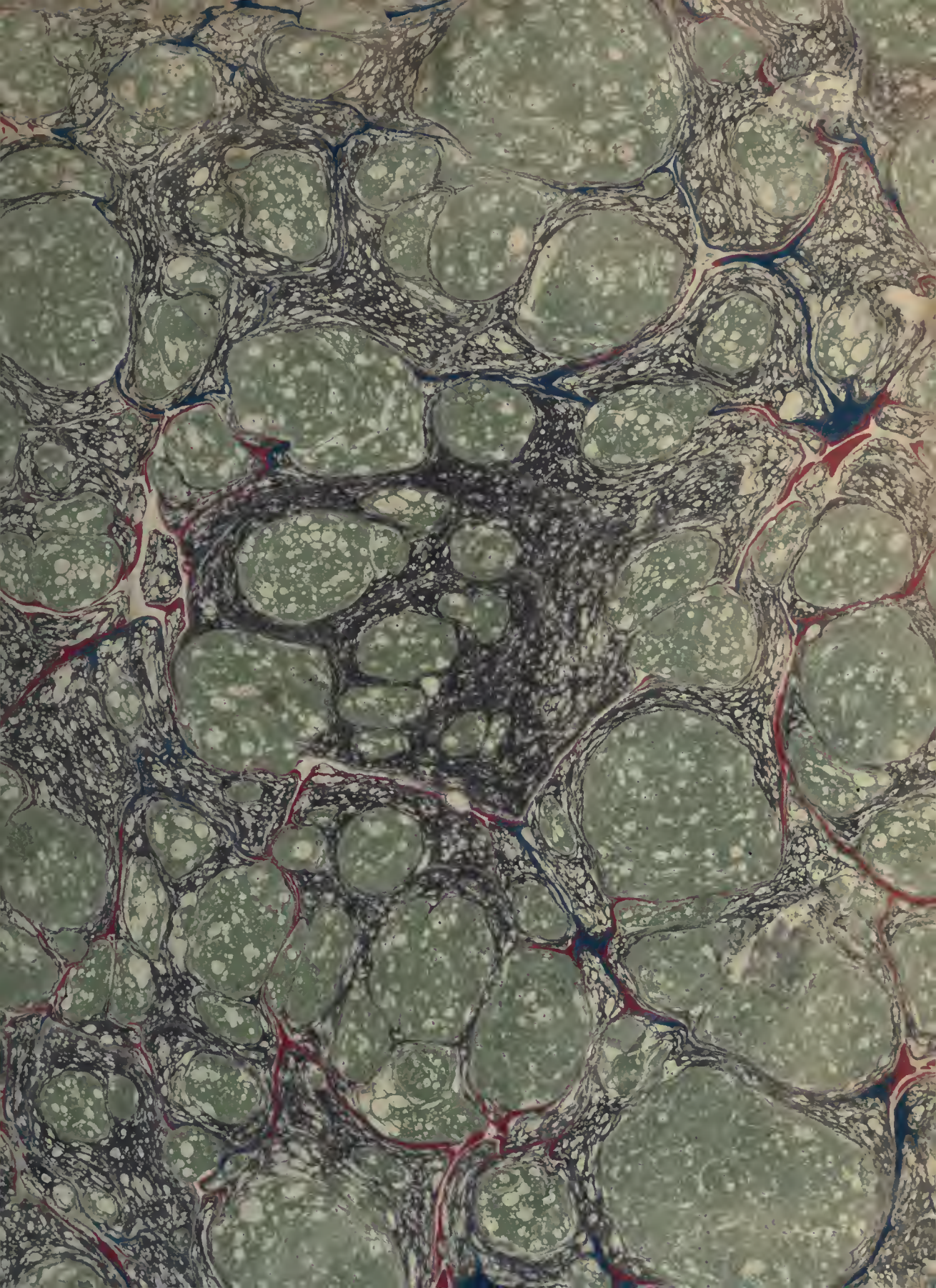




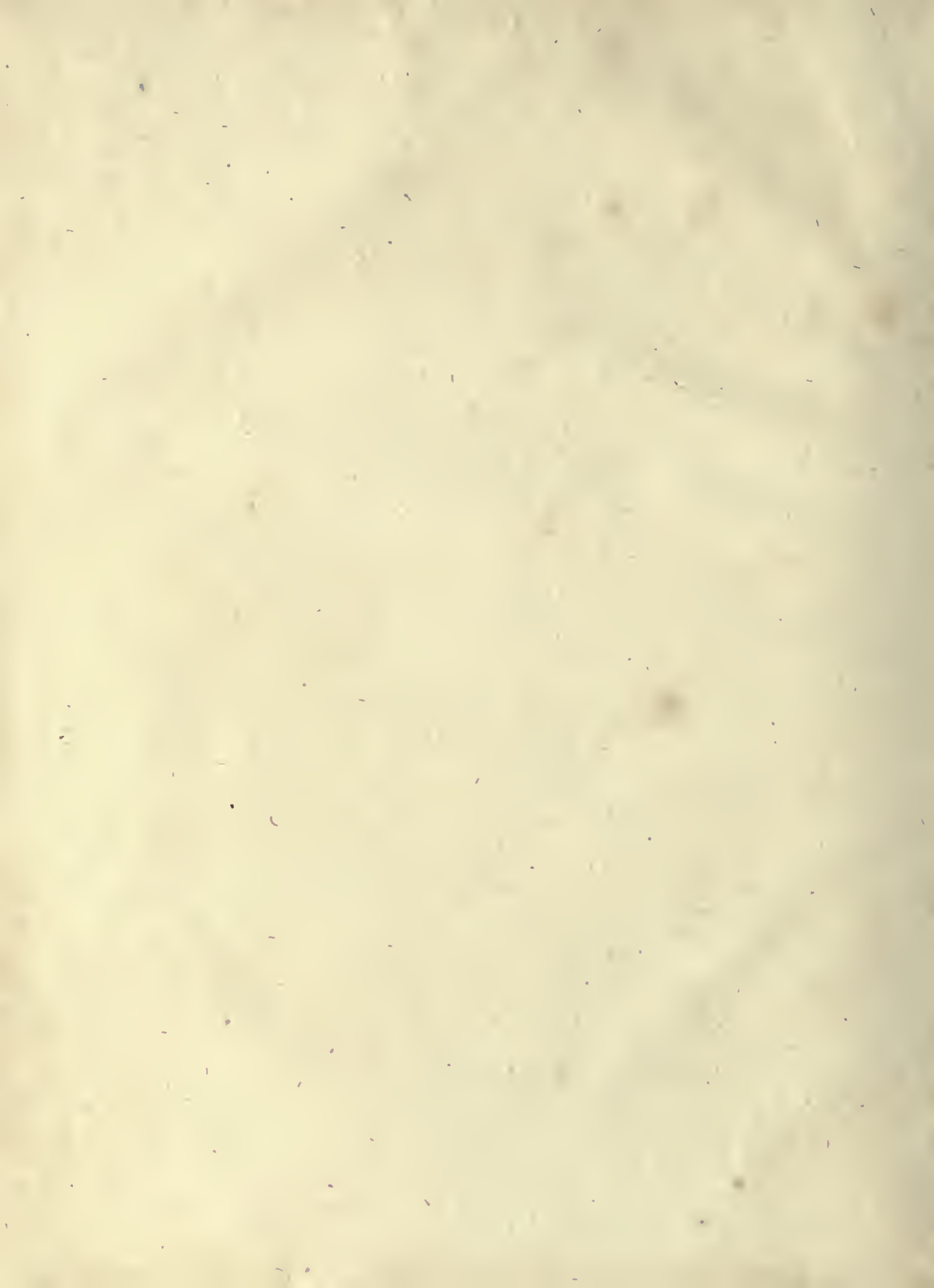
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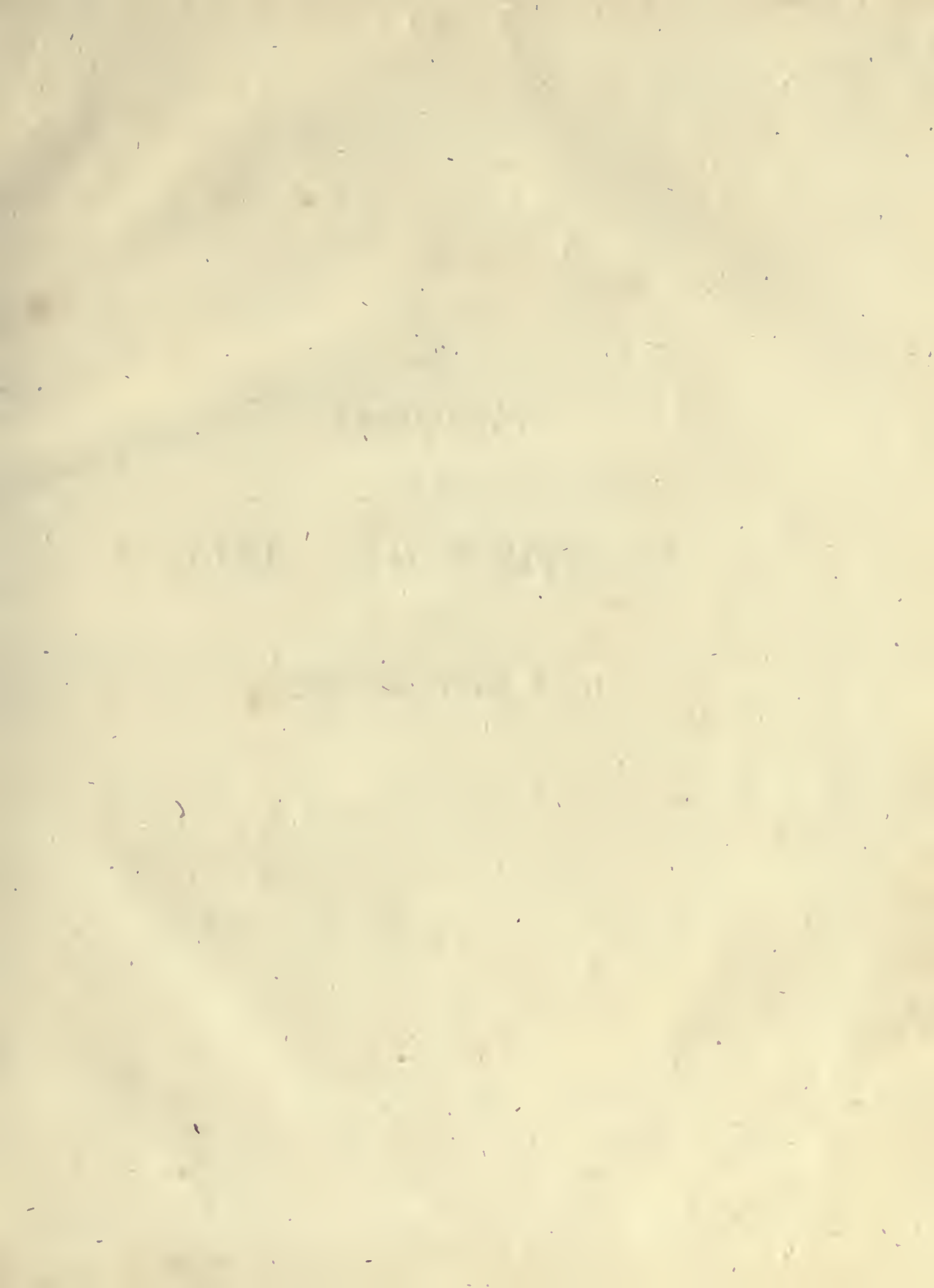


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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.
Edinburgh.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC IN THE
MARISCHAL COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY
OF ABERDEEN.

INCLUDING MANY OF
HIS
ORIGINAL LETTERS.

BY
SIR WILLIAM FORBES
OF PITSLIGO, BART.
ONE OF THE EXECUTORS OF DR BEATTIE.

VOL. II.

Mihi quidem quanquam est ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivet. Virtutem enim amavi illius viri, quæ extincta non est. Nec mihi soli versatur ante oculos, qui illam semper in manibus habui, sed etiam posteris erit clara et insignis.

Cic. Læl. De Amic. cap. 27.

EDINBURGH:

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1806.

RECEIVED

THE TWO SISTERS

BY MARY W. MONTAGUE

IN THREE VOLUMES

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD.

1931

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

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L I F E

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

SECTION III.—CONTINUED.

THE following letter was written on occasion of the death of the reverend Mr Carr, the worthy clergyman of the Episcopal Chapel in Edinburgh, which I attend. The congregation having determined to erect a monument to the memory of their deceased pastor, committed the execution of it to Mr Arbuthnot and me. Being anxious to avail ourselves of Dr Beattie's aid, we sent him an inscription, which seemed to be such as was wished for; but of which we requested the favour of his correction.

LETTER CXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 10th September, 1776.

“ I am no stranger to Mr Carr’s character, whose death, though I had not the honour of his acquaintance, was a real affliction to me ; for I have long considered him as one of the most valuable men of the age. I have heard him preach, and admired his gentle and pathetic eloquence. But to his merits as a preacher, great as they were, the lustre of his private character was still superior. The death of such a man is a real loss to society. I sympathise particularly with you, my dear Sir, on this occasion ; as I have often heard you speak of Mr Carr with such warmth of affection, as shewed you to be deeply interested in his welfare.

“ I have carefully read over the two inscriptions*, which, with a few trifling remarks of my own, I return enclosed, lest you should not have kept a copy. I think them both excellent ; and I believe it would puzzle a better critic than I am, to assign any good reason for preferring the one to the other. The elders of your congregation are the only persons

* The one written by Mr Arbuthnot, the other by me. From these two, by the help of Dr Beattie’s criticisms, we prepared the inscription, which is engraved on a marble tablet, at the south door of our chapel, and of which the following is a copy. It does no more than justice to his character†.

† For some further account of this excellent person, see Appendix, [Z.]

who ought to determine this matter ; for they are best acquainted with the merits of the deceased, and they best know what sort of inscription they would wish to see on the walls of their church. For me to attempt to make any material improvement on either, would be great folly, as well

*Near this Place are deposited
The Remains
of
THE REVEREND GEORGE CARR,
Senior Clergyman of this Chapel ;
In whom
Meekness and Moderation,
Unaffected Piety,
and
Universal Benevolence,
Were equally and eminently conspicuous.
After having faithfully discharged the Duties
of
His sacred Function,
During thirty-nine Years,
He died,
On the 18th August, 1776,
In the 71st Year of his Age,
Beloved, Honoured, Lamented !*

*His Congregation,
Deeply sensible of the Loss they have sustained
By the Death of this excellent Person,
By whose mild yet pathetic Eloquence,
By whose exemplary yet engaging Manners,
They have been so long instructed in the Duties,
and
Animated to the Practice,
of
Pure Religion,
Have erected this Monument,
To record
The Virtues of the Dead
and
Gratitude of the Living.*

as presumption. I am in doubt whether it be necessary to mention the suddenness of Mr Carr's death*. To so good a man, it is of no importance whether he expire by degrees, or at once. In the common opinion, *sudden death* is an evil; and as such it is considered in the Litany of the church; and such it would be, no doubt, to the greater part of mankind; but to Mr Carr, it was rather a good than an evil. But my notions in this respect may perhaps be whimsical, and therefore I will not trouble you with them.

“ You judge very rightly of Dr Campbell's book †: it is indeed a most ingenious performance, and contains more curious matter, on certain topics of criticism, than any other book I am acquainted with.

“ Lord Monboddo's third volume ‡ I have not yet seen. It will certainly be full of learning and ingenuity: but perhaps the author's excessive admiration of the Greek writers may lead him into some paradoxes, and make him too insensible to the merits of modern literature. I have a great respect for Lord Monboddo; I know him to be a learned and a worthy man; and I am greatly concerned to see him adopt some opinions, which, I fear, are not very salutary.

“ But I know nobody that has less occasion than yourself to study these authors, with a view to the formation of a

* Mr Carr's death was instantaneous; as he was preparing to officiate on a Sunday morning, as usual.

† Philosophy of Rhetoric.

‡ Origin and Progress of Language. See p. 25.

good style. I beg your partiality to me may not so blind you to the faults of mine, as ever to make you think of studying it for a pattern. You are pleased to pay me compliments on this head, which I do not by any means deserve. The style of my letters, whatever you and Mr Arbuthnot may say, is not a good style; it has nothing of that accuracy, that ease, or that simplicity, which it ought to have. Nay, in the prose I have printed, my expression, after all the pains I have taken about it, is not what I wish it to be: it is too pompous, and, I fear, too visibly elaborate; and there is often a harshness and a stiffness in it, which I would fain avoid, but cannot. Even provincial improprieties, I know, I am not proof against, though few people have been more careful to keep clear of them. The longer I study English, the more I am satisfied that Addison's prose is the best model: and if I were to give advice to a young man on the subject of English style, I would desire him to read that author day and night. I know not what may be the opinion of others; but, in my own judgement, that part of my writings, which in the article of style has the least demerit, is *An Essay on Laughter*, which is now in the press; yet perhaps my partiality to it may be owing to this circumstance, that it is the last thing I corrected."

The following letter to me was written after my recovery from a dangerous illness. It contains some important observations on a very solemn subject.

LETTER CXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 22d January, 1777.

“ I shall not attempt, my dear Sir, to tell you, what a transition from grief to happiness I lately experienced, on occasion of your illness and recovery. Your own heart will teach you to conceive it, but I have no words to express it.

“ The account you give me of your thoughts and feelings, when your disorder was at the height, is very interesting. That *insensibility* which you complain of, and blame yourself for, is, I believe, common in all similar cases ; and a merciful appointment of Providence it is. By deadening those affections, to which life is indebted for its principal charm, it greatly alleviates the pangs of dissolution. In fact, the pains of death to a man in health appear much more formidable, than to a dying man. This at least is my opinion ; and I have been led into it by what has been observed, of some people’s displaying a fortitude, or composure, at the hour of death, who had all their lives been remarkably

timorous and weak-minded. The proximate cause of this, I take to be that same *stupor* which gradually steals upon our senses, as our dissolution draws near. And that the approach of death should produce this *stupor*, needs not surprise us, when we consider, that the approach even of sleep has something of the same effect; and that the keenness of our passions and feelings, in general, depends very much, even when we are in tolerable health, upon our bodily habit. If sleep is found to disorder our reason, and give a peculiar wildness to our fancy; if memory may be hurt, as it certainly has been, by a blow on the head; if a superabundance of certain bodily humours give rise to certain passions in the mind; if drunkenness divest a man, for a time, of his character, and even of many of his favourite opinions (for I have known a staunch Presbyterian, who was always a Roman Catholic in his liquor); if even a full meal gives a languor to the mind, and impairs a little our faculties of invention and judgment; we have good reason to think, that the connection between our soul and body is very intimate; and may therefore admit the probability of what I now advance, namely, that when the powers and energies of the human body are disordered by the near approach of death, it is scarcely possible that the soul should perceive or feel with its wonted acuteness. The *stupor*, therefore, you mention, was something in which your will had no part, but the natural and necessary effect of a cause purely material. I ask pardon for all this philosophy; which, however, I cannot conclude, without one remark more; which is, that this doc-

trine, if true, ought to be matter of comfort to a good man, as well as an alarm to such as are not of that character. To the former, it promises an easy dissolution ; and it ought to teach the latter, that of all places on earth, a deathbed is the most improper for devotion or repentance.

“ You smile, perhaps, at the seriousness of these remarks ; but I am led into them by reading your letter, and considering the occasion of it. I must repeat, that you are a very severe judge of yourself. You are conscious, you say, of many faults, which the world does not see in you. But you ought to remember, that every man is frail and fallible ; and the virtue even of the best man must, in order to appear meritorious at the great tribunal, have something added to it, which man cannot bestow.

“ I must put a stop, however, to these grave remarks ; and to descend at once from a very important to a most trifling subject, I shall now speak a word or two, concerning my own works.

“ It is very kind in you to speak so favourably of these “ Essays*.” You will see I have not laid claim to much originality in these performances. My principal purpose was to make my subject plain and entertaining, and, as often as I could, the vehicle of moral instruction ; a purpose to which every part of the philosophy of the human mind, and indeed of science in general, may, and ought, in my opinion, to be

* On POETRY AND MUSIC as they affect the Mind.

On LAUGHTER AND LUDICROUS COMPOSITION.

On the Utility of CLASSICAL LEARNING. Printed in 1776.

See Appendix, [AA.]

made in some degree subservient. I was very much on my guard against paradoxes ; yet I expect that many of my opinions, those especially that relate to music and classical learning, will meet with opposition. Mr Tytler writes me word, that he cannot admit all my doctrine on the subject of music ; but, if I rightly understand what he has said very briefly on that subject, I should imagine, that, if he would favour that part of my book with a second perusal, he would find that his notions and mine are not very different. To me, indeed, they do not seem to differ at all. I should be sorry if they did ; as I believe he knows more of that, as well as of other matters, than I do. I am already sensible of several inaccuracies and defects in my book ; for I was in a most miserable state of health when I sent it to the press : and I know not how it is, that I can never judge rightly of my own style, till I see it in print. If the book comes to a second edition, and if I have health to make any alterations, there are many things which must be corrected. I should be glad to hear how it takes with your people in general.

“ You may believe Dr Porteus’s advancement* gives me great pleasure. It was what I did expect, though I am sure he did not. He says in his last letter, “ I have reason
 “ to believe, that I owe this advancement principally to the
 “ goodness of their Majesties, who have been graciously pleas-
 “ ed to think me deserving of much higher honours than I
 “ had ever the presumption to look up to.” When I was in England in 1775, the Doctor told me, that he was not par-

* To the Bishoprick of Chester.

ticularly known to the King at that time ; but I told him, I had good reason to believe, that his Majesty esteemed him very highly. Indeed I know no man that better deserves to wear the mitre. He is not older than I am ; and I think he looks much younger : but he is exemplary in the discharge of his duty as a clergyman, a chearful pleasant companion, and of the gentlest manners ; he is, withal, an excellent scholar, a most elegant writer, and a man of business. He, and Dr Hurd, Bishop of Litchfield *, are, I think, the best preachers I ever heard. Indeed, before I heard them, I cannot say that I distinctly knew what true pulpit-eloquence was. The King seems determined to promote to the Episcopal bench such clergymen only as are most distinguished for piety and learning. Dr Markham, now Archbishop of York, and the present Bishops of Chester and Litchfield, had not originally any other influence than what their own merit gave them. Dr Hurd was never at Court till he went to kiss the King's hand, on being nominated to the see of Litchfield."

LETTER CXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 19th February, 1777.

" I have now, my dear Sir, read over your papers † with all

* Now Bishops of London and Worcester.

† " Letters on the Religious Belief and Practical Duties of a Christian," written by the author of these Memoirs for the instruction of his children, still in MS.

the attention I am capable of, and have made a few, a very few slight remarks in the margin. The perusal has given me very great pleasure, and I beg you will send me the rest as soon as you conveniently can. Every thing you say in regard to the evidence of religion has my most hearty concurrence ; one or two sentences or phrases excepted, which are not at all material. What these are, you will see when I return the papers. I am clearly of opinion that these papers will make a most valuable addition to the book. Mr Jenyns's late treatise, I observe, is a favourite of yours. There is indeed a great deal in it of very solid and ingenious remark ; and I am convinced it will do much good. It were perhaps to be wished, that the author had made fewer concessions to the adversary, and spoken with more respect of the *external* evidences. But when one takes up a favourite hypothesis or argument, it is hardly possible to avoid carrying it rather too far ;—such is the weakness of human nature. I mean not to object to Mr Jenyns's favourite argument ; it is surely most satisfactory to every candid mind ; and he has done it more justice than any other author I am acquainted with. I only wish his plan would have allowed him to touch upon the external evidences, which ought never to be overlooked by those who would acquit themselves as the champions of Christianity. I began a little Treatise, some years ago, on the evidences of our religion, but have never finished it ; and indeed Mr J.'s Treatise has in part superseded mine. My meaning was, to make the subject plain and entertaining, and suited to all capacities,

especially to those of young people. Like Mr Jenyns, I intended only a little book : but it must have been larger than his, because I would have considered both the *external* and the *internal* evidence*.”

LETTER CXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

————— 2d October, 1777.

“ I am much obliged to your Lordship for your entertaining account of the ancient city of Chester, and its neighbourhood. It must certainly be, as you observe, well-worthy the traveller’s attention ; and if it is ever my fortune to revisit the west of England, I shall be inexcusable if I do not direct my course to a place, which I am now, on many accounts, ambitious to be acquainted with.

“ Of literary matters I can say nothing. The doctor commanded me, on pain of death, to abstain wholly from writing, and to read nothing but novels, or such books as require no attention. I have followed the prescription most punctually ; and, since my fever in the spring, have not written half-a-dozen pages, (letters included) nor read any thing but Don Quixote, Spenser’s Fairy Queen, and Ho-

* This he afterwards most admirably accomplished in his “ Evidences of the Christian Religion,” published in 1786.

race, which last I have read over three times. As I have not read Dr Robertson's last work, I cannot form any opinion about it. Lord Kaimes has published a book of agriculture, which, they say, is the best of all his works. Dr Campbell lately printed another excellent sermon, preached at Edinburgh before the "Society for propagating Christian Knowledge." The subject is, "The success of the first preaching of the gospel, a proof of its truth." I shall have the honour to send your Lordship a copy of this sermon as soon as I return to Aberdeen. I have read Captain Cooke's preface, which gives me a very high opinion of the author: I wish for an opportunity to read the whole book. When a man of sense and spirit publishes the history of his own affairs, the world is a thousand times better instructed, than by the most elaborate compositions of the mere book-maker."

LETTER CXX.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER TO DR BEATTIE.

Hunton, November 28th, 1777.

"During our stay here, Dr Robertson's "History of America" has been part of our evening's amusement. He is, without dispute, a very judicious compiler, and very elegant writer, and seems to have taken great pains in this work to

collect all the information that could possibly be obtained from books and manuscripts, of which he has consulted a considerable number. Of these, some of the most curious were communicated to him by my friend, Lord Grantham, ambassador at Madrid, and his chaplain, Mr Waddilove. But still the grand source of original information was not opened to him ; I mean the letters and papers written to the Spanish court by the first conquerors of America, and all the authentic documents relative to that transaction, which were collected by Philip the Second, and deposited amongst the archives of the Spanish monarchy, at a place called Simanca, near Valladolid, above a hundred miles from Madrid. To these he could obtain no access ; and till these are produced to the world, I shall never suppose that we have any history of South America that can be absolutely relied upon. As far, however, as Dr Robertson's materials go, he has set them off to the best advantage, and has enlivened them by many ingenious and useful observations on the natural and moral history of the Aborigines of that country. He has, however, I think, missed some opportunities, which this part of his work threw in his way, of drawing a comparison between the state of the savage and of the Christian world. He attributes the difference between them solely to the improvements of civil society. I am of opinion, that the gospel has had a large share in this happy change ; and it would have been of infinite service to religion, to have had all its beneficial consequences set forth by so fine a pen as Dr Robertson's. Such inci-

dental arguments, in favour of religion, interspersed occasionally in works of acknowledged merit and reputation, are perhaps of more general use than professed defences of it. The enemies of Christianity have long taken this method of undermining it, and its friends therefore should not be backward in taking the same means to recommend it. Mr Gibbon and the Abbé Raynal have more especially distinguished themselves by this species of hostility; for which reason I am sorry that Dr Robertson has paid them both such high compliments as he has done.

“ I hear of nothing new and important in the literary world that is likely to make its appearance this winter, except a new translation of Isaiah, by Bishop Lowth; of which the public has raised its expectations very high, from the known abilities and learning of the author. This, I believe, is in very great forwardness. There is also an edition of “Strabo,” by Mr Falkner, a gentleman of Chester, every way equal to the undertaking, which is pretty far advanced. Archbishop Markham shewed me, the other day, a collation for him, of a manuscript in the Escorial, made under the direction of Canonico Bayer, and procured by the assistance of Lord Grantham.”

LETTER CXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SYLVESTER DOUGLAS, ESQ. NOW LORD
GLENBERVIE*.

Aberdeen, 5th January, 1778.

“ I am much entertained with your plan of writing upon the Scottish barbarisms, accent, &c. It is a very extensive one ; and, in your hands, will be very entertaining and useful. Most of the topics you mention have occasionally engrossed my attention. I have written many sheets upon Scotticism, and the structure and rules of our verse, and how far the English tongue is attainable by a native of Scotland, and in what respects it is not attainable (I mean, a person who does not go to live in England till he is grown up). I once intended to *publish* something on English prosody and versification, but I believe my literary pursuits are all over.

*Vos, O quibus integri ævi—
Me si cælicola voluissent—*

The greatest difficulty in acquiring the art of *writing* English, is one which I have seldom heard our countrymen

* Between whom and Dr Beattie an intimacy, contracted in early life, subsisted mutually, and without interruption, for a long course of years. I also claim the distinction of ranking Lord Glenbervie among the number of those who have honoured me with their regard ; and he and I are now two of the very few surviving associates of Dr Beattie's early friendship.

complain of, and which I was never sensible of till I had spent some years in labouring to acquire that art. It is, to give a *vernacular* cast to the English we write. I must explain myself. We who live in Scotland are obliged to study English from books, like a dead language. Accordingly, when we write, we write it like a dead language, which we understand, but cannot speak; avoiding, perhaps, all ungrammatical expressions, and even the barbarisms of our country, but at the same time without communicating that neatness, ease, and softness of phrase, which appears so conspicuously in Addison, Lord Lyttleton, and other elegant English authors. Our style is stately and unwieldy, and clogs the tongue in pronunciation, and smells of the lamp. We are slaves to the language we write, and are continually afraid of committing *gross* blunders; and, when an easy, familiar, idiomatical phrase occurs, dare not adopt it, if we recollect no authority, for fear of Scotticisms. In a word, *we* handle English, as a person who cannot fence handles a sword; continually afraid of hurting ourselves with it, or letting it fall, or making some awkward motion that shall betray our ignorance. An English author of learning is the master, not the slave, of his language, and wields it gracefully, because he wields it with ease, and with full assurance that he has the command of it.

In order to get over this difficulty, which I fear is in some respects insuperable after all, I have been continually poring upon Addison, the best parts of Swift, Lord Lyttleton, &c. The ear is of great service in these matters; and I am con-

vinced the greater part of Scottish authors hurt their style by admiring and imitating one another. At Edinburgh it is currently said by your critical people, that Hume, Robertson, &c. write English better than the English themselves; than which, in my judgment, there cannot be a greater absurdity. I would as soon believe that Thuanus wrote better Latin than Cicero or Cæsar, and that Buchanan was a more elegant poet than Virgil or Horace. In my rhetorical lectures, and whenever I have occasion to speak on this subject to those who pay any regard to my opinion, I always maintain a contrary doctrine, and advise those to study English authors, who would acquire a good English style.

“ I agree with you, that many of the vulgar words used in Scotland may be traced to the Saxon, German, Dutch, &c. The French too, and the Erse, come in for their share, especially the former. French etymologies abound most in the counties to the south of Aberdeen, in Mearns, Angus, &c. where you know the natives in their pronunciation have the sound of the French *U*. I know of no etymological dictionary of this dialect; but a great deal of the knowledge to be expected in such a dictionary may be found in Ray’s “ Collection of English Proverbs,” but especially in Ruddiman’s “ Glossary to Bishop Douglas’s Virgil.” This last is a most learned piece of lexicography. You will see it in that edition of “ Gavin Douglas,” which is printed at Edinburgh in folio, in 1710. I need not tell you, that the Scottish dialect is different in almost every province. The

common people of Aberdeen speak a language, that would scarce be understood in Fife; and how much the Buchan dialect differs from that of Lothian, may be seen by comparing Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" with "Ajax's Speech to the Grecian Knabbs," which you will no doubt remember to have seen in your youth. I have attended so much to this matter, that I think I could know by his speech, a native of Banffshire, Buchan, Aberdeen, Dee-side, Mearns, Angus, Lothian, and Fife, as well as of Ross-shire, and Inverness.

"I am inclined to think, that Erse was once the universal language of Scotland. For you find all over the Lowlands, that the names of the old places are almost all derived from that language. It is remarkable, that on the northern side of that great hollow or *strath*, which we call the *How of the Mearns*, the names of places are generally Erse, and on the south side English or Saxon. This seems to prove, that the former district was first inhabited, which is indeed probable from other circumstances; for it fronts the sun, and is sheltered from the north wind by the Grampian mountains."

As an introduction to the following letter, it may be proper to mention, that not long after Garrick's celebration of the jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, in honour of

Shakespeare, in the year 1769, some gentlemen at Edinburgh proposed also to celebrate a jubilee in honour of our countryman, Thomson. But there not appearing a sufficient number of persons of any note, to give respectability to such a meeting, the idea was laid aside. A few years afterwards, Mr Craig, an architect of some merit, who designed the plan of the new town of Edinburgh, and the hall of the College of Physicians there, a nephew of Thomson's, formed the design of erecting a monument to his memory, at the village of Ednam, on the banks of the Tweed, the place of Thomson's birth, and Dr Beattie was requested to write an inscription. The site of the proposed monument was the summit of Ednam hill. This eminence slopes regularly and beautifully to the surrounding valley, and commands a most extensive prospect; so that the intended monument would have been seen for many miles in every direction. But this intention was frustrated by Craig's death. In order, however, that the memory of the poet might not remain altogether unhonoured, several gentlemen, who reside in the neighbourhood of Ednam, have formed themselves into a society, which for some years past has met there annually on the birth-day of Thomson.

The following letter of Dr Beattie's, besides the inscription, contains some excellent remarks on that species of composition.

LETTER CXXII.

DR BEATTIE, TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 22d July 1778.

“ Mr Craig does me too much honour. I am proud to be thought of so favourably by so ingenious an artist, and by the nephew of a man who was an honour to his country and to mankind; and to whose writings I am under very particular obligations: for if I have any true relish for the beauties of nature, I may say with truth, that it was from Virgil and from Thomson that I caught it. The memory of this amiable poet cannot be dearer to any person than it is to me; and I should be heartily sorry, if the monument, to be erected for him, were not such, in every respect, as he himself would have approved. Mr Craig will, I am sure, make it such in the architecture; and, if he follow his own ideas, in the inscription too. But since he does me the honour to desire to have my opinion, I shall give it with the greatest sincerity. I think, then, that all public inscriptions, whether intended for tombs, or cenotaphs, or bridges, or any other public building, are made with a view to catch the eye of the traveller, and convey to him, not the wit of the composer, but some authentic information in regard to the object that draws his attention, and is supposed to raise his curiosity. On this principle, all such writings ought to be perfectly simple, and true, and as concise as the subject and

language will admit. This is the character of the Greek and Roman inscriptions, which it is a pity the moderns have so rarely imitated: for, in my mind, nothing is more barbarous than those mixtures of verse and prose, of Latin and English, of narration and common-place morality, which appear in our churches and church-yards, and other public places. A Gothic arch supported by Corinthian pillars, or a statue with painted cheeks and a hat and wig, is not a greater absurdity. To set up a pillar with a Latin inscription, for the information of those who understand no language but English, is not less absurd. I never heard of a Greek inscription at Rome, nor of a Latin one at Athens. Latin is perhaps a more durable language than English, and may therefore be used in those inscriptions that are put on the foundation-stones of bridges, and hid under ground; for these, it may be presumed, will not be read till a thousand years hence, when all our modern languages will probably be unintelligible. But I cannot but think, that an English inscription, exposed to wind and weather in this climate, will be understood as long as it can be read. I would, therefore, humbly propose, that what is intended for Thomson's monument should be in English, the tongue which he spoke, and to which his writings do so much honour, and the tongue which all travellers who visit Ednam may be supposed to understand: that it should be simple and concise, not in verse (for this appears more like ostentation of wit than an authentic record), but in prose, well modulated, totally free from all quaintness, superfluous words,

and flowery ornaments,—something to the same purpose with the following, and in a similar style. But observe, that as I do not mean to enter the lists with either of the two great writers *, who have already prepared inscriptions for this work, I offer the following rather as a hint towards one, than as a finished performance. And let me remark by the way, that I have been more devoted to this simplicity of style in public inscriptions, ever since I read a verbose and flowery one in Latin, near the banks of Loch Lomond, to the memory of Dr Smollett.

JAMES THOMSON,

Author of The Seasons, and other excellent Poems,

Which promote

Piety, Patriotism, Benevolence, and the Love of Nature,

Wherever the English Tongue is understood,

Was born in this Village, 11th September, 1700,

Died 27th August, 1748,

And is buried in the Church of Richmond in Surrey.

To do honour to the Place of his Birth,

And as a Testimony of veneration

For so amiable a Poet,

And so illustrious a Kinsman,

This Monument † is erected

By his Nephew, JAMES CRAIG, Architect.

“ I would have no quotations or verses on the monument ; and I beg leave to say, that the four which you have

* Who these were, does not appear.

† Or pillar.

taken from the epilogue, are not so very elegant in the expression as might be wished, though the meaning is good, and perfectly true.

“ I beg my best respects to Sir William Forbes, to whom I will write soon, but cannot at present; as he will see this letter, I consider myself as writing to you both. I am much obliged to you for giving me so candidly your opinion of my two psalms. It has determined me to lay aside all thoughts of a project, which, though my health forbade me to undertake it, had been too much in my head of late. For I see now, that my plan, even though executed to my mind, would not please those whom I most wished to please, who best deserved to be pleased, and who, from their partiality to me, would not be easily displeased with any work of mine. I am not sure whether I shall ever publish the letter to Dr Blair, unless I were to make some additions to it, to justify the preference which I give to the Assembly's metre psalms*; I mean to their plan, for the execution has all the faults that Sir William Forbes mentions. In England, they commonly make use of a corrected edition of Sternhold and Hopkins; and I confess I must agree with them so far, as to think *that* rudeness, which is the effect of simplicity, more pardonable, than those finical embellishments that are owing to affectation. But I cannot at present enter upon the reasons that would determine me to re-

* That version authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

ject all paraphractical additions and flowery ornaments in a version of the Psalms, and adhere to that manly (I ought to have said *divine*) and most expressive simplicity, which characterise the original*.

LETTER CXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 22d November, 1778.

“ During this long confinement, I have often been forced to have recourse to my pen and ink, in order to forget my anxiety for a few minutes. But though I could transcribe and correct a little, I was in a very bad state for composition. However, since March last, I have written in a fair hand about 370 pages. In this collection there are (besides other matters) three essays, on “ Memory,” on “ Imagination,” and on “ Dreaming,” on which I set some value. I shall read them to my class very soon; they will make about ten lectures, of an hour each. In treating of Memory and Imagination, I have endeavoured, not only to ascertain their phenomena and laws, but also to propose rules for improving the former faculty, and for regulating the latter. The view I have taken of Dreaming is new, so far as I know. I have attempted to trace up some of the appear-

* See what he himself has said on this subject, in Letter XI. p. 55. Vol. I.

ances of that mysterious mode of perception to their proximate causes; and to prove, that it is in many respects useful to the human constitution. On all subjects of this nature, I have constantly received more information from my own experience than from books.

“ One of the next faculties that come in my way is Conscience, or the moral faculty; on which I have in writing a great number of unfinished observations. If I live to finish what I intend on this subject, I shall probably attempt a confutation of several erroneous principles that have been adopted by modern writers of morals, but without naming any names; and it is not unlikely, that I may interweave the substance of what I wrote long ago, at greater length, on the unchangeableness of Moral Truth. But winter will be over before I can seriously set about it; and perhaps the state of my health may oblige me to drop the scheme altogether. However, I do not repent what I have hitherto done, in transcribing and correcting my lectures; for I have been careful to make it an amusement rather than a task; whence I have reason to think, that my health has not been injured by it.

“ I have been reading lately a most extraordinary work, which I did read once before, but (I know not how) had totally forgotten. The “ History of Benvenuto Cellini,” a Florentine goldsmith and designer, translated from the Italian by Thomas Nugent. There is something in it so singularly characteristical, that it is impossible to reject the whole as fabulous, and yet it is equally impossible not to

reject a great part of it as such. To reconcile this, I would suppose, what the work itself strongly evinces, that the author must have been an ingenious, hot-headed, vain, audacious man; and that the violence of his passions, the strength of his superstition, and the disasters into which he plunged himself, made him mad in the end. We know that the Italians of the 16th century were very ingenious in every thing that relates to drawing and designing; but it cannot be believed, that Popes, Emperors, and Kings, were so totally engrossed with those matters as Signior Cellini represents them. If you have never seen the book, I would recommend it as a curiosity, from which I promise that you will receive amusement. Nay, in regard to the manners of those times, there is even some instruction in it."

LETTER CXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON*.

Aberdeen, 10th January, 1779.

"Major Mercer made me very happy with the news he brought from Gordon-Castle, particularly when he assured

* Jane, Duchess of Gordon, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Baronet, in the county of Wigton, in Scotland. Her Grace, the honour of whose intimate acquaintance I have long had the happiness to enjoy, distinguished Dr Beattie, during many years, by her friendship and correspondence, which were returned on his part by every respectful sentiment of esteem

me that your Grace was in perfect health. He told me too, that your solitude was at an end for some time; which, I confess, I was not sorry to hear. Seasons of recollection may be useful; but when one begins to find pleasure in sighing over Young's "Night Thoughts" in a corner, it is time to shut the book, and return to the company. I grant, that, while the mind is in a certain state, those gloomy ideas give exquisite delight; but their effect resembles that of intoxication upon the body; they may produce a temporary fit of feverish exultation, but qualms, and weakened nerves, and depression of spirits, are the consequence. I have great respect for Dr Young, both as a man and as a poet; I used to devour his "Night Thoughts" with a satisfaction not unlike that which, in my younger years, I have found in walking alone in a church-yard, or in a wild mountain, by the light of the moon, at midnight. Such things may help to soften a rugged mind; and I believe I might have been the better for them. But your

and admiration. While he was charmed by her beauty, the brilliancy of her wit, and her cultivated understanding, the Duchess of Gordon well knew how to appreciate the talents and the virtues of Dr Beattie; and these letters, selected from a great number, during a long epistolary intercourse, strongly evince the warmth of his gratitude for her unremitting kindness and attention on every occasion. Indeed, so tenderly solicitous was the Duchess of Gordon at all times to sooth his sorrows, and dissipate those gloomy ideas that preyed upon his mind, that he found consolation and relief in the free interchange of thoughts with which her good nature delighted to indulge him: And he has often been heard to say, that he was never more happy than in the society he found at Gordon-Castle.

Grace's heart is already "too feelingly alive to each fine impulse;" and, therefore, to you I would recommend gay thoughts, cheerful books, and sprightly company: I might have said *company* without any limitation, for wherever you are, the company must be sprightly. Excuse this obtrusion of advice. We are all physicians who have arrived at forty; and as I have been studying the anatomy of the human mind these fifteen years and upwards, I think I ought to be something of a soul-doctor by this time.

"When I first read Young, my heart was broken to think of the poor man's afflictions. Afterwards, I took it in my head, that where there was so much lamentation there could not be excessive suffering; and I could not help applying to him sometimes those lines of a song,

"Believe me, the shepherd but feigns;

"He's wretched, to show he has wit."

On talking with some of Dr Young's particular friends in England, I have since found that my conjecture was right; for that, while he was composing the "Night Thoughts," he was really as cheerful as any other man.

