly Classical, and especially Greek; with an innocence of soul and of manner which imparted an air of honest kindness to whatever he said or did, and a slow, soft, formal voice, he was a great favourite with all boys, and all good men. Never was a voyager, out in quest of new islands, more delighted in finding one than he was in discovering any good quality in any humble youth."

JOHN LEYDEN CALLED UP.

From the foregoing the reader is now in a position from which he can take an intelligent survey of the scene in the Greek Classroom when John Leyden was first called

up to read. The scene is described by Scott in the sketch of Leyden's career which he wrote for the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811. The above description of Professor Dalzel and of the low standard of scholarship prevalent in the Greek Class, will enable the reader to form an opinion as to whether Scott's account is to be taken as correct, or whether it is to be accepted with an allowance as coming from one who was not in a position to appreciate Leyden's scholarship.

“The late worthy and learned Professor Dalzel used to describe,” says Scott, “with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercise. The rustic yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high, harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad, provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed on this first occasion the gravity of the Professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the Professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for (from) the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to

the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from shewing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds."

The above account consists of two parts : That of the incident on the particular day, and that of the student's after progress. In the first part there is not an allusion to his knowledge of Greek, or to the manner in which he acquitted himself that day. Nothing is noticed but the lad's dress, the tones of his voice, and his Teviotdale accent. Are we to believe that Professor Dalzel noticed nothing but these points, or that they were all he referred to when mentioning the incident ? It is incredible, from what we have seen of the man. In short, the narrative does not give Dalzel's view of the matter at all, but the subjective impression of the scene in Scott's mind, which, moreover, had to be produced to the public in a picturesque dress ; and in which impression Leyden's knowledge of Greek and his performance that day were of no importance whatever.

In the second part of the passage, as if the writer had some inkling that he had gone too far with his embellishment, he goes on to qualify the first part by telling us that, for all this, the rapid progress made by the student "attracted the approbation of the

Professor.” This is only adding insult to injury. First the lad’s scholarship is ignored, and then it is implied that he had none, although he rapidly gained some.

The paragraph is quite transparent, and the secret of it sufficiently obvious. The writer had a faint recollection of a passage in *Juvenal* about the poor man being flouted by the rich. His hazy recollection was to the effect that the poor man was a student; and he either did not take the trouble to look it up (*Satires III*), or perhaps he could not find it. At any rate he thought it fitted Leyden, and the whole scene is worked up for that. This explains “the humble dress,” which, it may be taken for certain, was never mentioned to Scott by Dalzel, who himself had come to the University from Kirkliston in a very similar dress. And what parallel was there between the “torn coat” of Juvenal’s man and Leyden’s — country-made, it is true, or homespun, but warm and strong and new?

But this is not all. Although Scott has nothing to say about the lad’s proficiency when he came to the Greek Class, the University Register has. The name of John Leyden is entered in the session 1790-1 both in the Junior or First Class and in the Senior or Second Class, to which the Pro-veciores or most advanced students only were admitted. This fact gives an entirely

different colour to the scene regarding which we have got such a picturesque story.

In that story there is one word that is very suggestive in a way that was not intended. We are told that the student's manner was rustic but undaunted. Why "undaunted?" Because he was called up to perform a task which he knew he could accomplish with ease and credit. He had not to stand dumb; he could read and translate. And when the Professor saw that, like the teacher he was, who was "ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit," he made the student go on, and questioned him to see how much he knew. True, the tone of his voice was harsh and his accent provincial, but these would not have been heard had he had nothing to say; and although the other students laughed, their laughter was only the accompaniment of their applause. Students are as prompt to distinguish merit as professors; and they cheered while they laughed.

Such is the simple truth about this incident, of which Scott made so much, but really made so little. "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*"

THE LATIN CLASS.

By different biographers Leyden has been sent to the Latin Class in his first session, Mathematics in his second, and Rhetoric in his third. To settle this point, as well as

others that will come up in due course, his record extracted from the University Register will here be given :—

JOHN LEYDEN.

- 1790-1—Dec. Lit. Gr. ; Provec.
1791-2— „ Lit. Hum. 2 ; Lit. Gr. 2 ; Log.
1792-3— „ Lit. Gr. 2 ; Eth. ; Phys.
1793-4— „ Divinity, Hebrew, Church History.
1794-5— „ Lit. Gr. 2, Div., Heb., Ch. Hist.
1795-6— „ Div., Ch. Hist., Syriac and Arabic.
1796-7— „ Chem.
1797-8— „ Bot.
1798-9— „ Anat., Chir.
1799-1800—Med. Th. and Pr. ; Mat. Med. ; Pr. Clin. ; Art.
Obst.

The classes in the Divinity Hall are filled in from the ordinary curriculum, as there is no record.

From the above record it will be seen that Leyden attended the Arts Classes for three sessions only, although he returned to the Senior Greek Class in the session 1794-5 ; and that he did not attend the Junior Latin Class at all. We have heard enough about this class to let us understand that there was no temptation to attend it if it were not obligatory on him to do so. Professor Dalzel throws some light on the subject in an article (*Scots Maga.*, 1802) on Duke Gordon, who had been his assistant in the Library, in which he says :—“ If a young man has attained remarkable proficiency, he is sometimes advised to pass over the Latin, and to proceed immediately

to the Greek. But this is chiefly the case with those whose circumstances are so narrow as to render it an object for them to save as much time and expense as possible." This fits Leyden so exactly as to explain completely the matter we are considering—his non-attendance at the Junior Latin Class.

Little remains to be said about the work of this his first winter in Edinburgh. "His hours of private study," says Morton, "were arranged upon a regular plan from which, for several years, he seldom departed; a certain portion of time being allotted to preparation for each class or lecture; but the greater part of his time was employed in desultory and general reading, improving with eagerness the opportunities which the College Library, the circulating libraries, and the private collections of his friends now afforded him."

SUMMER AT HOME.

At the close of the session he returned home, where a new experience awaited him. Within two months of his return he got his baptism of bereavement and sorrow from the death of his sister Isabella, aged three years. Coming after three boys (see copy of tomb-stone, p. 40), the little girl was doubtless the pet of the family. Whatever may have been the length of her illness, the end came when the little sufferer breathed

her last on the 28th of May. What her parents' feelings must have been can only be imagined. Of the feelings of her poet-brother, whose heart seems to have been completely bound up in her, we have happily a record in that great storehouse of his autobiography, the *Scenes of Infancy*, and even more fully in an *Elegy* published first in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for April, 1795.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

“ I had a sister who died young. Before that event, the vivacity and cheerfulness natural to youth had always quickly dispelled the mist of sorrow whenever it happened to cloud my brow. My mind was darkened. I attended her funeral in a state of listless and sullen apathy. My breast began to palpitate as I approached the gate of the churchyard, and I shuddered as we tracked the long, rank grass—the dust sounded on the coffin—it fell heavily on my heart. . . . I still love to walk beneath the neighbouring trees when the parting beams of the sun fall softly on her grave, or when the churchyard is chequered by the varying moonbeam that gleams through the rustling leaves. One evening in autumn, when the hum of life was still, I threw my reflections into the following lines :—

“ Now silent horror haunts the yew,
And quiv'ring leaves descending fly ;
The with'ring grass waves wet with dew ;
On flutt'ring wings the bat flits by.

“ The thoughts that wandered unconfined
 Are now collected by the gloom,
 While broods the melancholy mind
 Upon the horrors of the tomb.”

Copy of
THE LEYDEN TOMBSTONE
 In Cavers Old Church-yard.

— o —

ERECTED

To the Memory of **JOHN LEYDEN**,
 Late Tenant of Roundhaugh,
 Who died the 20th October, 1829, aged 83 years ;
 And of Isabella Scott, his Wife, who died at Roundhaugh,
 The 23rd of May, 1837, aged 88 years and six months.
 Of Isabella Leyden, his eldest daughter,
 Who died the 28th of May, 1791, aged 3 years.
 Of **JOHN LEYDEN**, his eldest son,
 Who died at Batavia in the island of Java on the
 27th August, 1811, aged 36 years.
 Of his third son, Robert Leyden,
 Who died 11th April, 1838, aged 55 years.
 Also of his youngest son, Andrew Leyden,
 Who died 26th April, 1869, aged 70 years.

When at home during this first vacation, to avoid all distraction when studying, he used to retire to the Den or Dene, from which Denholm gets its name, the upper end of which was within a short distance of his father's cottage. Mr Brown's account of his retreat there cannot be improved upon, and the liberty will therefore be taken of giving it verbatim :—“ The Dene is a deep and densely wooded glen, through which flows a tortuous mountain-rivulet enclosed by steep banks, which are covered with the

intertwining boughs of elms, firs, beeches, and gnarled oaks. In summer, these braes present a beautiful carpeting of flowers, while the fond ivy wraps many of the stateliest trees in perennial greenness. Precipitous cliffs and jagged gorges introduce the element of the grand and terrible. The monotonous ripple of the brook and the mellow notes from a thousand little choristers fill the glen with sweetest music. It is indeed a fitting place for musing men, and we may well conceive the ecstasy that would thrill a soul like that of Leyden amid such scenes. This glen became one of his favourite haunts, and in it he erected a bower where, in peaceful retirement, he might drink deeply of the mysteries of learning."

SECOND SESSION, 1791-2.

His classes this session—Senior Latin, Senior Greek, and Logic—need not hinder us long. Enough has been said under the first session about Professors Dalzel and Hill. It need only be added that the Senior Class under the latter was better worth attending than the Junior, and that Latin was an essential subject in the Arts curriculum for entering the Divinity Hall.

THE PROFESSOR OF LOGIC

at the time was John Bruce, but the class was taught by Rev. James Finlayson, who

had been appointed joint-professor in 1787 to carry on the class in the absence of Bruce, who was travelling on the Continent with Robert Dundas, afterwards the second Lord Melville ; and finally resigned in favour of Finlayson in 1792. The latter was successively transferred from the Parish of Borthwick to Lady Yester's, Greyfriars, and St Giles. At the time of which we are writing, that a professor of the University should also be a minister of the Church, instead of being as at present a disqualification, was a positive recommendation, almost an absolute necessity on account of the miserable salaries of the professors.

Dr Finlayson was highly respected as a churchman and in society, and was very popular with his students as a teacher and for the warm interest he took in their personal affairs, encouraging and helping them in their difficulties. He and Dalzel were the two from whom Leyden, in particular, received the most encouragement and help : for example, in the way of getting private pupils. Leyden's hand-writing was neat and beautifully distinct, and he was employed to some extent by Professor Finlayson as an amanuensis. There is something else under this, however. Leyden's proficiency in Greek fully explains the special interest taken in him by Dalzel ; and it is distinctly to be inferred from the attention paid him by Finlayson, that there was something

more to account for it than good penmanship—that, in fact, he had distinguished himself in the Logic Class. He had complete notes of the lectures beautifully written out.

SUMMER VACATION IN 1792.

On returning home at the end of the session, he found that he was not to spend the summer in the same way as the last. He was now in his seventeenth year, and a good classical scholar, with a mind trained in logic. Accordingly he was at once secured to teach the school of Clovenford, a small village fully three miles from Galashiels, and almost at the mouth of the Caddon, a tributary of the Tweed. The regular teacher may have been laid aside at the time by sickness, or, more probably, had got a better appointment, an interim teacher being appointed for the summer, till another could be got.

On the Saturday afternoons—if the scholars got even that much of weekly holiday at the time—or on Sundays, he found a congenial companion at Innerleithen, about nine miles up the Tweed. This was

NICOL, THE POET.

Born in 1769, the son of a shoemaker in Innerleithen, Nicol was thus six years older than Leyden. His humble position did not prevent him, any more than it had prevented

the latter, from getting the best education the parish school could give him. How long he attended school at first there is no means of knowing—probably till he was thirteen or fourteen years of age. This brings us to the year 1783. He now learned his father's trade, but all along had aspirations after more learning. Country teachers in those days were always willing to help poor boys in such circumstances, and any boy who was eager to learn could always find books and help in various ways. After learning the trade he must have worked at it for another five years or so—studying all the time, and saving a little money—for he did not enter the University of Edinburgh till 1793-4 (Lat. 2, Gr. 1), at the age of 24.

Here, then, we have fresh light on, and an added interest in, the meeting, that summer of 1792, of those two young men—our hero and the struggling shoemaker-student and poet. It is doubtful if Leyden had heard of the latter; it is more probable that Nicol had heard of Leyden—the son of a shepherd who had gone to the University and distinguished himself, and was now teaching at Clovenford. Thither he went on the first opportunity, and with a common passion for Scots poetry, the two had found plenty of congenial talk. There can be no manner of doubt that the younger man but more advanced student gave his companion the warmest encouragement to per-

severe and go to the University, as he did next year. Nicol was licensed by the Presbytery of Peebles in 1801, became minister of Traquair in 1802, and published two volumes of Scots poems in 1805. His son of the same name was Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen (1853-78)—a master of his subject, and revered and beloved by his pupils.

There is a tradition that when Leyden was at Clovenford he had a contrivance, by way of an alarum-clock, for rousing him to his studies. At a certain early hour in the morning it tilted a bowl of water on to his face. The contrivance must have been an application of Hydrodynamics, and clearly indicates considerable mechanical ingenuity.

Attending the school that summer was a boy, John Lee, who went to the University; was licensed to preach in 1807, and was successively minister of Peebles and of three Edinburgh churches. He was Principal of the University from 1840 till his death in 1859.

THIRD SESSION, 1792-3.

(Lit., Gr. 2, Eth., Phys.).

The Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1785-1810, was

DUGALD STEWART.

About the year 1790, when Principal

Robertson's life was nearing its sunset, of all the professors, Dugald Stewart's influence over the intellectual and moral nature of the students was the greatest. His popularity was the resultant of various forces.

1. A man of little originality, he was master of a style of composition that was more popular then than it is now, consisting in the construction of fine-sounding, balanced sentences and diffuse and ornate periods. By his effective way of putting his subject, by copious illustrations and poetical quotations, and, above all, by excellent elocution in delivering his composition, he succeeded in making the dullest speculations clear and attractive; and his hearers were enraptured. Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, says of him: "To me his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world."

2. As to his philosophy, he was the fourth of a connected series of five—Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton. The Idealism of Bishop Berkeley, according to which we have no direct perception of a material world—and there is no material world to perceive, for no object exists apart from the perception and volition of the mind, which is therefore the deepest reality—was reduced to an *impasse* by Hume (in his *Treatise on Human Nature*), who argued that we have as little evidence

for the existence of mind as we have for that of matter. Reid, originally a whole-hearted believer in Berkeley, was staggered by Hume's *Treatise*, but got out of the dilemma over the bridge of a common-sense—that there is no appeal from the intuitive belief that the mental sensations of external objects are real. The philosophy of Stewart was simply the system of Reid presented in a more attractive form. Francis Horner, writing to John A. Murray in 1796, says: "I am not at all surprised at your disliking on first perusal the (Reid's) *Inquiry into the Human Mind*. The style in which it is written . . . would be indecent even in a common political pamphlet. If you have not yet read Mr Stewart's book (*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. i., 1792), I can assure you that you have high pleasure in store."

3. Lord Cockburn, in his *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, says that Stewart "has two reputations: one as an author, and one as a lecturer. Many who know him only as a philosophical writer venerate him profoundly, both for his philosophy and for the dignified beauty of his style, although this idolatry is not universal. But I am not aware that there has ever been any difference of opinion with respect to his unsurpassed excellence as a moral teacher. Mackintosh said truly that the peculiar glory of Stewart's eloquence consisted in its

having ‘breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils.’ He was the great inspirer of young men.”

OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

the Professor was John Robison (1774-1805). Educated at Glasgow University, he was appointed assistant to the Professor of Physics there in his nineteenth year, and would have succeeded to the Chair but for his extreme youth. He went to sea with Admiral Knowles as instructor to his son, and was at the capture of Quebec; indeed, he is said to have been in the boat with General Wolfe when he made his famous remark about Gray’s *Elegy*. He afterwards went in 1770 as private secretary to Admiral Knowles, who had been engaged by the Empress of Russia to re-organise her fleet. This, and his extraordinary facility in acquiring languages, led to his appointment, in 1772, as Professor of Mathematics at Cronstadt, which he left, in 1774, on the invitation of the Town Council of Edinburgh, to occupy the Chair of Physics.

SUMMER OF 1793.

On Leyden’s return to Nether Tofts at the close of the session, finding no engagement to take him from home, as had happened the summer before, and the accommodation of his father’s cottage being strained to the utmost for the rest of the

family, the young student took up his residence at the farm-house. To Andrew Blyth, now almost blind, this arrangement was more of a favour than an obligation. He had always looked upon the young man as if he had been his grandson ; the two had been chums since the childhood of the latter ; he was now as proud of his boy and his achievements as if he had been of his own flesh and blood ; and he must have felt his society that summer an unspeakable comfort and blessing. The young man had little to learn now from his aged relative, for he had become a greater master of Border legendary and antiquarian lore than was his childhood's instructor ; but many a happy hour the two must have spent while the one read or recited some ballad or piece of history—familiar or unfamiliar—and they discussed it together. The intelligent old man would also appreciate and enjoy the information his companion would pour out to him on subjects connected with his studies.

Thus the summer wore on with sundry excursions made by the young man to see persons and places far and near, for he was of a disposition that finds an interest everywhere. During such absences the old man would weary sadly and miss the well-known footstep and the cheery voice of the absent one. It is all a beautiful picture with perfect perspective. Away in the back-

ground, at a distance measured by twelve or thirteen years, there is a cottage-farmhouse, with an arbour in the garden in front, in which is seated an elderly man singing a ballad to a little boy standing at his knee and looking into his face with an expression of intense admiration and affection. In the foreground is a similar arbour in which are the same two persons, but greatly changed. The elder is shrunken in form, and his eyes are sightless, but on his face is an expression of rapt enjoyment as he listens to the talk or the reading of the erstwhile child, now grown into a very vigorous-looking young man. The two are chums as of old, but their positions are reversed, as well as the kindness and the admiration. The debt of the one period is being repaid in the other. Not yet, at least, has the young man lost his "purity of heart;" he can still face his shadow without shame. His noble simplicity, high principles, and the natural affection so beautifully expressed about his dead sister, are here exhibited in that filial piety and loyalty towards kindred and friends which endured till his death. A passage from one of his letters may be appropriately introduced here, though by anticipation. Writing to his parents from Edinburgh on October 4th, 1798, he sends "compliments to Andrew Blyth." Again, on August 7th, 1799, he says: "I begin to doubt whether it will

be proper for me to come out during the harvest, as I shall be obliged to go with the family (the Campbells) to Mid-Calder for six or seven weeks. . . . Let me know how Andrew Blyth is, for I must contrive to come out if he is not like to get better. I owe him much, and should be extremely sorry if he left me loaded with a debt that I could never hope to clear.”

DIVINITY HALL, 1793-7.

On returning to Edinburgh at the end of October, Leyden entered the Divinity Hall ; and as a separate register was kept for the students there, whilst that anterior to 1830 has been lost, there is no record of his classes from year to year as for his Arts and medical studies, although a good deal of the picture can otherwise be filled in.

THE PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY (1787-1809)

was Rev. Dr Andrew Hunter, minister of the Tron Church. He has a very short and satisfactory history : “ Perhaps no man in a public station ever passed through life more respected, or with a more unblemished reputation.” He does not seem, however, to have been capable of arousing any enthusiasm among the students, or even any intellectual activity. He took a great and kindly interest in their welfare, but he had no encouragement for originality. It was for this very reason that John Leyden was not a

favourite with him, as we learn from a letter from Rev. Alexander Murray to Archibald Constable, under date Feb. 12th, 1812 :—" I heard him deliver his last discourse in the Hall—which, by the by, he had composed that same morning. He did not meet with Dr Hunter's approbation either as to manner or matter, for that honest man, who was a great admirer of soft, stupid, and indeed ignorant students, saw many things improper and blamable in those who were otherwise.

" I attended Mr Leyden half-way home, and we made several reflections by the way not very favourable to ordinary Professors of Divinity."

THE PROFESSOR OF HEBREW (1793-1812)

was Rev. William Moodie, minister of St Andrew's Church. The record of his Hebrew scholarship was, that he edited Wilson's *Hebrew Grammar*. This was probably what gained him the Chair. The full title of the Professorship was that of " Hebrew and the Oriental Languages"—a title which has come to be misleading from the new meaning imported into it. When we speak of the Oriental Languages to-day, we mean the languages of India, China, and the far East generally; the name " Oriental Languages," when used in connection with Hebrew, referred to the Orient of the Bible. In short, what was meant was Hebrew and the other Semitic Languages—Aramaic, Arabic,

Ethiopic, &c. As a rule, the latter part of the title was merely ornamental, not practical. Coming to the Hall, as most of the students did, with little or no knowledge of Hebrew, it was a rare thing for any of them to have time or inclination to study more than the one language, even had the professor been able to teach it.

With Leyden it was different. We have seen that he found the Hebrew synonyms in his *Calepin*; and that he was far ahead of his class-fellows is proved by his after acquaintance with Arabic, from which he takes the material for six of his poems.

Did he know Ethiopic? This language is an archaic dialect of Arabic, a colony from Arabia having crossed the Red Sea into Northern Abyssinia before the Christian Era, although the Semitic kinship of the language has been disguised by the early Christian missionaries from the Coptic Church in Egypt writing it in Greek (uncial) characters, with the vowels attached to the consonants. As to Leyden's being acquainted with Ethiopic, there are two facts that render it almost certain that he was:—

1. It was mastered by Alexander Murray. That alone makes it incredible that Leyden had not given more or less time and attention to the language. They were both such enthusiastic linguists, both so generous in their mutual admiration of each other's

talents and accomplishments, and so free from petty jealousy, that it is safe to say that Leyden was not altogether ignorant of a language that Murray knew. They had been introduced to each other by Dr Anderson (of whom more anon), to whom Murray on one occasion remarked that there was no one in Edinburgh with whom he would be so much afraid to contend in languages and philology as Leyden ; whilst the latter, without knowing this, once expressed himself to the same person in the same terms of commendation of Murray's learning.

2. There is substantial ground for believing that Leyden knew as much Ethiopic as Murray did before the latter began a special study of it for his work as editor of the second edition of James Bruce's *Travels to Abyssinia*, and before reading the traveller's MSS. As we shall see, Leyden paid a visit to Kinnaird House in the course of his tour in 1800, and examined the traveller's museum. Thereafter, some time in 1802, he was sent out by Mr Manners to report on the MSS., Journals, &c., as material for a second edition. It is quite certain that he would have been the editor had he remained in the country. Murray took his place at this work, as well as on the *Scots Magazine*, only when he was called away.

THE PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY (1788-1798) was Rev. Thomas Hardy, minister of the

New North Church. "He had acquired great fame as a preacher, and as soon as it was known that he was to deliver a course of lectures on *Ecclesiastical History*, great expectations were formed concerning them; and the public were not disappointed. He excited a spirit among the students which had never been known before, and his class became one of the best attended in the University." From a note-book that has been preserved it appears that, during session 1793-4, along with Leyden, some of the lectures at least were attended by Walter Scott and Henry Brougham.

There are two styles of teaching this subject. The one is that of the artist who paints with a large brush on a large canvas, and whose pictures are instinct with life and movement. The other is the pre-Raphaelite style, with which the professor never seems, to the students, to make any visible progress as he wearies them day after day with all the petty personal squabbles and scandals of some unimportant controversy. Professor Hardy employed the former style, sketching vivid pictures of the Church in different ages, so that "his lectures might rather be called the *Philosophy of Ecclesiastical History*."

OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM

there was no Professor at the time, nor for half a century afterwards.

SUMMER OF 1794.

When Leyden returned home at the close of the session, the farm of Nether Tofts had evidently been given up, for he found his parents living in the village of Cavers. According to Mr Douglas in his *Traditions and Recollections of Dr John Leyden*, their house was a very primitive shelter, with the fire-place on the side (back) wall instead of on the gable.

Looking round in search of a more suitable place in which to work, the scholar found a perfect study in the parish church close at hand. This was a building of the usual oblong construction, with the door in the west gable. Inside, there was a gallery in either end. The space under the west gallery was occupied by a small entrance vestibule, the staircase, and the vestry; that under the east gallery, which was occupied by the Cavers family and servants, by the Cavers burying-place and a tool-house—access to the gallery being by an outside stair. The pulpit was on the middle of the south wall, with a hollow, umbrella-shaped sounding-board over it, and the precentor's box close in front. A passage ran down the middle of the church. Between this and the south wall, there were three buechts on the right of the pulpit; and two on the left. Between the passage and the north wall there were three or four rows of seats in three lengths. From the above

description it will be obvious that there was a vacant space in front of the pulpit.

Such was the study that our enterprising scholar discovered and took possession of. That he got formal permission from the minister to use it, getting the key of the church for the purpose, is not at all likely—at first at least. It is more likely that, one day when the beadle was engaged digging a grave, he found his way in through the tool-house, which communicated with the Cavers burying-place under the gallery. The latter was separated from the body of the church by a wooden partition, in which was a door. That he was engaged, as a student of Divinity, in the study of Hebrew, Greek, and other mysterious subjects, was, of course, well known; and when it was reported that he was in the habit of doing it in the silence and gloom of the church, those who heard it would be struck with the daring of it. Another idea associated in the popular imagination with all University studies was that of acquiring a knowledge of magical arts. That he was engaged in this way was diligently reported by himself. Having done so, he had to keep up the character, and this seems to have suggested to him the perpetration of certain practical jokes, partly for the fun of the thing, partly to keep off any who might have intruded upon his privacy. To put those all into the summer of 1794, however, is an obvious ana-

chronism, and the vials with Natural History specimens are another—a picturesque detail out of Scott's imagination, like the fire and the chemical experiments in the Dene in 1791. Such things were all connected with his medical studies, which did not begin till 1796.

The minister, Mr Elliot, naturally took an interest in a Divinity student at his own door, especially of such a distinguished scholar, with such a pronounced personality as Leyden; and he soon came to hear of the church-study. From that time the practice had recognised sanction.

Although the practical-joke stories properly come in at various times afterwards, this will be the most convenient point at which to give them all together.

1. One day, when passing round the church, Leyden assured a companion that, if he would put his foot in at the low arrow-slit window of the tool-house, he would not be able to withdraw it. The youth rashly complied with the suggestion, but found to his horror that his foolhardy incredulity had been misplaced, for his foot was held as in a vice. The magician had a confederate inside holding a strong rope with a noose on the end of it.

2. Leyden had boasted that he could "raise the deil;" whereupon a sceptical native challenged him to do it in his presence. The challenge was accepted, the

place, of course, being the church. At the appointed time magician and doubter appeared. The latter was made to stand in front of the pulpit, and a circle was drawn round him, within which alone he would be safe when the Arch-enemy appeared. The magician then mounted the pulpit and began reading in an unknown tongue (Hebrew, Greek, or Latin). Suddenly a clanking of chains was heard behind the partition under the Cavers gallery, upon which the lad bolted through the open door without waiting to see or hear more.

3. Act II. of Raising the Deil. The coachman at Cavers House, on hearing of this exploit, declared that Leyden "wadna gar him rin." Leyden accepted the challenge, conducted the hero to the same spot, drew the circle as before, and again commenced to read. The clanking of chains was soon heard, but the coachman bravely stood his ground. Then from the door under the east gallery appeared a figure draped in black from head to foot, which advanced along the passage. This was too much for even the coachman's courage; he darted through the open door, and escaped the threatened danger. The confederate (Robert Leyden) had first clanked an old chain, and then emerged enveloped in the mort-cloth."

Another version (that given by Mr Brown) runs the two raising-the-deil incidents into

one, and as tradition always has a tendency to duplicate, the following is probably the more authentic form:—"He had just returned home from college—an event which never failed to excite the curiosity of the neighbouring peasantry. His brother Robert conveyed the news to the big house (of Cavers). The butler, having great faith in John's powers of application, asked if he could raise the deil yet. 'No,' said Robert, 'he hasna got that length yet.' But when Robert went home and told his brother what had passed between him and the butler, John assumed an air of importance and said: 'Go back, you stupid fellow, and tell him that I can easily do that.' Robert obeyed; the butler drank in the news; and a night was fixed for the exploit, the scene to be the church.

"John gave instructions to his willing brother, and, when the night arrived, dressed him in the mort-cloth (? horns, &c.), as like the popular conception of Auld Hornie as possible, and shut him up in the Cavers aisle, which opened into the church by a folding door.

"The butler came and found the magician pacing up and down with an air of intense thoughtfulness. Leyden at once placed him in the centre of the open space in front of the pulpit, drew a circle round him with chalk, and gravely remarked: 'As long as you stand within that circle you can suffer

no harm, but if you once step out of it, I can no longer guarantee your safety.' He then walked round and round the circle, repeating in a deep, solemn tone some verses of Latin poetry. In the gathering gloom of nightfall no sound was heard in the church but that of the foot-falls and muttered words of the magician, who now began gradually to quicken his pace and to recite his incantation with greater vehemence. Anon a low, rumbling sound, mingled with the clank of chains, issued from the aisle; whereupon the magician thrice waved his wand and cried in a loud voice: 'Satan, come forth!' In obedience to this command, the door moved slowly back on its creaking hinges, and the Evil One stalked forth in his usual form and his usual garb.

"The butler, whose nerves had been shaken in spite of himself by the gloom of the church and all the arrangements so cleverly worked up by the wizard, gave way on having to face the Arch-enemy in *propria persona*, and turned and fled with a cry of terror, leaving the wizard to retire in triumph with his assistant."

As in almost all country churches at the time, the bell-rope hung down outside the gable from the belfry. One summer, a sow belonging to the beadle was in the habit of feeding in the churchyard, and a brilliant idea occurred to Leyden for frightening the

natives and keeping them away from the church. Waiting till it was dark, he rubbed the sow all over with a solution of phosphorus, and tied a rope to one of her feet and the other end to the bell-rope. With her struggles to get away she rang the bell, of course, and soon attracted most of the villagers to the spot. What they saw was a monstrous creature like a fiery pig, to whose violent squealing the bell kept up an irregular accompaniment. Incomprehensible, therefore supernatural, what could they think as they went back to their cottages but that they had seen some prank of the Evil One?

It was probably during the first summer after the family came to Cavers Townhead that the student got permission from Mr Douglas to read in the mornings in the library of Cavers House. Scarcely a man in Scotland at the time, unless it were Scott himself, could have appreciated as he did the treasures of Scots, English, and foreign literature which had been accumulated by the family for centuries; and great must have been the benefit that he received. The privilege he thus enjoyed helps to explain, along with the practical apprenticeship he served to Dr Anderson, the editor of the *British Poets*, the extensive and accurate knowledge he displayed of his mother tongue in his after literary work.

With all his studies, he frequently found

his way across to Kirkton, looked into the school, and assisted his old teacher, Andrew Scott, to get through with his classes for the day. There is no greater pleasure on earth to a teacher than to receive a visit in school from an old pupil who has distinguished himself at the University; there is such a subtle blending of an honour received in the visit with the credit which is the rightful due of him who did not a little in the earlier stages to make the student what he has become. The latter is set to hear the lessons of the senior pupils, especially the Latin Class, and altogether is made a great deal of till the school is dismissed; and is then taken into the school-house and treated as a greatly honoured guest. That John Leyden met with a reception from his old teacher similar to what is here described—a description the truthfulness of which will be recognised by every teacher or student-reader who has been in similar circumstances—cannot be doubted.

But wherever he was through the day, he always returned in time for the family worship, at which he followed in the Hebrew of the Old Testament or the Greek of the New, according as his father read from the one or the other, the evening chapter. Further, as a prospective minister, and as a natural training for his pulpit work, he was encouraged by his father to offer prayer on these occasions; and with his retentive

memory he soon acquired great fluency in the exercise, by the use of appropriate scripture language.

After the summer of 1795 he does not seem to have stayed at home again except for brief annual visits at harvest-time; the account of his home-life will therefore be fittingly closed here with the picture of Cavers given in the *Scenes of Infancy*:—

“ Green Cavers, hallowed by the Douglas name,
 Tower from thy woods. Assert thy former fame.
 Hoist the broad standard of thy peerless line,
 Till Percy’s Norman banner bow to thine.
 The hoary oaks that round thy turrets stand—
 Hark how they boast each mighty planter’s hand.
 Lords of the Border, where their pennons flew
 Mere mortal might could ne’er their arms subdue.
 Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mowed a host;
 Nor death a triumph o’er the line could boast.”

Mr Douglas, the writer of the *Recollections*, &c., mentions that Leyden was his tutor for a short time when he was a little boy; the family residing in Edinburgh for part of the year. He and his tutor used to take long walks together. One day they were down at Bonnington, when the tutor asked him to wait a short time while he called on a friend who had a lodging there. Mr Douglas understood that the friend was Walter Scott, and that the subject that kept him waiting a long time was a situation that his tutor was expecting, which he got some

time after, and which put an end to the tutorship.

The circumstances point to this incident having taken place in November or December, 1801. The first edition (2 vols.) of the *Minstrelsy* was published in January, 1802, and Scott (although it is not mentioned by Lockhart) seems to have retired to a lodging in order to secure perfect privacy while making the final revision of his sheets for the press.

It was at this very time also, as will afterwards be explained, that Scott's scheme of getting Leyden out to the new college at Calcutta was hanging fire, and the former next applied to Mr W. Dundas to get him appointed a surgeon. It must have been after the news came on February 14th, 1802, of his appointment that the tutorship terminated as above.

THE LEYDEN FAMILY.

The connection of the Leydens with the Cavers family had continued for many generations. The following *resume* of the history of that connection is offered with considerable confidence as correct in the main, if not in every detail:—

1. The intercourse between Scotland and Holland in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and the first half of the eighteenth centuries was more intimate than between Scotland and England. This statement needs no proof.

One single illustration may be given. In the year 1687 the Incorporation of Merchants in Hawick "did send till Holland, buy, and from thence bring hame to the toune ane brasen trone to be ane true and just standard for the trial of their weights." (See Wilson's *Hawick and its Old Memories*, p. 25.)

2. The heir of the House of Cavers went regularly to the University of Leyden for his education. Some time about two centuries before the birth of the subject of this memoir, Sir James Douglas brought home from Leyden a young man whom he had there engaged as a servant, and whose name was John Caspar, although he always went by the name of John of Leyden.

3. This man, John Leyden I, was the grandfather of the poetical farmer in Upper Teviotdale (John Leyden III), who died in 1688. (See Leyden's edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland*: Glossary, p. 373-4.)

4. When Sir William Douglas went to Leyden in 1680 (see Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant*; under Lady Cavers, as he calls Sir William's mother) he took with him a grandson of the latter (J. L. V). In 1682 Sir William received a commission in the Third (Ramsay's) Regiment of the Scots Brigade at the Hague (See *Hist. Scots Brigade*, Ferguson), his servant becoming a trooper. When the Prince of Orange came to England in 1688, the Scots Brigade was among his troops. In March, 1689, General

Mackay arrived in Leith with the part of it free of Jacobite sympathy, including three troops of dragoons under the command of Colonel Ramsay, Lord Cardross, and Captain Douglas. When Mackay went off to meet Dundee, Colonel Ramsay was left in Edinburgh with his dragoons and Lord Angus's regiment of Cameronians. When, after Killiecrankie, Mackay went in pursuit of Cannan, Colonel Cleland was sent to Dunkeld with his Cameronians, and Ramsay to Perth. When Cannan swooped back to Atholl, Ramsay sent Lord Cardross with two troops of dragoons to support Cleland—his own and Captain Douglas's. They arrived on the 20th August, and that day they were skirmishing with the Highlanders. Next day they were recalled, so that they were not at the final struggle on the 22nd. Such were the circumstances under which an ancestor of Leyden's was present at the Battle of Dunkeld, as mentioned by Scott.

Leyden himself must have told Sir Stamford Raffles that he had a middle-name Caspar, for it is in the life of the latter that the name appears. At the same time there is a tradition that a short poem once appeared in the *Kelso Mail* over the initials J. C. L.

SESSIONS 1794-5, 1795-6, 1796-7.

Apart from literary work, which falls to be considered separately, there is nothing to record of his two sessions at the Hall from

1794 to 1796, except that in the former he attended the Greek Class for the fourth time. In 1796, on the recommendation of Professor Dalzel, he was appointed tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield—an appointment which he held for about three years, to his great comfort and enjoyment, and to his profit in many ways ; for he was treated as one of the family, allowed free intercourse with his friends, and must have benefited from mixing with people of refined habits and manners.

That he did benefit in this way has been too little recognised. No man can help being consciously or unconsciously influenced by the company he keeps ; and one of the most remarkable circumstances in Leyden's career was the extraordinary number of people in the highest society with whom he was privileged to associate. As to this, two points require to be explained : first, how he was introduced to those people ; and second, how he was so cordially received by them and passed on to their friends with the strongest recommendations. The latter is thus explained. He was so utterly devoid of self-consciousness, in other words, he had so much independent self-respect, that he accepted himself as the equal of any man. With that he had such perfect frankness and geniality that those to whom he was introduced could not fail to recognise him as one of Nature's gentlemen. George Ellis, writing to Scott

about Leyden in 1802, says : “ His whole air and countenance told us, ‘ I am come to be one of your friends, ’ and we immediately took him at his word. ”

“ The manners of Leyden, ” says Mr Thomas Constable in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, “ if not graceful, were certainly as easy as his heart was frank and free. ”

His new friends having accepted him on this footing, they afterwards found that they got as good as they gave, as did Dr Anderson, Richard Heber, Scott, &c. As to whether Mr Campbell found it so in the education of his boys there is no direct record ; but it can easily be gathered from the testimony of another pupil—Dr Wardrop, who wrote to Constable about Leyden in 1812 : “ Leyden was my private tutor for two years, and to him I am indebted for pointing out the advantages and the pleasures of knowledge. I had spent the usual time at the Grammar School and attended one season at the University, and never learned a lesson but with the hope of escaping the tawse. After this, Leyden instructed me in Greek and Latin, and, in place of driving it into my head with awe and severity, he excited a passion for study by practically showing its utility, and the reasonable sources of pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. His immense stock of knowledge, gleaned by labour and a most

retentive memory, and communicated in a most simple and familiar manner, at once opened before me new prospects and new passions, which I have ever since been proud gratefully to thank him for.”

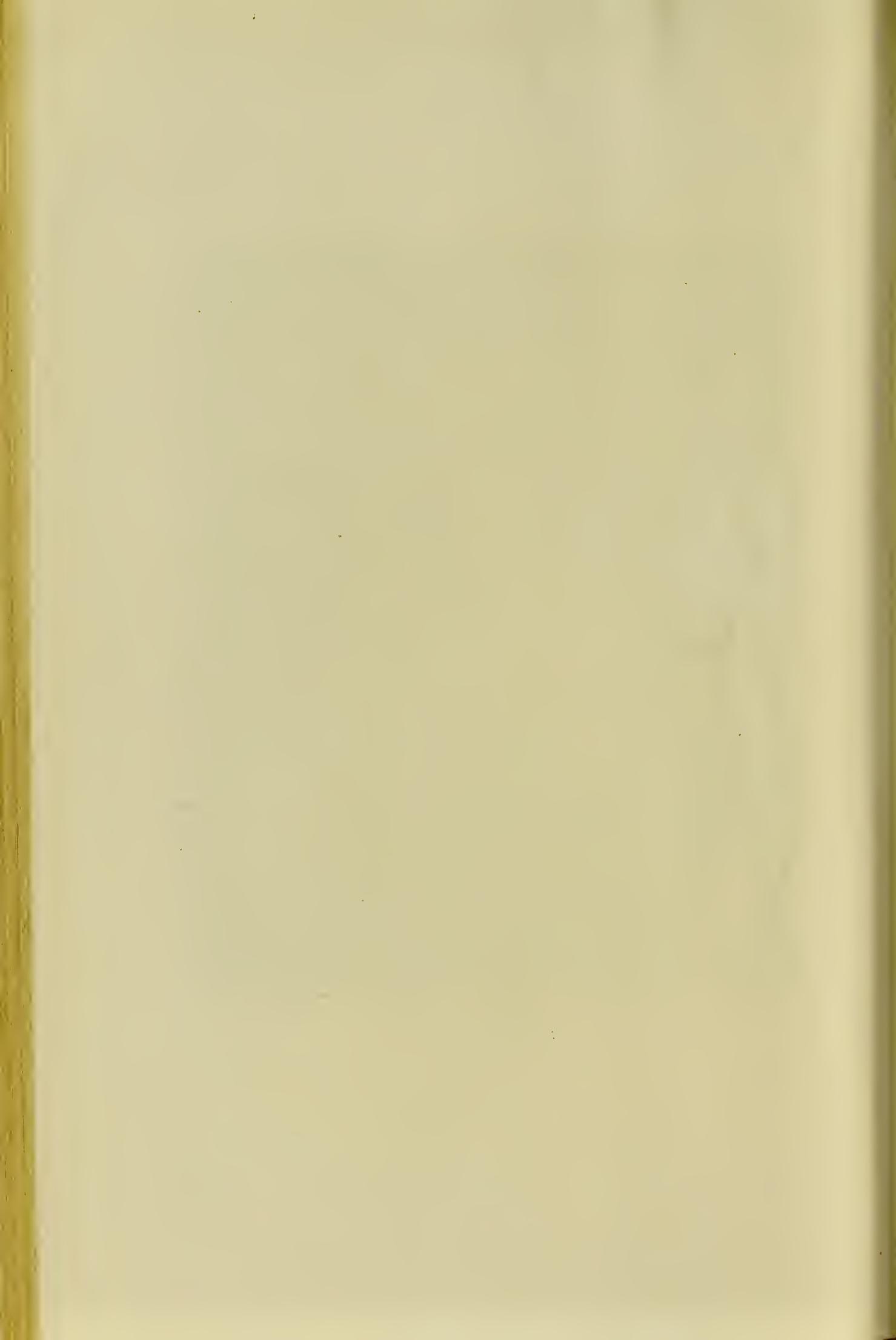
WILLIAM CAMPBELL, ESQ., AND LADY CHARLOTTE
CAMPBELL.

There has hitherto been a singular want of information about the proprietor of Fairfield, as well as about a lady of the same name to whom the *Scenes of Infancy* was dedicated. Investigation reveals the fact that there was an interesting connection between the two, and that the poet's tutorship in the family of the former made him free of access to the best society in Edinburgh.

William Campbell, Esq., was an advocate practising in the Supreme Courts in Edinburgh, where he resided while the Courts were sitting. He was at the same time proprietor of the estate of Fairfield in the parish of Monkton, Ayrshire (Paterson's *History of Ayr and Wigton*). Being an elder of the Church, and taking an interest in Assembly business, he was first elected representative elder to the General Assembly of the Presbytery of Ayr; in 1773, representative for the Burgh of Ayr, of which he was elected Provost in 1784. The family was descended from a cadet of the House of Cessnock, and related to the Argyll family,



LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL,
1775-1861.



with whom they were on terms of the closest intimacy. This is proved by the fact that Mr Campbell's second daughter was married to Lord John Campbell, second son of the (fifth) Duke of Argyll, Lady Charlotte being the youngest daughter. Scott, writing to George Ellis in 1802, says: "I am glad you have seen the Marquis of Lorn, whom I have met frequently at the house of his charming sister, Lady Charlotte Campbell, whom, I am sure, if you are acquainted with her, you must admire as much as I do."

This lady was married in 1796 to Colonel John Campbell. Beautiful and accomplished in the highest degree, she was the delight of the highest circles of Edinburgh and London society. Being a passionate devotee of literature—she had herself published sixteen volumes of fiction and other works—she was accustomed to do the honours to the literary celebrities of the day. With the above information there is no mystery as to how Leyden came to be on such terms of cordial and affectionate friendship with the lady in question; and it is also obvious that Leyden was moving in the best society before he became acquainted with Scott or Richard Heber, which was in 1799-1800.

Session 1796-7 being his fourth at the Hall, regular attendance was not enforced and hardly expected. Having plenty of

time, then, during this slack session—whether it was merely from a craving for something new to learn, or whether the first glimmering entered his head at this time of the idea of having two strings to his bow—he made a beginning with his medical studies this session by taking the Chemistry Class.

In the summer of 1797 he passed some of his trials for licence before the Presbytery of Edinburgh. For session 1797-8 he went with two of his pupils—William Gunning and George, aged twelve and eleven respectively—to the University of St Andrews. He there made new friends, enlarged his scholarship in the library and elsewhere, and widened his knowledge of men and manners. On the principle that like draws to like, it says much for his talents and scholarship, as well as for certain other characteristics, that the two principal friends he made were the distinguished classical scholar Professor Hunter and the student Thomas Chalmers.

He probably became acquainted with the former simply by attending his class, for the Professor was no less distinguished for the frankness of his manner and his amiability than for his learning. He must have found a kindred spirit in this insatiable student who was continuing his reading of the classics beyond the other subjects that so many allow to cut it off, for they had much delightful intercourse, greatly to the advantage of the younger man.

That he struck up a friendship with Thomas Chalmers proves nothing as to the studious habits of either of them ; still less that they spent the time they were together poring over theological tomes. It is well known that Chalmers, who came to the Divinity Hall in 1795, was quite as much taken up with secular as with Divinity studies—such as Mathematics, Natural and Moral Philosophy, &c.—and as Leyden's reading was of an equally untrammelled description, it is readily intelligible that the two would find many congenial subjects in common. A second bond of brotherhood is not far to seek. The hero of the larks that are fathered on Chalmers would probably be appreciated by the hero who raised the deil and tied the bell-rope to the pig's tail at Cavers as well as by any one in St Andrews ; and vice versa. They were both gifted with an over-flowing fund of animal spirits, coruscating in practical jokes ; and it is remarkable how many of the noblest Christian workers have had the same characteristic in their youth, *e.g.*, James Chalmers of New Guinea, Gilmour of Mongolia, &c.

Perhaps the best known among St Andrews students of Chalmers's escapades when an Arts student is the following :—One night he and some other kindred spirits carried off the sign-board of one of the shopkeepers in the town. When the shopkeeper and his friends, who seem to have known where to

look for their property, invaded Chalmers's lodging, they found the students seated listening peacefully to the reading of a chapter of the Bible by the latter. By a strange coincidence, the chapter falling to be read that night seems to have been Matt. xvi, for the listeners soon heard the following verse: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas."

Be this as it may, whatever other attraction there may have been between them, they were at any rate on common ground at the meetings of the Theological Society. Dr Hannah, the biographer of Chalmers, speaking of the latter as a debater in the above Society at this time, says: "The other principal speakers were John Campbell, now Lord Campbell, and, during one session, the celebrated John Leyden. . . . He was far superior to any other speaker in the Society. He had an unlimited command of words, and could speak for any length of time on almost any subject."

But he was not there merely as a student who could spend his whole time according to his own taste in his lodging or elsewhere. He was there in charge of two young gentlemen, whose friends expected them to mix with society and take part in social functions, at which their tutor had to be with them. Accordingly, we find from one of Leyden's

letters that on one occasion he had the task of spending four hours at a ball. Writing to his friend, Thomas Brown, in December, 1797, he says: "Last Thursday a very elegant ball was given by Colonel D—— after their colours had been presented to the Volunteers. I was present, and waited with great ennui for four complete hours. I despise the empty parade of fashion and the affectation of greatness in little men of feeble minds. How often, my dear Brown, have I retreated from the irksomeness and insignificances of a company to relieve and relax my mind in the society of your family, where I could always find elegance, simplicity, and fortitude, attended by agreement and affection; and whom I could therefore both love and respect."

Having been resident for six months within the bounds of the Presbytery of St Andrews, and having passed before that Presbytery the rest of his trials, he was by it licensed to preach in the month of May, 1798.

A LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH.

Returning to Edinburgh now, he preached in a number of churches in the city and neighbourhood. It will be convenient to give here the complete account of his career as a minister; and the problem to be solved is: Did he fail to get a church while doing his best to secure one, or did he leave the

country for other pursuits without waiting for what was coming? To solve this problem, let us ask, first, if he was capable of writing good sermons?

1. As to this, there were very few men in Scotland at the time who had read more both of prose and poetry, or had a better command of the English language. Dugald Stewart, Hugh Blair, and Jeffrey are the only three names worth mentioning in this connection. To take a single specimen of his writing, the *Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland*, published in 1801, is a piece of as good composition and of as subtle literary analysis as ever was written. In short, his letters, Dr Hannah's report of his speaking, and the tradition of his conversation, all go to show that he had an exceptional fulness of vocabulary and fluency in expressing himself. So much was this the case that sometimes at least he preached extemporaneously. Writing to his friend Brown again on Sept. 14, 1799, he says: "Next Sunday I have engaged to preach at Kirk Newton, and I mean to deliver an extempore sermon after two or three days' hard study. But I hope to have better success than at Calder, where the question has been agitated with great earnestness, I understand, whether I prayed for the Pope or for his overthrow, though I never mentioned his Holiness at all." Now, whatever opinion the reader may hold as to the rela-

tive merits of written and unwritten sermons, it cannot be disputed that the preacher who can deliver the latter is the most likely to be popular with the common people.

2. It is acknowledged that he had a most retentive memory, and that he had devoured the Bible from his childhood, so that he had the fullest command of its contents.

3. He was a poet, and any one who can write poetry is trained in the niceties of composition and in the art of using effective illustrations. From the above considerations there seem to be good grounds for holding that our licentiate was not only capable of writing sermons very much above the average, but that he would have become a popular preacher. This is sufficiently proved by the specimen given by Mr Morton. Besides, apart from his voice, Leyden's popularity may be put to a very simple test. A large proportion of the ministers of the time droned through their services in such a dreary, uninteresting way that most of the congregation went to sleep. Now, whatever Leyden's voice may have been, was the congregation likely to sleep while he was preaching? The question answers itself. In the energy, enthusiasm, and fire with which he always spoke and acted, combined with the highest literary skill, he had all the elements that go to make a popular preacher, except the voice.

This has been recognised in a way, since his failure to get a church has been laid almost entirely on his voice. There is a twofold fallacy here. It is assumed that a perfect voice is the rule, and an imperfect one the exception; whereas the attention and admiration excited by a fairly good voice prove that it is exceptional. Again, it is assumed that if he had pleased the congregation of a vacant charge he would have been elected thereto, whereas the congregation had very little to do with the election.

On the other hand, he had an ever increasing number of friends, and would have got a church if he had had patience to wait for it; but his mind was more set on going abroad, for which he had begun to prepare before he was licensed.

It was probably some time in 1798 that Leyden preached in Cavers Church. It is recorded that there was a large congregation, and that the preacher gave out as his text: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Whereupon an old rustic whispered to another, "I kent it wad be something like that; he could never lat the deil alane a' his days."

It is also recorded that he was to have been presented to the parish of Cavers by the patron, Mr Douglas; but that the presentation fell through in consequence of the objection of the minister. This is correct in a sense, but it is not a proper explanation of the circumstances. Had it been a

direct presentation to the parish, the previous minister would have had no voice in the matter. The circumstances were that the minister, Mr Elliot, was merely to have an assistant on account of his age; and as the assistant was not necessarily to be his successor, Mr Elliot himself had the appointment. Mr Douglas probably wished him to appoint Rev. John Leyden, with a view to his being ultimately minister of the parish, but the old man may have thought that a stranger would be more suitable.