"I well know the effect of what your Grace expresses so properly, of a cold *yes* returned to a warm sentiment. One meets with it often in company; and, in most companies, with nothing else. And yet it is perhaps no great loss, upon the whole, that one's enthusiasm does not always meet with an adequate return. A disappointment of this sort, now and then, may have upon the mind an effect something like that of the cold bath upon the body; it gives a temporary

shock, but is followed by a very delightful glow as soon as one gets into a society of the right temperature. They resemble too in another respect. A cool companion may be disagreeable at first, but in a little time he becomes less so; and at our first plunge we are impatient to get out of the bath, but if we stay in it a minute or two, we lose the sense of its extreme coldness. Would not your Grace think, from what I am saying, or rather preaching, that I was the most social man upon earth? And yet I am become almost an hermit: I have not made four visits these four months. Not that I am running away, or have any design to run away, from the world. It is, I rather think, the world that is running away from me.

“No character was ever more fully, or more concisely drawn, than that of Major Mercer* by your Grace. I was certain you would like him the more, the longer you knew him. With more learning than any other man of my acquaintance, he has all the playfulness of a school-boy; and unites the wit and the wisdom of Montesquieu, with the sensibility of Rousseau, and the generosity of Tom Jones. Your Grace has likewise a very just idea of Mrs Mercer †. She is most amiable, and well accomplished; and, in goodness and generosity of nature, is not inferior even to the Major himself. I met her the other day, and was happy to find her in better health than I think she has been for some

* See p. 29. Vol. I. and Appendix [BB.] He was at that time Major of the Duke of Gordon's regiment.

† Mrs Mercer was sister of Lord Glenbervie. She died January, 1802. See Appendix [R.]

years. This will be most welcome news to the Major. Pray, does your Grace think that he blames me for not writing to him this great while? The true reason is, that I have not had this great while any news to send him, but what I knew would give him pain; and therefore I thought it better not to write, especially as we have been in daily expectation of seeing him here these several weeks. Will your Grace take the trouble to tell him this? There is no man to whom I have been so much obliged; and, with one or two exceptions, there is no man or woman whom I love so well."

LETTER CXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 18th January, 1779.

"You are right in your conjecture, that a metrical version of the Psalms, formed upon that plan of severe simplicity which I recommend, would be a very difficult work. There is a great deal of cant in the style of poetry, especially of modern poetry: A set of epithets, and figures, and phrases, which a certain set of versifiers bring in upon all occasions, in order to make out their verses, and prepare their rhymes. If a poet has got a good stock of these, and a knack of applying them, and is not very solicitous about energy, consistency, or truth of sentiment, he may write verses with great ease and rapidity; but such verses are

not read above once or twice, and are seldom or never remembered. Their tawdry and unnecessary ornaments make them as unwieldy to the memory, as a herald's coat is to the body. Besides, where language is much ornamented, there is always a deficiency in clearness, as well as in force; and though it may please at its first appearance, it rarely continues long in fashion. The favourite authors in every language are the simplest. They have nothing but what is *necessary* or *useful*; and such things are always in request. My reasons, therefore, for recommending a very simple metrical version of the Psalms, are chiefly these: 1st, Such a version will approach more nearly than an ornamental one to the style of the original; which, I think, will be allowed to be an advantage. 2d, It will be better understood by the common people; for when poetical language is set off with many ornaments, it must be in a great measure unintelligible to unlearned readers. 3d, It will continue intelligible and in fashion for a much longer time; for such is the natural and necessary effect of elegant plainness. 4th, It will take a faster hold of the memory. One of my reasons for tolerating a metrical version of the Psalms is, that it makes them more easily remembered. And Horace, when speaking on a subject not unlike this, has very well observed,

“ Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat :”

Superfluities of style perish from the memory like water

poured into a vessel that is already full. 5th, The simplicity I contend for requires a concise expression, and consequently conveys much meaning in few words; and this is particularly necessary in words intended to be sung with understanding. For singing is of necessity (or at least ought to be) slower than speaking; and, therefore, if the matter is not very close, it will happen sometimes that the singer shall be sounding notes to which his mind annexes no definite idea. One of my objections to Merrick's Psalms would be, if they are all like the specimen you favoured me with, their unnecessary and paraphrastical diffuseness. His first psalm consists of thirty-four lines; and yet I am certain, that the whole meaning of that psalm might, with equal harmony, with equal elegance, and with superior clearness, be expressed in twenty-four. Tate and Brady's second psalm consists of forty-eight lines, and my version of that psalm of thirty-six; if the two versions be in all other respects *only equal*, I believe that which has fewest words would be thought the better. The last reason I shall assign is, that the modish tricks and ornaments of verse appear to me not very graceful in serious poetry of any sort; but in sacred poetry I consider them as worse than ungraceful, as even *indecent*. A high-priest of the Jews, officiating at the altar in ruffles and a laced waistcoat, or a clergyman in the pulpit, with the airs and dress of a player, are incongruities of the same kind with these, which, in a poetical version of

the Psalms, ought to be avoided. Is it right, think you, for a Christian on Sunday, in the church, to sing,

“ His rains from heaven parched hills recruit,
 “ That soon transmit the liquid store;
 “ Till earth is burthened with her fruit,
 “ And Nature’s lap can hold no more?”

The harshness of the first line, and the half nonsense of the first couplet, might be excused; but what shall we say to the Pagan allusion in the last line?

“ After what you know of my mind on this subject, I am sure I need not say, that it is far from my purpose to recommend a rude or clownish simplicity, whereof I confess that there are innumerable instances in the version that is in most common use in Scotland; and yet, in the present case, rusticity is better than finicalness. I would rather see in the pulpit a sun-burnt face, than a painted one; and a coat out at elbows, than one overlaid with embroidery. The middle way, you will say, is best; and I allow it: And, between ourselves, I think it peculiarly honourable to the church of England, that, while she keeps at a distance from the pageantries of the Romish church, she also avoids that ritual, which might do very well with pure spirits, but which is too apt to produce listlessness and coldness in creatures weighed down with flesh and blood. I would have every thing neat and plain, and as elegant as is consistent with plainness, in the public services and in the language of reli-

gion: or, if now and then I were to introduce a little pomp, which I believe I should often be inclined to do, I would still make it simple and plain; which, if I mistake not, would heighten its magnificence, and give permanency to its effects. Elegant and pure simplicity is the characteristic of the true pulpit-style, as it is now established by the best models, both ancient and modern; the same thing holds true of the prayers of the church of England; only these have (what they ought to have) something of a more elaborate and more dignified composition, than becomes the sermon.

“ I know not whether there be any thing new in my papers on the “ Origin of Evil,” and the “ Evidences of Christianity.” It will be a considerable time before I get forward to those subjects. At present I confine myself to such as are most amusing, and withal least connected with those topics which formerly engrossed me to a degree that ruined my health. How much my mind has been injured by certain speculations, you will partly guess, when I tell you a fact, that is now unknown to all the world,—that since the “ Essay on Truth” was printed in quarto in the summer of 1776, I have never *dared* to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets, to see whether there were any errors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me. Not that I am in the least dissatisfied with the sentiments: every word of my own doctrine I do seriously believe; nor have I ever seen any objections to it which I could not easily answer. But the habit of anticipating and obviating

arguments, upon an abstruse and interesting subject, came in time to have dreadful effects upon my nervous system ; and I cannot read what I then wrote, without some degree of horror, because it recalls to my mind the horrors that I have sometimes felt, after passing a long evening in those severe studies. You will perhaps understand me better, when I have told you a short story. One who was on board the *Centurion*, in Lord Anson's voyage, having got some money in that expedition, purchased a small estate, about three miles from this town. I have had several conversations with him on the subject of the voyage, and once asked him, whether he had ever read the history of it. He told me he had read all the history, except the description of their sufferings during the run from *Cape Horn* to *Juan Fernandez*, which he said were so great, that he durst not recollect or think of them."

LETTER CXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1779.

" I lately met with what I consider as a great curiosity in the musical way. Take the history as follows: Mary, the consort of King William, was a great admirer of a certain Scots tune, which in England they call *Cold and Raw*, but which in Scotland is better known by the name of *Up*

in the Morning early. One day at her private concert, where Purcel presided, the Queen interrupted the music, by desiring one Mrs Hunt, who was present, to sing the ballad of *Cold and Raw*. The lady sung it; and it is said, that Purcel was a little piqued at being obliged to sit idle at his harpsichord, and having his own compositions interrupted for the sake of such a trifle. The Queen's birth-day was soon after, when Purcel, who composed the court music for that solemnity, in order either to please the Queen, or to surprise her, or merely to indulge his own humour, made *Cold and Raw* the bass of one of the songs. This anecdote I met with some months ago; and my author added, that this individual song was printed in Purcel's "*Orpheus Britannicus*." I had a great desire to see this song, that I might know how such a genius would acquit himself when confined in such trammels. I confess, for all my high opinion of Purcel, I did not expect that a song composed on such a plan could be a good one; but I am agreeably disappointed. The song, or hymn, (for it is in the church style) is, in my opinion, excellent. I inclose a copy of it, that you may judge for yourself. It will not perhaps strike you at first, but when you have gone over it five or six times, you will like it much. There is something of a very original cast in the composition."

LETTER CXXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 1st February, 1779.

“ I sincerely sympathise with you on the death of Mr Garrick *. I know not how his friends in London will be able to bear the loss of him, for he was the most delightful companion in the world. On the stage nobody could admire him more than I did; and yet I am not sure whether I did not admire him still more in private company. What a splendid career he has run! idolised as he has been by the public, as well as by his friends, for almost half a century; happy in his fortune and in his family †, superior to envy, invulnerable by detraction; and yet nobody, who knew him, will say, that his good fortune was greater than his merit.

“ I have just received the *Notes* on Potter's “ *Eschylus*,” by which I am happy to find, that my opinion of that translation is ratified by your's. I did not think it possible to do justice to the old Grecian in any modern tongue; but Mr Potter has satisfied me, that I was mistaken. It seems to me, that this is indisputably the best translation that ever appeared in English of any Greek poet. I beg, Madam,

* For some farther account of this great actor, see the Appendix [CC.]

† Mr Garrick was married, but never had any children.

you will exert all your influence with the author, to make him go on with "Euripides."

LETTER CXXVIII.

MRS MONTAGU TO DR BEATTIE.

Hill-street, 10th February, 1779.

"I admire your perseverance in your college duties and literary labours, in the midst of so many discouragements as want of health and domestic anxiety bring with them. I rejoice in that perseverance, which will give to the world and me the means of so much instruction and pleasure. You do well in collecting and fitting for publication what you have already written. My learned and excellent friend, Mr Stillingfleet, by daily enlarging his lucubrations, and not putting the finishing hand to any, condemned to the flames, at his death, (which did not happen till he was near seventy) many valuable manuscripts.

"You would read, with melancholy pleasure, the honours done to Mr Garrick's remains, and the tender regret expressed for his loss. He seemed to quit the theatre of the world as he did that at Drury-lane, before any of the energy, any of the graces, with which he was wont to enspirit or adorn the part he was to act, were enfeebled or faded. In full possession of our admiration, in perfect dominion of our affections, and command of our sympathies, he quitted us :

No wonder we wept at the catastrophe! As he grew disengaged from the theatrical character, he grew more absolute and excellent in the charms of the private. He gave the highest spirit to conversation; the highest joy and mirth at the convivial board. The literary men considered him as one, who, by a kind of intuition, possessed all they valued in themselves, and had a closer intellectual correspondence with them than any other man. So universal an actor must be considered rather as a general connoisseur of the human mind in all situations, than as one by profession a mimic of it.

“ Mr Garrick, in his own character, was highly respectable. His friends have a great loss, the distressed and poor have a great loss, his wife the greatest: I think I never saw such perfect affection and harmony as subsisted between them. No words can paint her woe; and it would be difficult to do justice to the piety, resignation, and dignity of her behaviour on this sad occasion.

“ I was much pleased with your pamphlet on “ Psalmody,” and I cannot think it possible it should give offence. I think psalms, written with great and noble simplicity, and sung in the same manner, friendly to devotion; and it is almost an offence to call in the aid of insensible and inanimate things to praise the Giver of life and reason. A psalm, decently sung by the congregation, always excites my devotion more than the organ. I would employ musical instruments in a Pagan temple, but only the voice of man in a Christian church.

“ I am very glad you are so pleased with Mr Potter’s “ Eschylus.” I shall communicate to him what you have said ; and praise like yours will excite him to proceed with his translation of “ Euripides.” Poor man, he has lately met with great domestic afflictions ! It seems to me, that he is a man of great genius and learning.

“ My letters from Paris tell me, that, since the death of Voltaire, freethinking seems less fashionable. At Paris every thing is governed by fashion ; I wish it may be *a-la-mode* to endeavour to go to heaven.”

LETTER CXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 22d February, 1779.

“ My friends in England are all in tears for poor Garrick. In his own sphere he was certainly the greatest man of his time ; and since I knew him, I have always thought, that in private company his talents were not less admirable than upon the stage. There was a playfulness in his humour, and a solidity in his judgment, which made him at once a most delightful and most instructive associate. After passing part of two days with him at his house at Hampton, I once intended to have addressed to him a copy of verses, in which I had actually made some progress ; but something interposed to prevent me. The thought, as I remember, was to

this purpose: That in him the soul of Shakespeare had revived, after undergoing in the other world a purification of one hundred years; for that was the exact space of time between the death of Shakespeare and the birth of Garrick. Kindred spirits they certainly were. Shakespeare was never thoroughly understood till Garrick explained him. Both were equally great in tragedy and in comedy; and yet for comedy both had evidently a predilection."

LETTER CXXX.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 10th April, 1779.

"I have at last made good my promise, in regard to the Scotticisms; and send you inclosed a little book, containing about two hundred, with a praxis at the end, which will perhaps amuse you. I printed it for no other purpose but to give away to the young men who attend my lectures. This collection I have been making from time to time for some years past. I consulted Mr Hume's list, and took a few from it. Mr Elphinston's book I also looked into, (that book I mean which he wrote either for or against Lord Kaimes) and it supplied me with three or four: But Elphinston is mistaken in many things, and his own style is not free from Scotticism; which, however, is one of his least faults; for so affected and enigmatical is his phraseology,

that he cannot be said to have a style at all. Dr Campbell gave me about a dozen. The rest are the result of my own observation. I shall in time, I believe, collect as many more as will be a supplement to this pamphlet; for they are endless. Even since these came from the press, I have recollected a few others, which you will find in the postscript. I am not positive that every one of my remarks are right; but I intend to send them to a learned friend in England, who will correct what is amiss. If any material amendment is made, I shall inform you of it.

“Your opinion of Bishop Lowth’s “Isaiah” coincides exactly with mine. It is equal to my highest expectations, and does honour to our age and nation. I wish the learned prelate may proceed in his pious undertaking, and give us as many of the other books of Scripture as his other duties will leave him at leisure to revise. I made two or three trifling remarks on the language of his translation, in which there are some peculiarities that I cannot account for. To *hist*, (meaning to call with a whistle) is a word which I never before met with either in print or in conversation, and which indeed I should not have understood, if the author had not explained it in his notes; I suspect it may be provincial. *Ilex*, too, and *cyon*, are a sort of technical words, the one belonging to botany, the other to gardening; and, as such, ought not, I think, to have a place in a popular translation of Scripture. It is a striking beauty in our English Bible, that, though the language is always elegant and nervous, and for the most part very harmonious, the words are all plain

and common; no affectation of learned terms, or of words of Greek or Latin etymology. I have sometimes amused myself with the simplicity and harmony of particular passages. Nothing can be more melodious than the following, which yet seems to be the effect of accident rather than of art: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Virgil himself would not versify the following passage, for fear of hurting its harmony; and yet every word is common, and there is not the least appearance of art in the composition: "My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Our critics have often affirmed, that the English tongue derives a great deal of its harshness from the multitude of its monosyllables: this passage may serve for a proof of the contrary; for here (if I reckon right) are eighty words, whereof sixty-eight are monosyllables; and yet I will venture to say, that the Italian language itself is not susceptible of greater sweetness. Some of our words of one syllable are certainly harsh, as *which*, *such*, *scratch*, &c.; but even these lose a great part of their dis-

agreeable sound, when the words that come before and after them are properly modulated.

“ You would hear, no doubt, of the death of Mr Riddoch, one of the ministers of our English chapel. As I think I have heard you say, that you liked those few sermons which he published some years ago *, I shall take the liberty to inform you, that his widow, whom he has left in very poor circumstances, intends to publish two volumes of his sermons by subscription, and has asked that Dr Campbell and I would revise the manuscripts ; which, considering her distress, and his merit both as a man and as a preacher, we did not decline.”

LETTER CXXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 27th May, 1779.

“ I rejoice in the good weather, in the belief that it ex-

* Six occasional Sermons on important subjects, by James Riddoch, A. M. one of the ministers of St Paul's chapel, Aberdeen, published in 1762. The two first, preached on New-year's day, are peculiarly excellent. Those alluded to here, which Dr Beattie and Dr Campbell had the goodness to revise previous to their publication, were printed in the year 1782. They are plain, pious, practical, and useful discourses, which may be perused with advantage. As his manner in the pulpit was extremely energetic, they were listened to by his congregation with much delight.

tends to Glenfiddich* ; where I pray that your Grace may enjoy all the health and happiness that good air, goats' whey, romantic solitude, and the society of the loveliest children in the world, can bestow. May your days be clear sunshine, and may a gentle rain give balm to your nights, that the flowers and birch-trees may salute you in the morning with all their fragrance. May the kids frisk and play tricks before you, with unusual sprightliness ; and may the song of birds, the hum of bees, and the distant waterfall, with now and then the shepherd's horn resounding from the mountains, entertain you with a full chorus of Highland music.

“ My imagination had parcelled out the lovely glen into a thousand little paradises ; in the hope of being there, and seeing every day, in that solitude, what is

“ Fairer than famed of old, or fabled since,
 “ Of fairy damsels, met in forest wide
 “ By errant knights.”

But the information you received at Cluny gave a check to my fancy, and was indeed a great disappointment to Mrs Beattie and me ; not on account of the goats' whey, but because it keeps us so long at such a distance from your Grace.”

* A hunting-seat of the Duke of Gordon's, in the heart of the Grampian Mountains ; a wild, but beautiful, sequestered spot, of which Dr Beattie was peculiarly fond.

LETTER CXXXII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 12th June, 1779.

“ You are extremely welcome to as many copies of the *Scotticisms* as you please; I shall send a parcel by the first opportunity. But I would not wish the pamphlet to be exposed to the censure of critics, who know not the peculiar circumstances of the persons for whose use it was intended. I printed it for the improvement of those young men only, who attend my lectures; who are generally of the north country, and many of whom have had no opportunity of learning English from the company they kept. To have confined myself, therefore, to such idioms as may actually be found in printed books, or to such as are current to the south as well as the north of Scotland, would not have answered my purpose. There are in the list, as you justly observe, some phrases, which are not often heard among the better sort of our people; but in this country they are in fact used by many above the rank of the vulgar, and are sometimes mistaken for English, because they may be seen in English books, though in a different sense: such is *mis-guide* for *sully*, ill to *guide* for ill to *manage*, &c. *Wrongs* and *iniquous* are very common among Scottish lawyers. In a word, I might no doubt have omitted several of those that are inserted; and would probably have done so, if I had

not known by experience, that phrase-books, vocabularies, and dictionaries, are oftener faulty from defect than from redundancy.

“Negatives are hard to prove, especially in language. A good phrase is established by a quotation from a good author: but to say of a phrase, that it is a Scottish idiom, is to say, that, though used in Scotland, it occurs not in any English writer of classical authority; a point, which, in many cases, it will be no easy matter to evince. There may be errors, therefore, in my pamphlet; it would be strange indeed if there were none; but it may have its use for all that. Old Dr * * * * * used to tell me, that he formerly belonged to a club in Edinburgh where nothing but Latin was spoken; and that when appeals were made to Mr Ruddiman †, (who was a sort of oracle among them) he would give his opinion very readily and decisively, when he thought the Latin good; but was slow to pronounce concerning any phrases which had the appearance of Latin, that they were bad. And I remember, that Walker, in his excellent “Treatise on English Particles,” makes a remark to the same purpose, and gives a list of Latin phrases from the best authors, which one, who was not well read in the classics, would, without hesitation, pronounce to be Anglicisms.”

† The celebrated grammarian.

LETTER CXXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 17th June, 1779.

“ I have been reading Johnson’s prefaces to the English edition of the poets, which poor Dilly sent me in exchange for the Edinburgh edition. There are many excellent things in the prefaces, particularly in the lives of Milton, Dryden, and Waller. He is more civil to Milton than I expected, though he hates him for his blank verse and his politics. To the forced and unnatural conceits of Cowley, I think he is too favourable; and I heartily wish, that, instead of the poems of this poet, which are printed at full length, and fill two large volumes, he had given us the “ Fairy Queen” of Spenser, which is left out, very absurdly; I think. He has brought his lives no further down than to Hughes; but I hear he intends to give the remainder as soon as he can.”

LETTER CXXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 22d June, 1779.

“ I congratulate your Grace, with all my heart, on the safe arrival of one of the best and most beautiful boys that

ever was born*. It gave me the most sincere pleasure to see him so well, so mindful of all his old friends, and so impatient to get forward to the Glen †.

“ And here your Grace will pardon me for expressing a wish, that the Marquis were attended by a man of learning, in quality of tutor, as well as by Mr S*****, who is, to be sure, in every respect but one, the best man in the world for his purpose. Many an English clergyman would, with transport, resign his cure, in order to undertake so pleasing an employment: And I think the tutor ought by all means to be an Englishman, regularly educated; and to be recommended either by the Archbishop of York, or by Dr Barnard, provost of Eton, whom I look upon as the best judges now in the world of the qualifications requisite in a teacher. I beg your Grace will think of this.

“ I will not attempt to describe what I suffered from the cruel necessity which compelled me to decline your Grace’s invitation. My regret was such, and the cause of that regret is so great a weight on my spirits, that I believe even Adam Smith himself ‡, if he were to know it, would almost pity me. Mrs Beattie has been a little better for this week past; and bids me say, that though she is obliged to give up all thoughts of the Glen for this season, she still hopes to be happy in Gordon-Castle before the end of autumn. She now goes out once a day in a chaise; but if the airing exceed two miles, she is fatigued with it. I would fain hope,

* The Marquis of Huntly. † Glenfiddich. See Vol. II. p. 46.

‡ In allusion to Dr Smith’s doctrine of *Sympathy*.

that, when she is a little accustomed to this exercise, she may be able to undertake a little journey, which I am sure would be of infinite service to her.

“ I have made several visits of late to the Den of Rubislaw *, and find a charm in it which I was never sensible of before. One evening it appeared in dreadful majesty; for it was so thick a fog, that I could hardly see the tops of the trees, or even of the cliffs; and so I was at liberty to fancy them as high and as wild as I pleased. But the more I indulge myself in that solitude, the more I regret my distance from another †; which I hear is admirable for the beauties of still life, and of which I know how much it excels all other solitudes for every other species of beauty. I still flatter myself with the hope of assisting, one time or other, at some of your Grace’s morning lectures. Pray remember your promise of sending me the history of *a day*.

“ I have a little story to tell your Grace, and a favour to ask; which will give you the trouble of another letter in a post or two.”

* A romantic, woody spot, in the near neighbourhood of Aberdeen; to which Dr Beattie delighted to retire, in order to indulge in silent meditation.

A *Den*, in the vernacular language of Scotland, as used in the sense here meant, is synonymous with what in England is called a *Dingle*.

† Glenfiddich.

LETTER CXXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 25th June, 1779.

“ An extraordinary book has just now appeared in this country; but before I say any thing of it, I must trouble you with a short narrative.

“ During the last years of Mr Hume’s life, his friends gave out, that he regretted his having dealt so much in metaphysics, and that he never would write any more: He was at pains to disavow his “Treatise of Human Nature,” in an advertisement which he published about half a year before his death. All this, with what I then heard of his bad health, made my heart relent towards him; as you would no doubt perceive by the concluding part of the preface to my quarto book. But immediately after his death, I heard, that he had left behind him two manuscripts, with strict charge that they should be published by his executors; one, the “History of his Life,” and the other, “Dialogues on Natural Religion.” This last was said to be more sceptical than any of his other writings. Yet he had employed the latter part of his life in preparing it. The copy which I have, was sent me two days ago by my friend and neighbour Dr Campbell; than whom no person better understands the tendency and the futility of Mr Hume’s philosophy, and who accompanied it with a note in the following words: “ You

“ have probably not yet seen this posthumous performance
 “ of David Hume. As the publisher, with whom I am not
 “ acquainted, has favoured me with a copy, I have sent it
 “ to you for your perusal; and shall be glad to have your
 “ opinion of it, after you have read it. For my part, I think
 “ it too dry, and too metaphysical, to do much hurt; neither
 “ do I discover any thing new or curious in it. It serves but
 “ as a sort of commentary to the ‘ Dialogues on Natural Re-
 “ ligion and Providence,’ published in his life time. What
 “ most astonishes me is, the zeal which this publication shows
 “ for disseminating those sceptical principles*.”

“ In my answer to Dr Campbell’s note, I told him, that
 “ I was happy to find, from his account, that the book was
 “ not likely to do much harm; that I would acquiesce in
 “ his judgment of it, which I was persuaded was just; but
 “ that at present my circumstances, in regard to health and
 “ spirits, would not permit me to enter upon the study
 “ of it.”

“ Are you not surprised, Madam, that any man should
 conclude his life (for Mr Hume knew he was dying) with
 preparing such a work for the press? Yet Mr Hume must
 have known, that, in the opinion of a great majority of his
 readers, his reasonings, in regard to God and Providence,
 were most pernicious, as well as most absurd. Nay, he him-
 self seemed to think them dangerous. This appears from

* Dr Campbell’s prediction, as to the fate of this posthumous work of Mr Hume’s; seems to have been completely verified; for the “ Dialogues concern-
 ing Natural Religion” are now never heard of.

the following fact, which I had from Dr Gregory. Mr Hume was boasting to the doctor, that among his disciples in Edinburgh he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. "Now, tell me," said the doctor, "whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would *wish* them to be your disciples? Think well before you answer me; for I assure you, that, whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it." Mr Hume, with a smile, and some hesitation, made this reply: "No; I believe scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman." Miss Gregory* will certainly remember, that she has heard her father tell this story. How different is Doctor Gregory's "Legacy †" to Mr Hume's!

"Do me the favour, Madam, to let me know that you are well; that your nephew is just such as I wish him to be; and that the Duchess-dowager of Portland, Mrs Delany, Mrs Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and our other friends, are all in good health. I never pass a day, nor (I believe) an hour of the day, without thinking of them, and wishing them all imaginable happiness. Sometimes I flatter myself with the hope of seeing you all once more before I die; it is a pleasing thought; but,

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it."

* Daughter of the late Dr John Gregory ‡, who, at the date of this letter, was on a visit at Mrs Montagu's. Miss Gregory is now the wife of my respected friend, the Reverend Mr Alison §.

† Dr Gregory's elegant little posthumous work, "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters."

‡ See Vol. I, p. 34.

§ *Ibid.* p. 94.

“ How shall I thank you, Madam, for all your goodness ! your refusal to accept of any indemnification for the expence of my advertisements, is a new instance. I am ashamed, and know not what to say : *Dii tibi—et mens sibi conscia recti, præmia digna ferant.*”

The following little artless tale, referred to in a former letter, is well told, and does credit to the goodness of Dr Beattie's heart ; although, unfortunately, his endeavours to serve his old friend, I believe, proved unsuccessful.

LETTER CXXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 5th July, 1779.

“ I now sit down to make good the threatening denounced in the conclusion of a letter, which I had the honour to write to your Grace about ten days ago. The request I am going to make I should preface with many apologies, if I did not know, that the personage to whom I address myself is too well acquainted with all the good emotions of the human heart, to blame the warmth of a school-boy attachment, and too generous to think the worse of me for wishing to assist an unfortunate friend.

“ Three weeks ago, as I was scribbling in my garret, a

man entered, whom at first I did not know; but, on his desiring me to look him in the face, I soon recollected an old friend, whom I had not seen, and scarcely heard of, these twenty years. He and I lodged in the same house, when we attended the school of Laurencekirk, in the year 1747. I was then about ten years old, and he about fifteen. As he took a great liking to me, he had many opportunities of obliging me; having much more knowledge of the world, as well as more bodily strength, than I. He was, besides, an ingenious mechanic, and made for me many little things: and it must not be forgotten, that he first put a violin in my hands, and gave me the only lessons in music I ever received. Four years after this period, I went to college, and he engaged in farming. But our acquaintance was renewed about five years after, when I remember he made me the confident of a passion he had for the greatest beauty in that part of the country, whom he soon after married.

“I was very glad to see my old friend so unexpectedly; and we talked over many old stories, which, though interesting to us, would have given little pleasure to any body else. But my satisfaction was soon changed to regret, when, upon inquiring into the particulars of his fortune during these twenty years, I found he had been very unsuccessful. His farming projects had miscarried; and, happening to give some offence to a young woman, who was called the housekeeper of a gentleman on whom he depended, she swore she would be revenged, to his ruin; and was as good as her word. He satisfied his creditors, by giving them all

his substance; and, retiring to a small house in Johnshaven*, made a shift to support his family by working as a joiner; a trade which, when a boy, he had picked up for his amusement. But a consumptive complaint overtook him; and though he got the better of it, he has never since been able to do any thing that requires labour, and can now only make fiddles, and some such little matters, for which there is no great demand in the place where he lives. He told me, he had come to Aberdeen on purpose to put me in mind of our old acquaintance, and see whether I could do any thing for him. I asked, in what respect he wished me to serve him. He would do any thing, he said, for his family, that was not dishonourable: and, on pressing him a little further, I found, that the height of his ambition was to be a tide-waiter, a land-waiter, or an officer of excise. I told him, it was particularly unlucky, that I had not the least influence, or even acquaintance, with any one commissioner, either of the excise or customs: but, as I did not care to discourage him, I promised to think of his case, and to do what I could. I have since seen a clergyman, who knows my friend very well, and describes his condition as still more forlorn than he had represented it.

“It is in behalf of this poor man, that I now venture to implore your Grace’s advice and assistance. I am well aware, that, though his case is very interesting to me, there is nothing extraordinary in it; and that your Grace must

* A small fishing town in the county of Kincardine.

often be solicited for others in like circumstances. It is, therefore, with the utmost reluctance, that I have taken this liberty. If your Grace thinks, that an application from me to Mr Baron Gordon might be sufficient to procure one of the offices in question for my friend, I would not wish you to have any trouble; but if my application were enforced by yours, it would have a better chance to succeed. This, however, I do not request, if it is not so easy to your Grace, as to be almost a matter of indifference.

“ By the first convenient opportunity I hope to send your Grace a sort of curiosity,—four elegant Pastorals, by a Quaker;—not one of our Quakers of Scotland, but a true English Quaker, who says *thee* and *thou*, and comes into a room, and sits down in company, without taking off his hat. For all this, he is a very worthy man, an elegant scholar, a cheerful companion, and a particular friend of mine. His name is John Scott of Amwell, near Ware, Hertfordshire, where he lives in an elegant retirement, (for his fortune is very good); and has dug in a chalk-hill, near his house, one of the most curious grottos I have ever seen. As it is only twenty miles from London, I would recommend it to your Grace, when you are there, as worth going to visit. Your Grace will be pleased with his Pastorals, not only on account of their morality and sweet versification, but also for their images and descriptions, which are a very exact picture of the groves, woods, waters, and windmills, of that part of England where he resides.”

LETTER CXXXVII.

MRS MONTAGU TO DR BEATTIE.

Sandleford, 20th July, 1779.

“ I always consider your letters as a favour ; and when they brought a good account of your and Mrs Beattie’s health, they gave me the highest pleasure. I can only say, that with your last I felt the most sincere and tender sympathy, and daily pour forth the warmest wishes for her speedy recovery.

“ I will now give you some account of myself : I went to Bath the middle of April, and, with great benefit to my health, drank the waters above six weeks. A winter season in London, and a spring season at Bath, bring on a weariness of the bustle of society ; and I was glad to pass the month of June in the sober, cheerful tranquillity of Sandleford. But in this working-day-world one can have but few holidays : the house I am building, and an estate I am purchasing, created many occasions for my going to London ; to the busy world, therefore, business brought me back, and from thence I am but just returned to peace, and sunshine, and the rural joys of July. The animated scene of hay-making is very delightful to me ; and I passed my mornings in the grove, to contemplate the gay labour of the hay-makers, who, to the number of forty, of different ages and sexes, were all busy in the field below me. The men were gay, the women

chattering, and the boys and girls sporting and playing amidst their work ; so that labour seemed rather a brisk exertion than a painful task. The reaper's employment is more serious and more laborious, as if, the nearer the approach to wealth, the less gay the condition ; their wages are greater than those of the hay-makers, but the occupation is not so delightful, nor performed with such careless ease ; and is it not the same in the business of civil life ? At this juncture, particularly, I think the highest offices in our state must be the most laborious, and full of seriousness and care. Public danger used to beget public union ; but I am sorry to say, that our leaders of faction have not seemed to forget their private objects for the general interest. This summer will probably bring very important events to England. Daily rumours of invasion, in some part or other of our country, seem very alarming to ears, unaccustomed to such reports ; but if the chastisements of Heaven will restore those virtues, which prosperity seems to have impaired, such corrections must be reckoned amongst the favours of Providence. Resignation to Divine Wisdom and Omnipotence becomes creatures, not only weak, but blind ; so I endeavour to keep my mind in tranquillity.

“ I am very glad you were pleased with Mr Potter's “ Eschylus.” I think he has made a great addition to the English literature. At my request he has since added some notes, which I will send you if you have not got them. He is very cautious in explaining ancient mythology : I wished he had given his conjectures on the allegory of Prometheus.

Mr Potter is now translating "Euripides;" and, if he succeed as well as in the other translation, the world will owe him a great deal; and I heartily wish, that, in some shape, it would pay him part of the debt; he is a man of great merit, small préferment, and large family. I hear of few new works to come forth; in the din of arms, not only the laws but the muses are silent.

"I cannot conclude my letter, without exhorting you to collect together those things you have written for the young people who attend your lectures. I am convinced they would be useful to the world, and much approved by it, if you would publish them. In all your essays there is much to be learnt; observations and deductions perfectly new, and at the same time just. With such conditions, I account essays to be pleasant and profitable; but most essay-writers give mere common-place observations, and a great deal of trite matter."

LETTER CXXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO MAJOR MERCER.

Aberdeen, 1st October, 1779.

"I betook myself to the reading of Cæsar when I was at Peterhead, for I happened to have no other book. I had forgot a great deal of him; and scarce remembered any thing more than the opinion which I formed of his style,

about twenty-five years ago. But when I began, I found it almost impossible to leave off. There is nothing in the historical style more perfect; and his transactions are a complete contrast to the military affairs of these times. I know not which of his talents I should most admire: his indefatigable activity and perseverance; his intrepidity and presence of mind, which never fail him even for a moment; his address as a politician; his ability as a commander, in which he seems to me to have no equal; or the beauty, brevity, clearness, and modesty, of his narrative. I understand all his battles as well as if I had seen them: and, in half a sentence, he explains to me the grounds and occasions of a war, more fully than a modern historian could do in fifty pages of narrative, and as many more of dissertation. In a word, as the world at that time stood in need of an absolute sovereign, I am clearly of opinion, that he should have been the person. Pompey was a vain coxcomb, who, because a wrong-headed faction had given him the title of *Magnus*, foolishly thought himself the greatest of men; Cassius was a malecontent, and a mere demagogue; and Brutus was the dupe of a surly philosophy, operating upon an easy temper. I ask pardon for troubling you with this, which you understand so much better than I do: but I am quite full of Cæsar at present; and you know, “what is nearest the heart is nearest the mouth.”

LETTER CXXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Aberdeen, 17th December, 1779.

“ About three months ago, a lady, who is a great admirer of Bishop Butler, put into my hands a manuscript-charge of that excellent prelate to the clergy of the diocese of Durham. If it is not in his printed works, I doubt whether it was ever published; but no person, who is acquainted with Butler’s manner, could read half a page without being satisfied that it is genuine. I was so well pleased with it, that I had thoughts of printing it in a small pamphlet; but domestic troubles have so disconcerted me, that I am hardly capable of any thing. If your Lordship is curious to see it, I believe I could easily procure a MS. copy. Let me again make it my request, that you would collect all your printed pieces, and give them to the world in one publication.

“ I think I told your Lordship in my last, that, in order to keep my mind from preying upon itself, and to give it a sufficiency of such employment as would amuse the fancy, without affecting the heart, I had resolved to finish a grammatical treatise, which I began some considerable time ago. It is now finished, and makes one of my largest treatises. It consists of two parts; the first, “ On the Origin and general Nature of Speech;” the second, “ On Universal Grammar.” I have drawn a good deal of information from Mr Harris’s

“Hermes,” and Lord Monboddo on “Language;” but my plan and my sentiments differ in many particulars from both. Monboddo’s partiality to the Epicurean hypothesis of the origin of language and society,

“*Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,*” &c.

I thought it incumbent upon me to animadvert upon; and I hope I have shown that it is ill founded.

“I have never seen Lord Monboddo’s “Ancient Metaphysics.” He and I have long been particularly acquainted. Formerly we used to disagree a little on the subject of religion; but I hear he has become more cautious on that head. He carries his admiration of Aristotle, and the abstruser parts of the Greek philosophy, to a degree of extravagance that is hardly credible. Herodotus is his favourite historian; and so far is he from thinking, with the rest of the world, that he is credulous, that he seems to think him infallible in all matters which he says he had an opportunity of inquiring into. He believes in the existence of satyrs, and men with the heads of dogs, and other Egyptian monsters: and he and I have had many a controversy concerning men with tails, whom he firmly believes to exist, not only in the islands of Nicobar in the Gulf of Bengal, but even in this country. He holds, that men are naturally cannibals; from which he infers, that man is not by nature a social animal. The Lacedemonian government and discipline he admires beyond that of all other nations. Whether

he justifies their conduct towards the Helots, I do not remember; but I have heard him seriously maintain, that slavery is the state that is most proper for peasants, and that they and the cattle ought to be annexed to the soil, and bought and sold along with it. He considers Horace as a philosopher, and Virgil as a good poet: but his opinion of Latin literature is but low at best; for I have heard him say, that, if we except the Roman law, there is hardly any thing in the Latin tongue that merits preservation.

“Notwithstanding these strange peculiarities of opinion, some of which are the objects of laughter rather than censure, Lord Monboddo is an honest, worthy, and friendly man, indulgent to his servants, and kind to his tenants; an elegant speaker, agreeable and jocose in conversation, and perfectly well bred. Mr Harris’s “Hermes” first set him upon studying the Greek; and it unluckily directed him to the most insignificant part of ancient learning, “The Analytics and Metaphysics” of Aristotle; which he has studied so long, that I believe he is now seriously of opinion, that nothing else deserves to be studied.”

There is something extremely affecting in the tender solicitude which, in the following letter, Dr Beattie expresses concerning the education and future fortunes of his sons, at a time when he apprehended that he had not long to live.

Little did he then suspect that he would have the misfortune to survive them both.

LETTER CXL.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 18th January, 1780.

“ In my present condition, it is natural for me to think what is likely to befall my family when I leave it. The affairs I have to settle are not extensive or complex : I have taken the liberty to give you some concern in them.

“ About a month ago, I executed a deed, with all the necessary formalities; in which I named you, my dear Sir, with some other friends, tutors and curators for my two boys. I ought, no doubt, to have informed you of this sooner ; but I know you will excuse me. This deed I consider as the most, and indeed as the only, material part of my settlements. It is scarce necessary for one to make a will, who wishes his children to be on an equal footing, in regard to inheritance ; and whose property consists chiefly in a little money and some moveables. I hope I shall leave them what may keep them from being a burden on any body, and what, with strict economy, may afford them the means of an education somewhat better than I received myself. Friends may be necessary to help them forward a little in the world ; and I trust in Providence, that those will not be

wanting. Will you indulge me in the freedom of saying a word or two more on this subject?

“ My first wish, in regard to my two boys, is, that they may be good Christians, and, in one way or another, useful in society. Of the younger I can say nothing, as I know not his character. The elder is much addicted to learning, of a good temper, and excellent capacity; but his constitution is delicate, and I do not think him made for the bustle of life. I have, therefore, had thoughts of getting him appointed, when he comes to be of age, my assistant and successor; provided he himself should then have no objection to that way of life: and, from my experience in teaching, the care I meant to take of his education, and the farrago of papers which I have got together on moral subjects, I flattered myself, that I might make him enter upon that employment in a way creditable to himself, and not unprofitable to society: But this plan could not be brought to bear these eight or nine years; and I cannot hope for so long a life. Besides, I have observed, that plans laid so early for children are seldom or never made effectual. The church is a scene of business still more tranquil than mine; and that, I presume, would not be disagreeable to him. But this is mere conjecture.

“ Be assured, that it would do me great good, if I could flatter myself with the hope of visiting Edinburgh in the spring, and giving you the charge of my person and papers; not to mention the pleasure I should take in seeing my friends (of which I need not give them any assurances). I

am sensible, that I have already lived too long in solitude ; too long, I mean, for one who loves society and cheerfulness, as I do and always have done. No hermit lives more constant to his cave than I have done to my house for these eighteen months. The smallness of my house, and the delicacy of Mrs B.'s nerves, which cannot bear the least noise, will not allow me to have any company with me ; and the consequence is, that there are only two houses in the town to which I am ever invited. In fact, I have not dined abroad more than twice these three months. Now that I am able to go to the college again, my business there gives me some amusement through the day ; but all the long evening I sit alone, trying sometimes to read and sometimes to write, except now and then when I give my son a lesson in Virgil. This must in the end have very bad effects upon my health and spirits ; and, therefore, it is no wonder that I long to be from home, and to sojourn for some little time in a land of friendship, tranquillity, and cheerfulness. My first excursion (if I ever make any) must be to Gordon-castle.

“ The “ Grammatical Treatise,” which I told you of, is finished. It is one of the longest, and not one of the worst, of my dissertations. I have also written, since you were here, “ Remarks on Sublimity,” being a sort of counterpart to those on “ Laughter :” but I am not quite pleased with this, nor has it received my last hand. I believe I shall next set about finishing what I formerly threw together on “ Romance-writing and Chivalry ;” not because it is impor-

tant, but because it is amusing, and will require no deep study. It is pretty long too ; and, in my dull jog-trot way, will be an object to me for at least two months. In a word, my posthumous works (for posthumous I believe I may call them) will soon be as voluminous as those I have printed. I must be transcribing one or other of my old scrawls ; and when one transcribes, one enlarges and corrects insensibly. For I cannot think ; I am too much agitated and *distract* (as Lord Chesterfield would say) to read any thing that is not very desultory ; I cannot play at cards ; I could never learn to smoke ; and my musical days are over.

“ It gives me great pain to hear of the fate of poor Cook. I lately read his voyage for the second time ; and considered him not only as an excellent writer, an able philosopher, and the most consummate navigator that ever lived, but also as a person of the greatest magnanimity, modesty, and humanity. He was indeed one of my greatest favourites ; and I look upon his death as an irreparable loss to his country and to mankind.”

LETTER CXLI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1780.

“ With this you will receive a packet containing two

“Mirrors*,” which are just come to hand, and which I send separate from the rest, (whereof I have now a considerable parcel) because your Grace will probably guess the author. I had no ambition to view myself in any of these folio looking-glasses; but, as the publisher had sent me a set from the beginning, and told me that he would have no returns but in kind, and, as I had never refused the terms, I thought myself bound in a sort of debt of honour, which I endeavoured to pay with some detached thoughts “On Dreaming.” It is a subject which I ought to understand as well as other people; for I believe I have dreamed as much, both sleeping and waking, as most men of my age. Your Grace will observe, that the subject is not concluded, as I have not yet got time to transcribe the last part. The foolish gasconade at the top of the first, is an addition by the printer. I shall be happy if you find any thing tolerable in these two papers, to indemnify you for the dulness of this, which indeed I write under very unfavourable circumstances,—rheumatism, east-wind, shivering, a confused head, an aching heart, &c.”

* A periodical paper with that title, published at Edinburgh at this time. For some account of which, and of the “Lounger,” see the Appendix, [DD.]

LETTER CXLII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 19th March, 1780.

“ As I sincerely sympathised with your Grace on the occasion of your late uneasiness, it is with the greatest pleasure I now send my congratulations on the good news from Rodney; by which you will see, that your brother's laurels, instead of being, as you apprehended, stained with blood, are decorated with gold. For the sake of your Grace, as well as of his country, I pray, that the same success may attend him wherever he goes; and that your tenderness and anxiety may soon receive their full reward in his safe return. When I consider the life that those lead who are engaged in the service of their country, the busy and merry faces with which they are continually surrounded, and those tumultuous hopes, and that bustle of employment, which keep their minds and bodies in constant exercise, I cannot but think their state much more enviable, than that of the affectionate friend, whom they leave behind them at full leisure to magnify and multiply all their real dangers, and to imagine a thousand others that will never have any reality.

“ I am greatly obliged to your Grace for the little novel with the great name. At the first reading I did not thoroughly understand it; but at the second I liked it well: and I agree with your Grace, that the author shows a capacity

for much better things. There is something waggish enough, as well as uncommon, in the moral. But, in the preface, there are some thoughts and expressions not quite so feminine as I could have wished. “*Read my book, or go hang yourself,*” is not like the language of a fair lady; any more than what she says about being drenched in Mr Walpole’s champaign:—But perhaps she wished it to be thought a masculine performance*.

“I am happy that your Grace approves of my treatise “*On Dreaming.*” The publisher has never expressed any desire to have the sequel, and therefore I have not sent it. I suspect he may think it too serious for his paper. Your Grace seems to think, that I should avow more faith in dreams, if I thought it for the good of mankind that they should be believed. I confess there is something in this: and, as a proof, I beg leave to transcribe the concluding paragraph:

“To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would therefore be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of this discourse is, not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to show, that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes which have

* I presume the novel, Dr Beattie here alludes to, is one which, though published anonymously, was understood to be written by Lady Craven, now Margravine of Anspach.

“ nothing supernatural ; that our waking thoughts are often
 “ equally unaccountable ; that, therefore, a superstitious at-
 “ tention to the former is not less absurd, than a like atten-
 “ tion to the latter would be : and that, though we are not
 “ much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode
 “ of perception, we know enough of it to see, that it is not
 “ useless or superfluous ; but may, on the contrary, answer
 “ some purposes of great importance to our welfare, both in
 “ soul and body *.”

“ In the course of my walks, I straggled the other day in-
 to the Den of Rubislaw : But, whether it was owing to the
 stormy weather, or to the gloom of my own thoughts, I soon
 found it was not a fit place for me at that time. Instead of
 sighing and murmuring, the naked trees seemed to roar in
 the wind, and the black stream to rumble and growl through
 the rocks ; and therefore, as I did not wish to detain even
 the *idea* of your Grace in so dreary a wilderness, I made
 haste to leave it. Two months hence it will be more plea-
 sing, and, it is possible, I may then be more capable of be-
 ing pleased.”

* What Dr Beattie intended as a third number of a “ Mirror” on “ Dream-
 “ ing,” was not printed when that paper was published in single numbers.
 But it was added as a sequel to the seventy-fourth paper, when the “ Mirror”
 was afterwards reprinted in volumes. They who wish to see more on this
 mysterious, and, may I be permitted to add, unintelligible faculty of dreaming,
 may consult Professor Dugald Stewart’s very ingenious dissertation on the
 subject in his “ Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind †.”

† Chap. V. sect. v. p. 320.

LETTER CXLIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 11th April, 1780.

“ I am glad that you approve of my criticism on the inscription for the burying-ground. It would still, as you say, be more classical, if it were shorter ; but, “ *in spe beatæ resurrectionis per Christum,*” ought not to be expunged. Classical writings are good ; but the Christian faith is much better : and (to adopt the words of Addison a little varied) “ I should be sorry to sacrifice my catechism to my latinity.” The epitaph on Franklin I had seen before : it is not at all amiss.

“ I have, since the college broke up, been hard at work upon Mr Riddoch’s manuscript sermons ; but I have only got through five of them, and there are still five-and-twenty before me. Never did I engage in a more troublesome business. There is not a sentence, there is hardly a line, that does not need correction. This is owing partly to the extreme inaccuracy of the writing, but chiefly to the peculiarity of the style ; an endless string of climaxes ; the involution of clauses within clauses ; the unmeasureable length of the sentences ; and such a profusion of superfluous words, as I have never before seen in any composition. To cure all these diseases is impossible. I must be satisfied with alleviating some of the worst symptoms : yet, to do my old friend justice, I must

confess, that the sermons have in many places great energy, and even eloquence, and abound in shrewd remarks, and striking sentiments*. They are gloomy indeed; and will suggest to those who never saw the author, what is really true, that in preaching he always had a frown on his countenance. He seldom seeks to draw with the cords of love, or with the bands of a man: his motto should be, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." Both methods are good in their season; but the former is, if I mistake not, most consonant to the practice of our Saviour and his Apostles, as well as to that of the English divines, who, I think, are the best of all modern preachers.

"This puts me in mind of a passage in my friend the Bishop of Chester's last letter, which I know you will be glad to see: "I am glad to find (says he) we are to have another volume of sermons from Dr Blair. For although they may be thought by some severe judges a little too florid and rhetorical, yet they certainly abound with good sense and useful observations, and just sentiments of religion, conveyed in lively and elegant language: better calculated, perhaps, to engage the attention, and touch the hearts of the generality of readers, than that correct simplicity and chastity of diction, which nicer ears require. There is, however, another volume of sermons expected, with which every class of readers will, I conceive, be abundantly satisfied; I mean one from Bishop Hurd.

* See p. 45. Vol. II.

“ When such talents, and taste, and learning, as his, are applied to the illustration of practical subjects, and the commendation of common religious duties, we may expect every effect from them that human abilities are capable of producing. Such publications as these will, I hope, in some degree, counteract the principles that will probably be diffused over the kingdom by a very different sort of composition; a second volume of “ The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

“ I am much obliged to you, my dear sir, for your kind concern in my welfare, and for the many good advices contained in your last. I am deeply sensible of their importance, and will do what I can to follow them: But in my case there are some peculiar difficulties, which I do not well know how it will be possible for me to get over.”

LETTER CXLIV.

DR. BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 23d May, 1780.

“ Dr Blair’s second volume I also saw at Gordon Castle. The Duke and Duchess read it *en famille* on Sunday evening; and I glanced over a good part of it. I did not think it quite equal to the first; but perhaps I may be mistaken. Dr Gerard’s “ Sermons,” in one volume 8vo, are just now sent me; but I have not had time to read a single page. I

am sure they will be sensible and instructive. The author was my master, and I have the greatest regard for him. He was more than my master,—he was my particular friend, at a time when I had very few friends.

“The death of Sir Adolphus Oughton must be a great affliction to all his friends: I feel for them, and for myself. In him, the world has lost one of the best men it had to boast of. He has lost nothing, but gained every thing; and therefore there is something selfish in our lamentations*.”

LETTER CXLV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 23d May, 1780.

“To say that my departure from Gordon Castle cost me some sighs and tears, is not saying much; as I am apt, of late, when alone, to be rather expensive in that way. I left you with a weight upon my mind, which would have been hardly supportable, if it had not been alleviated, in some degree, by the hope of soon meeting the Duke at Glasgow, and of seeing your Grace once more before the end of summer. By the by, I hope Mr Nicols will not intermeddle in the arrangement of the dressing-room library; I flatter myself, that honour will be reserved for me.

* See Vol. I. p. 235.

“ I have sent a small print, which my bookseller, in the abundance of his wisdom, and contrary to my advice, is determined to prefix to a new edition of my “ Essays on “ Poetry, Music,” &c. The figure, designed by Angelica, is certainly very noble,—much more so than I expected; and is intended to represent Socrates in prison, and under sentence of death, composing a hymn in honour of Apollo. But I am afraid, that the readers will neither guess at the meaning, nor see any connection between it and the book: in which case, they will no doubt suppose, that the author has prefixed his own image. However, the outline is good and graceful, and the attitude expressive. If it were not rather too melancholy, I would say, that it is very like Socrates. Your Grace knows, that the old philosopher was one of the merriest men of his time.

“ I should write a treatise, instead of a letter, if I were to be particular in my acknowledgements of gratitude, for what I have experienced of your Grace’s and the Duke’s goodness. I shall only say, (for I know you would not read me to an end if I were on this subject to use many words) that I am perfectly sensible of your kind attention to the peculiarities of my case. I saw, by many instances every day, how solicitous you were to withdraw my view from every thing that could create or revive painful thoughts. My gratitude and admiration, (which are two very pleasing and *healthy* emotions) were not wholly inadequate; and the consequences are visible to every body. Since my return, I have been complimented on my improved looks; though

I have felt but little of that pleasure which the sight of home used formerly to produce in me. In fact, home is not good for me at present, and I shall leave it as soon as ever I can."

LETTER CXLVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 25th May, 1780.

"We often spoke of you at Gordon Castle, and with very great regard. The Duke is still more and more astronomical. He had Mr Copland* with him for a fortnight while I was there: and they two were, from morning to night, hard at work in calculation and observation. The Duke and Duchess are both, I think, in better health than ever I knew them to be.

"The manuscript-sermon of Bishop Butler I sent to the Bishop of Chester. You will like to see what he says of it. "It abounds with that strong sense and sound reasoning which so eminently distinguished him; and I cannot see "in it the smallest foundation for that accusation which it "brought upon him, of being favourable to Popery." This, it seems, was the case at the time the sermon was preached; and it was perhaps for this reason that he never published it in his works.

* Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College.

“ I send you inclosed a small piece of music, which I think you will like. I got the air at Gordon Castle, and I set to it the second part and bass. If it were sung with three voices, it would, I should imagine, have a very good effect.

“ I lately heard two anecdotes, which deserve to be put in writing, and which you will be glad to hear. When Handel’s “ Messiah ” was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general ; but when that chorus struck up, “ For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,” they were so transported, that they all, together with the King, (who happened to be present) started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended : And hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His Lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. “ My Lord,” said Handel, “ I should be sorry if I only entertained them ; I wish to make them better.” These two anecdotes I had from Lord Kinnoul himself. You will agree with me, that the first does great honour to Handel, to music, and to the English nation : The second tends to confirm my theory, and Sir John Hawkins’s testimony, that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, must have been a pious man.”

LETTER CXLVII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 2d June, 1780.

“ I had the honour to write to your Grace on my return to Aberdeen, and to send a parcel of “ Mirrors.” This will accompany the two last papers that we are to have under that title.

“ I sympathise with you in your present solitude : For though nobody knows so well as your Grace how to improve retirement, yet I do not think it is good for any of us to be quite alone. If you go to the Glen *, I would earnestly recommend it to your Grace, to leave it to the moon and stars to adorn the night, and to be satisfied with sleeping under a canopy somewhat less sublime than that of heaven. For though, in the Eden of Gordon Castle, there is no serpent, I will not answer for the little Paradise of Glenfiddich ; and though walks at midnight, and slumbers in the open air, might be had last summer without harm, we have no reason to expect that the present season will be equally indulgent. I grant, that a lonely walk by moonlight is pleasing, like other intoxications ; but, like them too, it is hurtful to the nerves ; and I know not, whether the cold bath in the morning be a sufficient antidote. I need not inform your Grace,

* Glenfiddich.

and I hope you will never forget, that in the evening it is particularly dangerous to walk among trees, on account of the damps. It was this that brought all his rheumatisms upon Major Mercer, though he was then in one of the best and driest climates in the world, the south of France.

“The Duke’s summons was unexpectedly sudden: I hope his return will be equally so. He was so good, in passing through the town, as to call on me, notwithstanding his hurry, and to desire me to go with him to Edinburgh; an invitation so very agreeable, that nothing would have hindered me from accepting it but my son’s bad health. The boy was at that time very ill; and I apprehended a consumption: But he is now much better; Dr Livingston having ordered for him a preparation of bark and the vitriolic acid, which, with a strict regimen in the article of diet, has in a few days had the happiest effects. So that, if nothing unexpected occur, I have thoughts of going southward next week; in which case, it will not be long before your Grace hear of me from Glasgow. You will probably hear from me too, if I meet with any adventure. I shall remember the commission in regard to Addison; and, if you will honour me with any other, please to direct to me at Sir William Forbes’s, St Andrew’s Street, Edinburgh.

“I had lately a *tête-à-tête* of several hours with Lord Kaim and Mrs Drummond. There was no company; and we had much conversation on a great variety of subjects—your Grace and the Duke, Lord and Lady F., Mrs Montagu, David Hume, religion, episcopacy and presbyterianism,

manufactures, music, Scotch tunes, with the method of playing them, &c. ; and I flatter myself, that his Lordship and I parted with some reluctance on both sides. He assured me, that he hated Mr Hume's tenets as much I did, or could do ; and he spoke of religion with great reverence. In a word, I found, from his conversation, that he is just what your Grace had described him to me, and that all the other accounts I had heard of him were wide of the truth. I would thank you, Madam, for undeceiving me in this particular, and establishing peace, and I hope amity, between us ; but I have so many things to thank you for, that if I were to enter upon that matter in detail, I should not know where to begin, and my letter would never have an end.

“ Thus far I had written on Friday, when I had the honour to receive your Grace's letter of last Wednesday ; which is so very flattering to me, that I cannot answer a word. I certainly left Gordon Castle with great reluctance ; and my heart and my fancy did, both of them, and still do, cast

“ Many a longing, lingering look behind.”

The society was most agreeable ; but, I flatter myself, you will do me the justice to believe, it was not the parting with the *guests* that touched me so nearly,—though, I am sure, I love and esteem them all as much as they themselves would wish me to do.

“ I delivered your message to Dr Livingston, with whom I dined the other day, in company with three sensible and

cheerful Quakers. I spoke to them of my friend, and their brother, Mr Scott, (the author of the "Eclogues," which your Grace liked so much) whom the Londoner very well knew; and I diverted them with the history of a dinner, with which I was once entertained by ten or twelve of their fraternity, on the King's birth-day, at one o'clock, near the confluence of the Thames and Fleet-ditch, the very spot where Pope makes his Dunces jump into the mud, in the second book of the "Dunciad." These Quakers were all men of learning and sense; and their manners, polite though peculiar, were to me a very entertaining novelty. Indeed, the affection they showed me, deserved, on my part, the warmest returns of gratitude.

"I have put up in a parcel for your Grace, "Count Fa-
"thom," "The Tale of a Tub," and "Gaudentio di Luc-
"ca;" which, with the "Italian Prayer Book," I have com-
mitted to a faithful hand. "Gaudentio" (if you have never
seen it) will amuse you, though there are tedious passages
in it. The whole description of passing the deserts of Afri-
ca is particularly excellent. The author is no less a person
than the famous Bishop Berkeley. As to the whisky, I can-
not trust it in the rude hands of a carrier, and must there-
fore keep it till a more favourable opportunity offer: But,
that it may remain sacred, I have sealed the cork of the
bottle with the impression of three ladies*, whom I take to
be your *Grace's* near relations, as they have the honour, not

* The seal he commonly used, had an impression of the three Graces.

only to bear one of your titles, but also to resemble you exceedingly in form, feature, and manner. If you had lived three thousand years ago, which I am very glad you did not, there would have been four of them, and you the first. May all happiness ever attend your Grace."

The following letter, from Dr Johnson to Dr Beattie, is equally creditable to both: It is the unsolicited and unbiased testimony of one who was no flatterer; and strongly marks the high degree of estimation in which he held Dr Beattie, who returned his kindness with reciprocal regard*.

LETTER CXLVIII.

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON TO DR BEATTIE.

Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street, 21st August, 1780.

"More years than I have any delight to reckon have past since you and I saw one another. Of this, however, there is no reason for making any reprehensory complaint, *sic fata ferunt*: But, methinks, there might pass some small interchange of regard between us. If you say, that I ought to have written, I now write; and I write to tell you, that I

* See Vol. I. p. 213.

have much kindness for you and Mrs Beattie, and that I wish your health better, and your life long. Try change of air, and come a few degrees southward; a softer climate may do you both good. Winter is coming on, and London will be warmer, and gayer, and busier, and more fertile of amusement than Aberdeen.

“ My health is better; but that will be little in the balance, when I tell you, that Mrs Montagu has been very ill, and is, I doubt, now but weakly. Mr Thrale has been very dangerously disordered, but is much better, and I hope will totally recover. He has withdrawn himself from business the whole summer. Sir Joshua and his sister are well; and Mr Davis has had great success as an author, generated by the corruption of a bookseller. More news I have not to tell you; and therefore you must be contented to hear that I am,” &c.

When I mentioned * the commencement of my acquaintance and epistolary intercourse with Dr Beattie, I did not conceal my apprehensions, that I might be accused of vanity, in publishing to the world those warm expressions of affection, and gratitude towards me, which occur in almost every letter I received from him; and of which, for that reason, I have suppressed by far the greatest part. But I

* Vol. I. p. 73.

should deem myself, not only unworthy of the friendship of Dr Beattie, but destitute of the best feelings of our nature, were I insensible to what he says in the following letter, written a short time after he had passed some weeks in our house at Edinburgh. Indeed, his partiality to every one of my family was very remarkable; and his esteem and admiration of that best part of it, in particular, of whom it has since pleased Heaven to deprive me, but the memory of whose talents and virtues will never be erased from my heart, could not but be very grateful to me.

I trust, therefore, that the reader will pardon me if I dwell with no common fondness on what he wrote on a subject, then so interesting to me, and to which the hand of time has now given an interest still more affecting.

LETTER CXLIX.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 6th November, 1780.

“Your letter, my dear sir, from Oxford, which I received a few days ago, gave me great pleasure, on account of the agreeable information it brought me of Lady Forbes’s health and yours, and of your amusing journey. I know, from Pennant’s “Welsh Tour,” that there are many things in that country worthy of the traveller’s attention; many wild and many soothing scenes, and many noble monuments of

war, and of superstitious and feudal magnificence. Such things, to a mind turned like yours, would have a charm inexpressible ; and would be highly amusing to Lady Forbes, whose mind is, if I mistake not, as open to the impressions of romantic art and nature, as either yours or mine ; which, I will venture to say, is a bold word. Accept of my hearty welcome to your own house and home, which I hope you have reached before this time ; for, in this season of tempest and immature winter, I should be sorry to think that you and your amiable associate were struggling with the inconveniences of deep roads, cold inns, and short days. I hope you got William settled to your mind during your absence ; and that, at your return, you found him, and my friend Miss Forbes, and my sworn brother John, and my acquaintance James, and the other young gentleman, who, I hope, will one day be my acquaintance, in perfect health, and as flourishing as I wish them to be.

“ The many kind attentions I received from my friends in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, particularly from Lady Forbes and you, and Mr Arbuthnot, did me the greatest service ; and I returned home a new man. But then I instantly found myself plunged into such a chaos of perplexity, as at once swallowed up all the little health I had been collecting from so many quarters ; and, after a few days ineffectual wrangling, I was necessitated (I will not say to go, but) to run away to Peterhead, taking my son along with me ; and there I remained seven weeks. To unfold the causes of this perplexity, would, I think, require two vo-

lumes as large as the “ Sorrows of Werter* :” I will not therefore attempt it at present. I shall only say, that it did not arise from a certain circumstance which lies nearest my heart, (for in that there is not the least variation) but from the unreasonableness of some persons with whom I am connected, and who, having not much sensibility themselves, can hardly make allowance for that of other people. However, matters are now a little softened, and seem to promise tranquillity, at least for a short time; and a very small abatement of trouble is a sort of tranquillity to one, who, like me, has been so long buffeted, on all sides, by more storms than are commonly found to assail a person so insignificant as I am. Dr Livingston knows every circumstance of what I allude to †. I have in every thing been governed by his advice; for I begin to distrust my own faculties, as I feel them sensibly impaired. At any rate, I am sure I will do well in doing what he recommended; as I have always found him a most intelligent, prudent, and affectionate friend, as well as one of the ablest of his profession. I shall some time hereafter explain myself to you on this subject very particularly. At present I wish rather to decline troubling you in regard to it.

“ I am glad you met with the Bishop of Bangor. I knew him formerly when he was Dean of Canterbury ‡; and I

* A German novel, much in fashion at that time.

† Dr Thomas Livingston, a physician at Aberdeen, of the first eminence, between whom and Dr Beattie there long subsisted the most intimate friendship. He died the 9th March, 1785.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

once passed a morning in company with his lady Mrs Moore, at Dr Markham's, then Bishop of Chester, now Archbishop of York. Your account of Dr Moore is very just; he is really a most worthy man. By the by, I think the English bench of Bishops was never more respectable, than at present, for learning and piety."

LETTER CL.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Whitehall, 16th May, 1781.

"I have seen most of the fashionable curiosities; but will not trouble your Grace with any particular account of them. The exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy is the best of the kind I have seen. The best pieces, in my opinion, are, Thais (with a torch in her hand); the Death of Dido; and a Boy supposed to be listening to a wonderful story; these three by Sir Joshua Reynolds: a Shepherd-boy, by Gainsborough: some landscapes, by Barrett. Christ healing the Sick, by West, is a prodigious great work, and has in it great variety of expression; but there is a glare and a hardness in the colouring, which makes it look more like a picture than like nature. Gainsborough's picture of the King is the strongest likeness I have ever seen; his Queen too is very well: but he has not given them attitudes becoming their rank; the King has his hat in his hand, and the Queen looks as if she were going to curtsy in the be-

ginning of a minuet. Others may think differently: I give my own opinion.

“There is nothing at either playhouse that is in the least captivating; nor, I think, one player, Mrs Abingdon excepted, whom one would wish to see a second time. I was shocked at Leoni, in “Had I a Heart for falsehood,” &c. A man singing with a woman’s voice, sounds as unnatural to me, as a woman singing with a man’s. Either may do in a private company, where it is enough if people are diverted; but on a stage, where nature ought to be imitated, both are in my opinion intolerable.

“Johnson’s new “Lives” are published. He is, as your Grace heard he would be, very severe on my poor friend, Gray. His life of Pope is excellent; and in all his lives there is merit, as they contain a great variety of sound criticism and pleasing information. He has not done justice to Lord Lyttelton. He has found means to pay me a very great compliment, for which I am much obliged to him, in speaking of Mr Gray’s journey into Scotland in 1765*.

“Copley’s picture of Lord Chatham’s Death is an exhibition of itself. It is a vast collection of portraits, some of them very like: but, excepting three or four of the personages present, few of this vast assembly seem to be much affected with the great event; which divests the picture of its unity, and will in the next age make it cease to be interesting.”

* Speaking of that journey, Dr Johnson says, “He (Mr Gray) naturally contracted a friendship with Dr Beattie, whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man.” Johnson’s Lives, Vol. IV. p. 471.

LETTER CLI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, 1st June, 1781.

“ If you will not allow eating and drinking, and walking and visiting, to be work, I must confess I have for these five weeks been very idle. Yet in such a perpetual hurry have I been kept by this sort of idleness, that I had no time to write, to read, or even to think. For the amusement of my young fellow-traveller*, and in order also to drive away painful ideas from myself, I have run through a complete *Encyclopedie* of shows, and monsters, and other curiosities, from “ Douglas” at Drury-lane, to the puppet-show at Astley’s riding-school; from the wonderful heifer with two heads, to Dr Graham and his celestial brilliancy; from the great lion in the Tower, and the stuffed elephant’s skin at Sir Ashton Lever’s, to the little Welch woman in Holborn, who, though twenty-three years of age, weighs only eighteen pounds.

“ But, what you will readily believe to have been much more beneficial to my health and spirits, I have been visiting all my friends again and again, and found them as affectionate and attentive as ever. Death has indeed deprived me of some since I was last here, of Garrick, and Armstrong, and poor Harry Smith; but I have still many left;

* His son.

some of whom are higher in the world, and in better health, than they were in 1775, and all as well and as flourishing as I had any reason to expect.

“ I have seen Mr Langton several times, and I gave him your memorandum relating to M. Tremblay. He goes to Chatham in a few days with his family, in quality of engineer ; and I intend to make him a visit there, having some curiosity to see the shipping and the fortifications. You certainly know that Mr Langton is an officer of militia. He loves the military life, and has been indefatigable in acquiring the knowledge that is necessary to it. He is allowed to be a most excellent engineer. Indeed he is excellent in every thing*.

* Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in the county of Lincoln, LL. D. a gentleman no less eminent for his virtues, than for his ardent love of literature. Inheriting a paternal fortune, that rendered him independant of any profession, he devoted himself to the study of letters, which he cultivated with uncommon assiduity, first at the grammar schools of Kensington, Reading, and Beverly, afterwards at Trinity-College, Oxford. His favourite study was Greek, in which he became very learned ; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and had even acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew. He had a thorough acquaintance with the French language, and read also the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

But his successful and extraordinary acquirements in literature, were by no means the most remarkable parts of Mr Langton's character. His exemplary piety, his singular humility, and his unwearied endeavours in the exercise of the great duties of charity and benevolence, were his brightest ornaments. It was the emphatic testimouy of Dr Johnson in his favour, “ I know not “ who will go to heaven if Langton does not : Sir, I could almost say, *Sit*

“Johnson grows in grace as he grows in years. He not only has better health and a fresher complexion than ever

“*anima mea cum Langtono* †;” and when Mr Boswell, to whom the Doctor made the remark, mentioned a very eminent friend of theirs as a virtuous man, Johnson’s reply was,—“Yes, Sir, but he has not the evangelical virtue “of Langton.” On another occasion he said to Mr Boswell, with a vehemence of affectionate regard,—“The earth does not bear a worthier man than “Bennet Langton ‡.”

His acquaintance with Dr Johnson commenced in a manner somewhat singular. When Mr Langton was no more than sixteen years of age, and before he went to the university, having read, with a high degree of admiration, Dr Johnson’s celebrated “Rambler,” which was first published about that period, he travelled to London chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with its author. In this he succeeded; and Johnson being struck with his great piety, love of learning, and suavity of manners, conceived a warm affection for him; while he, on the other hand, was charmed with Dr Johnson, whose ideas and sentiments he found congenial with those he had early imbibed at home. From that period, notwithstanding a considerable disparity of years, a most intimate friendship took place between them, which lasted, without the slightest interruption, as long as Johnson lived. When the death of his inestimable friend drew near, Mr Langton attended him constantly, and soothed some of his last hours with the most pleasing and affectionate assiduity. Once when Mr Langton was sitting by his bedside, Dr Johnson is said to have seized his hand, and to have exclaimed with great emphasis—“*Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*”

Nor did this amiable person, with all his attachment to literature, shut himself up in his library, or pass his time in literary indolence. Having engaged in that constitutional defence of his country, the militia, he laid aside his classical studies for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly master of military tactics. In this pursuit he employed himself with such assiduity, that in no long period he became an excellent officer. He acquired the

† Boswell’s Life of Johnson, 3d ed. Vol. IV. p. 294.

‡ *Ibid.* Vol. III. p. 175.

he had before, (at least since I knew him) but he has contracted a gentleness of manners which pleases every body*.

esteem and admiration of his brother-officers, not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while he procured the love of the soldiers, by his mildness and humanity, which were so great, that he was never in a single instance betrayed into passion, nor ever heard to utter an oath.

So high stood his reputation for integrity and knowledge, that many years after he had left Beverly, where he had received a part of his education, a considerable number of the most respectable voters of that borough came to him, and invited him to offer himself a candidate at the ensuing election, promising him their support; to which they were induced without any personal acquaintance, merely from the high opinion they entertained of his character. An offer, however, which, from motives of conscience, he thought proper to decline.

Mr Langton was a member of the Literary Club†; and at the time of his death was the only original member remaining. It consisted of some of the most eminent persons of the age; and among them Mr Langton had the happiness to number among his intimate friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr Johnson, Mr Burke, Mr Beauclerk, Mr Garrick, Dr Goldsmith, Dr Warton, Mr Chamier, Mr Boswell; all of whom paid the debt of nature before him. In January 1785, his Majesty, thinking him the fittest person to succeed Dr Johnson, did Mr Langton the honour to appoint him Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy.

He married the Countess-dowager of Rothes, by whom he had a numerous family, and died on the 10th December, 1801, in the 65th year of his age.

It is with peculiar delight, that I contemplate the character of this pious and worthy man, whose virtues I revere, and whose example I could wish to imitate. I was happy in his friendship and unreserved epistolary intercourse, during the long period of nearly thirty years.

* See p. 85. Vol. II.

† For an account of this elegant literary society, see Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. I. p. 433.

Some ascribe this to the good company to which he has of late been more accustomed than in the early part of his life. There may be something in this ; but I am apt to think the good health he has enjoyed for a long time is the chief cause. Mr Thrale appointed him one of his executors, and left him two hundred pounds : every body says he should have left him two hundred a-year ; which, from a fortune like his, would have been a very inconsiderable deduction."

LETTER CLII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

London, 3d June, 1781.

"Your Grace's letter gave me more pleasure than words can express. I see from it, you are in good health and spirits, and that you do me the honour sometimes to think of me. I meet with the greatest civilities here every day, from persons for whom I have the highest esteem ; yet so far am I from entertaining any idea of remaining among them, that I begin to look forward with some impatience to that day on which I am again to set my face northwards, and which I think is not above three weeks distant : and I hope, that, in three or four weeks more, I shall have the honour to present you with as many pens* at Peterhead, as

* Dr Beattie alludes here to the following epigram, written at Peterhead,

will convey to all your friends the most pleasing intelligence.

“The thunder is roaring while I write this ; and a most welcome sound it is to me, as it will bring rain and coolness, of which the country stands, and I stand, very much in need. For some days past the heat has been intolerable ; the mercury in the thermometer being at 80°, or, as some say, at 83°, which is five degrees higher, at least, than ever I knew it in Scotland. Persons who have been in the West Indies say, that the Jamaica heat is much more tolerable. In this situation, it is no wonder that I should often think of the shades of the holly-bank at Gordon-castle, and the sea-breezes of Peterhead.

“The Persees, or Gentoos, or (as some call them) the Persian ambassadors, are at present one of the great curiosities of the town. They are charged with some embassy from their own country ; but what that is nobody knows. Lord William Gordon did me the honour to make me one of a large party, whom he lately invited to Green-park Lodge to see them. By means of a gentleman, who acted as their interpreter, I asked them several questions, to which they

when there in company with the Duchess of Gordon the autumn preceding :

Extempore with a Pen, sent to her Grace the Duchess of GORDON.

Go, and be guided by the brightest eyes,
 And to the softest hand thine aid impart,
 To trace the fair ideas, as they rise
 Warm, from the purest, gentlest, noblest heart.

returned pertinent answers. They are dressed in the manner of their country, in long robes of a whitish-coloured stuff resembling Indian silk, with turbans on their heads, differing however from the Turkish turbans. Their complexion is a yellowish black, resembling the mulatto colour, with mustachios or whiskers of the deepest black, as are also their eyes. Their features are regular, and of the European cast: the younger of the two may be called handsome; and the elder, who is his father, has a most expressive, sensible countenance. Though many people of great rank were present, particularly the Duke of Gloucester, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lady Frances Scot, Lady Irvine and all her daughters, the three Lady Waldegraves, Lord Herbert, &c. the strangers behaved with great ease, as well as with great courtesy. Lord William presented me to the Duke of Gloucester, with whom I had the honour of a short conversation, and who made me very happy in saying, that he had heard your Grace speak of me."

LETTER CLIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

London, 28th June, 1781.

"I have seen Bishop Hurd* once and again; and last

* Bishop of Worcester; between whom and Dr Beattie there existed a mutual respect and esteem. This venerable Prelate is the well-known author of "An Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies concerning the Christian

Sunday at Canewood passed a truly classical day with Lord Mansfield and him. I never saw Lord Mansfield better. He is in perfect health and good spirits, and looks no older than fifty-five. He walked with me three miles and a half, without the least appearance of fatigue*.

“The Bishop of Chester has been gone some time, and several others of my friends have left the town; so that as my business is finished, or nearly so, I have nothing to keep me longer here. I hope we shall meet in little more than a fortnight.

“Mrs Montagu, on going to her country-seat in Berkshire, about a month ago, was seized with a violent illness. The physicians sent her instantly to Bath, where she has been ever since. I had the pleasure to learn last night, by a letter from her own hand, that she is now quite well.

“I went lately to Rochester, on a visit to Mr Langton and Lady Rothes; who desire to be remembered to Lady Forbes and you. Mr Langton has sent me Trembley’s book, which I shall take proper care of. At Chatham I saw that wonderful sight, a ninety-gun ship on the stocks: but, from the top of Shooters-hill, on my return, I saw a sight still more magnificent, a complete view of this huge metropolis from Chelsea to Blackwall, the back-ground embellished

“Church:” “A Commentary and Notes on Horace’s Art of Poetry:” “Moral and Political Dialogues:” “Sermons preached at Lincoln’s-inn,” and “A Moral Dissertation of the Truth of the Christian Religion.” Dr Beattie has elsewhere said, that he thought the Bishop of London and Bishop of Worcester the two best preachers he ever heard †.

* See Vol. I. p. 229.

† Vol. II. p. 10.

with a violent storm of thunder and lightning, which roared and flashed without intermission.

“ I thought it my duty to appear at the levee before I left London; and accordingly the week before last I went to court. The King had not seen me for six years, and yet, to my surprise, knew me at first sight. He spoke to me with his wonted condescension and affability; and paid me a very polite compliment on the subject of my writings.”

LETTER CLIV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 21st November, 1781.

“ In calling your Grace’s attention to an “ Essay on Beauty,” I am afraid I shall incur the same censure with a brother-professor of mine, who had the assurance to deliver, in the hearing of the greatest commander on earth, a dissertation on the art of war. “ Many a fool have I seen in my time,” said Hannibal, “ but this old blockhead exceeds them all.”

“ However, one must keep one’s word; and, as your Grace desired to see this Essay, and I promised to send it, (as soon as I could get it transcribed) I send it accordingly. I should not give you the trouble to return it, if I had not promised a reading of it to Sir Joshua Reynolds. As it is only an extract from “ A Discourse on Memory and Imagination,” (which your Grace could not find time to look into at Peterhead, and which it is impossible for me to send

at present, as I am correcting it for the press) I am afraid you will find some obscurity in it, especially towards the beginning.

“ If the last letter had not miscarried, which I had the honour to write to your Grace, you would have known, that I am now very busy in revising and transcribing papers; as I am to put a quarto volume to press in little more than a month; and a quarto not much smaller than my last. Your Grace has seen a good deal of it, but not the whole.”

LETTER CLV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. MR WILLIAMSON.

Aberdeen, 5th December, 1781.

“ If Dr Horne* be returned to Oxford, I beg you will take the first opportunity to present my best respects to him, and assure him, that I shall ever retain a most grateful sense of the honour he has done me in his elegant letter to Adam Smith. This acknowledgment comes rather late; but it is not on that account the less sincere. Why it has been so long delayed, I now beg leave to explain.

“ The first notice I received of Dr Horne’s excellent pamphlet, was in a short letter from you, which came at a time when my health was in so bad a way, that most of my

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich, author of “ A Letter to Adam Smith, LL. D. on the Life, Death, and Philosophy of his friend David Hume, Esq. by one of the People called CHRISTIANS.” Printed at Oxford in the year 1777.

friends here thought I had not many weeks to live. These sufferings, I must acknowledge, drove all literary matters out of my head: your letter was lost; and of Dr Horne's pamphlet I heard nothing more, till this last summer, when Lord Mansfield asked me, whether I had seen it, speaking of it at the same time in terms of the highest approbation. I was forced to confess I had not seen it, and never heard of it but once; and, to account for this, I told his Lordship what I have now told you. At Oxford, you will probably remember, that I found it in the beginning of July last, and then it was, that I knew for the first time the extent of my obligations to Dr Horne. I wished immediately, as you know, to pay my respects to him, but he was gone out of town. Since my return from England, I find the pamphlet has given universal satisfaction; and some of my friends have wished, that a small and cheap edition of it could be printed, and circulated all over the country, as they think it might counterwork the unwearied efforts which Mr Hume's friends have long been making to extol his character, and depress mine."

LETTER CLVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 18th August, 1782.

"I had the honour to receive your Grace's letter, and the noble present inclosed in it*, just as I was setting out for

* A portrait of the Duchess of Gordon.

Edinburgh. After many attempts to thank you for it, and to tell you how much I glory in it, I find I must at last confine my gratitude and my exultations to my own breast; having no words that can in any degree do them justice. It is indeed a most charming picture, and an exact copy of Sir Joshua's; and I am envied the possession of it by every one who sees it. Mr Smith has outdone himself on the occasion; I am exceedingly obliged to him.

“Your Grace will perhaps remember, that at Gordon-castle there was some conversation about Petrarch. Knowing that it was the custom of his age to write gallant verses; and conjecturing, from other circumstances, that his passion for Laura was not so serious a business as his French biographer pretends, I happened to say, that there was some reason to think, that he wrote his Italian sonnets as much to display his wit as to declare his passion. I have since made some discoveries in regard to this matter, which amount to what follows:

“That Petrarch's passion for the lady was so far sincere, as to give him uneasiness, appears from an account of his life and character, written by himself in Latin prose, and prefixed to a folio edition of his works, of which I have a copy, printed in the year 1554. But that his love was of that permanent and overwhelming nature, which some writers suppose, or that it continued to the end of his life, (as a late writer affirms) there is good reason to doubt, upon the same authority. Nay, there is presumptive, and even positive evidence of the contrary; and that he was less subject,

than most men can pretend to be, to the tyranny of the "Winged Boy."

: "The presumptive evidence is founded on the very laborious life which he must have led in the pursuits of literature. His youth was employed in study, at a time when study was extremely difficult, on account of the scarcity of books and of teachers. He became the most learned man of his time; and to his labour in transcribing several ancient authors, with his own hand, we are indebted for their preservation. His works, in my edition of them, fill 1455 folio pages, closely printed; of which the Italian Sonnets are not more than a twentieth part: the rest being Latin Essays, Dialogues, &c. and an epic poem in Latin verse, called "Africa," as long as "Paradise Lost." His retirement at Vacluse, (which in Latin he calls Clausa) was by no means devoted to love and Laura. "There," says he, in the account of his life above mentioned, "almost all the works I ever published were completed, or begun, or planned: and they were so many," these are his words, "that even to these years they employ and fatigue me." In a word, Petrarch wrote more than I could transcribe in twenty years; and more than I think he could have composed, though he had studied without intermission, in forty. Can it be believed, that a man of extreme sensibility, pining, from twenty-five to the end of his life, in hopeless love, could be so zealous a student, and so voluminous a writer?

"But more direct evidence we have from himself, in his own account above mentioned of his life, conversation, and

character. I must not translate the passage literally, on account of an indelicate word or two; but I shall give the sense of it: "In my youth I was violently in love; but it was only once; and the passion was honourable, or virtuous; and would have continued longer, if the flame, *already decaying*, had not *been extinguished* by a death, which was bitter indeed, but useful." And a little after, he says: "*Before I was forty years of age*, I had banished from my mind every idea of love, as effectually as if I had never seen a woman." He adds some things, in a strain of bitterness, execrating the *belle passion*, as what he had always hated as a vile and a disgraceful servitude.

"In the above passage, your Grace will observe, that Petrarch does not name his mistress. This, if we consider the manners of that age, and the piety and good sense of Petrarch, may make us doubt whether Laura was really the object of his passion. I had this doubt for a little while: but Hieronymo Squarzafighi, a writer of that age; and the author of another Latin Life of Petrarch, prefixed to the same edition of his works, positively says, that the name of the lady whom the poet loved was Lauretta; which her admirer changed to Laura. The name, thus changed, supplies him with numberless allusions to the laurel, and to the story of Apollo and Daphne. Might not Petrarch, in many of his sonnets, have had an allegorical reference to *the poetical laurel*, which was offered him at one and the same time by deputies from France and from Italy; and with which, to

his great satisfaction, he was actually crowned at Rome with the customary solemnities? In this view, his love of fame and of poetry would happily coincide with his tenderness for Laura, and give peculiar enthusiasm to such of his thoughts as might relate to any one of the three passions.

“ But how, you will say, is all this to be reconciled to the account given by the French author of that Life of Petrarch, which Mrs Dobson has abridged in English? ”

“ I answer: First, That Petrarch’s own account of his life, in serious prose, is not to be called in question: and, Secondly, That to a French biographer, in a matter of this kind, no degree of credit is due. I have seen pretended lives, in French, of Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. in which there was hardly one word of truth; the greatest part being fable, and that sort of declamation which some people call *sentiment*. And your Grace knows, that no other character belongs to the “ Belisarius” and “ Incas of Peru” by Marmontel. The French life of Petrarch I consider in the same light; and that what is said of his *manuscript* letters and memoirs, is no better than a job contrived by the bookseller, and executed by the author.”

LETTER CLVII.

JOHN SCOTT * TO DR BEATTIE.

Ratcliff-cross, London, 10th May, 1782.

“ Accept my best thanks for thy very kind and acceptable letter. I am now happy enough to be able to say, that

* John Scott of Amwell, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, was, as this letter indicates, one of the people called Quakers; a poet of no mean genius, as his Eclogues, Elegies, Odes, and other pieces which have been collected and published, amply testify. His two longest works are, “ Amwell,” a descriptive poem, and an “ Essay on Painting.” He was not less distinguished by the blameless simplicity of his manners, than by the warmth of his friendship, and the activity of his benevolence. Though bred to no profession, he was far from leading a life of idleness or inactivity; but while he amused himself with poetry and gardening, of which he was uncommonly fond, he employed much of his time in works of public utility in the vicinity of his residence. He published a pamphlet full of good sense and philanthropy, entitled, “ Observations on the Present State of the Parochial and Vagrant Poor.” He frequently interfered in their distresses, and was ever ready to stand forward as the arbitrator of differences among his neighbours. In general, he seems to have imitated the philanthropy of that well-known character, “ The Man of Ross.” Dr Beattie, with whom, among other literary persons, he had become acquainted, and between whom a similarity of taste had produced an intimate friendship, alludes, in one of his letters †, to this part of Mr Scott’s

† In 1778, with a friendly zeal, he undertook the defence of his friend Dr Beattie, from an anonymous attack in “ The Gentleman’s Magazine” for January, in a letter in the same Magazine for March following, to which he signed his name, and received Dr Beattie’s acknowledgements on the occasion.