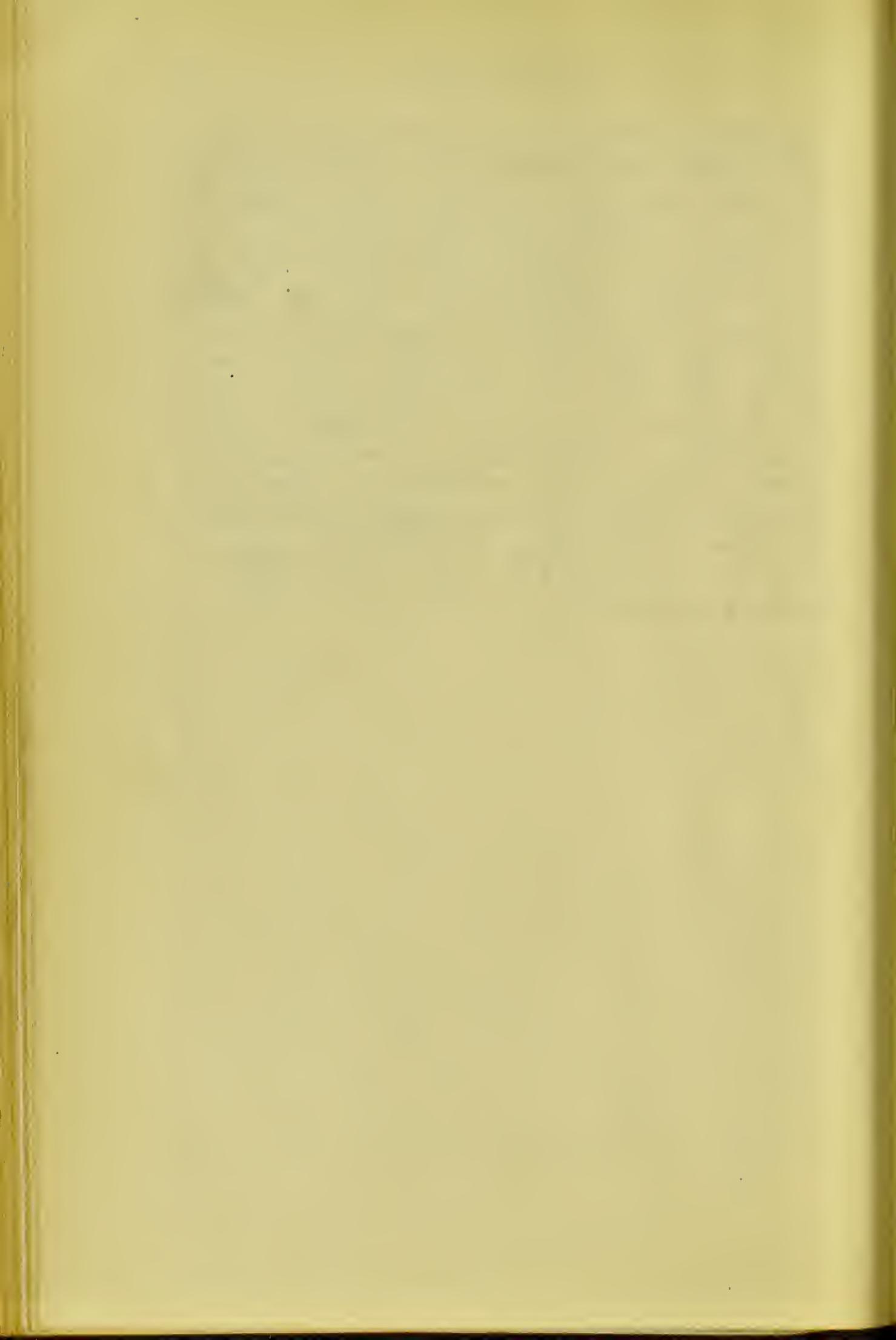
Light is thrown on the nature of the appointment by the subsequent history thereof, which is interesting in more ways than one. The licentiate appointed assistant to Mr Elliot was Mr Shaw, who held the appointment for about three years, when he went to the parish of Roberton. He was very anxious that his friend Thomas Chalmers, who had been licensed in 1799, and had since been attending classes in Edinburgh University, should succeed him at Cavers, and tried to interest Mr Douglas in his behalf. What followed appears from a letter from Chalmers to Shaw dated June 1st, 1801:—"It seems that you had mentioned me to Mr Douglas. He asked Leyden about me, who carried me to his house (1 Charlotte Square, Edin.) on Thursday last, where I dined. Not a single word passed on the subject, and I am quite uncertain as to his intentions."

It was all very well to secure Mr Douglas's goodwill in view of future developments, but the meaning of his silence on the subject mentioned in the letter was that he had no authority to interfere in the matter. The very friendly relations revealed as subsisting between Mr Douglas and Leyden make it abundantly clear that the latter would certainly have become pastor of Cavers could Mr Elliot have been got to appoint him his assistant. Had that been done, Leyden would almost certainly have lived longer, but certainly he would not have been such a famous man.

Chalmers was actually appointed in succession to Shaw in January, 1802, but returned to Fife in September—to the parish of Kilmany and an assistant-professorship in the University of St Andrews. He was thus for six months assistant to the minister of Cavers, but was not for a day pastor of Cavers, as stated by Hannah.

Leyden's disappointment at Cavers, then, took place some time during the winter 1798-9. He seems to have met with another of a similar nature shortly after at Duddingston. The Marquis of Abercorn, patron of the living, had promised to some one—? Mr Campbell or Lady Charlotte—to give it to Leyden on the occurrence of an expected vacancy. But the vacancy did not occur when expected; in other words, like Mr Elliot, the minister appointed an assistant

for himself, which was a much lighter matter financially than letting the patron appoint an assistant and successor. Some time in 1802, after Leyden had arranged to go out to India, the vacancy did occur, that is, the minister probably died. It was taken for granted by Leyden's friends that he was sure of getting the living had he not been going abroad. "I remember well," says Dr Anderson in a letter to Mr Morton, "the expression of regret that escaped from him when I spoke of his rashness in resigning a moderate competence in a respectable station to pursue a phantom in a foreign land:—"It is too late—I go—the die is cast—I cannot recede.'"



CHAPTER III.

STUDENT OF MEDICINE; FRIENDS AND WORK, 1796-1800.

WE must now return to the year 1796 and Leyden's medical studies, regarding which a great deal of nonsense has been written. Perhaps Dr Wardrop, with an earnest desire to honour Leyden, is the most successful in getting away from the simple truth. In his letter to Thomas Constable, from which a quotation has already been made, he continues: "The powers of his memory were never more usefully and strongly called forth than in the means which he pursued (used) for getting out to India. He went there appointed to the medical department, for which he had qualified himself by a few weeks' study. He had previously acquired some very superficial knowledge of anatomy and chemistry, more with a view of increasing his general knowledge than of applying them to the practical parts of medicine; and finding that a medical appointment was necessary for him to get out to India to prosecute his other pursuits, he undertook to qualify himself in a few weeks to get the necessary diploma. In

going through this preparation he was not altogether fearless of success ; and I remember well his calling on me that I might show him some surgical instruments, and enable him to distinguish a scalpel from a razor, and an amputating knife from a carver. After two, or at most three, weeks' preparation, he was bold enough to appear as a candidate for a surgeon's diploma."

This mythical theory of Leyden's taking a surgeon's diploma after three weeks' study, although it says nothing about a physician's, corresponds so far with Scott's story, which is as follows :—

“It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed in their utmost extent his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. . . . Availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible, but he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this difficult art as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit. . . . Leyden was incautious, however, in boasting of his success after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relin-

quish his intention of taking out the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish university for that step in his profession."

Both the above stories are intended, in a loose sort of way, as a glorification of Leyden's powers of memory and application, but this does not counterbalance the discredit of his going out to India imperfectly qualified to discharge his duties as a doctor.

The fact is that he went through the ordinary curriculum of medical studies, as is proved by the extract given on p. 37 from the Register of the time. He finished in 1800, and the first class had been taken in 1796, so that, when he had to take his diploma in 1802, a good deal of revisal had to be done; or, according to his own favourite expression, he had the scaffolding ready, but a good deal of the masonry had to be run up. It will be seen in due course that he had seven months to do it in. Meantime, let us take a glance at the erection of the scaffolding.

CHEMISTRY—PROF. CHARLES HOPE
(1795-1844).

It was during the session 1796-7, when he had practically finished his Divinity studies, that he took the Chemistry Class, then taught by the distinguished chemist and teacher, Charles Hope, who maintained

and enhanced the European reputation that had been gained for the Chair by his two predecessors, Cullen and Black. He is credited with two important discoveries: that of the properties of strontia, and that of the fact that the greatest density of water is at the temperature of 39 degrees.

BOTANY—PROF. DANIEL RUTHERFORD
(1786-1819).

In the summer of 1797 he took the class of Botany, taught by Daniel Rutherford, the discoverer of nitrogen-gas. His lectures, which were extremely clear and composed in an excellent style of Latin, were given at the Physic Garden, removed in 1776 from the site of the Waverley Station to one on the west side of Leith Walk.

There is a private or family interest attached to Prof. D. Rutherford, son of Prof. John Rutherford, in the fact that he was an uncle of Sir Walter Scott, who says: "In April, 1758, my father married Anne Rutherford, daughter of Dr John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University." Again, in reference to his childhood's trouble of a paralysed limb, he says: "But the advice of my grandfather, Dr Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, was first resorted to, and before I have the recollection of a single event I was an inmate of the farm-house of Sandy Know."

That our student was keenly interested in the subject and benefited by his attendance on this class there are several indications.

1. His references to flowers, trees, and sundry plants in his poems, especially in the *Scenes of Infancy*, were those of a botanist.

2. The attention paid to herbs by the more intelligent country people in his time was a practical working foundation for a knowledge of botany. Every cottage-garden was more or less of a herbarium in which the housewife reared herbs to be used for the relief of many ailments among her family and neighbours, besides the wild plants gathered for the same purpose. Apropos of this subject, Mr Douglas, in his *Traditions and Recollections of Dr J. L.*, tells an interesting story about a natural dye used by the poet's mother. "When, in 1840," he says, "my father called on Sir George Harvey, to see his newly-finished picture of *The Covenanters' Communion*, Sir George remarked that the pale orange-coloured coat worn by a principal figure might seem a strange garb for an elder of the kirk, but that it was a not unusual garment at the time. My father answered that he well remembered having seen the father of the poet Leyden wearing such a coat, which was understood to be his marriage-coat. When, in 1866, I met the

last surviving brother of the poet and alluded to his father's orange-coloured coat, he remembered it well; indeed, in its last days it had descended to himself. It was his mother's own spinning, and she dyed it (the wool or yarn) with a lichen called rock's-ancle." *

3. We shall afterwards see that he was able to give proof of possessing a clear and practical knowledge of botany in almost the first piece of work he got to perform on his arrival in India.

ANATOMY AND SURGERY.

The next class taken, in 1798-9, was that for the double subject of Anatomy and Surgery. The professor was Dr Alexander Monro, the last of three of the same name who brought much distinction to the University of Edinburgh. The grandfather was the founder of the Medical School. Alexander Monro Secundus began his work in his twentieth year by delivering from memory in the evening his father's morning lecture to those who had then been unable to get in. After five years spent in study in London and the best Continental schools (Paris, Leyden, Berlin), he returned to occupy his father's Chair, in which he had a brilliant

* This is a meaningless name. It is probably a corruption of rock-sang-le—the *le* a mere termination for euphony, and Fr. *sang*, blood—the appearance of the spots of the lichen on stones being like drops of blood.

career of forty years (1758-98). Alexander Monro Tertius is said to have had a manner of apathetic indifference, as if oppressed with the fame of his two predecessors.

The practical work of dissecting was superintended by an assistant called the prosector. Sir R. Christison (quoted by Grant) says: "Practical students in those days were not numerous, and 'subjects' were plentiful. The good old Fyfe went every afternoon, attended by all his dissectors, over what each had done with his 'part' during the day, and made us demonstrate our work."

Whatever interest Leyden may have taken in the other medical classes, there is a well-known story corresponding exactly with the last quotation which shows that he took a keen and practical interest in the Anatomy Class. One day he had been dissecting a hand, in which he was so interested that he put it in his pocket before starting to the evening-party of a lady of the highest rank; "and on some question being started about muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained." This is the man who did not know a scalpel from a razor.

THEORY OF MEDICINE.

Dr Andrew Duncan Primus (1790-1819), a leading member of the Royal Medical

Society, of which he was five times elected President, “was the first extra-mural lecturer on medicine of any importance in Edinburgh.” In this capacity, and by the publication of valuable works on his subject, he established such a name for himself that in 1790 he was chosen to succeed Dr James Gregory in the Chair of the Theory of Medicine. He was the originator of a large number of beneficent institutions in Edinburgh: the Dispensary, Lunatic Asylum, the Horticultural and Harveyan Societies, the Esculapian and Gymnastic Clubs, the *Medical Journal*, &c.

PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

Dr James Gregory succeeded William Cullen first in the Chair of the Theory of Medicine, in 1776, and then in that of the Practice of Medicine in 1790, having published, in 1788, a text-book on the former, which was adopted for use in some of the Continental universities. Sir Robert Christison says of him: “He was the most captivating lecturer I ever heard. . . . His measures for the cure of disease were sharp and incisive. He somehow left us with the impression that we were to be masters over Nature in all such diseases. The consequence was that Gregorian physic—free blood-letting, the cold effusion, brisk purging, frequent blisters, the nauseating action of tartar-emetic—came to rule medi-

cal practice for many years throughout the British Islands and in the Colonies." Gregory's name is now remembered by that milder remedy, "Gregory's Mixture."

MATERIA MEDICA

was originally a province of the Chair of Botany, dealing, in fact, with the medicinal properties of plants, which yielded nine-tenths of the drugs in use at the time. Dr Francis Home served as surgeon to Sir John Cope's regiment in Flanders, where he had the opportunity of studying medicine at Leyden. In the Chair of Materia Medica, to which he was appointed in 1768, he fully considered the physical characters and mode of administration of drugs. His son, Dr James Home, who succeeded him in 1798, by his success as a teacher raised the Chair to a height of prosperity which was not surpassed for more than half a century.

MIDWIFERY.

Dr Alexander Hamilton (1780-1800) was the first of the Edinburgh professors in this branch of the science whose name was known to the outside world. He published a number of works that were translated into German. "One of Kay's Edinburgh portraits," says Prof. A. R. Simpson, "gives what is probably a correct impression of this really remarkable man. Wearing the wig and shovel-hat, the long coat, knee-breeches, and buckle-shoes of the period,

we see this active little man trotting about, swinging freely the dainty hands with ruffles round the wrists. He is of short stature, for he looks no taller than one of the ladies whom the artist has introduced with the projected muff and the exaggeratedly upright bearing." It was through his exertions that the Lying-in Hospital was established in 1791, which has since held an honourable position among the philanthropic and educational institutions of Edinburgh.

Any one who gives even a glance through the above list of medical professors, every one of whom was a master of and an enthusiast in his subject, must be struck with the consideration that if any student attended all their classes he must have been a very stupid and a very indifferent young man who failed to get much more than a smattering of medical knowledge. But Leyden was not a stupid nor an indifferent man. He was a man of the highest intelligence, and could never engage in anything except with the keenest enthusiasm. There never lived a man almost who fulfilled more distinctly than he did the Scripture injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Witness the hand carried in his pocket from the Anatomy Class. Altogether, it is as clear as day that the tradition about Leyden's medical studies is an utter misrepresentation.

We are told that he had a phenomenal memory, by means of which he was able to perform miracles in 1802. But if the miracles in question were required, it is necessary to suppose that the same memory was of very little use to him during the years 1796-1800, when he was attending all the medical classes, since at the end of that time he had learned next to nothing. This seems rather singular and contradictory. Besides, we are told that "with him it seemed a matter of little consequence for what length of time he resigned any particular branch of study; for when some motive induced him to resume it, he could with little difficulty re-unite all the broken associations, and begin where he left off months or years before, without having lost an inch of ground during the interval."

The sequel to this will be given under 1802.

DR ANDERSON.

One of the first friends whom Leyden gained in Edinburgh was Dr Robert Anderson, a medical man who seems to have given more attention to literary work than to his practice, if he had one at all. He was not more distinguished for his literary taste, however, than for his kindness of heart and the pleasure he took in befriending, encouraging, and helping struggling young

men. His house in Heriot Green (close to Leyden's lodging) was thus a rendezvous for intelligent young men with noble aspirations, some of whom were able in a way to repay his kindness by helping him in his work while gaining literary culture for themselves. His friendship with Leyden was of a very intimate and cordial description, and continued till the death of the latter. Mr William Erskine stated in a paper read to the Literary Society of Bombay, after Leyden's death, that Dr Anderson's advice was always highly valued by the poet, who formed no plan on which he did not consult his friend; and that from the first winter of his being in Edinburgh till he finally left it, few days passed on which he did not see him.

For a number of years previous to 1799—the date of publication—Dr Anderson was engaged on a work of the highest literary value and importance, namely a complete edition of *The Works of the British Poets, with Prefaces Biographical and Critical*. The collection extended to thirteen volumes, and derived its great and distinguished value from comprising the earliest writers. There is every reason to believe that the editor received valuable assistance in this work from his young friend, who seems to have revelled in the study of old writers. At any rate, Leyden was thus serving a literary apprenticeship for the fully equipped

craftsmanship which he afterwards displayed.

FIRST PUBLICATION IN PROSE.

His first publication in prose was, *A History and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa at the Close of the Eighteenth Century*. Edinburgh, 1799. Mungo Park had returned from his first journey in North-West Africa at Christmas, 1797, and the country was ringing with the news of his discoveries. There was not only this general interest to attract Leyden, whose nerves ever thrilled with the narrative of adventure, hazardous enterprise, hardship, and daring in a worthy and noble cause; but Park was a Borderer, a near neighbour, an acquaintance; and the example of a young man leaving a neighbourhood to go to the University, to a large town, to go abroad, is most infectious. It was at this time, then (1797-8), when at St Andrews, that Leyden made a special study of *African Exploration*, and must have worked at it with characteristic enthusiasm and vigour, since it was published next year. His devouring interest in everything with a rational human interest in it, led some of his acquaintances to think that he attempted to study too many things; that he could not know them thoroughly, and that all his knowledge was superficial. On the contrary,

as showing the thoroughness of his work in beginning at the very foundation of everything, he translated at this time several books of the *Historical Geography of Strabo* (? 54 B.C.-24 A.D.). He intended to extend the work to four volumes, but owing to his departure for India it was never completed. A second edition, enlarged and brought up to date by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E., was published in 1817.

MUNGO PARK.

It was a singular circumstance that Mungo Park, who had been in a sense the inspiration and origin of the book, became, after its publication, the occasion of a controversy and almost a clan-feud. Says Scott : " Among Leyden's native hills there arose a groundless report that this work was compiled for the purpose of questioning whether the evidence of Mungo Park went the length of establishing the western course of the Niger. This unfounded rumour gave offence to some of Mr Park's friends, nicely jealous of the fame of their countryman, of whom they had such just cause to be proud. And thus, what would have been whimsical enough, the dispute regarding the course of the Niger in Africa had nearly occasioned a feud upon the Scottish Border. For John Leyden, happening to be at Hawick while the Upper Troop of Roxburgh Yeomanry was quartered there, was told, with

many exaggerations, of menaces thrown out against him, and advised to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place, but instead of hastening his retreat in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, which was at the hour when the troop paraded there, humming surlily, like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a Border song :

‘ I’ve done nae ill, I’ll brook nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray I will gang.’

“ His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties.”

In this picturesque anecdote Scott fails to clear up what was the real point of the supposed controversy between Park and Leyden. He leaves it to be inferred that Park had concluded from what he had seen that the Niger turned south, then west, and finally flowed into the Atlantic, as it actually does ; and that Leyden, on the other hand, held that it kept on its course eastward till it was lost in the desert. This general distinction did divide those interested in the subject into two camps ; so complete was the ignorance regarding the country at the time. But Park's theory was much more explicit. His contention was that

the Niger and the Congo were one and the same river; and he started on his second journey to prove it. He himself, when he ascended the Gambia and struck the Niger, had traced it so far till it began to turn southward; and his friend Maxwell, a trader who had often been at the mouth of the Congo, saw no reason why the great river he knew should not be the river Park had followed till it turned south. So far as there was any difference of opinion, then, between Park and Leyden, it was on this point, of the Congo being the lower reaches of the Niger. Time has proved which was right. But none the less, all honour is due to Park for being the first to indicate that the Niger flowed back into the Atlantic, although he did not live to find his way to the ocean on its bosom. (See the old maps of Africa in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, 1830.)

RICHARD HEBER.

The following letter to Prof. Dalzel from Dr Raine, Headmaster of Charterhouse, under date August 19, 1799, will explain itself:—

“ I take the liberty of introducing to you my friend Mr Heber and his fellow-traveller Mr Hobhouse, on their tour into Scotland. The former of these gentlemen has been for some time intimately known to me as a very amiable man and accomplished scholar.

I am too well acquainted with your strict attention to the humanity of letters and of life to offer an apology for making a friend of mine the bearer of such a letter as this; and his own accomplishments are so fair a passport, it would be almost superfluous in me to say that I shall feel myself extremely obliged by any attention which you can show my friend consistently with your perfect convenience."

To this Prof. Dalzel replied on November 22nd: "You have introduced me to a great treasure in making me acquainted with Mr Heber by your letter of the 19th August, which he delivered to me when he passed through Edinburgh with his friend. On their return, Mr Heber was induced to remain here somewhat longer than he intended. . . . He is still here, and it would make me very happy if he would remain here during the winter, as I enjoy much pleasure from his truly classical conversation; and have reaped no small instruction particularly from his great skill in bibliography."

The following from Heber to Dalzel, under date March 2nd, 1800, will shew the close intimacy that existed between the two in Edinburgh: "I arrived safe in town on Thursday morning perfectly well in health, and as well in spirits as a man ought to be who has left so many good friends behind him. . . . Your continued acts

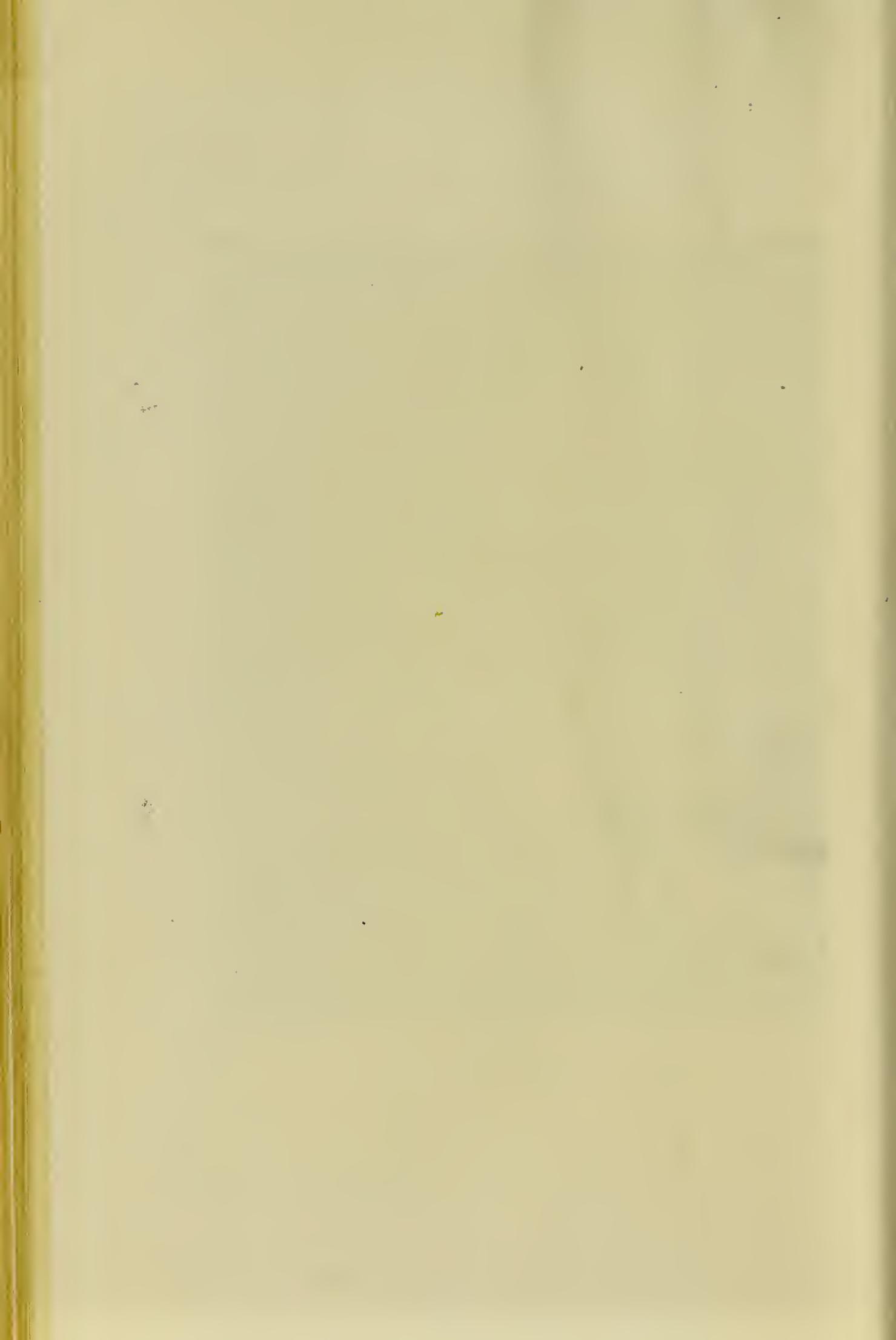
of hospitality and kindness during these last four months lay me under an obligation which I am perfectly willing to bear, but know not how to return."

The gentleman thus introduced was Richard Heber, the elder half-brother of Bishop Reginald Heber. He was "the greatest book-collector of his own or any other day, the most voracious 'helluo librorum' in the annals of bibliography;" the Atticus of Dibdin's bibliomania, having what John Hill Burton calls the most virulent form of book-mania—that of duplicating. On his death, the *Bibliotheca Heberiana* appeared in thirteen parts, and 216 days were occupied in selling by auction the 150,000 volumes, for which he had paid £100,000. What was drawn was under £57,000.

In 1806 he was elected M.P. for Oxford University; and he had a reciprocal connection with Walter Scott. (1) The present writer is firmly convinced that he was the prototype of Guy Mannering, the Oxford scholar, who was kind to Dominie Sampson, and employed him to arrange his uncle the Bishop's library; in other words, that he afforded Scott suggestions for the character. (2) Probably in consequence of his fitting the character so well, he was credited in England with being the author of the novel. When Reginald Heber was at Hodnet, the evenings in the Rectory were often



JEAN MAXWELL,
The Beautiful Duchess of Gordon,



spent as follows, according to Dr G. Smith, C.I.E. (*Life of Bishop Heber*) :—“ Mr Heber would read aloud poetry or Walter Scott’s newly published novels, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, &c., which for several years, while their authorship remained a mystery, were generally attributed to Richard Heber, the Rector’s eldest brother.”

To return to Edinburgh, and Heber’s acquaintance with Scott and Leyden, “ Richard Heber,” says Lockhart, “ happened to spend this winter (1799-1800) in Edinburgh, and was welcomed, as his talents and accomplishments entitled him to be, by the cultivated society of the place. With Scott his multifarious learning, particularly his profound knowledge of the literary monuments of the Middle Ages, soon drew him into habits of close alliance. . . . But through him Scott made acquaintance with a person still more qualified to give him effectual aid in this undertaking (*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*)—a native of the Border, from infancy, like himself, an enthusiastic lover of its legends and traditions, and who had already saturated his mind with every species of lore that could throw light on those relics.”

Archibald Constable, afterwards for a time one of the most liberal and prosperous of British publishers, had, in 1795, opened a book-shop at the Cross with the legend “ Scarce Old Books.” As time went on

this shop became the resort of the literary men and especially the book-collectors of Edinburgh; such as George Paton, David Herd, Dr Hugh Blair (whose special delicacy was novels and romances), Principal Robertson, Prof. Dalzel, Prof. Dugald Stewart; Dr Henry, Dr James Macknight, Dr John Erskine; Lord Hailes, Lord Monboddo, Lord Kames, the Earl of Buchan; Dr Joseph Black, &c. Last but not least, unrivalled by any of the above for his profound knowledge of ancient Scots and English literature, John Leyden was a frequent visitor. Thither also came Richard Heber in the end of 1799; and whether or not they were introduced to each other by Constable, the Englishman got into conversation with the Scotsman, and finding him to be a past-master in the subjects in which he himself was interested, in short a man after his own heart, the casual acquaintance thus begun gradually ripened into a warm and life-long friendship. The immediate sequel may best be given in the words of Scott:—

“In the *Edinburgh Magazine* appeared from time to time poetical translations from the Greek anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed ‘J. L.’ and

the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794 [as we have seen, it was 1795 onward], and the speculations which he formed respecting an author who, by many indicia, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted. . . . Mr Heber had found an associate as ardent as himself in the pursuit of classical knowledge, and who would willingly sit up night after night to collate editions and to note various readings; and Leyden, besides the advantage and instruction which he derived from Mr Heber's society, enjoyed that of being introduced by his powerful recommendation to the literary gentlemen of Edinburgh with whom he lived in intimacy. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Sir Walter, then Mr, Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad, romance, and Border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception."

"THE COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLANDE."

Mr Constable, "in his eagerness to dis-entomb old Scottish writings," had resolved

at this time to publish an edition of *The Complaynt of Scotlande*, an anonymous piece of old Scots prose composed in 1548-9 during the reign of Queen Mary ; and on the recommendation of Dr Anderson and Mr Heber, Leyden was appointed Editor.

What the publisher wanted was a short preface giving briefly the history of the composition, but the Editor was so taken with the literary and antiquarian interest of the treatise that he produced a Preliminary Dissertation, an examination of the style of the Complaynt, an Essay on the Scots Language, and a Glossary with Notes. The Edition was limited to 150 copies, and the price had been fixed, so that it was impossible to print the whole of this matter. What was inserted was the Dissertation and the Glossary, both of the greatest value to the student of our old literature.

The subtle literary and antiquarian interest is made by the Editor to centre round the question of the authorship. Mackenzie, in his *Lives of Scottish Writers* (1708), makes Sir James Inglis, Abbot of Culross, the author, confounding the Abbot with the Chaplain of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth. David Laing assigned the authorship to Robert Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee till 1553. Leyden made a brilliant attempt to prove that the writer was Sir David Lyndsay, at the time Lord Lyon King-of-Arms.

In his edition for the Early English Text Society, 1872, Sir J. A. H. Murray maintains that none of the above three can be the author. But he recognises the force of the claim made for Lyndsay by putting out his strength in an elaborate counter-analysis of the language and circumstances of the *Complaynt*, in order to refute the claim. He acknowledges that Leyden's argument is "one of the most successful pieces of special pleading in existence." It might more aptly still be described as one of the finest pieces of literary analysis that ever was written. A certain discrepancy between Lyndsay's language and that of the *Complaynt* cannot be disputed, but the really conclusive argument (also noticed by Murray) against Leyden's theory is the author's fulsome admiration of Mary of Guise and his whole view of the situation, which is incompatible with Lyndsay's well-known sympathy with the Reformers.

The publication of the book in 1801 at once established Leyden's reputation as a scholar of the first water in the old literature of the country. No one was better qualified to pass an opinion on this point than Scott, and fortunately we have it on record as follows:—

“As the tract was itself of a diffuse and comprehensive nature, touching upon many unconnected topics both of public policy and private life, as well as treating of the

learning, the poetry, the music, and the arts of that early period, it gave Leyden an opportunity of pouring forth such a profusion of antiquarian knowledge in the Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and Glossary, as one would have thought could hardly have been accumulated during so short a life, dedicated, too, to so many and varied studies. The intimate acquaintance which he has displayed with Scots antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles down to the tradition of the peasant and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection which have never been equalled in this department."

CHAPTER IV.

TWO TOURS IN 1800.

I.—A VISIT TO THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

THE year 1800 was notable for two tours undertaken by the poet ; the one in England, the other in Scotland. Both were fruitful of literary material collected, for he was ever like a hunter on the outlook for game, and with the hunter's skill in knowing where to look for it. In June he paid a visit to Cavers on hearing that his father, who was subject to a severe bilious disorder, was dangerously ill. Having persuaded his father to try for his ailment the far-famed medicinal waters of Gilsland, on the borders of Cumberland—the watering-place at which Scott first met his wife—the two set off together. In Liddesdale they parted company, the father crossing the waste by Bewcastle to Gilsland, the son taking the road to Carlisle. His errand there was to see the Glenriddell MS.,*

* Glenriddell's MS. "The Editor has been enabled, in many instances, to supply and correct the deficiencies of his own copies from a collection of Border songs which was compiled from various sources by the late Mr Riddell of

which was in the custody of Mr Jollie of the *Carlisle Journal*. He was also on the hunt for an old ballad, *The Duel of Græme and Bewick*, which he had been informed still survived there in the memory of an old man. He does not seem to have been successful in getting the ballad, for it is said that Scott got his copy for the *Minstrelsy* in January, 1803, from William Laidlaw, by whom it was taken down from the singing of Walter Grieve in Craik, on Borthwick Water. This copy, however, was completed and amended in a later edition of the *Minstrelsy* from a copy obtained from the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle.

Old John Leyden had not been more than a day or two at Gilsland till he was joined by his son. The first thing the latter did on his arrival was to remove his father from the humble lodging he had taken in a cottage to the superior accommodation of the inn. There was a large company of visitors to the Wells staying in the inn at the time, and it may be taken for granted that with his self-confident, unceremonious manner he did not fail to attract attention. "It was

Glenriddell, a sedulous Border antiquary, and which since his death has become the property of Mr Jollie, bookseller at Carlisle, to whose liberality the Editor owes the use of it while preparing this work for the press."--Introduction to *Minstrelsy S.B.*, p. 227. It is interesting to believe that the loan referred to was most probably negotiated by Leyden on his visit on this occasion.

not long before the sterling qualities of the man made themselves manifest, and he soon became the chief centre of social attraction." (Mr White.)

With the tireless energy that characterised him, he set himself to examine the remains of the Roman Wall (Hadrian's, A.D. 121) running from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne within a short distance south of the place. Following its course many miles to the eastward, along the summit of ridges of crags, with a number of small lakes on the north side, he had a view of some of the finest moorland scenery in the county of Northumberland. Besides this excursion, he explored the whole neighbourhood of Gilsland, collecting every tradition and every old ballad that fell in his way. Apart from his own personal interest in such things, even gleanings of such had a high literary value for Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

One other excursion made on this occasion deserves special notice, not for anything new that he gathered, but because it shews us so plainly the man at work as a surveyor of a country—what an eye he had, what quick intelligence, what knowledge of geology, botany, and antiquities. Nothing escaped him. In his wanderings during the whole of this summer he was training himself for the first special bit of work he got to do in India. Or it might be said more properly, he was showing what a training for it the

habits of his whole life had been. The excursion was to the Cumberland Lakes, his Journal of which was read to the Hawick Archæological Society in May, 1906, by Mr James Sinton, and from which a few extracts will here be given :—

[Taking the road to Carlisle] “ I visited Naworth Castle, the front of which is terminated at both extremities by two high, graduating towers, with a turret over the gateway, unconnected with the rest of the structure. In the hall some grotesque antique statues are placed, and the walls of the dining-room are covered with ancient tapestry, where, among other groups, I noticed the battle of the centaurs and Lapithæ. . . . Enquiring a little beyond Brampton for a Roman inscription at the stone quarries at the Gelt, an honest countryman, who could tell me nothing concerning the subject, observed with great *sang froid*—‘ I’ll warrant ye’re after curiosical things. Ay, I’ve seen histories o’ men ’at laid themselves out that way.’ [At Carlisle] I visited the Castle—a fortification of no strength—and the Cathedral, a noble Gothic structure before which the Castle dwindles to insignificance. The painted histories of St Augustine, St Cuthbert, and St Anthony are curious as marking the ancient costume ; the legends have been frequently copied. In the history of St Anthony, the countenance of the spirit is crazed, probably

as the most dangerous circumstance of the temptation.

“ I proceeded from Carlisle over Dalston Moor and Warrenfells to Caldbeck. . . . As I ascended Warrenfells the prospect opened wider, the flat appeared more cultivated and less woody, and the clear grey sands of Solway, with the sea bounded by the blue hills of Annan and Galloway, diversified the scene. . . . I left Hesketh about four o'clock, determined to ascend Carric—where I was told was the remains of a fortification—to walk along the top of the fells and scale Skiddaw himself, in order to see the sunset from the summit. The people of Hesketh thought me mad, but I ascended Carric, the lower part of the sides of which are green, but near the summit very thickly strewn with grey stones, till at last it is entirely covered with green and grey porphyry. I could observe no marks of fortification, nor anything decidedly volcanic. At the bottom I found the beautiful purple starry flower of the gentian, and near the top various kinds of filices, and in particular the parsley fern. . . . I advanced along the fells, remarking the picturesque and varying shades which the majestic Skiddaw flung upon the declivity of Saddleback, till I reached the top of High Pike. I there commanded the view of a vast amphitheatre bounded by the Alston, Tyndale, Liddisdale, and Galloway

hills. . . . But the broad streak of the brightened red and yellow which lay upon the smooth blue ocean attracted me irresistibly. I never saw anything in Nature like it. I could at that moment have believed that Skiddaw Fell was enchanted ground. The Lake of Bassenthwaite was also in view, and light streaks of the same glory gleamed at intervals over its surface.

“ I plunged into the northern shadow of Skiddaw, and hastened to ascend his side in order to enjoy all the glory of the scene. I saw with consternation the white, flaky mist beginning to crest the distant hills; I hurried on, faint and almost exhausted, but before I emerged on the summit I was involved in a vast fleece of bluish-white fog, which came driving like thin snow up the northern side after me. Imagine my situation: entirely ignorant of the passes of the mountain, entirely ignorant of the situation of Keswick, bewildered in a thick fog through which the sun appeared like a large star of a faint silver hue. To tantalise me the more, the spirit of the mountain at intervals moved the skirts of his hoary garments for a moment, to display, not the beauties, but the terrors of the scene: the tremendous, abrupt rocks and the no less steep declivities of his face, covered entirely with loose, shining stones, ready to roll to the bottom at the slightest touch. As the sunbeams gleamed at times through the

folds of the hoary mist, I saw it driving in large flakes and fleeces over the precipices beneath me, whose faces glimmered like crystal. I ascended to the highest summit and attempted to compose verses, but, being too much out of humour with my disappointment, only wrote an ill-natured epistle to Sydney Smith. Being soon almost congealed with the cold, I walked about and examined the rocks. To my surprise I found no granite, and only blue schistus, with various species of talc. The summit is entirely covered with loose stones, with hardly any moss. I saw, however, a beautiful white flower, the saxifrage, very near the top. I walked along the ridge and attempted to descend where it seemed practicable. On my descent I found large masses of white flint and petrosilex scattered along the declivity. At last, the mist dispersing a little, I had a view for a moment of Keswick and the Lake of Derwent with its woody islands. It was a scene of faery, which the spirit of the mountain immediately concealed in the white folds of his mantle. The delightful vision again fled before me, and for some minutes continued to be seen by glimpses, till at last it settled in a calm, steady landscape, the most sweetly pastoral that ever imagination conceived. I was ready to exclaim: "The lake, the lake!" and seemed from the bleakest point of the Alps to look down on the delightful

plains of Italy. As I stood on the bare, crumbling declivity of an immense mountain forming part of a circular range of abrupt savage precipices, which, winding in dark, sullen grandeur, seemed to render the beautiful valley inaccessible, I thought of the valley of Rasselas. In the bosom of these precipices, the bottoms of which were covered with tall trees that seemed eager to climb the naked rock, the green meads sloped with a gentle fall towards a clear blue lake surrounded with groves and adorned with islands crowned with trees.

“Into this valley deep glens descended from the mountains. In vain did the eye which traced their course expect to find an outlet; they were terminated by precipices still more abrupt and rocks more projecting and rugged. To this delightful vale the bare, precipitous, crumbling sides of Skiddaw seemed to deny all access; and as the best I could do, I wound obliquely towards Ullock, a dark, heathy appendage of Skiddaw.
. . . As the mantle of night was swelling apace upon the eye, I hastened to descend a steep, heathy declivity rugged with stones. I found the descent inconceivably difficult and laborious, but there was no alternative except that of remaining all night on the bleak, unsheltered side of a high hill. I descended upon Crossthwaite, about two miles from Keswick, and walked into town.

in the evening by a road winding among enclosures and hedgerows. . . .

“Descending from Latrig, I wound through a confined road under Wallowbrag, a dreadful impending precipice. From an eminence between this and Stable Hills I had an enchanting view of Derwentwater and part of Bassenthwaite. From this low station the lake wears a greater air of majesty, while it retains all the softness of the Skiddaw view—the islands become objects of greater importance, and your back is turned on the most awful part of the scene, the rough, overhanging rocks.”

His opinion of the Fall of Lodore is worth quoting :—“The Fall was now heard murmuring, but was entirely concealed from view. I approached with ardent expectation, and was completely disappointed. The water itself was hardly visible as it murmured amongst the large, rough, loose stones which almost choked the passage. I can hardly attach an air of majesty to it in idea, and it is only in severe rains that it can possibly assume the appearance of grandeur. I advanced by the sharp, jutting precipices which line the entrance into Borrowdale, till I reached that enormous loose mass of rock termed the Bowdar Stone, from which I returned to Grange and ascended Castle Crag by one of the steep, giddy paths, covered at least a foot deep with small crumbled slate, down which men drag the

slates which they quarry at an amazing height in the precipice. It is dreadfully sublime to see them descending from the most awful heights, dragging a loaded hurdle down a track which seems almost perpendicular with the greatest rapidity. I found that accidents in descending are not numerous, though they would appear to be inevitable, such is the skill in balancing their bodies, and self-possession they acquire in such terrible situations. . . .”

Well as he had improved the time in this way, and much as he had enjoyed his rambles, the tourist was relieved and gratified to find on his return to Gilsland that his father was so much improved in health that he was impatient to return home. Accordingly the two returned to Cavers, and the younger man immediately after to Edinburgh.

TOUR IN THE NORTH AND WEST OF SCOTLAND.

Curiously enough, as soon as he returned to Edinburgh he found himself called upon to continue the very same work as he had been engaged on. A guide and companion was wanted for two young men, the sons of a German nobleman, who had attended the University during the previous winter, and wanted to see something more of Scotland before returning home, as their eldest brother had done before, in 1796. Professor Dalzel,

on whom Leyden had called, after hearing where he had been, and what he had been doing, said :—“ You are the very man I am looking for. The two German boys who have been living with me for the last nine months want to see something of Scotland beyond the Forth. But if they are to do it, they must have some one to go with them, or they would only lose themselves. I thought of you whenever the tour was mentioned, and from what you have just told me, I see you are the very man. You seem to find your way about by instinct. You know everything there is to be seen, and you know where it is to be found.”

As there was really nothing to prevent him, he agreed to go, and the three set about making arrangements for starting. The following letter deserves insertion here as showing the terms of intimacy and cordiality that existed at this time between the writer and Constable ; all the more that a coolness, disagreement, or misunderstanding arose between them before he left the country :—

“ Dear Sir,—As I find that during my tour I shall have occasion for more cash than I had supposed, I must request you to accommodate me with £10, if you can conveniently, till my return. I own your late conversation has induced me to give you this mark of confidence—a mark which most persons would rather dispense with, but which I would not grant to any other

person in Edinburgh on any account. As I shall hardly have an opportunity of seeing you again, except *en passant*, being so very much engaged, I leave this card.—Yours, &c., John Leyden.”

On leaving Edinburgh on the 14th of July, the party journeyed to Linlithgow and Falkirk; thereafter, “by favour of Mr Cadell of Carron Park, we had a view of the very curious museum formed at Kinnaird by Abyssinian Bruce. I was pleased to find the most unequivocal proofs of his journey to Abyssinia, and of his acquaintance with Abyssinian manners and literature. Besides numerous drawings of animals, birds, fishes, and plants, which have never been engraved, we saw twenty-four volumes of MSS. in Ethiopic, consisting of:—*History of Abyssinia, Old and New Testament, Apostolical History, Lives of the Saints, &c.*

“From Kinnaird we proceeded to Stirling. I approached Bannockburn with such vivid emotions of patriotism that, had an Englishman presented himself, I should have felt strongly inclined to knock him down. The subsiding of this martial spirit left me in a high poetical key, which probably increased the effect which the view of Stirling and the castle might have naturally produced.

“From Stirling we proceeded to Ochtertyre, the seat of Mr Ramsay, a gentleman well versed in the history of Scottish litera-

ture, as is demonstrated by his strictures on the subject in Dr Currie's edition of *Burns' Works.*"

From Ochtertyre they went to Callander *via* Blair Drummond and Doune Castle.

July 16.—“We left Callander about nine in the morning, with Ben Ledi full in front, shaggy with dun heath and grey rocks, and, winding to the left round its foot, soon came in sight of Loch Venachoir (the Fair Valley). As we saw no ripe corn, we could not judge of its effect, but in its naked state it does not deserve its name. Our guide informed us that the people of the vale had been a good deal alarmed during the spring by the appearance of that unaccountable being the Water Horse (Each Uisge), which had not been seen there since the catastrophe of Corlevran (the Wood of Woe), when he carried into the Loch fifteen children who had broken Pace Sunday. I made inquiries concerning the habits of the animal, and was only able to learn that its colour was brown, that it could speak, that its motion agitated the lake with prodigious waves, and that it only emerged in the hottest mid-day to be on the bank.

“We next reached Loch-a-chravy (Achravy), at the upper end of which the Trossachs present themselves, a cluster of wonderful rocks which shut up the defile of Loch Ketterin. . . . Mrs Murray of Kensington, whom we were fortunate enough

to meet just as we came in sight of the lake, conducted us to Murray Point, named from herself, whence we had an enchanting view of part of the Trossachs and of the greater part of the lake, the precipice of the Den of the Ghost, and the peak of Stuiic-a-chroin."

Here is a snap-shot of the party at Loch Ketterin from Mrs Sarah Murray's *Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland*:—"My friend and I had not walked a hundred yards on Loch Katrine's side before we saw behind us three active pedestrians skipping amongst the rocks with hammers in their hands, striking here and there for curiosities. It was not long before they joined us; and, like sojourners in a distant land, we greeted each other with pleasure and freedom. The eldest was a clergyman, accompanying two sprightly youths through the Highlands. They had a horse for their baggage, and one among the three to ride on alternately. The youngest had thus early in the journey gotten his foot sadly cut by scrambling amongst the rocks, but his ardent spirit made him think lightly of his wound. Upon looking at his face I discovered his name, for he bore such a strong resemblance to his brother that I could not be mistaken. His brother was one of the German gentlemen whom I met in Glen Croe in the year 1796. . . . My friend and I, after viewing Loch Katrine, were to return to Callander; the gentlemen

were on their way to the foot of Ben Lomond, whose lofty summit they meant to gain next day.”

Leaving Loch Ketterin, and passing Inver-snaid, they reached the north side of Loch Lomond, which they crossed to Tarbet.

July 17.—“ Having taken a boat, we sailed along the shore of the lake for a considerable time, as the top of Ben Lomond was enveloped in mist. As there was no prospect of its dispersing, we landed opposite Tarbet and began to ascend the hill. . . . We advanced to the top of the mountain through a very close mist, and, meeting some gentlemen descending, we were told we might possibly see as far as our arm’s length. Undeterred, we ascended the summit; and while we were examining the rocks in a very disconsolate manner, suddenly a vast chasm opened in the surrounding fog. We saw distinctly Glen Tarbet and part of Loch Lomond; and as the mist rolled away in broken columns and irregular fleeces, we had a fine prospect of the southern part of the lake and its island; and soon after we saw the Forth and some small lakes on the tops of the low, heathy hills, with a part of Loch Ketterin. The columns of white mist then descended rapidly in all directions through the defiles of the mountains, and, closing in an immense ocean, left for a time the tops of the hills swimming like islands in the obscure white, and these were soon

enveloped in total obscurity. This scene, which was extremely sublime, was several times repeated during our stay."

Leaving Tarbet on the 18th, they went to Loch Long, down which they sailed, but left it to ascend Glen Croe, "about five miles long, extremely narrow, and confined by steep declivities covered with loose stones and crested with immense broken precipices—the most desolate place under heaven."

Descending Glen Kinglass to Loch Fyne, they crossed to Inveraray. "On arriving at Inveraray, I waited on Captain Archibald Campbell [brother of his friend Lady Charlotte Campbell], who conducted us through various beautiful walks, and carried us up a deep sequestered glen, termed the 'mossy glen' in Gaelic.

"We spent this day [the 19th] in surveying the environs of Inveraray, Inveraray Castle, and dining with the Duke of Argyle."

They left Inveraray on the morning of the 20th, and made for Oban, passing up Glen Aray, crossing Loch Awe—"superior to all but Loch Lomond and Loch Ketterin"—and skirting Loch Etive—"the ebbing of the tide in this lake, as it runs over a rocky shelf on its return to the sea, presents all the appearance of a rapid river descending a steep declivity."

July 21.—"Oban is a small, straggling village about the size of Inveraray.

July 24.—"The island of Staffa consists

of an immense pile of basaltic columns. . . . On the side of Tiree, immense pillars appear resting on a base of brown trap. On the east side the columns are not so regular as on the south and west, but they contain numerous zoolites of different colours, chalcedony, garnets, and martial jasper. We took some zoolites off the rocks, which nearly resembled a petrified cockle.

“The Cave of Fingal, termed in Gaelic *An-ua-vine* (the Melodious Cave), is grand almost beyond imagination. The sides consist of immense upright ranges of reddish dark columns, and the roof, sloping to each side with considerable regularity, consists entirely of the truncated extremities of others. The bottom of the cave is always covered several fathoms deep with the waves, the roaring and dashing of which is awful, and has some resemblance to the low, hollow tones of a prodigious organ. The roof is divided by a kind of regular ridge. The sides shelve down to the water with regular truncated columns, which form different rows of seats rising above each other, on which a powerful imagination may easily conceive an august assembly of sea-gods seated. The Cave of the Nymphs in Homer's *Odyssy* could never equal this. The sound of the bagpipe, almost drowned by the roaring of the waves and the echo of the cave, exceeded in grandeur and wildness

any union of sounds I ever heard. . . .
 After collecting various specimens and viewing the island on every side, we seated ourselves on a rock, and, the piper playing a martial pibroch, we soon saw ourselves surrounded with sheep, cows, and three deer—no bad illustration, surely, of the story of Orpheus. . . .

“In a dead calm of the most sickening heat we rowed away for Iona. As we approached we saw a number of swains and nymphs on the shore, neither beautiful nor elegant, instead of tending their flocks and herds, very busy making kelp. . . . We visited the venerable, ancient abbey, the seat of learning in the dark ages, and the source of Scottish civilization. The ruins are still sufficient to show its ancient grandeur. The greater part of the shell and many of the partition walls of the abbey are still entire, and many of the inscriptions are very legible. . . . In minute finishing and elegance of fritter-work, Melrose Abbey infinitely excels every ruin which I have seen.”

How the man's whole being became concentrated on what engaged his attention at the time is illustrated by the fact that he ascended a hill “to have an idea of the island and view the rocks of which it is composed,” and that they did not leave the island till sunset, when, in the above melancholy mood, he wrote his *Ode to the Setting Sun*,

which is well worthy to stand beside Wordsworth's ode and Scott's stanza to Staffa (*Lord of the Isles*).

“From Iona we procured a boat to coast along the east shore of Mull, which we had not seen, and to carry us to Oban. . . . During the night the fishermen amused us with singing concerning Oscar MacOshin, who was so dreadfully gashed at the battle of Ben Eden that the cranes might have flown through him, yet he was cured by Fingal. Making the sun and wind to shine through a person is nothing to this. They likewise related the story of MacPhail of Colonsay, with whom the Mermaid of the Gulf of Corrivrekin fell in love; and, snatching him down to her palace in Davie's Locker, detained him for a long period, during which she bore him several children, and generally appeared to him in the form of a beautiful woman, advising him, however, to keep his distance whenever she assumed her fishy tail lest she should devour him; but carrying him one day near the land, he sprang suddenly ashore and deserted his sea-goddess.”

Their proceedings up to the 11th of August are explained in a letter to Dr Anderson, written from Oban:—

“Dear Sir,—Here am I in great spirits, listening to the sound of a bagpipe and the dunning of some very alert Highlanders dancing the Highland Fling with great glee.