I have finished my volume of "Poems." I shall wait, with some anxiety, for my friend's opinion of some of the contents, particularly the "Oriental Eclogues," the "Mexican Prophecy," and the "Essay on Painting;" for on these, as far as I can trust my own judgment, I think must much depend the rank I may be allowed to hold as a poet. I should like also to know which of the smaller odes most obtained my friend's approbation. The "Essay on Painting" was an after-thought; it was begun when the previous part of the book was printed, and finished in about five weeks; it was, therefore, a hasty, though I hope not an incorrect, performance. I had designed (as I mention in the introduction) something of this kind long before Hayley's "Epistle to Romney" appeared, but had laid it aside. Happening to write a few lines on the subject, with an intent to introduce them into another poem, where I afterwards found them not easily introducible, and thinking them too good to be lost, I determined on the work in question, where I knew

character: "I am astonished," says Dr Beattie, "at the activity of your mind, and the versatility of your genius. It is really amazing, that one and the same person should, in one and the same year, publish the most elegant poems, and a 'Digest of Laws relating to the Highways.' Go on, Sir, in your laudable resolution of delighting and instructing mankind, of patronising the poor, and promoting the public weal."

This amiable man died of a putrid fever at London, the 12th December, 1783, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

See a well-written life, and critical remarks on his works, by Dr Anderson, prefixed to his poems in the "British Poets," Vol. XI. p. 717.

they would appear with propriety. Thus, from very small, and indeed unforeseen circumstances, things of some importance often arise. I endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid the same ground that Hayley had trodden. On Landscape he had said little; I had therefore room to expatiate. On Portrait he had said much; and I was necessitated to say something; but even there I wished not to imitate, but rather to rival, my predecessor. Hayley's piece has great merit, but is tedious from its length and inequality. That kind of rhyming prose, used by Dryden in his earlier works, seems coming much into fashion; but I am clear it must be a vicious taste that gives it encouragement. For the couplet versification, we can have no better model than that of Pope; or if that can be at all improved, it must be by a sparing use of Dryden's manner in what (notwithstanding I have the authority of Johnson against me) I do not hesitate to call the best poetry he ever wrote, his "Tales" and "Fables." Another vicious mode of composition seems also to be gaining ground, which, if adopted, will almost absolutely destroy the distinction between two species of writing, which should be ever kept separate, rhyme and blank verse: I mean, breaking the lines of couplets; or, in other words, running the sense too much from one line to another. This is countenanced by one very good poet, Meikle, translator of the "Lusiad," who, in a fine poem, entitled "Alma-da-hill," has practised it to an excess, and by that means injured his poetry. I am told Mason is about a translation

of Fresnoy's "Poem on Painting." The original, as far as I can judge, reads flat and dry. Dryden's prose version does not mend it. What charms Mason's poetical powers may bestow upon it, I do not pretend to determine. There is more in expression than we often are aware of. The same thought in different language will disgust or delight us. So just is the axiom of Pope,—

"True wit*, is nature to advantage dressed;

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

"I believe I mentioned in a former letter, that I had seen Bryant on the "Rowleyan Controversy," and that Dean Miller had published a pompous quarto edition of the author. Both these gentlemen have been completely answered, in a very good and decisive pamphlet, by Mr Thomas Warton; and Miller has been most severely ridiculed in an archaiological epistle. This is an excellent performance of the serio-humorous kind: it is pretty boldly attributed to Mason; but I scarcely think it is his. Mason has given us nothing avowedly his own, but of the sublime or pathetic, as far as I can recollect. I should rather fix this new production on the yet undiscovered author of the famous "Heroic Epistle;" they certainly breathe the same spirit of poetry and politics.

* I should rather have said true poetry; or indeed good composition of any species.

“ Did I ever mention Dr Johnson’s prefaces? My friend has doubtless seen that fund of entertainment and information; of striking observations, and useful reflections; of good sense, and of illiberal prejudices; of just and of unjust criticism. That a mind, so enlarged as Johnson’s in some respects, should be so confined in others, is amazing. The titled scribblers of the last century; the prosaic Denham, the inane and quaint Yalden, and even the Grub-street Pomfret, meet with all possible favour. Every man who expresses sentiments of religious or political liberty; every man who writes in blank verse, or writes pastoral; and every man contemporary with himself—is sure to meet with no mercy. To Blackmore, I think, he has done but justice. Blackmore, with all his absurdities, was a poet; his poem on the “ Creation” (tedious as it is) sufficiently proves it. Pope and his brother wits were too hard upon Blackmore: it was very well to point out his faults, but ungenerous to stigmatise him as an absolute dunce. Dr Johnson has very properly estimated the merits of Prior, whose poetical powers were too highly rated by the readers of his own time; though it must be allowed, that much of his “ Solomon,” and some of his “ Henry and Enma,” is real poetry. Dyer, Shenstone, Collins, Akenside, and Gray, are the authors whom I most regret as sufferers by Johnson’s unjust censure: and what must one think of the critic’s taste, who could prefer Dryden’s wretched, conceited “ Ode on Mrs Killigrew,” to the “ British Bard” of our English Pindar?

“ As soon as thy health and avocations will permit, I shall

be glad of a few lines from a friend, whose correspondence is always highly acceptable."

LETTER CLVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 25th October, 1782.

"Elphinston's "Martial" is just come to hand. It is truly an *unique*. The specimens formerly published did very well to laugh at; but a whole quarto of nonsense and gibberish, is too much. It is strange that a man, not wholly illiterate, should have lived so long in England, without learning the language.

"I have lately been very much entertained and instructed with a work of a different nature, which will do honour to this country, and be a blessing to mankind, Dr Campbell's "Translation of the Four Gospels," with explanatory and critical annotations. I have revised the first eighteen chapters of Matthew; and am really astonished at the learning and accuracy of the author. He had before given the world sufficient proofs of both; but this will be his greatest work. It will be accompanied with preliminary dissertations, for explaining what could not be conveniently illustrated in the notes. I have read the titles of the Dissertations, and shall soon have them in my hands. The whole will make, as I guess, two quarto volumes. I have several times studied

the Gospels in the original ; but had no idea, till now, that the common translation stood so much in need of a revision."

LETTER CLIX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 30th January, 1783.

" I lately had the happiness to receive from the Bishop of Chester the most agreeable accounts of your health ; which no perplexities of my own can ever make me cease, even for a single hour, to be interested in.

- " Your little godson, who was all last summer in the country, returned home in October, and since that time has been under my own inspection ; which, till now, the peculiar circumstances of my family did not permit him to be. I found him wild, and not very tractable ; though not destitute either of affection or of generosity. He had been committed to the care of people, who it seems thought it too soon to inure him to moral discipline. But as that part of education cannot, in my opinion, begin too early, I have been combating his evil habits with all the caution and steadiness I am master of ; and my success has been not inconsiderable. I have taught him to fear my anger above every thing. (for he is too young to be impressed with any

fear of a higher kind); and I find, that the more he fears the more he loves me. His brother co-operates with me in this good work; and I hope we shall in time make him a very good boy. He is stout and healthy, and the picture of good humour and good cheer, and a very great favourite in the neighbourhood. Bodily correction I have never used as yet; considering it as a dangerous remedy, which ought not to be had recourse to, till all others have been tried and found ineffectual. My other boy is busy at his French and Greek. I thought him too young to go into the higher classes, and have made him study the elements of Greek a second time. He is not, I think, very lucky in a French master. The man speaks the language well enough, but does not seem to be an exact grammarian: however, my boy knows grammar pretty well, and has always been accustomed to study with accuracy; so that I hope he is in no danger of getting into habits of superficial reading.

“ We have been here, and still are, in great apprehensions of famine. Last summer was cold and tempestuous beyond imagination; and in many parts of the country there was little or no harvest. Oatmeal, without which our common people have no notion of supporting life, sells just now at double its usual price; and the common people are murmuring; and anonymous letters, in a threatening style, have been sent to many persons. In no other part of Scotland is the scarcity so great as in this town and neighbourhood; and I believe it is the fear of the military alone that prevents insurrection.

“ I am just now informed, that preliminaries of peace with France and Spain are signed, and that a cessation of hostilities is agreed on with the Dutch. The news is certainly very agreeable, if the conditions be but moderately good. Whether our separation from America will be beneficial or hurtful, either to this country or to that, is, I think, doubtful: but such a separation must have happened soon; and I wish it had happened forty years sooner. Though our empire is diminished in extent, our national honour is not impaired; and our enemies, notwithstanding what they have gained, and we have lost, have no cause of triumph.

“ My new book has been in the press for some time; and I have now received sixteen sheets of it, which is about one-fifth of the whole. It is a quarto, of the same size nearly with my last; and, what I have seen, is very correctly printed. The proprietor, Mr Strahan, thinks it will be ready for publication in the spring. I am afraid the plainness and simplicity of the style will not hit the taste of the present race of orators and critics; who seem to think, that the old English tongue, and the old English constitution, stand equally in need of change. Their reasonings, however, have not yet satisfied me, that our forefathers were at all inferior to us in the arts either of writing, or of government. My models of English are Addison, and those who write like Addison, particularly yourself, Madam, and Lord Lyttelton. We may be allowed to imitate what we cannot hope to equal; nay, I think we are, in every laudable pur-

suit, commanded by all the great teachers of mankind to do so.

“ The literary labours of Lord Kaimes have come to an end at last. He was certainly an extraordinary man: and though he cannot be vindicated in every thing, his enemies must allow that his mind was uncommonly active, and his industry indefatigable. He was six-and-fifty years an author; for to a Collection of Decisions, datèd in 1726, I have seen a preface of his writing. He retained his good humour to the last. He and I misunderstood one another for several years; but we were thoroughly reconciled long before his death, and he acknowledged, that he had utterly mistaken my character.

“ I am very happy to find, that my notions, in regard to the origin of language, coincide so exactly with yours. I have, I think, confuted Monboddo's theory; which I look upon as equally absurd and dangerous. He and Lord Kaimes passed a few days last autumn together at Gordoncastle, and gave no little entertainment to the company; for they two were in every thing direct opposites; and they mutually despised and detested each other. Kaimes confessed, that he understood no Greek; and Monboddo told him, that no man who was ignorant of Greek could pretend to write a page of good English. Monboddo has many good qualities: but on the subject of Greek and of Aristotle, he is as absurd and as pedantic as Don Quixote was on that of chivalry. The last time I saw him, I incensed him to the high-

est degree by calling the great circumnavigator Cook an ingenious philosopher. It was to no purpose that I explained the sense in which I used the word, and told him, that by *philosophy* I meant, *the knowledge of nature applied to practical and useful purposes*: he seemed to think that I had offered an insult *to science*, by calling a man a philosopher, whose only merit, he said, was “that of being a good sea-man, even as one may be an expert shoemaker or tailor, “and who, besides, was of an obscure origin: for I hold,” said he, “that in men, as well as in horses, nothing can be *great* but what is *noble*.” It was, indeed, in opposition to this notable aphorism, that I had mentioned the name of Cook, with that encomium which provoked the wrath of Monboddo.”

LETTER CLX.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 2d March, 1783.

“I have been more idle, and more in company, this winter than I used to be; which the doctor tells me is good for my health. But I have not been quite idle. I have revised, with all the attention I am master of, Dr Campbell’s new translation of Matthew and Mark, with the notes upon it, and ten or twelve of his preliminary dissertations; and that this revisal has been the work of some time, you will

readily believe, when I tell you, that I have written, of critical remarks, not less than seventy or eighty quarto pages. Many of these indeed I thought of little moment; but as lovers before marriage are advised to be as quick-sighted, and after marriage as blind^d as possible, to one another's faults, so I consider it as my duty to be as captious as possible in the revisal of a friend's work before publication, and when it is published to be captious no longer. The Principal, however, is pleased to think more favourably than I do of my strictures, and tells me he has adopted nine-tenths of them. Of the translation of Luke and John, and the notes upon it, and of four or five more preliminary dissertations, he has the materials almost ready; but they are not yet put together. The whole will amount to two large quartos at least; and will, in my opinion, be one of the most important publications that has appeared in our time. It is really a treasure of theological learning, exact criticism, and sound divinity; and has given me more information, in regard to what may be called scriptural knowledge, than all the other books I ever read. His translation conveys the meaning of the original very correctly, and, so far as I could observe, neither adds nor takes away a single idea; but I have told him, that I wish it had been more strictly literal, and more conformable to the Greek (or rather to the Hebrew) idiom, which is in many things congenial to the English. His love of conciseness makes him sometimes less simple, though perhaps not less expressive, than the original, and sometimes less harmonious than the common version. But I believe

most of the passages of this sort, that I objected to, will be mended."

LETTER CLXI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 16th March, 1783.

"I do not wonder that your Grace should be greatly affected with Lord Kaimes's kind remembrance in the hour of death. Friendship, that can stand such a test, must be very sincere indeed. But you have other friends, who are capable of all this, though perhaps it may not be in their power to show it. Recollection and composure are not granted to all, in those awful moments. On his own account, his death is not to be regretted; but Mrs Drummond* is much to be pitied. No man ever enjoyed life more than he; and, when we consider how little time he passed in sleep, we cannot suppose his age to be less than one hundred and twenty. All his wishes, with respect to this world, were gratified; and there is no reason to think, that his life could have been prolonged without a prolongation of pain. I hope he employed a good hand to draw the picture. A good portrait of a dear friend is inestimable; but an indifferent one is a daily and an hourly grievance. As I wish to die satis-

* The wife of Lord Kaimes. She assumed the name of Drummond, on succeeding to her family-estate, on the death of her nephew.

fied with every body, it gives me great pleasure to think, that before his death he became satisfied with me; this, and many other good things, I owe to your Grace.

“ I need not attempt to express what I feel, in consequence of that kind invitation which your Grace and the Duke have honoured me with. I have been long accustomed to his Grace’s goodness and your’s in this particular; but I trust my gratitude is as lively as it was at the first. If my health would permit, and if I could get my family properly settled, nothing would hinder me from setting out for Gordon-castle the first or second week of April.”

LETTER CLXII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE HONOURABLE MR BARON GORDON.

Aberdeen, 30th March, 1783.

“ I really do not know what to say, or what to think, of the times. They seem to exhibit scenes of confusion, which are too extensive for my poor head either to arrange or to comprehend. We had much need of peace; but I know not whether we have reason to rejoice in the peace we have made. Yet Lord Shelburne spoke plausibly for it; but Lord Loughborough was as plausible on the other side. When a controversy turns upon a fact, in regard to which the two contending parties are likely never to agree, a decision is not to be expected; and people may continue to

wrangle, and to make speeches, till death ; like the president of the Robin-Hood, knock them down with his hammer, without coming one inch nearer the truth than they were at first. This seems to be the present case. If we were as much exhausted, and our enemies as powerful, as one party affirms, we had nothing for it but to surrender at discretion, and any peace was good enough for us : but if we were as little exhausted, and our enemies as little powerful as the other party says, we might have made a struggle or two more before we called out for mercy.

“To the present confusion in our councils I can foresee no end, till the rage of party subside, or till the executive power regain some part of that influence, which it has been gradually losing ever since I was capable of attending to public affairs. The encroachments that have lately been made on the power of the crown are so great, as to threaten, in my opinion, the subversion of the monarchy. Our government is too democratical ; and what we want, in order to secure its permanence, is not more liberty, for we have too much, but the operation of a despotical principle to take place in cases of great public danger. If it had not been for this, the consular state of Rome would not have existed two hundred years. I hate despotism, and love liberty, as much as any man ; but because medicine has sometimes killed as well as cured, I would not for that reason make a vow never to swallow a drug as long as I lived. The despotical principle I speak of, might be a little violent in its operation, like James’s powders and laudanum ; but if it

could allay paroxysms and fevers in the body-politic, (which, by judicious management, it certainly might do) it would be a valuable addition to the *materia medica* of government.”

LETTER CLXIII.

JOHN SCOTT TO DR BEATTIE.

Amwell, 29th August, 1783.

“ I know not what apology to make, for not doing what ought to have been done many weeks ago. I can only say, what I am sure my friend will readily believe, that whatever were the causes of my so long delaying to answer his kind and acceptable letter, want of regard for him was not among the number.

“ I have read much of the “ Dissertations *,” and with much pleasure. I cannot wish any part of them suppressed, because I do not find them tedious. All, whom I have heard speak of them, have spoken highly of their merit ; and I believe they will stand high in the opinion of all good judges. For my own part, I have read them with an almost uninterrupted correspondence of sentiment on every occasion. This was very far from being the case during my perusal of Dr Johnson’s “ Lives ;” I pursued his narrative with avidity, and sometimes profited by his remarks ; but, in general, I found a forcible repulsion to his political and liter-

* Dr Beattie’s Dissertations, moral and critical, on Memory and Imagination, &c. published this year.

ary opinions, but more to the illiberal manner in which they are expressed. It is strange so good a writer, both in prose and verse, should be so ill a critic; and that a man, whose private character is so benevolent, should, as an author, indulge such contemptuous acrimony.

“Thy countryman, Dr Blair, has published a critical work; I have not read it, a few detached passages excepted, which I met with in the reviews, and as I gave the volumes a cursory inspection as they lay in a bookseller’s shop. I saw enough of them, however, to determine me to purchase them, as soon as I have leisure for reading. At present I am much engaged with my own intended publication, which is in the press. I believe I mentioned the nature of this critical work of mine in a former letter. It will consist of a series of essays on several celebrated poems, by an investigation of whose beauties and defects I have exemplified the difference between good and bad composition*. My criterion of merit is classical simplicity; that is to say, the manner of Homer, the Greek tragic poets, Virgil, Milton, Pope, in contradistinction to every species of false ornament. There never was a time when it was more necessary to counteract the public taste, which is now running wild after this fashionable *clinquant*, as I think it is termed by Addison. The poems I have criticised are, Denham’s “Cooper’s-Hill,” of which I have nothing to praise, and all to censure; Milton’s “Lycidas,” and Dyer’s “Ruins of Rome,” which I have vindicated from the censure of Dr

* These Critical Essays were published in 1785.

Johnson, and given the praise they merit; Pope's " Windsor Forest," Collins's " Oriental Eclogues," Gray's " Elegy," Goldsmith's " Deserted Village," and Thomson's " Seasons;" in all which I have much to applaud, and something to blame.

"The Monthly Reviewers say, that criticism is fashionable; I hope then I shall have the luck to be for once in the fashion. I might often have been in fashion, but for a restive kind of disposition, that liked to write and print what pleased my own fancy, rather than what I had reason to think would please the readers of the day. I never could flatter the Bath-Easton establishment, nor be a candidate for their laureat sprig of myrtle; nor can I now praise the flimsy, flowery, inane productions of the Hayleyian school. I love good poetry, but I cannot admire bad, how much soever it may be the *ton* to admire it.

"My worthy friend, Mr Potter, in a letter I received from him some time ago, requested me to mention when I wrote, that he had ordered Dodsley to send thee a copy of his " Observations on Gray," with two or three proofs of the head, which I expect are before now safely arrived. I know, by experience, how difficult it is to get a good likeness of any person in an engraving; I am sure mine, prefixed to my poems, is not a good one. Mr Hoole's, prefixed to his " Ariosto," is a very good one, and cost much less than mine. I did not know Gray, but somehow or other, from my own ideas of what such a man should have been, I am wholly of thy opinion, that Mason's print could not be quite like the original.

“ As I seldom have leisure to keep copies of my letters, I am apt to forget, from time to time, what I have written ; I do not now recollect, whether I mentioned in my former letter two recent publications, in the poetical way, of considerable merit. The one is called, “ Aurelia, or the Contest,” a mock epic, in censure of the ladies for painting their faces, and other fashionable female foibles. This is written by the younger Hoole, son of the translator of “ Ariosto,” who published a pretty imitation of the “ Bath Guide,” entitled, “ Modern Manners.” He is a young man, and I think a rising genius ; his last poem has not many faults, it is indeed rather too long. The other publication is called, “ The Village,” a very classical composition, but also too long ; and very unnecessarily, and I think absurdly, divided into two books. It seems designed as a contrast to Goldsmith’s “ Deserted Village,” in one point of view ; that is, so far as Goldsmith expatiates on the felicities and innocencies of rural life. The author of “ The Village” takes the dark side of the question ; he paints all with a *sombre* pencil ; too justly, perhaps, but, to me at least, unpleasingly. We know there is no unmingled happiness in any state of life, but one does not wish to be perpetually told so. The author of the above is a Mr Crabbe, who published a poem, called “ The Library,” about two years ago. I am told he was an apprentice to a surgeon in Suffolk, but, on the display of his poetical talents, met with friends, who advised him to take orders, and gave him a living. Literary merit, in this age, rarely meets such encouragement.

“ I am sorry, my dear friend, to hear so ill an account of thy health. I hope the sea air and bathing may by this time have had their desired salutary effect. When health and leisure will permit, I shall hope to be favoured with a line. Thy correspondence is always highly acceptable.”

LETTER CLXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Peterhead, 18th September, 1783.

“ Your Lordship’s very kind letter, which I had the honour to receive about six weeks ago, demands my most grateful acknowledgments. I wished to have made them sooner, but was prevented by a tedious indisposition; from which, after long perseverance in the use of the sea-bath at this place, I am now recovered so far as to be able to attend a little to the duties of life.

“ I know not how to thank your Lordship for honouring my book with a perusal; nor have I words to express the pleasure which your approbation of it has afforded me. Some professed critics have been pleased to find much fault with it, and with me; but your favourable opinion, my Lord, is more than a sufficient counterbalance to all they have done, or can do, and satisfies me, that my endeavours to do a little good, and give a little harmless amusement, have not been wholly unsuccessful. Indeed I have

the happiness to find, that most of those who approve my principles, are as friendly to this performance as I could desire.

“ I have not yet met with Dr Blair’s “ Lectures,” but I hear they have been very well received. With respect to his “ Sermons,” I am entirely of your opinion. Great merit they undoubtedly have ; but I cannot discover in them that sublime simplicity of manner and style, which I have long thought essential to such compositions, and have seen so nobly exemplified in those of your Lordship.

“ Whether it will be in my power to prepare any more of my papers for the press, I know not ; but I shall keep the thing in view ; and, if Providence grant me a moderate share of health and spirits, shall consider it as my indispensable duty, as far as I am able, to promote the love of truth, and to oppose the licentious doctrines that many authors of this age are labouring so industriously to establish. Though my last publication does not bear a controversial form, a great part of it was really intended, as your Lordship observes, “ to correct some mistakes, and obviate some abuses, “ of other writers.”

“ I would have availed myself, with the greatest pleasure, of your Lordship’s most obliging invitation to Worcestershire ; but I am not yet so well as to undertake a journey, and the business of my profession will soon call me to Aberdeen, and confine me to the college. Next summer I hope I shall be in a condition to revisit England, and pay my respects to your Lordship once more.”

LETTER CLXV.

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ. * TO DR BEATTIE.

Margate, 13th October, 1783.

“ I am highly flattered by your approbation of my explanation and version of “ Horace’s Epistle,” and more especially by your exact coincidence of opinion concerning the drift and intention of the poet ; whose purpose has long appeared to me so very obvious, that I have only wondered at its having been so strangely misconceived and mistaken. Still, however, I was inclined to doubt and suspect the treacherous self-complacency of my own feelings, till I found my sentiments confirmed by men of learning and discernment like yourself. I ought, however, in some measure, to regret the having innocently deprived the world of your intended essay on the subject; though that very circumstance inspires me with the most agreeable confidence in the propriety of my own undertaking.”

* The translator of Horace’s “ Art of Poetry,” of “ Terence” into familiar blank verse ; and author of some excellent comedies, “ The Jealous Wife,” “ The Clandestine Marriage,” “ The English Merchant,” “ The Deuce is in Him,” and several others.

LETTER CLXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 29th January, 1784.

“ Your Grace will do me the justice to believe, that nothing in which you are interested can be indifferent to me. I am very much concerned to find, from the general strain of the letter, which I had the honour to receive a few days ago, that your present situation is not quite agreeable to you. You will no doubt be anxious and solitary; but nobody is so well prepared for solitude as you are. The resources you have in your own mind, and the pleasure you take in superintending and instructing your charming young friends, will make the lonely hours glide imperceptibly away.

“ I have got one companion for your Grace, and shall send him by the first opportunity. It is Hoole’s Translation of “ Ariosto,” which I have just received, and which your Grace commissioned me to order for you. It fills five large octavo volumes; the type very good and comfortable; the prints only so so. I know not how you will relish it; but I own it is rather too extravagant for me. Spenser is not less extravagant; but the harmony of his numbers, and the beauty and variety of his descriptions and of his language, intoxicate me into an utter forgetfulness of all the faults of his fable. Hoole is a smooth versifier; but he is rather a feeble one. His harmony is without variety; for he knows

not how to adapt it to the subject; or rather his ear is not delicate in perceiving the effects that words may produce by their sound, as well as by their signification. This deficiency, however, is not peculiar to Hoole; he has it in common with Waller, Lansdowne, Roscommon, and several other poets of no inconsiderable name. I formerly attempted to read "Ariosto" in his own Italian; but found him tedious, and could not endure the incoherence of the fable. I have conversed with Italians, and read critics on the subject, but never could see the reason of that preference which his countrymen give him to the correct, the classical, the delightful Tasso*.

* On this question, regarding the respective poetical merits of Ariosto and Tasso, see Baretti's "History of the Italian Tongue," prefixed to his "Italian Library †." A friend has informed me, (for I have not been able to meet with the book in this country) that the finest piece of criticism, any where to be met with, on this subject, is in a prose letter of Metastasio's, at the end of one of his two posthumous volumes. He concurs in opinion with Dr Beattie; and, with all due respect for the critical abilities of Mr Baretti, Metastasio must be allowed to be a great authority. This letter of Metastasio's, which is addressed to Ch. Sig. Don Domenico Diodati, a Neapolitan lawyer, is mentioned by Tiraboschi in his "Storia della Poesia Italiana ‡," lately re-edited in London by Mr Mathias, to which those may refer who wish to see this controversy handled with much critical accuracy. Tiraboschi, in highly praising the various merits of those two great poets, finds the "Gierusalemme" of Tasso, and the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, so totally different in their nature, design, and execution, as not to admit of being brought into comparison with each other. In various points, however, such as, fertility of invention, powerful description, and felicity of expression, his opinion seems rather to lean in favour of Ariosto.

† P. liii.

‡ Vol. III. part i. p. 254.

LETTER CLXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 2d February, 1784.

“ Mr Dilly having informed me, that a new edition is wanted of the “ Minstrel,” and the other little poems subjoined to it, I am now revising and correcting them for the last time. Will you permit me, Madam, to inscribe them to you? The inscription shall be short and simple; and, if you please, in the following terms:—

To
MRS MONTAGU,
These little Poems,
Now revised and corrected,
For the last time,
Are,
With every Sentiment of
Esteem and Gratitude,
Most respectfully inscribed
By the AUTHOR.

“ I have another favour to ask, which is, that, as I have mentioned the name of our lamented friend, Dr Gregory, in the concluding stanza of the second book of the “ Minstrel,” you will not forbid me to insert yours in the last stanza of the first. I had not the honour to be known to you when I published that first book; and, intending to put the name—

of a friend in the last stanza, but being then undetermined with respect to the person, I left in one of the lines a blank space, which has been continued in all the editions. That blank, with your permission, shall now be filled up; and then the stanza will run thus :

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while ;
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim :
 But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
 New lays ere long shall animate thy frame :
 And her applause to me is more than fame,
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim ;
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

“ It would give me no little pleasure to see in the same poem the names of Mrs Montagu and Dr Gregory ; two persons so dear to me, and who had so sincere a friendship for one another. Besides, Madam, I beg leave to put you in mind, that the first book of the poem was published at his desire, and the second at yours. So that I have more reasons than one for making this request. When this affair is settled, and the volume revised once more, I bid adieu to poetry for ever. I wish I could say of my voice what Milton said of his ; that it is

—————Unchanged
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen.——

But, alas ! I am in the condition of Virgil's forlorn shepherd, to whom indeed it better becomes me to compare myself :

*Omnia fert atas animum quoque. Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina : vox quoque Mærim
Jam fugit ipsa.—*

By the by, I have a good mind to make this a motto to my little poetical volume."

LETTER CLXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE HONOURABLE MR BARON GORDON.

Aberdeen, 7th March, 1784.

" I ought to have acknowledged long ago the receipt of your most obliging favour of February 12th ; but so many cross accidents have come in my way of late, that I had no time to settle to any thing. This has been a most dreary winter to me, and has, I believe, run away with several years of my life ; but I will not at present trouble you with my lamentations.

" Let me rather congratulate you on the lengthening day, the dissolution of the frost, the approach of spring, and that hope of a long tract of good weather, which the late season of tempest may encourage us to entertain. The snow disappears apace ; and all this day it has rained without inter-

mission. You will now get on horseback, with Rhætus, Pholus, Hylæus, and the rest of your brethren; and Virgil's idea will again be realised:

—————*Vertice montis ab alto*
Descendunt Centauri, Omolen Othrynque nivalem
Linqentes cursu rapido: dat euntibus iugens
Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.:

while we, two-legged and featherless animals, must be satisfied with the "*Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*"

"I wish I could also congratulate you on a political thaw, and the renovation of life and fluidity in our channels of public business: but there all circulation seems to be at an end. Surely we never expected to see such times as these. The constitution, I am afraid, will receive a shock; the precise nature of which, however, it is impossible to foresee. I admire the form of our government as much as any body; but I have long thought the democratical principle rather too predominant; and if it continue to gather strength, as it has done for these twenty years past, the independence of the two other branches of the legislature will be nothing but a name. Several of our ancient statesmen were of opinion, that England could never be ruined but by a parliament; and Montesquieu says, that this will happen, whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive. From the executive, at present, I think we have nothing to fear; and I am persuaded, that the majority of the nation is of the same opinion.

“ I hope Lord Monboddo will live till his metaphysical quartos equal in number the nine Muses, and the books of his friend Herodotus. I am told he is angry at my last book, and says I know nothing of the origin of language. If that be the case, it must be in a great measure his fault, as well as my misfortune ; for I have read all that he has published on that subject ; and I have the same access to Lucretius that he had.

“ With all the terrors of *singula de nobis anni prædantur* before my eyes, I have not been able to apply to any sort of study this winter. I had neither time nor tranquillity for such employment.

“ The Principal’s work * proceeds apace ; and a great work it will be : the greatest indeed, at least the most important, of any I have ever seen in that way. I have read three-fourths of it with vast pleasure, and I hope no little benefit.”

The two following letters of Cowper’s were given me, when unpublished, by Mr Hayley, with permission to make any use of them I pleased. He has since printed them himself in the third volume of the “ Life of Cowper.” But such delicate, yet emphatic praise, of Dr Beattie, from such a writer as Cowper, is too grateful to me to be passed over here.

* Campbell’s “ Translation of the Four Gospels.”

LETTER CLXIX.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN*.

5th April, 1784.

“ I thanked you in my last for Johnson ; I now thank you with more emphasis for Beattie,—the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with ; the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease, too, that his own character appears in every page ; and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer, but the man ; and that man so gentle, so well-tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely. If you have not his poem, called the “ Minstrel,” and cannot borrow it, I must beg you to buy it for me ; for though I cannot afford to deal largely in so expensive a commodity as books, I must afford to purchase at least the poetical works of Beattie.”

* Hayley's “ Life of Cowper,” Vol. III. p. 247.

LETTER CLXX.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ. TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON*.

26th April, 1784.

“ I have been lately employed in reading Beattie and Blair’s “ Lectures.” The latter I have not yet finished. I find the former the most agreeable of the two ; indeed the most entertaining writer upon dry subjects that I ever met with. His imagination is highly poetical, his language easy and elegant, and his manner so familiar, that we seem to be conversing with an old friend, on terms of the most social intercourse, while we read him. In Blair we find a scholar, in Beattie both a scholar and an amiable man ; indeed so amiable, that I have wished for his acquaintance ever since I read his book.”

LETTER CLXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO MISS VALENTINE †.

Edinburgh, 28th May, 1784.

“ Many interesting matters have happened since I have

* Hayley’s “ Life of Cowper,” Vol. III. p. 253.

† Miss Margaret Valentine, daughter of Mr John Valentine, in Montrose, by Jean Beattie, sister of Dr Beattie, and now the wife of Mr Professor

been here ; and if I had time, I could write a wondrous long letter of news. The election of Scotch Peers ; the meeting of Parliament ; the state of parties ; the old and the new ministry ; Pitt and Fox ; the General Assembly—all these things are now forgotten ; and nothing here is spoken or thought of but Mrs Siddons. I have seen this wonderful person, not only on the stage, but in private company ; for I passed two days with her at the Earl of Buchan's. Her powers in tragedy are beyond comparison great. I thought my old friend Garrick fell little or nothing short of theatrical perfection ; and I have seen him in his prime, and in his highest characters : but Garrick never affected me half so much as Mrs Siddons has done. Indeed the heart that she cannot subdue must be made of other materials than flesh and blood. In the "Caledonian Mercury" you will see, from time to time, some critical observations on her action, which are very well written. The encomiums are high ; but I assure you they are not above her merit. James too has seen her, and is transported. He never till now, he says, knew what acting was. It was very difficult to procure places ; but by the kind attentions of the Duchess of Gordon, and Lord and Lady Buchan, I was nobly accommodated, and in the very best seats in the house. In private company,

Glennie † ; to whose affectionate care, during several years, while she had the superintendance of his family, Dr Beattie was so highly indebted, and which he so gratefully remembered in his will.

† Vol. I. p. 33.

Mrs Siddons is a modest, unassuming, sensible woman ; of the gentlest and most elegant manners. Her moral character is not only unblemished, but exemplary. She is above the middle size, and I suppose about thirty-four years of age. Her countenance is the most interesting that can be ; and, excepting the Duchess of Gordon, the most beautiful I have ever seen. Her eyes and eye-brows are of the deepest black. She loves music, and is fond of the Scotch tunes ; many of which I played to her on the violoncello. One of them (" She rose and let me in," which you know is a favourite of mine,) made the tears start from her eyes. " Go on," said she to me, " and you will soon have your revenge ;" meaning, that I would draw as many tears from her as she had drawn from me. She sung " Queen Mary's Complaint" to admiration ; and I had the honour to accompany her on the bass."

LETTER CLXXII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

London, 1st July, 1784.

" Our friend Sir Joshua Reynolds is in perfect health and spirits. I dined with him the day after I came to town, and on Sunday last, when General Paoli, Dr Johnson, Mr Boswell, and several others were there. Sir Joshua's picture

of Mrs Siddons is one of the greatest efforts of the pencil. He agrees with me, that she resembles Garrick in her countenance. Old Mr Sheridan, who piques himself not a little on having been instrumental in bringing forward that incomparable actress, assured me the other day, that in every comic character, from Lady Townly to Nell the cobbler's wife, she is as great and as original as in tragedy. I asked Tom Davies, (the author of "Garrick's Life,") whether he could account for Garrick's neglect, or rather discouragement, of her. He imputed it to jealousy. How is it possible, said I, that Garrick could be jealous of a woman? "He would have been jealous of a child," answered he, "if that child had been a favourite of the public: to my certain knowledge he would." Johnson has got the better of his late illness; but has the look of decline. Wine, I think, would do him good, but he cannot be prevailed on to drink it. He has, however, a voracious appetite for food. I verily believe, that on Sunday last he ate as much to dinner, as I have done in all for these ten days past. I sat an hour with Johnson the other day, and he spoke of you with great kindness*; and sympathised with my situation, in a manner that did honour to his feelings."

* Dr Johnson's acquaintance and mine first began when he came to Edinburgh in the year 1773, on his tour to the Hebrides. As he lived in the house of my friend, Mr Boswell, with whom I was extremely intimate, I was very much with Dr Johnson at that time; and ever after, when I had occasion to go to London, I uniformly experienced from him the utmost kindness and at-

LETTER CLXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent, 14th July, 1784.

“ I am now, my dear Sir, arrived at a place, where external nature wears a face of the most profound tranquillity; and sit down to thank you for your two last letters, which came to hand the day before I left the town. It is so far fortunate, that Mrs B.'s removal to Musselburgh was attended with so little inconvenience. My confidence in your friendship and goodness entirely satisfies me, that you will soon put matters on a right footing. I lament, indeed, that your attention to me and mine should give you so much trouble; but the consciousness of doing good to the unfortunate and forlorn will in part reward you; and no mind ever possessed that consciousness in a more exquisite degree than yours has reason to do.

“ The hot weather made London so disagreeable, that I was obliged to leave it before I had seen all my friends: I must make a longer stay when I return thither. I wish I had time and capacity to give you a description of this par-

tention. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr Langton, Mr Boswell, Dr Beattie, being our common friends, formed a sort of bond of union between Dr Johnson and me; to which circumstance I attributed much of the notice with which he honoured me. It is unnecessary for me to say here how highly I respected the talents and the virtues of that truly eminent and good man.

sonage. It is delightfully situated about half-way down a hill fronting the south, about a mile from Coxheath. My windows command a prospect, extending southward about twelve miles, and from east to west not less, I suppose, than forty. In this whole space I do not see a single speck of ground that is not in the highest degree cultivated ; for Coxheath is not in sight. The lawns in the neighbourhood, the hop-grounds, the rich verdure of the trees, and their endless variety, form a scenery so picturesque and so luxuriant, that it is not easy to fancy any thing finer. Add to this the cottages, churches, and villages, rising here and there among the trees, and scattered over the whole country ; clumps of oaks, and other lofty trees, disposed in ten thousand different forms, and some of them visible in the horizon at the distance of more than ten miles ; and you will have some idea of the beauty of Hunton. The only thing wanting is the murmur of running water ; but we have some ponds and clear pools that glitter through the trees, and have a very pleasing effect. With abundance of shade, we have no damp nor fenny ground : and though the country looks at a distance like one continued grove, the trees do not press upon us : indeed I do not at present see one that I could wish removed. There is no road within sight, the hedges that overhang the highways being very high ; so that we see neither travellers nor carriages, and indeed hardly any thing in motion ; which conveys such an idea of peace and quiet, as I think I never was conscious of before ; and forms a most striking contrast with the endless noise and restless multitudes of Piccadilly.

“But what pleases me most at Hunton is not now in view; for my friend, the Bishop of Chester, is gone out a riding. You are no stranger to the character of this amiable man. Mrs Porteus is not less amiable. Their house is the mansion of peace, piety, and cheerfulness. The Bishop has improved his parsonage and the grounds about it as much as they can be improved, and made it one of the pleasantest spots in England. The whole is bounded by a winding gravel walk, about half-a-mile in circumference. Close by, lives a most agreeable lady, with whom we all breakfasted to-day. She is the widow of Sir Roger Twisden; and, though not more than five-and-twenty, lives in this elegant retirement, and employs herself chiefly in the education of her daughter, a fine child of four years of age, who is mistress of her catechism, and reads wonderfully well. I expect soon to see our friend Mr Langton, as the Bishop proposes to send him an invitation, Rochester being only ten miles off. Tunbridge-wells is fifteen miles the other way.”

LETTER CLXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent, 31st July, 1784.

“Your last letter having given me the fullest assurance, that the unfortunate object of our attention is now in circumstances as comfortable as her condition will admit of, I

have been endeavouring to relieve my mind, for a time at least, from that load of anxiety which has so long oppressed it; and I already feel the happy consequences of this endeavour. My health is greatly improved; and, if this rheumatism would let me alone, I might almost say that I am quite well. Certain it is, that I have not been so well any time these four years. The tranquillity and beauty, the peace and the plenty, of this charming country, are a continual feast to my imagination; and I must be insensible, indeed, if the kindness, the cheerfulness, the piety, and the instructive conversation, of my excellent friend the Bishop of Chester and his amiable lady, did not powerfully operate in soothing my mind, and improving my heart. Those people of fashion in the neighbourhood, who visit the Bishop, and are visited by him, are a small but select society, and eminently distinguished for their piety, politeness, literature, and hospitality. Among them I have found some old friends whom I formerly knew in London, and have acquired some new ones, on whom I set a very high value. Mr Langton and Lady Rothes have just left us, after a visit of two days. You will readily imagine with what regret we parted with them. Our friend Langton is continually improving in virtue, learning, and every other thing that is good. I always admired and loved him; but now I love and admire him more than ever. We had much conversation about you*. I have given the Bishop a full account of my family transactions,

* Vol. II. p. 93.

particularly for the last twelvemonth. He highly approves of every thing that has been done; bestows great commendations on my conduct; and has given me such advices as one would expect from his good sense and knowledge of the world. I have not yet fixed a day for my departure from this paradise; but I fear it must be in the course of next week. My friends urge me to prolong my stay, and I am much disposed to do so; but I must now remember, that the year begins to decline, and I have several other visits to make, and things to do, before I leave England. Meanwhile I shall, from time to time, let you know where I am, and what I am doing. Any letter you may favour me with, you will be pleased to put under the Bishop of Chester's cover.

“ If I could give you an adequate idea of the way in which we pass our time at Hunton, I am sure you would be pleased with it. This is a rainy day, and I have nothing else to do at present: why, then, should I not make the trial?

“ Our hour of breakfast is ten. Immediately before it, the Bishop calls his family together, prays with them, and gives them his blessing: the same thing is constantly done after supper, when we part for the night. In the intervals of breakfast, and in the evening, when there is no company, his Lordship sometimes reads to us in some entertaining book. After breakfast we separate, and amuse ourselves, as we think proper, till four, the hour of dinner. At six, when the weather is fair, we either walk, or make a visit to some

of the clergy or gentry in the neighbourhood, and return about eight. We then have music, in which I am sorry to say, that I am almost the only performer. I have got a violoncello, and play Scotch tunes, and perform Handel's, Jackson's, and other songs, as well as I can; and my audience is very willing to be pleased. The Bishop and Mrs Porteus are both fond of music. These musical parties are often honoured with the company of the accomplished and amiable Lady Twisden, of whom I gave you some account in my last. Observe, that there are in this part of Kent no fewer than three ladies of that name: but the one I speak of is, Lady Twisden of Jennings, in the parish of Hunton; who, in the course of one year, was a maid, a wife, a widow, and a mother; whose husband, Sir Roger, died about five years ago; and who, though possessed of beauty and a large fortune, and not more than twenty-five years of age, has ever since lived in this retirement, employing herself partly in study, but chiefly in acts of piety and beneficence, and in the education of her little daughter, who is indeed a very fine child. I have just now before me Miss Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," which I borrowed from Lady Twisden, and in which I observe that she has marked her favourite passages with a nicety of selection, that does great honour to her heart, as well as to her judgment. By the by, Miss More* is an author of very considerable merit. My curio-

* In a former part of these *Mémoires* †, some mention is made of the works of this amiable and excellent moralist, who still lives to instruct the world by

† Vol. I. p. 210.

sity to see her works was excited by Johnson, who told me, with great solemnity, that she was "the most powerful versificatrix" in the English language.

"So much for our week-days. On Sundays, at eleven, we repair to church. It is a small but neat building, with a pretty good ring of six bells. The congregation are a stout, well-featured set of people, clean and neat in their dress, and most exemplary in the decorum with which they perform the several parts of public worship. As we walk up the area to the Bishop's pew, they all make on each side a profound obeisance; and the same as we return. The prayers are very well read by Mr Hill the curate, and the Bishop preaches. I need not tell you now, because I think I told you before, that Bishop Porteus is, in my opi-

her writings. It is a circumstance highly redounding to her praise, and well worthy of being recorded, that besides those admirable publications, calculated for the meridian of the upper circles of life, she thought it no degradation of her talents to employ her pen in the service of the lower classes of the people; and at a period when the press in Britain was teeming with the most infamous productions, purposely calculated to diffuse the principles of infidelity and sedition, she employed herself in composing short and familiar tracts, in the form of Tales, Dialogues, Ballads, suited to the capacities of the lower orders of society, and designed as an antidote to the poisonous tendency of the others. Those useful little publications were printed in a cheap form, in order that they might be the more widely distributed by well-disposed persons; and it is to be hoped they were productive of the happiest effects. Mrs Hannah More's latest publication, is entitled, "Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess."

nion, the best preacher, in respect both of composition and of delivery, I have ever heard. In this capacity indeed he is universally admired, and many of the gentry come to hear him from the neighbouring parishes. After evening service, during the summer months, his Lordship generally delivers from his pew a catarchical lecture, addressed to the children, who for this purpose are drawn up in a line before him along the area of the church. In these lectures he explains to them, in the simplest and clearest manner, yet with his usual elegance, the fundamental and essential principles of religion and morality; and concludes with an address to the more advanced in years. This institution of the Bishop's I greatly admire. When children see themselves so much attended to, and so much pains taken in instructing them, they cannot fail to look upon religion as a matter of importance; and, if they do so, it is not possible for them, considering the advantages they enjoy, to be ignorant of it. The catarchical examinations in the church of Scotland, such of them at least as I have seen, are extremely ill calculated for doing good; being encumbered with metaphysical distinctions, and expressed in a technical language, which to children are utterly unintelligible, and but little understood even by the most sagacious of the common people. The Bishop told me, that he chose to deliver this lecture from his pew, and without putting on lawn sleeves, that it might make the stronger impression upon the children; having observed, he said, that what is delivered from the pulpit,

and with the usual formalities, is too apt to be considered, both by the young and the old, as a thing of course. On Sunday evening, he sometimes reads to his servants a brief and plain abstract of the Scripture history, somewhat similar to that which was lately published by Mrs Trimmer, and formerly by Lady Newhaven.

“ In no other district of Great Britain, that I have seen, is there so little the appearance of poverty, and such indications of competence and satisfaction in the countenance and dress of the common people, as in this part of Kent. In this parish there is only one alehouse, the profits whereof are inconsiderable. The people are fond of cricket-matches, at which there is a great concourse of men, women, and children, with good store of ale and beer, cakes, ginger-bread, &c. One of these was solemnised a few nights ago in a field adjacent to the parish-church. It broke up about sunset, with much merriment, but without drunkenness or riot. The contest was between the men of Hunton and the men of Peckham; and the latter were victorious.”

LETTER CLXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent, 6th August, 1784.

“Your remarks on Mrs B.’s condition are equally striking and just ; she is certainly not unhappy. And your observation, “That the days of human life, that are passed without sorrow and without sin, are neither to be lamented “when passing, nor regretted when passed,” has suggested to me several comfortable reflections. I should indeed be equally insensible both to moral and intellectual excellence, and to the picturesque beauties of nature, if the charming scenes, and the delightful society, in which I have passed these three weeks, had not soothed my mind into a sweet forgetfulness of care, and encouraged me to hope, that I am not in so forlorn a condition as I lately imagined*.

“The very countenances and behaviour of the common people of this district have had their effect in composing my mind and raising my spirits. I left a country, which is at all times barren and dreary, and which, when I left it, had not got the better of a two years scarcity, I had almost said, famine. The peace and the plenty of this region form the most striking contrast imaginable. Here the people are stout, and hearty, and active ; their apparel is neat and de-

* This alludes to some family-distresses, to which he had been subjected.

cent; and their honest countenances are strongly expressive of content and competence. When Virgil says of his happy husbandmen, that they suffer no pain, either from pitying the poor, or from envying the rich, I am now satisfied, that he had no idea of either blaming or praising their Stoical apathy; his meaning certainly was, that the rich cannot be envied where all have enough, and that the poor cannot be pitied where poverty is unknown."

LETTER CLXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Sandleford, near Newbury, Berks, 18th August, 1784.

"It is but a week since I exchanged the paradise of Hunton for the purgatory of London; and it seems almost a year: so much, during that short period, have I suffered from heat, and bustle, and bad air, and (what is worst of all) from sorrow of heart at parting with the best of friends. The month which I passed at Hunton was the happiest of my life; and I dare not flatter myself with the hope of such another. But I shall, as long as I live, derive satisfaction from recalling the persons, the conversations, and the scenery of it; which now occupy so large a space (if I may so express myself) in my imagination, that there is hardly room for the intrusion of any other idea.

“ On Saturday and Sunday I was so overpowered by the intolerable heat of the town, that on Monday I was glad to make my escape a second time into the country. I passed the night at Reading, and yesterday at three o'clock arrived here; where I found Mrs Montagu and her nephew in perfect health, and very anxious in their inquiries after the health of Mrs Porteus and your Lordship. I had not been here five minutes, when the wind on a sudden shifted, with a violent squall, to the north-cast, and the weather in an instant changed from very hot to very cold, as it still continues to be.

“ This place is much improved since I saw it last. A great deal of brick-building and garden-wall is cleared away, and the lawn is opening very fast on every side. A little rivulet, that used to wander, unheard and unseen, through a venerable grove of oaks, is now collected into two large and beautiful pieces of water, round which the walks and grounds are laid out to very great advantage indeed. The situation is on an eminence, with a gentle slope of a quarter-of-a-mile towards the south; and from every part of the lawn there is a beautiful prospect, first of a romantic village called Newtown, and beyond that, of the Hampshire hills, some of which are tufted with wood, and others bare, and green, and smooth, to the top.

“ At the distance of about thirty yards from the house of Sandlesford, stood formerly an old chapel (for the place was once a priory), which for a century past or more had been

neglected, or used as a place for lumber. This, Mrs Montagu has transformed into a very magnificent room, and joined to the main body of the house by a colonnade; which, expanding in the middle, and rising to the height of thirty feet at least, forms a noble drawing-room of an elliptical shape. When the doors of these rooms are thrown open, the walk, from end to end, is upwards of an hundred feet, and the height and breadth proportionable. The dining-room terminates in a very large window in the Gothic style, reaching from the floor almost to the roof, and looking into a grove of tall oaks, which, with a happy and very peculiar effect, retire from the eye in four rows, and give to this spacious apartment the appearance of a vast harbour. From this account, if I have done any justice to my idea, you will conclude, and justly too, that there is some little resemblance between this room and the new room at Hunton."

LETTER CLXXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Edinburgh, 18th September, 1784.

"I cannot express my regret at being obliged to leave so soon the charming society at Sandleford; a society, in which I had so many opportunities of improving both my understanding and my heart; and in which I must have been

callous indeed, if I had not been every moment conscious of the most delightful emotions that admiration and gratitude can inspire. I beg to be remembered, in the most affectionate terms, to your amiable and accomplished nephew, whom I found to be just what I wished, and what I expected. He is as good as I wish him to be, and I hope he will always be as happy.

“ My journey was very pleasant. The weather was uncommonly fine ; and the gay harvest-scenes, that everywhere surrounded me, conveyed such ideas of vivacity and gladness, as could not fail to have the happiest effects on my health and spirits : and I was surprisingly recovered before I got to Temple-Newsam*, in Yorkshire, where I passed ten days very agreeably. I then resumed my journey, and arrived here the day before yesterday. Most of my friends being gone to the country, I can have no temptation to remain long in Edinburgh, and am just on the eve of my departure for Aberdeen and Peterhead ; from which last place I shall have the honour to write to you, as soon as I have had a conversation with Mrs Arbuthnot. I am impatient to see her, and to “ make the widow’s heart sing for joy,” in the contemplation of your goodness.”

In order the better to understand the following anecdote, which does equal credit to Dr Beattie and to Mrs Montagu,

* The seat of Lady Viscountess Irvine.

it is proper to mention, that the worthy woman, to whom Mrs Montagu thus extended her beneficence, was a Mrs Arbuthnot, whose maiden name was Anne Hepburn, daughter of the Reverend Mr Alexander Hepburn, a minister of the episcopal church of Scotland, who had been domestic chaplain in the family of the Earl Marischal of Scotland, and preceptor to his sons, the late Earl Marischal and General Keith. She inherited from nature no inconsiderable portion of genius, and had enjoyed the benefit of a literary education. Her reading, however, had unfortunately taken a turn very unusual with the female sex; and she had imbibed a partiality for the sceptical philosophy; but of which she became completely cured, by the subsequent perusal of books of a better tendency, particularly Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion," which she justly considered as a work of pre-eminent merit, and which continued to be her favourite study, next to the Scriptures, to her dying hour.

She was married in the year 1737, when twenty-eight, to Captain Andrew Arbuthnot; a name of which there were at that time several families in Peterhead, of the same kindred, distinguished for their great integrity and simplicity of manners. The celebrated Dr Arbuthnot was a branch of the family. Her husband was master of a vessel that traded from Peterhead to America; and, during one of his voyages, died of a fever at Charlestown, in South Carolina, in the year 1740. To add to this calamity, while the mate, who brought home the vessel to Peterhead, had come on shore,

to communicate to her the melancholy tidings of her husband's death, by some accident the vessel was wrecked in the bay, and in her the whole of the captain's property was lost. Thus, in one hour, she found herself deprived of an affectionate husband, and left totally destitute, with the charge of a boy, a child of a year old.

After this dire calamity, Mrs Arbuthnot struggled hard to maintain herself and her son by her labour, and the kindness of her friends, who contrived to assist her in a concealed manner, so as not to hurt the delicacy of her feelings; and she has frequently been heard to say, she sometimes received aid as if it had dropt from heaven, without her knowing from what hand it came.

To fill up the measure of her misfortune, her only son, whom she had used every effort to educate, by means of a small bursary at the university of Aberdeen*, and who, by the interest of some of his father's relations, had obtained a commission in the army, in which he served with reputation, died at an early age in the West Indies, at a period when he had the prospect of future promotion, by which he might have been enabled to contribute to his mother's more comfortable subsistence. Thus bereft of every consolation, except what she derived from religion, and the soothing tenderness of her friends, she continued contentedly to strive with virtuous poverty during the whole course of her long widowhood.

* See Vol. I. p. 17.

While Mrs Arbuthnot had resided for a short time at Aberdeen, during the period of her son's education, she had become known to the late Dr John Gregory, to Dr Beattie, and several of the eminent literary characters of that time, who esteemed her for her taste in books, and respected her by reason of her virtues and exemplary piety. Dr Beattie, in particular, contracted an intimate friendship with Mrs Arbuthnot, with whom he constantly lodged during his annual visits to Peterhead. In her house he enjoyed tranquillity and perfect freedom; and, when he was disposed for conversation, he had always the benefit of Mrs Arbuthnot's, whose cultivated understanding, and pious frame of mind, were exactly suited to his taste. To her opinion he generally submitted his literary productions before their publication; and he used to say, that he had seldom found her mistaken in her judgment of their merit. On representing her situation to Mrs Montagu, that lady was pleased to settle on her an annuity, which raised this poor, but grateful woman from her contented poverty, to a state of comparative affluence. Mrs Arbuthnot died 19th May, 1795, at the very advanced age of eighty-six.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 11th October, 1784.

“ I arrived at Peterhead the first of October. I went instantly to Mrs Arbuthnot, whom I found in tolerable health, sitting solitary by her little fire, and amusing herself, as usual, with a book and her work; both which she has the art of attending to at the same time. She was the more pleased to see me, as my arrival was unexpected; for she had not heard that I was returned to Scotland. After she had asked all the customary questions, I told her, without betraying any emotion, or seeming to have any thing in view but her amusement, that if she was at leisure, I would tell her a story. I accordingly began; and, agreeably to the commission with which you honoured me, made a very long and circumstantial story of it, recapitulating, as far as my memory would enable me, every thing that passed in that conversation at Sandlesford, of which she and her aunt, Mrs Cockburn*, were the subject. I saw she was greatly affected with the idea of your thinking so favourably of her aunt,

* A lady of considerable genius and learning, widow of the Reverend Mr Cockburn, one of the ministers of the episcopal chapel at Aberdeen, of whose writings two volumes were published, many years ago, now almost entirely forgotten.

and with your condescension in inquiring so minutely into her own story and character ; but I did not throw out a single hint that could lead her to anticipate what was to follow. At last, when I found that her heart was thoroughly warmed, and recollected your observation, that the human heart in that state becomes malleable, I hastened to the conclusion, which I expressed in the simplest and fewest words possible ; so that the whole struck her at one and the same instant. She attempted an exclamation, but it was inarticulate, and almost resembled a scream ; the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks ; and she could only say, “ O “ dear, I cannot speak one word ! ” and seemed almost exhausted with the effort that had produced that short sentence. I desired her not to attempt to speak, but to hear me a little further ; and then told her, Madam, that such acts of beneficence were familiar things to you * ; and men-

* On this subject of Mrs Montagu's charitable distributions, it were injustice to her to omit inserting the following paragraph of a letter of her's to Dr Beattie, now lying before me. It alludes to the person mentioned in a letter of Dr Beattie's to her, Vol. I. p. 386.

“ The Duchess-dowager of Beaufort gave me a guinea for the little man
 “ with the great soul, whom the vulgar at Aberdeen call a dwarf : be so good
 “ as to give him a guinea, and charge it to my account ; and if at any time he
 “ is sick or distressed, remember that one, who is weary of seeing little minds
 “ in great men, will gladly relieve one where this unseemly circumstance is
 “ nobly reversed. Consider me always in the best light in which you can put
 “ me, as the banker of the distressed ; and at any time call on me for such
 “ objects ; and, in all senses of the word, *I will honour your bill.* Vulgar

tioned some instances that had come to my knowledge, particularly that of Mrs Williams. She held up her eyes and hands, sometimes in silent adoration of Providence, and sometimes with the most passionate expressions of gratitude to her noble benefactress. In a word, Madam, she accepted your bounty in a way that did honour both to her understanding and to her feelings; and I left her to compose herself by silent meditation. Indeed I made haste to get away after I had executed my commission; for the scene was so delightfully affecting, that I could stand it no longer.

“ When the news was known next day in the town, it diffused a very general joy; and many an honest heart invoked the blessing of heaven upon your head: for Mrs Arbutnot’s character is exceedingly respected by all who know her; and her narrow circumstances have long been matter of general regret; as the delicacy of her mind was well known, which no doubt discouraged some persons from making a direct offer of their services, though indirectly, I believe, that some little matters have been done for her benefit. Yet, since her husband’s death, which happened four-and-forty years ago, I know not whether she was at any time worth ten pounds a-year. With this small appointment she has constantly maintained the appearance of a

“ wretchedness one relieves, because it is one’s duty to do so; and one has a
“ certain degree of pleasure in it: but to assist merit in distress is an Epicu-
“ rean feast; and indulge this luxury of taste in me, when any remarkable
“ object shall offer itself to your acquaintance.”

gentlewoman, and has received the visits of the best people in the town and neighbourhood, whom she was always happy to entertain with a dish of tea: and among her visitors can reckon the (present) Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Errol, Lord Saltoun's family, Sir William Forbes, and many others of the best fashion. What is yet more strange, with this small appointment, she has always found means to be charitable to the poor; and when I have seen her dealing out her alms, which was commonly a handful of oatmeal to each person, I know not how often she has put me in mind of the widow in the Gospel.

“ There are several persons of her name in this town; and therefore it may be proper to inform you, that her distinguishing name is Mrs Andrew Arbuthnot. The name Arbuthnot is frequent in the neighbourhood. The great Dr John Arbuthnot, so eminent for his virtue, his learning, and his wit, was the grandson of a gentleman-farmer, who lived at a place called Scots-mill, three miles from this town; and Dr Arbuthnot and Captain Andrew Arbuthnot were second-cousins.

“ I am afraid Mrs Arbuthnot will not long stand in need of your bounty; for she is seventy-six years of age, and suffers much from a cough and asthma. I was introduced to her about twenty years ago, by her nephew, Mr Arbuthnot of Edinburgh, and have since been as attentive to her as I could; of which she is so sensible, that sometimes, in the extravagance of her gratitude, she has called me *her good*.

genius. She actually gave me that appellation in the first draught of that letter which she wrote to you about a week ago, and which I hope, Madam, you have received; but I prevailed with her to change the phrase.

“ Since I came hither I have been seven or eight times in the sea; and I think I am already the better for it. Only, for three or four hours after every plunge, I am a little disconcerted by a confusion in the head, and a tremor in the hands; of which I am afraid you will see too many proofs in this letter: but that symptom will probably disappear, when I am a little more accustomed to salt-water. I shall remain here a fortnight longer; and then the business of the college will fix me in Aberdeen for the winter.

“ Permit me now, Madam, to thank you for your most obliging letter of the 20th of September, which, after wandering long from place to place, has overtaken me at last. The harvest-scenes, which interest you so much, were also very interesting to me in the course of my journey through England; for the weather was the finest that could be, and every scythe and sickle, and the waggons, and the gleaners, were all in motion. With peculiar satisfaction I took notice of that laudable English custom, of permitting the poor and the infirm to glean the fields.

“ How shall I thank you, Madam, and my amiable friend, Mr Montagu, for the kind invitation you give my son and me to pass some part of the ensuing spring at Sandleford! Be assured, it will be a grievous disappointment to us both, if we cannot get that matter accomplished. If my domes-

tic affairs continue quiet, as I thank God they are at present, I hope we shall find no difficulty in it."

LETTER CLXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Peterhead, 17th October, 1784.

"It flatters me very much to hear, that I am just now in favour with Lord Monboddo; for I lately heard a very different account. I am likewise happy to understand, from his comparing your Grace to Helen of Troy, that there is at least one *Modern* to whom he is willing to do justice: for, in that comparison, he certainly *intends* a very great compliment, though I cannot think there *is* a great one. I hope he will no longer insist on it, that Helen was seven feet high; and that he will devise some expedient, to vindicate that lady's character from the aspersion of having been at least fourscore when Paris ran away with her: a paradox, which, for the honour of my friend Homer, I wish I were able to confute; though I cannot think of any other way of doing it, than by supposing, that there were two fair ladies of that name, one of whom came to Troy, and the other eloped with Theseus about sixty years before."

LETTER CLXXX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1785.

“ The sea-bath was of considerable service to me ; and as this has been the most quiet winter I have passed these seven years, I am rather in better health than usual, and have of late been making some progress in a little work, of which you saw a sketch at Sandleford, and which you did me the honour to read and approve of. It was your approbation, and that of the Bishop of Chester and Sir William Forbes, that determined me to revise, correct, and enlarge it, with a view to publication. When finished, it will make two little volumes, of the size of Mr Jenyns’s book on the “ Internal Evidence of Christianity.” My plan is more comprehensive than his, and takes in the external evidence of miracles and prophecy, as well as the internal. That you may see, Madam, somewhat more distinctly what I intend, I beg leave to transcribe the following paragraph from my introduction:

“ I have met with little practical treatises, called, *Ten minutes advice*—to those who are about to engage in such or such an enterprise. These performances may have their use, though they do not contain a full detail of the business alluded to. I mean to give *Two hours advice*—to that person, who may be in danger from the books, or from the

“ company of infidels, and who is candid enough to desire
 “ to be informed, in few words, whether the evidence on the
 “ other side be so plausible, as to deserve the notice of a
 “ rational mind. If I shall satisfy him that it is, he will na-
 “ turally lay me aside, and have recourse, for farther infor-
 “ mation, to those great authors, who have gone through
 “ the whole subject, and *illustrated* and *proved* many things,
 “ which the narrowness of my plan permits me only to *af-*
 “ *firm*, or perhaps only to *hint at*. And (which is far the
 “ most important part of the whole procedure) he will at the
 “ same time reverently consult those sacred oracles, which
 “ contain the history of divine revelation; and which he
 “ will find more frequently, perhaps, and more fully, than he
 “ is aware of, to carry their own evidence along with them.
 “ And when he has done all this, in the spirit of candour,
 “ with an humble and docile mind, and with a sincere desire
 “ to know the truth and his duty, I may venture to assure
 “ him, that he will not regret the time he has employed in
 “ the study; and that, from the writings or conversation of
 “ unbelievers, his faith will never be in danger any more.”

“ Your sentiments of Dr Arbuthnot agree entirely with
 mine! He had, I think, more wit and humour; and he cer-
 tainly had much more virtue and learning, than either Pope
 or Swift. The eloquence and ostentation of Bolingbroke
 could never impose on Arbuthnot: he told his son, (whom I
 once had the honour to converse with at Richmond) that he
 knew Bolingbroke was an infidel; and a worthless vain man.

The Doctor was the son of a clergyman of this country, and was educated at the Marischal College. His grandfather lived at a place called Scots-mill, in a romantic situation on the brink of a river, about three miles from Peterhead; a place which I often visit as classic ground, as being probably the place where the Doctor, when a school-boy, might often pass his holidays. I am informed, that the late Dr Hunter bequeathed an original picture of Arbuthnot to that university; at which it should appear that he had been educated. If this be true, it is the property of the Marischal College. If I knew any thing of Dr Hunter's executors, I would write to them on the subject; as the picture has never appeared."

LETTER CLXXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 7th February, 1785.

"The quiet which I have enjoyed this winter, especially since I received your letter, has not only given me better health than usual, but has also left my mind at leisure to resume that little work on the "Evidence of Christianity," of which you saw a sketch last summer. All the introductory part is now written, and the part you saw is extended to double its former size. One entire section is add-

ed on the evidence arising from prophecy; and, in evincing the usefulness of revelation, I have had occasion to make some additional remarks on the insufficiency of the ancient philosophy, and the characters of the philosophers. Whether this work shall ever be of use to others, I know not; but this I know, that it has been of considerable benefit to myself. For though, when I entered upon it, I understood my subject well enough to entertain no doubt of the goodness of my cause, yet I find, as I advance, new light continually breaking in upon me.

“ My list of Scotticisms is also very much enlarged. I believe I shall print it here for the convenience of correcting the press, which, in the present state of the post-office, cannot be done by a person at a distance. If you see Mr Creech, please to ask what number of copies I shall send to him. It will be a pretty large pamphlet, and the price shall not exceed a shilling.

“ Dr Campbell's preliminary dissertations are all finished: they alone will make a large quarto. I have read them all with great pleasure. They are a treasury of theological learning; and written with a degree of candour, as well as precision, of which, in matters of this kind, the world has seen very few examples.”

LETTER CLXXXII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 13th February, 1785.

“ You may believe, that your accounts of Mrs Arbuthnot’s recovery, so far exceeding what I expected, gave me the greatest pleasure. I see now, she will soon be what she was before ; which I heartily pray may be the case. I was rather in low spirits about her, when I wrote last to Mrs Montagu.

“ In that lady’s last letter to me, dated 21st November, there are some sentences, which I shall set down here, as I know they will give Mrs Arbuthnot pleasure.

“ My mind is so much engaged by Mrs Arbuthnot, I cannot think of any thing else. Sometimes I think I am wicked, in not being thankful enough, that I am at last admitted to her friendship. I fret and repine, that I had not that happiness many years sooner. Alas ! what presumption is it in me to repine at this ! As if I deserved the heartfelt-delight of being in any degree serviceable to one of the best of human beings. What pleasure should I have had in her correspondence ! While I read your account of her noble and delicate manner of receiving the friendship of one, who had a high veneration for her and her aunt, I *lived along the line*, and every word excited a sensation. I am pleased to find, that by her husband she is so nearly

“ allied to my first favourite of all the *beaux esprits*, Dr Ar-
 “ buthnot. He had none of the pccvish jealousies of Mr
 “ Pope, nor the harshness and pride of Dr Swift. Conscious
 “ of more noble endowments, he was not anxious to obtain
 “ the character of a wit. There is such ease, and so natural
 “ an air in his writings, as prove him to have been witty
 “ without effort or contrivance. I have heard my old friend,
 “ Lord Bath, speak of him with great affection, as a most
 “ worthy and amiable man, and as a companion more plea-
 “ sant and entertaining than either Pope or Swift. When
 “ I find much to admire in an author, I always wish to hear
 “ he has qualities for which I may esteem and love him ;
 “ and I have listened with great pleasure to Lord Bath’s
 “ and the late Lady Hervey’s praises of Dr Arbuthnot.
 “ With what delight must our friend at Peterhead read the
 “ works of so amiable a relation ! But the only real and
 “ sincere happiness which remains for her”——

“ What follows is a compliment to me, which, as I do not
 at all deserve, I shall not transcribe.

“ In my answer you will suppose that I did not fail to ex-
 press my approbation of her sentiments of Dr Arbuthnot,
 which coincide exactly with my own. I have told her of
 Scots-mill, and of my making pilgrimages to it as classic
 ground ; and I have told her every thing I know of Dr Ar-
 buthnot’s history, so far as relates to this country. I be-
 lieve, however, I omitted to tell her, that he and I are of
 the same county, and that I had the honour to be born
 within four miles of the place of his birth.”

LETTER CLXXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE HONOURABLE MR BARON GORDON.

Aberdeen, 28th February, 1785.

“The Duchess of Gordon must, I think, have been mistaken, when she wrote to me some time ago that I was then in favour with Lord Monboddo. He never has pardoned me for calling Captain Cook a philosopher; and I am afraid never will. Besides, I think he did not use me quite well in the preface to his “Metaphysic;” and when a man uses you ill, he seldom fails to hate you for it. However, I have not retorted. In my last book, when I combat his opinions, I seldom mention his name, and I never mention him without paying him a compliment. The third volume of “Metaphysic” I have not seen; but Principal Campbell gave me the other day such an account of it, as satisfies me, that it must be the most extraordinary performance that ever was written, and that he is determined to believe every thing that is incredible. I wonder whether he has ever read “The Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor*.” His hatred of Johnson was singular; he would not allow him to know any thing but Latin grammar, *and that*, says he, *I know as well as he does*. I never heard Johnson say any thing severe of him; though, when he mentioned his name, he generally

“Grinned horribly a ghastly smile.”

Johnson was a good man, and did much good; and every

* In the “Arabian Nights Entertainment.”

one who knew him, or his works, must allow that he possessed extraordinary abilities. I long to see Mr Boswell's "Johnsoniana."

LETTER CLXXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Aberdeen, 21st October, 1785.

"I read lately Sheridan's "Life of Swift." It is panegyric from beginning to end. Swift had many good as well as great qualities; but his character was surely, upon the whole, very exceptionable. Mr Sheridan, however, will not admit that he had any fault. Even his brutality to Stella on her death-bed, which undoubtedly hastened her dissolution, his biographer endeavours to apologise for; and he has a great deal of very unsatisfactory reasoning on the subject of the *Yahoos*. The question is not, whether *that* man is not a very odious animal, who finds his own likeness in those filthy beings; but whether Swift did not intend his account of them as a satire on human nature, and an oblique censure of Providence itself in the formation of the human body and soul. That this was Swift's meaning, is to me as evident, as that he wrote the book: and yet I do not find my own likeness in the *Yahoos*: I only know, for I think I could prove, that Swift wished it to be understood, as his

opinion, that the human species and the *Yahoo* are equally detestable. Mr Sheridan too is not, I think, over-candid in what he says of Lord Orrery; whose book, though not free from faults, contains some good criticism, and shows no little tenderness for the character of his hero.

“ I long to see Dr Johnson’s “ Prayers and Meditations,” and Mr Boswell’s “ Journey to the Hebrides;” but it will be a great while before they find their way to this remote corner.

“ Has your Lordship read Dr Reid’s “ Essays on the Intellectual Faculties of Man?” Those readers, who have been conversant in the modern philosophy of the mind, as it appears in the writings of Des Cartes, Malebranche, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, will be much entertained with this work, which does great honour to the sagacity and patience of the author. It contains the principles of his former book laid down on a larger scale, and applied to a greater variety of subjects. Ever since Plato, or rather Pythagoras, took it into his head, that the soul perceives only what is contiguous to, or inclosed in, its own substance, and consequently perceives not outward things themselves, but only ideas of them, this ideal system has been increasing in bulk and absurdity; and it is astonishing to see, that so many men of parts could be the dupes of it. All this rubbish is now cleared away, and a happy riddance it is. Dr Reid treats his opponents, and their tenets, with a respect and a solemnity, that sometimes tempt me to smile. His style is clear and simple; and his aversion to the word *idea*

so great, that I think he never once uses it in delivering his own opinions. That little word has indeed been a source of much perplexity to metaphysicians; but it is easy to use it without ambiguity; and it has now established itself in the language so effectually, that we cannot well do without it. It was not without reason, that the learned Stillingfleet took the alarm at Locke's indiscreet use of that word. It was indeed an *ignis fatuus* to poor Mr Locke, and decoyed him, in spite of his excellent understanding, into a thousand pits and quagmires. Berkeley it bewildered still more: and it reduced David Hume to the condition of a certain old gentleman, of whom we read, that,

—————"Fluttering his pinions vain,
"Plumb down he dropped ten thousand fathom deep."

LETTER CLXXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 15th November, 1785.

"Please to accept, Madam, of my best thanks for the elegant copy of the last edition of your work, which was forwarded to me by Mr Dilly. I am glad to see you have now claimed the property of the three beautiful dialogues; but it gives me concern to observe, that you have paid too much attention to my foolish remarks.

“The death of the Duchess-dowager of Portland* affected me most sensibly. I was no stranger to her virtues; I was under great obligations to them; and, from the tranquillity of her life, the cheerfulness of her temper, and the amusing nature of her favourite studies, I had flattered myself, that great ornament of her sex and country would live many years. Poor Mrs Delany †! I pitied her from my soul; but had I known all the truth, I should have been much more in pain for her. Having heard that she brought Dr Delany ten thousand pounds, which was a great fortune sixty years ago, I presumed that her circumstances were at least independent, if not opulent. I must blame her extraordinary request of being omitted in the Duchess’s will; and I wonder her Grace would comply with it. What a charming account you give me of their Majesties’ generosity to Mrs Delany ‡! There was more in it than generosity: there was an affectionate sympathy, and a goodness and tenderness of heart, which does them more honour than even that high station, to which their pre-eminence in virtue, as well as the laws of their country, gives them so just a title. When the rage of party subsides, and misrepresentations are forgotten, how great, and how amiable, will those distinguished characters appear!]

“Among the many curiosities which the Duchess of Portland had collected, there was a volume, which you have no doubt seen, containing some prose-treatises in manuscript of

* Vol. I. p. 259.

† Ibid. p. 281.

‡ Ibid.

the poet Prior. Her Grace was so good as to permit me to read them, and I read them with great pleasure. One of them, a dialogue between Locke and Montaigne, is an admirable piece of ridicule on the subject of Locke's philosophy; and seemed to me, when I read it, to be, in wit and humour, not inferior even to the "Alma" itself. I took the liberty to say to the Duchess, that it was pity they were not given to the world; but I found her rather averse to the publication. She said, she could not bear to see her old friend criticised and censured by such people as the Critical Reviewers, &c. I hope the work will no longer be suppressed.

"Mr Boswell has published what I am informed is an extraordinary book of the "Sayings of Dr Johnson." Johnson, no doubt, said many good things: but his want of temper, and violent prejudices, often divested him of his candour, and made him say what was not only improper, but in a very high degree censurable. I hope Mr Boswell has made the due distinction between what deserves to be known, and what ought to be forgotten."

The following letter from Dr Beattie to Mr Arbuthnot, gives, I think, a very just criticism on Mr Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides."

LETTER CLXXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 26th November, 1785.

“ Mr Boswell’s book is arrived at last, and I have just gone through it. He is very good to me, ’as Dr Johnson always was; and I am very grateful to both. But I cannot approve the plan of such a work. To publish a man’s letters, or his conversation, without his consent, is not, in my opinion, quite fair: for how many things, in the hour of relaxation, or in friendly correspondence, does a man throw out, which he would never wish to hear of again; and what a restraint would it be on all social intercourse, if one were to suppose that every word one utters would be entered in a register! Mr Boswell indeed says, that there are few men who need be under any apprehension of that sort. This is true; and the argument he founds on it would be good, if he had published nothing but what Dr Johnson and he said and did: for Johnson, it seems, knew, that the publication would be made, and did not object to it; but Mr B. has published the sayings and doings of other people, who never consented to any such thing; and who little thought, when they were doing their best to entertain and amuse the two travellers, that a story would be made of it, and laid before the public. I approve of the Greek proverb, that says, “ I hate a bottle-companion with a memory.” If my friend,

after eating a bit of mutton with me, should go to the coffee-house, and there give an account of every thing that had passed, I believe I should not take it well.

“ Of Dr Johnson himself, as well as of others, many things are told which ought to have been suppressed ; such, I mean, as are not in any respect remarkable, and such as seem to betray rather infirmity or captiousness than genius or virtue. Johnson said of “ The Man of the World,” that he found little or nothing in it. Why should this be recorded ? Is there any wit in it ; or is it likely to be of any use ? The greatest dunce on earth is capable of saying as *good* a thing. Of a very promising young gentleman, to whom Dr Johnson was under the highest obligations, (for he had risked his life in Johnson’s service) and who, to the great grief of all who knew him, unfortunately perished at sea about ten years ago, Dr Johnson said, that it was pity he was not more intellectual. Why should this be recorded ? I will allow, that one friend might, without blame, say this to another in confidence ; but to publish it to the world, when it cannot possibly give pleasure to any person, and will probably give pain to some, is, in my judgment, neither wit nor gratitude : and I am sure Mr Boswell, who is a very good-natured man, would have seen it in this light, if he had given himself time to think of it. At Aberdeen the two travellers were most hospitably entertained, as they themselves acknowledge ; and when they left it, they said to one another, that they had heard at Aberdeen nothing which deserved attention. There was nothing in *saying* this :

but why is it recorded? For no reason that I can imagine, unless it be in order to return evil for good. I found so many passages of this nature in the book, that upon the whole it left rather a disagreeable impression upon my mind; though I readily own there are many things in it which pleased me.

“The Bishop of Chester’s thoughts on this subject are so pertinent and so well expressed, that I am sure you will like to see them: “You will,” says his Lordship in a letter which I received yesterday, “be entertained with Mr Boswell’s book, “and edified with some of Johnson’s prayers; but you will “wish that many things in both those publications had been “omitted: and, perhaps, if they had not existed at all, it “would have been better still. Johnson’s friends will ab- “solutely kill him with kindness. His own character, if “left to itself, would naturally raise him very high in the “estimation of mankind; but by loading it with panegyric, “anecdotes, lives, journals, &c. and by hanging round it “even all his little foibles and infirmities, they will sink it “lower in the opinion of the best judges of merit. I saw “lately a letter from Mrs Piozzi, (late Mrs Thrale) in which “she announces her Anecdotes of Dr Johnson to be pub- “lished this winter; and after that are to follow his Letters “to her, &c. Mr Boswell also is to give us his Life; and “Sir John Hawkins is writing another to be prefixed to a “complete edition of his works. Our modest and worthy “friend, Mr Langton, is the only one who observes a pro- “found silence on this occasion; and yet no one could

“ speak to better purpose, if he pleased, and if he thought “ it would answer any good end.”

“ Johnson’s harsh and foolish censure of Mrs Montagu’s book does not surprise me ; for I have heard him speak contemptuously of it. It is, for all that, one of the best, most original, and most elegant, pieces of criticism in our language or any other. Johnson had many of the talents of a critic ; but his want of temper, his violent prejudices, and something, I am afraid, of an envious turn of mind, made him often a very unfair one. Mrs Montagu was very kind to him ; but Mrs Montagu has more wit than any body ; and Johnson could not bear that any person should be thought to have wit but himself. Even Lord Chesterfield, and, what is more strange, even Mr Burke, he would not allow to have wit. He preferred Smollett to Fielding. He would not grant that Armstrong’s poem on “ Health,” or the tragedy of “ Douglas,” had any merit. He told me, that he never read Milton through, till he was obliged to do it, in order to gather words for his Dictionary. He spoke very peevishly of the masque of Comus ; and when I urged that there was a great deal of exquisite poetry in it ; “ Yes,” said he, “ but it is like gold hid under a rock ;” to which I made no reply ; for indeed I did not well understand it. Pray, did you ever see Mr Potter’s “ Remarks on Johnson’s Lives of the Poets ?” It is very well worth reading.

“ By a Latin letter which I lately received from Holland, I am informed, that Dutch translations of the first part of my last book, and of my “ Remarks on Laughtér,” have

been published, the one at Haerlem, the other at Dort. I am greatly obliged to the Dutch. The "Essay on Truth," they translated twelve years ago; and I have a copy of the version, which I am told, by those who understand the language, is very exact.

"I become every day more and more doubtful of the propriety of publishing the Scotticisms. Our language (I mean the English) is degenerating very fast; and many phrases, which I know to be Scottish idioms, have got into it of late years: so that many of my strictures are liable to be opposed by authorities which the world accounts unexceptionable. However, I shall send you the manuscript, since you desire it, and let you dispose of it as you please."

On this subject of Mr Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides," I likewise received a letter, some time thereafter, from Dr Beattie, which I shall insert here. But as it refers to one of mine, to which it is in answer; and as that letter contains some information respecting the publication of that work of Mr Boswell's which I am not ill pleased should be known, I shall venture, for the first and only time, to insert in this work a letter of my own. I found it among some hundreds, which Dr Beattie had preserved: for he seems seldom or never to have destroyed the letters he received from his friends.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

SIR WILLIAM FORBES TO DR BEATTIE.

Edinburgh, 9th January, 1786.

“ Boswell’s * book, which I dare say you have seen before now, contains many things that *might*, and several that *ought* to have been omitted. In regard to those of the first description, Mr Boswell seems to have adopted the idea of the writers on glass, so well described by Lord Hailes in one of his papers in the “ World,” who think a fact ought to be re-

* Mr Boswell’s acquaintance and mine began at a very early period of life, and an intimate correspondence continued between us ever after. It scarcely requires to be mentioned here, that he was the chosen friend of General Paoli and of Dr Johnson. The circle of his acquaintance among the learned, the witty, and indeed among men of all ranks and professions, was extremely extensive, as his talents were considerable, and his convivial powers made his company much in request. His warmth of heart towards his friends, was very great; and I have known few men who possessed a stronger sense of piety, or more fervent devotion, (tinctured, no doubt, with some little share of superstition, which had probably been in some degree fostered by his habits of intimacy with Dr Johnson) perhaps not always sufficient to regulate his imagination or direct his conduct, yet still genuine, and founded both in his understanding and his heart. His “ Life” of that extraordinary man, with all the faults with which it has been charged, must be allowed to be one of the most characteristic and entertaining biographical works in the English language. For Mr Boswell I entertained a sincere regard, which he returned by the strongest proof in his power to confer, by leaving me the guardian of his children. He died in London, 19th May, 1795, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

corded, merely because it is a fact: for surely he has retained a great deal of conversation neither instructive nor entertaining; although other parts again are highly so. As to the offensive passages, I really do not believe that he considered them in that light when he gave them to the press: for I do believe him to have been sincere in his declaration, that it was not his intention to hurt any mortal; and my memory serves me to recollect many passages of the original MS. which he has omitted for that very reason; and in his second edition, which is now printed, he tells me he has omitted a good deal of the first. I have been accused of being his adviser to print the book, from a letter of mine towards the conclusion; which, by the by, he inserted without my knowledge or permission: but that letter merely related to a perusal of the MS., at a time when I had not the most distant idea of his printing his Journal. I have also been accused of having written that complimentary letter, because of the eulogium with which he has been pleased to honour me in his book: but that passage, in which I am mentioned in so flattering a manner, was not in the original MS. which I saw*. As his "Life of Dr Johnson" will probably be a work of a similar nature, I have taken the liberty of strongly enjoining him to be more careful what he inserts, so as not to make to himself enemies, or give pain to any person whom he may have occasion to mention: and I hope he will do so, as he seems sorry for some parts of the other.

* He has mentioned this in his second edition, p. 524.

“ I have been much pleased with Dr Johnson’s “ Prayers and Meditations :” they show him to have been a man of sincere and fervent piety : but I think Mr Strahan has been much to blame in printing the MS. *verbatim*. I do not think an editor is at liberty to *add* a single iota to the work of his author ; but surely there could have been no crime in Mr Strahan’s retrenching occasionally a few things, which throw in some degree an air of ridicule on a work of so serious a nature ; and which, by giving cause for scoffing, will perhaps diminish the good effects the book might otherwise be expected to produce : had he likewise substituted Elizabeth, (which Boswell tells me was Mrs Johnson’s real name) in the place of such a ridiculous appellation as *Tetty*, surely no man could have found fault with the change. It is somewhat extraordinary to see a mind so vigorous as his was, distressing itself with terrors on subjects apparently of no great importance, while the whole tenor of his life had been so irreproachable and useful to the world by his writings ; which one should think are of sufficient magnitude to render unnecessary his self-accusation of idleness.

“ It would give you pleasure, I am sure, to hear of Mr William Gregory’s* having got a living. He is a most excellent young man ; and has well supported Dr Reid’s character of him, when in a letter to me while he was at Glasgow college, the Doctor called him *one of the incorruptibles*.

* Son of the late Dr John Gregory. He is since dead.

The living is worth about L. 160, and it is a good thing to have such a patron as the Archbishop of Canterbury."

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 12th February, 1786.

"It is with much concern, and with the most cordial sympathy, that I condole with Lady Forbes and you on your late afflictions. I pray God they may be sanctified to you; that you may be strengthened to bear them without injury to your health; and that the dear survivors may be spared for a comfort to their parents, a blessing to one another, and an ornament to society. Those, whom a wise Providence has been pleased to take away, have been soon released from their warfare, and have now an eternity of happiness before them, without the possibility of change. This consideration will sooth your melancholy, and will shortly, I trust, enable you to overcome it.

"What you say of Mr Boswell coincides with my sentiments exactly. I am convinced he meant no harm; but many things in his book are injudicious, and must create him enemies, and are really injurious to the memory of Dr Johnson. Johnson's faults were balanced by many and great virtues; and when that is the case, the virtues only

should be remembered, and the faults entirely forgotten. But in this book, Johnson's want of temper, want of candour, obstinacy in dispute, and rage of contradiction, (for most of his speeches began with *No, Sir,*) are minutely recorded and exemplified. I cannot but take notice of a very illiberal saying of Johnson with respect to the late Mr Strahan, (Mr Boswell has politely concealed the name) who was a man to whom Johnson had been much obliged, and whom, on account of his abilities and virtues, as well as rank in life, every one who knew him, and Johnson as well as others, acknowledged to be a most respectable character. See page 94*. I have seen the letter mentioned by Dr Gerard, and I have seen many other letters from Bishop Warburton to Mr Strahan. They were very particularly acquainted; and Mr Strahan's merit entitled him to be on a footing of intimacy with any Bishop, or any British subject. He was eminently skilled in composition and the English language; excelled in the epistolary style, had corrected (as he told me himself) the phraseology of both Mr Hume and Dr Robertson; he was a faithful friend, and his great knowledge of the world and of business made him a very useful one. His

* After so severe a reproof from Dr Beattie, it is proper, for his sake, to insert here the paragraph from Mr Boswell's "Journal" which occasioned it.