Though I have acquired a few Highland words and phrases, I am really in considerable danger of mistaking the house where I write for the Tower of Babel, for such a jargon of sounds as that produced by a riotous company bawling Gaelic songs and chattering something like Billingsgate, blending with English oaths and the humstrum of a bagpipe, seldom assails any ears but those of the damned. I am just returned from Ben Cruachan, the highest mountain in Scotland except Ben Nevis, and have had an additional walk of fifteen miles between its base and Oban.

“On the 8th, about 8 o’clock in the evening, we set out in a chaise for Bunawe, in order to visit Glenorchy. The road from Bunawe to Dalmally, after crossing the rapid river Awe, proceeds along the foot of Ben Cruachan through Muckairn till it emerges on the side of Loch Awe from the Pass of Brander, when it winds round the north corner of the lake till it escapes into the strath of Glenorchy. The Pass of Muckairn in savage nakedness and horrid grandeur excels even Glen Croe. It has the appearance of an immense rugged chasm. . . . At the entrance of the pass we saw a vast number of cairns, which, we were told, covered the ancient MacGregors. See the poem *MacGregor*.”

The history is continued in a letter to Constable from Oban on August 14th:—

“Dear Sir,—You may perhaps suppose

from my long silence that before this time I have been shipwrecked on some desert-island, or that I have gone on a visit to the Celtic Green Isle of the Blest. . . . I have this moment returned from visiting Mr MacNicol of Lismore. When I visited Inveraray, though I had the Duke's permission to examine his old books, it was of no avail, for the books were shut up in a closet, and the steward, who had the key, was absent. I learned that very few fragments of the ancient library are extant at Inveraray. Mr MacNicol, however, has informed me that Carswell's treatise has been seen by himself and examined by the brotherhood of Gaelic scholars—Stewart of Luss, Smith of Campbelton, &c. It is not the Irish Liturgy, but a religious treatise in Gaelic, and not very good Gaelic either, says Mr MacNicol. . . .

“ You have repeatedly expressed your desire of publishing something concerned with the Ossianic controversy. I have perused Mr MacNicol's *Remarks on Johnson's Tour*, and I sincerely believe it would answer your purpose well to reprint it. . . . Descended from the bards MacNicol of Glenorchy, his perfect knowledge of Gaelic, his literary friends in the Highlands, and the poems which he can repeat, and which he has heard or seen in MS., render him by far the fittest antagonist to encounter Laing, not excepting Campbell of Portree. . . .

I have likewise secured the co-operation of Mr A. MacNab of Glenorchy ; and before my return, when I shall willingly superintend the publication of MacNicol's *Remarks*, I hope to establish such a chain of correspondence in the Highlands as shall far exceed the efforts of both the Antiquarian and Highland Societies. I am labouring at Gaelic like a dragon."

The history is further continued in a letter to Thomas Brown from the same place, on August 15th :—

"Dear Sir,—How eventful is the life of man in these western regions : one moment he is tossed by the most tremendous roaring waves ; another, he is capering to the squealing of a bagpipe. A few nights ago we were dreadfully annoyed by a riotous company, who kept us awake the whole night ; and only yesterday we were within an inch of entering the boat of ages and making a voyage to the Green Island of the Blest.

"On the 13th we went to visit the site of the ancient Berigonium (the capital of the Picts, on the north side of Loch Etive). . . . Leaving it, we proceeded towards Lismore, which we reached with much difficulty late in the evening, and immediately waited on the Rev. Mr MacNicol, to whom we had procured an introduction. We were received with the utmost frankness and hospitality, and parted with him

next day with considerable regret to return to Oban. We had not proceeded far from the shore when we were assailed by one of those violent squalls of wind and rain so frequent in these seas. Figure to yourself our situation, in a shallow open boat; the waves heaving and foaming and dashing over us repeatedly, while we could not make ourselves understood, and could only understand the words 'Cot tamm' bawled out at first, and gradually muttered in a lower and lower tone, till the mariners became entirely silent. After exhausting all my Gaelic, and assuring the sailors in English that they would soon drink salt water, I sat down very composedly on the stern and began to roar away 'Lochaber no more,' to the utter astonishment of the poor mariners, who verily believed they had got the devil on board. At last by great good fortune we ran back to Lismore, and returned to the hospitable Mr MacNicol, whom we left on the 15th, and proceeded with a fair wind to Oban."

Writing still from Oban on the 16th August to John Reddie, he says :—

"Dear Sir,—Many persons are of opinion that travelling in an arm-chair is not only the most pleasant mode of traversing a country—especially if it be a rugged one—but the best for acquiring information. With respect to the degree of information I

shall not pretend to decide ; but of this there cannot remain a shadow of doubt, that it is prodigiously the best for filling a journal. . . . We set out in the morning to traverse the island of Kerrera, which belongs almost entirely to MacDougal of Lorn (or of Dunolly). I learned at Taynish that his family were in possession of the brooch which fastened the plaid of Robert the Bruce, and which, tradition relates, was thus acquired. The Lord of Lorn, assisted by the MacGregors, MacNaughtens and MacNabs, defeated Bruce between Tyn-drum and Killin at Sayes, who narrowly escaped with only six of his companions. In the pursuit he was closely followed by the Lord of Lorn, chief of the MacDougals, when, turning short upon him, he knocked out his brains with a species of hammer, but was obliged, in order to extricate himself from the grasp of his antagonist, to leave his plaid and brooch behind him, which the other had strongly clenched while struggling in the agonies of death. Mr MacDougal informed us, however, that it had not been seen in his family for 150 years, having been lost in the ruins of the family mansion, which had been burned. . . . I have been interrupted by Mr Stevenson, one of the principal inhabitants of this place, desiring me to preach to-morrow. As all my objections have been of no avail, I must bid you farewell, and proceed, contrary to

the apostolic prescription, to take thought for to-morrow.”

He wrote again to Dr Anderson on the 20th from Ballachulish, having in the meantime visited Easdale and the Crinan Canal, and climbed Ben Cruachan :—

. . . “ I am now in Appin, the ancient territory of the Stuarts—a name over which, even in this country, the numerous Campbells have prevailed. Almost every clan is supposed to have a specific character, which is commonly expressed in some proverbial distich. The Campbells are characterised as supple and insinuating; the MacDougals, as useless to their friends and harmless to their foes—in the words of Alister MacDonald, who came to the assistance of Montrose; and the distich of the Cummings may be thus translated:—

‘ Guileful shall the Cummings be
While the leaf falls from the tree.’

“ We left Oban on the 19th, and proceeded towards the Connal Ferry. . . . It was dark long before we reached Ballachulish. . . . We set out this morning for the vale of Glencoe, but our course was several times arrested by the mineralogy of the vicinity. A species of white, sparry marble abounds in the neighbourhood, and is generally found in large blocks. The quarries of slate near the entrance of Glencoe are intermixed and terminated by masses of lime-

stone. The quarries are at present near the bottom of the hill, and the working is attended with little danger. The workmen are chiefly from Cumberland. The schistus contains numerous marcasites of a cubical figure, for the most part larger than those at Easdale. . . . After passing the quarries we entered Glencoe, and saw by the side of the river the ruins of the ancient mansion where MacDonald was murdered. The view at the entrance of the glen is extremely sublime. The savage grandeur of the prodigious hills which encircle the valley impresses a degree of devotional feeling on the mind; but the scene is not dead and uniform, but pleases with its variety, though a person feels as if he were placed among the ruins of the world. . . . Advancing into the valley, . . . the scene opens in horrible magnificence, and the glen appears to be shut up by an immense precipice which is the entire side of a mountain of prodigious height.

‘O tu severi religio loci!’

The face of this perpendicular wall is honeycombed and scooped like the most beautiful fretwork of Gothic architecture, and, when I recollected the atheism of modern times, presented itself to my mind as the immense ruin of the inaccessible temple of the God of Nature. This impression was strengthened by the view of a prodigious

pillar of white, flaky mist which seemed to descend from heaven and rested lightly on the summit. . . . You will not be surprised that my scepticism about Ossian is vanishing like the morning mist, and now it is extremely probable that my next epistle may contain an explicit recantation of my former infidelity."

Writing to Walter Scott from Elan Shona in Loch Moidart on the 23rd, he says:—

"It will probably surprise you exceedingly that a true son of the Church, who has imbibed with his mother's milk the highest relish for the severities of Presbyterianism and all the prejudices incident to that class of men, should have thought of visiting the Catholics of Moidart, those votaries of the courtesan of Babylon. . . . It was with a considerable degree of hesitation that we despatched our luggage from Ballachulish to Fort-William and crossed Loch Linnhe to Inversanda at the foot of Glen Tarbet."

After a visit to the lead-mines at Strontian and spending a day and night with Mr Hope of Pollock, they crossed Loch Shiel to Dalilie, the residence of Captain MacDonald, who accompanied them to Elan Shona, an island in Loch Moidart, and the residence of Mr A. MacDonald. "We took boat and proceeded down the estuary to Castle Tyrim, on another island, an ancient ruin of Danish origin. It was one of the strongholds of MacDonald of the Isles, and was demolished

by the Covenanters. After spending this evening with my Catholic friends, I shall know them better.”

GLENELG, ISLANDRIOCH,
AUGUST 27TH, 1800.

(To Walter Scott.)

“Dear Sir,—Instead of throwing together a confused mass of observations, I shall resume the account of my Catholic friends, and inform you that Mr A. MacDonald and family only confirmed the favourable opinion I had been induced to entertain of the inhabitants of that district. . . . From Elan Shona we proceeded in a boat to the Isle of Egg. We first proceeded to examine the caves, which are only inferior to those of Staffa. Entering first the Cave of the Massacre, on all fours, we found the floor, extending about a hundred yards, covered with human bones. . . . MacLeod of Skye, being injured by the islanders of Egg, sailed to that island with an armed force to make reprisals. The islanders betook themselves to this cave, which was unknown to their enemies. MacLeod, unable to discover any person, was withdrawing from the island when he perceived a man standing upon one of the rocks, and pursued him to this cavern. . . . MacLeod demanded the aggressors to be delivered up, but the islanders refused to surrender them; upon

which he collected a quantity of heath at the entrance, set fire to it, and stifled them with the smoke. . . .”

FORT-WILLIAM.

Writing to John Reddie on the 30th, he continues :—

“After having seen the glen and the singular round turrets, which are more perfect in this valley (Glenelg) than in almost any other quarter of the Highlands, we resisted even the temptation of a red-deer hunt, and, having procured a boat, sailed along the shore of Knoidart till we entered Loch Nevis. . . . Ascending this loch and crossing the mountains, we reached Loch Arkeig before evening, and had a fine view of one of the wildest fresh-water lakes I ever saw. . . . Next morning we very injudiciously crossed the hills between Loch Arkeig and Loch Eil, instead of sailing to the foot of the former. . . . The view of the gigantic Ben Nevis, streaked on the top with snow, towering over Fort-William, is exceedingly grand; and when the eye descends to the vale, it rests on the ruins of Inverlochy Castle. . . . As I have just procured a book of Gaelic songs, my curiosity excites me to terminate this long epistle and make another effort to acquire a little of that language, the knowledge of which is equally necessary and difficult.”

INVERNESS, SEPTEMBER 3, 1800.

(To Dr Anderson.)

“The next morning after our arrival at Fort-William (Aug. 31), having provided a guide, we began to ascend Ben Nevis by a route which seemed winding and circuitous. . . . On the top of the hill, as well as in the chasms of the precipice, the snow lies unmelted through the whole summer, and this singularity very soon produced a match of snow balls. . . .

“Next day we left Fort-William and proceeded by the ruins of Inverlochy Castle and Lochaber towards Highbridge, over which we crossed the river Spean, and proceeded through a bleak district to Keppoch, till lately the residence of a family of Mac-Donells, introduced about 400 years ago by The Mackintosh to oppose the Camerons.”

After a lengthened visit to Glen Roy, with its parallel roads, and ascending the zigzag through the Pass of Corryarrick, they reached Fort-Augustus, almost famished for want of food.

Leaving Fort-Augustus they proceeded up the east side of Loch Ness, through Strather-rick, and visited the Fall of Foyers. “It was dark before we reached Inverness, whence I have the pleasure of addressing you, with the comfortable prospect before me of performing the rest of the journey with greater convenience—I can scarcely

hope, with greater amusement. Adventures and hardships, however disagreeable for the time, are extremely pleasant to recollect, as they elevate a person in his own imagination and increase the idea of his own power. . . . I am not so much delighted with the Inverness pronunciation as a certain female traveller of redoubted intrepidity, and am still more inclined to deny their pretensions to the classical English idiom; but perhaps Mrs Murray intended to compensate her injustice to the Hawick pronunciation by bepraising that of Inverness. The Borderers, you know, never admitted the Highland superiority in any respect; and I shall certainly dispute their pretensions to a more correct English pronunciation.”

They spent eight days exploring the neighbourhood of Inverness, being compelled by bad weather to forego their projected incursion into Ross. From Fort-George “we proceeded towards Nairn over the moor where Macbeth is said to have encountered the witches. Though we kept a sharp lookout for them, we were not equally fortunate, but arrived safe at Nairn without being overwhelmed with chagrin. Indeed, so moderate were my expectations, that I should have been completely satisfied had they announced me a professor in Aberdeen or St Andrews instead of the thaneship of Ross or Cawdor; but, unfortunately, I am still forced to subscribe myself your plain old friend.”

ABERDEEN, SEPTEMBER 19, 1800.

(To Dr Anderson.)

Leaving Nairn, they proceeded *via* Forres, Elgin, Fochabers, and Huntly. From Leith Hall, near Huntly, where they stayed several days, they visited or viewed all the sights in the neighbourhood—the Hill of Noth, Kildrummie and Craig Castles, the Buck of the Cabrach, Benachie, Christ's Kirk on the Green, the scene of the Battle of Harlaw, &c. “The approach to Aberdeen is extremely beautiful after the sea appears in sight; and its beauty was enhanced to us by the insipid country we had left.”

DUNKELD, SEPTEMBER 24, 1800.

(To Dr Anderson.)

“You are about to find me much better satisfied with the east coast than in my last. The character of the scenery in the district we have traversed since leaving Aberdeen (Deeside to Braemar and across the hills by Glenshee) is entirely different from that between Aberdeen and Inverness. It vies with that of the west, if not in majestic and savage grandeur, yet in the wildly romantic and picturesque. . . . In Aberdeen I waited on Professors Gerard and Jack of King's College, and Principal Brown and Professors Glennie and Kidd of Marischal College, by whom I was shown everything

curious and interesting in the colleges and libraries.”

He was shown a number of valuable old MSS. and books, and enquired in vain for a number of treatises that ought to have been there, about which he seemed to know more than did the professors themselves. Of the men he mentions, the one best worth meeting was the Irishman Dr James Kidd, Professor of Hebrew, minister of Gilcomston Chapel-of-Ease, the most popular preacher and pastor, and the most highly esteemed man in Aberdeen. (Stark's *Life of Kidd*.)

The following statement requires correction:—“Mr Glennie informed me that Dr Beattie (his father-in-law) did not know the author of *Albania*, and had lost his copy of the poem.” To put it briefly, Professor Glennie must have been mistaken as to this, for in Leyden's volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, including the one mentioned, the following occurs in the Editor's Remarks:—“From the time of Aaron Hill, *Albania* remained unnoticed and unknown till it was quoted by Dr Beattie of Aberdeen in a note to his *Essays on Poetry and Music*. . . . To the taste of the ingenious author of *The Minstrel* the preservation of *Albania* must be attributed. To him the present Editor is indebted for the copy he has used in this edition.”

The travellers finally arrived at Perth and Edinburgh in the beginning of October.

In taking leave of this Journal, the present writer asserts with strong conviction that no one who has not read it understands the character of John Leyden. It is a revelation of character from beginning to end ; of thoroughness and method ; of perseverance and courage ; of liberal-mindedness and patriotism ; of frankness and warm-heartedness. The untiring energy of the man is most forcibly exhibited by the fact that every night, after his untiring exertions from dawn to dark, he sat down and wrote up his Journal, besides letters to friends and a poem on every subject that excited his imagination, *e.g. The Sunset in Iona, The Mermaid of Corrievrekin, The MacPhersons of Glenorchy, &c.*

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS, WORK, GOING ABROAD, 1801-3. MONK LEWIS.

IT was in 1798 that Scott became acquainted, through his friend William Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinneder), with Matthew Gregory Lewis, M.P., nicknamed "Monk" Lewis, from his popular romance *The Monk*. "This good-natured fopling," says Lockhart, "was then busy with that miscellany which came out in 1801 under the name of *Tales of Wonder*; and was beating up in all quarters for contributions. Erskine met Lewis in London, and shewed him Scott's versions of *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*, and the collector anxiously requested that the writer might be enlisted in his cause. Scott was gratified by the request, and contributed *Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St John*, and a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*."

Leyden was enlisted in the service of Lewis by Scott, and immediately contributed a ballad called *The Elf King*. A work was being planned at the time, however, that appealed more directly and forcibly to Leyden's interest. Monk Lewis was

eclipsed by Scott himself; and the *Tales of Diablerie* translated from the German, by the similar tales from the district and scenes endeared to him from his birth.

“MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.”

“During seven successive years from 1792 Scott made a raid into Liddesdale, with Robert Shortreed for his guide, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined peel from foundation to battlement. . . . To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.” It was in 1799 that he said to James Ballantyne of the *Kelso Mail*, “I have been for years collecting old Border ballads, and I think I could, with little trouble, put together such a selection from them as might make a neat little volume to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh, and if the thing goes on, you shall be the printer.”

Scott found able assistants in the completion of his design—Richard Heber, John Leyden, William Laidlaw, James Hogg, Joseph Ritson, George Ellis, &c. Speaking of Heber, Lockhart says:—“But through him Scott made acquaintance with a person still more qualified to give him effectual aid in this undertaking: a native of the Border—from infancy like himself an enthusiastic lover of its legends, and who had

already saturated his mind with every species of lore that could throw light upon these relics.”

Of his own writing in imitation of the ancient ballads, Leyden contributed to the *Minstrelsy*, first and last, three pieces:—*The Court of Keildar*, *Lord Soullis*, and *The Mermaid of Corrivrekin*; and *The Dissertation on Fairies* prefixed to the second volume, “although arranged and digested by the editor, abounds with instances of such curious reading as Leyden only had read, and was originally compiled by him.”

Besides what he thus wrote, he did yeoman service in collecting the old ballads. His energy in this work is illustrated in his Cumberland Tour; and even in the Highland Tour, for ballads in general. While exploring in the neighbourhood of Huntly, he says: “In the ballad of *Edom o’ Gordon* repeated in this country, there is a verse which is in none of the printed editions. . . . In the answer of the Lady (of Corgarff Castle) to the expostulation of her daughter is the following:—

‘ Oh, I wad yield to Craig or Gicht,
Or ony wordy man;
But I winna yield to that rank reiver,
Edom the fell Gordonne.’ ”

What a picture is here of the keen-scented antiquary of twenty-five foregathering with a native who, besides other local information,

was able to repeat this ballad, and listened with all his ears to the well-known words. No fisher in the Ythan ever got more pleasure from finding a pearl than this stranger to the district experienced on hearing the above verse, which he had never heard or read before.

When, on talking with Ballantyne on the subject of the proposed work, the printer expressed the opinion that a single volume would be sufficient, Leyden exclaimed:—
“Dash it! does Mr Scott mean another thin thing like *Goetz of Berlichingen*? I have more than that in my head myself; we shall turn out three or four such volumes at least.”

“In this labour,” says Scott, “he was equally interested by his friendship for the editor and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders; and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment of an ancient historical ballad had been obtained, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel that scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and, to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him, Leyden burst into the

room chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture and all the energy of what he used to call the saw-tones of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

There are other correspondents of Scott's in connection with his work on the *Minstrelsy*, who cannot be unnoticed in a *Life* of Leyden.

JOSEPH RITSON

was an ardent student of ancient popular poetry, of which he published a number of volumes. "This narrow-minded, sour, and dogmatical little word-catcher," says Lockhart, "had hated the very name of a Scotsman, . . . yet the bland courtesy of Scott disarmed him; and he communicated the stores of his really valuable learning in a manner that surprised all who had hitherto held any intercourse with him on antiquarian topics." Ritson had visited Lasswade in the autumn of 1802. Leyden met him there, and, "far from imitating his host's forbearance, took a pleasure in tormenting the half-mad pedant by every means in his power. Among other circumstances, Scott delighted to detail the scene when his two uncouth allies first met at dinner. Well knowing Ritson's holy horror

of all animal food, Leyden complained that the joint on the table was overdone. 'Indeed, for that matter,' cried he, 'meat can never be too little done, and raw is best of all.' He sent to the kitchen accordingly for a plate of literally raw beef, and manfully ate it up with no sauce but the exquisite ruefulness of the Pythagorean's glances."

Lockhart records another incident said to have taken place about the same time. One day, on returning from a walk with two friends in Hawthornden, Scott "enquired for 'the learned cabbage-eater,' who had been expected. 'Indeed,' said his wife, 'you may be happy he is not here, he is so very disagreeable. Mr Leyden, I believe, frightened him away.' It turned out that it was even so. When Ritson appeared, a round of cold beef was on the luncheon-table, and Mrs Scott, forgetting his peculiar creed, offered him a slice. Whereupon the antiquary, in his indignation, expressed himself in such outrageous terms to the lady that Leyden first tried to correct him by ridicule, and then, on the madman becoming more violent, became angry in his turn, till at last he threatened that, if he were not silent, he would thraw his neck."

This double story of Lockhart's is simply incredible. (1) There is not room for the two in the time of Ritson's visit. (2) Although the first is taken from Gillies'

Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, it does not correspond with Scott's own account of the incident :—

“ This singular work [*The Complaynt of Scotland*] was the means of introducing Leyden to the notice and correspondence of Mr Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, who in a journey to Scotland during the next summer found nothing which delighted him so much as the conversation of the editor of it, in whose favour he smoothed down and softened the natural asperity of his own disposition. The friendship between these two authors was broken off, however, by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson had written a work against the use of animal food ; Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether it was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked ; and he concluded a tirade to this effect by eating a raw beef-steak before the terrified antiquary, who could never afterwards be prevailed upon to regard him as anything but a learned ogre. This breach did not happen, however, till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain.” Ellis refers to it in a letter to Scott. About the very time when it happened, whether before or after, Ritson wrote to Scott as follows :—After mentioning Leyden as “ our inestimable

friend," he declares :—" There are no men in the world I am so desirous to see as your friend Leyden and yourself. . . . Though I can hardly flatter myself with another pleasant and interesting visit to Lasswade Cottage, the stay [in London] of our amiable and accomplished friend Dr Leyden is some atonement."

To finish with Ritson by anticipation, conscientious and kind-hearted withal, he yet wrote with envenomed pen of and to other antiquaries about their work. Of these George Ellis, who will fall to be introduced later on, had suffered at his hands ; but he was amply revenged by the following poem, written by Leyden to Scott in the beginning of 1803. And the reader may solve, if he can, the mystery of how Scott could say after reading it that Leyden had no sense of humour.

"THE LAY OF THE ETTERCAP.

Now shal y tellen to ye, y wis,
Of that Squyere hizt Ellis,
 And his Dame so fre ;
So hende he is by goddes mizt,
That he nis not ymake a knizt,
 It is the mor pite.

His witte beth both kene and sharpe,
To knizt or dame that wel can carpe
 Oither in halle or boure ;
And had y not that Squyere yfonde,
Y hadde ben at the se gronde,
 Which had ben gret doloure.

In him y finden none nother evil,
Save that his nostril moche doth snivel,
 Al through that vilaine snuffe ;
But then his speche beth so perquire,
That those who may his carpyng here,
 They never may here ynough.

His Dame beth of so meikle price,
To holden hemselfes in her service,
 Fele folks faine wold be ; . . .
Fete, hondes, and fingres smale,
Of perl beth eche fingre nail ;
 She mizt ben Fairi Quene.

That Ladi gent wolde given a scarfe
To hym wolde kille a wreche dwarfe
 Of paynim brode.
That dwarfe is a fell Ettercap,
And liven aye on nettle-sap,
 And hath non nother fode. . . .

And when the Dame ben com to toune,
That Ladi gent sall mak her boune
 A selcouth feat to try—
To take a little silver knife,
And end that sely dwarfe's lyfe,
 And bake hym in a pye."

ALEXANDER MURRAY.

One of the most genuine and attached, if by no means the most obtrusive, friends that Leyden had was Alexander Murray, who came from the parish of Monigaff, in Kirkcudbrightshire, to Edinburgh University in 1793. Born on the 22nd of October, 1775, and therefore six weeks younger than Leyden, Murray was, in his circumstances, tastes,

and pursuits, the exact counterpart of the latter in the following particulars:—(1) In being the son of a shepherd in a remote moorland situation; (2) in learning the elements of reading and writing from an intelligent father; (3) in eagerly reading everything that fell into his hands; (4) in feeling an all-absorbing interest in the stories of the Bible, and in committing much of it to memory; (5) in a passionate love of poetry and ambitious attempts at writing it; (6) in his passion for and phenomenal facility in learning languages

There were at the same time two distinct points of difference:—(1) Murray was of a far less robust bodily frame and constitution—“gentle, studious, timid, and reserved;” (2) in consequence of feeble health, greater distances from school, and the narrower circumstances of his father, Murray did not enjoy anything like the same educational advantages as Leyden had. He came to Edinburgh in October, 1793, after having been in all fifty-seven weeks at school, when he astonished his examiners with his proficiency in languages—having read to them *ad aperturam libri* a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm.

In addition to the above four languages he had translated for publication a course of German lectures. He had picked up a little Anglo-Saxon, and after coming to

Edinburgh soon mastered the language. From it he attacked the Scandinavian in its old form (Icelandic) and three modern branches; and next the Gothic and Alamanic. Of the Celtic languages, he began with the Welsh at home. On getting the assistance of grammars and dictionaries, he mastered first the Welsh, then Cornish, Armorican, Cymric, Gaelic, and Irish. Of Semitic languages, he passed from Hebrew to Aramaic or Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic, analyzing the whole group, comparatively, from Phœnicien to Aramaic.

Details cannot here be given of Murray's further linguistic attainments and of his *History of the European Languages*.* What we are concerned with at present is the fact that in his linguistic studies up till 1802, Leyden and he were running abreast of each other. There was no petty jealousy between them, no concealing from each other what they were engaged with; in short, their rivalry amounted to mutual admiring emulation. Mr Morton records that "Murray once observed to Dr Anderson (by whom they were introduced to each other) that there was nobody in Edinburgh with whom he should be so much afraid to contend in languages and philology as Leyden; and it is remarkable that the latter,

* See Reith's *Life and Writings of Dr A. Murray*. Dumfries, J. Maxwell and Son, 1903.

without knowing this, once expressed himself to the same person, in the same terms, in commendation of Murray's learning."

When Leyden was appointed by Constable, at midsummer, 1801, editor of a new series of the *Scots Magazine*, Murray was, of course, much interested in his friend's new work, for he had been a contributor since 1799 to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, with which the *Scots* was now combined. When Leyden saw, six months after, that pressure of other work would compel him to give up the editorship, Murray was fully initiated into the duties with the number for January, 1802, and thereafter took Leyden's place, keeping it also for six months only. He then had to leave it in his turn, in order to take up another piece of work in which Leyden had been the pioneer, namely, the editing of a new edition of James Bruce's *Travels*. He went to stay at Kinnaird House for this purpose about the beginning of September, and was resident there at the time when Leyden left Scotland.

THOMAS BROWN.

Next to Alexander Murray, and of the same gentle, affectionate nature, Leyden's most intimate friend was Thomas Brown, who was born in the Manse of Kirkmabreck in January, 1778, being thus little more than two years younger than Leyden and Murray. His father having died before the

boy was two years of age, his widowed mother came to live in Edinburgh. For ten years he lived with an uncle in London, and attended the best schools there. On his uncle's death in 1792 he returned to Edinburgh, and entered the University in his fifteenth year, taking the Logic Class. Next session he took the Moral Philosophy Class, and sixteen years after (1810) he was appointed successor to the Professor, Dugald Stewart.

As Leyden was two years before him in the University, they probably met in the Junior Literary Society, of which the former was a prominent member. At any rate, when an offshot from this Society was formed by some of the members, the two were found closely associated in the select coterie. Rev. D. Welsh, in his *Life of Dr Brown*, writes as follows:—

“In 1797 a few of the members of the Literary Society formed themselves into another association, more select, to which they gave the name of the Academy of Physic. At the first meeting there were present Messrs Birkbeck, Brougham, Brown, Erskine, Leyden, Logan, Reddie, Rogerson; and they were afterwards joined by Messrs Gillespie, Horner, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Lord Webb Seymour, and many others. Messrs Leyden and Logan were appointed secretaries; the president was appointed *pro tem.* at each meeting.

“The existence of the Academy lasted for three years only, but on its demise on May 1st, 1800, it did not pass to Nirvana, not being yet perfect ; after metempsychosis it was reborn as the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802.”

The most interesting thing about the Academy as far as we are concerned is the inner circle of Brown's most intimate friends, who spent many of their evenings with him in his home. As far as can be gathered, this innermost clique consisted of Horner, Leyden, Reddie, and Erskine. “As he was unwilling to go abroad, many of his college acquaintances came and spent their evenings with him in his mother's house. . . . There was no subject in literature or philosophy that did not engage their attention. It was often morning before they parted ; and such was the amicable spirit in which their discussions were carried on, that no one who happened to be present ever recollected the slightest appearance of irritation.”

In a poem, entitled *The Renovation of India*, addressed to Erskine, who went out to Bombay in 1804 as secretary to Sir James Mackintosh, Brown thus describes those meetings :—

“Even now when menial throngs in idle state,
More numerous than thy wishes, round thee wait,
When varying pleasures to the banquet call,
And, gemm'd with lustres, glows the marble hall,

A sigh will turn to hours more humbly bright—
The simple evenings gay but with delight—
When, pleased to mingle at the setting sun,
The wondrous wisdom which a day had won,
And prouder of some sage's new-learned name
Than he who owned and raised it into fame,
Oft have we seen our midnight taper die,
Nor marked nor missed it in our keen reply.
Still by our fading fire the converse sped,
And, wiser than the wisest tome we read,
Doubted, in critic pride, where truth was strong,
Or boldly proved e'en demonstration wrong;
Or for some once-famed system, now half-known—
Some pond'rous folly fifty times o'erthrown—
Brought all our logic's war the strife to lead,
And more contended as we more agreed.

O gentle strifes! O studious, sweet employ!
Calm hours of more than intellectual joy,
Still sure our mutual labours to requite,
And, when they gave not wisdom, gave delight."

Writing in 1808, Horner vouches for the correctness of this description:—"The passage which has afforded me most pleasure on account of former recollections and enjoyments, which it restores with great fidelity and strength, is the description of those evenings of discussion and disputation when universal empire was in our hands over all things human and divine."

JANET BROWN.

The interest of Leyden's connection with this family does not end here. Thomas Brown had two sisters, gentle and refined after the manner of their brother, the younger

of whom was probably about two years older than himself, and therefore exactly Leyden's age. The simple fact that John Leyden was the one of all her brother's intimate friends among his fellow-students—including some of the most brilliant and refined young men attending the University at the time—on whom Janet Brown fixed her affections, is sufficient proof that Scott's laboured explanation of the supposed anomaly of Leyden being a favourite with ladies was quite uncalled for.

His acquaintance with the Browns rapidly ripened into friendship, and, between him and Janet, friendship into something warmer. When he went to St Andrews in 1797, Brown was the one to whom he wrote as to a brother. Writing in December—his third letter, the one in which he mentions the Volunteer Ball—he says :—“How often have I retired from the irksomeness and insignificance of a company to revive and readjust my mind in the society of your family, where I could always find elegance, simplicity, and virtue tended by agreement and affection, and whom I could therefore both love and respect.

“For Jessie, an adept in the happy art of teasing, whom I strongly suspect of collusion with you in this business, I can think of no penalty so fit as falling in love with herself, which I intend to set about as soon as I have finished St Augustine's *Opera* (eleven

volumes) ; and therefore in the interim give her the alternative of having me pathetically enamoured or as madly in love as a march hare. Though I could never fall in love with any person when present, yet I could easily fall in love when absent.”

It is suggested by the following extracts that the family had a connection with Teviotdale ; that Janet, at least, had been there one summer, if not oftener ; and that the incipient lovers had taken part together in May-day frolics on the banks of the Teviot. That she was the person veiled under the name of Aurelia cannot be doubted. The poem of the *Scenes of Infancy* is full of references to her as his companion and fellow-admirer of scenes, places, and effects he describes ; she is so far the inspirer of the poem.

“ What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold ? . . .
If thou, Aurelia, bless the high design,
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine, . . .
Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,
And silver streams which dear Aurelia loves.
These scenes have ever to my heart been dear,
But still, Aurelia, most when thou wast near.
On Eden's banks [St Ands], in pensive fit reclined,
Thy angel-features haunted still my mind ;
And oft, when ardent fancy spurned control,
The living image rushed upon my soul,
Fill'd all my heart, and 'mid the bustling crowd
Bade me forgetful muse or think aloud ;
While as I sighed thy favourite scenes to view,
Each lingering hour seemed lengthening as it flew. . . .

" Ah ! dear Aurelia, when this arm shall guide
 Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,
 When I to pine in Eastern realms have gone,
 And years have passed, and thou remain'st alone,
 Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,
 Regard the turf where first I carved thy name,
 And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,
 False to his heart, was ever true to thee ? . . .
 Yes, in these shades, this fond, adoring mind
 Had hoped in thee a dearer self to find ;
 Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,
 And wonder it so long remained unseen ;
 Hoped those seducing graces might impart
 Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,
 While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,
 Fond thought, should borrow manlier beams from
 mine. . . , .
 Lightly we danced in many a frolic ring,
 And welcomed May with every flower of spring ;
 Each smile that sparkled in her artless eye,
 Nor owned her passion, nor could quite deny ;
 As blithe I bath'd her flushing cheek with dew,
 And on the daisy swore to love her true."

TO AURELIA.

It was about the time when this was written (1802) that he also wrote the following song, which speaks for itself :—

" One more kind kiss, my love, before
 We bid a long adieu !
 Ah ! let not this fond heart deplore
 Thy cold cheek's pallid hue.

One soft, sweet smile before I go !
 That fancy may repeat
 And whisper, 'mid the sighs of woe :
 My love, we yet shall meet.

One dear embrace, and then we part—
We part to meet no more !
I bear a sad and lonely heart
To pine on India's shore.

A heart that once has lov'd like mine,
No second love can know !
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine
Must other love forego."

GOING ABROAD, 1801-3.

As to when it was settled that Leyden was to go abroad, and to India instead of to Africa, there need be no uncertainty. It is all recorded in Scott's letters, preserved in the pages of Lockhart. Writing from Lasswade to George Ellis on April 20th, 1801, Scott says :—

“Leyden has taken up a most absurd resolution to go to Africa on a journey of discovery. Will you have the goodness to beg Heber to write to him seriously on so ridiculous a plan, which can promise nothing either pleasant or profitable. I am certain he would get a church in Scotland with a little patience and prudence, and it gives me great pain to see a valuable young man of uncommon genius and acquirements fairly throw himself away.”

Writing again on June 10th, he says :—

“Some prospect seems to open for getting Leyden out to India under the patronage of Mackintosh, who goes as chief of the intended Academical Establishment at Cal-

cutta. That he is highly qualified for acting a distinguished part in any literary undertaking will be readily granted; nor do I think that Mr Mackintosh will meet with one half so likely to be useful in the proposed institution. The extent and versatility of his talents would soon raise him to his level, even although he were at first to go out in a subordinate department. If it be in your power to second his application, I rely upon Heber's interest with you to induce you to do so."

On July 13th, he writes:—

"I am infinitely obliged to you indeed for your interference in behalf of our Leyden, who, I am sure, will do credit to your patronage, and may be of essential service to the proposed mission. What a difference from broiling himself, or getting himself literally broiled, in Africa. *Que diable vouloit-il faire dans cette galere?*"

The "mission" here referred to was the Marquis Wellesley's college at Calcutta, of which John Leyden did eventually become a professor, but which was established in spite of the opposition of the Board of Control in London, so that it was hopeless to expect the latter to make appointments to its staff

On the 7th December, Scott again writes:—

"The publication of the *Complaynt* is delayed. It is a work of multifarious lore. I am truly anxious about Leyden's Indian

journey, which seems to hang fire. Mr William Dundas (secretary to the E.I. Board of Control) was so good as to promise me his interest to get him appointed secretary to the Institution ; but whether he has succeeded or not, I have not yet learned. . . . If Heber could learn by Mackintosh whether anything could be done to fix Leyden's situation, and what sort of interest would be most likely to succeed, his friends here might unite every exertion in his favour."

On January 8th, 1802, he writes :—

" I fear, from a letter which I have received from Mr William Dundas, that the Indian Establishment is tottering, and will probably fall. Leyden has therefore been induced to turn his mind to some other mode of making his way to the East, and proposes taking his degree as physician and surgeon, with the hope of getting an appointment in the Company's service. If the Institution go forward, his having taken this step will not prevent his being attached to it ; at the same time it will afford him a provision independent of what seems to be a very precarious establishment. Mr Dundas has promised to exert himself."

Writing on February 14th, he says :—

" I am pleasantly interrupted by the post ; he brings me a letter from William Dundas fixing Leyden's appointment as an

assistant-surgeon to one of the India settlements—which is not determined.”

TO BE A DOCTOR.

In January, 1802, then, Leyden must have set himself in earnest to take a degree to qualify him for the medical appointment which he had a prospect of getting in India—a resolution which must have been confirmed and strengthened in February, when he got the appointment, with the intimation that he had to be ready to sail in December.

“Fortunately,” we are told, “the eager student had intermingled his theology with snatches of experimental science.” This is utterly inaccurate. He had practically finished his Divinity studies before he began his medical studies in 1796 with the Chemistry Class. He had taken the whole of the Medical Classes in regular rotation, and seven months’ hard work revising enabled him to pass the examination for the degree of M.D. at St Andrews, his diploma being dated August 7th, 1802.* Dr John Bell, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, deserves honourable mention for the assistance he rendered to the candidate in the way of advice and coaching.

* For this date and information about the Campbells of Fairfield at St Andrews, I am indebted to the courtesy of J. Maitland Anderson, Lib. and Regr.

MYTHS.

A chapter on the origin of Myths might here be introduced. One would be Leyden's infidelity published in Campbell's *Clerical Review*, and for which the former was haled before his Presbytery. Another would be his having obtained a diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, whilst the University Medical Faculty refused him the degree of M.D. on account of his too confident boasting how easily he had qualified himself for the medical profession. How the latter originated, it would be much more difficult to explain than to show the absurdity of it.

The fact is, that the name of John Leyden does not appear on the list of diplomatists nor on the Minute-book at all for 1802 of the R.C.S.E.* Had he been an unsuccessful candidate, this would have explained his going to St Andrews, although it is an explanation that is never hinted at; and other explanations are not far to seek. (1) It was a rule with the R.C.S. that every candidate had to be apprenticed to some surgeon or pay a heavier fee, with the exception of those who were to serve in the Navy or in the slave trade. (2) As to the M.D. Degree of the University, the Statuta Solennia of 1767 and 1777 were of a most

* For this information I am indebted to the courtesy of James Robertson, Esq., Clerk, R.C.S.E.

elaborate nature, involving a large expenditure of time and money. The principal difficulty was not that of acquiring the medical knowledge necessary to pass the examination, but that the regulations were such that they could not be fulfilled in six months, nor by any one who had not been definitely looking forward to the examination for years.

Taking a Medical Degree at St Andrews, on the other hand, entailed a comparatively trifling expense, and required merely a fortnight's notice of candidature. *

Besides the above considerations, it has to be remembered that Leyden had been at the University of St Andrews during the session 1797-8, four years before, where he had made himself as much at home as he did at Edinburgh, making friends both among professors and students, and becoming perfectly familiar with the whole work of the University. In the whole circumstances of the case, instead of his going to St Andrews for a degree calling for any special pretext, it seems the most natural thing in the world that he should do so, because the task could more easily and inexpensively be accomplished there in the time at his disposal.

OTHER WORK.

In reference to his medical studies alone, Scott remarks that "the labour he

* Lyon, *History of St Andrews.*

underwent on this occasion was actually incredible." A little consideration of all the work he had on his hands in 1802 will distinctly increase the incredibility.

1. His medical studies.

2. The study of languages likely to be necessary or serviceable to him when he arrived in India.

3. The volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems* was not published till 1803. The preface is dated December 20th, 1802, and it may safely be concluded that, whatever he may have had done to it in 1801, in the course of this year he had a large amount of work seeing the book through the press, writing notes, correcting proofs, &c. The volume contains the following poems:—*The Clyde*, by John Wilson (1764); *Albania*, by "A Scots Clergyman" (1737); *The Day Estival*, by Alexander Hume, (1599); and *Poems by William Fowler*, (1627).

There is a pathetic interest in the preface, in which he says:—"In this volume the Editor proposed to himself a twofold object: (1) to rescue from oblivion some inedited or scarce poems that merited a better fate; and (2) to illustrate some facts of Scottish literary history which were either obscure or had escaped general notice. . . . The Editor dismisses this little volume from his hands with mingled pleasure and regret—pleasure from the recollection of several

agreeable hours spent in its arrangement during the intervals of severer study ; and regret at bidding adieu to the investigation of Scottish literary antiquities, a subject which he can never expect to resume."

REPORT ON BRUCE'S JOURNALS, MSS., ETC.

4. It was in the beginning of this year that he was called upon to write a report on the material available for a new edition of James Bruce's *Travels to Abyssinia*. The traveller died in 1794, and it was about the time of Leyden's visit to Kinnaird, in 1800, that his son began to contemplate the publication of some of the valuable literary material left by his father and not used in the book published in 1790. Whether or not anything that Leyden may have said quickened the idea in his mind, or whether Leyden directed the attention of Constable to the matter, Constable was shortly after in communication with Mr Bruce, from whom he bought, in conjunction with Mr Manners, the copyright of the original book, after Leyden had paid his second visit to Kinnaird and reported on what was there. His report has happily been preserved by Sir Harry W. Moncrieff in his *Life of Dr Alexander Murray* prefixed to that linguist's *History of the European Languages* :—

“ Dear Sir,—Having now, by the politeness of Mr Bruce, had an opportunity of examining his father's MSS. with some

attention, it is with much pleasure that I proceed to give you my opinion concerning the publication of the posthumous edition. With respect to the *Travels* proper, I am convinced that considerable additions and even corrections may be made from Bruce's original journals, of which he made too little use when writing his book. . . .

“ The manners and literature of the Abyssinians may likewise be illustrated by some observations and extracts from the MSS. of the Kinnaird Collection, *e.g.*, extracts from the *Synaxar (Lives of the Saints)* and the *Book of Enoch*, concerning which I have lately seen an ingenious memoir by Langles, M.N.I., of Paris.

“ As the posthumous edition must of necessity be accompanied by a *Life* of the traveller, it is fortunate that the principal materials for this have been supplied by himself, in a very copious *Memoir* addressed to the Hon. Daines Barrington, which, though it is obviously not written for publication, would not only afford authentic materials, but copious extracts to his biographer.

“ It must likewise comprehend a discussion of the literary questions which have originated from the publication of his *Travels*, and particularly an examination of the objections of the learned Hartmann. Some of Mr Bruce's friends may think such a discussion unnecessary ; for my own part,

I am decidedly of the contrary opinion, and think that a literary question can only be settled by literary investigation. A contemptuous silence always recoils on those who obstinately maintain it.

“The *Biography* of Bruce ought likewise to be illustrated by as much of the literary correspondence between him and his friends as possible, for there is nothing which tends so much to convey the stamp of authenticity. In this *Life* I am convinced that much excellent material might be procured from his learned *Memoir on the Ruins of Pæstum*, which could not be published in a separate form. To the volume of *Natural History* some additions might be made, but not many of the drawings could be used, as the descriptions are wanting.

“Of the drawings of his antiquities of Africa, about fifty may be published. An original and interesting work on the *Antiquities of Barbary* might be formed of these, taking the original journal (in Barbary) as the letter-press—carefully revised and occasionally illustrated with notes from Dombay and later travellers.—Sir, Yours sincerely, John Leyden.”

It was probably before this letter was written that Leyden received his Indian appointment, in the month of February, with the consequent hurry and pressure of work getting his medical diploma and making ready to go out. The editorship of

the *Scots Magazine* had been passed on to Alexander Murray in January, and the work of editing Bruce's *Travels*, which would undoubtedly have fallen to Leyden had he remained in the country, was also transferred to Murray, who went for the purpose to Kinnaird in September, and secured great "kudos" by his work, which was published in 1805.

5. The excursion to Teviotdale with Scott in July-August, if in one sense it was an item of the multifarious occupations of this year, in another sense was a much-needed holiday and his real farewell to his native place. Lockhart's phrase, "In July, Scott proceeded to the Borders with Leyden," seems to be a loose way of saying that by the rising of the Law Courts in the end of July Scott was set free to go off on a holiday. But at this very time Leyden was about to start for St Andrews to undergo his examination for the degree of M.D. At that time there was no long interval between the examination and declaring the result, and it may be taken for certain that he was in St Andrews during the first week of August; that he brought his diploma (dated the 7th) with him; and that Scott and he did not start for the Borders before the 10th of August.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW AND JAMES HOGG.

Fortunately we possess a brief account

of this excursion in Scott's own words in a letter to Ellis :—

“ We have just concluded an excursion of two or three weeks through my jurisdiction of Selkirkshire, where, in defiance of mountains, rivers, and bogs, damp and dry, we have penetrated the very recesses of Ettrick Forest. . . . In the course of our grand tour, besides the risk of swamping and breaking our necks, we encountered the formidable hardships of sleeping upon peat-stacks, and eating mutton slain by no common butcher, but deprived of life by the judgment of God, as a Coroner's inquest would express it. I have, however, not only escaped safe *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, but returned loaded with the treasures of oral tradition. The principal result of our inquiries has been a complete and perfect copy of Maitland with his *Auld Berd Graie*, referred to by Douglas in his *Palice of Honour*. You may guess the surprise of Leyden and myself when this was presented to us, copied down from the recitation of an old shepherd by a country farmer, and with no greater corruptions than might be supposed to be introduced by the lapse of time and the ignorance of reciters.”

In the preface to *Auld Maitland*, in the *Minstrelsy*, the editor says :—“ This ballad . . . is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick ; and is published as written down from the

recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety.”

The scene of the finding of the ballad was the farm of Blackhouse, on the Douglas Water, two miles above St Mary's Loch. The tenant was a young farmer, twenty-two years of age, Willie Laidlaw, afterwards factor and amanuensis to Scott at Abbotsford. He was an amateur poet himself and a collector of ballads.

His friend and brother-poet, James Hogg, “the Ettrick Shepherd,” who had been in his father's service when a boy, was now employed on a neighbouring farm; he had published his *Scottish Pastorals* the year before, and, being on the wing for Harris, had written his *Farewell to Ettrick*. Accordingly, on the arrival of Scott and Leyden, Laidlaw took them to visit Hogg. “I had been out among the hills,” says the latter himself, “engaged in some rural occupation, when one of the servant lassies came running out and told me that I ‘bud come hame as fast as ever I could, for Willie Laidlaw, wi’ twa gentlemen, was wanting to see me.’”

The interview lasted for some hours, and Scott was delighted with the originality of the Shepherd's genius, whilst the latter was charmed with Scott and impressed with the “bard's inspired soul” of Leyden, as he expressed it in a tribute after his death.

Whether they saw old Mrs Hogg does not

appear.⁷ She had heard the ballad *Auld Maitland* from the blind man mentioned. The written copy was more probably made by Willie Laidlaw than by her son; the former being an excellent penman, and the latter the reverse. The "old shepherd" in Scott's letter to Ellis is obviously a misprint for "old woman." The scene when the ballad was produced, we are told, "was most exciting. Scott seized it, and read aloud, his soul moved with the spirit of the poem, and his features changed with every wave of his inner emotion." But Leyden could not control his feelings. He "was like a roused lion. He paced the room from side to side, clapped his hands, and repeated such expressions as echoed the spirit of hatred to King Edward and the Southrons, or as otherwise struck his fancy."

HOGG'S IMPRESSION OF LEYDEN.

"Leyden came from Borderland,
 With dauntless heart and ardour high,
 And wild impatience in his eye.
 Though false at times his tones might be,
 Though wild notes marred the symphony,
 Between the glowing measure stole
 That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
 Sad were those strains when hymned afar
 On the green vales of Malabar.
 O'er seas beneath the golden morn
 They travelled, on the monsoon borne,
 Thrilling the heart of Indian maid
 Beneath the wild banana's shade.
 Leyden! a shepherd wails thy fate,
 And Scotland knows her loss too late."

6. THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW"

does not need to be mentioned on account of any direct connection Leyden had with it, for he took no part nor lot in starting it; nevertheless he had a connection with it which deserves to be mentioned. When consultations were held in 18 Buccleuch Place about starting the *Review* by his intimate friends Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Thomas Brown, Francis Horner, and H. Brougham, he was conspicuous by his absence; all the more that he took a very prominent part in the foundation of the Academy of Physics, which was really the embryo of the *Review*.

There has been debate as to who was the originator of the idea of the *Review*. The balance of evidence seemed to point to Sydney Smith (*Life of Dr A. Murray*, p. 57-8), but a letter of Leyden's throws fresh light on the subject. Writing to Thomas Brown from St Andrews on March 25th, 1798, he says:—"Who could be the reviewer of Erskine? I suspect the whole of their energy is placed on a *non-penchant* to all the trans-Tweedian bards or philosophers. It was therefor I wished some periodical paper could have been established in Edinburgh, either by the Academy or elsewhere."

Let it be observed that he does not urge the establishment of an Edinburgh paper in his letter for the first time, but alludes to having advocated it among his friends,

apparently in the Academy, at a former time. Now, he went to St Andrews in the autumn of 1797, so that he must have broached the subject some time during the session 1796-7; in other words, he did so two years before Sydney Smith came upon the scene in 1798.

7. THE "SCENES OF INFANCY."

As soon as it was definitely settled that he was going abroad, the idea began to take shape in his mind of making a complete poem from certain more or less unconnected fragments that had been written at different times. The fragments in question were records of the feelings and impressions of early boyhood, stories and traditions he had learned in youth, and many passages of vivid local colour. It fortunately happens that he has himself left on record, in his reply to Sir John Malcolm's eulogium (at Mysore), an account of the feelings that prompted the composition of the poem.

A poem entitled *The Vale of Teviot* had been announced in the *Scots Magazine* for publication. Writing to Heber on the 4th of June, 1802, the author said:—"I am sending a short specimen of a tolerably long descriptive and moral poem—on the scenery and manners of Teviotdale. I am thinking—*i.e.*, by the advice of all the literati here—to publish it, with perhaps a few selections, before my departure. . . . By my

literary friends here I mean Dr Anderson, Walter Scott, Mr Mackenzie, Lord Craig, and Lord Woodhouselee.”

HENRY MACKENZIE.

The Mr Mackenzie here mentioned was the author of *The Man of Feeling* (1771), which had a tremendous vogue at one time. It was prized by Burns next to his Bible; carried with him to the plough; and used as a model on which he “endeavoured to form his conduct.” Samuel Rogers, when he went to Edinburgh, was more anxious to see the author than any other of the town’s celebrities. Scott called it one of “the most heart-wringing histories that ever were written.” Alan Cunningham said it was too melancholy to read; and Christopher North, the “most delightful” of Mackenzie’s works. With the modified estimate of the present generation we are not concerned; suffice it to say that he was recognised as the most highly cultured of the Edinburgh literati of the time—being born in 1747, he was fifty-five in 1802—and being at the same time a lawyer and a brisk, practical man, there was no one better qualified to give Leyden advice about the publication of his poems.

LORD CRAIG.