"Dr Gerard told us, that an eminent printer was very intimate with Warburton. *Johnson*, "Why, Sir, he has printed some of his works, and, perhaps, bought the property of some of them. The intimacy is such as one of the Professors here may have with one of the carpenters, who is repairing the college," &c. &c.

friendship for Mr Hume did not prevent his being a very warm friend of mine. He told me some curious anecdotes of Mr Hume, which I took down in writing at the time, and which, if you please, I shall send you.

“Johnson’s book of Prayers is, as Macbeth says, “a sorry sight.” In themselves the prayers have merit; but the best passages are taken from the “Book of Common Prayer,” which is indeed a rich and inexhaustible fund: To compose forms of devotion is a most improving exercise; and to publish them may be beneficial: but to publish a *history* of one’s own devotions and alms, is something so like “praying in “the corners of the streets,” that I cannot think Johnson would have consented to it till want of health had impaired his faculties. Some of the memorandums are such as cannot be read without pain and pity. Others are of a different character. To set down in a devotional diary, “N. B. I “dined to-day on herring and potatoes,” is a most extraordinary incongruity.”

LETTER CLXXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Aberdeen, 21st July, 1786.

“Had not my right-hand been disabled by a bruise, of which I have not yet entirely got the better, I should have sooner returned my grateful acknowledgments to your Lordship, for your most obliging letter. Your approbation of

my little book * does me the greatest honour ; and will have much influence in rendering it successful. Lord Hailes, with whom I passed a day not long ago, is also well pleased with it ; and, in general, it seems likely to meet with a reception far more favourable than I had reason to expect. It is indeed a very brief summary ; but my friends are pleased to think it has on that account a better chance, in these days, to be read, than if it had been of a greater size.

“ Before I put it to the press, I was very anxious to see your Lordship’s “ Sermons,” (preached at Lincoln’s-inn) of which I had heard such an account as greatly raised my curiosity. But even the best books find their way slowly into this remote corner. I have read the book once and again with great delight ; and it will be my own fault if I am not the better for it as long as I live. My approbation can add nothing to its fame ; yet I must beg leave to say, that I particularly admire your happy talent in expounding difficult texts, and the perspicuity, conciseness, and elegance, of your style ; which I look upon as the perfection of pulpit-elo-

* “ Evidences of the Christian Religion, briefly and plainly stated ;” in which Dr Beattie has given, if not a regular deduction, a concise and most useful summary, of the most striking and popular arguments, in elegant and perspicuous language, in support of the divine origin of the Gospel. It will be difficult, perhaps, to find any other book on the subject that contains more valuable matter, so well arranged, in so small a compass, as this little treatise of Dr Beattie’s ; which, although meant chiefly for those who are just finishing their academical course, will be perused at any age, by the serious and devout, with equal profit and delight.

quence; being equally captivating to the learned, and intelligible to the simple.

“ Though my health will not now permit me to attempt a long journey, yet I still flatter myself with the hope, that I shall one day avail myself of your kind invitation, and pay my duty to your Lordship at Hartlebury. The last time I was in England I did seriously intend it, but was prevented by illness.”

In the year 1786 there were published at Aberdeen, “ Outlines of a Plan for uniting the King’s and Marischal “ Colleges of Old and New Aberdeen, with a view of rendering the System of Education there more complete.”

A similar idea of an union had been started in the year 1747, in 1754, and in 1770; but on each of those occasions, such opposition had arisen to it from one quarter or another, that it had always fallen to the ground. It was now thought that it might be revived with better hopes of success; either from the measure being better understood, or from the conditions on which it was proposed to be carried into effect being rendered less exceptionable than they had formerly been. It is proper to mention, that those two universities, although situated within a mile of each other, are two perfectly distinct and separate establishments, as much so as the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, each having her own professors, separate revenues, and separate jurisdictions. As neither the one nor the other contained a system of edu-

cation so perfect, nor advantages so considerable when separate, as it was thought they might be made to embrace, if united, and one common seminary of learning were formed out of the two, many persons were of opinion, that such an union, if it could be brought about upon fair and equitable principles, would tend greatly to the benefit of both. It was thought, for example, that one professor for each branch of science would be fully equal to teach, when united, the small number of students attendant on each separate class; and that the classes, by containing a larger number, though not too great a body of students, would probably draw into one class a greater proportion of young men of superior abilities, whereby a greater emulation would be excited; while the professors, whose incomes depend chiefly on their class-fees, would find their livings augmented by their increased number of students, whom it would be their object and endeavour to render as numerous, as in their power, by their industry and attention. Nor would this be all the advantage which this newly-modelled seminary of learning would derive from such an union; for, by means of the double salaries paid at present to the professors of the same branch, one of each of which it was proposed to abolish, as the present incumbents should die out, new professorships might be established in the united universities, which do not at present exist in either. Thus, a school of medicine, and another of law, might be introduced at Aberdeen, as well as at Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the very great advantage of the northern part of the kingdom.

Professorships of astronomy, agriculture, and other branches not taught there at present, might also be established; a botanic garden might be created; the libraries, as well as the museum and philosophical apparatus, augmented by additional purchases: and thus students, from the remoter parts of the country, might have the advantage of finding a more complete system of education open to them nearer home, without being put to the trouble and expence of going to look for it in a southern part of the country.

Such were the plausible arguments urged in favour of the union, by the Principal and Professors of Marischal College, by whom the plan was at this time revived. They were joined, however, by no more than two of the Professors of the neighbouring university; the Principal and all the others declaring themselves strenuously adverse to the measure, as tending to a complete overthrow of the constitution of their university, of which they said the revenues and the patronage were by much the most considerable; and therefore the advantages to be derived from such an union would be all on the side of Marischal College.

Whether these were the real motives on the part of the Professors of King's College, or whether, from the omission of any ceremonious punctilios on the part of the Professors of Marischal College towards their brethren of King's, in the manner of first opening the business, the opposition is to be attributed, it is not easy now to say. But that Dr Beattie thought favourably of the measure, there can be no question; as he appears to have taken considerable pains to

bring it about: and that he must have believed it possible to accomplish such an union, without encroaching on the rights and privileges of either party, his known love of justice will not allow us to doubt. As it was obvious, however, that no union could possibly take place between two separate and independent societies, without the hearty concurrence of at least a majority of each, after some farther fruitless attempts, which served only to widen the difference between the two, the measure was finally abandoned as hopeless; and has never since been revived. Whether such an union be really practicable, or whether, if to be attained, it would be for the benefit of science in general, are points foreign from the present memoir. It ought not to be omitted, however, that as such an union could not be set on foot without even the attempt being productive of some bad humour among the members of both colleges, as soon as the question was fairly laid to rest, Dr Beattie exerted himself strenuously, and not unsuccessfully, in allaying any heat that had arisen. Having an annual custom of dining together, at the first return of their yearly meeting, Dr Beattie laboured, that all that had past on the subject should be buried in oblivion, and nothing prevail but harmony and good humour*.

* In the course of this business, a variety of papers, memoirs, cases, plans, (but none of them written by Dr Beattie,) were printed and circulated by both universities, where the arguments on each side are detailed. Of these I have in my possession a large collection. But I am surprised so little is preserved on the subject in the "Scots Magazine," although professedly a repository of intelligence regarding Scottish transactions.

LETTER CXC.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Peterhead, 28th July, 1786.

“ I have the pleasure to inform your Grace, though you have no doubt heard by other means, that the scheme for the union of our two colleges goes on wonderfully well, and that the greater part of the nobility and gentry in this part of the kingdom seem very much inclined to promote it. The petition to the King is subscribed by the whole Marischal College, (the rector and dean of faculty included) and by two of the other college. I wrote the other day to solicit Lord Kinnoull’s approbation and advice, which I am confident will not be with-held. We can never be sufficiently thankful to the Duke of Gordon and your Grace for the honour you have done us in entering so warmly into our views; and I rejoice in the hope, that we shall, in a little time, under the influence of so high a patronage, succeed in a measure, which most of us have had at heart these many years, and which every friend to literature, and the north of Scotland, unless blinded by prejudice and self-interest, must see to be so very desirable.

“ I have deferred sending my little book* to the library of Gordon-castle, till a new and more correct edition should

* “ Evidences of the Christian Religion.”

come out; which will probably be soon, as it has been a great while at the press. The first edition was all sold in about five weeks, and has met with a reception much more favourable than I could have expected."

LETTER CXCI.

DR BENJAMIN RUSH TO DR BEATTIE.

Philadelphia, 1st August, 1786.

"The American revolution, which divided the British empire, made no breach in the republic of letters. As a proof of this, a stranger to your person, and a citizen of a country lately hostile to yours, has expressed his obligations to you for the knowledge and pleasure he has derived from your excellent writings, by procuring your admission into the American Philosophical Society, a certificate of which, subscribed by our illustrious president, Dr Franklin, and the other officers of the Society, you will receive by the next vessel that sails to any port in North-Britain from this city.

"The stranger, alluded to, finished his studies in medicine in Edinburgh in the year 1769, and has ever since taught chemistry and medicine in the college of Philadelphia. His name (with the greatest respect for yours) is,

- " BENJAMIN RUSH."

LETTER CXCH.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 10th September, 1786.

“ Permit me now to return my most grateful acknowledgments to your Grace and the Duke, for your goodness in interesting yourselves so much in my recovery. When I saw the letter to Dr Livingston, your kind attention drew tears from my eyes. I have had a pretty severe illness. The fever came on about six weeks ago; and I am still so weak, that it fatigues me to walk up or down stairs, and exhausts me to write the shortest letter upon the most ordinary business.

“ I know not what others are, but I begin to be low-spirited on the subject of the union. Mr *****’s last letter seems, as Milton says, to cast

“ Ominous conjecture on the whole success.”

Lord ***** too appears to have some unfavourable prepossessions. Lord ***** is very old and infirm; and I much doubt, whether we can with propriety give him the trouble of taking an active part in the affair. I am very willing to believe, that the present state of my nerves may incline me more to despondence than there is any good reason for; and I heartily wish this may be the case. Whatever may be the result, the Marischal College have no reason to be ashamed of what they have done. The very ge-

neral approbation which their conduct has received from the most respectable part of the community, does them the greatest honour, and will, I trust, prepare matters for bringing forward an union one time or other, and probably at a period not very remote. That is now clearly ascertained, which was never so well known before, that the voice of the public declares for an union in the most explicit terms."

LETTER CXCHII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 14th September, 1786.

"I am indebted to you for two very affectionate and entertaining letters, and will endeavour to answer them as soon as my head and hand are a little better settled. At present I can hardly hold a pen.

"I am very happy to hear of your visit to Hunton. I often wished the Bishop of Chester and you acquainted. He wrote me word of his having met with Lady Forbes and you, and of the great satisfaction he had in the hopes of a visit from you. You would like Mrs Porteus greatly. Her cheerfulness, good sense, and goodness of heart, make her a most excellent companion for the Bishop, and exceedingly beloved by all who know her. As you were but a day at Hunton, you would see but little of Lady Twisden, who is as remarkable for modesty as for every other virtue; but if

you had been with her for some days, you would have found her most worthy of that character which I think I formerly gave you of her.

“ We have had much talk about uniting our two colleges. I was desired to write to you about it long ago ; but would not then trouble you, as Lady Forbes was indisposed ; and of late I have not been able to write. The union is much approved of by the country in general ; but it is opposed by the Principal and six of the Professors of King’s College. I shall tell you more about it very soon, and send you some memorials and other papers.”

The following letter relates to a plan which had been formed by some of Dr Beattie’s friends here, of publishing the prose-works of Addison in a separate collection. The admirers of that eminent moralist, and truly classical writer, had long lamented, that, in order to be gratified with a perusal of his excellent compositions, they were forced to look for them in scattered parts and in separate volumes. There is, indeed, a magnificent edition, in quarto, by Baskerville, of the writings of Addison ; but that book contains not only his prose but his poetical pieces, which are certainly not the best of his performances ; and it is likewise so expensive, as to be above the reach of many who would otherwise wish to be purchasers ; and who would also be gratified by a perusal of some anecdotes of his life not ge-

nerally to be met with. Such a selection, therefore, from his prose-writings only, together with a critique on his style and manner of writing, it was thought would be a most acceptable present to the admirers of Addison. Nor did we know any one so fit for the task as Dr Beattie, whose good taste, added to his enthusiastic admiration of that author, whom he had chosen as his own model in composition, qualified him highly for such an undertaking. On its being proposed to him, he most cheerfully agreed to set about it without delay: and even promised to himself much gratification in the execution.

The original intention was to have published the whole of Addison's prose-works, to which Dr Beattie proposed to prefix a biographical and critical preface, in the latter part of which he meant to insert a *Critique* on the style of Addison, so as to have shown its peculiar merits, as well as to have pointed out historically the changes which the English language has undergone from time to time, and the hazard to which it is exposed of being debased and corrupted by the innovations which have of late years found their way into the style of our best and most esteemed writers. Such a preface, however, if properly executed, he found would run the length of half a volume, and would require both more time and application than the state of his health and other avocations would permit him to bestow upon it. He was therefore compelled, though reluctantly, to abandon a plan, from the performance of which we had looked

forward with such high expectations of intellectual delight. He gave hopes, indeed, that he might resume the design, at some future period, of commenting on the prose-writings of Addison ; but he did not live to carry it into execution. All that he was able to do, therefore, on occasion of the republication of these periodical papers, (to which were added his “ Evidences of the Christian Religion,”) was to subjoin Tickell’s “ Life of Addison” entire, which, though brief, is authentic, and extremely well written, together with some extracts from Dr Johnson’s “ Remarks on Addison’s Prose.” This Dr Beattie has accordingly done ; adding a few notes to make up for any material deficiency there may be thought to be in Tickell’s narrative, and illustrating Johnson’s critique by a few occasional annotations. Slight as those additions are which Dr Beattie has made to his stock of materials, with which he originally set to work, the admirer of Addison will be much gratified by some new information which he was ignorant of before, and to which Dr Beattie has given a degree of authenticity, by adhering, even in this instance, to his general practice of putting his name to every thing he wrote*.

* This work was printed at Edinburgh, in four volumes, 8vo. for W. Creech and J. Sibbald, 1790.

LETTER CXCIV.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 13th November, 1786.

“ I mean instantly to set about the preface to Addison. I beg you will inform me, whether the printing of the edition be actually begun, and when Mr Creech thinks it will be finished. As my preface will be printed last, it will come in good time (I suppose) five or six months hence. I intend to give in it, first, a brief account of Addison’s life (in which I shall have occasion to contradict some of Johnson’s remarks); and, secondly, a sort of criticism on his writings, particularly his prose-style. On this head, it will fall in my way to speak of the present rage of innovation in our language; a subject which I have touched upon in the preface to the Scotticisms, but which I purpose to consider with some minuteness in the other preface.”

LETTER CXCV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 30th November, 1786.

“ I am greatly obliged to you, my dear Sir, for your very kind letter of the 16th, no part of which gave me more plea-

sure, than the account you favour me with of your son's proficiency. You did very right in sending him to pass some months in England. At his age it is not so difficult, as it comes to be afterwards, to get the better of a provincial dialect; and I am very happy to understand, that he has acquired so much of the English pronunciation; Greek and Latin he had in sufficient abundance before. It will likewise be of singular use to him to have been in a strange country for a little time; for such we may call England, notwithstanding that we all live under the same government; so very different are the customs, and modes both of thinking and speaking, from those of Scotland. His passing a few months in France next year, will tend still more to his improvement, by presenting him with a system of manners still more different from those of his own country, and by preparing him betimes for a correct pronunciation of the French tongue. Youth is the best time both for acquiring languages, and for getting the better of those national prejudices, which are so apt to adhere to the man who has never stirred from home; and which are equally unfriendly to Christian charity, to true politeness, and, I may add, to the advancement of a man's interest even in this world.

“ The opposition to the projected scheme of uniting the colleges is much to be regretted; but, as the voice of the country is so clearly on the side of those who favour the union, I would fain hope, that in time the opposition may become more faint, and at last be withdrawn altogether. At present matters seem to be at a stand. The arguments

on both sides have been prosecuted with a minuteness, and perhaps too with an acrimony, which was unnecessary; but such things must always be expected in such cases: and, were an union, after all, to take place, I am persuaded, that those altercations would be immediately forgotten, and that we should be better friends than ever. Such revolutions happen in love and friendship: and why may they not happen in a contest like the present? in which, properly speaking, there is no hostility; the only thing aimed at, being to make both societies more respectable than ever they were before, without injury to any private interest whatever. I have the pleasure to inform you, that Marischal College is this year more crowded with students, than it has been any time these fifty years. Our public hall is indeed quite full; so that there is reason to think it was never better filled than at present. The other college is not so flourishing. Their students are said to be under ninety; ours to be above an hundred and forty. I will not say that this account is perfectly exact, but have reason to think it is nearly so.

“ I am just now reading Lord Hailes’s new performance against Mr Gibbon. There is much learning in it, and great knowledge of the subject; but I wish he would make his reasoning a little more pointed and popular. He often leaves his reader to draw the conclusions from his premises; which is the most inoffensive way of conducting controversy, but not perhaps the most instructive. It gives me also concern to see so very able and so learned a writer affect sometimes the new-fangled cant style.

“Your account of Sir J. Reynolds’ new picture is very entertaining. It is an unpromising subject; but Sir Joshua’s invention will supply every thing.”*

LETTER CXCVI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 22d January, 1787.

“Miss Bowdler’s “Essays †” are just come to hand, and give me a very high idea both of the head and of the heart

* The Infant-Hercules strangling the Serpents; a large picture painted for the late Empress of Russia, and now at St Petersburg. It is indeed a wonderful effort of the pencil of that great master. The hero himself is represented as a stout, gruff, chubbed boy, squeezing the animals by the throat, one in each hand, with the utmost unconcern; while the passion of fear is finely expressed in the countenances of the mother and attendants, and admirably diversified; that of the mother being solely for her child, while that of the attendants is evidently for themselves. Tiresias stands by, a truly venerable figure: and Juno appears in the clouds, anxiously waiting the success of her experiment.

† We are informed by a prefatory advertisement, that these “Poems and “Essays,” the production of Miss Jane Bowdler, were written to relieve the tedious hours of pain and sickness. To the humble and pious Christian, who feels the pressure of distress, and seeks in religion that support and consolation which nothing else can bestow, they present an example of patience and resignation which no sufferings could conquer. Nor is it the pride of Stoicism that these pages exhibit. The author felt, with the keenest sensibility, the

of the excellent author. Such examples of piety and resignation rarely occur; and the person who publishes them

uncommon misfortune which condemned her for ten years in the prime of life to constantly increasing sufferings; but she found in the principles which are here laid down, such motives of consolation, as rendered her superior to all the sorrows of life, and to the lingering tortures of a most painful death. Of the singular merit of these "Essays," there can be no higher praise than that of an amiable and excellent moralist †, who has declared, that he considered this performance as a production of inestimable value to every reader, who has a taste for elegant composition, or a heart disposed to profit by wise instruction; instruction the more forcible, as she was the bright example of her own excellent precepts. The genuine principles of Christian ethics, undebased by the smallest alloy of bigotry or superstition, are judiciously pursued through their important consequences, and applied with singular accuracy to the various purposes of moral agency. The language and the sentiments are level to the most *ordinary* understanding, at the same time that the most *improved* will find much to admire in both.

Miss Bowdler was the eldest daughter of Thomas Bowdler, Esq. of Ashley, a gentleman of independent fortune, who, being bred to no profession, resided chiefly at Bath, where he gave much of his time to study, and the company of men of letters. He was a person of great piety and worth. As an unequivocal proof of his singular attention to the strict discharge of religious duties, he constantly retained a domestic chaplain, who regularly officiated in his family. He died at Bath, 2d May, 1785.

Although Mr Bowdler, from his attachment to books, may in some degree be considered as a literary character, he never, as far as I know, appeared in print, like most of his family. Besides the amiable sufferer, the author of these "Essays," their mother, Mrs Bowdler, daughter of Sir John Cotton, was possessed of very extraordinary talents. Such was her proficiency as a scholar, that

† See a letter inserted soon after the death of Miss Bowdler, and the publication of the "Essays," in the "Bath Chronicle," by William Melmoth, Esq. author of the "Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne," &c. &c.

does an important service to mankind. The preface too, though short, is admirably written, and gives such an em-

she was even well acquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages; and thus read the Scriptures, which were her favourite study, in the original. Yet, with all this store of knowledge, she never intruded it into conversation, nor made any useless parade of her superior accomplishments. She printed, at first anonymously, but since her death they have been published by her family with her name, "Practical Observations on the Revelation of St John." Whatever may be thought of Mrs Bowdler's lucubrations themselves, upon this mysterious book, we cannot but be pleased with the practical inferences which her work contains. She died at Bath, 10th May, 1797; in her eightieth year.

Their eldest son, the present Mr Bowdler, a name justly respected by every friend of virtue and religion, published, in the year 1797, an excellent and well-timed pamphlet in a plain and familiar style, entitled, "Reform or "Ruin," at a period when our national concerns wore a very gloomy aspect, yet when national dissipation, apparently the certain forerunner of our destruction as an empire, seemed arrived at its height.

This title of Mr Bowdler's pamphlet deceived many. At the time it was published, multiplied pamphlets came out on the subject of *political reform*; and some people were probably induced to peruse this of Mr Bowdler's, who little suspected that the "reform" he recommended was a *reformation of manners*, not of *the constitution*.

Mr Thomas Bowdler, the late Mr Bowdler's second son, (the gentleman mentioned in Dr Beattie's letter) published "Letters written from Holland, "1787, containing a History of the Expedition into Holland under the Duke "of Brunswick, in the year 1786:" and Miss Harriet Bowdler has instructed the world by a volume, published anonymously, of practical "Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity," which do equal honour to her piety, her taste, and her knowledge of the human heart; and which cannot be carefully perused by any one, without exciting in the mind the best and most useful impressions of duty. There yet remains to be mentioned another daughter of

phasis to what follows in the book, as cannot fail to recommend religion to the most inattentive, if they will only take the trouble to read this truly valuable work. I was wonderfully struck and pleased with the beauty and propriety of the motto from Ariosto; and it brings tears into my eyes when I consider it as an apostrophe to a departed saint. I beg you will return my most grateful and affectionate acknowledgements to the lady who honours me with this present, which I value more than I can express, which I trust has already done me good, and which I am sure will do me a great deal more, if it is not my own fault. I am no stranger to the character of this lady's family, having often heard of it from Mrs Montagu. And, if I mistake not, a brother of her's once did me the honour to sup at my house in Aberdeen, in company with Mrs Montagu's nephew, Mr Robinson. He seemed to be an excellent young man, and I was much pleased with his conversation. I should be very happy to hear that he is alive and well.

“ I have had two letters lately from the Bishop of Chester, in both which he and Mrs Porteus desire to be particularly remembered to Lady Forbes and you. He informs me, that the subscription-price of the new edition of Shake-

Mr Bowdler; who, though she has never published any literary work, possesses a taste and an understanding highly cultivated, with powers of epistolary composition, which speak her to be mistress of talents, were she to employ them for the press, by no means inferior to those of the other branches of this extraordinary family. I have long enjoyed the happiness of her classical and instructive correspondence.

spare, adorned with drawings by the best hands, from designs by the best painters, will not be less than one hundred guineas for each copy. At this rate, one shall give the price of an ordinary book for a *sight* of this. However, magnificent works of this kind do honour to the nation that produces them, and raise a laudable emulation among artists, and at the same time serve to give foreigners a high idea of the genius, in honour of whom they are undertaken. The French pique themselves, and very justly, on a splendid and elegant edition of La Fontaine's "Fables," which is sold for twelve or fourteen pounds; but that work will be nothing to this. Clarke's edition of "Cæsar" was lately sold by auction in London for forty-eight pounds: it is indeed a most splendid work, and the "Spectator" speaks of it as the glory of the British press; but the original price was only twelve pounds. The finest copy I ever saw of this edition is in the library at Gordon-castle."

LETTER CXCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE HONOURABLE MR BARON GORDON.

Aberdeen, 5th March, 1787.

"I am happy to inform you, that on the first of March you were unanimously re-elected Lord-Rector of Marischal College for the ensuing year. Your assessors are also re-elected; and Major Mercer is re-elected Dean of Faculty. This

matter was conducted with the greatest unanimity. All the college, students as well as professors, are very sensible of the obligations they are under to you, for your constant attention to the interests of the society.

“ You are very partial, my dear Sir, to my son’s little attempt in Latin poetry ; which, however, I acknowledge to be rather extraordinary, considering his years and opportunities. It may show, that classical learning is not quite so much neglected at Marischal College, as some of our southern neighbours would wish the public to believe. He has employed himself, during this winter, in a variety of compositions, both Latin and English, both prose and verse ; all which he will be solicitous to lay before his rector, when a proper opportunity occurs.

“ Finding that he is fond of a studious and academical life, I have been revolving a plan for him, which to you, as a friend, and as the first (acting) magistrate in the university, I would have mentioned two or three weeks ago, if I had been able to write. I have laid it before the college, in a letter, a copy whereof I beg leave to send you :

“ *To the Principal and other Professors of Marischal College.*

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ I take the liberty to address you on a subject, which is interesting to me, and of some importance to the college ; and I do it in writing, because it is reasonable that ye should deliberate upon it when I am not present.

“ The state of my health for some time past, though it

“ has not as yet hindered me from performing the duties
“ of my office, has however been such as leads me often to
“ think both of an assistant and of a successor ; and many
“ obvious reasons make me wish, that one and the same
“ person may serve in both capacities. It is natural for me
“ to prefer my son to others in a matter of this kind, as he
“ likes an academical and studious life ; and as he is, if not
“ sufficiently qualified, at least as well qualified for the of-
“ fice as I was, after I had been seven years a professor.

“ It is by no means my intention to give over teaching.
“ On the contrary, I will never permit any body to teach
“ my class, as long as I am able to teach it. For habits of
“ seven-and-twenty years standing are not easily got the
“ better of ; and I find so much amusement in this business,
“ which on all ordinary occasions gives me no trouble, that,
“ if I were to retire from it, I am certain that my health
“ would be much worse than it is.

“ But it would be a great relief to my mind, to know,
“ that, in the event of my being confined by illness, the bu-
“ siness of the class would suffer no interruption : and I pre-
“ sume, that, if my assistant were to appear in it *as a pro-*
“ *fessor*, it would be no difficult matter for him, with my
“ advice and influence, to establish his authority. If he
“ live to see the beginning of next session, my son will be in
“ the twentieth year of his age.

“ Of his behaviour and proficiency while at college, I
“ need not say any thing ; as that is sufficiently known to
“ those professors under whom he studied, and from whom

“ he received so many marks of particular attention and
 “ kindness. It may be proper, however, that I lay before
 “ the college some things concerning him, which they can-
 “ not be supposed to know. And, in doing this, I do no-
 “ thing more for him, than justice would require me to do
 “ for any other young man in his circumstances, and whom
 “ I equally well knew.

“ Having for some years had this employment in view for
 “ him, I took pains to give such a direction to his studies,
 “ as might imperceptibly prepare him for it. And I am
 “ well enough pleased to find, that, though he has been a
 “ very assiduous student in all the parts of learning that are
 “ taught here, the bent of his genius seems to lie towards
 “ theology, classical learning, morality, poetry, and criti-
 “ cism. In Greek, he has read Homer’s Iliad and Odyssey,
 “ the Batrachomyomachia, and a great part of Hesiod, the
 “ greatest part of Xenophon, the Phædo of Plato, six or
 “ seven books of Euclid, Arrian’s History of Alexander, two
 “ Plays of Sophocles, part of Herodotus and Plutarch, of
 “ the Septuagint and New Testament, the Ethics and
 “ Poetics of Aristotle, Longinus, several of the Odes of Pin-
 “ dar, &c. Latin he understands better than any other per-
 “ son of his years I have ever known; he wrote it pretty
 “ correctly when he was a boy; and, as I have sometimes
 “ conversed with him in that language, I know that with a
 “ little practice he could speak it easily: he is also making
 “ good progress in the French tongue. From his early years

“ I accustomed him to read no books but good ones, and to
“ study every thing he read with grammatical and critical
“ accuracy. The moral sciences, as far as I teach them, he
“ knows very well ; and, as he has a methodical head and
“ ready elocution, I flatter myself a little practice would
“ make him a good teacher. Specimens of his composition,
“ both Latin and English, both verse and prose, shall be
“ laid before the college, if they desire it.

“ To all this it may not perhaps be impertinent to add,
“ that as he has passed part of several summers in Edin-
“ burgh, and two in London and other parts of England,
“ and visited wherever I visited, he may be supposed to
“ have seen a little of the world ; of which, though he is ra-
“ ther silent in company, I find he has been no inaccurate
“ observer.

“ If the college agree to recommend him to his Majesty,
“ as a person fit to be appointed my assistant and successor,
“ I would farther request, that it may be done as soon as
“ possible. This, I think, would be an advantage to the
“ college, as well as to him and me. For if he were once
“ sure of the place, I would make him lay other studies
“ aside for some time, and employ himself in preparing a
“ course of lectures ; which, as all my papers are open to
“ him, he would not find it a difficult matter to do. I could
“ also teach him how to make many improvements in my
“ plan, which I have long had in view, but could never ex-
“ ecute for want of health.

“ I need not suggest to my colleagues the propriety of

“ keeping this affair secret. Were it to be talked of, and
“ after all to miscarry, it would hurt my son’s interest, and
“ make him feel the disappointment the more heavily. He
“ knows nothing of this application ; nor do I intend that
“ he shall know any thing of it, till I see what the issue is
“ likely to be. I am,” &c.

“ To this letter the college returned a very polite answer to this purpose : That they were so well satisfied with my son’s proficiency and character, that they would immediately, notwithstanding his youth, grant the recommendation I requested, if it were not for the present critical state of the business of the union. They therefore desired me to let the matter rest a little, till the issue of that affair could be more certainly foreseen. In this I thankfully acquiesced.

“ However, that I might if possible secure a majority, in the event of the union taking place, I mentioned my scheme to Mr Professor ****. He entered very warmly into my views, and mentioned the thing in confidence to Dr ***** and Mr *****. They were as favourable as I could have expected ; and, though they made no promise, which indeed was not solicited, they spoke in very strong terms of what they were pleased to call the delicacy of my conduct with respect to my colleagues and to them. They seemed to think, that I might have carried my point by a private application to the Crown in my own name. This might perhaps be true ; but I would not do a thing so disrespectful to the Marischal College.

“ I threatened you with a long letter, and you see I have kept my word. But, as my almanack tells me that your terms are over; I hope you will excuse me. You are interested in this business in more respects than one; for I took the liberty some time ago to execute a deed, in which you and Sir William Forbes, and some other gentlemen, are named the guardians of my two boys; as I think I told you before.”

LETTER CXCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MISS VALENTINE.

London, 20th July, 1787.

“ I am just returned from Windsor, where I passed three days. I went thither, partly to see some friends, but chiefly that I might pay my respects to the King and Queen. They both received me in the most gracious manner. I saw the King first on the Terrace, where he knew me at first sight, and did me the honour to converse with me a considerable time. Next morning I saw him again at prayers in his chapel, where he was pleased to introduce me to the Queen, who inquired very kindly after my health; observed, that many years had passed since she saw me last; regretted the bad weather which I had met with at Windsor, (for it rained incessantly) which, said she, has made your friends see less of you than they wished; and, after some other conver-

sation, her Majesty and the Princess Elizabeth, who attended her, made a slight curtsy, and stepped into the carriage that waited for them at the chapel-door. The King remained with us for some time longer, and talked of various matters, particularly the union of the colleges. He asked whether I was for or against it. I told him I was a friend to the union. But Lord Kinnoull, said he, is violent against it (this, by the by, I did not know before). The King spoke jocularly of my having become fat: I remember the time, said he, when you were as lean as Dr **** there, pointing to a gentleman who was standing by. You look very well, (said his Majesty to me) and I am convinced you are well, if you would only think so: do, Dr Heberden, said the King, convince Dr Beattie that he is in perfect health. (Dr Heberden was also standing by.) I have been endeavouring, Sir, returned the Doctor, to do so. After two such attestations of my health, as those of the King and Dr Heberden, I suppose I need not say more on that subject. The truth is, I am better than I was. The giddiness has not troubled me but one day since I came to London.

“ At Windsor I met with several other friends, particularly Lady Pembroke, Mrs Delany, Mr and Mrs De Luc; and I was often with the famous Miss Burney, (author of “ Cecilia”) who has got an office in the Queen’s household, and is one of the most agreeable young women I have met with; has great vivacity, joined with a most unassuming gentleness and simplicity of manners.

“ I passed an afternoon a few days ago with Lord Rod-

ney. I was very glad to meet with that celebrated veteran, and much pleased with his conversation. He is of the middle size, rather lean, has handsome features for an old man, piercing blue eyes, and is very well bred."

LETTER CXCVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Hunton, near Maidstone, 7th August, 1787.

"I came to Hunton the 28th of last month. Of the scenery of that beautiful place I need say nothing to you, who are well acquainted with it. Every thing is so exactly the same that it was, and my memory of every thing is so accurate, that the three years which have intervened since I was last here, seem to have dwindled into as many days. The Bishop and Mrs Porteus are perfectly well, and desire their best respects to Lady Forbes and you.

"Last week we had a visit from a gentleman, (Mr Bois-sier) in whose history there are some particulars, which I think will entertain you. He is a man of fortune, and of a French family, about fifty years of age; was born in England, and commonly resides at Bath, but has passed a great part of his time abroad, where it is evident that he has kept the very best company. He speaks Italian, Spanish, and French, and is well conversant in literature; and has so much of the French vivacity, that if he had not spoken

English with the propriety of a native, I should have taken him for a Frenchman. As Moses was trained up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, it was this gentleman's chance to be educated in all the folly of French philosophy: he was indeed an avowed, nay a barefaced, infidel. In this temper of mind he went to hear the Bishop of Chester preach at Bath, about two years ago. The text was, "Truly this was "the Son of God." He was so much struck with the Bishop's eloquence and reasoning, that he made no scruple to declare to his friends, that his mind was changed, and that he was determined to study the Christian religion with candour, and without delay. An acquaintance soon took place between the Bishop and him, and they were mutually pleased with each other. Books were put into his hands, and among others my little book *. To shorten my story, he is now a sincere Christian; and is just going to publish a "Vindication of Christianity," which he has translated from the French of Mons. Bonnet. This work I have seen, and think very highly of it, as I do of the author and translator, who is truly a very agreeable, sensible, well-bred, man. The sermon which, by the providence of God, was the cause of this conversion, the Bishop, at my desire, preached to us last Sunday. I never in my life heard more animated eloquence, or a more forcible piece of argumentation; and the Bishop exceeded himself in the delivery of it †."

* "Evidences of the Christian Religion, briefly and plainly stated." See Vol. II. p. 187.

† The discourse here mentioned is the 14th in the second volume of the Bishop of London's "Sermons." 2

In addition to the accumulated evils with which Dr Beattie had been long afflicted, of his own bad health, and the total subversion of his domestic happiness, arising from his wife's incurable malady, he was soon to experience another and a most weighty domestic calamity, in the loss of his eldest son, of the commencement of whose illness, which at last brought him to the grave, his father gives the following affecting account.

LETTER CXCIX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 17th November, 1787.

“ After having been for so many months a wanderer, I am at last become stationary, and sit down to give a brief account of what has befallen me since I tore myself away from Sandleford. The chief reason of my leaving, so soon as I did, that delightful place, and still more delightful society, was, though I did not then mention it, the state of my son's health. He had at that time symptoms of approaching illness, particularly an unconquerable sensation of cold in his hands and feet ; which made me anxious to put him, as soon as possible, under the care of my medical friends in London.

He was taken ill, as I expected, first more slightly, and afterwards with such violence, and so many alarming appearances, that for several days he seemed to be in great danger. My friend, Dr Lettsom, attended him with his usual humanity; and, as soon as he thought it safe to remove from London, advised me to begin my journey. We travelled very slowly, and had every advantage that could be derived from good roads and good weather; but, though he bore the motion of the carriage well enough, he continued to be so weak, that I was often at a loss to determine whether I should proceed or stop. He himself wished to get forward, especially to get to Morpeth, where Dr Keith lives, a particular friend of ours, of whose affectionate temper and medical abilities we both have the highest opinion. At Morpeth we arrived at last, and were so lucky as to find our friend at home, who ordered something which did much good; but the weakness still continued, and the disorder appeared to be only alleviated, but by no means removed. At Edinburgh, where we rested ten days, I was advised to take him to Peterhead, which I did accordingly; and the air and mineral-water of that place had so good an effect, that, by the end of October, when we were obliged to return home, I thought him, and he thought himself, perfectly recovered. He has been regularly inducted into his new office: but I do not intend that he shall have any thing to do this year, but to amuse himself, and recover strength; as I find myself well enough to manage all the business without difficulty. Indeed I have now better health than I remember

to have enjoyed for some years. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, considering the very great attention and kindness which I met with at Sandlesford and Hunton; and, since my return to the North, at Gordon-castle, where I made a visit of three weeks, while my son was at Peterhead. The Duchess desired me to present to you her best respects; which, however, I presume her Grace will deliver in person, as she is now on her way to London, where she means to pass the winter.

“ At Peterhead I gave Mrs Arbuthnot the money which you committed to my care, and I was happy to find her wonderfully well, considering her great age. I need not tell you with what gratitude she acknowledged your bounty, nor how anxiously minute she was in her inquiries after your health, and that of Mr and Mrs Montagu, and their lovely child. She is naturally of an inquisitive turn, as solitary people of good parts generally are; but, where her heart and affections are engaged, there is no end of her interrogatories. It gives me no little pleasure to observe, how much to the better her poor old house is changed, since she has had the honour to be under your patronage. The roof, which was entirely decayed, has undergone a thorough repair; her moth-eaten tables and chairs, which were on the point of falling to pieces by their own weight, have given place to a set of new ones, not fine indeed, but neat and substantial; the smoky roofs of her few apartments are cleaned and whitewashed, and the mouldiness of her walls concealed by a decent covering of printed paper. In her dress I perceive

little or no change; for in that respect, even in her worst days, she always contrived to appear like a gentlewoman.

“ I learned a few days ago, by a letter from his Lordship, that our excellent friend, the Bishop of Chester, is promoted to the see of London. Few things could have given me so much pleasure. This is a station in which his great talents for business, and for doing good, will find ample scope; yet so, as not to take him to such a distance from his friends, or subject him to such bodily fatigue, as the duties of his former diocese often made necessary.”

LETTER CC.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 10th December, 1787.

“ I wished to have written to you by Mr *****, but when he was here I was ill. My son on that occasion took upon him, for the first time, the management of the class, and acquitted himself not only to my satisfaction and theirs, but also to his own. It was not my intention that he should appear in his new character till next winter; but I am glad he has had this trial, as it has satisfied him that he is equal to his business. However, I do not mean that he shall either *assist* or *succeed* me, as long as I can prevent it. He is greatly obliged to you for your kind concern about him, and desires to offer his humble service. His health was im-

proved by Peterhead; but he is not robust, and I am obliged to exert my authority in moderating his application to study.

“Every body must approve greatly of your sending Mr Forbes abroad, previously to his entering on business. Next to a good conscience, nothing tends more to the happiness of life, than habits of activity and industry begun in early youth, so as to settle into a permanent disposition before one arrives at manhood: and I never see, without pity, a young man of fortune who is bred to no business.

“The friends you inquire after, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr Langton, &c. were all well when I left London; but I did not this year see so much of them as usual, as my health would not permit me to be much in town. I regret exceedingly my not having had an opportunity to pay my respects to Miss Bowdler.

“The passage in the “Lounger,” to which she objects, seems to me to be not very accurate; and I am not sure that I understand it. There are men, and those too of masculine minds, who prefer Virgil to Homer; Mr Burke is one: and there are others who prefer Metastasio to Shakespeare, and Tasso to Milton. Johnson told me he never read Milton through, till he read him in order to gather words for his “Dictionary;” and though he has spoken *civilly* of him in his “Lives,” it is well known that he did not do so in conversation. On the other hand, I have known women, whose sentiments were the same with mine, and I suppose with the “Lounger’s,” in regard to those great authors; and

who, for all that, had minds as delicate, and as truly feminine, as any of their sex. Few women have the means of judging with precision of the comparative merit of Virgil and Homer; for, in order to do that, it is absolutely necessary to throw all translations aside, and read them in their own language. Pope's translation is a very pleasing poem, and I believe a great favourite with the fair sex; but has nothing of Homer, but the story and the characters, the *manner* being totally different: Dryden's "Virgil" is not a very pleasing book, and conveys not any tolerable idea of the original; of whose tenderness, pathos, and delicacy, and uniform majesty of expression and numbers, Dryden had no just relish, and whose language he did not understand so perfectly as he ought to have done.

"Of the superiority of male to female minds, much has been said and written, but perhaps in too general terms. In what relates to the peculiar business and duty of either sex, the genius of that sex will, I believe, be found to have the superiority. A man, though he could suckle, would not make so good a nurse as a woman; and though the woman were in bodily strength equal to the man, there are in her constitution many things which would make her less fit, than he is, for what may be called the external economy of a family. Matters of learning, taste, and science, are not more the *natural* province of the one sex than of the other; and, with regard to these, were they to have the same education and opportunities, the minds of the two sexes would be found to approach more nearly to equality. The same

education, however, they cannot have, because each must be trained up for its own *peculiar* business ; nor the same *opportunities*, because many scenes of observation are open to men, from which women are, by their reserve and modesty, excluded, and some open to women, to which men are, with great propriety, though for a different reason, denied admittance. If one were to enter into the detail of all these particulars, I imagine it would not be difficult to say, what sorts of writing and parts of learning the two sexes might cultivate with *equal* success, and in what women would be *superior* to men, and men *superior* to women ; and the inferences, as they occur to me at present, would, if I mistake not, receive confirmation from the history of literature.”

LETTER CCI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 5th March, 1788.

“ I scarce remember when my attention was so much engrossed by a number of little matters, as it has been for the last two months. This must be my apology for not sooner acknowledging the receipt of your very kind and affecting letter. After what Dr Hay told me last summer, I had no hopes of your son’s recovery ; but the account of his death gave me pain, as I well knew what Lady Forbes and you would suffer on that occasion. You have been tried with

many severe afflictions of the same kind ; but have borne them as became you ; so that they will, in their consequences, prove matter of everlasting triumph.