William Craig (1745-1813), who became Lord Craig in 1795, was an advocate of

superior talent, whose success at the Bar had been hindered by his literary tastes and pursuits. He was a member of the literary society called the Tabernacle, which met in a tavern for reading essays and for discussions on literary matters. Craig suggested the starting of a periodical for the publication of their essays. When it took shape it was published by Creech on Tuesdays and Saturdays under the name of the *Mirror*, and the club also adopted this new name. Craig was the most voluminous contributor, next to Henry Mackenzie. For example, in one he brought the poems of Michael Bruce under the notice of the club. Another of their publications was the *Lounger*. Craig was a cousin of Mrs Maclehose, Burns' Clarinda.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

Called to the Bar in 1770, Alexander Fraser Tytler was appointed Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh in 1801; Judge-Advocate in 1790; and raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee in 1802. Apart from his legal and historical learning, he was a man of literary tastes and habits. Not to mention some poetical effusions of his own—*Piscatory Eclogues*, &c., 1771—he published *Remarks on the Writings and Genius of Ramsay* in a collected edition of the poet's works. He is said to have assisted Burns in seeing his 1793-4 edition through the press.

The friendly and intimate terms on which Leyden was received at Woodhouselee are obvious from the well-known ode on the place and the circumstances under which it was written. The writer had gone out to Woodhouselee to make a farewell call some time in October-November, 1802, and was asked to stay all night. The ode was written while he was taking a stroll in the grounds in the evening of a boisterous day.

“ Sweet riv’let !

A stilly sadness overspreads my mind

To think how oft the whirling gale shall strew

O’er thy bright stream the leaves of fallow hue,

E’er next this classic haunt my wanderings find.

That lulling harmony resounds again,

That soothes the slumbering leaves on every tree

And seems to say—‘ Wilt thou remember me ? ’ ”

Such were the men, along with Scott, of course, who advised Leyden to publish his descriptive poem ; and the advice has been justified by posterity.

Before publication the name was changed to *Scenes of Infancy*, which Scott describes as a poem in which the author “ has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. His individual partiality may also be traced in this interesting poem. Cavers and Denholm, the scenes of his childhood ; and Harden, formerly the seat of an ancient family from which one of his friends is descended,

detain him with particular fondness. The poem was composed at different intervals, and much altered before publication."

The finishing touches consisted chiefly of several passages "expressive of his feelings upon the prospect of parting from his friends, and bidding farewell to his native land." James Hogg used to relate that Scott told him that, of all men he ever met, none could compete with Leyden in facility of composition. He wrote a good deal of the *Scenes of Infancy* in Scott's company—most of it at Lasswade—and "would throw off twenty or thirty couplets in as many minutes, and then, after reading them aloud, would adopt his friend's advice, and go over them again, compressing, altering, and amending, till he commonly reduced them to half their original number." (*White's Supplement.*)

Having to leave Edinburgh before the printer was done with the poem, Leyden committed this last memorial of his love for his native land to the critical skill of his trusted friend Thomas Brown, and to the professional care of James Ballantyne. The last sheets reached him in London, and were returned very shortly before he left the country for ever. In an undated letter to his brother Robert from London, he says:—"As soon as you receive this, transmit it immediately to the printer Ballantyne, and tell him the rest sets off to-morrow."

He had given his friend editorial dis-

cretion to cancel any passage that did not appear to him to satisfy the canons of art. But, alas ! it is one thing to delete a passage of your own writing, and quite another thing for some one else to do it. In a letter to Ballantyne, written from the Isle of Wight immediately before sailing, he says :—
“ I fancy you expect to receive a waggon-load at least of thanks for your midwife skill in swaddling my bantling so tight that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose taste I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own, though before I left Scotland I thought it amazingly acute ; but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere which greatly brightens the understanding and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have left in my power ; for I sincerely am of opinion that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the *Spectre Ship* in the whole poem ; and I defy you and Brown and the whole *Edinburgh Review* to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother’s

repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode ; so you have curtailed what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged if you had omitted the whole episode ; and what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching. By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad taste.

“ When —— shewed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality.

“ Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken ; only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of scari-fication. My dear fellow, farewell ; commend me warmly to your good motherly mother and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you and from you in my exile ;

and believe me to be, my dear Ballantyne,—
Yours most sincerely, John Leyden.”

FAREWELL.

To return to Edinburgh. He took farewell of all his friends there about the middle of December, and went out to Cavers to pay a farewell visit to his parents. It may safely be asserted that he was much made of at this time. But the more farewell visits and calls he had to make the greater was the strain upon him, because even when he got home to his lodging late at night, it was not to go to bed for much-needed rest, but to sit up for many hours finishing off the tag-end of his literary work. The preface to the volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems* was dated, as has been mentioned, the 22nd December.

At any rate, when he reached Cavers he was in a state of great fatigue. The cottage was filled with sorrow, although all signs of it were carefully suppressed. Going abroad at that time was looked upon, especially by country people, as a very formidable matter. His parents can hardly be blamed, therefore, for entertaining the idea in some degree that they were parting with their son for ever, although they must also have had every confidence that, with his abilities, he would distinguish himself and make his fortune.

His parting request to his parents, which is expressed in a letter to his father from the

Isle of Wight on the 5th April, 1803, and which was doubtless to the same effect as what he said on this occasion, was this:—
“Let me request you and my mother to take great care of your health, and make yourselves easy and comfortable, for be assured that there is nothing which I have so much at heart, or to which I shall be more ready to contribute.”

His special request to his mother was that she would sing to him once more some of those old ballads with which she used to delight him in his younger days. On the testimony of his youngest brother Andrew, who was then a boy of about four, and remembered the visit, she complied, and sang the ballads *Young Benjie*, *Tamlane*, and *Bonora*.

He had sent off his heaviest luggage to London by sea, and there is some reason to believe that he had taken a final farewell of his friends in Edinburgh, intending to continue his journey from Hawick. Whether he had forgotten something important, or whether he merely took the whim to return and take his seat in the coach when it started, at any rate he returned to Edinburgh. That last journey to Edinburgh was as memorable as was the first, twelve years before. If he had not his shadow—for the journey was made in a snowstorm—he had for companions on the latter journey the spirits of the many kind friends he had

made during the period mentioned, who had all wished him God-speed at parting with so much heartiness and goodwill, and some of whom he expected to see once more. In particular, there were the Browns, the Andersons, and the Scotts ; and he knew the nights on which certain of his other friends would be at the different houses. In the company of his friends, then, he trudged to Edinburgh, with feelings similar to those with which a man condemned to death might receive a short reprieve.

Scott says that "his unexpected arrival was picturesque and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink his bonallie [Fr. *bon-aller*, equivalent to *bon voyage*]. While about the witching hour they were draining a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and a travelling cap covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed :—'Dash it, boys, here I am again.'

"The start of astonishment and delight with which this unexpected apparition was received was subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been since recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valued friend."

JOURNEY TO LONDON.

The blank which has hitherto been left opposite Leyden's journey to London can be filled up from his letters. He had to take his seat in the coach when it started next morning, having been three nights without sleep. The coach broke down twice on the road, delaying the passengers a long time; he was seized with violent illness at York; had no sleep for other four nights, and arrived in London more dead than alive. But the condition he was in and his various experiences can best be given in his own words. Writing to Robert on the 12th of January, 1803, he says:—

“ I suppose you imagine that I had sailed for India, but the truth is that a very little might have despatched me on a much longer journey. The cramp in the stomach seized me very violently at York, and before I came to London I was very seriously threatened with inflammation of the intestines, my old disease. . . .

“ You will make my apology to Professor Dalzel for not calling on him, by saying that I was called out to the south country, and only returned to put myself into *The Fly*. The cursed *Fly*, by the way, broke down twice and delayed us exactly two and a half days longer than the mail of Monday, and has occasioned me much more inconvenience than I have yet been able to remedy.

“ For the first days I was obliged to dance

attendance at the India House and India Board, and to take so much additional fatigue that I got at last confined to bed, and as I was getting round I was seized with violent inflammation of the eyes, which has scarcely gone off yet. I have been obliged to exert every nerve in order to prevent myself from being shipped on board an Indiaman which was in the Downs before I could get a trunk or draw money on my bills."

His experience is given more fully in another letter written next day, probably to Scott:—

"You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East India House to inform you that George Ellis has saved my life, for without his interference I should certainly this precious day have been snug in Davy's locker.

"On my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before I left Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid* told me either to proceed to the Downs or to vacate the

appointment. Neither of these alternatives was much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £50 or £60, which, I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the waters, would not return even after many days.

“ I passed the principal forms, however, and was examined by Dr Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten till four every day, that Dr Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians—though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanskrit or Tamalic—made out my appointment and order to proceed in the *Hindostan*, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanskrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime *Ja adeva*.

“ Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town, and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family—Lady Parker is just

dying, and several others of his relations dangerously unwell—was my only resource. That resource succeeded, however, and I have just got permission to go in the *Hugh Inglis* to Madras (in the beginning of April), and am at the same time informed that the *Hindostan*, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb: ‘He that is born to be hanged,’ etc. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever.”

The state of physical and nervous exhaustion and excitement into which he had been worked is graphically described by Ellis, to whom he had brought the following letter of introduction from Scott:—“At length I write to you per favour of John Leyden. I presume Heber has made you sufficiently acquainted with this original (for he is a true one), and therefore I will trust to your own kindness, should an opportunity occur of doing him any service in furthering his Indian plans. . . . His friends are much interested about him, as his qualities both of heart and head are very uncommon.”

To this Ellis replies as follows:—

“Let me thank you for your poem

(*Cadzow Castle*), which Mrs E. has not received, and which, indeed, I could not help feeling glad in the first instance that she did not receive. Leyden would not have been your Leyden if he had arrived like a grave citizen with all his packages carefully docketed in his portmanteau. If, on the point of leaving for many years, perhaps forever, his country and the friends of his youth, he had not deferred to the last, and till it was too late, all that could be easily done, and that stupid people find time to do; if he had not arrived with all his ideas perfectly bewildered, and tired to death and sick, and without any set plans for futurity or any accurate recollection of the past—we should have felt much more disappointed than we were by the non-arrival of your poem, which, he assured us, he remembered to have left somewhere or other, and therefore was very confident of recovering. In short, his whole air and countenance told us, ‘I am come to be one of your friends,’ and we immediately took him at his word.”

WHO WAS GEORGE ELLIS ?

The answer to this question has an unexpected and remarkable interest for friends of our hero. In his letters there is mention of five or six noblemen by whom he was well received at this time. This is singular enough, but the real interest lies

in the manner in which he became acquainted with them ; and no hint has ever been given of how it was. George Ellis is the key to the problem. We shall find, besides, that he formed a most interesting link between Leyden and the Minto family. George Ellis, elder brother of Charles Ellis, afterwards Lord Seaford, was a man of the highest culture, a wit, a literary antiquary, and a prime favourite in the highest London society, with a charming seat at Sunninghill, near Windsor. He was editor of *Specimens of Ancient English Romances*, author of some metrical *Tales*, and contributor to the *Rolliad* and the *Anti-Jacobin*—the cleverest collections of political wit on different sides, Whig and Tory. In the fifth canto of *Marmion*, Scott addresses him in the following lines (the first two cantos having been written at Sunninghill) :—

“ Thou who canst give to highest lay
 An unpedantic moral gay,
 Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
 On wings of unexpected wit ;
 In letters as in life approved,
 Example honoured and beloved,
 Dear Ellis, to the bard impart
 A lesson of thy magic art—
 To win at once the head and heart ;
 At once to charm, instruct, and mend—
 My guide, my pattern, and my friend.”

Such was the man to whom Leyden applied in his extremity when, in the state

he was in as described above, he was to be shipped off without reprieve in the *Hindustan*. What his friend did, was to go with him to the India House, and there, along with him, wait on Lord Castlereagh, President of the Board of Control. Without waste of words he informed him that his young friend, Dr Leyden from Scotland, who was to have gone out to Calcutta in the *Hindustan* as an assistant-surgeon, had been seized with a serious illness and was unfit to go ; could nothing be done in the way of letting him go on another ship later on ? “ Well,” said his Lordship, “ our next ship going out is bound for Madras ; if he likes to go with her, he can do it.”

The proposal was gratefully accepted, and an order at once given that John Leyden’s passage was to be secured in the ship sailing for Madras in the beginning of April.

This new turn of affairs soon after threw him into connection with another nobleman who proved a true friend. It was very soon after this that Lord William Bentinck, second son of the Duke of Portland, was appointed Governor of the Madras Presidency. When he heard this, and, knowing that he would go out to India in the same ship as Leyden, Ellis thought it would be of the greatest importance and advantage for the latter to be introduced to him. Accordingly he carried him to Burling-

ton House and introduced him to Lord William and other members of the Portland family. With the Bentincks, who had come over from Holland with the Prince of Orange in 1688, the name of Leyden was one to conjure with ; there was a free-masonry or a feeling of kinship in the very sound of it. At any rate, the new Governor was so favourably impressed with the young surgeon, and so favourably disposed towards him, that he promised to employ him in a responsible situation when they reached Madras.

His acquaintance with the Marquis of Abercorn, who carried him to Court, may at once be set down to an introduction from his friend Lady Charlotte Campbell, through whose influence the Marquis had formerly intended to present him with the living of Duddingston, could the call have been carried out.

The name of Lord Malmesbury brings us back to George Ellis, who was perhaps that nobleman's most intimate friend. The intimacy is seen in the pages of the *Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto*. When Anna Maria Amyand, a lady of Huguenot extraction, married Sir Gilbert Elliot in January of 1777, her younger sister Harriet stayed with them that summer at Minto till she was married in the autumn to Mr James Harris, British Minister at St Petersburg. Her husband afterwards

became Sir James Harris, then Lord Malmesbury, and the only British diplomatist who was despatched on any peculiarly delicate mission. The correspondence between the sisters was of an extraordinarily affectionate and lively description.

The first notice of Ellis occurs in the year 1788, when Sir Gilbert, writing from London to Lady Elliot at Minto (where she stayed with her children most of the time), says :—“ I send you Ellis’s *Tales*, which Harriet has just sent me from Bath. I really never read anything so clever, so lively, and so light before.”

Both sisters loved information, whether gathered from books or men, and shrank from no subject because of its abstruseness ; but their learning sat lightly on them. Closing a letter to her sister, Lady Malmesbury says :—“ Adieu. I must go, for Mr Ellis is to read me Newton’s *Optics* while I net a purse.” Meantime Lady Elliot was employed teaching Latin to her boys. “ I can’t tell you,” wrote her sister, “ how much Mr Ellis admires you for this.” He was one of the pleasant men of her own set at Grove Place out from London. She had long keenly desired to make a journey to Italy, and after a correspondence on the subject, she finally carried off Lord Malmesbury and Mr Ellis as her companions. . . . “ But conceive that, in addition to going to Germany, I shall be obliged to go to Ostend

instead of Calais. In short, I am in despair, and Mr Ellis has my epitaph ready. Here it is :—

‘ Good Christians ! with wailing and singing of psalms bury
The lovely remains of poor, dear Lady Malmesbury.
Because she refused in Old England to stop, alas !
She was killed, do you see, by a *parlez vous* populace.’ ”

With all this intimacy, there need be no mystery as to how Leyden came to know the Malmesburys. Indeed, the remarkable thing is, how near he was at this time to being introduced to Lord and Lady Minto. The explanation of his not being so is that during the first three months of 1803 she was staying at Minto. Otherwise it cannot be supposed that his Lordship would have been less complaisant to the young genius from Denholm than he was to Campbell, the poet, whom he had staying in his house in 1802 “ in order to save him money and make him known to his friends.”

OXFORD.

When Richard Heber returned to London, he at once took up the entertaining of Leyden. After finishing the lions of London, he carried his friend off to Oxford, where he was still more at home. The college with which he was connected was Brasenose, of which he was a Fellow, and of which his more famous brother Reginald was entered

a student in 1800. Dr William Cleaver, Bishop of Chester, was Principal.

From the windows of Reginald's rooms were to be seen the famous chestnut tree in the garden of Exeter College and the dome of the Bodleian. There need be little doubt that the two bibliophiles paid a visit to the latter, and that Heber was able to show his friend some treasures he had never seen before. While they were there the younger Heber was engaged with the composition of his prize poem *Palestine*, and this forms a curious link of association uniting the trio—Bishop Heber, Leyden, and Scott. After Leyden had finally left London in the beginning of April, Scott went to Oxford with Richard. One morning after breakfast in Reginald's rooms the poem was read. When the reader had finished, Scott remarked :—
 “You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the Temple—that no tools were used in its erection.”
 The author retired to a corner of the room, and, before the party separated, produced two of the best lines in the poem :—

“No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung ;
 Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence.”

In reference to Heber's tragic and premature death in his bath at Trichinopoly in 1826, Scott wrote in his Journal :—

“ I spent some merry days with him at Oxford when he was writing his prize poem. He was then a gay young fellow, a wit and a satirist, and burning for literary fame. My laurels were beginning to bloom, and we were both mad-caps. Who would have foretold our future lot ? ” He then quotes from the ballad of *The Three Maries* a verse which is as tellingly appropriate to the case of Leyden as to that of Heber :—

“ Oh, little did my mither ken
That day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.”

Besides the general interest that would have attracted Leyden to Oxford, he had doubtless a special object in his journey thither, which is perhaps explained by certain references in his Indian letters. For example, he writes to Erskine :—“ Notwithstanding the inquiries which I had made in Britain respecting the dialects and the literature of the peninsula, I found myself on my arrival in *terra incognita*.” When Heber, on his return to London, found Leyden busy reading the works of Sir William Jones, the publication of which had just been completed, to get all the information he could about the Eastern languages, he remarked :—“ Perhaps it will save your time if we run down to Oxford and see my friends Drs Ford, White, and Winstanley. They are more perfectly

acquainted with the latest scholarship on the subject than any men I know, and I am sure they will be delighted to give you every information in their power." Dr White was a noted Arabic scholar, and the other two were probably Sanskrit specialists and teachers of Hindostani, instruction in which was always in demand for young men going out to India in the E.I. Company's service.

That he was courteously received and considered himself under an obligation to the scholars in question, appears from a message he sends to them through Heber in a letter from Pulo Penang:—"Make my respects kindly to Drs Parr, White, Winstanley, and Ford, and assure them how happy I shall be to aid any of their inquiries in any branch of Orientals."

Dr Samuel Parr (1747-1825) was headmaster of Colchester Grammar School and of Norwich, holding a Church of England living or livings at the same time. He had a great reputation as a scholar, and was a good Latin scholar, but his fame really rested on his conversational powers. He has been called the Whig Johnson.

It is clear from the mention of his name along with those of the Oxford dons above, that Leyden had been introduced to him by Heber at this time. With the professional instinct of a teacher, he tested the young scholar to see how much he knew, and the latter was not put to shame. He mentions

in a subsequent letter that he acquitted himself tolerably well when he met Dr Parr.

The history of his three months in London must now be wound up, and happily it can be done in his own words.

TO HIS FATHER.

Isle of Wight, April 5th, 1803.

“I was under the necessity of hastening to London almost without sleep, even in the fatigued state in which you saw me. . . .

The Marquis of Abercorn carried me to Court, and introduced me into the Presence Chamber in order to see all the splendour of Majesty—the King, Royal Family, &c.

“ (To Robert:—‘I have been well received everywhere—by Lords Castlereagh, Malmesbury, and Cavan, the Marquis of Abercorn, and the Portland family; the Hon. C. Greville, mentioned by Morton, was the son-in-law of the Duke of Portland.’)

“I might have got into the Lisbon Embassy as Secretary, but I found that the prospects it offered were very much inferior to those at Madras, which I therefore preferred. I have been particularly introduced to Lord William Bentinck, who goes out in the same ship as Governor of Madras. And he has promised to employ me in a very confidential situation on my arrival.

“I have seen Mr Scott, who has just come to London, and is delighted at my prospects, which exceed all that he could

have expected. Let me, therefore, request you and my mother to take great care of your health, and make yourselves easy and comfortable, for be assured that there is nothing which I have so much at heart, or to which I shall be more ready to contribute. . . .

“I sustained a very considerable loss of luggage by sending one of my trunks from Edinburgh by sea, by which I lost £27 worth of boots, shoes, silk stockings, &c.

“Heber’s kindness has been unspeakable. I expect him to be M.P. for Oxford University soon.” (He contested the seat unsuccessfully in 1804, but was elected in 1806.)

The above mention of Scott disposes of Lockhart’s statement that the former did not see Leyden when he hurried up to London on the closing of the Law Courts at Easter. The following letter, dated April 1st, must have been written after seeing Scott:—“I have been two days on board, and you may conceive what an excellent change I made from the politest society of London to the brutish skippers of Portsmouth. Our crew (the passengers) consists of a very motley party; but there are some of them very ingenious, and Robert Smith (going out with his wife to take up his appointment of Judge-Advocate at Calcutta), Sydney’s brother, is himself a host. He is

almost the only powerful man I have met with.

“ My money concerns I shall consider you as trustee of ; and all remittances, as well as dividends from Longman, will be to your direction. These I hope we shall soon be able to adjust very accurately. Money may be paid, but kindness never. . . .

“ And now, my dear Scott, adieu. Think of me with indulgence, and be certain that, wherever and in whatever situation John Leyden is, his heart is unchanged by place, and his soul by time.”

In his letter to Robert of 12th January, the following occurs :—“ Will you desire Mr Scott to pay you £32, which you will deliver to my uncle, for which purpose I will write him (Scott) to-morrow, as he is to transmit me £75 by bank cheques.”

The above ought to be sufficient to dispose of certain reflections that have been made on Scott's treatment of Leyden in money matters. Meanness in money matters was not a weakness of his. Over-jealousy of this kind blinds the eyes to what is the real beauty of the situation. And besides, Scott was not responsible for Lockhart's representations.

In the first place, Scott's relations with his friends and acquaintances all his life : the genuine, warm-hearted interest he took in all with whom he came in contact—high and low, rich and poor—prove that no man

ever lived whose goodwill was less of mere lip-service. As to Leyden, there can be no question that Scott had a sincere esteem and affection for him; he was watching over him at every turn. Had he been his own brother he could not have shown more anxious solicitude for his safety and welfare. If Ellis saved Leyden's life, it might even be said that Scott did it through Ellis.

As if this were not enough, Leyden's departure being postponed for three months, Scott wrote about him to his brother-in-law, Charles Charpentier, as late as March 3rd. And, once more, in the end of March he hurried up to London as soon as he was free to do so in the hope of seeing his friend once again. What pleasure he experienced when he found how bright that friend's prospects were, can only be understood by one who has known what such a friendship means.

To come now to the money matters. It is stated that Leyden received from Scott £100 towards his outfit, whilst in his last letter to Scott he speaks of the money being repaid. Whereupon aspersions are cast upon Scott for merely lending to Leyden what he had fully earned by his work on the *Minstrelsy*:—"If it be true that Scott cleared £600 by his *Border Minstrelsy*, and did not make some allowance for Leyden at the time, £100 came far short of what he ought to have received."

Leaving suppositions alone, let us look at the facts of the case. Volumes I. and II. were published in January, 1802, and the edition was exhausted in six months. Scott, in his letter to Charpentier, makes the loose statement that he received £100, but Lockhart makes the more exact statement that his half of the profits amounted to £78 10s. This sum, "which could not have repaid him for the actual expenditure incurred in the collection of his materials," was probably paid some time in the late autumn; and it may safely be taken for granted that Leyden got a honorarium of £10 to £20.

It was about the same time that Messrs Longman and Rees bought the copyright of the second edition, including the new third volume, for £500. But does any sane man suppose that the publishers paid that sum down whenever the bargain was struck, or even when the book was published in the end of May, 1803? It is certain that Scott did not touch a penny before the end of 1803, and that he got only an instalment even then, getting the whole sum only when the edition was exhausted in 1806. This is the obvious meaning of the expression in Leyden's letter about "dividends from Longman." But the most remarkable thing about the expression is that the dividends were to come for Leyden; in other words, he was a partner in the transaction, and was to get his (one-fifth) part of the

author's share of the profits from the book.

Does this look like ignoring his claim to remuneration, or like treating him meanly? Surely not; but meantime he had pressing need of a sum of money at once. The only thing to be done, then, was for Scott to advance the sum required, to be repaid from Leyden's dividends; in other words, Scott advanced Leyden's share before he got his own.

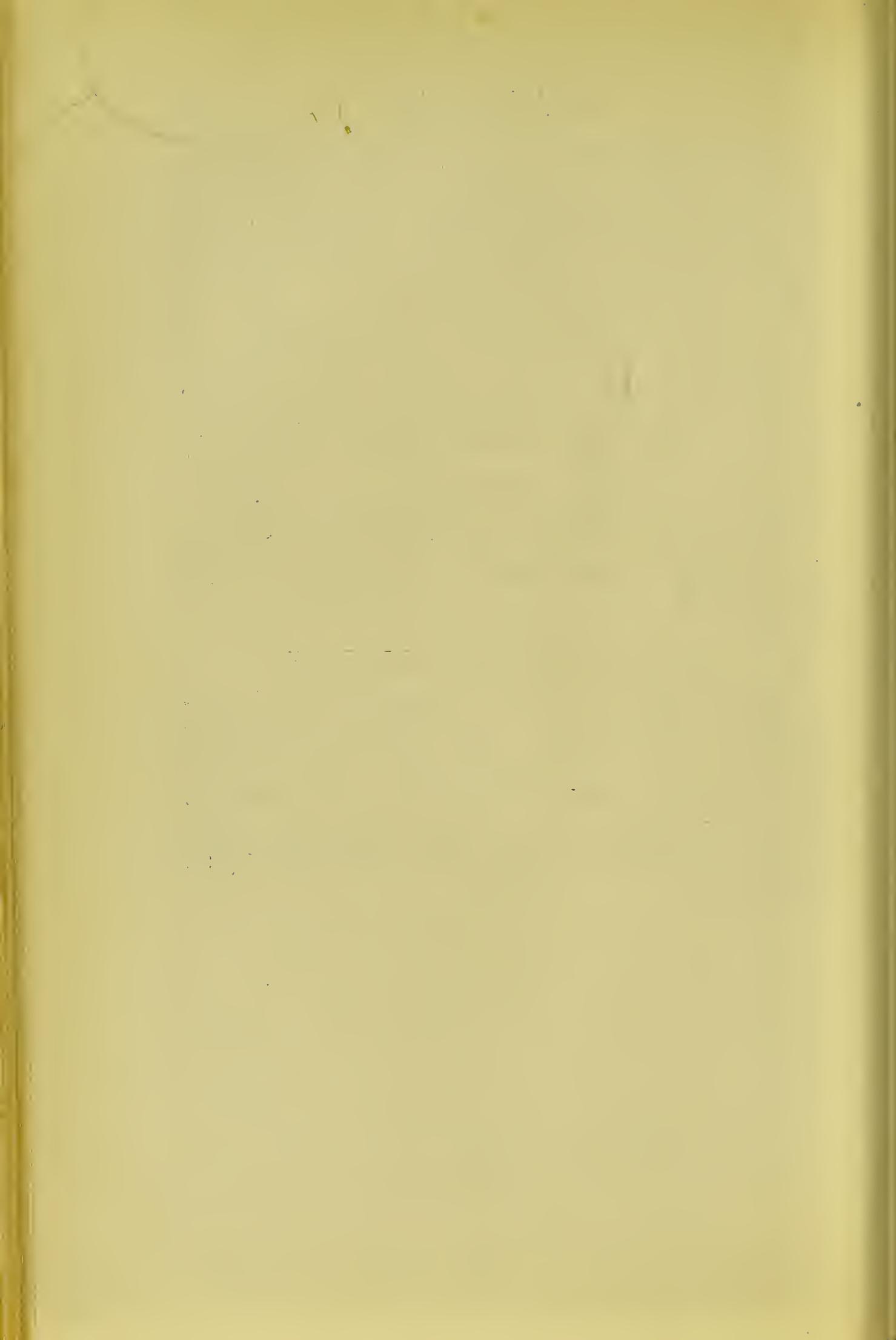
What are we to make now of Sydney Smith's £40? In all probability it was money advanced to Leyden in exceptionally urgent circumstances. (1) Lady Holland's account of the transaction (*Life of Sydney Smith*) cannot be depended upon in view of her crass ignorance of the conditions of Scots student-life, as evinced by her statement that Leyden was sent to college by subscription. She evidently mixes his going abroad with his coming to the University. (2) At the same time, it is not at all unlikely that Sydney Smith looked upon the money as a gift. If he had it to spare—and he could spare when others could not—he was just the man to give it to a deserving person as readily as to lend it. (3) But the one thing that is absolutely certain is, that John Leyden would never have accepted it except as a loan which he was perfectly able to repay. It is unquestionable that this part

of his obligations was included under his instructions to his trustee of all remittances as well as dividends from Longman; and under what he hoped "we shall soon be able to adjust very accurately." On no other terms would he have accepted it. In proof of this, the reader need only be referred to his letter to Constable of 1800, from which it appears that he could frankly accept an advance from a friend, whilst, on the other hand, he regarded it as a special mark of friendship and confidence to ask it.

Taking the whole matter, there is nothing in it that is not highly honourable to all concerned.

FAREWELL TO HIS SWEETHEART.

In a letter to Jessie Brown from Portsmouth, under date April 2nd, he speaks plainly of their engagement and union, saying:—"I shall not lose you tamely. You are mine, soul and body, and there exists not a living being that could draw you from me."



PERIOD III.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS INDIAN CAREER.

THE name of the ship that sailed from Portsmouth on the 7th of April carrying John Leyden to India—the *Hugh Inglis*—reveals something of her (or should it be his ?) age and style. Lord Castlereagh succeeded the Hon. Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) as President of the Board of Control in 1801 ; and was himself succeeded by Sir Hugh Inglis in the beginning of 1803. One of the last official acts of Lord Castlereagh must have been to give Leyden leave to go out in April ; and one of the first events under the regime of the new President must have been the launch and christening of the *Hugh Inglis*. Behold her, then—the most graceful product of the art of shipbuilding in all time—a full-rigged clipper-barque—the finest East Indiaman afloat. Her strength lay in her speed, and well it was so, for the safety of passengers and crew was to depend four times over, ere the voyage was

completed, on the power of her white wings. The declaration of war with France (actually made on the 18th of May) had been pending so long that it was already discounted ; and a fleet of French privateers were cruising between the Channel and India.

Apart from this, they had lively times on board, the details of which can best be given in his own words in a letter to his father, written from Madras on the 23rd of March, 1804 :—“ We had on board thirteen officers of the army and 200 recruits, most of them Irish, who had been engaged in the Rebellion. In the latitude of the Canaries, because a man was lashed for misconduct, the sailors mutinied, and leapt on the quarter-deck, crying, ‘One and all.’ They attempted to seize the arms, but after a little fighting we easily subdued them, as there were about fifty passengers, many of them desperate dogs. But, as the devil would have it, when we came into the latitude of the Isle de France (Mauritius), the soldiers mutinied, seized a pile of shot and some arms, and had nearly taken us aback. They took advantage of a clear, moonlit night, and at midnight came up with the watch unperceived. Fifty seized the fore-castle, thirty ranged on either side of the waist, and attempted to rush on the quarter-deck. The rest kept below and tried to secure the hatchways. The first mate, myself, and four quarter-masters were the only persons

on deck to oppose them, and we had just time to seize a tomahawk apiece. I sprang to one of the gangways of the waist, where only two men could advance abreast, and defended it alone for some time." It is certain that he was not silent at this time. His Border blood was up, and he kept the mutineers at bay by his activity and the energy with which he flourished his tomahawk, singing the while at the top of his voice: "My name it is Little Jock Elliot, and wha daur meddle wi me!"

"Having several large cannon balls thrown at my head, and being pressed very hard, I cut down four of the hardiest of the mutineers (who all recovered, however, though badly wounded). By this time the officers and passengers got on deck, and it was soon quelled. The captain was well pleased with my exertions, and appointed the passengers to keep watch till we came to Madras. Of this watch I was directed to take the command."

Over and above the two mutinies, the liveliness of the proceedings on board may be judged of from the fact mentioned in another letter—that there were twenty duels in the course of the voyage, and as many civil marriages.

As to his own occupations, he afterwards told Erskine that during the voyage "I rummaged up my Arabic and read some Persian." But whatever he was able to

do in this line, he was essentially a social spirit, and it may be taken for granted that he took a part, and a prominent part, in the sports and pastimes invariably engaged in by a ship's passengers on a long voyage. Practical jokes had been his delight all his life, and if he was not a ringleader in the rites of Neptune on crossing the line, it's a wonder.

Of his fellow-passengers, some, he tells us, were "desperate dogs," whatever that may mean. The two in whom he was specially interested were Lord William Bentinck and Robert Smith. Whatever opinion the Governor of Madras formed of him when introduced to him in London—and it seems to have been favourable—it was almost certainly enhanced during the voyage. A ship at sea is a little world in which each individual plays his part as best he may, and what he is becomes apparent in the lifetime of the voyage—intelligent or stupid, selfish or unselfish, courageous or timid, capable or incapable. The Governor must have seen before the voyage was over, from Leyden's general demeanour, and especially from his behaviour at the mutinies, that he was a born leader of men. It is only natural to suppose that his observation of the man had something to do with the important appointment he got from the Governor four months after their arrival in India.

Robert Smith was one of the most accom-

plished classical scholars that had ever left Cambridge. He was of the same frank, warm-hearted disposition as his brother Sydney, with the same wit and originality, only with less boisterous animal spirits; his friendship for Leyden must have been bespoken by his brother, knowing, as the latter did, that they were going out in the same ship—Smith to Calcutta as Advocate-General of Bengal, a post for which James Mackintosh was a candidate. One can easily imagine, therefore, the pleasure Leyden would enjoy in the society of so scholarly, so cultured, and so genial a companion. That Smith was accompanied by his wife was no drawback to Leyden, nor any hindrance to the freedom of their intercourse, but the reverse, for, by whatever charm it was accomplished, he at once established himself in the most friendly relations with every lady he ever met. The East Indiamen were not to be compared with the palatial liners of the present day, but they were commodious and adapted as far as possible to passenger traffic. A pleasing picture is thus presented to us of the comfort and the brilliant society in which Leyden spent his time during the voyage.

It came to an end on the 19th of August, when the ship arrived at Madras, after a voyage of 134 days—if not a record, under the average; and this was the time required for the transmission of news. His first

experiences are graphically described in one of his letters :—“We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray. We were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half-a-dozen of them on the sand. But the sun was so excruciatingly hot that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palanquin and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I upset the palanquin by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar as long as you are reckoned a *griffin*, or newcomer. I then saw a number of jugglers, and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal ; and among the rest, I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broadsword, or even a horseman’s sabre ; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town in the self-same palanquin. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental

splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours. The dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen, and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house-leeks, in their leaves ; and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tape-worms than anything else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic as quite to confuse you, and their complexions of all kinds of motley hues except the healthy European red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented that my head ached, and my ears tingled ; and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side that, to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad-flies, I took to the water, and got again on shipboard with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five months' voyage.

“ The first night I slept ashore, I was wakened by my side smarting very severely, and, rolling myself on my side, I discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart

was occasioned by a large animal which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and, with great *sang froid*, lay down to sleep again as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a blood-sucker here, which nods with its head when you look at it; and it saluted me with a nod from the window, like Xailoun's cousin the Carduwan, in the *Arabian Tales*, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation."

So much for his first night on shore. The history is continued in a letter to his father from Madras, dated March 23rd, 1804, from which the history of the voyage has already been quoted:—"After our arrival at Madras I lived about a month in the house of Dr Anderson, head physician, and was directed to take charge of the General Hospital, where I continued till the beginning of January. . . . In January I was appointed physician and naturalist to the Mysore Survey, with a salary of £1000. The drawback upon that is that I have to maintain an establishment of fifty pagans, to whom I have to pay wages. If you picture Johnnie Armstrong and his merry men, you

will have no bad idea of my retinue, as, whenever I go into the country, besides several men on horseback, I have always a guard of spearmen on foot. . . . I have now seen all the variety of seasons which occur in India, and you will be glad to hear that I have not had an hour's illness since my arrival. On the contrary, all my old headaches have left me, and I have added two stones to my weight. . . . I go with Major Mackenzie to Mysore in a fortnight. . . . Lord William Bentinck has shown himself very much my friend, as well as Sir John Strange, Chief Justice."

JOURNAL—MADRAS TO SERINGAPATAM, 1804.

FROM THE MS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

(SLIGHTLY CONDENSED).

June 9.—“ We left Madras two days after the main body of the expedition under Major Mackenzie, whom we overtook at Conjeveram. I visited and examined a pagoda in the vicinity. The cornices of the interior were covered with inscriptions in a very ancient and beautiful character no longer understood in these parts, but which I have reason to suppose is the ancient Telugu or Telinga. I got specimens of the characters, and imagined that I could distinguish three different kinds.

June 12.—“ We left Conjeveram on the evening of the 12th, and twenty miles out arrived at Caveripant. In the vicinity is a

ruined fort of considerable size, the area of which is transformed into an orchard of fruit-trees. Where the water still remains in the moat the surface was almost covered with white lotus-flowers in full blow, which had a very pretty effect conjoined with the hanging nests of the Indian grossbeak depending from the branches which overhung the water. The delicate instinct by which its pensile nest is formed has been often animadverted on, but the Indian laughs at European credulity when the glow-worm is mentioned, which has been supposed to be stuck on adhesive clay to light its little apartments during the night.

June 13.—“ We arrived at Velore on the 13th, and remained till the 6th July. There is a large fort here, the moat of which is stocked with alligators, some of them as much as twenty feet long. As my health, which had been indifferent for some time, improved here, I made some excursions in the neighbourhood. Velore lies at the foot of a range of hills of white granite. Three peaks that overlook the town are strongly fortified, and pass by the name of Velore-droog.

June 25.—“ On another of the hills, near the summit, is a rude similitude of two feet, which is called Buddha's Feet by the Buddhists, and Adam's by the Moham-medans. It is evidently a rude impression (or copy) of the lotus feet of Buddha

worshipped on the top of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, which is frequented by Mohammedans, Fakirs, and Indian Byrazzies.

“Near the mark of the lotus-feet is a rudely sculptured inscription in Tamil: ‘To the God of the Sky (Indra)’—a very appropriate inscription in the open air on the top of a mountain. Near the same spot is a huge towering block of granite over-arching another block resembling a tombstone, with an inscription in a character unknown at Velore, but which appears to be the Lada Lippee or Byrazzy.

July 6-7.—“Left Velore and arrived in the morning at Sathgur (seven hill forts).” An exhaustive account is here given of the soil, botany, crops, state of agriculture, and condition of the natives.

July 8.—“Left Sathgur, and entered on the ascent of the Ghauts by the unfrequented Pass of Chargul. The Ghauts formed a barrier-ridge above us, but had by no means the appearance I expected. We ascended for nearly 3 miles the close, narrow valley to a village which was mostly in ruins. The people no longer speak Tamil but Telinga, and have the savage manners to be expected in the descendants of a tribe of freebooters.

“From Chargul we now ascended the ridge of the Ghauts to the tableland of Mysore. On the summit of a hill I found what looked at first like ancient tombs, but which were really rude, roofless temples in the form of

small squares in two's, one within the other. The inner of each two squares was formed of four upright slabs, in the centre of one of which a round hole was pierced.*

July 10.—“ Bettamungalum. The aspect of the Balaghaut is improved. The Telinga now begins to graduate into Canara. The best informed natives speak Hindostani and Mahratta. The dress of the peasantry is distinguished by a black plaid of coarse texture and country manufacture.

July 11.—“ Colar. A singular cluster of rocks, out of which a rude fort has been constructed by filling up spaces with masonry. The Mausoleum of Hyder Naik stands in a garden outside the town, shaded with trees, and adorned with lines of cypress, which does not agree badly with the stiff and tawdry character of Oriental magnificence. Their architecture, even in tombs, and their style of carving, with almost every trait of their manners and life, and the characteristic scenery of the country, partake equally of the huge rather than of the great, of the tawdry rather than of the impressive. The native language of the lower orders is Canara, of the better educated, Telinga. . . .

July 15.—“ Left Jungum Cottah, and reached Nundy Droog—a military station

* This was evidently a manhole through which a convert has to pass into the innermost temple, as a symbol of a new birth.

on a fortified hill-top. It is notable, for one thing, for the successful cultivation, on the top of the hill, of European vegetables and fruits—potatoes, strawberries, &c. The fort has been considered impregnable, surrounded as it is by precipices from 300 to 1000 feet high, but it was taken by the British in 1790. As Major Mackenzie is the Engineer Officer by whom all the siege operations were directed, it was a pleasure of no common kind to have it explained by him how all the difficulties had been overcome. On the summit, inside the fort, there is a pagoda to Nundi-keswara. Nunda is worshipped here with more ceremony than in the Carnatic. The language spoken is Canara by the lowest orders; Telinga by the better informed; whilst Mahratta and Hindostani are also understood.

July 18.—“We left Nundy Droog and reached Devanelly (a corruption of Devanhully—village of Deva), the birthplace of Tippoo Sultan.*

* Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Hyder Ali Khan, in 1782. He continued his father's implacable hostility to the British, but was compelled in 1792 to sue for peace, which was granted on his paying a large sum of money, ceding part of his territories, and giving up his two sons as hostages. Continuing his plots, there was a second war, which was ended by his death at the storming of Seringapatam, 1799. The work of Major Mackenzie's Commission was to survey the territory in Mysore that fell to the British at this time.

“At Chicajilla there is a chapel with a lingam. The three eyes are so distinctly painted that I had almost taken it for an animal.

July 20.—“On the 20th we reached Bangalore (220 miles from Madras and 77 from Seringapatam), formerly a large city and strong fortress containing a royal palace (of Hyder Ali and Tippoo), an arsenal, &c. Near the fortress there is a large and populous ‘pettah’ (village) inhabited by Brahmins and artificers, among whom Tamil, Telinga, Canara, and Mahratta are almost equally spoken. After Sanskrit, Telinga is the language of the schools. Indeed, the Telinga seem to be more tenacious of their language in their situation than any other nation in India. Though they speak the vernacular language of the district in which they reside, it seems always to be an object of the first importance with them to teach the Telinga to their children.

July 22.—“We left Bangalore for Seringapatam. One mile out there is a curious serpentine cavern, and near it a small sacellum, in which there is a gigantic figure of Nira Budra formidably equipped with gnashing teeth and staring red eyes—the only temple I have found dedicated to this frightful deity, the Child of Divine Vengeance; and the figure does not correspond with the description of this person in the Tamil version of the Scanda Purana.

July 24.—“ We left Barrade or China-patam, which is the chief residence of the Gheir Mahadi sect of Mohammedans in Mysore.

July 26.—“ At Gannunghur ascended an eminence from which we obtained the first view of Seringapatam. In spite of all its sieges and revolutions, it is a grand and magnificent object, contrasted with the surrounding country. Mohammedan usurpation, like one of the formidable genii of the Arabian fables, here fixed its residence; but however beautiful and splendid the residence, it was surrounded by a desert.

July 27 to August 15.—“Seringapatam. The fort and principal part of the town are on an island (4 miles long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad) formed by the river Cavery, which seems to lose little of its volume in either of the two channels. The principal mosque (Musjid Aala, ‘great mosque’) is within the fort; and also three pagodas: to Ranga (Vishnu), Siva, and Mariamma (the Demon of Small-pox.)

“The inhabitants are a mixture of all the races of India, the Brahmins, of the Vaishnava sect. The vernacular is still Canara, although Telinga, Tamil, and Mahratta are spoken by their respective races.”

The memoranda in the Journal, which ends here, forms the material for the report which it was his duty to give in as part of the Report of the Commission. His report

came under four heads : (1) Agricultural—on the soil, cultivation, crops, rotation, &c. (2) Geological—on the nature and mineralogical importance and value of the different strata observed, and the traces of minerals. (3) Medical—on the diseases of the natives, the medicines and remedies adopted, and the peculiarities in their habits and constitution which rendered them more liable to disease. (4) Linguistic and ethnological—on the races and languages in the different localities.

The importance and value of Leyden's report can only be appreciated with the knowledge of certain facts connected with the Governor of Madras. From the death of Tippoo Sultan, in 1799, till 1803, the question of the system of land-tenure and of revenue-administration which should be applied to the newly acquired provinces was hotly debated. The supreme government was strongly in favour of extending to the whole of Southern India the system of large so-called landed proprietors (*zemin-dars*), farmers of revenue, which had been adopted by Lord Cornwallis in Bengal. On the other hand, Colonel Munro was engaged in establishing the system of peasant proprietors (*ryotwars*), and his views found an ardent supporter in the new Governor, Lord William Bentinck. At one time the latter appears to have contemplated making an extended tour through the Mysore

provinces for the purpose of investigating the question in person, but was prevented by the mutiny at Velore.

These facts give a new significance and value to the above Journal, with all its details. The writer was the personal agent of Lord William Bentinck, collecting information for him—an agent so well adapted by national shrewdness and early associations, and so well equipped with linguistic, botanical, and mineralogical learning, to see and to hear, and to collect more than his employer could have gathered for himself. It is the highest testimony to the intelligence of the latter that he recognised the man he wanted when he saw him. The salary and the state assigned to him on the Commission correspond better with the position here indicated than with that of a mere assistant-surgeon to the force, although that was included in his duty.

The route marked out for the expedition after leaving Seringapatam, on the 15th August, was to visit Soonda, near Goa, and then to move southward along the range of the Ghauts to Cape Comorin. This was the route actually followed, as far as can be gathered. Coimbatore and the Wynaad, to be mentioned anon, lie between Soonda and Coorg and between the sea and the ridge of the Ghauts.

It was either at Mysore, or shortly after leaving Seringapatam, on the 15th August,

that he received his first letter from Europe. It was written by his friend William Erskine, already mentioned as belonging to the Brown-coterie. He wrote before sailing that he was coming out to India as secretary to Sir James Mackintosh, who had been appointed Recorder of Bombay. Leyden had noticed some time before receiving the letter the announcement of the arrival at Bombay of the Recorder and his secretary, William Erskine, but without guessing the identity of the latter. Writing from Nungengod, on September 15th, 1804, he says:—
 “Yours is the first letter from Europe I have received.” . . . He then goes on to describe his journey to London: “I was seven nights with scarcely a wink of sleep. . . . During the voyage I rummaged up my Arabic and read some Persian. . . . We had twelve duels and as many civil marriages.”

He wrote again on September 21st, the contents of which letter, chiefly on the languages, will be noticed hereafter. By the month of November he was back in Seringapatam, suffering from liver, spleen, bloody-flux, and jungle fever. Of how this came about there is a full explanation in his letters. In his letters to his father he always makes light of his illnesses. The shrinking from telling his parents how ill he was, if he were to tell the truth, may partly explain and excuse the fact that it is a twelve-

month before he writes to them. When he does write (November 20th, 1805), all he says is :—“ After remaining some time in the woods of Mysore, I fell ill of the seasoning fever, which was very severe, as I was very long in taking it.”

A more explicit and fuller account is given, however, in a letter to Erskine, written at the time (November 27th, 1804) :—“ Yours of the 5th found me here as nearly as possible in the agonies of death. . . . As in many other instances, I have my own obstinacy partly to blame. I had a slight attack of dysentery, which was aggravated by a journey, on which I was despatched, of about 180 miles in order to take charge of one of the officers who had been taken ill in a very wild part.”

The details of this journey are so interesting and extraordinary that they must here be introduced from another letter :—“ I was one day sent to a great distance to take charge of a sick officer who had been seized by the jungle fever in the depth of one of the vast forests and wildernesses of Mysore. After travelling for two days as fast as horse and men could carry me, I arrived about one o'clock (in the morning) on the bank of a large river in the midst of a forest. The river was a flood, roared terribly, and seemed very rapid. I sent in a palinquin-boy who could swim, and he frequently got out of his depth. At a little distance stood a village,

within these three years notorious for being a nest of robbers. With great difficulty I knocked up some of the villagers, who were nearly as much afraid as Christie's Will at the visit of a Sirdar. After a great deal of discussion in Canara and Hindostani in order to induce them to shew me a ford, or to make a raft to cross the water on, as no time was to be lost, three of them at last undertook to convey me over alone. I got into a large brass kettle with three ears, and sat down in the bottom of it, balancing myself with great accuracy; each of the swimmers then laid hold of one of the ears, and we swam round and round in a series of circles till we reached the opposite bank. Had it been light I should have been quite giddy. Now did you ever hear a more apocryphal story in your life? And it is merely fact. I have only to add that, after crossing the river, I found myself in a wilder jungle than ever, and was dogged by a monstrous tiger for nearly three miles."

To resume the letter to Erskine:—"Returning by Seringapatam, my friend, Dr Anderson (of Madras), strongly urged me to submit to a course. As Major Mackenzie's detachment was rather sickly, and the country extremely wild and jungly, I could not think of agreeing to it, and determined to try a palliative course. I joined Major Mackenzie and got rather better, and as the country was interesting in natural history,

mineralogy, &c., I rambled through woods and wilds and sandy mounds, till at last we were overtaken by rains, and I was seized with violent spasms of the intestines, tenismus, &c., which defied all my skill in that situation. I had 50 miles to go, and I reached Seringapatam in a state one's greatest enemy would wish one to be in."

In a letter to James Ballantyne, he speaks of being confined at this time with liver-disease at Seringapatam, "where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the palace of Tippoo's Prime Minister." He was received as a guest by Colonel Wilks, commander of the permanent British force, whom he had met on their first arrival in July, and who had shewn him kindness then. In the very month of November in which Leyden returned an invalid to Seringapatam, Colonel Malcolm of Langholm, who had attracted the attention of Lord Cornwallis at the siege of Seringapatam in 1792, had been on an embassy to Persia, and had just concluded a treaty of alliance with Scindia, arrived as Resident at Mysore. In the letter to his father, from which we have already quoted, Leyden says:—"When I was ill at Seringapatam, the Persian Ambassador, Colonel Malcolm, arrived from Bengal. As soon as he heard that I was there, and that I was a Border man, he instantly came to see me without any ceremony, and as soon as I was able to move,

carried me out to his palace at Mysore, where I stayed with him till he was called to Bengal again. He has acted towards me in the kindest manner and like a true friend, as indeed every person in this country has done whose esteem is worth having."

One of the most valuable records of his characteristic methods of working, especially when learning languages, has most fortunately been preserved from the pen of General Sir John Malcolm. His letter to the Editor of the *Bombay Courier*, written after Leyden's death, was clearly based on what he had observed in his own house at Mysore. In it he says:—"It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted them in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c., into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his mechanical aids.' He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival

from England, that Mr Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life ; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail on him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. When unable to sit upright, he used to prop himself up with pillows and continue his translations. One day when I was sitting by his bedside the surgeon came in. ‘ I am glad you are here,’ said Mr Anderson, addressing himself to me, ‘ you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.’

“ ‘ Very well, doctor,’ ” exclaimed Leyden, “ ‘ you have done your duty, but you must hear me now : I cannot be idle, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last ; ’ and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.”

The following incident, mentioned in the same letter, must have occurred among the last days he was at Mysore on this occasion, because the False Alarm took place at the New Year (of 1805), the voyage to India took not less than four months, and he left in the beginning of May.

“ His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he always had a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. One day, when he was very

ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days, I went into his room, in which there were several gentlemen. He enquired if I had any news, and I told him I had a letter from Eskdale.

“ ‘ And what are they about on the Borders ? ’ he asked.

“ ‘ A curious circumstance is stated in my letter,’ I replied ; and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. The letter mentioned that the moment the blaze, which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddesdale swam the Liddel to reach it. Though several of their homes were at a distance of six and seven miles, they were assembled in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (at a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the Border tune of ‘ Wha daur meddle wi’ me ? ’

“ Leyden’s countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and at its close he sprang from his sick-bed, and with strange melody and still stranger gesticulations, sang aloud :—

‘ Wha daur meddle wi’ me ?
 And wha daur meddle wi’ me ?
 For my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
 And wha daur meddle wi’ me ? ’

“Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.”

One other incident of his stay at Mysore with Sir John Malcolm falls to be mentioned. Having let his host see the *Scenes of Infancy*, when it was returned he noticed that Malcolm had pencilled on it the following stanzas :—

“Thy muse, O Leyden, seeks no foreign clime,
For deeds of fame, to twine her brow with bays,
But finds at home whereon to build her rhyme,
And patriot virtues sings in patriot lays.