“ It is with great pleasure I see your name in the newspapers, subjoined to a petition to the House of Commons in behalf of the poor negroes. The society, to which I belong, resolved some time ago to present a similar petition, but the thing is delayed till we hear from our chancellor on the subject ; and he is now very infirm, so that I fear we shall be too late in our application. I wrote a “ Discourse on Slavery,” particularly that of the negroes, about ten years ago, and had thoughts lately of revising and publishing it. So much was I in earnest, that I had actually transcribed about a fourth part of it ; when, having occasion to consult some authorities, which were not at hand, I foresaw, that, let me be ever so diligent, the fate of Mr Wilberforce’s intended motion on this subject, would, in all probability, be determined before my little book could be got ready ; and so I dropped the scheme, at least for the present : which I have the less reason to regret, as I had little to say which has not been said by others, who may be thought to have had better means of information. I earnestly pray, that our legislature may have the grace to do something effectual in this business, so as to clear the British character of a stain, which is indeed of the blackest die. The freest nation and best-natured people on earth, are, as matters now stand, the patrons of slavery, and of a slavery more severe than is warranted by the laws of France or Spain, or of any other coun-

try in Europe. What an inconsistency is this! and what a reproach! I am not, however, one of those who think, that our negroes ought immediately to be made free. That would be dangerous, and is, I fear, impracticable. But to mitigate in the mean time the horrors of their slavery, and to prepare matters for a gradual abolition of it, seems to me to be neither dangerous nor difficult.

“I have been looking into Dr Reid’s book on “The Active Powers of Man.” It is written with his usual perspicuity and acuteness; is in some parts very entertaining; and to me, who have been obliged to think so much on those subjects, is very interesting throughout. The question concerning Liberty and Necessity is very fully discussed, and very ably; and, I think, nothing more needs be said about it. I could have wished that Dr Reid had given a fuller enumeration of the passions, and been a little more particular in illustrating the duties of morality. But his manner is, in all his writings, more turned to speculation than to practical philosophy; which may be owing to his having employed himself so much in the study of Locke, Hume, Berkeley, and other theorists; and partly, no doubt, to the habits of study and modes of conversation which were fashionable in this country in his younger days. If I were not personally acquainted with the Doctor, I should conclude, from his books, that he was rather too warm an admirer of Mr Hume. He confutes, it is true, some of his opinions; but pays them much more respect than they are entitled to.

“I have the pleasure to inform you, that we have heard

from our chancellor, who approves highly of our declaring our sentiments with respect to the slave-trade, in a petition to the House of Commons. No time was lost. I had prepared the petition; which was instantly signed, and sent off by last post.

“ Mr Boissier * has published his “ Translation of M. Bonnet’s Inquiries concerning Christianity,” and has done me the honour to send me a copy; which I shall read as soon as I can command a day’s leisure. In his preface he mentions Bishop Porteus as the first, “ who traced out to him the road which leads to truth.” From what I have seen of this book, I should be apprehensive that the author’s manner is rather abrupt, and too abstruse to be popular, at least in this country. However, the world is under obligations to him, and to his worthy translator, for declaring themselves in so explicit a manner the friends of religion; and as M. Bonnet’s character is very high in France, I hope his book will do a great deal of good.

“ At my spare hours, which have been very few this winter, I am preparing to do, what, if circumstances had permitted, I ought to have done long ago, to print an abridgement, a very brief one, of my lectures on moral philosophy and logic. It is intended for no other purpose but to assist the memory of those students who attend my class; and therefore, though I shall print, I am in doubt whether I should publish it. The students, by paying for their copies,

* Mentioned in Letter CXCVIII.

will in time indemnify me for print and paper, which is all I shall ask in the pecuniary way. Notwithstanding all my care to be concise, I find it will extend to two octavos; the first of which will contain, "Elements of Moral Science," and the second, "Elements of Logic." Under Logic I comprehend, not only the philosophy of evidence, but likewise every thing that relates to language, composition, and criticism. Hitherto it has been my way, as it was that of my predecessor, to make the students take down in writing an abstract of the lectures and conversations; and this method is not without its advantages; but such abstracts, being written in great haste, were not always correct, and took up a good deal of time. The time, which I shall save by using a printed text book, I intend to employ in commenting upon classic authors, and other profitable exercises*.

"You will be glad to hear, that Sunday-schools are likely to do good here. Eight have been set a-going, and are supported by subscription.

"My son desires his best respects. My cough has obliged me to employ him more frequently, in the morning meeting at eight, than I wished to do: but he likes the business, and has now had experience of almost all the varieties of it. He has also been composing some lectures, one of which, accompanied with a model in pasteboard, is an account of Raymond Lully's mill for making books, alluded to by Dr

* This abridgement of his lectures, Dr Beattie did publish, under the title of "Elements of Moral Science;" the first volume in the year 1790, the second volume in the year 1793.

Campbell in the "Philosophy of Rhetoric." He got Raymond's book in the college library, and made the mill exactly according to the author's directions."

LETTER CCH.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 3d May, 1788.

"The book I have in view will not be a mere syllabus, like the pamphlet which Dr Blair published; nor a collection of aphorisms, like Dr Ferguson's "Institutes:" in its plan it will more resemble Dr James Gregory's "*Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*;" only it will be in English. If I live to execute my purpose, it will comprehend the substance of all my lectures and *conversations*, (for I often teach in the Socratic method, by question and answer,) with the omission of such illustrations, facts, and reasonings only, as cannot be expressed in few words. The first volume will contain, the Philosophy of the Human Mind; Principles of Natural Religion; Moral Philosophy; and Politics: and the second, Logic, or the philosophy of evidence; and Rhetoric, or the Belles Lettres. About one hundred and forty large quarto pages of the first volume are written; and I hope, if my health does not prevent me, to have it in the press before the end of the year.

"The same post, that brought your last most agreeable

favour, brought also a letter, with two pamphlets, from the Bishop of London. The Bishop is very urgent with me, as you are, to publish my papers on the slave-trade. He says they will come in good season if they appear before the next session of parliament, for that nothing in that business will be done this session. The Privy-Council, he says, have been at uncommon pains to ascertain the exact nature of the African slave-trade, and the state of the slaves in our West India islands. His Lordship also wishes me to subjoin, as an appendix to my papers, an examination of an extraordinary pamphlet, which has just appeared, to prove the lawfulness, or, as the author calls it, the *licitness* of the slave-trade, from the scriptures of the Old and New Testament. This pamphlet he has sent me, but I have not yet got time to read it. It is the work of a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Harris, who it seems is connected with the slave-merchants of Liverpool, by whose means he hopes to obtain preferment in the church of England, to which he is willing to conform: his pamphlet is dedicated to the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of Liverpool. The slave-dealers exult in this champion, and say that his work is unanswerable; but the Bishop of London says it is mere Jesuitical sophistry. From what I have seen of it, I should think it an easy matter to answer it; but whether I shall be able to do this, I know not. My health is a great hindrance to all my projects.

“The other pamphlet which the Bishop sent me, is a “Pastoral Letter to the English Clergy in the West Indies,” who are all, it seems, subject to his ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

It is short, but very elegant, and very like himself and his station. It relates chiefly to two things, the conversion and education of the negroes, which he earnestly and powerfully recommends; and the qualifications which he insists on finding in all those West Indians who may apply to him for holy orders. My little book of "Evidences" is one of those which his Lordship is pleased to recommend to their attention."

LETTER CCIII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 28th June, 1788.

"My papers on the slave-trade would now appear too late. The legislature seems to have engaged in an investigation of that business with a generous alacrity, which does them infinite honour, and will undoubtedly bring on such regulations, as would make my zeal and my arguments both unnecessary and unseasonable. In fact, several of those abuses, which I had attacked with most severity, are already in part redressed, or in a fair way of being so; particularly the horrid cruelties perpetrated upon the poor negroes in their passage across the Atlantic, and the cruel laws to which they are subjected in some of the West Indian islands, particularly Barbadoes and Jamaica. If one may believe the newspapers, considerable reformatations have already taken

place in both those islands, as well as in North America. As to the final abolition of the traffic, I pray for it as earnestly as any body; but I do not think it can be accomplished soon, though in a few years it may, and I trust it will. Much good might be done in the meantime, if planters could be prevailed on to repose less confidence in overseers; to give liberty and wages to their most deserving slaves; to give Christian education to them all, with rest on Sunday; to teach them to be rational, by treating them as rational beings; and to mitigate the cruelty of punishment, and the severity of labour. I am truly sorry to hear of Mr Wilberforce's indisposition. It is very good in Mr and Mrs Montagu to interest themselves so much in his behalf: I hope their kind assiduities will be successful.

“I hope my venerable friend, Mrs Delany, is alive and well. I am extremely anxious to hear of her; having seen the other day in a newspaper, the words, “the *late* Mrs “Delany;” which I would fain believe to be a newspaper blunder, as I have never heard of her death, or even that she was ill. I saw her frequently at Windsor last year, and was happy to observe no symptoms of decline. A very great person was pleased to joke with her on my account. “Where have you been these two days, Mrs D.?” said he, “but I can guess; I warrant you have had more “than one assignation with Dr B. since he has been at “Windsor.” “Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “Y. M. is right; “Dr B. has been with me several times.”

LETTER CCIV.

DR BEATTIE TO DR PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

Peterhead, 3d July, 1788.

“ As soon as it is in my power I shall give the Rev. Mr Harris * a fair hearing; and let your Lordship know my opinion. I have seen a little of him, and think him a tolerable sophister. His arguments might pass, for argument’s sake, in a school-disputation upon a thesis; but can have no influence upon a candid and rational mind, except perhaps to provoke indignation: for the matter is too solemn for laughter. He pretends to piety, reverence of the Scripture, and zeal for the rights of humanity; and all the while he is labouring to pervert Scripture, in order to vindicate one of the most impious and inhuman practices that ever disgraced the sublunary creation. He, good man! would not for the world offer an apology for any injustice, oppression, or cruelty, that may have been practised by dealers in slaves; he would only justify what he calls “ the African slave-trade “ in the abstract.” I know not whether I understand this. But, if he will remove all oppression, cruelty, and injustice, from that trade, I promise him I shall not object to his abstract notions: the trade will then be a mere *idea*; as harm-

* Who wrote a book to prove the slave-trade agreeable to reason and Scripture. See Letter CCII. to Sir William Forbes, Vol. II. p. 227.

less as those *now* are, to which we give the names of ostracism, crusade, &c. ; and will no more make negroes miserable, and slave-mongers cruel, than the second book of the "Æneid" will burn their towns. The misfortune is, that from this vile traffic, oppression, injustice, and cruelty, are inseparable. These crimes have, from the beginning of it, formed its basis, and without them it can no more subsist, than a house without a foundation. "If you have any music that makes no noise," says a clown in Shakespeare to a company of fiddlers, "pray let us have it; but we cannot endure any other." So say I to Mr Harris. If you can give us an African slave-trade, that has nothing cruel, oppressive, or unjust in it, with all my heart; let it be set a-going as soon as possible. To such a trade the British legislature will have no objection; and I trust they will never tolerate any other. They have entered into this business with a generous alacrity, that does them infinite honour; and will soon, I hope, make such regulations as will render my zeal and my arguments unnecessary, and even unseasonable."

LETTER CCV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 10th July, 1788.

"I am much obliged to you for the quotation from Mrs

Piozzi's letters, and to that lady for speaking of me with so much kindness *. I was introduced to her and Mr Thrale by Dr Johnson, and received many and great civilities from both. Mr Thrale was a most respectable character; intelligent, modest, communicative, and friendly: and I greatly admired his wife for her vivacity, learning, affability, and beauty: I thought her indeed one of the most agreeable women I ever saw; and could not have imagined her capable of acting so unwise a part as she afterwards did.

“What she says of Goldsmith is perfectly true. He was a poor fretful creature, eaten up with affectation and envy. He was the only person I ever knew who acknowledged himself to be envious. In Johnson's presence he was quiet enough; but in his absence expressed great uneasiness in hearing him praised. He envied even the dead; he could not bear that Shakespeare should be so much admired as he is. There might, however, be something like magnanimity in envying Shakespeare and Dr Johnson; as in Julius Cæsar's weeping to think, that at an age at which he had done so little, Alexander should have done so much. But surely Goldsmith had no occasion to envy me; which, however, he certainly did, for he owned it (though when we met he

* The paragraph in question is as follows: “Dr Beattie is as charming as ever. * * * * * Every body rejoices that the Doctor will get his pension. “Every one loves him but Goldsmith, who says he cannot bear the sight of “so much applause as we all bestow upon him. Did he not tell us so himself, who would believe he was so exceedingly ill-natured †?”

† “Mrs Piozzi and Dr Johnson's Letters,” Vol. I. p. 186.

was always very civil); and I received undoubted information, that he seldom missed an opportunity of speaking ill of me behind my back. Goldsmith's common conversation was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; of silliness so great, as to make me sometimes think that he affected it. Yet he was a genius of no mean rank: somebody, who knew him well, called him, *an inspired idiot*. His ballad of "Edwin and Angelina" is exceedingly beautiful, and well conducted; and in his two other poems, though there be great inequalities, there is pathos, energy, and even sublimity."

LETTER CCVI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 8th August, 1788.

"It delights me to hear that Lord Huntly is to go to Oxford or Cambridge. An English university is the best place on earth for study; and, what is of still greater consequence, especially to a person of high rank, it supplies the best opportunities of contracting those early connections of friendship, which one remembers with exquisite pleasure to the end of life; and which often contribute, more than any thing else, to a great man's influence and popularity. Mr Pitt, great as he is by hereditary right, and greater still by his own genius and virtue, would, I am persuaded, readily acknowledge how much he owes to Cambridge. There he

was from the first a general favourite; and there he found many valuable friends, who, I am told, still adhere to him with a fervency of zeal, in which it is difficult to say, whether admiration or fondness, be the most powerful ingredient. Such attachments do honour to human nature, and are equally delightful and lasting. The Duke will be at no loss to determine, whether Oxford or Cambridge is to be honoured with Lord Huntly's residence. It is natural for me to have a partiality to the former: but in most things they are, I believe, pretty equal. Oxford is a place of greater resort and more brilliancy; but the quiet of Cambridge is perhaps more salutary to the student. Each has produced such a number of great men, as no other seminary in the ancient or modern world can boast of. The Duke of Gloucester's son, if I mistake not, is gone to Cambridge.

“ My son is greatly honoured by the notice you take of him, and desires to offer his humble service. His health is quite re-established, but he is too studious to be robust. He has gone pretty deep in the theory of music, and now begins to practise a little. The organ is his favourite instrument; and, as he has something of a mechanical turn, and needs to be decoyed from his books sometimes, I have made him employ his leisure at Peterhead, in superintending the building of an organ, under the auspices of Dr Laing. It is now almost finished, and can already, as Hamlet says, “ discourse “ most eloquent music.” The workmanship is good, and the tones are very pleasing.”

LETTER CCVII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 31st October, 1788.

“ The account you have from Miss Bowdler, of Dr Taylor’s “ Sermons,” agrees exactly with the sentiments of ——. Perhaps you may wish to see his words. Here they are: “ Before I release you, I must mention one more publication, on account of its singularity as well as its merit. It “ is a volume of sermons, published by Dr Taylor, prebendary of Westminster*, who is lately dead. He was an old “ friend and school-fellow of Dr Johnson’s, and is often “ mentioned in the Doctor’s letters to Mrs Thrale. He was “ long suspected of preaching sermons written by Dr Johnson. To confute this calumny, he ordered this volume of “ sermons to be published after his death. But I am afraid “ it will not quite answer his purpose; for I will venture to “ say, that there is not a man in England, who knows any “ thing of Dr Johnson’s peculiarities of style, sentiment, and “ composition, that will not instantly pronounce these sermons to be his. Indeed they are (some of them at least) “ in his very best manner; and Taylor was no more capable “ of writing them, than of making an epic poem.” I long to see this literary curiosity.”

* The title of the book is, “ Sermons on different Subjects, left for publication by John Taylor, LL. D. &c. &c. Published by the Reverend Samuel Hayes, A. M.” &c. A second volume was published the year following by the same title.

LETTER CCVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 20th November, 1788.

“ I had the honour to receive your Grace’s most obliging letter yesterday morning ; and immediately packed up my papers on the slave-trade, and delivered them to be forwarded to Gordon-castle. They are extremely incorrect, and not fit to be seen by any eyes that are not very partial to the writer ; and, therefore, I must beg that your Grace will not show them to any body. Many things in them were true when I wrote them, which are not true now ; a late act of parliament, and some late regulations in Jamaica and Barbadoes, having greatly mitigated the sufferings of the negroes, both in the West Indies, and in their transportation thither from their own country. And candour obliges me to declare further, that though, when I wrote those papers, I thought I had good reason to believe every word in them, I have since found, that I was misinformed in regard to several particulars. All this your Grace will excuse with your wonted generosity, as well as the blotted condition of the manuscript, which I am afraid will make many passages quite unintelligible.

“ The late dreadful news from Windsor must have been most distressing to your Grace*. Blessed be God; the dan-

* The King’s illness.

ger seems now to be over ; otherwise I should not be able to write on that, or any other subject. For these ten days past I have thought myself in a dark, confused, feverish, dream, with nothing before me but danger and horror. The agitation and anxiety I have undergone, are indeed such as it is impossible to describe, and such as I shall not soon get the better of. But may God restore the health of the best of sovereigns, and the best of men ! and it matters not what become of me. Your Grace must have the most authentic intelligence, otherwise I would tell you of a letter which I had to-day from Sir William Forbes, which mentions one received from the highest authority, certifying, that his Majesty is in a fair way of recovery ; and that the slowness of the recovery is, in the opinion of the physicians, very much in his favour. Sir William Fordyce too, in a letter which arrived here yesterday, gives the same account, and says, that the delirium is gone. I hope the King will soon have the exquisite satisfaction to know, from what his subjects have suffered on this occasion, that he is, as he deserves to be, the most beloved prince that ever sat on the British throne.

“ You desire to know my opinion of Mr Gibbon. I can say very little about him ; for such is the affectation of his style, that I could never get through the half of one of his volumes. If any body would translate him into good classical English, (such, I mean, as Addison, Swift, Lord Lyttelton, &c. wrote) I should read him with eagerness ; for I know there must be much curious matter in his work. His

cavils against religion, have, I think, been all confuted; he does not seem to understand that part of his subject: indeed I have never yet met with a man, or with an author, who both understood Christianity, and disbelieved it. It is, I am told, the fashion to admire Gibbon's style; my opinion of it, however, is supported by great authorities, of whom I need only mention Lord Mansfield, the present Bishop of London, Mrs Montagu, and Major Mercer. In the Bishop's last letter to me there is the following passage: "We have been much amused this summer with Keate's "Account of the Pelew Islands:" and it is almost the only summer book we have had. For Gibbon's three bulky quartos are fit only for the gloom and horror of wintry storms. His style is more obscure and affected than ever; and his insults on Christianity not less offensive."

"I am glad to hear that your Grace is planning future groves to wave along the breezy hill. Of all rural occupations, if they were all in my power, I should prefer that of rearing trees and shrubs: and accordingly have always admired Addison's right antediluvian novel, on the subject of planting, as one of the most pleasing little tales I ever saw. It is in the "Spectator," Nos. 583, 584, 585. Your account of your walks through the decaying woods, puts me in mind of a fine passage in Thomson's "Autumn:"

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,

"A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf

"Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,

"Oft startling such as studious walk below," &c.

I am tempted to make the quotation longer, but it is now time to release you."

LETTER CCIX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 25th March, 1789.

" I thank you most sincerely for your very instructive and pleasing letter ; and with my whole soul I congratulate you on one of the happiest events that ever took place in this country, or in any other. I need not tell you that I mean, his Majesty's recovery. It is indeed a most signal interposition of Providence in our behalf ; and has raised us all from the deepest affliction to an ecstasy of joy. The rejoicings on occasion of this great event have been universal, and have far exceeded any thing I ever saw before in this country. May the Hearer of prayer, and the God of consolation, confirm the King's recovery, and grant him to see many happy years in the land of the living, with his family and people flourishing around him ! and may all his people be enabled to make a right improvement of these dispensations of Providence ! I hope his Majesty has not engaged in business too soon ; and that he will, for this great while, engage in those parts of it only, which may amuse without fatiguing him.

" My friend Dr Campbell's great work (a new Transla-

tion of the Gospels, with preliminary Dissertations, and Notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes 4to) is published at last. I carefully read the whole in manuscript, and wrote many a sheet of remarks and criticisms upon it; and have no scruple to say, that it is one of the most important publications in theology, if not *the most important*, that has appeared in my time. It will give the public, at least the rational part of the public, a very high idea of the learning, acuteness, industry, candour, and piety, of the author; who is my next neighbour; and with whom I have lived in the same society, upon the most intimate terms, for almost thirty years. It is about forty years since he engaged in this important work; and yet I am afraid he will not get so much by it as Mr Sheridan did by the comedy of the "Duenna."

LETTER CCX.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 25th May, 1789.

"I congratulate you, Madam, on the late proceedings of the Commons in behalf of humanity and justice. The account of Mr Wilberforce's speech that appeared in the papers, is no doubt very imperfect; but it does him infinite honour, and I have read it once and again with great de-

light. It confirms a number of facts, which I find in my papers on negro-slavery, but of which I had of late become somewhat distrustful, having forgotten the authorities on which I had recorded them. The truth is, I have been collecting materials on that subject for upwards of twenty-five years; and, as far as my poor voice could be heard, have laboured, not altogether unsuccessfully, in pleading the cause of the poor Africans. This, at least, I can say with truth, that many of my pupils have gone to the West Indies; and, I trust, have carried my principles along with them, and exemplified those principles in their conduct to their unfortunate brethren. A good deal of my information, with respect to the negroes, I received from a most worthy old gentleman, a particular friend of mine, who had been long in one of our West India islands; and having acquired a competent fortune, returned to his own country, and devoted the last thirty years of a long life to philosophy and literature. He was one of the most learned men I have ever met with, a sincere Christian, and one who held all injustice, oppression, and every sort of inhumanity, in utter detestation*.

“ Mrs Arbuthnot is surprisingly well. She was at church yesterday. I need not tell you with what raptures of esteem

* This gentleman's name was Wilson, the father of Mr George Wilson of Lincoln's-inn, now one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, and well known to all the bench and profession, as one of the soundest and most learned lawyers, as well as one of the most honourable and well-informed men, at the English bar.

and gratitude she speaks of you. I observe your benevolent intention of making an addition to your bounty to her ; but will take it upon me to say, that it is quite unnecessary, as I know she considers herself as raised by your goodness to a state, not only of competence, but of opulence. She speaks of writing to her patroness very soon."

LETTER CCXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 28th July, 1789.

" I have been lately looking into Mrs Cockburn's works *, which I borrowed from her niece, Mrs Arbuthnot, and which, though I had seen them before, I had not examined with any degree of minuteness. They have given me a very high opinion of the acuteness of the author's understanding, and of the goodness of her principles. She is also a clear and elegant writer, without any affectation. The abstruser parts of moral philosophy she seems to have studied with great accuracy and success, and is a very able advocate for Clarke and Locke. She speaks with extraordinary veneration of Warburton, who it seems corresponded with her sometimes ; and she is a great admirer of Pope ; but, what is rather particular, values him chiefly on account of his *moral* character,

* See Vol. II. p. 158.

and, in the list of his virtues, mentions his friendship for Patty Blount. Our friend, Mrs A. appears to have been under great obligations to her aunt, and to have derived from her chiefly that taste for reading and study, which has been of so great use to her in the course of her long and solitary life. I do not find that Mrs Cockburn was distinguished for her taste: her attempts in poetry show rather a deficiency in that respect. Her tragedy, called, "The Fatal Friendship," ought to have been suppressed; for it does her no credit, and shows her to have been at eighteen a greater adept in love matters than unmarried women of that age are commonly supposed to be: There are passages in that play, which I could not have the face to read, or hear read, in a lady's company. But her youth, and the licentiousness of the English stage in the end of the last century, may be pleaded, and ought to be admitted, as an apology, in behalf of one, who was undoubtedly an ornament to her sex, and an honour to her country. There are in her works, especially in her letters, many things that would entertain you. She lived many years (between 1726 and 1737) in Aberdeen; and yet I never heard any person there speak of her, though I have often heard her husband spoken of by those who must have known both."

LETTER CCXII.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 51st July, 1789.

“ I am very happy to hear, that the Lord-Primate of Ireland * has not forgotten me, and beg leave to offer my humble respects to his Grace. The endowing of an university at Armagh, with a library and astronomical apparatus, is a work worthy of his benevolent, liberal, and magnificent mind. Though the college of Dublin be, as I have been told it is, abundantly flourishing, it is certainly not extensive enough for so populous a country as Ireland; one proof of which is the great number of Irish students that every year resort to Glasgow: a circumstance which gives no little uneasiness to the people of Dublin, if I may judge from some of their pamphlets; in which not Glasgow only, but the other Scottish universities, are attacked with rancorous asperity, and such a total disregard to truth, as is hardly credible. I once had thoughts of answering one of the most malicious of those pamphlets, but changed my mind on con-

* The most reverend Dr Richard Robinson, Lord-Archbishop of Armagh. A most exemplary prelate, of great worth, as this singular act of munificence strongly evinces. His Grace was, I believe, cousin to Mrs Montagu; and an intimate friendship subsisted between them. Out of compliment to her, the remainder of his peerage of Rokeby was taken to her nephew, who now enjoys it.

sidering, that the abuse was anonymous, and, in respect of style and composition, so void of merit, that there was no chance of its gaining any attention. I sincerely wish success to the Archbishop's noble foundation at Armagh. Every friend to humanity must regret, that his health is so precarious. I made Mr Creech very happy, by transmitting to him your, and his Grace's, approbation of the "Comparative View of Edinburgh."

"One knows not what to say of this wonderful revolution, that is likely to take place in France. As I wish all mankind to be free and happy, I should rejoice in the downfall of French despotism, if I thought it would give happiness to the people: but the French seem to me to be better fitted for that sort of government which they want to throw off, than for any other that they could adopt in its stead. Till of late, the glory of the monarch was the supreme wish of a Frenchman's heart; and that principle, though in the day of trouble and tumult it may admit of a temporary suspension, will not soon or easily give way to the cooler and more philosophic notions that have long been familiar to the British politician. It is true, the political ideas of the French have been in a state of improvement ever since the time of Montesquieu, who first gave his countrymen a sketch of the constitution of England: but political liberty is a thing, which, even among us who have long enjoyed it, is not universally understood; and which Harrington, Sydney, and Locke, understood very imperfectly. I dare say, that the bulk of the French nation at this moment suppose, as the

North-Americans seem to do, that liberty consists in the privilege of doing what they please, or, at least, of being subject to no laws but those of their own making; and yet it is certainly neither the one nor the other. The first would be anarchy, the worst sort of slavery; and the other is not compatible with any plan of policy that was ever yet devised by man. Political liberty I take to be, that state of society, in which men are so governed by equitable laws, and so tried by equitable judges, that no man can be hindered from doing what the law allows him to do, nor have reason to be afraid of any man so long as he does his duty. But I apprehend it will be long before a nation, emerging from despotism, and assuming a popular form of policy, can hit upon the proper way of establishing such a state of things; and, till that be done, convulsions are to be expected, which will sometimes endanger liberty, and sometimes tend to the subversion of legal authority. If the revolution in France be made effectual, it will probably be beneficial to the poor negroes: for I am told, that M. Neckar, and the National Assembly, have explicitly declared themselves for the abolition of the slave-trade.

“ I am very sorry to hear of the death of my friend, Mr Ramsay, who was one of the first who drew the public attention to that subject. He was long in the West Indies; and at his return to Britain was presented to the living of Teston in Kent, and published his book on Slavery, which so exasperated the people concerned in that business, that they attacked not only his book, but also his moral charac-

ter, with every species of abuse. Ramsay, however, stood his ground, and answered to all the charges they brought against him. When I told him, about two years ago, that I thought he gave himself too much unnecessary trouble in answering every adversary, whether anonymous or otherwise, he said there was something in his temper, which would not allow him to rest till he had done so. I am persuaded, that anxiety of his has been in a great measure the occasion of his death; and I find the Bishop of London, who knew him well, is of the same opinion. The Bishop says he has died a martyr to a noble cause. Mr Ramsay was born at Frasersburgh, about eighteen miles from this place, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, where I got acquainted with him. He was several years older than I; but our standing as collegians was the same; though we were of different colleges."

The following letter, no doubt, refers to some present of money made by Mrs Montagu to Dr Beattie's youngest son, who had been named after her; but I do not find any letter, either of her's or of Dr Beattie's, in which the amount is specified. What he says of the blame she used to throw on Rousseau and others, for refusing such presents, as setting too high a value on money, is not, to me at least, very intelligible.

LETTER CCXIII

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Peterhead, 14th September, 1789.

“ Though I have had innumerable opportunities of admiring the generosity of your sentiments, and your superiority to the formalities of fashion and verbal compliment, I am at a loss what answer I shall return to your letter. I know with what pleasure you confer favours, and that you prize the gifts of fortune only as they supply you with the means of doing good ; I have heard you blame Rousseau and others for setting so high a value on money, as to refuse any assistance of that kind from those whose patronage they would have been proud to boast of in any other way ; and yet so largely have I already participated in your bounty, that I am almost tempted to remonstrate a little on the present occasion. However, let it be as you are pleased to order. In return for so much goodness, it would ill become me to teize you with protestations and apologies. With the most sincere gratitude, therefore, and with fervent prayers for your health and happiness, I accept of your most generous offer in behalf of my little boy, whom you honour with the appellation of godson. He shall thank you soon with his own hand. I know he will be much affected with this new instance of your favour. For though he is sometimes less attentive than I could wish, in matters of literature, he

is of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and his veneration for you, Madam, is unbounded. As yet he knows not what your letter contains. I intend to keep back from him that intelligence for a few days, till circumstances afford me an opportunity of enforcing, by means of it, some useful moral lesson; and a lesson so enforced, will, I trust, have a powerful and lasting effect. When I return to Aberdeen, which will be in ten or twelve days, I shall, by subjoining a clause to my will, secure your bounty to him; which will be a very material addition to his *peculium*.

“If the newspapers may be credited, French affairs become every day “confusion worse confounded.” Whatever may be in the minds of the more intelligent part of the nation, it is plain that the generality are actuated by a levelling principle of the worst kind; which one is sorry to see likely to extend its influence beyond the limits of France. I do not think that any thing like the enormities now prevailing there, took place during our civil wars of the last century. We lost much blood, it is true, but it was generally in the field of battle, or with some appearance at least of law; and we had but two parties, and those headed by men of abilities and authority. But in France there seems to be no subordination, authority, or law, nor any great abilities exerted any where; instead of two, there are innumerable parties; and the blood that is spilt is all in the way of murder and massacre.”

LETTER CCXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 12th December, 1789.

“ I thank you for your valuable hints with respect [to Addison. They shall be duly attended to. I have begun my notes on Tickell’s life of him, and written several pages. But I fear it will not be possible for me to make them interesting; so that if Mr Sibbald* expect much from them, he will certainly be disappointed. I suppose there will not be room in the volume for more than thirty or forty pages of this prefatory matter †; and those I hope to finish in a few weeks.

“ I remember that Dr Hurd speaks somewhere of somebody who had projected an epic poem of the ancient and legitimate form; but I know not whom he meant. I have heard Dr Brown guessed to be the person; but he was by no means equal to the task; nor has either this age or the last produced a genius equal to it, except perhaps Mr Gray. Pope himself would have failed if he had persisted in his epic project. He would undoubtedly have made something superior to “ Leonidas,” the “ Epigoniad,” the “ Henriade,” &c. but with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, he could no more cope, than “ I with Hercules.”

* The publisher.

† They amount to xlvi.

“ I wish I could see Philips’s play of the “ Distrest Mother;” for I never have seen it, nor do I know where to inquire about it. I wish you would take the trouble to compare it with Racine’s “ Andromaque,” and inform me how far it is a translation or an imitation of that tragedy. From such a writer as Ambrose Philips I never could have expected a good play, or a good poem of any sort; which made me always think, that there must be great extravagance of praise in what Addison says of it. But it has the merit of furnishing matter for one of the most humorous of Addison’s papers. That strange mixture of sentiments that arise in Sir Roger’s mind, from his every now and then mistaking the play for a reality, and by and by recollecting that it is but a play, is perfectly natural, and Addison has managed it to the best account. Fielding’s imitation of it, in that part of “ Tom Jones” where Partridge goes to see “ Hamlet,” is hardly inferior.”

LETTER CCXV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 9th April, 1790.

“ I was so much delighted with your most affectionate letter, that I wished to answer it in course; but was prevented, by having more to do in the college than usual, it being the last week of our session. The vacation is now begun;

and nothing, but what I am going to mention, would prevent my setting out immediately for your house in George-street, where I wish on many accounts to be, and where, in a few weeks, I hope I shall be. My son's bad health is the circumstance which prevents me. In the end of last November, by giving assistance to a sick friend in the night-time, he got a very severe cold, which came on with a violent fit of fever, and he has been in a declining way almost ever since. Within these three weeks he has got a little better, which I flatter myself is at this season of the year a good symptom. He has no cough, and very little positive pain, and he has good spirits; his chief complaints are weakness and a disordered stomach. Dr ***** thinks, and he thinks himself, that some weeks of Peterhead water, followed by a course of goats' milk, will set him up again. To Peterhead, therefore, we shall go in a few days.

“There is not much in my notes on Addison's papers. They do not interfere with what I projected some time ago, about an “Essay on the Writings and Genius of Addison;” which, if I live to finish it, will be a volume by itself. But, as you observe, the second volume of my “Elements,” &c. must be my first concern. A great part of the materials of it are provided; and two or three months of leisure, and tolerable health, would almost enable me to finish it.

“The same favourable accounts, which you are so good to give me, of the Bishop of London and Mrs Porteus, I have received from several quarters, and very lately in a letter from himself, in which there is a particular and pleasing

description of his new Kentish retreat near Sevenoaks. I once thought of seeing him, and some other friends in the south, in the course of the ensuing summer. The Bishop's constitution is certainly not a robust one; it seems rather the contrary; and yet nobody enjoys better health and spirits than he; such are the effects of temperance, activity, and a cheerful temper. I earnestly pray his life may be long; for he is a blessing to his friends, and a zealous and judicious guardian of the church. You would observe, and I am sure with pleasure, how averse the parliament is to civil or ecclesiastical innovation. This to all, "who fear God and honour the King, who study to be quiet and mind their own business, and meddle not with them who are given to change," must be very welcome intelligence. I hope our people will take warning from France; which I believe is at present a miserable country, and likely to continue so. The French wish for liberty, but know not what it is; they seem to think it the same thing with levelling. Their King is the slave of their Assembly, and their Assembly are the slaves of the rabble."

LETTER CCXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Peterhead, 25th April, 1790.

"I thank you for your very kind letter, and for the ten-

der concern you take in my son's welfare. By the advice of physicians, and in consequence of his own earnest desire, I brought him hither about a week ago. He has gained nothing as yet; I am afraid he has rather been losing ground. Yet Dr ***** is under no apprehensions, and assures me there is nothing the matter with him but weakness; which, being the effect of relaxation merely, good weather, fresh air, strengthening medicines, and moderate exercise, will in time remove. I thought of a journey for him several weeks ago; but find, after repeated trials, that he has not strength equal to it.

“Of the notes on Tickell's “Life of Addison,” and Johnson's “Remarks on his Prose-writings,” the printing is at last begun, but proceeds very slowly. I am much obliged to you for the extract from the “New Tatler,” relating to Addison's thousand pounds. It is certainly a true state of that transaction, of which Dr Johnson gives an account so partial, and to Addison so injurious.

“The annotations on the late edition of the “Tatler,” in six volumes, are in general not such as one would have expected. Many of them are very trifling; and many of them, by endeavouring to substitute real for fictitious names, and so to transform general into personal satire, are injurious to the writers of the “Tatler,” and have a tendency to make that work both less useful and less amusing. And what are we to think of that assertion, so often repeated in those annotations, that it is impossible to distinguish the style of Addison from that of Steele? This alone would satisfy me, that

the annotators were no competent judges, either of composition, or of the English language; which indeed appears from the general tenor of their own style, which is full of those new-fangled phrases and barbarous idioms that are now so much affected by those who form their style from political pamphlets, and those pretended speeches in parliament that appear in newspapers. Should this jargon continue to gain ground among us, English literature will go to ruin. During the last twenty years, especially since the breaking out of the American war, it has made an alarming progress. One does not wonder that such a fashion should be adopted by illiterate people, or by those who are not conversant in the best English authors; but it is a shame to see such a man as Lord Hailes give way to it, as he has done in some of his latest publications. If I live to execute what I propose, on the writings and genius of Addison, I shall at least enter my protest against this practice; and, by exhibiting a copious specimen of the new phraseology, endeavour to make my reader set his heart against it.

“ I am very happy to hear, that your eldest son intends so soon to exchange Paris for Geneva; a land of impiety and distraction, for a settled government in a Christian country. Ever since the breaking out of this revolution, (I should rather say, since the commencement of French anarchy) my opinion of that infatuated people has been invariably the same. I wish them liberty with all my heart; but the liberty they aim at, that is, the liberty of doing what they please, I do not wish them. No despotism is so dread-

ful as that of the rabble; the *Bastile* was never so bad a thing as the *lanterne* is; and I doubt not that the greatest and most respectable part of the French nation would be heartily glad to see their old government re-established, even in all its rigour. But, in fact, it was not rigorous; it was the mildest despotism upon earth; and far preferable, in my opinion, if we consider what was good in it, as well as what was bad, to any republican form of government now subsisting. I wish Mr Burke would publish what he intended on the present state of France. He is a man of principle, and a friend to religion, to law, and to monarchy, as well as to liberty."

LETTER CCXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 23d July, 1790.

"I have read Bruce's "Travels," all but the second volume, which contains a very uninteresting business, the civil history of Abyssinia. I became fonder of Bruce as he and I grew better acquainted. He is not an elegant writer, but he is frequently a learned one; and, though too much given to ostentation, I think we must, for all that, acknowledge him to be a hero. There is much curious matter in him: I thought I saw some contradictions or inconsistencies; but

that might be owing to the distracted state of my mind. If I can find leisure, I will read him a second time, and then I am sure I shall like him still better. I honour him greatly for being a Christian, as well as a traveller and philosopher: there are in his book many striking confirmations of the truth of the Old Testament history, which he emphatically calls the most authentic of all ancient histories."

LETTER CCXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 3d August, 1790.

"My son continues, as he has been for these four weeks past, without either gaining ground, or apparently losing any. His debility is extreme; and his cough a little troublesome, but not very painful; and to me it does not seem to have that hollow sound which is generally heard in consumptive cases. He continues his milk diet; the greatest part of which is goats' milk.

"I am well aware of the propriety of your advice, and will endeavour to profit by it. To torment ourselves with unavailing anxieties about possible or even probable evils, is not only imprudent, but unlawful; for our religion expressly forbids it. But I have not now the command of my

thoughts. Ever since the commencement of our vacation, I have been passing, without intermission, from one scene of perplexity and sorrow to another. But let me not trouble you with things of this nature. It would become me better to speak of the manifold blessings which Providence has conferred upon me, than of any trials which may have fallen to my lot. These will all terminate well, if it is not my own fault; and even for these I ought to be thankful; for I can say, from the fullest conviction, that "it is good for me to have been afflicted."

"I am glad that you approve of my slight annotations upon Addison. I have not yet got a sight of the new edition of his prose-works; but I should like to see it, having almost forgotten what I wrote, of which I kept no copy. I am greatly obliged to Miss Bowdler for her favourable opinion; and am well pleased to find, that she approves of my sentiments with respect to the present rapid decline of the English language. I begin to fear it will be impossible to check it; but an *attempt* would be made, if I had leisure; and a little more tranquillity of mind.

"I have been reading, with all the attention that my bewildered mind is capable of, Bishop Newton's "Dissertations on the Prophecies." The simplicity of the style and manner is very characteristical of its author, whom I well knew, and who was the most saint-like Nathaniel I ever saw. It is a very learned and pious work, and should be read by every body: for though all the reasonings are not equally

satisfying, a thing not to be expected in such a work, it contains many acute and striking observations, which, though they should not overcome the obstinacy of the infidel, can hardly fail to confirm the faith of the Christian. It contains a very great variety of historical information, and throws a surprising light on many obscure passages of Scripture."

That misfortune which Dr Beattie had long dreaded, the loss of one so dear to him as his eldest son, was now fast advancing. In his letters to his friends for several months preceding, he had given a melancholy presage of what was about to happen; and the piety and resignation with which he viewed its approach, were truly edifying.

The following letter to the Duchess of Gordon gives an account of that event having actually taken place. It is worthy of himself, and cannot be perused without a deep sense of what he must have suffered on the occasion.

LETTER CCXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 1st December, 1790.

“ Knowing with what kindness and condescension your Grace takes an interest in every thing that concerns me and my little family, I take the liberty to inform you, that my son James is dead ; that the last duties to him are now paid ; and that I am endeavouring to return, with the little ability that is left me, and with entire submission to the will of Providence, to the ordinary business of life. I have lost one who was always a pleasing companion ; but who, for the last five or six years, was one of the most entertaining and instructive companions that ever man was blest with : For his mind comprehended almost every science ; he was a most attentive observer of life and manners ; a master of classical learning ; and he possessed an exuberance of wit and humour, a force of understanding, and a correctness and delicacy of taste, beyond any other person of his age I have ever known.

“ He was taken ill in the night of the 30th of November, 1789 ; and from that time his decline commenced. It was long what physicians call a *nervous atrophy* ; but towards the end of June, symptoms began to appear of the lungs being affected. Goats’ milk, and afterwards asses’ milk,

were procured for him in abundance ; and such exercise as he could bear, he regularly took : these means lengthened his days, no doubt, and alleviated his sufferings, which indeed were not often severe : but, in spite of all that could be done, he grew weaker and weaker, and died the 19th of November, 1790, without complaint or pain, without even a groan or a sigh ; retaining to the last moment the use of his rational faculties : indeed, from first to last, not one delirious word ever escaped him. He lived twenty-two years and thirteen days. Many weeks before it came, he saw death approaching ; and he met it with such composure and pious resignation, as may no doubt be equalled, but cannot be surpassed.

“ He has left many things in writing, serious and humorous, scientific and miscellaneous, prose and verse, Latin and English ; but it will be a long time before I shall be able to harden my heart so far as to revise them.

“ I have the satisfaction to know, that every thing has been done for him that could be done ; and every thing according to the best medical advice that Scotland could afford. For the last five months I kept in my family a young medical friend, who was constantly at hand : and from the beginning to the end of my son’s illness, I was always either by him, or within call. From these circumstances, your Grace will readily believe, that I derive no little satisfaction. But my chief comfort arises from reflecting upon the particulars of his life ; which was one uninterrupted exercise of

piety, benevolence, filial affection, and indeed of every virtue which it was in his power to practise. I shall not, with respect to him, adopt a mode of speech which has become too common, and call him *my poor son* : for I must believe, that he is infinitely happy, and will be so for ever.

“ May God grant every blessing to your Grace, your family, and all your friends.

“ The Duke of Gordon has done me the honour, according to his wonted and very great humanity, to write me a most friendly and sympathetic letter on this occasion.”

SECTION IV.

FROM THE DEATH OF DR BEATTIE'S ELDEST SON IN 1790,
TO HIS OWN DEATH IN 1803.