’Tis songs like thine that lighten labour’s toil,
That rouse each generous feeling of the heart,
That bind us closer to our native soil,
And make it death from those we love to part.

’Tis songs like thine that make each rugged wild
And barren heath to Scotia’s sons more dear
Than scenes o’er which fond Nature partial smiled,
And rob’d in verdure thro’ the varied year.

’Tis songs like thine that spread the martial flame
’Mid Scotia’s sons, and bid each youth aspire
To rush on death to gain a deathless name,
And live in story like his glorious sire.

While the clear Teviot thro’ fair meads shall stray
And Esk, still clearer, seeks the western main,
So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,
And Border youths applaud the patriot strain.”

Leyden read the verses once or twice with much apparent satisfaction, and then

exclaimed :—“ What ! attack me at my own trade ? This must not be. You gentlemen,” addressing himself to two or three who were in the parlour, “ may go to breakfast, but I will neither eat nor drink until I have answered this fine compliment.” He retired to his room, and in less than half-an-hour returned with the following lines, addressed to Colonel Malcolm :—

“ Bred 'mid the heaths and mountain swains,
Rude nature charmed my early view ;
I sighed to leave my native plains,
And bid the haunts of youth adieu.

Soft as I traced each woodland green,
I sketched its charms with parting hand ;
That memory might each fairy scene
Revive within this Eastern land.

Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,
The simple strains spontaneous sprung,
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
For Border maids my songs I sung.

Enough for me if these impart
The glow to patriot virtue dear,
The freeborn soul, the fearless heart,
The spirit of the mountaineer.

Torn from my native wilds afar,
Enough for me if souls like thine,
Unquenched beneath the Eastern star,
Can still applaud the high design.”

This brings us to the month of April (1805). The state of his health at this time

is vividly indicated in various subsequent letters :—

To Erskine :—“ I was ordered down to Malabar in April for the purpose of making a sea-voyage to Bombay and Prince of Wales Island. Thrice I was told I had not a chance of recovering my health on any land in India.”

To Heber (October 24th) :—“ I have not been able to sit five minutes at a time at a table this twelvemonths.”

To Constable (October) :—“ I have been given up by the physicians three or four times within these last eleven months, as any one might very well be, afflicted at once with the four most formidable diseases of India—viz., liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is reckoned much akin to the yellow fever of America.”

When he left Mysore in the beginning of May, it was not expected that he would be able to join the Commission again before its work was accomplished, but he was given to understand that “ after the Mysore survey was accomplished, he was to be employed as interpreter, as well as surgeon and physician, at one of the Mahratta residences or courts.”

Passing down through the passes of Coorg to Cananore, he nearly fell into the hands of the Nairs of the Wynaad. He arrived at Cananore before the 23rd of May, when he wrote to Erskine as quoted above. The following letter, apparently to Colonel Mal-

colm, gives an account of his adventures on the journey :—

“ Now that we have made our way from the confines of Mysore to the first post on the borders of Calicut, it is time to turn back and make our acknowledgments for the very hospitable reception we experienced in Coorg in consequence of your communications with the Raja. For my own part, I have been quite delighted both with the country and its inhabitants. The grotesque and savage scenery, the sudden peeps of romantic ridges of mountains bursting at once on you through the bamboo bushes, the green peaks of the loftiest hills towering above the forests on their declivities, and the narrow cultivated stripes between the ridges, all contributed strongly to recall to memory some very romantic scenes in the Scottish Highlands. At the same time, the frank, open, and bold demeanour of the natives, so different from the mean and cringing aspect of all the native Hindoos that I had hitherto set eyes on, could not fail to be seen with great approbation by a mountaineer of my way of thinking. The first thing that the Subidar of Vira Rajendra Pettah did, to my utter astonishment, was to come up and give me such a shake of the hand as would have done credit to a Scotsman. This was so utterly unexpected on my part that it drove quite out of my head a most elaborate Tamil oration which I was

in the act of addressing to him. I assure you, however, that I gave him such a tug in reply, that if he do not understand a Scotsman's language very accurately, he won't forget a Scotsman's grip in a hurry. We stopped for one day at Vira Rajendra Pettah. I wish it had been a score, for I found I got sensibly stronger in the Coorg Mountains than ever I have been since."

The narrative is continued in his letter to Ballantyne.

"I was too late ; the rains had set in and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather 'sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,' prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the cutwall and the admiral so famous in the *Lusiad* of Camoens. But only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered and the tables turned with respect to both of these sublime characters. The cutwall is only a species of borough-bailiff, while the admiral—God help him—is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I journeyed to Paulghatcherri, which signifies in the Tamil language, 'the town of the forest of palms'

—exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon, not for the Queen of Sheba, but as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Having thus demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamil language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner :—‘ Solomon understood the Tamil language, and he was wise ; I understand the Tamil language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon. . . .’ (To ? Erskine) :—“ I wrote you last from Paulghatcherri, where I left myself in a most deplorable state. Another officer at the unlucky place, who was lying ill of the liver, but was never reckoned in half so dangerous a state as I, cut and ran for his life ; but death was too nimble for him, and tripped up his heels at Angaripar.

“ The first day that I felt myself able to endure any kind of motion, in my usual preposterous manner, I plunged deeper into the jungle, and proceeded by the unfrequented road of Trichoor (capital of the Cochin Rajah), pursued my way by land and water to the quondam city of Cochin.”

(To Ballantyne) :—“ At Paulghatcherri I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, ‘ changed my climate,’ had I not obstinately resolved on living, to have the pleasure of being revenged on all of

you for your determined silence and perseverance therein to the end.

“Hearing about the middle of August that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppé, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin Rajah’s country in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Any one else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but ‘tuned my pipes and played a spring to John of Badenyon,’ after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methuselah. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Princes or Queen Street. But here I beg your pardon : for, so far from anybody—Jew, pagan, or Christian—having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has been as much despaired of as the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. So much was the Dewan, or, if you like it better, the Grand Vizier of Travancore, astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to pass through the

sacred cow in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Brahmins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for, unluckily, Phalaris' bull and Moses' calf presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the Ram-raja's cow might be a beast of the breed."

To Erskine, as above, "Brig *Mukhlal*, Travancore, September 26th, 1805 :—From Cochin I proceeded to Aleppé, distinguished among towns on this coast for its safe roadstead; and from Aleppé to Quilon. One day, that I might not incur the malediction of all whining sentimentalists, I went to Anjengo and visited the birthplace of Sterne's Eliza.* From Anjengo I went to Pada

* Sterne's Eliza was the heroine of a squalid romance, which was glorified at the time by the glamour of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Mrs Elizabeth Draper was born in the country of Anjinga and became the wife of Mr Daniel Draper, a Commissioner at Bombay. Being in England for her health in 1766, she met Lawrence Sterne, and a Platonic friendship was begun, which was carried on with great fervour on both sides. Sterne's letters to Eliza were very numerous till she left for India again in April, 1767; and thereafter he sent her a journal which he wrote for her behoof. His letters, when published, as they came to be from a copy she gave to a friend, created quite a furore, especially in France. Another of her admirers was the Abbé Raynal, who, in his *History of the Indies*, says of her birth-place: "Territory of Anjinga, you are nothing; but you have given birth to Eliza."

On the strength of Sterne's adulation, a monument was

Nellum. Here I received from the Dewan the title of 'Nair' (sword-bearer).

“Finding myself getting worse, instead of waiting for a vessel to Bombay, I took the first that offered, the aforesaid (Mappila) brig (bound for Pulo Penang). The Resident, Colonel Macaulay, engaged to make her call for me at Quilon, and to cause my friend Schuler at Cochin, with whom I had left my travelling apparatus, stores, &c., to embark them; but let never a person trust to a man who speaks to admiration Italian, Turkish, and Greek, for I give them fair warning that they are the three most deceitful languages in the universe. The ship sailed immediately after I went aboard, and when I enquired for my luggage some time after, having been in no anxiety about it, all that could be produced was a score of pumpkins. Schuler was a Prussian, and claimed to be descended from the Wendts or Vandals, but in the outcome he proved no better than a Goth.”

He kept a journal during the voyage, which has happily been preserved (by Morton). The most interesting passages will now be given :—

September 29.—“Our vessel is termed in

erected, after her death, in Bristol Cathedral to the memory of Mrs Elizabeth Draper, Sterne's friend, “in whom genius and benevolence were united.” (See *Yorick and Eliza*, in *The Cornhill Magazine* for June, 1887).

Arabic the *Mukhlal*, after some Oulia (Musulman Saint) or other, who, I hope, will take good care of us. The nakhoda (captain) is a Parsee, and he has a companion who has nearly as much authority as himself (the mate), who is an Arab. The sukhanee (steersman) and the two mu'ullim (pilots) are Maldivians, prodigiously addicted to sorcery, and adepts completely in the Elmi Dawut. The rest of the crew, about twenty in number, are Mappilas from Malabar; faith and troth I very much question if ever *Sinbad the Sailor* sailed with a more curious set. It is curious, too, that the greater part of his adventures occurred in these very seas. If you recollect, he gives a particular account of King Mehrage, which is only the Arabic mode of pronouncing Maha Raja (Great Prince), a title of the Raja of Travancore, and indeed of every Raja with whom I have any acquaintance.

“To-day (letter to Erskine) I am on the outlook for Adam's Peak in Ceylon.

“September 30.—We are getting into a dreadfully rough sea, and as the mariners have no confidence in their own science, they have furled all the sails, and have left us pitching a perfect naked hull on the water.

“October 4, 5, 6, 7.—These four days there has been a high swell of the sea, with smart gales and showers, the sea generally of a deep green or of a deep violet colour. On the morning of the fifth, a ship was descried

at a great distance on the lee-beam. As she neither made any efforts of consequence to come up with us, nor displayed any colours, she excited little apprehension till the close of evening, when, having gained the weather-beam, she made a sudden dart at us, like a leopard at a fawn, and was nearly up with us before we perceived her. Then followed a scene which it is impossible to describe, and which demonstrated our shipmates to be even greater cowards than fools. Everybody crowded instantly on the poop, where they attended to nothing but the motions of one of the Maldivians, who commenced his operations with great energy. Having written a number of charms, he threw them into the sea, leisurely chanting an Arabic prayer with a loud voice all the time. As the charms fell into the sea the people persuaded themselves that the sea roughened and the waves rose; and their idea of their efficacy was still more confirmed by the ship in pursuit, which had now approached within hail, happening at this very time to lose her wind and drop astern. At the sight of this the Maldivian began to sing out more zealously than ever, and presently fell into a state approaching convulsion, during which he was held by the rest of the crew, and prevented from falling into the sea; all which time he continued in a most ecstatic manner to howl forth Arabic prayers to Allah, the Prophet, Ali, the Imams, &c. . . . I

thought for some time everybody had been going stark, staring mad, but after a little the Maldivian became a little more calm, continuing, however, to exclaim with all his might: 'Bom, bom,' which I understood to be his pronunciation of the Tamil 'pochom' (let us go on). On this, every rag of sail in the vessel was hoisted in defiance of the weakness of our masts. As we did not seem likely, however, to get rid so easily of our companion, who still seemed intent on coming up with us, I secured the English pass and bill of lading, and directed the supercargo that, if it were a Frenchman, and they came aboard of us, to present only his Guzerati papers, which they were not likely to understand. Thinking it also probable that, if we were captured, as our dhow is only of 80 tons burden, they would not throw more than ten or twelve men aboard of us, to conduct us to the Isle of France, I proposed concealing myself with five men among the bales of cloth till it should be night, when the Frenchmen, being necessarily divided into watches, might be easily overpowered. This was agreed to, but we found there was a woeful deficiency of arms, as, besides my pistols and dagger, we could only muster a single tulwar, and a couple of kreeses in the whole ship. A little difficulty occurred in selecting the persons to make the attempt. I could depend upon my Persian and Arab servants, and at last

pitched on two Malabars and one Maldivian. So having made the best arrangements we could, I retired to rest and to await the event in darkness, having hoisted our dead lights. After forming this daring resolution, our shipmates held a council of war on the poop and continued with tolerable courage to debate over the subject in every point of view till daybreak, when, unfortunately, descrying the masts of a vessel on our weather-beam, which was immediately supposed to be our old friend, the sentiments of every person underwent a most unfortunate alteration, and the nakhoda and the sukhanee, as well as the supercargo, informed me that they would not tell a lie for the whole world, even to save their lives ; and, in short, that they would neither be ' airt nor pairt ' in the business. I, who had all this time been addressing my dagger with great fervour, when I heard this paltry resolution, was strongly tempted to bury it in the hearts of the cowardly wretches ; but as it could serve no purpose, I contented myself with desiring the nakhoda at least to hoist his Arab flag ; but even this could not be accomplished, for after some time they asserted roundly that they had no other flag than one inscribed with some sentences of the Koran, for raising the wind. This, I fancy, is a downright lie, but there is no remedy. Fortunately the sea ran very high, and we escaped, more through the

kindness of Providence than our own deserts.”

The dagger in question was afterwards sent by James Purvis to Walter Scott, and is probably to be seen in Abbotsford House to the present day. His address to it was partly in the following strain :—

TO MY MALAY KREES.

“ Where is the arm I well could trust
To urge the dagger in the fray ?
Alas ! how powerless now its thrust,
Beneath Malaya’s burning ray.

The sun has withered in their prime
The nerves that once were strong as steel :
Alas ! in danger’s venturous time
That I should live their loss to feel.

Yet still, my trusty krees, prove true,
If e’er thou serv’dst at need the brave,
And thou shalt wear a crimson hue,
Or I shall win a watery grave.”

“ October 8, 9.—These last two days we had an uncommonly high sea, with violent rain and squalls, the sea dashing over us, and into the cabin, where I have been completely drenched. The Maldivians furled the sails, and let us drive before the tempest, while the whole crew invoked with dreadful yells sometimes the merciful God and sometimes two guardian spirits who are brothers, as in the Northern Mythology : Melech Bar, the king of forests and deserts ; and Melech-

i-Baher, the king of the sea. They were at least as fervent in their devotions as ever were Catholic mariners to the Virgin Mother, the Star of the Sea, as they call her.

“The crew were soon obliged to leave the devotional part of the business to the steersman, and apply themselves actively to the pump, as it was found we were making an alarming quantity of water. The rain continued without intermission, and as the whole crew seemed exhausted with cold and fatigue, I proposed recruiting them with a glass of gin. This was agreed to, but happening, unluckily, in giving directions to my servant, to mention the word *sherab*, they assured me unanimously they would drink no *sherab*. After a lively debate on the subject, we at last hit on a compromise, and it was resolved that though it would be a very bad action to drink it as *sherab* or wine, yet there would be no harm in the world in drinking it as *duma*, medicine; one of the sages observing with a look of the most profound wisdom, that we must sometimes drink even poison as medicine.

“October 10.—At daybreak we descried land, which I imagine to be the coast of Sumatra, east of Achin.

“October 11.—The evening is most divinely beautiful, and here are we sticking on a smooth, glassy sea, ‘as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.’ The western sky presents a freckled network of brilliant

golden yellow, gradually changing into a bright rose colour, which softens as the evening descends. The sea, gently heaving without a ripple on its surface, towards the east displays a clear violet and broken claret colour, while toward the west it gently fluctuates in fleeting shades, from the hue of molten gold to that of burnished copper; from a clear, whitish yellow to a deep brazen red. These shades continue flickering along the surface for a considerable time after the sun has descended, when all at once the surface of the ocean assumes the hue of clear green liquid glass.

“ October 16.—Achin Hill presents a scene of enchantment, flooded with softened crimson, by the rays of the setting sun. The Maldivian informs me that we have now no danger to fear if we steer clear of Tavai, the mountain of loadstone, which, he affirms, is at a vast distance in the direction of Mergui. This mountain of loadstone is the same, I fancy, that figures in the *Arabian Nights*, in the tale of The Third Calendar, and which was wont to draw all the iron out of the vessels of Prince Ajeeb. It is certain that this fable was also known to the Greeks, for Palladius alludes to it, and places it among the Maniola Islands. He adds that, on account of its attractive power, the mariners who navigated those seas used no iron in the structure of their vessels, but sewed the planks together with coir, a practice parti-

cularly used among the Maldives and Laccadives, though the Masoula (Mahr. 'fish') boats on the coast are of the same construction.

“ October 19.—This cursed ship is become completely detestable. The tainted odour of spoiled rice and rotten salt fish, spoiled by the salt-water which washes over us from day to day, has quite filled the cabin; and legions of small scorpions begin to make their appearance amid the myriads of cockroaches and ants by which we are constantly infested. The ship smells all over like an open sepulchre, and the water is putrid and nauseous.

“ Last night there was a good deal of rain, with very vivid flashes of lightning. The Indians, as well as the Persians, firmly believe that the matter of lightning, or the substance that forms the thunderbolt, is a species of iron. When this substance is mixed with steel (in a very small proportion) for the formation of scimitars and other weapons, it is supposed to give them a temper and edge which nothing can resist. This lightning-metal accordingly bears a very high price, and is said to be chiefly procured from a certain mountain in Irak. The natives are said to form holes in the mountain which they fill with moist cowdung, a species of rice, and some third substance, and when the thunderbolt falls, a small quantity of the metal is found in the pits.

“Persians, Indians, and Arabs are all believers in the doctrine of the seven seas. The Deria Sabz, or Green Sea, is in Muggneb, and in this it is impossible to sail for the seaweeds. In this sea also a species of water-lily is produced, the calyx of which is of great size, and contains the perfect form of a beautiful child, affixed to the lotus by the navel, which dies as soon as it is separated from it. This child they term *Biche ab* (child of the water).”

They arrived at Pulo Penang on the 22nd of October, and far from well though he was, he at once started letter-writing—to Constable, to Ballantyne, to Heber. He said nothing in his Journal about ill-health on the voyage; it was evidently a commonplace not worth mentioning. But to Ballantyne he says:—“I have just arrived, after a perverse, pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. . . . And now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea-oaths, and the rattling of the dice-box. I flatter myself, however, I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious, disgusting, and vexatious as it has been.”

Perhaps he comes a little nearer the truth

when writing to Heber on the 24th :—“ I am almost as much amazed at being here as you can be. About a month ago I was snug in Travancore, whither I had descended from Madras. After being fairly driven out of that ‘ strong gate ’ (meaning of the name Travancore) by four powerful foes : liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which all the world knows is cousin-german to the Egyptian plague and yellow fever. At Quilon I got on board a Mappila brig, the horrors of which greatly surpassed those of Charon’s skiff. After a most tedious voyage I arrived in Penang so feeble and exhausted that if I had not a great deal of life in me, I should be strongly tempted to despair.”

Next day he writes to Janet Brown, carefully avoiding the subject of his health : —“ October 25.—Had all my European friends resolved on an obstinate silence, I should still have trusted to hear from you with the most perfect confidence. . . . God bless you, my soul’s life. Sometimes think of him who is ever most affectionately and unchangeably yours.—J. L.”

It was a whole month till he wrote to his parents. For this there may have been a special reason, namely, that he did not want to alarm them by telling them that he was not in good health, and could not truthfully say that he was. Within a month he had greatly improved—about which more anon—and he wrote on November 20th,

sailing very near the wind in saying : . . .
 “ I left Malabar in a black vessel for Puloo Penang, where I have just arrived as strong as ever I was in my life.”

HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Before going on to give particulars of this interesting and momentous visit, it may be well to say something about his correspondence, especially in view of the disappointment and sometimes blame of his friends in Europe at not hearing from him. Here is an extract from a letter from a relative, written in 1813 :—“ If there is a shade on Leyden’s memory, it is his carelessness in (not) keeping up correspondence with his friends.” The following extracts from letters written at this time will put the matter in a different light.

1. “ But you will say : How came you to be so long in receiving my card and volume ? Why so ? Because I have been stationed in Mysore the greater part of the time I have been in India, and during a considerable part of the time amid the jungles of Coimbatore and on the confines of the Wynaad, where neither mail-coach nor post-chaise ever come at all ; and during a considerable part of that time the communication between Mysore and Madras has been cut off by the Gentoo Polygars, and between Mysore and Malabar by the Nairs of the Wynaad. . . . Besides all these ob-

stacles, you must take into consideration that ever since I left Madras, which was a few months after my arrival, it has seldom been an easy matter to tell where I should be in a few days, or even within a few hundred miles of it."

2. "I take another opportunity of attempting to revive or rather commence an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have never received a single letter from one of them, Mr Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensible, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore. . . . Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles in Mysore or elsewhere; of course if no person has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider that all this is utterly out of my power to prevent if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination and which do not? I have now despatched to Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth for at least

a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect, when he informed me in return that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before I left London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell till we meet——. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down and write me a letter a mile long and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, say to them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust if they have received my letters. But particularly you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener; and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake, to play 'Jingling Johnnie' on his flageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our Eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water* (ochone a ree!), having abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity." This does not look like forgetting his friends or being

careless about keeping up a correspondence with them.

3. To his father (P.P., November 20, 1805) he says :—“ Nothing has given me so much uneasiness for some time as the idea that you might either not have heard of me at all for some time or that you may have heard that I have been very ill without being properly informed of the circumstances. . . . I am extremely sorry never to have heard of you at all since my arrival in India. . . . But I have been stationed on such out-of-the-way service among the hills and mountains that there is no wonder letters often missed me.”

He wrote to Constable the day after his arrival as follows (plus the extract already given).

“ Pulo Penang, October 23rd, 1805.

“ Dear Constable,—I would with great pleasure apologise for not answering sooner your very brief note accompanying a volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, but really it is not a couple of months since I received it, and the latter of these has been spent at sea between Travancore and Achin. I had almost forgot that it is very probable these names are not quite so familiar to you as York and Newcastle, or any two places one might pitch on between Edinburgh and London on the great highroad. Be it therefore known to you, that the one is the name of a kingdom on the Malabar coast, and the

other of a sultanship on the western coast of Sumatra, the Sultan of which styles himself Lord of Heaven and Earth and of the Four and twenty Umbrellas. . . .

“ You already perceive I have not imitated your laudable brevity in every kind of information. I hope therefore you will take the hint, and as you write a good, bold hand, and as I know there are few persons in the world more curious, and few persons more full of anecdote, be a little more communicative in your next epistle. I am not, any more than you, of a disposition to forget old friends, and to convince you of it, though I could tell you many adventures of the most marvellous description, nay, such as would make your very wig stand on end—for I presume you wear one by this time—you shall not hear a single circumstance that, with all your logic, you can contrive to call a gun (short for great-gun) aye, or even a pistol.

“ You say you will be glad to hear that I have found Madras according to my wish. Why then rejoice therefor, as ancient Pistol says. I assure you that I have found it exactly the field for me, where, if I stretch out my arms, I may grasp at anything—no fear but I show you I have long hands. There is, to be sure, one terrible drawback with all this—the pestilent state of health I have enjoyed, or rather suffered under, ever since I came to the country. This, however,

I think I may expect to triumph over, though it has even at this very time brought me from Mysore to Pulo Penang. In spite of all this I think I may safely venture to say that no person whatever has outstripped me in the acquisition of country languages, whether sick or well. I have nevertheless been given up by the physicians three or four times within these last eleven months, as any one might very well be, afflicted at once with the four most formidable diseases of India:—*i.e.*, liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is reckoned much akin to the African yellow fever. Notwithstanding all that, I am the old man, a pretty tough chap, with a heart as sound as a roach; and moreover as merry as a grig—

‘So let the world go as it will,
I’ll be free and easy still.’

“I shall only add that my first medical appointment has been worth more than any possessed by three-fourths of the medical men on the Madras establishment. I have been extremely successful in all my medical and surgical practice, so that at Madras my medical reputation is at least as high as my literary character. This I may say without vanity after some of the services I have been employed on. So you see I have fairly written myself out of my sheet, whereas

you left two and a half sides blank in yours. You can therefore have no reasonable objection that I now subscribe myself yours sincerely, John Leyden.

“ *P.S.*—Admiral Trowbridge is just arrived, and I have been giving him information of a Frenchman that had nearly taken me on my voyage, and a frigate is despatched after him. Our vessel was a Malabar Grab manned with Mappilas and Maldivians—the rankest cowards in nature. We should certainly have been taken had the sea not run so high that they could not come aboard of us. For my own part, wearing a long red beard, a turban, and the other dress of a Mussulman, and speaking Arabic and Persic fluently, I had little to fear, and should probably not have been discovered. Admiral Trowbridge fell in with the Marengo as he came along with the fleet, which Dan —— defeated formerly. He was terribly eager for action, and in order to blow her to the devil at once he opened all his ports, notwithstanding the immense surges of our Indian seas and that a hard gale was blowing. At his first broadside he shipped such a sea at his lower ports on the opposite side that he had nearly foundered; two men were drowned in the orlop. The Marengo got off before he righted, and made her escape.

“ Pray do not forget (to remind me to) my good friend Mr Willison, whom I often

think of, nor yet Mrs Constable. After a damnable march under a burning sun, I have often wished to have been able to eat a beefsteak with them as in the days of old. When we have finished the Mahrattas we expect to have a vigorous hit at Mauritius and Manila, so that we are all agog for prize-money.

“ P.P.S.—I have forgot two things which ought to have been mentioned: the first is, when you are disposed to remember old friends and my name comes athwart you, direct to the care of Messrs Binnie and Denison, Madras, who are my agents, and consequently always better apprised of my motions than others; else your letters may chance not to reach me in a couple of years, or perhaps never come within a thousand miles of me. I should be well pleased if you were to send me the *Scots Magazine* from the time I was first connected with it to the present, and continue. I lost in London the copy of the first year—also the *Edinburgh Review*, for I have only odd numbers of it, and Murray’s *Bruce’s Travels* when published. Let this, however, be entirely at your own pleasure. I cannot transmit you the value till I have opened a communication with London direct. This cannot be till I revisit Madras, which may perhaps be sometime, as after the Mysore survey is closed I am to be employed, I understand, as interpreter and physician

at one of the Mahratta Courts. So you see I cannot immediately answer that you will be paid for them ; therefore do as you think fit ; if they come in my way I shall provide myself. Is *Sir Tristrem* published ? I have not seen a *Review* better than a year and ten months old. The wars of Wynaad are nearly finished ; when I was there the Nairs could not venture to show themselves, though they sometimes kept up a rattling fire from the bushes. The rebellion of the Nairs in Travancore has been quashed by the skill of Colonel Macaulay, the Resident. The war in Ceylon goes badly on, from our own mismanagement. We lately took Kandy a second time, and were obliged to leave it, from not having provided magazines. The wars with the Mahrattas are more glorious than advantageous ; had the Marquis Wellesley remained half a year longer they would have been crushed to pieces. But the Marquis Cornwallis is unfit for such active service ; he is just dying of dropsy in the chest.

“ We are tigers among hares here.—J. L.”

THOMAS S. RAFFLES.

It is now time to introduce the reader to a man whose presence in Puloo Penang gave a turn to Leyden's fate. Thomas Stamford Raffles, a clerk in the Secretary's office of the East India Company, exhibited extraordinary devotion to his immediate duties ;

the faculty of quick perception of a situation and of what required to be done ; a warm, sympathetic nature with associates and comrades ; and great aptitude in acquiring a foreign language, first directed to the mastery of French. In connection with his work his thoughts were much directed to the East, of course. Accordingly, when Mr Philip Dundas, brother of Hon. Henry Dundas (Lord Melville), was appointed by the Company Governor of Puloo Penang in March, 1805, Raffles was appointed his assistant secretary. He employed the leisure of a six-months' voyage chiefly in the study of the Malay language, and when they reached their destination, on the 19th September, he had mastered the grammar.

The island, lying on the coast of the Malay Peninsula opposite the north end of the island of Sumatra, had at the time an undeserved reputation for healthiness, arising from its temperate and equable climate on the range of hills running through it. The capital was George Town, at the north end, not far from which was Strawberry Hill, the highest peak of the range. The chief secretary did not draw well with the Governor, and Raffles virtually did most of the work of secretary and delegate from the first. This explains how it happened that when, exactly a month after his own arrival, the invalid John Leyden reached George Town, the assistant secretary received him,

took him to his own house, treated him as a brother, and sent him away with renewed health and strength after twelve as pleasant weeks as he had ever had in his life.

Raffles was well rewarded for all his kindness. The two became fast friends, with the strongest mutual respect and affection. Besides, this broken-down invalid was able to give him help and inspiration in the study of languages such as very few men then living could have given him.

D. C. Boulger quotes from a letter of Leyden's :—" In Penang, being confined entirely to the house, and having abundance of time on my hands, to get rid of the ennui of a tedious convalescence, I applied vigorously to the acquisition of the Malay." Boulger adds :—" In those studies he was helped by Raffles, who had already made some progress with the language."

Boulger knew Raffles better than he knew Leyden, and a great deal may be excused to a biographer in his enthusiasm over his subject—and Raffles was a worthy one—but those who know what Leyden could do in learning a language may smile a meaning smile at this help. It would spoil the joke to refute the statement, but to explain the real state of the case, two points may be mentioned :—(1) Raffles had mastered two languages besides his own ; Leyden had

mastered over twenty, of which details will be given afterwards. (2) Raffles never saw the very peculiar and difficult Malay characters till he started to his grammar on his voyage; Leyden had been familiar with the characters and many of the words for ten years—since, in 1793, he began to learn Hebrew. No intelligent student can learn Hebrew without at the same time learning the cognate Arabic, because in Hebrew Lexicons the Arabic synonym is given for a large proportion of the words; so that it becomes as easy for a man who knows Hebrew well to learn Arabic as it is for one who knows German well to learn Dutch. What Leyden did on the voyage out in the way of study was to “rummage out his Arabic” besides reading Persian. Now the Malay characters are the Arabic characters, and the language is full of Arabic words. Its literature dates from the conquest of the Peninsula by the Arabs in the 6th century. With this tremendous advantage, then, Leyden had begun the study of Malay. It is in the list of languages to which he had devoted attention given in his letter to Ballantyne written from the tavern before he saw Raffles. Let us say, then, that they pursued the study of the language together, and learned more from the natives than from books.

But the language was only one thing. There were important and burning questions

of statesmanship waiting for solution all around them connected with British influence and commerce in that region as opposed to those of the French and the Dutch. The policy of the Dutch especially was short and simple, namely, to grind the faces of the natives for their own enrichment. British policy has always been to make the interest and welfare of the ruled identical with those of the rulers, although at the time the policy of the E.I. Company was very short-sighted owing to absolute ignorance of the conditions of the case. The way in which Leyden saw through the problem, made suggestions to Raffles, and helped him to get them carried into effect, can best be described in Raffles' own words. "Shortly after my arrival at Prince of Wales Island," he says in a letter, "I had paid considerable attention to the Malay and other languages in the Archipelago; and an intimacy with the late Dr Leyden led me to contemplate with him extensive plans for the elucidation and improvement of the various interests in the Eastern Archipelago."

He is more explicit in a letter to Erskine written after Leyden's death:—"The circumstances attending Leyden's coming to this region deserve record by a far abler pen than mine. He saw an empire which comprised in extent nearly a quarter of our globe, and which for two centuries had been degraded by the narrowest, if not the falsest,

policy that ever disgraced a civilized nation, but certain to be called forth into life, into action and liberty again; and all that he panted for was to be foremost in the field. 'Tell me,' he would say, 'where there is danger, and John Leyden is your man.' Never, perhaps, could a greater occasion have offered for the exercise of his extensive powers, and I am warranted in saying that the whole force of his mind was bent upon it. He was to have been my private secretary, and in that capacity what would he not have done with the latitude I would have given him. Most of the principal measures of my administration were suggested by his all-powerful genius, and all were concurred in, at least in principle, by the views which, in concert with Leyden and myself, the Earl of Minto was induced to adopt."

The magnanimity of Raffles in giving so much of the credit to Leyden, and that of Leyden in afterwards pushing Raffles forward, is the highest testimonial to the greatness of mind and soul of both.

Before we let Leyden away from Penang, there is another personage who must be introduced, namely, Mrs Olivia Raffles, by whom he was nursed, to whom he wrote a poem of lamentation that he had to leave at the New Year, and, on the night of sailing, a letter in which he calls her "Sister Olivia."

DIRGE OF THE DEPARTED YEAR.

TO OLIVIA.

“ Olivia, ah ! forgive the bard
 If sprightly strains alone are dear ;
 His notes are sad, for he has heard
 The footsteps of the parting year.

 For each sweet scene I wandered o’er,
 Far scenes that shall be ever dear,
 From Coorga’s hills to Travancore—
 I hail thy steps, departed year.

 But chief that in this Eastern isle,
 Girt by the green and glistening wave,
 Olivia’s kind, endearing smile
 Seemed to recall me from the grave.

 When far beyond Malaya’s sea,
 I trace dark Soonda’s forests drear,
 Olivia, I shall think of thee—
 And bless thy steps, departed year.

 Each morn or evening spent with thee
 Fancy shall, ’mid the wilds, restore
 In all their charms, and they shall be
 Sweet days that shall return no more.

 Still may’st thou live in bliss secure
 Beneath my friend’s protecting care,
 And may his cherished life endure
 Long, long, thy holy love to share.”

The poem appeared in the *Gazette* of the Island for March 22nd, with the following note from Raffles :—“ The following lines on the departed year have too much merit not to find an acceptable place in your paper. They were written by a friend who, after travelling far and near in pursuit of know-

ledge, was at last driven to our Eastern Isle for the recovery of his health. He has now quitted our shores, but his distinguished talents and enthusiastic feeling must ever endear him to those who knew him sufficiently to estimate his worth and value his friendship. The stranger is gone, but we cannot forget."

The poem, which can only be understood from the circumstances recorded and the letter which follows, gives a wonderful revelation of the character of the two persons chiefly concerned—of the lady's charming personality, and of Leyden's great susceptibility to such charms, combined with the most profound sense of the sacredness of his friendship with her husband. Can there be any meaning in all that he says about a villain if it be not the most delicate allusion to the impossibility of there being anything more between them than the purest brotherly and sisterly affection? If this be understood, it puts a new subtle meaning into the last verse of the poem and the last paragraph of the letter, explaining also the somewhat odd expression "Sister Olivia." We thus get a glimpse of the pure and honourable character of the man, and of his acute observation of human nature that are not obvious to the superficial reader. Is there not an extraordinary coincidence, unconscious to him, in the name of his ship and all he has to say about it?

LEYDEN TO MRS RAFFLES.

“ On board the Portuguese Ship *S. Antonio*,
January 17th, 1806.

My dear Madam,—We have now lost sight of Pulo Penang, more, I am sorry to say, from the darkness than from the distance, and while our Portuguese friends are recommending themselves with great fervency of devotion to their patron-saint, I have retired to pay the devoirs which I owe to her whom I have chosen my patroness for the voyage. I cannot help congratulating myself a good deal on the superiority of my choice of a living saint to a dead one, and am positive if you choose to exert yourself a little, you have a great chance of rivalling his sublimest miracles, among which none of the least is his preaching on a certain day with great zeal and fervour to divers asses till their long ears betrayed powerful symptoms of devotion. Now, without wishing to cast any reflections on the wisdom of the islanders of the modern Baratavia, I am perfectly of opinion that this miracle, doughty as it is, may be rivalled in Penang.

“ There is, however, another miracle which I should be glad you would first try your hand at to enliven the dreariness of a voyage which bids fair to be one of the most tedious and insipid I was ever engaged in, as, if Providence do not send some French privateers or others to our assistance, we have not

the least chance of an adventure. Most travellers by land or sea are of a different way of thinking, and maintain that no adventure is a lucky adventure, just as no news is reckoned good news by all our insipid, half-alive, half-vegetable acquaintance. I confess honestly I like to see some fun, and to see every possible variety of situation as well as of men and manners. If it be possible, however, to overcome the irksomeness of light winds, a heaving cradle of a sea, and a barren, sweltering, tropical voyage, I flatter myself that I have adopted the best possible method by associating them with all the pleasant recollections which I horded up at Penang in the society of you and your amiable husband. It is a terrible circumstance, after all, that there is little real difference between the recollections of past pleasures and of past sorrows. Perhaps the most we can make of it is that the memory of past pleasures is pleasant and mournful, and the memory of past sorrows is mournful and pleasant. I remember to have read of some such distinction in a volume of sermons, but I will by no means vouch for the accuracy of the quotation, as on second thoughts the epithets I imagine, might be reversed with equal propriety.

“ However this may be, the recollection of the pleasure I enjoyed in your society is by no means so vivid as my distress at losing it,

and at the little prospect I have of soon recovering it. I need not now request you, my dear sister Olivia, to think of me kindly, and never to believe any evil you may hear of me till you have it under my own hand, for whenever I have the courage to become a villain—scoundrel and rascal are too pitiful to mention—but I say, whenever it shall be possible for me to become a villain, I shall have the courage to subscribe myself one, which I am in no danger of doing while I have the honour of subscribing myself your sincere friend, J.L.”

CHAPTER VII.

CALCUTTA.

In the Journal which he again kept during the voyage of the *Santo Antonio* to the Ganges, he says:—"I have now been able to reconnoitre our crew, among whom I do not find that there is a single European: the master and officers being Maçao-Portuguese, as well as many of the sailors, who have traded during their whole lives among these Eastern Islands. They pass their time a little more merrily than we do, and seem to enjoy themselves vastly with their pork, their rice, curry, and greasy messes. In their eating they differ little from the nations of India, except that they are more greasy in everything, and as fond of pork as the Chinese themselves. Their cookery is a little too partial to cockroaches and other insects, which do not sit well on an English stomach. By their account of the Portuguese settlement of Maçao, there seems to be little else to live upon but pork in some shape or other. The settlement, they allege, contains about 6000 men and 12,000 women.

Many of the Portuguese breed from that place have the oblique swinish eye of the Chinese, which would seem to indicate a mixture of Chinese blood.

“They proceed regularly to their *Ave Marias* at six o'clock a.m. and at eight p.m. All that have any taste for music assemble in the kuddeh (cabin), with the captain and officers at their head, where they chant Portuguese and Malaya verses, interspersed with a good deal of horse-play, and the recitation of awkward phrases in a circle, when the person that misses his nay-word (catchword, cue) is condemned to lead the next song. It would certainly be altogether impossible for an Englishman, except of the very lowest order, to find any amusement in this diversion; in consequence of which I suspect he would be by no means so happy as a Portuguese. I also imagine it would be extremely difficult to find an English ship in which less quarrelling and angry words occur either among the officers or seamen.”

In a letter to Heber from Calcutta, written June 8th, 1806, he says:—“After ten weeks (12) in Penang, I sailed for Bengal in a Portuguese vessel of *Maçao*, manned by Chinese and Portuguese. Read Camoens' *Os Lusíadas* and Portuguese novels. Had a relapse, and arrived at Calcutta on February 8th very little better than I was at Penang.
. . . As soon as I was able to muster a

few of the learned men, I set vigorously to work to recover my Sanskrit, and commenced like a lion the study of Nudya, Pushtoo, Bengali, and Guzerati. . . . I am now quite recovered, and only await Colonel Malcolm's arrival to proceed to the Madras Presidency."

About the beginning of 1807, as the fruit of his linguistic work during 1804-6, he presented to the Government at Calcutta an essay on the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani languages. This was submitted by the Government to the Council of the Fort-William College. It was returned with a very high eulogium, and with the unanimous recommendation of the Council that the author should at once be placed on the staff of the College with a proper salary, and in the order of succession for the first vacant professorship. He did not have to wait long, for a vacancy soon after occurred in the Hindostani Chair, and Leyden was elected Professor—what he was to have got in 1802.

HENRY COLEBROOKE.

Meantime, probably before Lord Minto's arrival in October, Professor Leyden was elected a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, the President of which was Henry Thomas Colebrooke, a man ten years older than Leyden, and perhaps the greatest Sanskrit scholar of the time either in India

or Europe. Leyden and he became fast friends, and there was no mean-spirited jealousy on either side. The former always said that he would require ten years' reading to make him equal to Colebrooke in knowledge of Sanskrit; but, starting fair, he outstripped Colebrooke in Prakrit. Recognising this, Colebrooke sent a valuable collection of Prakrit books, which he had gathered for the purpose of writing a grammar of the language, to Leyden, urging him to undertake the task which he found himself unable to accomplish. Dr Hare, Calcutta, writing to Erskine in the end of 1811, says :—“ I was with Leyden when a number of Coolies arrived with basketfuls of books from Colebrooke, being his collection of Prakrit literature, which he sent to Leyden to help him in the preparation of a grammar. He himself was giving it up, as he considered Leyden much better equipped for the task than himself.”

Mr Erskine, writing to Constable after Leyden's death, says :—“ He was restless in suggesting topics of research, and in urging those best qualified to undertake them. He quite revived the Asiatic Society, which for some time before had slumbered, and infused new life into it by what he did himself, and still more by what he was the cause of others doing. There was no work of learning or utility projected in his time in which he did not take an active part.”

LORD MINTO.

In the month of October, 1807, a new Governor-General of British India arrived in Calcutta in the person of Lord Minto, by whose friendly influence, apart from his scholarship, Leyden's after career was entirely moulded.

The Elliots of Teviotdale have been distinguished since the 16th century (even among Borderers) for their energy and implacable perseverance in a feud (which implies equal energy and perseverance in friendship); for their legal ability; for their literary culture; and for their lofty statesmanship. The first Sir Gilbert, who was Lord President of the Court of Session, bought the estate of Minto (across the Teviot from Denholm), and received the Baronetcy in 1700. The second Sir Gilbert was Lord Justice Clerk, an accomplished Italian scholar, and a poet. He had three sons—Gilbert, Andrew, and John—the two youngest of whom distinguished themselves greatly in those troublous times: Andrew as the last Governor of New York, and John as Commodore and Admiral. The latter ended his days at Mount Teviot, where he lived with his sister Jean, the authoress of one of the versions of "The Flowers of the Forest." The third Sir Gilbert was M.P. for Roxburghshire and Secretary to the Navy. The fourth Sir Gilbert, also M.P. for the county, was created first Baron of Minto in 1798,

President of the E.I. Board of Control in 1806, the same year Governor-General of India, and, in 1814, Earl of Minto.

As to how he was introduced to Lord Minto, there can be no doubt that the friendly service was performed by Colonel Malcolm. The friendly feeling he had shewn for a fellow-Borderer at Mysore had ripened, like all Leyden's friendships, into a warm, brotherly affection. Writing to Leyden from Mysore on the 17th June, 1805, five weeks after he had left, he mentions his prospective marriage to the daughter of Colonel Campbell. There are other three letters in similar terms, under date November 9, December 29, February, 20, 1806—the last about a fortnight after he had arrived from Penang. Besides, he was waiting for him on the arrival of the *Santo Antonio*, and planning how he could serve him, as if he had been his own brother. In his well-known letter to the *Bombay Courier*, he says:—"When he arrived at Calcutta in 1806, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian Capital. I entreat you, Leyden (I said to him the day he landed), to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community. For God's sake learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.

" 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language

that spoilt my Scots ; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue if you will make fools hold theirs.”

SERAMPORE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

LEYDEN AS MEDIATOR.

When the frigate *Modeste* (commanded by Lieutenant George Elliot, Lord Minto's second son) anchored in the Madras Roads on June 20th, 1807, she was boarded by Lord William Bentinck and John Edmund Elliot, the latter Lord Minto's third son, who now became private secretary to his father. While waiting for some repairs to be done on the frigate, the Governor-General got an account of the mutiny at Vellore on July 10th, 1806, when two battalions of Sepoys seized the British Barracks and massacred the inmates. The rising there was soon put down, but a general revolt of the native troops was feared for a time. Investigation revealed the fact that the cause of the mutiny (as it was of a far more serious one half a century after) was the belief that the Government meant to convert the natives to Christianity by force.

To calm such apprehensions the Court of Directors had issued a Despatch in May, 1807 (that is, before Lord Minto's arrival), declaring their firm resolve to uphold throughout their dominions the most perfect toleration of all creeds and rites ; and at the same

time stating clearly their position in respect to the missionaries :—“ When we afforded our countenance and sanction to missionaries who have from time to time proceeded to India, it was far from being in our contemplation to add the influence of our authority to any attempts they might make ; for, on the contrary, we were perfectly aware that the progress of such conversion will be slow and gradual, arising more from a conviction of the principles of our religion itself and from the pious example of its teachers, than from any undue influence or from the exertions of authority.”

In accordance with the terms of this Despatch it became the duty of the Indian Government, not long after Lord Minto's arrival, to take certain measures bringing them into collision with the missionaries of Serampore, the odium of which was thrown on the Governor-General by a party of growing importance in Calcutta and London.

WILLIAM CAREY.

The first British missionary to Bengal was William Carey, who arrived penniless and without the influence that would have secured him the licence without which no one was allowed to reside there at the time. Being soon after joined by Marshman, they removed to the Danish Settlement of Serampore, where they preached in the native languages, set up schools, a printing-press,

and a paper factory, and devoted themselves to the translation of the Scriptures and of tracts into the various languages. Some of those publications made attacks on the Hindoo Mythology and on Mohammed calculated to hurt the feelings of the natives ; and the attention of the Government was called to them in 1807. The consequence was that their Secretary was instructed to inform Dr Carey of the resolution of the Governor-General in Council to place their press under regulations, and to suspend the practice of public preaching by natives, on the ground that : “ the issue of publications and the public delivery of discourses of the nature above alluded to are evidently calculated to produce consequences in the highest degree detrimental to the tranquillity of the British dominions in India ; ” and requesting that the press might be removed to the Presidency, “ where alone the same control that is established over presses sanctioned by the Government can be duly exercised.”

To have had to carry out this last injunction would have spelt r-u-i-n to the missionaries, on account of their printing-press, their paper factory, and especially of their boarding school, on the profits from which they lived and carried on their work. Hence they were in despair.

It is here that John Leyden steps on the stage. He is now a Professor in Fort-

William College, a man of established position and influence. Moreover he is on terms of intimacy and influence at Government House, Barrackpore, some miles up the Hoogli, nearly opposite Serampore.

Such was Leyden's position when he was told one day during an interval between classes by his fellow-professor and friend, Dr Carey (Professor of Sanskrit and Bengali), of the missive they had received at Serampore from the Governor-General in Council requesting them to remove their printing establishment to the Presidency in Calcutta. It so happened that Carey and Marshman had just finished printing their translation of the *Ramayana*, a Hindu epic poem probably dating from the 5th century, A.D., and describing the life and exploits of the Hindu God Rama.

After considering the matter, Leyden said : —“ I'll tell you what you should do : You and Marshman should take a copy of your *Ramayana*, cross the Hoogli to Barrackpore, and present it to the Governor-General. It will let him see that you are not working on narrow-minded, bigotted lines, but that you are doing a great work for Indian literature. And if you don't part with a better understanding of each other than you have at present, I'm very much mistaken.” See *Life of Carey, Marshman and Ward*.

“ With a knowledge of men not always possessed by students of books,” says the

Editor of *Lord Minto in India* (his great-niece, the Countess of Minto), "Dr Leyden had seen that sympathetic relations in one class of subjects would indubitably lead to smoother ones in others. So it proved. The conversation passed easily from literary topics to those specially interesting to the missionaries, and when the interview was over, both parties retained impressions of mutual good-will. . . . The Governor-General confessed that he had not been aware of the ruin which a removal of the mission-press from Serampore would inflict on the missionaries owing to the peculiar circumstances of their property there; and declared that nothing was further from his intentions or more foreign to the views of Government than to interfere with the legitimate work of the missionary body. He remained satisfied with their assurance that the works hereafter to be printed at Serampore would previously be submitted to the sanction of Government, the press remaining where it was; the Government having no desire to impede the circulation of the Scriptures in the native dialects if unaccompanied by any comments on the religions of the country."

To enter at all into the extensive subject of the misrepresentations directed against the Government of India in connection with this incident is beyond the scope of this work. It is closed with the remark

that the satisfactory agreement arrived at was due, under Divine Providence, to the candour and fair-mindedness of the Governor and the instrumentality of John Leyden.

Pleasanter reading than the five-and-twenty pamphlets that were published in condemnation of the Government of India at the time is the following letter of Leyden's to Constable, dated January 10, 1810 :—
 “ Dear Constable,—I have desired the accompanying parcel for Mr Heber to be forwarded to No. 10 Ludgate Street, London, where, I understand, you are flourishing like a green bay tree. Go on and prosper, and, above all, do me the favour to let this parcel be delivered as soon as convenient. Pray, whether do you now intend to rival the great Whittington or the great Lackington, or are we to see the *Life of Hannibal Constable, Knight*, some of these days, to match the lives of *Lackington and Phillips*? I now begin seriously to think you will inevitably have the start of me in the order of knighthood, for you are positively outdoing all your former outdoings. I have, however, some hopes to be Sheriff of Calcutta before you can possibly contrive to be Lord Mayor of London.

“ Apropos of the Lord Mayor, there has been a splendid translation of *Confucius* published here, with the original Chinese text, under the patronage of Lord Minto, Governor-General, which, it is thought, will

render it as easy to read Chinese as Latin. The translator, Mr Marshman, intends sending home about 100 copies. He asked me the other day whom I could recommend as a bookseller, adding that the translation of the *Ramayana* and Carey's *Sanskrit Grammar* had lain like waste paper at London. I told him that as there was only one Bonaparte in the political world, so there was only one Hannibal Constable in the bookselling world, and that the best thing he could do would be to consign them entirely to your management. This he promised to do, and you will receive them soon from Mr Burls, 56 Lothbury Street.—Yours, &c., J. L.”

JUDGE OF THE TWENTY-FOUR PERGUNNAHS.

A pergunnah was a district containing many villages. A village was a cluster of the dwellings of the ryots or cultivators of the holdings into which an estate was divided, with no buildings on the holding. In other words, then, a pergunnah was a district containing many estates, and the Twenty-four Pergunnahs was practically a county of the province of Bengal. It included the town of Calcutta, and might have had at the time a population of about a million.

Bengal had come to be the part of India in which dacoits carried on their practices most successfully. The longer the people continued under a settled government and devoted themselves to agriculture, the less

able they became to defend themselves against such assailants. The difficulty the Government found in dealing with them arose from the nature of the police establishment. "The judge and magistrate is an English gentleman, but all his subordinate officers are necessarily native. The good intentions of the English magistrate may in general be relied upon, but his vigilance, personal activity, intelligence, or talents are not equal in all cases to his integrity. The consequence often is that the practical and efficient part of the work is often cast on the subordinates, amongst whom there is scarcely an exception to universal venality and corruption. . . . The consequence has often been that the magistrate has remained ignorant of a large proportion of the offences committed within his jurisdiction, and has made reports of the good order of a country in which the inhabitants could not sleep in safety in their dwellings, and in which bodies of armed banditti have been robbing and burning the villages, and torturing and murdering the people all round him. The native officers of police have generally been connected with the gangs, or have been silenced either by bribes or intimidation. . . .

"The best security of all, however, enjoyed by the dacoits has been the intimidation of the unhappy people who are the objects of their rapine and cruelty. They had

established a terrorism as perfect as that which was the foundation of the French republican power; and, in truth, the ‘sirdars,’ or captains of the bands, were esteemed and even called the ‘hakim,’ or ruling power, while the real Government did not possess authority or influence enough to obtain from the people the smallest aid towards their own protection. If a whole village was destroyed, not a man was found to complain. If half of a family was murdered and the other half tortured, the tortured survivors could not be prevailed upon to appear against the criminals. Men have been found with their limbs and half the flesh of their bodies consumed by slow fire, who persisted in saying that they had fallen into their own fire, or otherwise denying all knowledge of the event that could lead to the detection of the offenders. They knew that if they spoke, they would either themselves or the remaining members of their families be despatched the same evening. By these measures such a system was erected by the banditti in certain districts that they could send a single messenger round the villages with lists of requisitions from the different families—some to furnish grain, some forage, some horses, some two sons to join the gangs, some labourers to carry the plunder, to bear torches, or to act as scouts; some were to send a wife or daughter to attend the gangs.”

The above description was written by Lord Minto about the beginning of 1809, and he continues:—"I was not a little shocked and ashamed when I became fully apprised of the dreadful disorders which afflicted countries under the very eye of Government (they had come within 30 miles of Barrackpore), and for many months past it has been one of my principal objects to put this monstrous evil down. Partly by a new selection of magistrates who appeared peculiarly qualified for that species of service, by new regulations and additional penalties, and by the employment of the most active efforts to seize the sirdars and make some signal examples. I am happy to say that hitherto the success has exceeded my expectations. In Nuddya, which was the principal seat of this evil, there has not been a single dacoity for months; and it was in that district that the average of persons put to death by torture was seventy a month. Nine sirdars were executed at one spot, and the impression of that example was remarkable."

All this might have been written for the purpose of giving the reader an idea of Leyden's duties when he was appointed in the beginning of 1808 Judge of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs and afterwards despatched, along with another, to the district of Nuddya, it serves the purpose so admirably. That he was "peculiarly qualified for that species

of service” by his indomitable courage, resourcefulness, and power as a leader of men, we know quite well; but was it not very odd to choose a professor in college for such an appointment? Were the two occupations not utterly incompatible? No. For one of the most indispensable of the qualifications for such an officer was to be able to speak the language or languages, for the dacoits might not have belonged to the district. An officer who could not speak the languages would have been singularly helpless, and would have had poor success in his task. No, Lord Minto knew what he was about when he sent John Leyden on the mission.

The result has so far been given above in Lord Minto’s letter to his wife; further particulars are given in a letter of Leyden’s to his father, which must have been written before midsummer, 1808:— “I am just returned from the country of Nuddya, which has been almost in a state of rebellion. The inhabitants are very clannish, and very like my old friends the Highland Clans for all kinds of robbery. I and another were sent to reduce it with 120 men each. The other got sick, and retreated with all his men. I determined to keep my ground, and attacked the robbers several times by night; beat them entirely, though 1200 strong; took about 30, with all the chiefs, and drove the rest out of the country in two months.

I have had the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government.”

COMMISSIONER OF THE COURT OF REQUESTS.

In January, 1809, after holding this situation little more than a twelvemonths, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests—otherwise one of the four judges who dispensed justice in the Supreme Court of Judicature in Calcutta, the jurisdiction of which embraced all the Company’s territories in Bengal. Here again the knowledge of languages was indispensable, and Leyden’s knowledge not only of Bengali and Hindustani, but of others spoken by the different nationalities trading to the port, must have been, along with his previous experience, a strong recommendation for the judgeship.

Writing to his parents on the 20th of August, 1809, he says :—“ In the Court of Requests I often speak seven languages in a day ” :—(? Bengali, Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Armenian, Malayalam, Portuguese). “ I suppose you all think that I might write you every day, or at least every fortnight ; or rather that I have nothing to do but write away, sheet after sheet. But the fact is, I have more writing than ten parish ministers, and am often obliged to work from six till ten, both head and hand work.

“ I am delighted with Lady Minto’s attention (to you ; she was staying at Minto).

It was always my greatest ambition to get acquainted with that family. I have every reason to be pleasantly attached to Lord Minto, who has treated me more like a son than anything else. I wish to God it were possible for you to get a farm on their lands. I will advance £200 or £300 whenever it can be accomplished.”

ASSAY MASTER OF THE MINT.

When he had held this post for two years he received the appointment of Assay Master, or Superintendent of the Mint. Whatever his duties may have been, they had certainly occupied less of his time than did his work in the Court of Requests. One of the principal reasons Lord Minto had for giving him the post must have been in order that he might have more leisure. At any rate, it was chiefly for the greater leisure that he valued the post. Writing to his parents on January 2nd, 1811, he says :—“ I am getting very stout, and have been turning a great deal younger lately ; and I must admit that there was some need for it, for my first four years in India might have made fourteen anywhere else. I can tell you I am a fine old grey-headed carl already, and I am sure, if you were to see me, I should run a much greater chance of passing for your younger brother than for your son.

“ I have got a better appointment as Assay Master of the Mint. Its chief value

to me is that it enables me to apply more of my time to study, in order to see if I can rival that famous Solomon of whom we have heard so much.

“ My obligations to Lord Minto will never have an end. I must now be confined to Calcutta, and there is an end of all my fine voyages and sea-faring adventures that were like to rival those of *Sinbad the Sailor*. A draft for £100 is enclosed.”

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURE OF JAVA.

LORD MINTO had been in Madras from June, 1809, to April, 1810, reducing with rare tact and firmness the mutinous excitement that had arisen among the officers of the Company's regiments there. On returning to Calcutta he began vigorous operations against the French in the East. "It was the glory of Lord Minto's administration that, whereas at its commencement dread of a French invasion of India haunted the imagination of statesmen, at its close France had lost all her acquisitions eastward of the Cape. The isles of Bourbon and of France, the Moluccas, and Java had been added to the Colonial possessions of Great Britain; the fleets of France were swept from the Indian seas, and England was without a rival in the Eastern hemisphere."

"Whenever Bonaparte annexed some European State to his Empire of the West, Great Britain instantly took charge of that state's colonial possessions in the East. In 1807 Portugal and Holland had been

conquered by France. Plans for the reduction of Macao, Goa, and Batavia were at once submitted to the Governor-General; but the state of Indian finance did not admit of expensive operations at the time. Three years after all this was changed.”

In one of his first letters from India to the Chairman of the E.I.C., Lord Minto had pointed out the importance of a conquest of the Isle of France or Mauritius:—“The Mauritius affords a secure port for equipping and refitting ships of war and other cruisers against our trade, and a place of refuge and safety for them and their prizes.” In 1809 no fewer than six Indiamen were taken on their voyage. It was then felt to be high time to do something. Writing to Lady Minto on March 26, 1810, he says:—“I am just sending an expedition to make the conquest of the Isle of Bourbon. There is the fairest prospect of success. I propose to follow up the blow by attacking the Mauritius. These two acquisitions will be of extreme importance; they are the only French possessions east of the Cape, and furnish the only means our arch-enemy can command for annoying us in this quarter of the world. From the latter all the cruisers have been sent out against our trade; against which a very large squadron have done little to protect us. The losses of the Company as well as of the general trade have been enormous. . . . A second expedi-

tion must be sent against the Isle of France. The first will sail from Madras about May 1, the second, probably in August."

Both expeditions were entirely successful. But before the second sailed he had written to his wife :—" I have still one object more, in the event of a prosperous issue to the present enterprise, which will fill up the whole scheme of my warlike purposes, and which will purge the Eastern side of the globe of every hostile or rival European establishment." In his first letter in 1811, he says :—" We are now in the agony of preparation for Java ; and I will whisper in your ear that I am going there myself to see all the political work done to my mind. *Modeste* is to be my state coach."

This frigate had been at China, but was expected at Madras on March 15th. She was still commanded by his second son, George Elliot, who has always been called Captain Elliot at this time, but who is distinctly called Lieutenant George in one of his father's letters to be quoted presently. His start in life is thus described in a passage about the family life when Sir Gilbert was Viceroy of Corsica :—" In their garden surrounded by the sea, in the sailing boat they learned to guide along the rocky shore, on the decks of the English men-of-war lying off the Port, and, above all, in the society of Nelson and his gallant comrades, the boys learnt, as it were, on England's own element

an unswerving faith in her power and greatness, imbibing at the same time a passion for naval life which, in the case of George, was gratified as soon as his age permitted by his being entered as midshipman on board the flagship." In June, 1800, he passed as lieutenant; in 1806 he was appointed to the *Aurora*, a twenty-eight-gun frigate; he probably got the command of the *Modeste* in which to take his father to India; and his captaincy after the capture of Java, in which he was of great service.

“ Calcutta, February 25, 1811.

“ I am to embark in a few days for Madras. I shall then, I hope, proceed to Malacca on board the *Modeste*. . . . I have had Mr Raffles, secretary to the Government of Prince of Wales Island—a very clever, able, active, and judicious man, perfectly versed in the Malay language and manners, and conversant with the affairs and interests of the Eastern States—in advance (at Malacca) for some months past, to collect recent intelligence, to open communication with the Javanese chiefs, and to prepare the way for our operations.

“ I carry with me good assistance of every sort, though few in number. Among these are Mr Hope, brother of Sir John Hope, a tolerable Dutchman, with excellent talents and habits of business; Dr Leyden, a perfect Malay; Mr Seton, now resident at Delhi, who is to be Governor of Prince of

Wales Island (in the room of poor Mr Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, lately dead), but who will go on with me to Java. I have John (his third son, who was appointed to a writer-ship in India in 1805, became private secretary to his father in 1807, and was afterwards M.P. for Roxburghshire), and Taylor (Captain, his military secretary); Captain Robinson, who married a Dutch beauty at the Cape, and mastered his wife's tongue; and Lieutenant George, *who is an excellent draughtsman.*"

The following letter from Leyden to his parents will help to fill in the picture here.

"Ship *Phoenix*, March 20th, 1811.

"My dear father,—After what I wrote you in my last letter of the probability of confining my wanderings to Calcutta for the time I may stay in India, you will probably be not a little surprised to find me again at sea. However, you need not, I hope, be the least alarmed, for I am in company with Lord Minto, and not in the least likely to be more exposed than his Lordship. We left Calcutta on the 9th of this month for Madras, where there is an army collected of about 10,000 men, black and white, ready to sail the instant his Lordship arrives, against the Dutch and French in the islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the other Malay countries which are under the celebrated Batavia. We expect to reach Madras in four days, where we do not mean

to stay more than three days. From Madras we set sail for Prince of Wales Island, which we expect to reach in twenty days more. In three weeks further we expect to be off Batavia, which is now very much deserted by the Dutch from its unhealthy situation. For that reason we shall not stop there, but advance to the centre of the island of Java, which is reckoned the healthiest country in the East, and where the Dutch and French army are encamped about 20,000 strong; but we have no fear of not being able to beat them with half their numbers, as we will be joined by all the Malays and Javanese, which make the greatest part of their force.

“ I take advantage of the ship *Georgiana*, which goes part of the way in our company, to send you the duplicate of the £100, of which I sent you the first in the end of last month. I shall send the duplicate of the same from Madras for fear the first miscarry, and it is my intention to remit another £100 by the first ship which leaves Java.

“ I accompany Lord Minto on this occasion to assist in settling the country when conquered, and as interpreter for the Malay language, which I acquired when I was among the Eastern Isles four years ago; and I hold myself highly honoured on the occasion, as his Lordship has taken very few persons to accompany him, and those who have volunteered and been refused are very numerous. It is not my intention, however,

to take up my residence in Java, but to return with his Lordship to Bengal. I therefore do not resign my appointment of Assay Master of the Mint; my assistant is appointed to supply my place till my return, which I expect to be in eight or ten months from the present. I am highly delighted at the prospect, for I shall have the opportunity of seeing a very curious and very fine country, with which the English are very little acquainted.

“I hope you will not think of being anxious about me on this occasion, as I do not consider it more dangerous than a common journey, of which I have taken not a few. Moreover, if there were any dangers, I should not hesitate a particle more than as it is; for I should think all paternal and other feelings most unworthily exerted in endeavouring to detain me from the clear and obvious path of duty if ever it called me to expose myself to danger for my country or for my benefactors. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, I am only sorry there appears to be no danger whatever, for I should certainly think it my duty to encounter it if there were, and I am not a man to shrink from dangers of any kind, especially if it were to be on Lord Minto's account.

“About 6000 or 7000 men have already sailed from Bengal, but we shall probably overtake them at Malacca. The Madras army is chiefly that which has returned from

the boasted Isle of France (the taking of), which did not cost us 200 men killed and wounded, though about two months before the arrival of the fleet four of our frigates were driven on the rocks and compelled to surrender. However, the crews were all recovered when the island was taken, and as soon as our army was landed the French surrendered after a slight skirmish. Java is now the last place that remains to them in the East. I will let you know how we come on by the first ships. Tell my mother not to be so frightened as she generally is.— I am, dear father, your most affectionate son, J. L.”

His anticipations of the time to be required from leaving Calcutta till they left Madras —four days plus three days—were sadly falsified by the event. They reached Madras in thirty days, and went on board the *Modeste* on the 24th April. Writing to Dr John Hare, jun., Calcutta, the day before, he says :—“ I take this opportunity of letting you know that I am hitherto as sound as a roach. The voyage was very tedious, exactly thirty days, and of these we were just sixteen resting for further convenience. No adventures happened except my climbing up to the top of the royals on being exceedingly teased by Elliot (John) and Stewart, and thereby taking them in to the tune of sixty gold mohurs (£90); but I was the person chiefly taken in after all, for I cut

my hands most barbarously in attempting to precipitate myself down by a coir (cocoanut-fibre) rope. Being very squeamish all the way, I did little but read Dutch and Malay. Our water was most abominable, being, I believe, the very quintessence of all the corpses in the Ganges."

The terms of this wager and adventure bring out Leyden's character in the most favourable light. Whatever boastfulness may have led to the wager, the result shows that he boasted of nothing which he could not dare and do. And the boastfulness and egotism of a lifetime, had they been greater than they were, would have been redeemed by the innate modesty and delicacy that kept him from mentioning his own magnanimity and generosity in the climax of the incident. It was a most notable case of the biter being bit. The sum wagered shows that it was never expected to have to be paid. It was merely intended to carry a challenge that would lead Leyden to make himself the victim of a practical joke. The terms of the wager doubtless were that he could not ascend to the top of the royals and return without assistance, the intention being, according to a common trick at sea, that some of the sailors were to seize him up till he redeemed himself with a fine. The sailors would then help him down and the sum wagered would not have to be paid. Of course, they had just as little intention of

asking him to pay up if he lost. The sliding down the rope, then, was in consequence of seeing two or three sailors coming up to help him down. When he reached the deck, the wagers must have looked very foolish when they were called upon to pay the wager; and they must have felt very small when, on receiving their order for the sum, he tore it into pieces and cast them into the sea.

Had he taken the money, he would have effectually turned the joke and the laugh against them, though at the cost of his skinned hands; by spurning their money, he raised himself head and shoulders above them, into another class, and gave a touch of pathos to the incident, especially in view of the fact that within five months he was dead.

The net result of the exploit was: for the young men, that they were more to be pitied even than laughed at; for Leyden, that he had risen in the estimation of every one on board, from the sailors from whom he escaped, to Lord Minto.

“*Modeste* Frigate.

“Madras to Puloo Penang.

“April 24th to May 8th.”

It was during the voyage from Madras to Penang that Lord Minto penned, in a letter to his wife, the most sympathetic,

true, and complete characterisation of Leyden that has come down to us.

“Dr Leyden’s learning is stupendous, and he is a very universal scholar. His knowledge, extensive and minute as it is, is always in his pocket, at his fingers’ ends, and on the tip of his tongue. He has made it completely his own, and it is all ready money. All his talent and labour, which are both excessive, could not, however, have accumulated such stores without his extraordinary memory. I begin, I fear, to look at that faculty with increasing wonder; I hope, without envy, but something like one’s admiration of young eyes.

“It must be confessed that Leyden has occasion for all the stores which application and memory can furnish to supply his tongue, which would dissipate a common stock in a week. I do not believe that so great a reader was ever so great a talker before. You may be conceited about yourselves, my beautiful wife and daughters, but with all my partiality I must give it against you. You would appear absolutely silent in his company, as a ship under way seems at anchor when it is passed by a swifter sailer. Another feature of his conversation is a shrill, piercing, and at the same time grating voice. A frigate is not near large enough to place the ear at the proper point of hearing. If he had been at Babel, he would infallibly have learned all the languages

there, but in the end they must all have merged in the Tividale how (twang), for not a creature would have got spoken but himself. I must say, to his honour, that he has as intimate and profound a knowledge of the geography, history, mutual relations, religion, character, and manners of every tribe in Asia as he has of their language.

“ His conversation is rather excursive, because, on his way to the point of inquiry, he strikes aside to some collateral topic, and from thence diverges still wider from the original object. I have often tried, without success, to fix him to the point in hand, and the only way has been a more peremptory call than I like to use, especially to one whom I like and esteem so highly. But nothing can differ more widely from his conversation in this respect than his writing. His pen is sober, steady, concise, lucid, and well fed with useful as well as curious matter. His reasoning is just, his judgment extremely sound, and his principles always admirable. His mind is upright and independent, his character spirited and generous, with a strong leaning to the chivalrous; and in my own experience I have never found any trace either of wrong head or of an impracticable or unpleasant temper.

“ The only little blemish I have sometimes regretted to see in him is a disposition to egotism—not selfishness, but a propensity

to bring the conversation, from whatever quarter it starts, round to himself, and to exalt his own actions, sufferings, or adventures in a manner a little approaching the marvellous. I have indulged myself in this portrait because I feel an interest which I know you all share in so distinguished a worthy of Teviotside.”

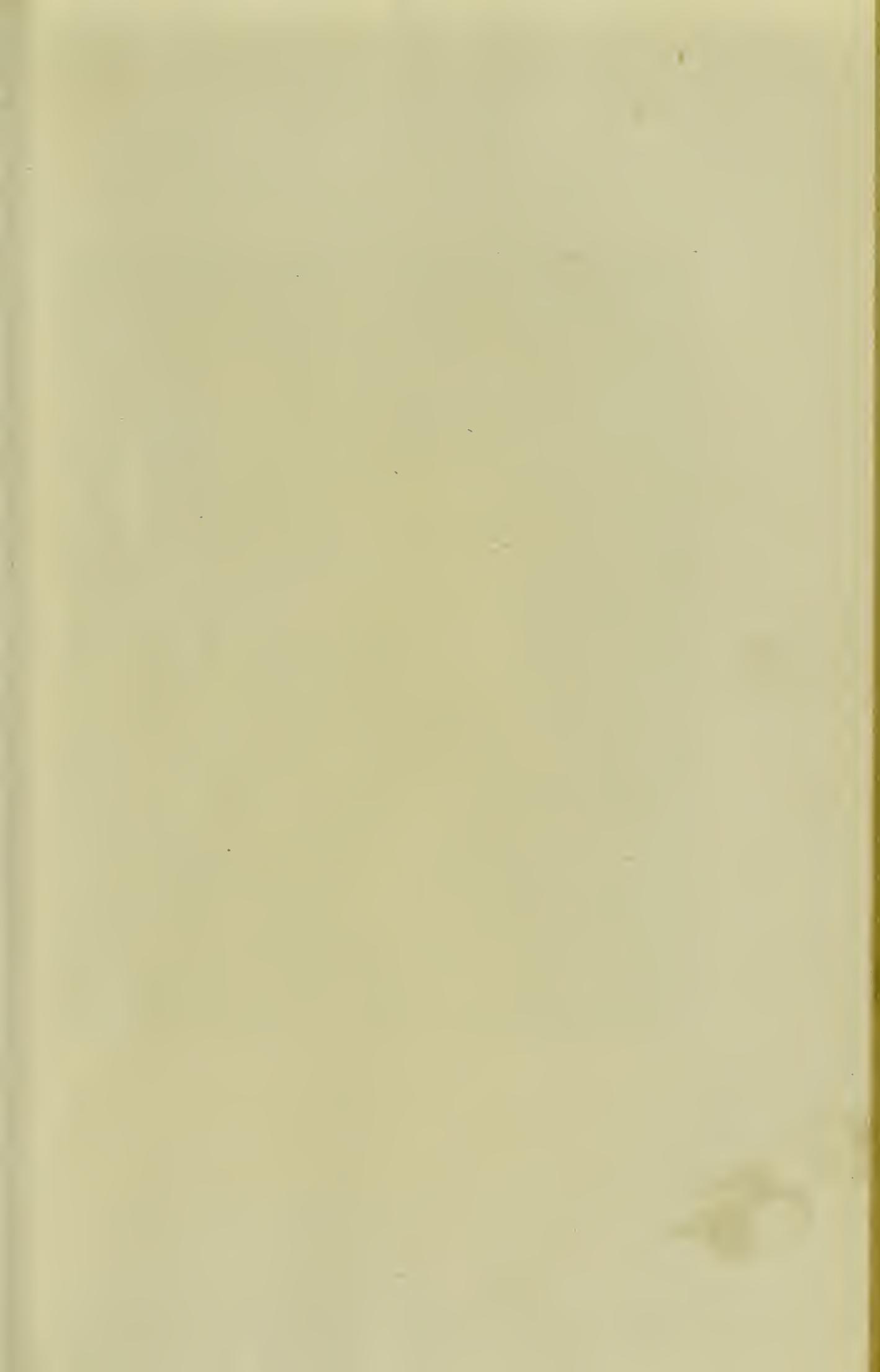
COLONEL MACKENZIE.

The proportion of those with whom Leyden came in contact who became his fast friends was very large. Among the number was Colonel Mackenzie, the commander of the expedition despatched from Madras in 1804 to survey the newly acquired provinces of Mysore. Major Mackenzie had been the road before, in 1790-1, when Lord Cornwallis invaded Mysore to establish communication between it and the Carnatic. The principal obstacle was a number of very strong hill-forts, one of which, Savendroog, was considered impregnable. Major Mackenzie had been the Engineer officer in charge of the operations against it, and in 1804 he gratified Leyden greatly by shewing him on the spot how all the difficulties had been overcome, a breach effected, and the fort taken in three days.

The following letter from Mackenzie, now Colonel, written from Madras, October 9th, 1810, will shew the relations on which the two remained.

“Your letters of the 7th and 19th July have been more agreeable to my feelings than anything I have experienced for a long time. The Caledonian energy with which you instantly enter into the cause of your friend leaves me indeed no room to suppose that those sentiments that were really imports on the banks of the Tweed, have evaporated on the slimy shores of the Ganges. . . . Indeed, Leyden, I was pleased with you, although I have been almost angry (as some of your friends here have most seriously been) at your long and obstinate silence. This not only reconciles me to the past, but leads me to hope, now that your feelings are roused, that you will not again relapse into your wonted listlessness.

“I could say much to you of subjects that once were interesting to you, but I may as well save myself the trouble until I know that you are the same man that you were in 1804-5, or indeed from your earlier days. . . . Certainly, Leyden, your mind and soul could not be asleep all this time, but though satisfied with yourself, I beg as a Saxon (? Celt) to remind you of what is necessary for our credit, and to do away with the stigma that attaches to all Scotsmen in foreign lands—that we are attentive alone to self-interest and pecuniary considerations—by furnishing us with weapons in verse or prose for your and our defence.”





REPUTED PORTRAIT.
by Sir D. Wilkie.

Colonel Mackenzie was now on board the *Modeste*, and his presence in command of the Engineers at Batavia doubtless helped not a little to ensure the success of the storming of Cornelis.

LIKENESS OF LEYDEN.

It was during the voyage from Madras to Penang also that the pen-and-ink likeness of Leyden, given as frontispiece to this volume, was made by Lieutenant George Elliot, commander of the frigate. It was presented to Colonel Mackenzie. The latter handed it to Dr Hare, who sent it to Leyden's father.

About 1896 a portrait by Sir David Wilkie was said to have been identified as that of Leyden, but on being tested by experts (*e.g.*, Mr Caw of the N.P.G.), the original was declared not to be Leyden. The writer has seen the portrait in question in the possession of the late John Blair, W.S., and the worth of the claim seems to be as follows:—(1) Wilkie was in Edinburgh, studying in the Trustees' Academy, from 1799 to 1803. It is most likely that he knew Leyden, and still more that the friends of the latter would like to have a memento of him when he left the country. (2) The portrait is so pleasing that at first sight one can't help wishing that it really were that of Leyden. (3) On further consideration, however, it gradually dawns on one that this

is not the portrait of a man of twenty-seven, whose life has been a strenuous struggle for knowledge and distinction, carried on independently of food and sleep; this is the portrait of a boy of twenty fresh from the country, with plump, rosy cheeks, who has never missed a meal or lost an hour's sleep in the pursuit of knowledge in his life; who has not a hint or suggestion of intellectuality about him. One is finally well content to let the portrait go with half a sigh.

PENANG—MALACCA.

They landed at Penang on the 9th May, installed Mr Seton as Governor of the island, sailed for Malacca on the 12th, and arrived on the 18th. There they found Mr Stamford Raffles, the future Governor of Java and founder of Singapore, who had been sent forward from Penang to collect information about the French force in Java, and to open up communication with the Rajahs of the Peninsula and all the neighbouring islands.

Describing the place to his wife, Lord Minto says, under date May 31 :—

“Malacca stands on the right bank of a small stream about the breadth of the Rule at Spittal. . . . On the opposite bank of the river, also close to the sea, the Portuguese built a small fort on their acquisition of the place in the 16th century. The Dutch dispossessed them in the following

century, and maintained everything as it was. We came next about sixteen years ago, and by orders from home have pulled down the fort. This work of destruction has been very recently accomplished at considerable expense—a most useless piece of gratuitous mischief, as far as I can understand the subject. The ruins of the walls remain, and will long transmit a memorial of the narrow, and, what is felt by the people here to be, the malevolent policy displayed by England to this new portion of her dominions.”

We have seen that the conquest of Java was part of a deliberate aggressive policy directed against France, which Lord Minto understood when he came out to India was to be carried out when circumstances should permit. But what neither the Board of Control nor the Governor-General understood was the relative importance of Malacca. It was part of the scheme under which Penang was made a Presidency that Malacca should be abandoned, and the trade and capital, with the best of the population, transferred to the former.

Raffles had, in 1809, drawn up a report setting forth the considerations that shewed the futility and injurious effects on British trade of the policy in question. The report was submitted to the Government of Penang for submission to the Governor-General in Council, and a copy of the report was sent to

Leyden to be submitted privately to Lord Minto. The conclusions of the report were so obvious that the former policy was at once reversed.

In consequence of the talent he had evinced in this matter, he was named next year for the post of Governor of the Moluccas, and went to Calcutta in June, 1810, on the errand of securing it. In an autobiographical letter he writes:—"On my arrival in Bengal I met with the kindest reception from Lord Minto. I found that the appointment to the Moluccas was promised to another. I thereupon drew his Lordship's attention to Java by observing that there were other islands worthy of consideration besides the Moluccas—Java, for instance. On the mention of Java, his Lordship cast a look of such scrutiny, anticipation, and kindness upon me that I shall never forget it.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'Java is an interesting island. I shall be happy to receive any information you can give me concerning it.'

" This was enough to encourage me, and from this moment all my views, all my plans, and all my mind were devoted to create such an interest regarding Java as should lead to its annexation to our Eastern Empire; although I confess that I had never the vanity to expect that when this object was accomplished, so important an administration would have been entrusted to my individual charge."

He remained at Calcutta till October, and “in those four months he supplied the Governor-General with such a mass of new and significant information about Java that the conquest of that island came to be regarded as a matter of imperative necessity. Lord Minto’s Council, however, were not all of this way of thinking, and the intentions of the Governor-General were consequently kept a close secret from all but Leyden. As a preliminary measure, Lord Minto resolved to depute Mr Raffles to proceed to the Eastward as ‘Agent to the Governor-General with the Malay States,’ for the purpose of collecting information, and otherwise preparing the way for a military expedition. The date of his appointment to this special post was the 19th October, and he himself selected Malacca as the best point at which he could discharge his new duties. He reached Malacca on the 4th December, where he opened a regular office for his Malay writers and translators.”

He knew before leaving Calcutta that he was to be the future Governor of Java, for on the 22nd of October Leyden wrote to Olivia as follows:—“I have settled with Raffles that the instant he is Governor of Java, I am to be his secretary.”

This corresponds exactly with what Raffles afterwards wrote to Erskine, but not with what Leyden wrote to his father on the 20th March, 1811:—“It is not my intention,

however, to take up my residence in Java, but to return with his Lordship to Bengal." But the change of intention is explained very simply by the fact that meantime he had been appointed Assay Master of the Mint; and with such a lucrative and un-exacting appointment, Calcutta was a far more advantageous residence than Batavia for his linguistic studies.

To return to Malacca, as described by Lord Minto :—

“ I inhabit the Government House, which is not magnificent, but answers my purposes perfectly in most respects. But it stands at the foot of a steep hill which covers the whole tenement from the sea. Now, as the sea-breeze is, in these climates, the true vital air, and as delicious as the gas of Paradise, suffocation is our portion at Government House. As I see you gasping at this account, and opening all the windows in spite of Elliot of Wells, it will give your Ladyship great satisfaction to find that the hill makes amends for the harm it does below by supporting up in the air, very near the top, a small bungalow composed of one room and an open verandah fronting the sea. George is the real owner, but the dutiful boy permits me to sit in the verandah from breakfast to dinner, and has thereby beyond a doubt prolonged my life almost a fortnight already. It is in this verandah that he and I are at present writing love-

letters to our absent wives. We swallow the breeze fresh from the sea, and the climate is entirely disarmed. . . . *Mr George has made a number of sketches which will help to fill up my blanks.*

“ This account of Malacca is for ordinary times. At present we have a great fleet and army officered by English gentlemen ; we have also my establishment, including Mr Raffles, who has a pretty numerous family. Mrs Raffles is the great lady, with dark eyes, lively manner, accomplished and clever. She had a former husband in India, and I have heard, but am not sure, that she was one of the beauties to whom Anacreontic Moore addressed many of his amatory elegies. . . .

“ I have mustered the whole female community of Malacca at a ball, for I am now writing on June 7th. I celebrated the King's birthday by a levé in the forenoon, a great dinner to all mankind, and a ball in the evening to all womankind. I escaped during the first dance, having had enough of the day by the earlier festivities ; and I slept that night up in George's bungalow to be out of earshot of the fiddlers. One of the pleasantest parts of the celebration took place privately after the levé. I released all the Government slaves at Malacca, presenting to each with my own hand a certificate of their freedom, and four dollars to provide for their immediate subsistence till

they can get into some way of life." At the same time all the instruments of torture were destroyed : the cross and rack burned ; the thumb-screw and other iron instruments taken out in a boat and sunk in deep water.

It was during this period of inaction that Leyden's insatiable curiosity led him to make an excursion, occupying six days, into the interior of the Peninsula, in which he passed the boundary of the Malacca territory into that of Johore.

Leyden had thrown himself into the question of Malacca *v.* P. Penang with characteristic ardour.

Not long after Raffles had settled at Malacca, he received the following letter from Leyden, which shows how enthusiastically he was working along with his friend :—

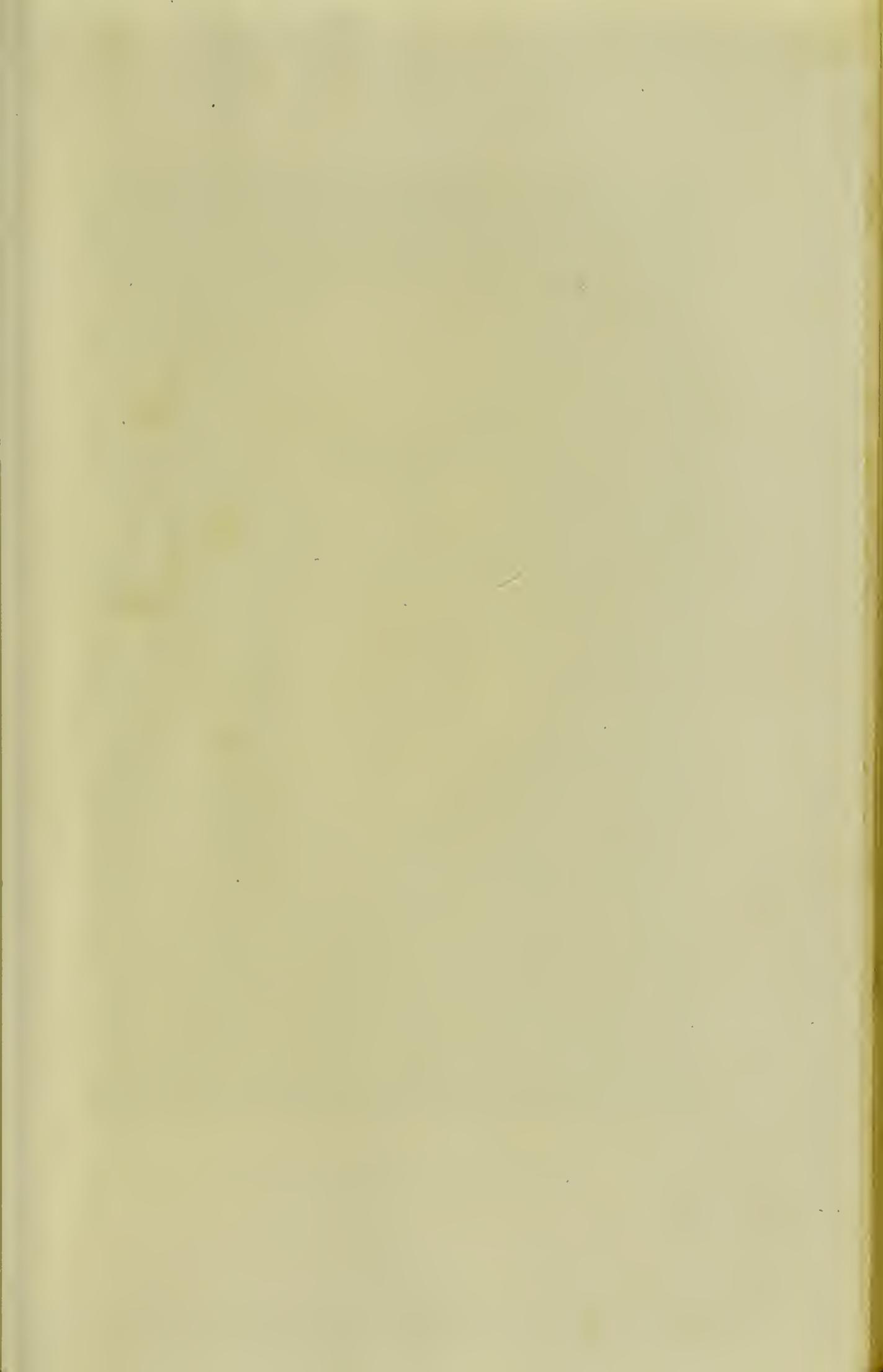
“ The military queries which I send you enclosed, I regret any delay in your receiving, but the letter itself was only to say that his Lordship was exceedingly well disposed towards you, desirous of giving you every opportunity of distinguishing yourself, and rewarding you as highly as the imperious nature of circumstances would permit. This you knew very well before, and I was very glad that his Lordship thought it unnecessary to cause me to write to you a formal letter on the subject. Indeed, Raffles, he has always talked of you to me with a kindness very uncommon in a Governor-General, and says that he is pleased with thinking

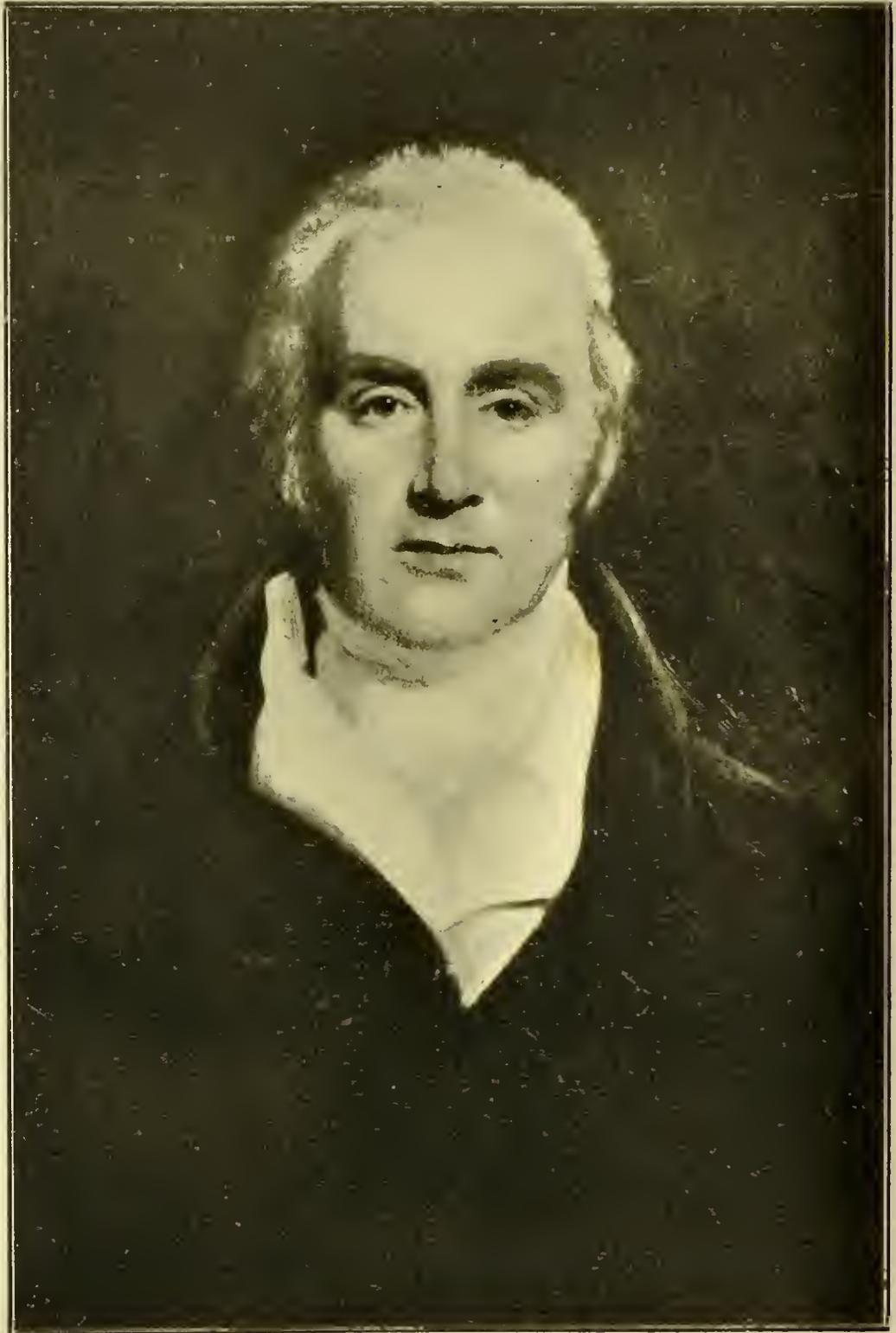
he will be able to arrange matters very much to your satisfaction when he arrives. I am glad that I have been able to keep him tight up to this point. He is still fluctuating between the two old plans of keeping the country (Java) or rendering it independent. The orders which he has received from home are entirely and positively in favour of the latter. He is required to expel the French and Dutch, and leave the country entirely to itself. This his own good sense directly saw to be impossible, from the shoals of half-castes at Batavia. Colebrooke and Lumsden have succeeded in making some impression on him by talking of accustoming the Malays to independence and all that, but may I never be a second Draco, nor write my laws in blood, if they succeed. Succeed they shall not, that is flat, for the Malays must neither be independent nor get very independent; but we must have a general Malay league, in which all the Rajahs must be united like the old ban of Burgundy or the later one of Germany, and these must all be represented in a general parliament of the Malay States, like the Amphictyonic Council of the Greeks; and this Council should meet in the island of Madura, or some celebrated ancient place, and under the protection of the Governor of Java. We ought to retain in some shape or other all the Dutch possessions at first, while we make ourselves known; and you should

write to all the Rajahs of the Malays, however far or wherever situated, to come in person to meet the Good Maha Rajah of Bengal, and state in your letters that the Malay States are expressly invited to send their most ancient and sagacious men to assist at a general meeting or congress, to take into consideration all their laws, institutions, government, religion and policy. Publish broad and wide the coming of the Good Maha Rajah, like another Secunder Zulkaram, to reign in Malacca and conquer Java, and drive out all the cruel Dutch and treacherous French, and take away all embargoes and restrictions on trade, abolish piracy, and bring peace and happiness to all the anak Malays. In short, make a great and mighty noise, for we will compel his Lordship to be a greater man than he would wish to be if left alone.”

A most interesting parallel to the closing passage of this letter has been preserved in the Journal of a young Malay scholar, Abdulla bin Abdulkada, employed in Raffles' office.* He wrote a wonderfully discriminating account of Raffles and his wife, also of the army that landed at Malacca on its way to Java, and of the Governor-General. When the *Modeste* arrived, “then thousands of all races collected at the sea-shore to have a sight of him and his dress, his name being

* *Hakayat Abdulla*: Trans. Published 1874.





THE FIRST EARL OF MINTO,
Governor General of India, 1806-1814.

so great. After this a great noise was heard of the regiments coming in full force, with the music of drums, fifes, and other instruments. . . . And the multitude in Malacca increased so greatly that there was no knowing who they were, but that they were of the human race. . . . At the time of his leaving his ship the cannon roared like thunder—the sea became dark with smoke. And when I had seen the appearance and circumstance of Lord Minto I was much moved; for I guessed in my mind as to his appearance, position, and height that these would be great, and his dress gorgeous. But his appearance was of one who was middle-aged, thin in body, of soft manners and sweet countenance, and I felt that he could not carry twenty cutties (30 lbs.), so slow were his motions. His coat was black cloth, trousers the same, nor was there anything peculiar. And when the leading men desired to pay their respects they remained at a distance, none daring to grasp his hand; but they took off their hats and bent their bodies. . . . When he landed he bowed to the right and to the left. He had not the remotest appearance of pomposity or lofty-headedness; but there was real modesty and kindly expression. . . . Now as long as Lord Minto remained in Malacca he took a round in his carriage every evening, one day visiting the mosque, another the Chinese Joss-house,

another the Dutch and Portuguese Churches ; and wherever he was met by rich, poor, or low, they stopped to make their bow, which he returned with good humour and courtesy, without the slightest shadow of pomposity." The new prison which Lord Minto caused to be built in place of the filthy dungeon for debtors—almost the only class of criminals—was described by Abdulla as "a residence free of all annoyances but one, that you could not get out of it."

MALACCA TO JAVA.

A few more extracts from Lord Minto's letters to his wife will complete our narrative.

"H.M.S. *Modeste* off Java :

"Ended August 3rd, 1811.

"The fleet having at length all assembled at Malacca, it was despatched towards its destination in a number of small divisions, which sailed successively, each under charge of a frigate, and attended also by sloops of war or company's cruisers. The *Modeste* was not attached to any division, and being sure of overtaking the earliest and swiftest, we remained at anchor till the whole had departed. The fleet consisted of 81 sail of all descriptions, and it was despatched in many divisions, because we had several narrow straits and difficult passes before us, which must have occasioned confusion, and probably accident and loss, if so large a

body of shipping had kept together. This voyage is made interesting by the very positive opinions which Admiral Drury had given himself, and had managed to obtain a countenance to from several quarters of authority on such questions, that it was absolutely impracticable to make a passage to Java with a fleet of transports if it should sail from Madras later than March 1. It was with this opinion that I had to contend pushing forward the expedition in the present season. . . . The result has furnished another testimony in favour of the virtue called obstinacy, which is entitled by success to the more polite name of firmness. The difficulty was this, that, starting from Malacca, the wind was directly contrary in every part of the course to the northern coast of Java, besides a current in the same direction as the wind throughout. (And yet by the help of squalls from the north, by occasional shifts of wind, by alterations of tide or current, light winds at night, and the sea-breeze during part of the day, and the seamanship of British sailors, the thing had been done). . . . The *Modeste* sailed from Malacca on June 18th, accompanied by the schooner *Minto*, a vessel attached to me, and on board of which were Dr Leyden and a number of Malay moonshees, or interpreters, teachers, and writers of that learned language. She is commanded by Captain Greig, a remark-

ably intelligent shipmaster, who is perfectly at home in the Eastern seas. He has been of the greatest use, both by missions to some islands near Java, and more particularly by having pointed out the passage which we are now making to Java, and ascertained its practicability by actual survey (set thereto by Raffles, at whose discretion I placed the *Minto*). . . . We cleared the Straits of Singapore on June 20th, and on the 29th anchored close to the island of Panambangan (off South West Borneo), which was the first rendezvous from Malacca.”

The *Modeste* remained at this anchorage from June 29th to July 6th, and those on board had the great satisfaction of witnessing the arrival of all the divisions and every ship of the fleet without mishap. The island—about six miles long—was hilly and well wooded, with a fine supply of fresh water, from which the sea-water was excluded by a dam across the stream. The description reads more like that of a huge excursion to Paradise than that of a warlike expedition. “The scenery all round is beautiful, and while we were there animated by tents and watering-parties, boats and their crews, carpenters and their gangs felling trees for spars and planks, washermen, smiths’ forges, Sepoys bathing and cooking—in short, a most gay and picturesque scene. . . . The whole scene of black and white men, of trades and occupations, with the

sort of spirit, energy, and cheerfulness which belongs to British seamen, made this Panambangan beach a most lively and agreeable spot."

On the morning of July 25th, "we got a sight of the Land of Promise." On the 27th, the *Modeste*, ahead of all the rest, was cruising about waiting for the fleet to come up. The ships had all come up by the 30th, and the landing was effected on August 4th at Chillingching (Dutch Tjilintji), about eleven miles to the east of Batavia. On the 9th, part of the army occupied Batavia, which the Dutch evacuated without firing a shot. The stronghold on which the hope of the defenders rested was Cornelis, an impregnable position among the hills, seven miles inland, defended by 280 guns of large calibre. Half-way to Cornelis was a strongly fortified advance-post, Weltevreden. Given time, perhaps the greatest advantage enjoyed by the holders of Cornelis was that it occupied a healthy site. The Dutch commander had it all planned that the fetid atmosphere of Batavia would prove fatal to the British army and place it at his mercy. Unfortunately for him, even the short time required in the calculation was not allowed by Sir Samuel Auchmuty, the British commander. On the 10th Weltevreden was attacked, and the enemy driven out with heavy loss. By this success a healthy situation was at once secured for the British

force, stores, magazines, and 100 pieces of cannon.

A fortnight was required for landing big guns from the ships and getting them into position for the storming of Cornelis. Then, on the 26th, the impregnable position was carried, and the Dutch army simply annihilated, either by slaughter or capture—all but 600 cavalry that got away.

LEYDEN'S LAST DAYS.

This barest outline of the military operations is the background against which the principal figure of our story appears for the last time. There is a tradition that, at the landing on the 4th, Leyden was the first to leap into the surf and reach the land. "When the army marched south from Batavia to attack the enemy's positions, he remained in the city—not inactive, but energetically engaged in the examination of official documents, and in the search for materials by means of which he might illustrate the system of government hitherto in force, and perhaps thus contribute to the simplification of the new government about to be established; his ardour allowed him no rest. The same spirit which impelled him to dash through the surf at Chillingching made him search the Dutch offices of Batavia with the closest care, so that none of their archives should escape him. The month was the hottest of the year; the fetid atmosphere of Batavia,

which Marshal Dændals had predicted would prove fatal to an English army, was at least fatal to one devoted seeker after knowledge. During his investigations he came upon a closed room or 'go-down' in one of the Dutch public offices. He forced open the door, and spent some time examining the papers on the shelves. He came out a stricken man, seized with that mysterious ague and fever for which doctors have discovered neither a name nor a cure, and which, not so many (fifteen) years later, attacked the illustrious Heber under very similar circumstances, and with an equally fatal result. Leyden entered the 'go-down' on the 25th August with the noise of the cannonade of Cornelis in his ears ; two days later he expired in the arms of his friend Raffles." (Boulger.)

Alongside of this account by Mr Boulger, Lord Minto's account of the circumstances attending Leyden's death will now be given : — "I have now a melancholy account to send you of the heavy loss we have sustained in the death of my poor friend, Dr Leyden. He was seized with fever a few days after I landed at Batavia, and struggled hard with it till yesterday morning, when he expired, and I assisted at paying him the last honours in the evening of the same day. He had been subject to bilious attacks from the time of leaving Calcutta, and indeed long before ; but he was frequently ailing on the voyage, and always making great efforts of

mental and sometimes of bodily labour. In Java he pushed his exertions of every kind far beyond his strength, and was totally regardless of the precautions against the sun, which are indispensable in these climates. He was seized, after great fatigue, in the examination of a public library which I had committed to his charge; and having gone heated from the library into another room, which had not been opened for a long while, he was suddenly struck with a chill. He ran out of the place saying it was enough to give any man a fever; but, in truth, his habit was predisposed, and he never surmounted the first attack, though he struggled against it longer than is usual, for fevers are rapid here."

In the introduction to his *History of Java*, published five years later, Raffles wrote:—"There was one (J. C. Leyden, who accompanied the expedition to Batavia in 1811, and expired in my arms a few days after the landing of the troops) dear to me in private friendship and esteem, who, had he lived, was of all men best capable of supplying those deficiencies which will be apparent in the very imperfect work now presented to the public. From his profound acquaintance with Eastern languages and Indian history, from the unceasing activity of his great talents, his other prodigious acquirements, his extensive views, and his confident hope of illustrating national migrations from

the scenes which he was approaching, much might have been expected ; but just as he reached those shores on which he hoped to slake his ardent thirst for knowledge, he fell a victim to excessive exertion, deeply deplored by all, and by none more truly than by myself.”

SCOTT'S LAST LETTER TOO LATE.

A pathetic interest attaches to the following letter from Scott which arrived after Leyden's death, was returned to the writer, and was preserved as one of his most cherished mementos :

“ For Dr Leyden, Calcutta,

“ Favoured by the Honourable Lady Hood.

“ Ashestiel, 25th August, 1811.

“ My dear Leyden,—You hardly deserve I should write to you for I have written you two long letters since I saw Mr Purvis and received from him your valued dagger (his Malay krees), which I preserve carefully till Bonaparte shall come or send for it. I might take a cruel revenge on you for your silence by declining Lady Hood's request to make you acquainted with her ; in which case, I assure you, great would be your loss. She is quite a congenial spirit, an ardent Scots-woman, and devotedly attached to those sketches of traditionary history which all the waters of the Burrampooter cannot, I

suspect, altogether wash out of your honour's memory.

“ This, however, is the least of her praises. She is generous and feeling and intelligent, and has contrived to keep her heart and social affections broad awake amidst the chilling and benumbing atmosphere of London fashion.

“ I ought perhaps first to have told you that Lady Hood was the Hon. Mary Mackenzie, daughter of Lord Seaforth, and is the wife of Sir Samuel Hood, one of our most distinguished naval heroes, who goes out to take the command in your seas. Lastly, she is a very intimate friend of Mrs Scott and myself, and first gained my heart by her admiration of the *Scenes of Infancy*.

So you see, my good friend, what your laziness would have cost you if, listening rather to the dictates of revenge than to generosity, I had withheld my pen from the ink-horn. But, to confess the truth, I fear two such minds would soon have found each other out, like good dancers in a ball-room, without the assistance of the Master of Ceremonies. So I may even play Sir Clement Cotteril with a good grace since I cannot further my vengeance by withholding my good offices.

“ My last went by favour of John Pringle, who carried you a copy of *The Lady of the Lake*, a poem which I really think you will like better than *Marmion* on the whole,

though not perhaps in particular passages. Pray let me know if it carried you back to the land of mist and mountain?

“Lady Hood’s departure being sudden, and your desert not extraordinary (speaking as a correspondent), I have not time to write you much news. The best domestic intelligence is that the Sheriff of Selkirk, his lease of Ashestiel being out, has purchased about 100 acres of land on the banks of the Tweed just above the confluence of the Gala and about three miles from Melrose. There, saith fame, he designs to big himself a bower—*sibi et amicis*—and happy will he be when India shall return you to a social meal at his cottage. The place looks at present rather like ‘poor Scotland’s gear.’ It consists of a bank and haugh as poor and bare as Falstaff’s regiment, though I hope ere you come to see it, the verdant screen I am about to spread over its nakedness will have in some degree removed this reproach. But it has a wild, solitary air, and commands a splendid reach of the Tweed; and to sum all in the words of Touchstone, ‘It is an ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own.’

“Our little folks, whom you left infants, are now pushing fast forward to youth, and show some blood, as far as aptitude to learning is concerned. Charlotte and I are wearing on as easily as this fashious world will permit. The outside of my head is

waxing grizzled, but I cannot find that this snow has cooled either my brain or my heart.

“Adieu, dear Leyden. Pray brighten the chain of friendship by a letter when occasion serves, and believe me ever yours most affectionately, W. S.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEWS IN SCOTLAND.

ONE of the fastest ships in the fleet had been despatched to England with the news of the capture of Cornelis as soon as it was accomplished, the mail also carrying a letter to John Leyden giving him an account of the death of his son. The average time required for the voyage was over four months, and it can only be supposed that the news reached London by the middle of January, 1812, and Edinburgh in the third week. The first definite notice of the news is in a letter from Alexander Murray to Constable, under date 28th January, in which he says :—

“ You must have been amongst the first to hear the news of the Batavian expedition and the subsequent death of our old friend, Dr Leyden. I regret that event exceedingly, both from motives of long and intimate friendship, and from the loss—the really incalculable loss—which literature has sustained by the death of a man of such accomplishments and views in his interesting

situation. We might have expected from him a clear and accurate account of the nations between China and India, and, above all, of the relations in which the tribes of those parts of Asia have stood to one another. His talent for languages might have laid open the way to future adventurers, whose efforts might have been of good service in various respects. With the aid of language a man of sense is at home in any age of any country; without it he is limited entirely to what he sees.

“ If I remember right, you and John did not altogether agree on some points. If you estimate his character fully, however, now that the trial of it is over, you will agree with me that he had a bold, adventurous mind, not afraid of any labour or the most painstaking researches; that he had more literature of the classical, antiquarian, and Oriental kinds than any man you or I ever knew; that his taste was good, and that he was able to philosophise as well as comment on the history of present and past ages. He would have contributed something to the general stores of useful knowledge in any situation. In India he would have filled up a large blank in the annals of the world by tracing the ancient state of the nations which were established in those regions before others were formed or any way civilized. Alas! that is all over.”

Writing to Dr Anderson some time after,

Murray again speaks of Leyden as follows :—
“Our indefatigable and invaluable friend, than whose a more ardent spirit never comprehended whatever is vast, or surmounted whatever is difficult in literary pursuit, has prematurely closed his brilliant day, and is gone. When recently engaged in researches (in his *History of the European Languages*, finished 1812) into the several affinities of certain languages in which he was extremely conversant, I felt an anticipation of pleasure from the thought that my inquiries would in due time come under his eye, and undergo the friendly correction of his learned judgment. Alas! this expectation was utterly vain, for the possibility of its being accomplished was already past.”

As to Constable and Leyden, there was a little friction between them on money matters before they parted in the end of 1802. In a letter from London to his brother Robert, in which he particularly asks him, for the second time, to get Constable's account receipted, he instructs him, if the subject ever be mentioned in his hearing, to give John Leyden's word for it that he is under no pecuniary obligation to him. It is a great pity that he should have spoken with such bitterness of a man to whom he had been under considerable obligation in various ways. Whatever faults Constable may have had, meanness in money matters was not one of them.

Happily the disagreement was due on both sides to temporary irritation. Sometime in 1804 Constable wrote a friendly letter, sending with it a volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, which Leyden must have received before leaving Mysore in May, 1805. On the next day after arriving at Pulo Penang he sat down and wrote a friendly and cordial letter in reply. Again, in 1809-10, he wrote a very friendly letter, quoted above, about Marshman's *Confucius*. It is obvious, therefore, that Constable did not need to be entreated to take a more favourable view of Leyden after his death. Accordingly, replying to Murray's letter on 1st February, 1812, he says :—

“The death of our friend, John Leyden, affected me much. He was indeed no common man. This is a world of uncertainties, and we ought all to think more of our friends while we have them. I am very anxious to have a proper account of Dr Leyden in the *Scots Magazine*, which I would ask the favour of you to draw up. I think it very likely that some biographical notice may get into the *Monthly Magazine*, upon which I shall have an eye. The eulogy which appeared in the Edinburgh papers was written, I believe, by Mr Lundie of Kelso.”

Writing again on February 7th, Murray says :—

“I had by the post which brought yours

a letter from Robert Leyden, informing me that Mr Scott had offered to collect and publish Dr Leyden's posthumous papers and occasional pieces, including, no doubt, the *Scenes of Infancy* and other poems, and to accompany them with a memoir of his life, in the part of which that might relate to his Oriental studies he requested my slender assistance. As I make no doubt that this plan is in agitation, I have written to-day to Mr Scott, informing him of Robert's letter to me, and offering whatever service I am capable of in promoting the intention. Under Mr Scott's management and abilities, which he will exert *con amore* in this lamented task, we may hope that something will be done to preserve the memory of great talents and acquisitions, which the world scarcely began to know till it was deprived of them."

He received a letter from Scott on the subject, dated February 10th, in which he says :—

"But I own that I should not feel in the least confident of doing much good without the hopes of assistance you so kindly hold out to me."

The plan here sketched was not carried out, for a reason that is not far to seek. The material proposed to be edited was almost entirely in India, some of it unfinished, and much time would be required to bring it out. On the other hand, a biographical sketch more or less complete could be pro-

duced in a short time, and was what the public desired in the first instance. Accordingly Scott's sketch was written and published in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. What was to have been Murray's task could not be done without more information than was available on his Indian work. Regarding that work he could have had little to tell that has not come out otherwise, but he could have thrown much light on Leyden's linguistic studies before he left the country.

SCOTT'S DESCRIPTION.

Whatever disadvantage Scott may have been under in respect of languages and India, he had known Leyden very intimately for two or three years, and no one was better qualified to write a description of him ; his description will always remain a classic.

“ In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For he was no less (more) anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for learning and literary talent, than to be held a fearless

player at single-stick, a formidable boxer, and a distinguished adept at leaping, running, walking, climbing, and all exercises which depend on animal spirits and muscular exertion. Feats of this nature he used to detail with such liveliness as sometimes led his audience to charge him with exaggeration; but, unlike the athlete in Esop's apologue, he was always ready to attempt the repetition of his famous leap at Rhodes, were it at the peril of breaking his neck on the spot." Here the incident is given about John Elliot's wager on board ship.

"In society John Leyden's first appearance had something that revolted the fastidious and alarmed the delicate. He was a bold and uncompromising disputant, and neither subdued his tone nor mollified the form of his argument out of deference to the rank, age, or even sex of those with whom he was maintaining it. His voice, which was naturally loud and harsh, was on such occasions exaggerated into what he himself used to call his saw-tones, which were not very pleasant to the ear of strangers. His manner was animated, his movements abrupt, and the gestures with which he enforced his arguments rather forcible than elegant; so that, altogether, his first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits, or shy and reserved habits, as well as to all who expected much reverence in society on account of the

adventitious circumstances of rank or station. Besides, his spirits were generally at top-flood, and entirely occupied with what had last arrested his attention; and thus his feats, or his studies, were his topic more frequently than is consistent with the order of good company, in which every person has a right to expect his share of conversation. . . .

“In short, his egotism, his bold assumption in society, his affectation of neglecting many of its forms as trifles beneath his notice—circumstances which often excited against his first appearance an undue and disproportionate prejudice—were entirely founded upon the resolution to support his independence, and to assert that character formed between the lettered scholar and the wild, rude Borderer—the counterpart, as it were, of Anacharsis, the philosophic Scythian, which from his infancy he was ambitious of maintaining.

“His humble origin was with him rather a subject of honest pride than of false shame, and he was internally not unwilling that his deportment should, to a certain degree, partake of the simplicity of the ranks from which he had raised himself by his talents to bear a share in the first society. He boasted in retaining these marks of his birth, as the Persian tribe, when raised to the rank of kings and conquerors, still displayed as their banner the leathern apron

of the smith who founded their dynasty. He bore, however, with great good humour all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. When a lady of rank and fashion one evening insisted upon his dancing (with her), he sent next morning a lively poetical epistle to her in the character of a dancing bear. This was his usual mode of escaping from or apologizing for any bevue which his high spirits and heedless habits might lead him to commit.

“ On the other hand, Leyden’s apparent harshness of address covered a fund of real affection for his friends, and kindness to all with whom he mingled, unwearied in their service and watchful to oblige them. To gratify the slightest wish of a friend he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches, and when perhaps that friend had forgotten that he ever intimated such a wish, Leyden came to pour down before him the fullest information on the subject which had excited his attention.

“ And his temper was in reality, and notwithstanding an affectation of roughness, as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved, no one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute he never lost temper, and if he despised the out-works of ceremony, he never trespassed upon the

essentials of good-breeding, and was himself the first to feel hurt and distressed if he conceived that he had, by any rash or hasty expression, injured the feelings of the most inconsiderable member of the company. In all the rough-play of his argument, too, he was strictly good-humoured, and was the first to laugh if, as must happen occasionally to those who talk much on every subject, some disputant of less extensive but more accurate information contrived to arrest him in his very pitch of pride by a home fact or incontrovertible argument. And when his high and independent spirit, his firm and steady principles of religion and virtue, his constant good humour, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the liveliness of his conversation, were considered, they must have been fastidious indeed who were not reconciled to the foibles or peculiarities of his tone and manner.

“John Leyden was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity, of which he was at all times a ready and ardent assertor; and his faith was attested by the purity of morals, which is its best earthly evidence. To the pleasures of the table he was totally indifferent; never exceeded the bounds of temperance in wine, though frequently in society where there was temptation to do so; and seemed hardly to enjoy any refreshment excepting tea, of which he drank very large quantities. When he was travelling

or studying, his temperance became severe abstinence, and he often passed an entire day without any other food than a morsel of bread. To sleep he was equally indifferent; and when, during the latter part of his residence in Edinburgh, he frequently spent the day in company, upon returning home he used to pursue his studies till a late hour in the morning, and satisfy himself with a very brief portion of repose. . . . His pecuniary resources were necessarily very limited, but he managed his funds with such severe economy that he seemed always at ease upon his very narrow income.

“ We have only another trait to add to his character as a member of society. With all his bluntness and peculiarity, and under disadvantages of birth and fortune, Leyden’s reception among ladies of rank and elegance was favourable in a distinguished degree. Whether it be that the tact of the fair sex is finer than ours, or that they more readily pardon peculiarity in favour of originality, or that an uncommon address is in itself a recommendation to their favour, or that they are not so readily offended as the male sex by a display of superior learning; in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Leyden was a favourite among those whose favour all are ambitious to obtain. Among the ladies of distinction who honoured him with their regard, it is sufficient to mention the late Duchess of Gordon and

Lady Charlotte Campbell, who were then leaders of the fashionable society of Edinburgh.”

LORD COCKBURN'S ESTIMATE, if not so elaborate as that of Scott's, is that of a very shrewd and very impartial observer :—

“ John Leyden has said of himself, ‘ I often verge so nearly on absurdity that I know it is perfectly easy to misconceive me as well as misrepresent me.’ This was quite true, and therefore he cannot be understood till the peculiarities to which he alludes are cleared away, and the better man is made to appear.

“ His conspicuous defect used to be called affectation, but in reality it was pretension—a pretension, however, of a very innocent kind, which, without derogating in the least from the claim of any other person, merely exaggerated not his own merits, nor what he had done, but his capacity and ambition to do more. Ever in a state of excitement, ever ardent, ever panting for things unattainable by ordinary mortals, and successful to an extent sufficient to rouse the hopes of a young man ignorant of life, there was nothing that he thought beyond his reach; and not knowing what insincerity was, he spoke of his powers and his visions as openly as if he had been expounding what might be expected of another man.

“ According to himself John Leyden could

easily in a few months have been a great physician, or have surpassed Sir William Jones in Oriental literature, or Milton in poetry. Yet at the very time he was thus exposing himself, he was not only simple but generous and humble. He was a wild-looking, thin, Roxburghshire man, with sandy hair, a screech voice, and staring eyes—exactly as he came from his native village of Denholm; and not one of these not very attractive personal qualities would he have exchanged for all the graces of Apollo.

“By the time I knew him he had made himself one of our social shows, and could and did say whatever he chose. His delight lay in an argument about the Scotch Church, or Oriental literature, or Scotch poetry, or scenery—always conducted on his part in a high, shrill voice, with great intensity and an utter unconsciousness of the amazement or even the aversion of strangers. His daily extravagances, especially mixed up as they always were with exhibitions of his own ambition and confidence, made him be much laughed at even by his friends.

“Notwithstanding those ridiculous or offensive habits, he had considerable talent and great excellences. There is no walk in life depending on ability in which Leyden could not have shone. Unwearying industry was inspired and sustained by enthusiasm. Whatever he did, his whole soul was in it. His heart was warm and true. No distance,

or interest, or novelty could make him forget an absent friend or his poor relations. His physical energy was as vigorous as his mental; so that it would not be easy to say whether he would have engaged with a newly found Eastern MS. or in battle with the more cordial alacrity. His love of Scotland was delightful. It breathes through all his writings and all his proceedings, and imparts to his poetry its most attractive charm. The affection borne for him by many distinguished friends, and their deep sorrow for his early extinction, is the best evidence of his talent and worth. Indeed his premature death was deplored by all who delight to observe the elevation of merit by its own force and through (in spite of) personal defects, from obscurity to fame. He died in Batavia at the age of thirty-six. Had he been spared, he would have been a star in the East of the first magnitude."

The one point in which exception could be taken to the above description, which is admirable as a whole, is in regard to Leyden's personal appearance. Let the intelligent reader observe, however, that the very turn of the sentence comparing the Roxburgh man with Apollo requires that the contrast be made as strong as possible, if not exaggerated; "he is wild-looking, with staring eyes, sandy hair, and a screech voice; and yet withal he would not have changed places with Apollo."

That this picture of his personal appearance is coloured for rhetorical purposes is further proved by the description of another contemporary, who had no contrast with Apollo to emphasise.

REV. DAVID SCOT, M.D.,

Minister of Corstorphine, Editor of Dr Alexander Murray's *History of the European Languages*, and Professor of Hebrew at St Andrews, records his impression of Leyden as follows :—

“ He was a man of vast genius and extensive learning. No reflecting person could be long in his company without perceiving him to be a person of uncommon talents. He had an ardent curiosity, wonderful activity of mind, and unconquerable perseverance ; a prodigious memory, and the utmost enthusiasm for literature.

“ I happened to get acquainted with him when he first came to Edinburgh. . . . He had then very much the appearance of a boy. He was a little lad, but all his limbs and features were finely proportioned. He had a very intelligent face, and most sparkling eyes ; a loud, sharp voice, and a strong provincial accent.

“ As a man his greatest foible was a passion for display, or a forwardness in showing his attainments ; but his claims were seldom made without reason. To vice of any kind he was an utter stranger.

The want of refined manners, which are chiefly to be acquired by a long habit of keeping the best company, has been imputed to him by some, who perhaps had no other merit. He certainly did not despise good breeding, and if there was a want in this respect, he might be thought rather to neglect than be ignorant of those forms of courtly address which the world dignifies with the name of politeness.

“ His intellectual talents were of the first order, and his passion for literature could terminate only with his existence. He had almost no wish but to distinguish himself as a scholar and man of genius. He cared not for riches or honours but as they favoured this inborn and irrepressible impulse of soul, as they tended to realise those high and noble resolves of which great minds alone are conscious, and which he cherished from his boyish years.”

FROM INDIA

there came three important contributions to the estimate of Leyden's character and work : one from Lord Minto (besides the description in a letter to his wife, given in its place); one from Sir John Malcolm, and one from William Erskine, Esq.

After his return from Java, the first had occasion, in the beginning of 1812, to make a visitation of Fort-William College, and in his address naturally referred to one who had

been at one time on the staff and had been cut off in such tragic circumstances at Batavia.

EULOGIUM BY LORD MINTO,
ON A VISITATION OF THE COLLEGE OF
FORT-WILLIAM.

“No man, whatever his condition might be, ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact that, within my experience, Dr Leyden, in no instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits to waste a moment’s thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncontemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune which he disdained to court; and, amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice and a vehement abhorrence of oppression were not

less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described.

“ His knowledge of languages resembled more the ancient gift of tongues than the slow acquisitions of ordinary men.”

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

From the time when Sir John Malcolm became acquainted with Leyden and entertained him for six months in his house at Mysore during a period of severe illness, he seems to have conceived a very sincere and strong affection for him. His letters to Leyden after he left indicate the most intimate friendship. Then when he returned from Pulo Penang to Calcutta, Malcolm was waiting to receive him in anxiety for his welfare. The admiration expressed in his lines to the poet on reading the *Scenes of Infancy* at Mysore was enhanced by his linguistic attainments, and that admiration he expressed in a letter to the Editor of the *Bombay Courier*, written after Leyden's premature death.

“ It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am,” he says, “ to do justice to the memory of Dr Leyden. I only know that he rose by the power of native genius from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of

his mind was shewn, perhaps, in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connection with each other; and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that if he had lived he would have thrown the greatest light upon the most abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this intricate and curious but rugged path we cannot hope to see his equal.”

The passage describing his method of learning a language has already been given, as well as that about the False Alarm on the Borders; the passage on his character comes in here; that on his poetry, in another connection.

“It is pleasing to find him on whom Nature has bestowed eminent genius possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr Leyden were uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking; his voice was loud and had little or no modulation; and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country,

It cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great), the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they even who could not understand the value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculation on political subjects. He never solicited favour, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron, Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of shewing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

“The temper of Dr Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear with perfect good humour raillery on his foibles. (Here follows the passage about learning English on his landing at Calcutta.) . . .

“His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument arose one day upon a point of English history. It was

agreed to refer it to Leyden, and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes which had taken place in the English language, this Act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age; and that he had retained every word in his memory. . . .

“ These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give the lesser shades of the character of this extraordinary man. An external manner certainly not agreeable and a disposition to egotism were his only defects. How trivial do these appear at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius as were concentrated in the late Dr Leyden.”

EULOGIUM BY WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

“ With a skill peculiar to himself—with a superiority truly philosophical, he seized the grand features of the Oriental languages and classed them with an accuracy altogether unequalled. He left to others—some of whom were unable even to see his aim, while others did see it and admired—the humble

though useful task of explaining the principles and structure of each separate tongue. It forms his highest and peculiar eulogium to remember that, in the course of eight years' residence in India, pursued by ill-health, burdened by official duties, and distracted by diversity of pursuits, he nearly effected for Asia what to this hour and after the lapse of centuries, all the talents and research and labour and literary quiet of all the learned men and literary bodies of Europe have but very imperfectly accomplished for that quarter of the world—a classification of its various languages and their kindred dialects. The bold and adventurous presumption which led him on to hazard everything could alone have induced him to attempt such a labour. What many, even of his admirers, therefore, regarded as a defect in his character, was in truth what, on this occasion, ensured his success. A more timid man, or a greater lover of classical perfection, would have turned from the subject in despair.

“ But, whatever might be thought of his merit as an author, there could be no difference of sentiment regarding his character as a man. By his friends, the remembrance of his worth and genius, his unsuspecting simplicity of heart, the generous, manly independence of his character, his disdain of everything sordid or selfish, his tender, faithful friendship, must always be

fondly cherished. The blank which his loss makes in Eastern literature we look in vain for one who can supply. But if the partiality of friendship does not mislead me, I would fondly hope that, though he is cut off in the midst of his plans, and while he had only cleared the way for his future exertions, if he died too soon for the world and his friendship, he has yet, by the originality of his researches and discoveries, formed an era in Oriental literature, and thereby lived long enough to attain one object of his noble ambition, and to leave behind him a name that will never die."

Mr Morton says: "Though the habits of Leyden were very frugal, he had no value for money but as it enabled him to be kind and generous to his parents and family, or to indulge his passion for knowledge. The consequence was, that almost all he acquired was either applied to the relief of his relatives, spent upon instructors, or the purchase of Oriental MSS., of which he had a large collection."

Mr Morton records an anecdote about John Leyden, senior, which is by no means irrelevant to this story, as it shews the kind of stock from which our hero was descended, in intelligence, independence, and high moral rectitude. "Like father, like son."

When Sir John Malcolm visited Minto in 1817 he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent

for as he wished to speak with him. The old man came after the labour of the day was finished, and though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who, he knew, had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation, Sir John, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that had been left, said he was authorised by Mr Heber (to whom all Leyden's English MSS. had been bequeathed) to say that such as were likely to produce a profit would be published as soon as possible for the benefit of the family.

“Sir,” said the old man with animation and with tears in his eyes, “God blessed me with a son who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country; as it is, I beg of Mr Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than of my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age, but, thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray, therefore, of you and Mr Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.”

The biography proper may best be concluded by another short extract from Mr Morton, in reference to his character and disposition, which no subsequent biographer could possibly know so well. “He was

distinguished for the manly simplicity and independence of his character. He could suppress, but knew not the art of disguising his emotions. His foibles or defects seemed to have a distant resemblance to the corresponding good qualities, ill-regulated and carried to an unreasonable excess. Perfectly conscious of retaining the essence of politeness, he sometimes wantonly neglected the ceremonial—a peculiarity of which he was conscious himself, as appears from a remark in a letter to Dr Anderson: ‘I often verge so nearly on absurdity that I know it is perfectly easy to misconceive me, as well as misrepresent me.’

“In his judgment of men and his value for their society and acquaintance, he was guided solely by his opinion of their moral and intellectual worth; and never paid any regard to claims founded merely upon the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune, but rather strenuously opposed them whenever he imagined they were obtrusively brought forward. His stubbornness in points like this did not fail to create prejudices against him, and to cause him to be misrepresented as vain and presumptuous. But those who knew him best, who saw him in the daily intercourse of life, and amongst his friends and relatives, loved him for qualities the very reverse of these. His general deportment was truly amiable and unassuming. — He was a cheerful and good-

humoured companion, and an affectionate and steady friend, deeply sensible of kindness, and ever ready to oblige.”

CHAPTER X.

LEYDEN AS LINGUIST.

I. BEFORE GOING ABROAD.

THE tradition is that before going abroad he had mastered seventeen languages. From what has been already mentioned in the history, it should not be difficult to enumerate them.

1, Latin ; 2, Greek. He knew a good deal of both before going to the University ; was a distinguished Classical student there ; and kept up his reading of both with a perseverance not universally exhibited by students.

3, Italian ; 4, Spanish ; 5, French ; 6, German ; 7, Hebrew ; 8, Portuguese. In the Latin Dictionary he used at school, besides the English and Greek synonyms and the meanings in Italian, the Hebrew, French, Spanish, and German synonyms were given ; so that from his boyhood he was familiar with seven foreign languages. There are certain considerations that make it almost certain that he knew more or less

of Portuguese also before leaving Europe. (1) The fascination there is for any Latin scholar in studying and comparing the variations from the mother-language exhibited by each member of the Romance family: Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese (Romansch, Roumanian, &c.), make it extremely probable that Leyden, for whom this fascination had a passionate keenness, took the first opportunity of adding Portuguese to his previous stock, especially as it is perhaps the nearest to pure Latin of the four. (2) That this is not a mere supposition is proved by his familiarity with Portuguese when he went to the East. In the beginning of 1806 he went from Penang to Calcutta on board a Portuguese ship. He mentions, however, that there was not a European on board but himself; the captain, officers, and many of the crew were Maçao-Portuguese. He described so clearly and minutely all their operations and amusements as to show that he understood as well what they said as if they had all spoken Scots. It might be said that he could have learned Portuguese after going to the East, especially as there is a considerable variation between the dialect spoken there and the European; but it so happens that his principal pastime during this very voyage was reading one of the finest pieces of classical Portuguese—Camoens' *Os Lusíadas*—and Portuguese novels. (3) A third proof is to be found in

the fact that Bruce's correspondence, which he perused at Kinnaird, was principally in Portuguese, Italian, and modern Greek, with a number of Turkish documents.

SEMITIC.

9, Syriac or Aramaic ; 10, Arabic ; 11, Ethiopic or Abyssinian.

It is admitted that he was an accomplished Hebrew and Arabic scholar. It has already been shown that he knew Ethiopic when he was sent out to Kinnaird to report on Bruce's Ethiopic MSS. There is some confusion as to the application of the names : Syriac, Aramaic, Chaldee. There were two Arams : Aram of Damascus, and Padan-aram or Aram-naharaim (of the two rivers—Mesopotamia). Now the Assyrians did not apply the name Aramaic to the language of the former, but to that of the latter. Then Syria is Assyria shortened, while Chaldee is Babylonia ; so that when the upper classes of Babylonia adopted the pure Aramaic instead of the adulterated vernacular, there were three names—Aramaic, Syriac, and Chaldee—all for the one language of Mesopotamia. But by the time of Christ Syriac was the name reserved for the language of Mesopotamia, while Aramaic was that of Syria and Palestine ; nowadays both names are applied to the latter. This language, which was spoken by Christ and his disciples, lies more directly in the way of a Hebrew scholar

even than Arabic, and it is incredible that any one aspiring to master all the Semitic dialects should pass it over. It is given by Scott in the list of languages from which he noticed poetical translations in the *Edinburgh Magazine* over the initials J. L.

The pure Ethiopic or Geez is the language of Tigré, the northern province of Abyssinia. The inhabitants were the descendants of an Arab colony that crossed the Red Sea some centuries before the Christian era, and, being thus isolated, their language remained the oldest type of the Arabic. But when Christian missionaries from the Coptic Church took in hand to write it, they adopted the Greek (Uncial) letters, with each of the vowels attached to each of the consonants, so that there were as many different forms of each consonant as there were vowels; all this while preserving the Semitic character of the language (Murray's *History of European Languages*).

CELTIC.

12, Gaelic. During his tour in the Highlands in 1800 he had an excellent opportunity, which he seized, of learning Gaelic. By the time they got to Oban he had a certain small stock of words, picked up orally; but he had also books. Clothes he might have omitted to bring—and food could take its chance—but books never. In his letter to Constable from Oban, he says: “I am working at

Gaelic like a dragon." His ordinary reading was working like a dragon compared with that of most other men, so that when he thought himself that he was making a spurt, it must have been a spurt indeed. On returning to Edinburgh he must have compared notes with Alexander Murray, who had begun with Welsh ten years before, and knew besides, Cornish, Armorican, Cymric, Gaelic, and Irish. Murray had told him that Gaelic and Irish are practically the same, with a greater wealth of literature in the latter; but beyond conjecture there is nothing tangible to show that he really made himself acquainted with any of the Celtic family but the Gaelic.

TEUTONIC AND NORSE.

13-17. From German Leyden passed with Murray to Low German or Dutch and Flemish to Anglo-Saxon, and to Norse or Scandinavian: Danish-Norwegian, Swedish, and Icelandic, which last is to Danish as Anglo-Saxon is to English. Scott gives Norse in the list of languages from which he noticed poetical translations in the *Edinburgh Magazine* over the initials J. L. while Leyden was still at the University. The colony of Danes who settled in Iceland, being isolated like the Arab colony in Abyssinia, preserved the oldest type of their language. The fascination, mentioned before, of studying the affinity of the Romance

dialects is equalled and excelled by that of studying that of the Teutonic dialects.

18, PERSIAN.

Leyden, like many other scholars, became acquainted with the Persian through the Arabic, although the former has no further connection with the Semitic than arises from its being written in a corrupt Arabic character of its own and sometimes in pure Arabic, and from a large number of Arabic words that have filtered into the language at various times.

II. ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

The two languages just mentioned, which Leyden was reading during his voyage to India, formed the natural and logical stepping-stones from the European to the Oriental languages. It will throw light on a linguistic problem that was debated in India when Leyden arrived, and continued to be—there and in Europe—for fifty years, to explain the true relations of Persian with other languages. The problem was:—Whether Zend and Pehlvi were authentic languages of high antiquity by which Zoroaster had handed down his religion, affiliated with but not derived from Sanskrit, as maintained by Du Perron, Rask, and other scholars; or whether Zend was fabricated by the Parsee Priests from many dialects, especially Sanskrit, and no older than the

Arabic conquest of Persia, as maintained by Richardson, Sir William Jones, &c.

The Old Persian was a true Aryan language, with dialectic variations in the different provinces : *e.g.*, between the Median in the North-west and South Persian, afterwards called Sanskrit, of Persis (cap. Persepolis). Contiguous to the latter on the South-west was Elam, with a population consisting largely of descendants of Chaldee immigrants who had brought their religion with them. The Western Semites had adopted the Phoenician Alphabet before the ninth century B.C., witness the Moabite Stone. Assyria did the same in the eighth ; and a century or so after, the Assyrian language was adopted by the Babylonians. Then in the sixth century B.C., the Priests of Persepolis adopted the Chaldee-Aramaic Alphabet with which to write their Vedas in their own language. The Sanskrit letters can be identified with the Chaldee when the former are detached from the heavy line over each word and the suspender by which each letter hangs from this line, by which lines each is disguised as a block out of a word (Murray's *History of European Languages*).

The South Persian religion had long been influenced, through Elam, by the Babylonian, and had adopted a number of the Chaldee deities : *e.g.*, Brama was the Babylonian Raman (the firmament)—a name preserved in that of the Hebrew patriarch

Ab-ram (Father Raman). Vishnu, the Preserver, the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, was originally the mother, the wife of (the Babylonian) Anu (heaven)—Semitic Ve (&)-Isha-Anu. It was in consequence of this corruption of the old Persian religion that the worshippers of Brahma were persecuted by the Magi, adherents of the reformed Zoroastrianism in the north, so that about 500 B.C. a number of Brahmans emigrated to India, as the Parsees themselves did eleven centuries after on the invasion of the Arabs in 636 A.D. The Magi had also adopted the Aramaic Alphabet, from Assyria, with which to write their Zend-Avesta. The Pehlvi was Aramaic that had intruded itself into the West of Persia and was corrupted with Persian; and which, like Norman French, was eventually extruded from the country. Modern Persian dates from the Arab invasion, when the Arab Alphabet was adopted and many Arab words found their way into the language.

ARYAN DIALECTS IN INDIA.

The Hindu languages of India are cognate descendants from the Sanskrit, kept up by the Brahmans as a written language for the transmission of their sacred writings; as a spoken language, it was corrupted into about ten different dialects. These were afterwards called collectively *Hindui* or *Prakrit* (the common vernacular).

Pali was the Prakrit dialect in which the Buddhist Scriptures were written ; hence it was the classical language among the Buddhist emigrants in Ceylon and Burma.

The Jaina-Scriptures were also written in a Prakrit dialect. Hindi is the modern form of the literary language used by the non-Mohammedan population of Northern India.

Hindustani or Urdu, which is Hindi mixed with Persian and Arabic, is the language of the Mohammedan population in Central India, and is used by the British Government for administrative and diplomatic purposes.

Dakhni is a similar Mohammedan dialect in the Deccan.

Other vernacular dialects from the Prakrit are :—Bengali (with Santali, Garo, &c.) ; Uriya or Utkala, in Orissa ; Marathi, Sindhi, Panjabi, &c.

The Parsee-Gujerati is a grandchild not of Sanskrit, but of Median, the sister of the latter, and is therefore the first-cousin twice removed of Hindi.

TAMIL OR DRAVIDIAN DIALECTS.

When Leyden landed at Madras he landed in a part of the country where the lower stratum of the population belonged to a non-Aryan race which had been driven southward into the Peninsula by the Aryans from Persia, who occupied the central pro-

vinces. The name Carnatic was originally given to the whole Peninsula south of the river Kistna, and the language Carnata, or Canarese, is not confined to the state of Canara on the western slopes of the Ghats opposite Mysore, but is generally used throughout the latter state as well.

Tamil is the principal dialect, which is spoken chiefly in the restricted territory of the Carnatic (between the Ghats and the Coromandel Coast) and in the north of Ceylon.

Malayalma or Malabarese is spoken on the west of the Ghats, from Cape Comorin, in Travancore, and on to Coorg, which has a dialect of its own.

In the eighth century a colony of Jews settled in Travancore, and the Malayalma, which is closely akin to Tamil, was written in the Syriac Alphabet—a script which it retains to this day.

Mappila is the dialect of the small state of Tellicherri, south of Coorg.

Telugu is spoken by the Telingas from Madras to Chicacole.

STAGE 1.—MADRAS TO PULOO PENANG.

We are now in a position to follow intelligently the languages met with and learned by Leyden in the course of his journeyings in 1804-5. 1, Sanskrit. As soon as he landed in Madras he began to lay his plans for acquiring a knowledge of

Sanskrit, but found there were difficulties in the way of more kinds than one. In his letter to Erskine from Seringapatam, under date November 27, 1804, he says: "The fanaticism of the Brahmans at Madras increased greatly the difficulty of learning Sanskrit. They threatened loss of caste and absolute destruction to any Brahman who should dare to unveil the mysteries of their sacred language to a Pariah Frenji."

2, Telugu; 3, Canarese; 4, Marathi; 5, Hindostani; 6, Tamil; 7, Malayalma. When the survey-expedition left Madras, the language spoken in the country was Telugu till they reached the Ghats. As they advanced into Mysore, Telugu began to graduate into Canarese; and before they got to Seringapatam those two were spoken by the lower classes only, while the upper spoke Marathi and Hindostani. In a letter to Erskine (already quoted) from Mysore, under date September 21, 1804, he says: "Notwithstanding the inquiries which I had made in Britain respecting the dialects and literature of the Peninsula, I found myself, on my arrival, in *terra incognita*. Fortunately I was introduced by accident to one of the few men in this Presidency that have a literary turn (apparently Mr Ellis, a linguist, mentioned afterwards), which circumstance was of great importance in directing my future exertions. Instead of a dialect of Sanskrit or a mediated jargon of Sanskrit,

Arabic, and Persian, as I had expected the popular languages of the Coromandel Coast from Mysore to Cape Comorin to be, it is Tamil, an original language totally unlike any other, and entering deeply into the composition of several other dialects. (He thus makes Tamil a generic name synonymous with Dravidic, which is exactly the view of the latest modern scholarship). From Madras northward to Chicacole, it is Telugu ; from Chicacole, through Ganjam, Cuttack, and part of Orissa, Uriya. On the Malabar Coast through Travancore and the Nair countries as far as Coorg, the popular language is Malayalma or Malabar. The Coorg is succeeded northward by the Canarese, and the latter by Mahratta and Gujerati."

As to his practical knowledge of the languages, of which the above is a chart, in a letter to Heber from Puloo Penang on October 24, 1805, he says : " In regard to the languages I can claim acquaintance with, I shall just say that before my last attack of liver in August I had offered the Madras Government to furnish them with a Grammar and Dictionary, in two vols. 4to, in the course of a year, in any of their four languages that by order of the Council Writers are obliged to study : Tamil, Malayalma, Telugu, or Canarese. I particularly specified the last, of which there are not three Europeans in the country that have the least knowledge."

About forty miles to the south of Madras, on the coast, once stood, according to Brahman tradition, the ancient city of Mahabali-puram. Here at least was a high rock covered with sculpture, and other rocks with inscriptions in an old language undecipherable to the ordinary reader. Before he left Madras, Leyden visited this place, deciphered and translated the inscriptions, as he mentioned in subsequent letters, declaring the language to be the Jaina-Canarese.

Another very interesting letter about his language-studies at this time is said by Morton to have been "written after he had been somewhat more than a year in India to one of his friends who was engaged in the same pursuits with himself" (in other words, from Mysore, in the end of 1804, to Alexander Murray) :—

"We are here in the Peninsula exactly in the situation of the revivers of literature in Europe; and likewise exposed to the same difficulties in respect of the incorrectness of MSS., the inaccuracies of teachers, and the obstacles that must be encountered in procuring either. It would be amusing to recount the tricks and unfair practices that have been attempted to be played off upon me. I have had a Brahman engaged to teach me Sanskrit who scarcely knew a syllable of the language. I have had another attempt to palm Hindostani on me for

Mahratta. I have had a Brahman likewise attempt to impose on me a few slogans which are in the mouths of every one, for the translation of an ancient inscription in the Old Canarese character. Indeed the moral character of the Hindoos—‘the blameless, mild, patient, innocent children of nature,’ as they are ridiculously termed by gossiping ignoramuses who never set eyes on them—is as utterly worthless and devoid of probity as their religion is wicked, shameless, impudent, and obscene. Do you recollect the savage picture of Leontius Pilatus, Boccaccio’s preceptor in Greek? It corresponds wonderfully with that of my first Sanskrit teacher, whose conduct to me was so execrable that I was obliged to dismiss him with disgrace. I shall, most probably, never be able to attain either the harmony of Petrarch’s numbers or the suavity and grace of Boccaccio’s prose, but I shall certainly conquer Sanskrit, though they failed in attaining the Grecian language. The prejudices of the Brahmans have, however, relaxed very little in our Presidency, and, excepting Mr Ellis, there is scarce a person that has been able to break ground in this field of literature. Major Wilks, acting Resident at Mysore, informed me that some years ago, incited by the example of Wilkins and Sir William Jones, he attempted to study Sanskrit at Madras, and exerted a great deal of influence unsuccessfully. The

Dubashes (interpreters), then all-powerful at Madras, threatened loss of caste and absolute destruction to any Brahman who should dare to unveil the mysteries of their sacred language to a Pariah Frengi. This reproach of Pariah is what we have tamely and strangely submitted to for a long time, when we might, with equal facility, have assumed the respectable character of Chatriya or Rajaputra. In all my conversations with the Brahmans, I boldly claim to be regarded as the immediate descendant of the chief Brahma-dica Swayumbhuva, under the character and name of Adima, and of his wife Iva, subject to a particular Veda more ancient than their own, which was issued before Vyasa was born; and assert that consequently they cannot expect me to be subject to their laws, which were of later promulgation than my own."

Taking his arrival in Puloo Penang in October, 1805, as the end of the first stage of his progress, he sums up the extent of his attainments in his letter to his father, in which he mentions that he has acquired ten new languages—besides new facility in Arabic and Persian. These were three Aryan: Sanskrit, Hindostani, and Marathi; four Dravidian: Tamil, Malayalma, Carnata or Canarese, and Telugu; Armenian—eight.

The ship in which he sailed was a Mappila brig, partly manned, of course, by natives of Tellicherri; but part of the crew were

Maldivians—the ship seems to have touched at the Maldivian Islands—and during the voyage he compiled a classified vocabulary of Maldivian. That he was similarly employed with the Mappila he tells us indirectly in his letter to Ballantyne, in which he says that he can add the two languages to the above eight.

STAGE 2.—PULOO PENANG TO CALCUTTA.

As we have seen, Puloo Penang was intended by the East India Company to be the great emporium of the trade between the Eastern Archipelago and India. The real emporium was Malacca, but even at the former place there were exceptional opportunities and facilities for a linguist acquiring a knowledge of almost all the languages spoken on the continent and in the adjacent islands between India and China. The place was thronged with merchants and sailors from all quarters—Malays, Siamese, Chinese, and natives of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippine Islands, &c.

He made a preliminary study of Chinese so far as to acquaint himself with the nature of the task he would have to undertake when at a future time he set himself to master the language, which was to be the apex of his linguistic attainments. But he devoted his strength during his stay with visits to Achin and other places on the coast of Sumatra and of the Malay Peninsula; to the scientific

study of Malay in its ethnological relations, as he saw that the race of that name had influenced many of the tribes in the Archipelago. The materials he collected at this time he worked up after his arrival at Calcutta into *A Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations*, which he presented to the Government, which led to his appointment as a professor in Fort-William College, and was published in the *Asiatic Researches* in 1808 (See vol. 1 *Miscellaneous Papers on Indo-China* in Trubner's Oriental Series). The above is the title as published, but the paper covers the Indo-Persian languages, which justifies Morton's statement that the original paper was on the Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekkani languages. What he gathered in the end of 1805 can only be understood from the contents of this paper, a mere indication of which must therefore be given.

INDO-CHINESE LANGUAGES.

“Cultivating an intercourse with a variety of individuals of different Eastern tribes, I availed myself of the facilities which the situation presented to correct the vague ideas which I had previously entertained concerning their languages, literature, and the evolution of their tribes. I trust this attempt to introduce into a subject at once so extensive and intricate, and to disentangle it from a degree of confusion which seems

almost inextricable, may not be altogether without its use, but may, even where I have failed, serve to point out the proper method of investigation.

“ The coasts of the Malay Peninsula and Eastern Islands being chiefly occupied by Moslems, the pure natives are confined to the interior, and it is often impossible to determine whether their religion is more connected with Brahma or with Buddha, or what it is. With the exception of the Malays and some tribes of rude mountaineers the natives profess only one religion; they adhere almost solely to Buddhism, and employ the Bali or Pali in the sacred compositions of the Buddhist sect. It is not a vernacular, but the language of religion, literature, and science, and has exerted an influence on the vernacular of the Indo-Chinese nations similar to that of Sanskrit on the popular languages of Hindostan.

Polysyllabic.

- | | | |
|------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Malayu. | 3. Bugis (Celebes). | 5. Batta (Sumatra). |
| 2. Jawa. | 4. Bima (East Sumbawa). | 6. Gala, Tagala (Phil. Islands). |

Monosyllabic.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| 7. Rakheng (Ara-
can). | 10. T'Hai (Siam). | 12. Law (Laos). |
| 8. Barma. | 11. Khmer (Cam-
bodia). | 13. Anamite. |
| 9. Mon (Pegu). | | 14. Prakrit Pali. |

“ MALAY,

from its sweetness, has been called the Italian; and from its widely extended use,

the Hindostani (*i.e.*, the Lingua Franca) of the East. Having spread itself over a great extent of country in the Malay Peninsula and far among the Eastern Islands, and having been propagated by a race more skilled in arms than in letters, it has branched out into almost as many dialects as states, by mixing in different proportions with the native languages of the aboriginal races. . . . But notwithstanding the great diversity which occurs in the spoken dialects, the written language of composition is nearly the same in all."

The treatment of the Malay is a specimen of the fourteen essays of which the whole paper consists. What strikes one on reading it is the thoroughness with which the subject is treated, the literary and linguistic skill with which the facts are marshalled, and the common sense with which deductions are drawn; and—more striking than all—the amazing facility with which he was able to get information from the natives of the different tribes, showing the truth of Murray's remark: "With the aid of language a man of sense is at home in any age of any country; without it, he is limited entirely to what he sees."

BATTA.

The originality of the information he collected is well seen in the interesting account

he gives of the Batta of central Sumatra, of whom he heard of eight tribes.

“ Marsden’s account of them in his *History of Sumatra* is at variance with information I received from individuals of the nation. He confines their cannibalism to two cases: criminals and prisoners of war; they themselves declare that they frequently eat their own relations when aged and infirm, but not so much to gratify their appetite as to perform a pious ceremony. The victim is put to rest by his nearest and dearest. . . . This corresponds exactly with Herodotus’ account of the Padaioi, written 500 B.C.”

A COMPARATIVE VOCABULARY OF SANSKRIT—
PRAKRIT—PALI—ZEND.

The whole paper, as has been remarked by the editor of the reprint, “ bears such marks of the writer’s linguistic genius as to justify the inference that, had he not been carried off in the prime of his life, after a residence of barely eight years in India, he would have contributed more to advance the scientific study of the languages of the South East of Asia than has been done during the fifty years after his early death in 1811.”

STAGE 3.—AT CALCUTTA.

There is abundant evidence to show that from this time forward Leyden took his place in the very front rank of Anglo-

Orientalists in company with William Carey and H. T. Colebrook.

In the letter to Heber, already quoted, written June 8th, 1806, he says: "As soon as I was able to muster a few of the learned men, I set vigorously to work to recover my Sanskrit, and commenced like a lion the study of Nadya (otherwise Nuddya or Nuddea), Pushtoo, Bengali, and Guzerati." His study of Bengali (with Sanskrit) was what qualified him for the professorship to which he was soon after appointed, and his knowledge of Nuddya must have been one of the qualifications that enabled him afterwards to deal so successfully with the Dacoits in the district of that name.

At the time when he was in the Court of Requests, he wrote to his father, in a letter, dated August 20th, 1809, "I often speak seven different languages in a day."

PERSIAN :—ZEND AND PEHLVI.

Persian seems to have been a favourite with him all along. Writing to Dr White of Oxford on December 4th, 1809, he says: "I have finished a translation of the Dabistan; nearly that of the Kush Zanion, the basis of D'Herbelot's work (*Bibliothèque Orientale—of Persian and Arabic History*). I have also made considerable progress with a *History of Modern Persian Literature and Poetry*, as well as with a series of dissertations on *Oriental Languages*." The Dabistan

is one of the few extant Pehlvi books, written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and giving an account of twelve religions: of the Persians, Hindus, Tibetans, Jews, Christians, Mussulmans, Sadakiahs, Vahadiahs, Roshenians, Kaiahs, Philosophers, and Sufis.

He appears to have adopted the plan followed by many students of resting, not by stopping from work altogether, but by changing the work. Be that as it may, at the time when he was so much engaged with Persian he was also at work occasionally on the vocabularies of the Indo-Chinese languages, and the object of his next publication will best be understood from a letter from Sir James Mackintosh to a friend.

When the Marquess Wellesley was planning his new college at Calcutta, he wished Mackintosh to be at the head of it. For financial reasons the college was not started at that time (1800), and in 1802 Mackintosh was a candidate for the post of Advocate-General of Bengal—a post to which Robert Smith was appointed. In the spring of 1803, when Smith and Leyden were on their way to the East, Mackintosh was appointed Recorder of Bombay. Having meantime received the honour of knighthood, he sailed for India the following spring.

In a letter, dated Bombay, January 19th, 1809, he says :

“ To be an Orientalist requires a profound

knowledge of several most difficult languages as a preliminary attainment. It requires afterwards the labour of a lifetime devoted to the study of the history, manners, sciences, and arts not of one nation only, but of a body of nations. . . . A smattering of Indian learning was not worth pursuit; a sufficient stock would have cost too much. . . . I circulated a plan for a comparative vocabulary of Indian languages, with a view chiefly to determine whether they were all of one family, or whether the Sanskrit, which is found more or less in all, might not be a foreign addition, at least to some of them. I was not very well seconded in this plan; but the object has been in great measure attained, with respect at least to the South Indian languages, by Mr Ellis of the Madras establishment, a gentleman of extraordinary talents and unrivalled Indian learning. He seems to have clearly ascertained that the Tamil (the language vulgarly spoken at Madras and called by us Malabar) is the parent of all the languages to the south of the Nerbudda and the Mahanaddy in Cuttack; that the Sanskrit words to be found in all these southern languages are foreigners naturalized; that in the countries where these languages are spoken, the religion of Buddha was the original religion; and that Brahminism, with the Sanskrit language, came at a later period from the north. The same

observations have been made by Dr Leyden, now of Calcutta, whose talent for observing the resemblance in the general features and the physiognomy of languages, and tracing their descent by their family-likeness, is perhaps unparalleled. In the temples to the south, it appears that there are genealogies of the principal dynasties preserved, which contain a sort of skeleton of the history of the Peninsula, supported by inscriptions nearly as far back as the (beginning of the) Christian era. In the north, the longer and more perfect establishment of the Mussulman power has more perfectly obliterated all traces of Hindu history. . . . I should not despair, however, of recovering something if Ellises and Leydens were to examine the languages and traditions, especially in the Rajpoot countries."

A Comparative Vocabulary of the Barma, Malayu, and T'Hai Languages. By John Leyden (according to the British Museum Catalogue). Serampore: Printed at the Mission Press, 1810.

The natural sequel to Mackintosh's letter was a publication of Leyden's with the above title. In the preface the writer says: "The immediate object of this publication on the languages commonly called the Birman, Malay, and Siamese, is to facilitate the compilation of a series of comparative vocabularies of the languages of the Indo-Chinese nations, and of the tribes which

inhabit the Eastern Isles. Its plan is only an extension of the method formerly adopted by the Supreme Government of India, on the recommendation of the Council of the College of Fort-William, for the purpose of procuring comparative vocabularies of the provincial languages and dialects of India. After one series in Persic and Hindostani, and another in Sanskrit and Bengali had been printed and circulated for that purpose in Bengal and Hindostan (*N.B.*, the restricted sense), it was deemed advisable to extend the scope of the undertaking to the languages spoken between India and China, and to begin with the Birman and Malay. . . .

“ In those languages which have a written character, a fair copy of the alphabet used by the particular tribe, together with the numerical figures, is of the first importance. As several of the eastern tribes have employed different written characters at different periods of their history, specimens taken from ancient monuments are extremely desirable. Ancient written monuments are chiefly to be expected on the Indo-Chinese continent, . . . and are known to exist in the interior of Sumatra, Java, and Celebes.

“ The list of those which are very imperfectly known is extremely numerous ; and from the general use of Malay as a *lingua franca*, for a long time no progress has been made in their investigation.”

In the following list of the languages mentioned in the preface, those given as imperfectly known are put within brackets.

LANGUAGES SPOKEN BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA.

The Continent.

Burma—Barma.
 Aracan—Rhakeng.
 Pegu—Mon.
 Cochin China—Anam.
 Siam—T'Hai.
 Laos—Law.
 Camboja—K'Homen or K'h-mer.
Malay Peninsula :—
 Malacca—Malay.
 Inland—(Rambaw, Jokong, Bila, Samang Daya).

E. I. Archipelago.

Sumatra—Batta, (Achin, Lampung, Menangkabow).
 Java—Javanese—Coast and Interior.
 Borneo—Tadong.
 Celebes—Ugi or Bugis, Macassar, Ta-Raja.
The following smaller islands, each with its own dialect :—
 Bima, Sumbawa, Sulu, Bali, Banda, Ceram, Gilolo or Halamahera (Maba), Goram, Ternate, Tidore, Neas, Pogi, and Nicobar Is. *Philippines* :—Tagala (Bisaya, Pampango, Lanun, Mandenawi).
 Formosa and Liu-Kiu.

The vocabulary is divided into thirty-four different heads, such as God, nature, elements, &c. Man, sex, kindred, &c. The human body and its parts, diseases, remedies, &c. Time and its divisions, &c. The whole is a monument not only of linguistic genius, but of order, thoroughness, and patient labour. A hint, a faint idea of

the plan pursued may be got from Sir John Malcolm's description of the method he pursued at Mysore for a single language. He was probably working on it at intervals from 1806, the time of his arrival in Calcutta, till its publication in 1810.

Up to the time of his leaving with the expedition for Java, he was at work perfecting himself in certain languages, to be mentioned presently. He had at this time a great stimulus and incentive in the work of his friend, William Carey, at Serampore. That great Baptist missionary, Leyden's senior by fourteen years, and "The Father of Bengali Literature," whose ambition it was to print translations of the Bible into all the languages of India, had published a Sanskrit grammar in 1804-1806, which was followed afterwards by grammars of Marathi, Telugu, Karnata, and Punjabi. He had published the New Testament in Bengali (1796) and in Sanskrit (1808), and did the same for portions of it into forty different dialects before his death.

In emulation of such work, Leyden seems to have directed his attention to some of the languages into which no part of the Scriptures had then been translated; at least that supposition would explain how he came to select the out-of-the-way languages now to be mentioned.

In the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, dated May 1, 1811, the following occurs.

“Your Committee have the satisfaction to lay before the members of the Society a prospect of a still more ample diffusion of the Holy Scriptures in various Eastern dialects, which have not been enumerated, and in which they have never appeared. Dr Leyden, whose extensive knowledge of these dialects is unrivalled, has submitted to the Corresponding Committee of Calcutta proposals for procuring (? providing) versions in the following languages: Rakheng (Aracan), Siamese, Macasar, Bugis, Maldivian, Afghan (Pashto), and Jagatai Turki.”

A year after, it was reported: “Dr Leyden has delivered to the Secretary the following Gospels in MS.—*viz.*, 1, Pashto or Afghan—Matthew and Mark; 2, Maldivian—the Four Gospels; 3, Balochi—Mark’s Gospel; 4, Macasar—Mark’s Gospel; 5, Bugis—Mark’s Gospel.”

It will be observed that Balochi occurs in the latter list, making the former list up to eight.

JAGATAI TURKI.

Although Jagatai does not appear in the latter, there is good proof of his acquaintance with it in a translation (unfortunately not completed) of what was a classic in the

language, namely the following work :—
Memoirs of Zehir-ed-din Muhammed Baber,
Emperor of Hindustan. Written by himself
 in the Jaghatai Turki, and translated partly
 by the late John Leyden, Esq., M.D.,
 partly by William Erskine, Esq. With
 Notes and a Geographical and Historical
 Introduction. London, 1826.

Muhammed Baber was one of the descen-
 dants of Zengiskhan and of Tamerlane ;
 and though inheriting only the small king-
 dom of Ferghana in Bucharia, ultimately
 extended his dominions by conquest to
 Delhi and the greater part of Hindostan ;
 and transmitted to his famous descendants,
 Akber and Aurungzebe, the magnificent
 kingdom of the Moguls. The history of
 his doings, however, is not our business ;
 suffice it to say, that his literary style is far
 more interesting than Julius Cæsar's, and
 his exploits as notable as Napoleon's. The
 literature of the world is the richer for this
 gem, which was unknown till brought to
 light by Leyden.

PRAKRIT

(meaning “ common, vulgar ”) was applied
 collectively to all the vernacular dialects of
 Sanskrit (sanskruta, perfect) spoken by the
 Aryan tribes in India ; it was the name given
 to the dialect spoken by the unlearned
 persons : *e.g.*, women and servants, in the
 Sanskrit sacred dramas. One of the dialects

(the Pali), as we have seen, was stereotyped in the Buddhist Scriptures ; another in the sacred writings of the Jainas. In short, the Prakrit dialects must have stood in the same relation to Sanskrit and the modern Hindu dialects as the different dialects of Old English stood to Anglo-Saxon and modern English.

As to where and how he got materials for the study of this manifold and somewhat elusive language, as well as of others, there is light thrown on the subject by a letter received by him in October, 1810, from Messrs Harrington, Calcutta, accepting Leyden's offer of 4,500 rupees (say £450) for Captain Knox's Oriental MSS. It will also be remembered that when H. T. Colebrook urged Leyden to write a grammar of the language, he sent him his own Prakrit MSS. —a load for two coolies.

This Prakrit grammar was left complete in MS. at his death, along with another of Malay, a translation of certain Malay Annals, a fragment of Marathi, &c. The Annals were afterwards published with the following title :—*Malay Annals*. Translated from the Malay Language by the late Dr John Leyden. With an Introduction by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S. London, 1821.

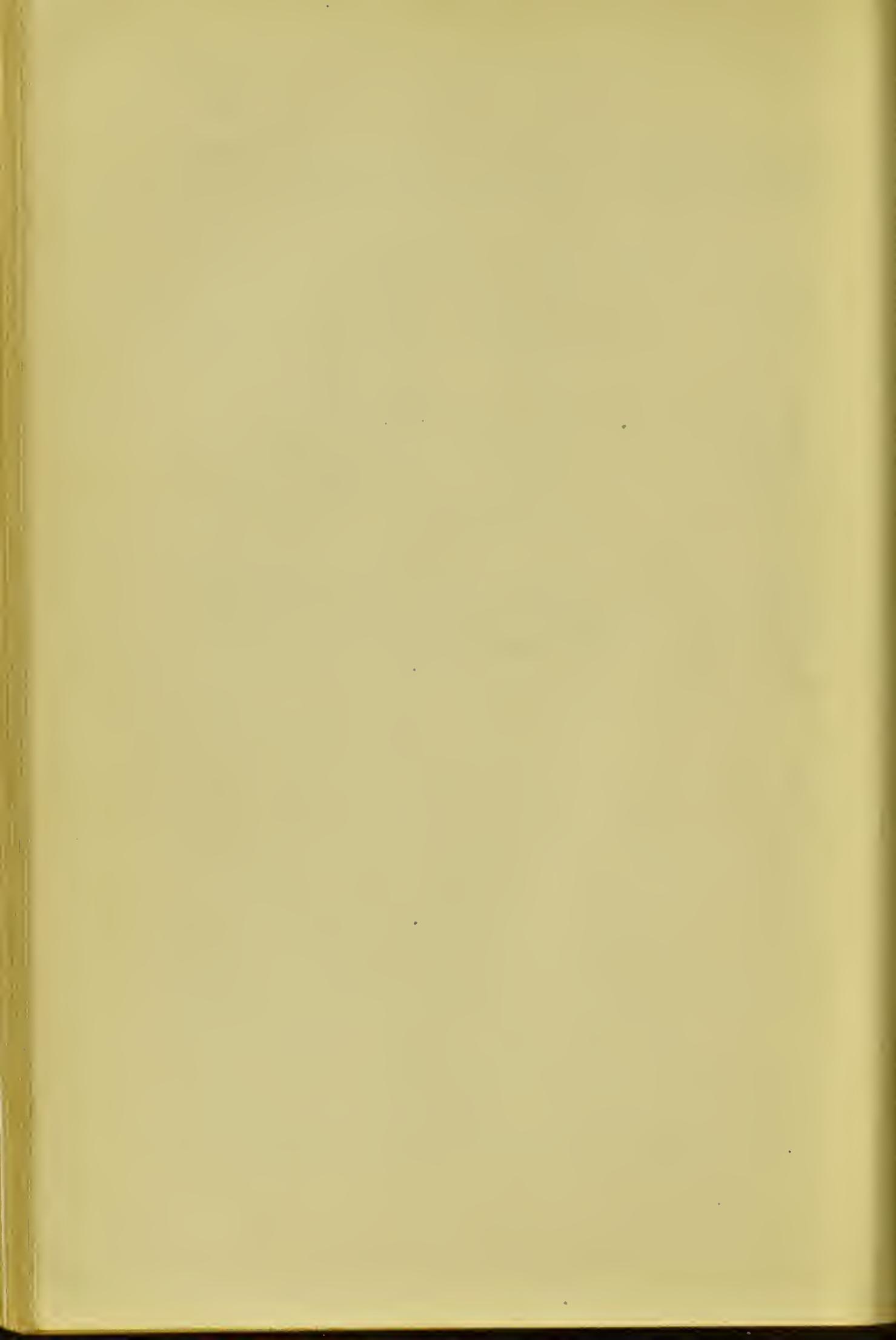
To sum up the amount of his linguistic attainments in the East, not counting every one mentioned above, but taking those only for which there is sufficient grounds for

believing that he could speak or at least translate them. The list is as follows :—

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Sanskrit. | 10. Gujerati. | 19. Prakrit. |
| 2. Zend. | 11. Bengali. | 20. Pali. |
| 3. Pehlvi. | 12. Nuddya. | 21. Jaghatai Turki. |
| 4. Persian. | 13. Telugu. | 22. Malay. |
| 5. Pushtu (Afghan) | 14. Canarese. | 23. Barma. |
| 6. Balochi. | 15. Tamil. | 24. Rakheng. |
| 7. Hindostani. | 16. Malayalma. | 25. Siamese. |
| 8. Dakhni. | 17. Mappila. | 26. Bugis. |
| 9. Marathi. | 18. Maldivian. | 27. Macasar. |
| | 28. Armenian. | |

These twenty-eight added to seventeen European (omitting Persian from the list), gives a sum-total of forty-five.



CHAPTER XI.

LEYDEN AS A POET.

ESTIMATING Leyden's powers as a linguist is comparatively plain sailing; it requires little more than a marshalling of facts—a counting up of the languages he mastered. If the number was large, it is at once established to a certain extent that he was a great linguist. To form an estimate of his powers as a poet is not so easy. Writing a number of poems does not necessarily make the writer a great or even a real poet.

Comparison with others is not conclusive because opinions differ so much about the others; and, besides, comparisons are invidious.

It will help us so far to take the opinion of his two contemporary poets, Scott and Hogg, while admitting that it will not be conclusive, since his poems must stand to-day on their merits.

I. That Scott regarded Leyden as a true poet there is abundant proof.

1. He was much struck with some of his earliest pieces when they appeared in print,

before he was acquainted with him. In the sketch of his life, he says : “ John Leyden’s feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St Andrews, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete pieces in almost every style and stanza which our language affords, from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien Settlement to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In this periodical appeared from time to time poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed J. L., and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793-4 (1795 onward), and the speculations which he formed respecting an author who, by many *indicia*, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted.”

2. Having been solicited by M. G. Lewis to become a contributor to his (metrical) *Tales of Wonder*, and regarding the request as a compliment and honour, he enlisted Ley-

den as another contributor. It cannot be supposed that he would have done this had he not believed that Leyden was capable of producing something that would be presentable alongside of his own. As a matter of fact, it is not too bold a thing to say that his piece, *The Elfin King*, is not inferior to Scott's two: *Glenfinlas* and *The Eve of St John*.

3. In the introduction to the *Minstrelsy* he thus refers to Leyden: "To my ingenious friend, Dr John Leyden, my readers will at once perceive that I lie under extensive obligations for the poetical pieces with which he has permitted me to decorate my compilation. . . . Besides the valuable help he gave in collecting ballads, his antiquarian researches and poetic talents were liberally exerted in support of this undertaking. . . . To the latter (the reader owes) the two spirited-ballads entitled *Lord Soulis* and *The Cout of Keildar*."

4. The above two ballads appeared in the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy*. Speaking of the tour in the Highlands, Scott says: "Leyden composed, with his usual facility, several detached poems upon Highland traditions, all of which have probably perished, excepting a ballad founded upon the romantic legend respecting *Macphail of Colonsay* and the *Mermaid of Corrievrekin*, inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*."

. . . The opening of this ballad exhibits a power of numbers which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.”

5. Scott paid to Leyden the highest compliment it was possible to pay to a brother-poet by taking from the *Ode on Visiting Flodden* by the latter the motto to his own *Marmion* :

“ Alas ! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell ;
That Scottish bard should wake the string
The triumph of our foes to tell.”

6. In *The Lord of the Isles* (Canto IV. 11) there occurs a touching passage in which heart-felt grief for the death of a brother and the highest appreciation of his talents as a poet are distinctly expressed :

“ And Scarba’s isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekin’s roar,
And lonely Colonsay—
Scenes sung by him who sings no more.
His bright and brief career is o’er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench’d is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden’s cold remains.”

7. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, used to relate that Sir Walter Scott told him that of all men he ever met with, none could compete with Leyden in facility of composi-

tion. He wrote a great part of his *Scenes of Infancy* sitting in Scott's company, and would throw off twenty or thirty couplets in as many minutes, and then, after reading them aloud, would adopt his friend's advice and go over them again, compressing, altering, and amending, till he commonly reduced them to half their original number. (Note by White).

II. Hogg's own tribute to Leyden, equally valuable and equally explicit:

“Leyden came from Borderland,
 With dauntless heart and ardour high,
 And wild impatience in his eye.
 Though false his tones at times might be,
 Though wild notes marred the symphony,
 Between the glowing measure stole
 That spoke the bard's inspired soul.
 Sad were those strains when hymned afar
 On the green vales of Malabar.
 O'er seas beneath the golden morn,
 They travelled on the monsoon borne
 Thrilling the heart of Indian maid
 Beneath the wild banana's shade—
 Leyden! a shepherd wails thy fate,
 And Scotland knows her loss too late.”

III. Sir John Malcolm, in his letter to the *Bombay Courier*, is still more explicit on this point.

“Dr Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the muses with a success that will make many regret that Poetry did not occupy a greater portion of his time. The first of his essays which appeared in a

separate form was the *Scenes of Infancy*, a descriptive poem in which he sung in no unpleasing strains the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published with his celebrated friend, Walter Scott. Among these the *Mermaid* is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shewn all the creative fancy of a real genius. His *Ode on the Death of Nelson* is undoubtedly the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought and happiness of expression which could never have been attained but by a true poet:—

“ Blood of the brave, thou art not lost
Amidst the waste of waters blue ;
The tide that rolls to Albion’s coast
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue ;
And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour’s darling seed.

The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.”

LACON :

“ TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.”

If any imagine that the above witnesses were all more or less prejudiced, the following may be given as the opinion of an impartial Englishman : “ This ode of Doctor

Leyden's," he says, "in my humble opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary Muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to the sympathy that such lines must awaken to reflect that the spirit which dictated them has fled." *Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words—addressed to those who think.* By Rev. C. C. Cotton, M.A.

MODERN CRITICISM.

The biographer of Leyden is fortunate in having this part of his work done for him once for all by Professor Veitch, himself a poet and a native of Tweedside, in his two works; *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border* and *The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry*. In this history Veitch gives Leyden a prominent and influential place—second to none.

During the eighteenth century the feeling for natural scenery had been growing in susceptible hearts. James Thomson, whose boyhood was passed at Southdean, "carried with him to England haunting impressions of winter-storms which had swept over the Carter Fell and passed over rugged Ruberslaw;" and in his *Seasons*, published 1726-30, dared to be true to the face of Nature, and to make the delineation of it the all-sufficient object of poetry.

In regard to English poetry, it has been

well said by another author, J. Logie Robertson (*History of English Literature*), that "Thomson's great service to literature lay in extending the domain of poetry by making the scenes and varying aspects of external nature themes for poetical treatment. Nature had been often described before, but only incidentally and in a manner subservient to the main interest—Man. Thomson made Nature directly his subject. It was the grand and central interest in the *Seasons*; and he delineated it with an exactness of portraiture never shewn before, and with a romantic charm of colouring that attracted many followers."

That Leyden was an ardent admirer and, in a sense, a follower of Thomson, he says himself in the *Scenes of Infancy* almost as plainly as words could do it. Apostrophising the Jed, he exclaims :

"To thee, fair Jed ! a holier wreath is due,
 Who gav'st thy Thomson all thy scenes to view,
 Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
 And mould to harmony his ductile soul ;
 Till fancy's pictures rose as nature bright,
 And his warm bosom glow'd with heavenly light.

He hears at eve the fettered bittern's scream,
 Ice-bound in sedgy marsh or mountain-stream.
 Or sees with strange delight the snow-clouds form
 When Ruberslaw conceives the mountain-storm ;
 Dark Ruberslaw—that lifts his head sublime,
 Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time.
 On his broad misty front the giant wears
 The horrid furrows of ten thousand years ;

His aged brows are crowned with curling fern,
 Where perches, grave and lone, the hooded Erne,
 Majestic bird ! by ancient shepherds styled
 The lonely hermit of the russet wild ;
 That loves amid the stormy blast to soar
 When, through disjointed cliffs, the tempests roar ;
 Climbs on strong wing the storm, and, screaming high,
 Rides the dim rack that sweeps the darkened sky.

Such were the scenes his fancy first refined,
 And breathed enchantment o'er his plastic mind ;
 Bade every feeling flow to virtue dear,
 And formed the poet of the varied year.

Bard of the Seasons, could my strain, like thine,
 Awake the heart to sympathy divine,
 Sweet Osna's stream, by thin leaved birch o'erhung,
 No more should roll her modest waves unsung."

It comes to much the same thing when Veitch, excluding Thomson by a restrictive phrase, puts Leyden first as the Poet of Nature on the Scottish Border. Speaking of the effect of the old ballads on Scott, he says : " But before Scott, the power of the old ballad had been working on a son of Teviotdale both in the way of romantic incident and of the free feeling for Nature. This was the author of the *Scenes of Infancy*. . . . We ought always to keep in mind that Leyden, though the younger man, was the older poet. He touched the scenery, the feelings, the manners, the ballads, the superstitions, and the weird imaginations of the Border Scot as these had never been touched before. They were in his heart. He had

been brought up among them; his imagination was nourished by them; and he gave them a realistic presentation such as he alone at that period could have given them. He was the first of our 'purely native-bred and resident' Scottish poets to feel alike the tenderness and the simple beauty of the gentle side of Nature; and the power—the all in all subduing power of its sterner side in the form of wild mountain, upland solitude, and wintry storm. In him this double sympathy was fused, and his feeling was complete.

“And further, Leyden was the first to describe the scenery of the Border as in itself, without help or interest from story, an object for poetic treatment; and in doing so, to open up a field of poetic imagination afterwards more minutely and more extensively, but not more truthfully cultivated by Scott.”

It appears to be as unnecessary as it would be presumptuous to attempt to supplement Professor Veitch's criticism. Two remarks only seem to be called for.

The first is that nothing is more striking in his journals, written in the year 1800 during his wanderings in the north of England and in the Highlands of Scotland, than that his descriptions of scenery written in prose are those of a poet.

The second is that he had the poet-spirit, apart from scenery and apart from old ballads. Probably the first poem he wrote

that was published was written independently of both, namely, the *Elegy on the Death of a Sister*. His sister died in May, 1791, and the poem was written in the autumn, say about the time when he completed his sixteenth year. Remembering this, we have in it a wonderful revelation of the mind of the boy.

Taking it first as to what it expresses, what a depth of sensibility and of natural affection it discloses. The grief felt on the funeral-day, as described in the preface, was not an evanescent, childish sorrow, forgotten in a week or a month. It possessed him throughout the summer; his reflections, instead of becoming fainter every day, becoming more vivid and coherent till he ended by putting them into literary shape in the autumn. And that was done, not with such hackneyed phrases as a boy of ordinary calibre would have used, but with the language of a mature and thoughtful mind and of a philosophical and cultured writer.

As to the poetry, take the last three verses as a specimen :

“ But why bewail the breathless clay,
 Unto its kindred dust consigned ?
 Think we the grave’s deep jaws can stay
 The active, the immortal mind ?

No ! still she lives in yonder fields
 Where happiness is ever young ;
 Where pleasure never-fading yields
 Such joys as poet never sung.

Within that cold and narrow bed
Her dust and all her sorrows rest ;
And, till the morn that wakes the dead,
Light lie the turf upon her head."

Poeta nascitur non fit, and few unprejudiced readers will care to deny that the boy of barely sixteen who wrote these lines was a born poet.

With these remarks, the subject of them may be left recognised as a true poet, standing on a platform along with Thomson, Scott, and Hogg.

CHAPTER XII.

WAS LEYDEN DEVOID OF THE SENSE OF HUMOUR ?

SCOTT expressed the opinion that he was, and the statement has been repeated. Had it not been such a manifest absurdity and so far from the truth, it would not have been worth examining. As it is, in order to show, as can easily be done, that Leyden had a high sense of humour, some test or definition of the quality must be found. (1) It is admitted that it is a quality not possessed by all. (2) There is a spurious species of it which some possess in great abundance, and which makes them explode at the merest trifle—at the smallest feather from the wing of a joke—and if a joke be perpetrated by themselves, they roll on the floor helpless with inextinguishable laughter. The prevalence of this brummagem humour is what often causes the real thing to be unobserved, and denied to one who can make a good joke without moving a muscle of his face. He is told that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into his head, whereas

the joke—when there really is a joke—has been in his head all the time, although he does not show it by bodily convulsions. (3) For the quality does not belong to the body at all, but to the mind. In short, it is the faculty of seeing the incongruous, the ludicrous, or the droll in circumstances, situations, incidents, which to others appear to be the soberest matter of fact, or the very antipodes of comical.

To come now to the question: Had Leyden any sense of humour? one or two incidents will be pointed out in his career showing that he had, without by any means exhausting the list.

1. Practical jokes are not generally the outcome of the highest kind of humour; too often they are simply brutal horse-play. But there have been practical jokes that created a really humorous situation; and among the number were three perpetrated by Leyden:—(1) In the case of the lad putting his foot into the loop-hole on being challenged that he would not be able to withdraw it if he did; the foot was actually held, although the lad believed such a thing to be impossible. (2) In the case of raising the Deil, the humour lay in making one or two believe that the thing was done. (3) And what could have been more comical than the idea of a pig ringing a church bell? The drollery was increased by the terror of the parishioners; and those three situations

were created by a man devoid of the sense of humour.

2. The next instance occurs in a letter from St Andrews to Thomas Brown, in reference to Janet's efficiency in the art of teasing. The only revenge he can get is to fall in love with her, which he can easily do when absent, although he could never do it when present; he gives her the choice of the two kinds of love-making: the sentimental or the mad variety; and he is to begin when he finishes the works of St Augustine—sixteen folio volumes.

3. How Scott could assert that the writer of the *Lay of the Ettercap* was devoid of the sense of humour is really incomprehensible. The humour of the piece is only equalled by the exquisite good taste with which graphic descriptions of three persons are given: (1) After enumerating all the accomplishments of "that Squyere hizt Ellis," he adds:

"In him y finden none nother evil
Save that his nostril moche doth snivel,
Al throug that vilaine snuffe."

(2) The neatness, grace, charm, and sweetness of Mrs Ellis are all summed up in the phrase: "She mizt ben Fairi Quene!" (3) The vegetarian Ritson was "a wreche dwarfe—a fell Ettercap, And liven aye on nettlesap, And hath none nother fode." Mrs Ellis felt his ill-natured criticism of

her husband's work more than did Ellis himself, and was upset generally by his presence, as was Mrs Scott; hence her resolve to

“end that sely dwarfes lyfe,
And bake hym in a pye.”

4. The motif of the lay, therefore, explains the incident of eating the raw beef-steak, which Ellis described to Scott as done entirely for Ritson's edification.

5. Pretended submission to superstitious beliefs.

“In his early days, also, he probably really felt the influence of those superstitious impressions which at a later period he used sometimes to assume, to the great amusement of his friends and astonishment of strangers. It was indeed somewhat singular, when he got upon this topic, to hear Leyden maintain powerfully, and with great learning, the exploded doctrines of demonology, and sometimes even affect to confirm the strange tales with which his memory abounded by reference to the ghostly experiences of his childhood. Even to those most intimate with him he would sometimes urge such topics in a manner which made it impossible to determine whether he was serious or jocular.”

It seems rather difficult to determine whether the man who wrote this could be serious or jocular when he asserted that Leyden had no sense of humour.

6. His letter from the Isle of Wight to Ballantyne about deletions from the MS. of the *Scenes of Infancy* : “ I fancy you expect to receive a waggon-load at least of thanks for your mid-wife skill in swaddling my bantling so tight that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate (T. Brown), whose tastes I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own. Before I left Scotland I thought them amazingly acute, but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere which greatly brightens the understanding and furbishes the taste. . . . What is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching. By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. . . . You need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality.”

7. His letter to Ballantyne from Pulo Penang, written, be it remembered, immediately on his arrival, when he was more dead than alive, and yet it simply sparkles with humour all through : *e.g.*, his demonstration that he was as wise as Solomon ; “ At —— I

had a terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or ‘changed my climate,’ had I not obstinately resolved on living, to have the pleasure of being revenged on all of you for your determined silence and ‘perseverance therein to the end.’ . . . Any body else would have died of chagrin, if he had not hanged himself outright. I did neither one nor the other, but ‘tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o’ Badenyon.’ . . . So much was the Diwan astonished at (my translating the Cochin Tablets) that he gave me to understand that I had only to pass through the sacred cow in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Brahmans. I was forced, however, to decline the honour, for, unluckily, Phalaris’ bull and Moses’ calf presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the cow might be a beast of the breed.”

8. There is true humour in his letter to Constable from Calcutta, under date January 10th, 1810, about Hannibal Constable, Knight, but the list may now be closed with a brochure not so well known to admirers of the Poet :—

“ON THE EDINBURGH BOOKSELLERS.

“To the Editor of the *Scots Magazine*.

“Sir,—It is not my present purpose to compose a satire on the booksellers of this city; I only intend to remind them of the duty they

owe the public in consequence of its patronage.

“Notwithstanding the number of booksellers’ shops that meet us by twos and threes in almost every street, the delay in procuring London publications of merit is altogether astonishing. Every literary man in this city who does not communicate directly with a London bookseller must have experienced the inconvenience resulting from this neglect. After calling a dozen times, his first answer is generally as good as his last: ‘The parcel which contains it is on its way.’ Could any person believe it possible that I lately called at five of the principal shops in Edinburgh seeking a copy of *Kirwan’s Geological Essays*, and failed to get it?

“I first called at a very elegant shop in the Parliament Close (Manners & Miller) and asked for the book. There was only a little boy behind the counter, and while he retired to examine his shelves, I was accosted by a very civil, intelligent gentleman, who informed me the book was not in the shop; but who appeared very willing to enter into a discussion of its philosophical principles, in which I could only regret my inability to join him. While I lingered, we were joined by the other gentleman of the shop, who had not hitherto perceived me, having been assiduous in his attention to half-a-dozen young ladies. When I entered, I had been

extremely puzzled with the words *Mammie*, *Lammie*, *Tammie*, which I overheard frequently repeated by the party; but I soon perceived that this gentleman was a connoisseur in music and poetry, and had been eagerly contending for the comparative merit of *John Anderson, my Jo*, and *The Lammie*.

“ I immediately left this seat of the muses, and next proceeded to a shop on the right-hand side of the square (Bell & Bradfute). The gentleman who, I presume, was Major Domo here was standing in the middle of the shop superintending the packing of a large bale. He went round it and round it repeatedly without appearing to see me; and when at last he came forward, and I asked for the book, he stood silent for some time, then looking askance at, but not to me, abruptly answered: ‘ We haven’t the book ’ —stepped back to his packing, and I packed myself off.

My next attempt to procure the volume was at a conspicuous shop near the cross (W. Creech). Behind the counter I found a handsome little boy. When I enquired for my book, his eyes flashed eagerness to furnish it. He looked over the shelf for such books, and brought down *Kirwan’s Mineralogy*, two vols. By this time a good-looking little gentleman advanced from the back of the shop half-bowing, with his hands in his breeches pockets. Turning to

Mr (Creech), who was coming down the stair, I informed him of the object of my search.

“‘O, Kirwan! the very best author we have on Mineralogy. When he was in Scotland I had the honour of introducing him to Dr Black, and was highly entertained with their conversation. They had a long discussion concerning trap, our whinstone, you know, and on the formation of the Giant’s Causeway. We really have no author who describes things as they are in the specimens so well as Mr Kirwan. I have a good many specimens myself, Sir, and am highly delighted with his descriptions. No mineralogist should be without Mr Kirwan’s books. Boy, show the gentleman Mr Kirwan.’

“‘It is not the *Mineralogy* but the *Geological Essays* I want,’ I replied.

“‘I really believe we have not got it; Mr —— has neglected to send it down, but we shall certainly have it soon. Apropos of Mr Kirwan, I’ll tell you an admirable story. . . .’

“The next shop I entered was at no great distance, and I found the master (P. Hill) engaged in a violent discussion on city politics. From the first moment I augured badly for my *Geological Essays*, and my conjecture was confirmed by the answer to my inquiry: ‘Kirwan? I never keep such d——d trash.’

“This courteous retort staggered me so

completely that I immediately left him and proceeded down the street to another shop. Here I asked for the same book.

“ ‘ Sir,’ said the gentleman behind the counter (Arch. Constable), with the most complaisant civility, ‘ I have not the book, but I’ll commission it for you. I am just sending off an order to London, and in ten or twelve days you shall have it.’

“ I ventured to mention the inconvenience of the delay.

“ ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I sent over the whole town for it yesterday ; it is not to be had, but I’ll commission it for you.’ Then, taking up a book from the counter, he said : ‘ Have you seen this, Sir ? It is by a gentleman of your profession.’

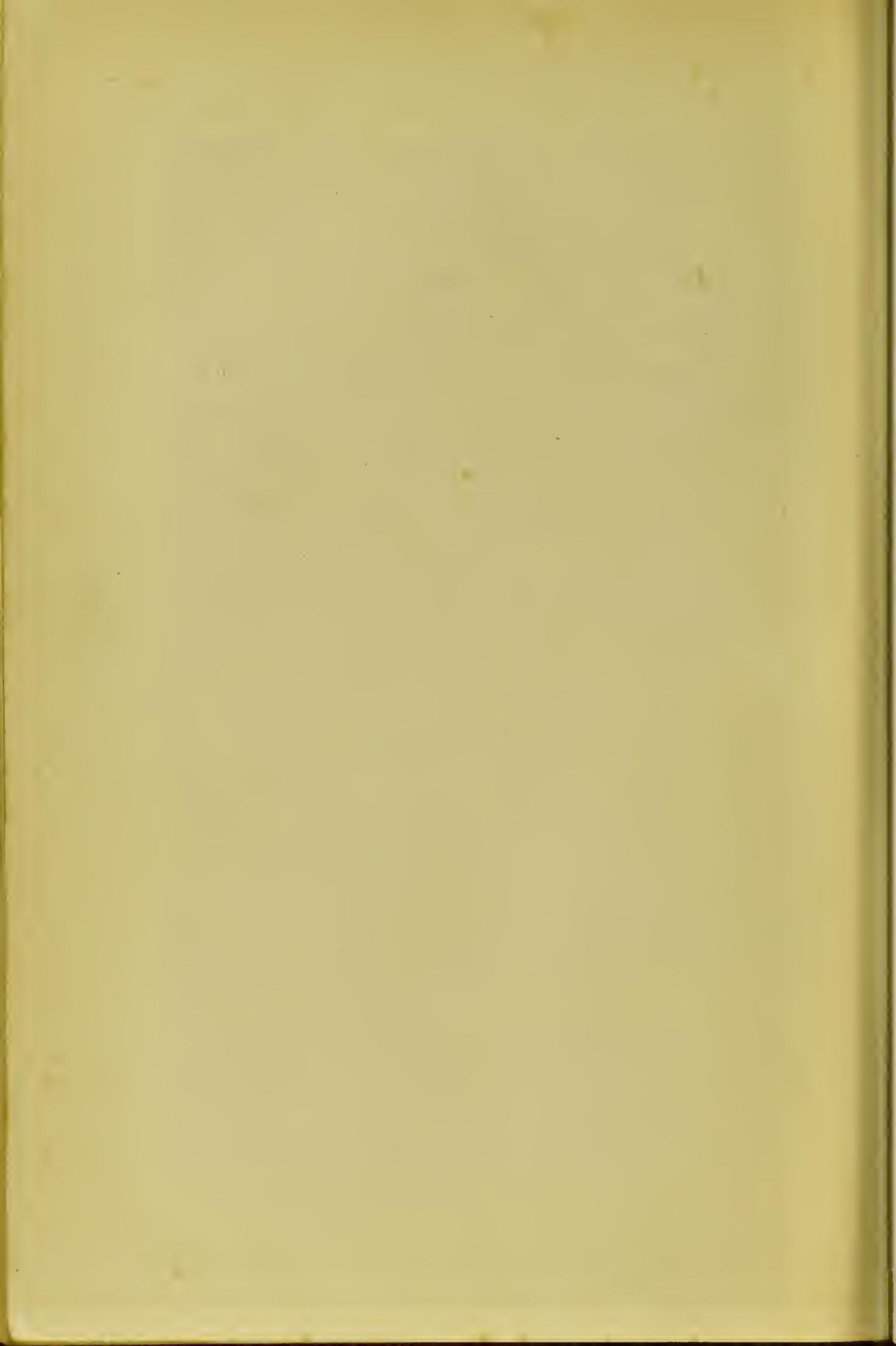
“ ‘ I have seen it,’ I said.

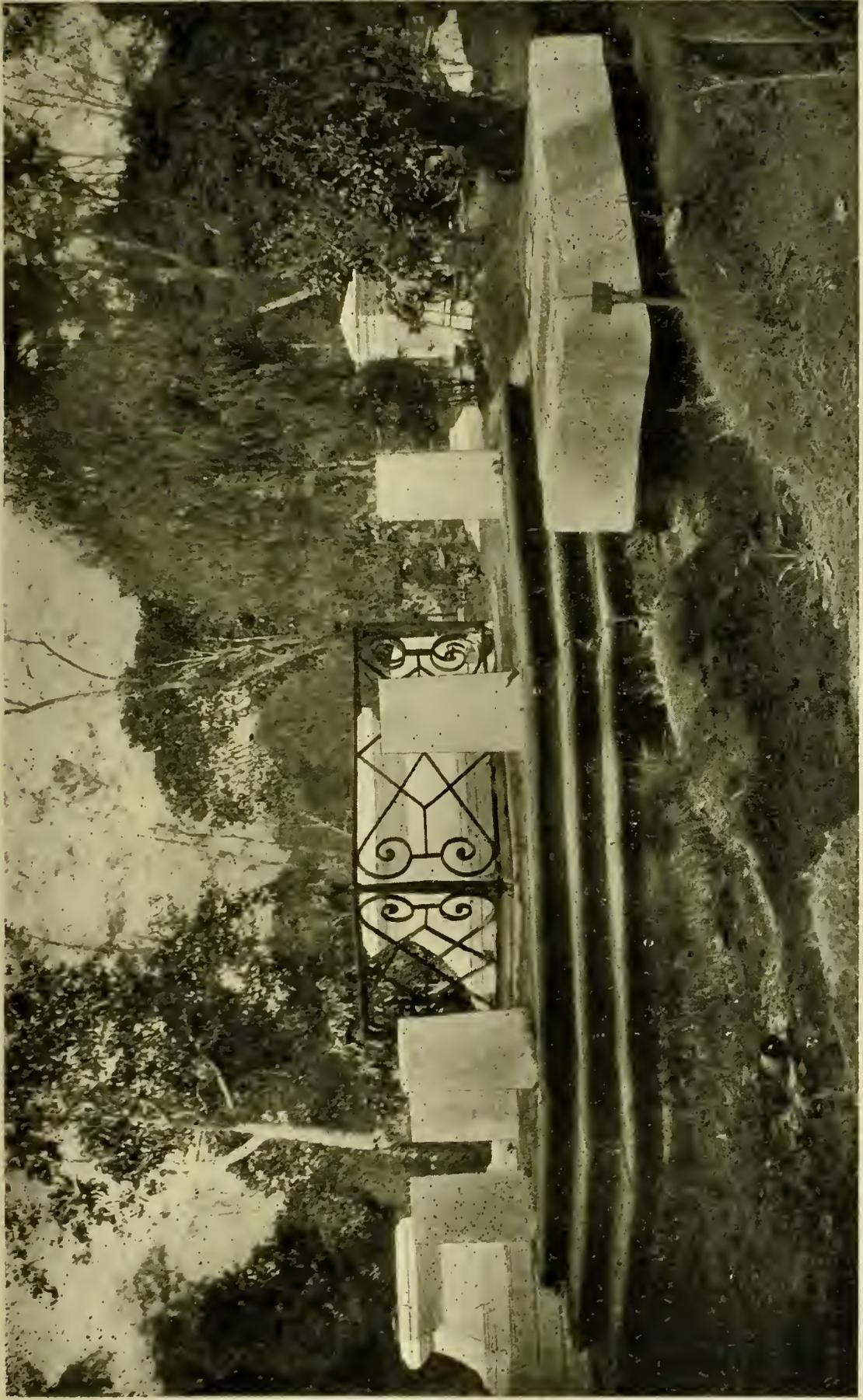
“ ‘ Well here is one you can’t have seen, though you must have heard of it. Much is expected of it, and it will answer expectation. It only arrived last night. There is not another copy in town (1st edition *Border Minstrelsy*, published at Kelso). . . . They have been a queer set of folks these Border gentry. *Lady Harden’s Clean Spurs* and *The Laird’s Hay Stack* is the finest story I ever read.’

“ ‘ Here is the *Scots Magazine*, Sir. The title ought to have been Scottish, as a great antiquary says who is to throw great light on Scottish history, and will certainly demolish *Pinkerton the Pict*. . . .’ &c., &c.

“ Upon this I pocketed the magazine and retreated rapidly from the overwhelming civility of this gentleman. My researches, if they did not enable me to proceed in my investigations of a theory of the earth, furnished me with a notable specimen of the characteristic manners of our booksellers. And as I have not set down aught in malice, I hope they will be flattered with this view of their general manner, and I doubt not they will readily recognise themselves.—

GEOLOGIST.”





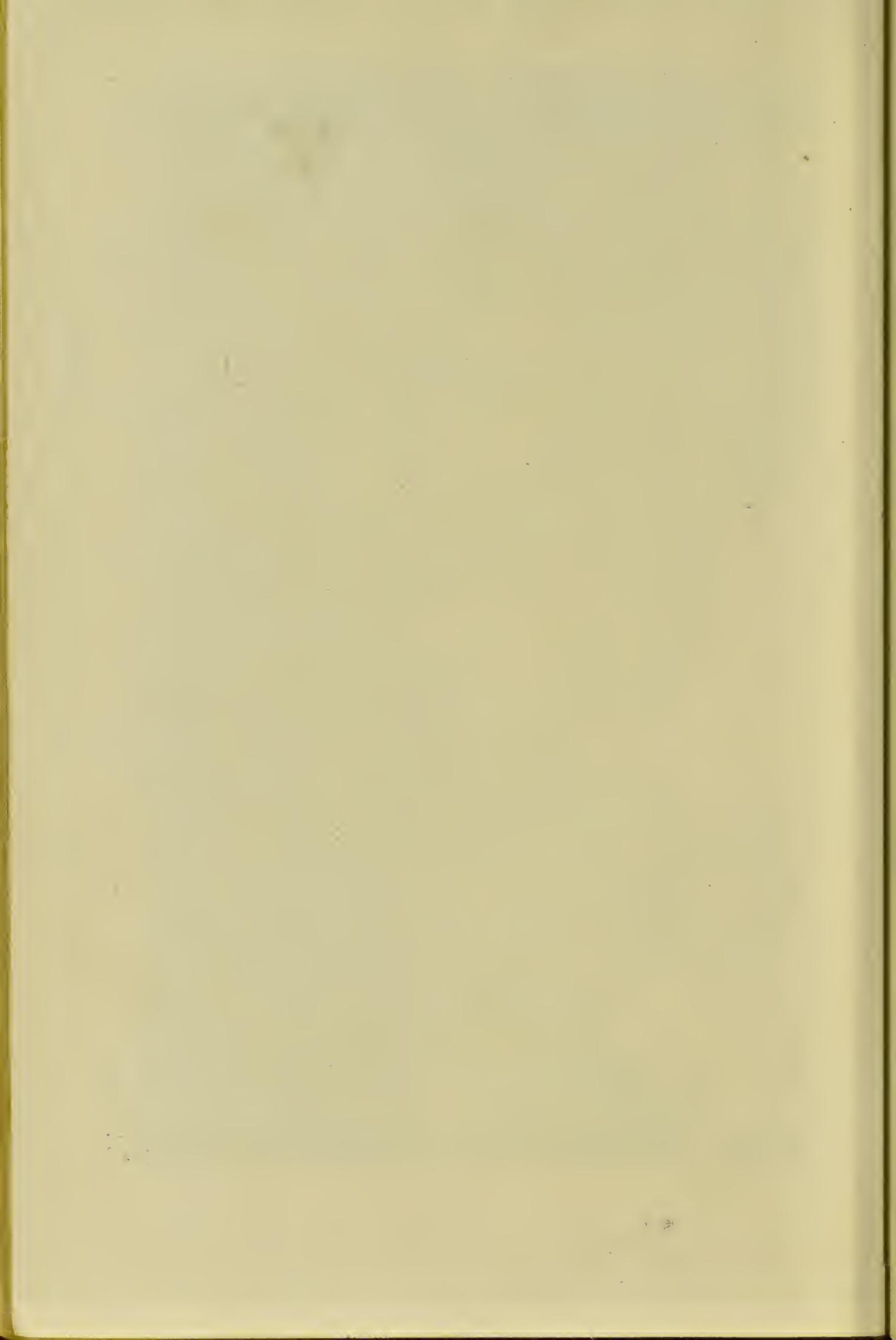
From photo

Mrs O. M. Raffles.

TOMBS IN TANABANG CEMETERY.

John Leyden.

by W. M. Sandison.



APPENDIX.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE DENHOLM MONUMENT.

SOUTH SIDE.

“ JOHN LEYDEN—Born at Denholm, 8th September, 1775.
Died at Batavia, 28th August, 1811.”

NORTH SIDE.

“ To the memory of the Poet and Oriental Scholar, whose genius, learning, and manly virtues were an honour to his country and shed a lustre on his native Teviotdale, this monument was erected by public subscription,
A.D. 1861.”

EAST SIDE.

“ Dear native valleys ! may ye long retain
The chartered freedom of the mountain-swain ;
Long 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet.
And still be duly heard at twilight calm
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm.”

WEST SIDE.

“ His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains.
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.”

TANABANG CEMETERY

AND WHAT IT CONTAINS.

As has been said in the text, Leyden was buried on the day of his death by Lord Minto and T. S. Raffles; but nothing definite was known as to the spot where he was laid till William Munro Sandison came home from the East in 1887. To that gentleman the author is deeply indebted for full information on this subject, as well as for four of the illustrations in the book. His enthusiasm and generosity are not

unique only because there are so many with a similar devotion to the memory of Leyden—a devotion so refreshing and helpful to one working in the cause. The following description of his finding of the tomb reads like a romance :—“ I happened to be sailing in a small Chinese steamer in the Strait of Banca (east of Sumatra), and being almost the only European on board, the Captain let me have the use of his cabin and the run of his library, which comprised a medicine-book and a volume of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*; from which I noticed that Dr Leyden died in Batavia. Having some leisure when in Batavia, I thought I would hunt out his resting-place, and went over some old Dutch burial-places without success, as the inscriptions were barely decipherable. I then went to the large cemetery at Tanabang, still in use, and spent some hours strolling amongst the thousands of tombs, but without success until, being tired out with the search and the strong heat, I sat down on the nearest flat tombstone for a smoke. In striking my first match the head came off, and with the second one I looked at the part of the stone where I was striking it, and found it to be on the word Teviotdale, which at once apprised me that I had unconsciously come to the stone I had been hunting for; and looking round about, I noticed Olivia Raffles’s tomb as well.”

The central, railed-in tomb in the engraving bears the following inscription :—

“Sacred to the Memory of
 OLIVIA MARIAMNE,
 Wife of
 The Honble STAMFORD RAFFLES,
 Lieutenant Governor
 of Java
 and its Dependencies,
 Who departed this life at
 Buitenzorg
 the 15th day of November, 1814,
 aged 43 years.”

Also the following verse from Leyden's *Dirge of the Departed Year* :—

“ But chief that in this Eastern isle,
Girt by the green and glistening wave,
Olivia's kind, endearing smile
Seemed to recall me from the grave.”

Of the one on the right, Mr Sandison writes: “ A plain horizontal mass of stonework, raised about three feet above the ground and having tablets embedded in its surface, forms an unassuming but durable monument to his (Leyden's) memory.”

The inscriptions on the tablets are as follows (see engraving) :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN CASPER LEYDEN, M.D.,

Who was born at Teviotdale in Scotland,
And who died, in the prime of life, at Molenvliet,
Near Batavia, on the 28th August, 1811,
Two days after the fall of Cornelis.

The poetical talents and superior literary attainments
of Dr Leyden

Rendered him an ornament of the age in which he lived,
His ardent spirit and insatiable thirst after knowledge
Was perhaps unequalled ; and friends of science
Must ever deplore his untimely fate.

His principles as a man were pure and spotless,
And as a friend he was firm and sincere.

Few have passed through this life
With fewer vices, or with a greater prospect
Of happiness in the next.”

To the above is added four of the well-known lines from Scott's *Lord of the Isles* :—

“ Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour.
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.”

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

1749—1812.

Jean Maxwell, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Monreith, was born and brought up for so much of her life in a second-floor flat in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh. In her girlhood she was a regular tom-boy, and all her life she expressed herself in the plainest and coarsest of the broad Scots which every one spoke then.

She was married to the Duke of Gordon in 1767, and in this position, with her beauty, wit, and fascinating manners, she became the arbitress of Edinburgh society. Her admiration and friendship for Burns—the one man who carried her off her feet by his conversation—are well known and, according to Scott, she seems to have taken a similar interest in, and shown similar favour to, Leyden.

Our engraving is after the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1775. It is a sad coincidence that the end of her days, like that of Lady Charlotte Campbell, was wrapped in adversity and obscurity.

THE FIRST EARL OF MINTO.

1751-1814.

Our engraving of this nobleman is made from a photograph, taken by Mr M'Nairn, Hawick, with the courteous permission of Mr Price, Factor, of the portrait in Minto House. For readers of Leyden's Life there is a halo of prosperity and happiness around the Earl and his family, which those who do not know the facts may unconsciously think enhances the contrast of Leyden's sad and tragic end.

But, in reality, the death of the Earl of Minto, three years later, was as sad and tragic as that of Leyden himself. On returning to England in 1814, after settling his business in London, he started in a post-chaise for a holiday at home. His tenants, neighbours, and friends were making preparations to give him a royal welcome. But alas, he had caught a chill in London, and on reaching the house of a friend, about half-way, he found himself unable to proceed farther, and soon after breathed his last. Thus, instead of arriving at Minto as the hero of a triumphal welcome, he was brought home a corpse to his sorrowing wife and family; indeed to the sorrow and dismay of all who knew him.

CARLYLE'S WALK TO COLLEGE.

There is a suggestive parallel between Leyden's walk to Edinburgh and that of Carlyle's to College from Ecclefechan in 1809. In his *Reminiscences*, under date November 9th, he says:—"Some hours after my arrival in this city for the first time (I found myself in Parliament Square). We had walked some twenty miles that day—the third of our journey (of 100 miles) from Ecclefechan; my companion, one Tom Smail, who had already been to College last year, and was thought to be a safe guide and guardian to me. . . . On our journey thither he had been wearisome, far from entertaining; mostly silent, having indeed nothing to say, he stalked on, generally some steps ahead, languidly whistling through his teeth some similitude of a wretched Irish tune which I knew too well as that of a still more wretched doggerel song called *The Belfast Shoemaker*—most melancholy to poor me given up to my bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills. How strangely vivid is that journey to me now—my mother and father walking with me in the dark, frosty November morning through the village to set us on our way. . . . But we must get to Edinburgh, over Moffat, over Ericstane . . . I hid my sorrow and my weariness—but had abundance of it—chequering the mysterious hopes and forecasting of what Edinburgh and the student element would be.

“Tom and I had entered Edinburgh after twenty miles of walking, between two and three p.m. ; got a clean-looking, most cheap lodging (in Simon Square) ; had got ourselves brushed, some morsel of dinner doubtless ; and Palinurus Tom sallied out into the streets with me to shew the novice mind a little of Edinburgh before sun-down.”

THE POET CAMPBELL:
1777-1844.

Among the young men who used to meet in the house of Dr Robert Anderson in Heriot's Bridge, Grassmarket—Thomas Brown, William Erskine, James Graham (author of *The Sabbath*), John Leyden, Alexander Murray, &c.—Thomas Campbell came in 1798. His *Pleasures of Hope* was completed this year, and Dr Anderson negotiated the sale of it to Mundell, the publisher, for £60. The author had no more sincere admirer than Leyden, who introduced him to Scott. “They afterwards quarrelled,” continues the latter. “When I repeated *Hohenlinden* to Leyden, he said : ‘Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him ; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.’ I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer : ‘Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.’”

Two explanations have been given of the origin of the quarrel in question. (1) In a certain Edinburgh journal this statement was made shortly after Campbell's death : “He was one day seen hurrying along Princes Street, seemingly frantic, on his way, it was thought, to destroy himself. In this unhappy state of mind he was met by Dr Anderson, who turned him from his purpose.”

“It was only a new edition, however,” says his biographer, Dr Beattie, “of what had been circulated many years before, and which, it was said, the Poet had never contradicted. To my certain knowledge, however, he did contradict it, and that very emphatically. When asked as to the truth of the report, ‘It is false,’ he said—‘utterly false. I was annoyed by it at the time, and took some pains to trace it

to the author. After some difficulty I found that it originated with John Leyden. I taxed him with it. He denied it; but there was the clearest evidence that I had discovered the real source. The consequence was, that I dropt his acquaintance, and this was the origin of the feud between us.' ”

From Leyden's side of the question, this is an explanation that can be accepted only in a very peculiar sense. He was hardly the man to screen himself from the dire consequences of anything he might have said by telling a lie; witness his adventure in Hawick in connection with Mungo Park. The real explanation is not that Leyden told a lie, but that he was angry with Campbell for not believing him when he said “No.” The sting of the report for Campbell was that it was so near the truth in the sense that, with his constitutional melancholy, he was subject to fits of great depression.

2. Another explanation, said to be more credible, is as follows: “Campbell and some of his associates had started a periodical called *The Clerical Review*. Campbell's connection with it gave rise to the suspicion that some of his other associates (Anderson and Leyden) were the prime movers in the work. Rumour spread the false report till it came as a subject demanding enquiry before the Presbytery. Meanwhile the real authors became known, and Campbell amongst them. His conduct fired with indignation those whom he had caused to be so unjustly scandalised. He tried to explain away what he had done, but unsatisfactorily, and thus lost their confidence.”

The real meaning and seriousness for Leyden of this confused story is not obvious to the ordinary reader. What is meant by “the real authors” referred to? Although it can only be guessed, what is meant is—the writers of the offensive articles in the *Review*. They were scurrilous accounts of sermons preached in the city churches. Now the only person referred to in the story who would have been amenable to the Presbytery was John Leyden, who was a Probationer resident within their bounds; and the story seems to imply that Leyden was called before the Presbytery.

Fortunately it was possible to settle the matter con-

clusively. By the courtesy of the Presbytery Clerk, the present writer was allowed to examine the Presbytery Records, and what he found was (1) that there was an investigation (begun on December 25th, 1799) as to the writer of certain articles in *The Clerical Review*, reported to be a member of Presbytery; but (2) that John Leyden's name is never mentioned. The delinquent was ultimately found to be the minister of a certain Chapel of Ease. While the investigation was going on, and when it became known that he was not a member, but under the superintendence of the Presbytery, it is possible that John Leyden's name might have been mentioned in the outside gossip. If so, his soul would revolt at the idea of being disloyal to his brethren, and his relations with Campbell would not become any more cordial, although it is not clear how far the latter was to blame.

That is all that can be made of the above story; and after all, the description of the two living in "bitter hostility" and cherishing towards each other "sullen animosity" appears to be far too strong. That they were jealous of each other in company is very probable, for they were both too eager to shine and to monopolize the talk; but messages of hatred from and to each other, accompanied by compliments, are surely not to be taken seriously. In a letter from Campbell to Dr Anderson, under date Altona, November, 14th, 1800, he says: "I am glad to hear that Leyden has got a church. My best wishes attend him for all his crankishness of character." Leyden, on his part, being in Constable's house with Alexander Murray one evening in the summer of 1802, recited a passage from *Lochiel*, which was then in MS. :—

"Lochiel! Lochiel! my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God will reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life lends me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

remarking, when he had finished: "That fellow, after all we may say, is king of us all, and has the genuine root of the matter in him."

Even Campbell's references to Leyden in London are nothing more than the chaff that correspondents would exchange about a mutual friend. "London, March 7th, 1803: John Leyden is still in London. An infectious influenza is going about, and the north wind is freezing one's heart." "March 27th, 1803: London has been visited in one month by John Leyden and the influenza. . . . They are both raging with great virulence. John has been dubbed Dr Leyden, and the influenza has been called La Grippe. The latter complaint has confined Telford and myself for a week or so; the former has attacked us several times." This proves that they were at least on visiting terms. Leyden would not have gone out of his way to make calls on a man he mortally hated.

The final reference belongs to the same category—of mere chaff: "April 1, 1803:—Leyden has gone at last to diminish the population of India." And so does his prophecy to Scott: "When Leyden comes back from India what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces." Altogether there is an inartistic lack of perspective in the picture of this so-called feud. At the most, what it amounted to was a natural friction between two men, in some respects, too much alike; in others, totally unlike.

LEYDEN'S PORTRAIT.

In connection with this subject, there is one word more to be added. Before leaving London he did give several sittings to an artist, but the portrait was unfinished when he left. While it was in this state his brother Robert fancied that it might be altered to suit himself; and this execrable barbarism was actually perpetrated. The portrait thus altered is said to have come into the possession of Richard Heber, and thereafter disappears.

THE COTTAGE IN DENHOLM.

was acquired by the Border Counties' Association (1895-6), and at a great gathering in July, 1896, at which Lord Minto was present, that nobleman was appointed Custodian of it for all friends and admirers of the Genius who was born in it. Conspicuous among the relics preserved in it is the valuable gift of W. Munro Sandison, Esq., namely a set of enlarged carbon engravings from photographs taken by him at Batavia (the Tomb in Tanabang Cemetery, &c.)

HENSLAWSHIEL.

The cottage with the above name, occupied by the Leydens for about seventeen years, has long disappeared, but the site is marked by a simple unhewn obelisk of whinstone, 8-9 feet high, erected in 1895. Pilgrims to the spot will understand that the cottage stood a hundred yards or so into the field in the very corner of which the obelisk has been placed.