DR BEATTIE bore the loss of his son with singular fortitude and resignation. Yet although his grief was not clamorous, it was not the less severe; and that beautiful line of his own "Hermit" might most aptly be applied to him:

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

The event indeed had been long foreseen; he was therefore not altogether unprepared to meet the stroke: and the thousand nameless attentions which he had been in the daily habit of paying to this darling object of his affection, during the course of his illness, by continually occupying his time, had in some degree given employment to his thoughts, and had prevented him from feeling the full weight of his im-

pending misfortune. But when at length the scene was closed, and he had piously paid the last mournful duties to his child's remains, he experienced, in its full extent, the melancholy void which was occasioned by the loss of one so dear to him, who, as he himself emphatically expresses it, had been "the pleasantest, and for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive companions that ever man was delighted with. But—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality*." His habitual piety and submission to the will of Heaven, were indeed the great sources whence he derived that fortitude by which he was enabled to bear up under this weight of affliction. The very thought, too, of his son's extraordinary merit, while in one respect it aggravated the feeling of his loss, afforded him no slight consolation under it; and I believe he might have appropriated to himself, with perfect sincerity, the beautiful and affecting eulogy of the great Duke of Ormond, on occasion of the death of the virtuous and gallant Earl of Ossory, that "he would not exchange his dead son for any living son in Christendom †."

* "Account of the Life and Character of James Hay Beattie," p. 56. 12mo edition.

† Hume's "History of England," Vol. VIII. p. 164.

As soon as Dr Beattie was able to collect his scattered thoughts, he set himself to examine the papers which his son had left behind him ; consisting chiefly of fragments of essays, and unfinished pieces of poetry, on the composition of which he had occasionally employed himself ; together with many unconnected memorandums of what he meant to perform, had it pleased God to prolong his life. Those manuscripts, as they evinced the extent of his genius, and the singular proficiency to which he had attained during so short a period, in so many branches of literature and science, while they excited his father's admiration, added to the regret he could not but feel for the untimely fate of one who had given such rich promise, had he been spared, of being an ornament to his country, and a blessing to mankind. From among these papers, he selected such pieces as he thought deserving of preservation ; and he soothed his grief, by writing an account of his son's life and character, which he resolved, though not to publish, yet to print for the use of his friends. He was pleased to inscribe it to Mr Baron Gordon, Major Mercer, Mr Arbuthnot, and myself, to all of whom he was much attached, as he had long received from us the strongest proofs of mutual friendship.

Of this selection, it must be fairly acknowledged, that all the pieces are by no means of equal merit. While some bear undisputed marks of genius and talents, far beyond the author's years, others do not rise even to mediocrity. He himself gave the reason of the miscellaneous nature of the

collection, in his prefatory address; in which he says, that
 “ He wished to give such proofs as could be had, and might
 “ be published, of the various talents of the author; and,
 “ for the sake of example, to show, that, though studious
 “ and learned, he was neither austere nor formal; and that
 “ in him the strictest piety and modesty were united, with
 “ the utmost cheerfulness, and even playfulness of disposi-
 “ tion *.” In vain was it that some of his friends, to whose
 perusal he had submitted the manuscript, took the liberty of
 representing to him, that of those humorous pieces, of which
 Dr Beattie was himself exceedingly fond, although they had
 no doubt been highly relished by the domestic circle, for
 whose amusement they had been originally composed, some
 were of such a nature, as that no very high degree of appro-
 bation could be looked for from others—that, therefore, he
 had better confine his selection to such, whether in verse or
 prose, as were of undisputed merit. Dr Beattie, however,
 continued firm in his own opinion; and the volume came
 from the press as it now appears †. To the edition of Dr
 Beattie’s works, in prose and verse, now preparing for pub-

* Dedication of the “ Account of the Life and Character of James Hay
 “ Beattie,” p. vii.

† I have said, that the volume was originally printed at Dr Beattie’s ex-
 pence, and only distributed among his friends. Those pieces of his son’s,
 however, so printed, together with the account of his life and character, have
 since been published for sale in London, as a second volume of an edition of
 his own poetical works, published under his authority in the year 1799.

lication, I propose to subjoin only such a selection of those pieces of his son's, as, in my judgment, do him most credit ; together with an abridgement of the " Account of his Life and Character." If in doing so, I shall thus take the liberty of differing from an authority so high, I can only plead in my own vindication, the opinion I have mentioned, as having originally been given, and the rectitude of my intention, in anxiously wishing to do what I think will be most conducive to the reputation of both father and son.

I now proceed with a continuance of his correspondence with his friends.

LETTER CCXX.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 14th December, 1790.

" I know you are anxious to hear from me ; and I wish, as I have much to say, to write you a long letter ; but that is not in my power at present. There is only one subject on which I can think * ; and my nerves are so shattered, and

* The recent loss of his eldest son.

my mind feels (if I may so express myself) so sore, that I can hardly attend to any thing. You may be assured, that to the will of God I am perfectly resigned: and, in the late dispensation of his Providence, I see innumerable instances of the divine benignity, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful.

“ Mr ***** would tell you many particulars, which I need not recapitulate. Since the last duty was paid, I have thrice a-day attended my business in the college; the doing of which is, in the present circumstances, painful and laborious, but perhaps salutary. I sleep irregularly; the pain in my side is frequently troublesome; and the dizziness of my head is so great, as would alarm and astonish me, if I had not been used to it: but, upon the whole, I am as well as I had any reason to expect. I have had very kind letters of condolence from all my friends.

“ I know not whether you will, as a physician, approve of what I am doing at my hours of leisure—writing an account of the life, character, education, and literary proficiency, of our departed friend. I sometimes think it gives relief to my mind, and soothes it. At any rate, it is better than running into company, in order to drive him, as much as possible, out of my remembrance. With all the tenderness that writing on such a subject necessarily occasions, it yields also many consolations so pleasing, that for the world I would not part with them. I know not what I shall do with this narrative when it is finished: I have thoughts of printing

a few copies of it, and sending them to my particular friends.

“ I have ordered a marble slab to be erected over his grave ; with an inscription, of which I inclose a copy. In some things I think it falls below the truth ; but rises in nothing above it, so far as I can judge. Monumental inscriptions I consider as belonging, not to poetry, but to history ; the writers of them should give the truth, if possible the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I wrote this inscription in Latin ; thinking that language more suitable, than English, to his character as a scholar and philosopher. The papers he has left are many ; but few of them finished. In little notes and memorandums, some Latin and some English, I find strokes of character greatly to his honour, forms of devotion, pious resolutions, hints for writing essays, &c.”

LETTER CCXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1791.

“ My heart is likely to receive very soon another deep wound. Our Principal's life is in the most extreme danger. The disorder began with what was supposed a cold only,

but has become a most violent asthma with fever, and in the night-time such extreme distress, that Mrs Campbell told me to-day, in an agony of grief, that it would be better for him to be at rest. This morning he expressed great anxiety to see me. I went immediately, and was a quarter-of-an-hour alone with him. He told me he was dying; with other matters which I cannot mention; and gave me directions with respect to some things in which he is interested. I endeavoured to raise his spirits; and when I left him, he was better than when I went in. But Dr ***** has little or no hopes of him: Mrs Campbell has none. I thought his pulse not bad; but he told me he had always a very slow pulse. A person so amiable and so valuable, and who has been my intimate and affectionate friend for thirty years, it is not a slight matter to lose: but I fear I must lose him. His death will be an unspeakable loss to our society.

“The monument, with the inscription, is now erected in the church-yard; so that all that matter is over. I often dream of the grave that is under it: I saw with some satisfaction, on a late occasion, that it is very deep, and capable of holding my coffin laid on that which is already in it. I hope my friends will allow my body to sleep there*.”

* See Vol. I. p. 22.

The inscription is as follows :

JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.

Philos. in. Acad. Marischal. Professori.

Adolescenti.

Ea. Modestia.

Ea. Suavitate. Morum.

Ea. Benevolentia. erga. omnes.

Ea. erga. Deum. Pietate.

Ut. Humanum. nihil. supra.

In. Bonis. Literis.

In. Theologia.

In. omni. Philosophia.

Exercitatissimo.

Poetæ. insuper.

Rebus. in. Levioribus. faceto.

In. Grandioribus. Sublimi.

Qui. Placidam. Animam. eflavit.

XIX. Novemb. MDCCXC.

Annos. habens. XXII. Diesque. XIII.

PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

LETTER CCXXII.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 31st January, 1791.

“ I have too often sent you letters that must have given you pain : I am happy in having it in my power to send one that will give you pleasure. I beg you will let Mr Baron Gordon and Mr Arbuthnot know the contents of it.

“ Our Principal Campbell’s disorder has taken an unexpected and very favourable turn. I sat with him half-an-hour to-day, and found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, that his fever is gone, that he has little to complain of, and that he now begins to have hopes of recovery. I have seldom seen him more cheerful ; and he would willingly have talked much more than I would allow him to do. Few things have ever happened to me in life that gave me more satisfaction than the prospect of his recovery. It is a blessing to the public, of inestimable benefit to Marischal College, and to me a very singular mercy. In consequence of it, I feel my heart more disengaged and light, than it has been these many long months. May God confirm his recovery, and preserve him ! The physicians both entertain sanguine hopes.

“ You, my dear Sir, and I, have seen several instances of the power of Christianity in triumphing over death. I saw many instances of it on a late occasion, that nearly affected

me. I must give you a little anecdote, which Mrs Campbell told me to-day: At a time when Dr Campbell seemed to be just expiring, and had told his wife and niece that it was so, a cordial happened unexpectedly to give him relief. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, that he wondered to see their countenances so melancholy, and covered with tears, in the apprehension of his departure. At that instant, said he, I felt my mind in such a state, in the thoughts of my immediate dissolution, that I can express my feelings in no other way, than by saying, that I was *in a rapture*. The feelings of such a mind as Dr Campbell's, in such an awful moment, when he certainly retained the full use of all his faculties, deserve to be attended to. When will an infidel die such a death!

“ I have a thousand things to say; but after what I said last, every thing else is impertinent. Adieu. May God bless Lady Forbes and your family.”

LETTER CCXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

Aberdeen, 7th March, 1791.

“ After the patient hearing which your Grace has done me the honour to grant to several of my opinions, I presume you will not be at a loss to guess what I think of Mr Burke's book on the French revolution. I wished the French nation

very well ; I wished their government reformed, and their religion ; I wished both to be according to the British model : and I know not what better things I could have wished them. But (with the skill and temper of that surgeon, who, in order to alleviate the toothach, should knock all his patient's teeth down his throat) they, instead of reforming popery, seem to have resolved upon the abolition of Christianity ; instead of amending their government, they have destroyed it ; and, instead of advising their King to consult his own and his people's dignity, by making law the rule of his conduct, they have used him much more cruelly than our Charles I. was used ; they have made him a prisoner and a slave.

“ They will have a democracy indeed, and no aristocracy ! They know not the meaning of the words. A democracy, in which *all* men are supposed to be perfectly equal, never yet took place in any nation ; and never can, so long as the distinctions are acknowledged, of rich and poor, master and servant, parent and child, old and young, strong and weak, active and indolent, wise and unwise. They will have a republic ; and of this word too they misunderstand the meaning ; they confound republic with levelling : and a levelling spirit, generally diffused, would soon overturn the best republican fabric that ever was reared. They must also have a monarchy (or at least a monarch) without nobility ; not knowing, that without nobility a free monarchy can no more subsist, than the roof of a house can rise to and retain its proper elevation, while the walls are but half-built ; not

knowing, that where there are only two orders of people in a nation, and those the regal and the plebeian, there must be perpetual dissention between them, either till the king get the better of the people, which will make him (if he pleases) despotal, or till the people get the better of the king, which, where all subordination is abolished, must introduce anarchy. It must be the interest of the nobility to keep the people in good humour, these being always a most formidable body; and it is equally the interest of the nobles to support the throne; for if it fall they are crushed in its ruins. The same House of Commons that murdered Charles I. voted the House of Lords to be useless: and when the rabble of France had imprisoned and enslaved their King, they immediately set about annihilating their nobles. Such things have happened; and such things must always happen in like circumstances. These principles I have been pondering in my mind these thirty years; and the more I learn of history, of law, and of human nature, the more I become satisfied of their truth. But there seems to be just now in France such a total ignorance of human nature and of good learning, as is perfectly astonishing; there is no consideration, no simplicity, no dignity; all is froth, phrensy, and foppery.

“In Mr Burke’s book are many expressions, that might perhaps, with equal propriety, have been less warm: but against these it is not easy to guard, when a powerful eloquence is animated by an ardent mind. There are also, no doubt, some things that might have been omitted without

loss : and the arrangement of the subject might perhaps have been made more convenient for ordinary readers. But the spirit and principles of the work, I, as a lover of my King, and of the constitution of my country, do highly approve ; and within my very narrow circle of influence, I shall not fail to recommend it. It came very seasonably ; at a time, when a considerable party among us are labouring to introduce into this island the anarchy of France ; and when some seem to entertain the hope, that the carnage of civil war will soon deluge our streets in blood : But no matter, say they, provided Kings, and nobles, and bishops, are exterminated ; and Mahometans, Pagans, and atheists, obtain universal toleration.

“ I once intended to have attempted to write something on the subject of Mr Burke’s book, and nearly according to his plan : and had my mind been a little more at ease during the last summer, I believe I should have done it. But when I heard that Mr Burke had the matter in hand, I knew any attempt of mine would be not only useless, but impertinent. He has done the subject infinitely more justice than it was in my power to do.

“ At a time when your Grace has so many matters of importance to attend to, I would not have troubled you with so long a letter, if you had not desired me to give my opinion of Mr Burke’s book. But this led me into some digressions ; which, though your judgment may blame, I know your goodness will pardon.”

LETTER CCXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Fulham Palace, 7th June, 1791.

“The Bishop of London, who brought me out of town on Saturday last, urges me to go to Bath; in which he is joined by Miss Hannah More, who is here just now, though she commonly resides at Bath. She is to draw up a paper of directions for me. I know not whether you have seen her. She is one of the most agreeable women I know: to her genius and learning* you are no stranger.

“Fulham Palace is a noble and venerable pile, and so large that I have not yet learned to find my way in it. The grounds belonging to it, which are perfectly level, and comprehend twenty or thirty acres, are of a circular form nearly, and surrounded by a moat supplied with water from the Thames; and round the whole circumference, on the inside of the moat, there is a fine gravel walk shaded with four or five rows of the most majestic oaks, elms, &c. that are any where to be seen. Of the buildings, which form two square courts, (besides offices) some are antient, and some comparatively modern. Many of the apartments are magnificent, particularly the dining room (which was the work of Bishop Sherlock) and the library. There is also a very elegant

* Vol. I. p. 210. Vol. II. p. 146.

chapel, in which the whole family meet to prayers, at half past nine in the morning, and where the Bishop preached to us on Sunday evening, from the second article of the creed. I never heard, even from him, a finer sermon; and Montagu, who is a sort of critic in sermons, was in utter astonishment at the energy and elegance of his pronounciation.

I read yesterday the debate on the slave trade, which fills a two-shilling pamphlet. The speeches of Mr Wilberforce, Mr Pitt, Mr W. Smith, and Mr Fox, are most excellent, and absolutely unanswerable. The friends to the abolition are very sanguine in their hopes, that this diabolical commerce will in two or three years be at an end."

LETTER CCXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Fulham Palace, 8th June, 1791.

"I know you will be very anxious to hear good accounts of my health, and I wish I could send you such; but that is very far from being the case. I left Aberdeen the 16th of April, and in a week, for I went very slowly, got to Edinburgh, where I remained three weeks, during all which time we had from the east very cold and stormy weather. The journey from Edinburgh to London was the work of nine days; for on account of my health I still went slowly, seldom above fifty miles a-day, though the roads were the finest

that can be. On my arrival in London, the wind settled in the east, where it has been ever since; and the weather, from being cold and stormy, became, and still continues to be, unsupportably hot. Violent heat and east wind will, either of them, beat down my strength at any time: think then what I suffered, when both came upon me at once, enforced by the stifling atmosphere of London. I lost all my strength, and all the spirit that remained with me. The day after my arrival, I dined with Mrs Montagu, and her amiable nephew and niece, and introduced Montagu to his god-mother, who gave him as affectionate a reception as if he had been her own son, and seemed to be (indeed she told me she was) much pleased with his appearance and behaviour. Every body he has seen is kind to him, and he very soon becomes acquainted wherever he is. We lodged ten days with our friends Mr and Mrs *****, who showed us the utmost attention and kindness, and with whom we should have still been, if the Bishop of London had not on Saturday last brought us to this place, which is his summer residence. It is indeed a noble and venerable mansion, five miles from town, on the brink of the Thames, and situated in a spacious lawn, surrounded with rows of the most majestic elms and oaks, &c. that are any where to be seen. I may have told you, that our friend *****'s house is within a hundred yards of Westminster Abbey. Notwithstanding this, and that the commemoration music was going on at the time we were there, in the presence of the King and Royal Family, and some thousands of the first people of the kingdom,

and conducted by the greatest band of musicians that ever were brought together in this world; and though the music was Handel's (for his Majesty hears no other on that occasion), yet my health was such, that I could not go to it. Perhaps this was no loss to me. Even the organ of Durham cathedral was too much for my feelings; for it brought too powerfully to my remembrance another organ, much smaller indeed, but more interesting, which I can never hear any more*."

LETTER CCXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Fulham Palace, 30th June, 1791.

"I am favoured with yours of the 17th, and thank you for every part of it, especially for that in which you give me so particular an account of Lady Forbes, in whom I am indeed as much interested as I can be in any human being. I am greatly concerned to hear of her relapse; which, considering the very untowardly state of the weather, we need neither wonder nor be alarmed at: but now, when summer and the west-wind are at last come, I am confident she will soon experience a very sensible change for the better, and gradually regain her wonted health; to which her placid and cheerful temper will greatly contribute."

* This alludes to his eldest son's performance on that instrument.

“ My health is better since I came hither. To the tranquillity, the fresh air, and the venerable bowers of Fulham Palace, I owe much; but much more to its delightful inhabitants, whom I cannot leave without great regret. Among other pleasing circumstances, I have here had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with some very respectable friends, whom I was formerly much connected with, but had not seen these fourteen years; particularly Lord Viscount Cremorne (formerly Lord Dartrey) and his lady, Mrs Boscawen (the Admiral’s widow), and Mrs Garrick, who, notwithstanding her age, is still an elegant woman. I have also, once and again, met with Mr Horace Walpole, and had much conversation with him*. He is a very agreeable man, perfectly well bred, and of pleasant discourse; but it pains one to see him so miserably martyred by the gout, both in his feet and hands.

“ Dining some days ago with Lord Guilford † at Bushy Park, I unexpectedly met with your friend, the Bishop of Kilaloe ‡, and his son. I presented your compliments to the Bishop, who asked particularly about Lady Forbes and you, and desired to be remembered to you. I was happy to find that Lord Guilford, though he has entirely lost his sight, is

* The well-known proprietor of Strawberry-Hill; afterwards Earl of Orford. He died 2d March, 1797, aged seventy nine.

† Formerly Lord North, to whom, when minister, Dr Beattie had been so much obliged in the business of his pension, in the year 1773. See Vol. I. p. 256.

‡ Dr Barnard, now Bishop of Limerick.

in perfect health and spirits, and retains all his wonted vivacity and good humour; of which he indeed possesses a very uncommon share. He wears no fillet on his eyes, nor needs any, as their outward appearance is not altered in the least. Mr and Lady Katharine Douglas * dined there the same day, and are quite well: Lady Katharine is a most agreeable woman.

“ Last week I made a morning visit to Mr Pitt †. I had heard him spoken of as a grave and reserved man; but saw nothing of it. He gave me a very frank, and indeed affectionate reception; and was so cheerful, and in his conversation so easy, that I almost thought myself in the company, rather of an old acquaintance, than of a great statesman. He was pleased to pay me some very obliging compliments, asked about my health, and how I meant to pass the summer; spoke of the Duchess of Gordon, the improvements of Edinburgh, and various other matters: and when I told him, I knew not what apology to make for intruding upon him, said, that no apology was necessary, for that he was very glad to see me, and desired to see me again.”

* Now Lord Glenbervie, married to Lady Katharine North, Lord Guilford's eldest daughter. See Vol. I. p. 154.

† I lament, for the sake of my country and of Europe, to have, at the period of this publication, the melancholy necessity of recording the death of this eminent and excellent statesman. He died on the 23d January, 1806, at the early age of forty-six.

LETTER CCXXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO MISS VALENTINE.

Sandleford, Berkshire, 27th July, 1791.

“ Bath is a town about twice as large as Aberdeen, and situated in the bottom of a deep and narrow valley, overhung with steep hills on every side ; so that there is hardly such a thing to be felt there as a fresh breeze. The soil is white chalk, which on the surface of the ground is pounded, by the feet of animals, and the wheels of carriages, into a fine powder, which, in dry weather, is continually flying about, and drawn in with the breath, proved most offensive to my lungs, though they are not easily affected ; in wet weather it covers all the level and narrow streets with a deep mire. The heat of the place is, as you will readily suppose, very great ; and the air much more close and stifling than that of London. Some of the streets are, in respect of architecture, very elegant, if they be not too gaudy and too much ornamented ; but, on the whole, it is an irregular and very inconvenient town. Being all built of free-stone, (an uncommon thing in England) it has more the air of a Scotch town than of an English one ; the English towns being for the most part of brick : and it put me more in mind of Edinburgh than any other place I have seen. Montagu will tell you more of it hereafter. The water of the pump, at least of that pump at which I was desired to drink, is so warm as to raise the mercury in the thermome-

ter to 103: The common fountain-water is clear and cool, and indeed very good.

“ At Bath, though my stay was so short, I met with some very agreeable people, particularly two ladies (to whom I was recommended by Miss Hannah More), and Mr Wilberforce*. This gentleman, whom you know I was very anxious to see, is, for those virtues that most adorn human nature, one of the most distinguished characters of the age; and withal a man of great wit, cheerful conversation, exemplary piety, and uncommon abilities: I am sorry to see he is not robust; I am afraid his health is too delicate. I was with him part of three days. He is very partial to me, and showed me every possible attention, and was very kind to Montagu.”

In the year 1790 †, Dr Beattie had published the first volume of “ Elements of Moral Science;” the second volume

* William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. for the county of York, the strenuous promoter, in the House of Commons, of the abolition of the slave-trade; author of “ A Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of professed Christians in the higher and middle Classes in this Country, contrasted with real Christianity.”

† I must not omit to mention here a circumstance respecting the publication of the “ Elements of Moral Science,” very much to the credit of Dr Beattie. On his writing to me to dispose of the manuscript, to be printed in octavo, I applied to his bookseller, who made offer of a sum of money for the copy-right; adding, however, that he could afford to give more if the book were to be printed in quarto. On my mentioning this to Dr Beattie, he immediately answered, “ No; I do not wish, for the sake of profit to myself, to increase the price to my students, many of whom can but ill afford to purchase an expensive publication.” It accordingly never has been printed in quarto.

did not make its appearance until the year 1793. In an advertisement prefixed to the first volume, he informs us, that they contain an Abridgment, and, for the most part, a very brief one, of his Lectures on Moral Philosophy and Logic, delivered in Marischal College. It had long been his practice, he says, with a view of assisting the memory of his hearers, to make them write *notes* of each discourse. This practice, although it strongly evinces Dr Beattie's great attention to the instruction of his pupils, was not without its disadvantages, both to them and to himself.

As these notes were written in the lecture-room, many hours were necessarily consumed in that manner, which might have been more usefully employed in listening to the teacher. As they were also written in haste, they were very often inaccurate; and, by an unavoidable consequence, many manuscript copies had got into the world, and even some part into print, incomplete, as well as incorrect, with more imperfections, says Dr Beattie, than could reasonably be imputed to the author. To remedy both these evils, he was intreated to publish these notes himself, and thus put it in the power of his students to procure correct copies of the whole summary, a little enlarged in the doctrinal parts, and with the addition of a few illustrative examples. Such is the account Dr Beattie gives of the publication of his "Elements of Moral Science." He adds farther, in the same advertisement, that he presumes nobody will be offended, if in these papers there be found, as there certainly will, numberless thoughts and arguments, which may be found elsewhere. It

will be considered, he says, that as a professed province is generally assigned him by public authority, his business is rather to collect and arrange his materials, than to invent or make them. In his illustrations, in order to render what he teaches as perspicuous and entertaining as possible, he may give ample scope to his inventive powers; but in preparing a *summary* of his principles, he will be more solicitous to make a collection of useful truths, however old, than to amuse his readers with paradox, and theories of his own contrivance. And let it be considered farther, he adds, that as all the practical, and most of the speculative, parts of moral science, have been frequently and fully explained by the ablest writers, he would, if he should affect novelty in these matters, neither do justice to his subject, nor easily clear himself from the charge of ostentation.

Notwithstanding this modest declaration on the part of the author, we should do great injustice to the work, were we to suppose it to be no more than a mere prospectus or syllabus of a course of lectures on moral philosophy. In a certain degree, no doubt, it may be considered as a text-book; but in general so copious, so luminous in the arrangement, so perspicuous in the language, and so excellent in the sentiments it every where inculcates, that if the profound metaphysician and logician do not find in it that depth of science which they may expect to meet with in other works of greater erudition, the candid inquirer after truth may rest satisfied, that if he has studied these "Elements" with due attention, he will have laid a solid foun-

dation, on which to build all the knowledge of the subject necessary for the common purposes of life. Some of the topics are no doubt treated with more, some with less, brevity. Of such of the lectures as have already, under the name of "Essays," been published in the same form in which they were at first composed, particularly those on "The Theory of Language," and "On Memory, and Imagination," Dr Beattie has made this abridgment as brief as was consistent with any degree of perspicuity; while he has bestowed no less than seventy pages on his favourite topic, the *Abolition of the Slave-trade*, and the subjects of *Slavery* connected with it. On the *Slave-trade*, indeed, Dr Beattie felt the strongest and warmest interest in favour of the poor Africans; and he had employed himself, during five-and-twenty years, in collecting materials and information for the purpose of writing and publishing an essay in behalf of that unhappy people. In the mean time, he contrived to interweave into his lectures much of the substance of his projected essay; and while the business was pending in Parliament, and he waited with anxious expectation the success of the efforts of Mr Wilberforce and his friends towards effecting the abolition of the trade, Dr Beattie comforted himself with the reflection, not only that he was doing his duty, by raising his voice against the traffic, but that many of his pupils, in the various vicissitudes of life, being led to the West Indies, might carry his principles with them; and thus contribute, in a certain degree, to improve the unhappy condition of the negroes in our colo-

nies*. His "Essay on Slavery," however, was never published: nor do I find any other trace of it among his papers, than what is to be met with in this summary of his lectures on the subject.

Dr Beattie has divided his course of lectures into four parts, viz. *Psychology*, *Natural Theology*, *Moral Philosophy*, and *Logic*. These, again, he has subdivided into a variety of subordinate parts. Under the first part, he has treated of the *Perceptive Faculties*, and of the *Active Powers of Man*. In the second, or that on *Natural Theology*, he has devoted two chapters to the consideration of the *Divine Existence* and *Divine Attributes*; the proofs of which he deduces from what we feel within ourselves, and what we perceive in contemplating created nature around us. To this he has added an appendix on the *Immateriality* and *Immortality of the Soul*. His second volume, or that division of his subject which comprehends *Moral Philosophy*, commences with *Ethics*, under which head he gives a general delineation of virtue, as well as of the nature and foundation of particular virtues, comprehending those duties which we owe to God, to one another, and to ourselves. *Economics* then follow, comprehending the relative duties of life; in which part it is, that he takes occasion to treat so largely of *Slavery*, and particularly that of the negroes. The third part contains two chapters on the General Nature of Law, and the Origin and Nature of Civil Government. To this succeeds *Logic*, comprehending *Rhetoric* and *Belles Lettres*, and containing much

* See Vol. II. p. 242.

beautiful and valuable criticism on style and composition of various sorts; which he who wishes to form a good style; and to excel in composition of any kind, either prose or verse, will do well to study with attention*. The whole is concluded by some *Remarks on Evidence*.

To give a more copious analysis is not necessary here, as those who wish to be better acquainted with the work, will naturally have recourse to the book itself; which they will find to contain the most interesting truths, explained in a popular but convincing manner, in which elegance, variety, and harmony of style, are united with simplicity, and the subjects illustrated by familiar allusions to history and common life, in such a manner as may not only amuse the fancy, but instruct the understanding, and improve the heart.

But there is one excellence of Dr Beattie's "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," on which I cannot but dwell with peculiar emphasis; and that is, his happy manner of fortifying his arguments from natural religion, on the most important points, by the aid of revelation. While he details, with precision, the proofs which natural reason alone affords, he never omits any proper opportunity of appealing to revelation in support of his doctrine, sometimes in the very words of Scripture, at other times by a general reference to the subject, as it is to be learned there; thus making them mutually support and strengthen each other, as ought ever to be the study of every teacher of ethics. Dr Beattie is,

* The diligent student, however, will not content himself with this abridgement, but will carefully peruse what is said at large on the head, in Dr Beattie's *Essays and Dissertations on "Poetry,"* and "*The Theory of Language.*"

therefore, justly entitled to the most distinguished of all appellations, that of a *A CHRISTIAN MORAL PHILOSOPHER* *.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1793.

“ I am very happy in your and Mr Fraser Tytler’s approbation of my book ; as also Sir William Forbes’s and our

* An eminent Professor of Moral Philosophy, Dr Ferguson, whose “ Lectures,” delivered in the university of Edinburgh, have been published since he resigned his chair, has the following observation :

“ It may be asked, perhaps, why he (the Professor) should restrict his argument, as he has done, to the mere topics of Natural Religion and Reason? This, being the foundation of every superstructure, whether in morality or religion, and, therefore, to be separately treated, he considered as that part of the work which was allotted to him. Farther institutions may improve, but cannot supersede, what the Almighty has revealed in his works, and in the suggestions of reason to man.

“ When first we from the teeming womb were brought,

“ With inborn precepts, then, our souls were fraught.”

Rowe’s *Lucan*, lib. ix. l. 984.

“ And what the Author of our nature has so taught, must be considered as the test of every subsequent institution that is offered as coming from Him †.”

In this concluding sentiment, Dr Ferguson is no doubt perfectly right ; and yet I cannot but presume totally to differ from him in regard to his maxim of

† Prefatory advertisement to “ Principles of Moral and Political Science,” by Adam Ferguson, LL. D. p. vii.

Principal's, who read it in manuscript. General approbation I do not expect. The plainness of the style will, by our

confining himself to arguments drawn from natural religion and reason alone. The consequences of such a mode of teaching appear to me extremely hazardous: for if the Professor shall state an argument, amounting to any strong degree of probability, which at the best is the utmost he can do, there is danger that the student may rest satisfied with the reasoning, and, leaving revelation entirely out of the question, may not seek to carry his inquiries any farther. If, on the contrary, he derive no solid conviction from the use of mere reasoning, the risk is, that he sink into decided scepticism and infidelity:

Dr Beattie, on the contrary, while he does ample justice to his arguments from reason, never loses sight of the Gospel, as the sole anchor of a Christian's hope. As a proof of this, take the following among many instances that might be produced from the book now before us. The sentiments enforced are so transcendently beautiful, that they never can be out of place or season, wherever they may be found.

In his second chapter of *Natural Theology*, speaking of the divine attributes, he says: "Revelation gives such a display of the divine goodness, as must fill us with the most ardent gratitude and adoration. For in it we find, that God has put it in our power, notwithstanding our degeneracy and unworthiness, to be happy both in this world and for ever; a hope which reason alone could never have permitted us to entertain on any ground of certainty. And here we may repeat what was already hinted at, that although the right use of reason supplies our first notions of the divine nature; yet it is from revelation that we receive those distinct ideas of His attributes and providence, which are the foundation of our dearest hopes. The most enlightened of the Heathen had no certain knowledge of His unity, spirituality, eternity, wisdom, justice, or mercy; and, by consequence, could never contrive a comfortable system of natural religion, as Socrates, the wisest of them, acknowledged*."

* "Elements of Moral Science," Vol. I. p. 400.

fashionable writers, be termed vulgarity; the practical tendency of the whole will satisfy our speculative metaphysi-

In his lecture on the Immortality of the Soul, he thus introduces the subject: "It is unnecessary to prove to a Christian, that his soul will never die; because he believes, that life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. But though not necessary, it may be useful to lay before him those arguments, whereby the immortality of the soul might be made appear, even to those who never heard of revelation, probable in the highest degree*," &c. &c.

In treating of the Divine Attributes, Dr Beattie says, "It is reasonable to think, that a Being infinitely good, must also be of infinite mercy: but still the purity and justice of God must convey the most alarming thoughts to those who know themselves to have been, in instances without number, inexcusably criminal. But from what is revealed in Scripture, concerning the divine dispensations with respect to man, we learn, that on performing certain conditions, we shall be forgiven and received into favour, by means which at once display the divine mercy in the most amiable light, and fully vindicate the divine justice.

"It is indeed impossible to understand the doctrines of our religion, and not to wish at least that they may be true: for they exhibit the most comfortable views of God and his providence; they recommend the purest and most perfect morality; and they breathe nothing throughout, but benevolence, equity, and peace: and one may venture to affirm, that no man ever wished the Gospel to be true, who did not find it so †."

Discoursing of *the Nature of Virtue*, Dr Beattie says, "These speculations might lead into a labyrinth of perplexity, if it were not for what revelation declares concerning the divine government. It declares, that man may expect, on the performance of certain conditions, not only pardon, but everlasting happiness; not on account of his own merit, which in the sight of God is nothing, but on account of the infinite merits of the Redeemer, who,

* "Elements of Moral Science," Vol. I. p. 214.

† Ibid. p. 402.

cians, that the author must be shallow and superficial, and a dealer in common-place observations; and the deference that is paid in it to the doctrines of Christianity, will, by all

“ descending from the height of glory, voluntarily underwent the punishment
 “ due to sin, and thus obtained those high privileges for as many as should
 “ comply with the terms announced by him to mankind*.” Again,

“ It is the belief of a future state of retribution, that satisfies the rational
 “ mind of the infinite rectitude of the divine government; and it is this per-
 “ suasion only, that can make the virtuous happy in the present life. And if
 “ we could not without revelation; entertain a well-grounded hope of future
 “ reward, it is only the virtue of the true Christian that can obtain the happi-
 “ ness we now speak of †.

“ Though all men are sinners, yet some are highly respectable on account
 “ of their goodness; and there are crimes so atrocious, perjury for example,
 “ that one single perpetration makes a man infamous. The Scripture express-
 “ ly declares, that, in the day of judgment, it will be more tolerable for some
 “ criminals than for others; and not obscurely insinuates, that the future ex-
 “ altation of the righteous will be in proportion to their virtue ‡.”

Speaking of *Piety*, or the *Duties we owe to God*, he says, “ How far the de-
 “ plorable condition of many of the human race, with respect to false religion,
 “ barbarous life, and an exclusion, hitherto unsurmountable, from all means of
 “ intellectual improvement, may extenuate, or whether it may not, by virtue
 “ of the great atonement, entirely cancel the imperfection of those to whom
 “ in this world God never was, or without a miracle could be, known, we need
 “ not inquire. It is enough for us to know, that for *our* ignorance we can
 “ plead no such apology §.”

On the subject of *Public Worship*, he says, “ These considerations alone
 “ would recommend external worship as a most excellent means of improving
 “ our moral nature. But Christians know farther, that this duty is expressly

* “ Elements of Moral Science,” Vol. II. p. 31.

† Ibid. p. 39.

‡ Ibid. p. 77.

§ Ibid. p. 80.

our Frenchified critics, be considered as a proof, that he is no philosopher. You observe, very justly, that the science of morality has not often, at least in modern times, been so treated, as to show its connection with practice; but I have always considered morality as a practical science; and, in every other part of literature, I do not see the use of those speculations that can be applied to no practical purpose. It may be said, that they exercise the human faculties, and

“commanded; and that particular blessings are promised to the devout performance of it. In us, therefore, the neglect of it must be inexcusable, and highly criminal*.

“That principle which restrains malevolent passions, by disposing us to render to every one his own, is called justice: a principle of great extent, and which may not improperly be said to form a part of every virtue; as in every vice there is something of injustice towards God, our fellow men, or ourselves. As far as our fellow men are concerned, the great rule of justice is, ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them:’ a precept which, in this its complete form, we owe to the Gospel; and which, for its clearness and reasonableness, for being easily remembered, and on all occasions easily applied to practice, can never be too much admired †.”

Such was the mode of teaching moral philosophy practised by Dr Beattie, during the long course of upwards of thirty years in his public lectures at Aberdeen. Let the reader compare those animating and comfortable doctrines inculcated by this excellent writer, with the cold and cheerless speculations of natural reason alone, and then let him say which method most deserves the preference, or is most likely to promote the happiness of mankind.

* “Elements of Moral Science,” Vol. II. p. 83.

† Ibid. p. 98.

so qualify men for being casuists and disputants; but casuistry and disputation are not the business for which man is sent into the world; although I grant, that they may sometimes, like dancing and playing at cards, serve as an amusement to those who have acquired a taste for them, and have nothing else to do."

In the month of October, 1793, Dr Beattie was much affected by the sudden death of his favourite sister, Mrs Valentine*. She had left her house apparently in perfect health; but having been taken ill in the street, was carried home speechless, and expired in a few days. His mother had also died suddenly of an apoplexy †. From several of his letters about this time, he appears also to have believed himself to be dangerously ill. At this period, indeed, his health was so bad, that he found himself unequal to the task of teaching his class as usual: he, therefore, engaged Mr George Glennie, who had been his pupil, to assist him during the session of the university 1793-4. He continued,

* Widow of Captain John Valentine, who commanded a merchant-vessel belonging to the town of Montrose, where his family resided.

† Dr Beattie's mother resided, for several years before her death, with her son David in the neighbourhood of Lawrence-kirk, during which period Dr Beattie showed her every mark of attention in his power. She died there at a very advanced age. See Letter XXV. to Mrs Valentine, p. 116. Vol. I.

however, to teach his class occasionally, until the commencement of the winter-session of the year 1797.

The Reverend Dr Campbell, on perusing Mr Fraser Tytler's "Essay on the Principles of Translation," had been struck with a coincidence of the author's sentiments in regard to the fundamental laws of the art, with those general principles, which he himself had briefly laid down in one of his preliminary dissertations to his "New Translation of the Gospels," and had expressed some suspicion, that the author of the "Essay on Translation" had seen that dissertation, which was published a short time before his essay. Of the groundlessness of this suspicion, Mr Fraser Tytler very soon convinced that respectable writer, as he candidly owned in the amplest and most handsome terms of apology. The following passage in Dr Beattie's letter relates to this subject.

LETTER CCXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO ALEX. FRASER TYTLER, ESQ. NOW LORD
WOODHOUSELEE.

Aberdeen, 17th November, 1793.

“ I needed no information on the subject of your last. As you had not mentioned our friend Dr Campbell’s “ Translation of the Gospels,” or the critical dissertations prefixed to it, I was very certain that you had neither borrowed any thing from him, nor even read that learned and excellent work ; and I told him so, and easily persuaded him that it was so. Your letter to him I read very attentively ; and as I knew there was nothing in it which he would or could disapprove, I sealed and gave it to him. He is, I assure you, perfectly satisfied, as I dare say he has told you before now. On such a subject it is hardly possible that two men of sense and learning could differ in opinion ; and, therefore, it is no wonder that there should be such a coincidence of your sentiments with his. I have thought, and written too, on the same subject, and I agree most cordially with you both.

“ You did me much honour when you asked me to write a short historical account of our dear departed friend, your father. To do so would be an agreeable employment to me ; as I have sometimes been inclined to think, that next to the pleasure of conversing with a living friend, is that of meditating on the virtues of a deceased one. The last is indeed a melancholy pleasure, but is not perhaps on that account

the less delightful. But of late, since my health became so bad, I sometimes think I shall never be in a condition to write any more. I am so much disheartened and stupefied by this vertigo, to say nothing of my other complaints, that I frequently lose the command of my thoughts, and become incapable of all mental exertion. However, if I should get a little better, and if there is no occasion for haste in preparing the biographical account of your father, it may still perhaps be in my power to attempt it*. I am at a loss to know how to find Dr Anderson's account, for I seldom see his periodical work; and with reviews and magazines I am still less acquainted.

“If you see Sir William Forbes or Mr Arbuthnot, please to show them this letter. It will account for my writing so seldom to them of late.”

LETTER CCXXX.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO DR BEATTIE.

Fulham-house, 25th June, 1794.

“I have the pleasure of inclosing to you a letter from my friend, Lady Cremorne, who writes to thank you for the very great pleasure she has received from the perusal of your son's “Life” and the English part of his works. To her

* This Dr Beattie never accomplished. An excellent biographical sketch of the life of Mr Tytler, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. is printed in the “Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,” Vol. IV. p. 33. See Appendix, [O.]: and Vol. I. p. 115.

acknowledgments I must add my own and Mrs Porteus's, who are both of us no less delighted with this publication. Among the Latin poems I am particularly pleased with the "Translation of the Messiah." In the "Life" you have written of him, you have erected a lasting monument to him and to yourself. It will for ever remain a striking proof of his learning, genius, piety, benevolence, and goodness of heart, and of your paternal tenderness, sensibility, and attachment, to a son, so worthy of your affection. I lament greatly, that his uncommon diffidence, modesty, and reserve, when he was with us at Hunton, prevented us from knowing so much of his true character, and from testifying so strong a sense of it as we ought to have done.

"There is something very ingenious and pleasing in the method you took to give him the first idea of a Supreme Being. It has all the imagination of Rousseau, without his folly and extravagance. I make no doubt that the deep impression this incident left on his mind, was the true groundwork of that sublime sense of piety which afterwards animated his whole conduct*.

* The passage here alluded to, in the "Account of his Son's Life," is as follows :

"The first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

"The doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to

“ The sources from whence you received your information respecting the West Indies, seem very sufficient to justify what you have said. I am now looking out for missionaries and schoolmasters to send to that country ; and if

“ make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little
 “ direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God.
 “ The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him
 “ (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think
 “ as he did), but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

“ He had reached his fifth (or sixth) year, knew the alphabet, and could
 “ read a little ; but had received no particular information with respect to the
 “ Author of his being : because I thought he could not yet understand such
 “ information ; and because I had learned from my own experience, that to
 “ be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the
 “ faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without inform-
 “ ing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger,
 “ the three initial letters of his name ; and sowing garden-cresses in the fur-
 “ rows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he
 “ came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me,
 “ that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seem-
 “ ed inclined to disregard it ; but he insisted on my going to see what had
 “ happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so ;
 “ but there is nothing in this worth notice ; it is mere chance : and I went
 “ away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said with some ear-
 “ nestness, it could not be mere chance ; for that somebody must have con-
 “ trived matters so as to produce it.—I pretend not to give his words, or my
 “ own, for I have forgotten both ; but I give the substance of what passed
 “ between us in such language as we both understood.—So you think, I said,
 “ that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by
 “ chance. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I re-
 “ plied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other
 “ limbs ; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you ? He

you know any young man that would be a proper person for either of those occupations, please to inform me. His character must be irreproachable; and his piety and zeal, in the great cause of religion, must be fervent, yet tempered with discretion.

“The last news from Flanders are very dispiriting*. The numbers of the French are so great, that it seems to me impossible for all the powers of Europe to withstand them. When I look only to human means, and the common course of affairs, I totally despair. But I trust that God, who has so often interposed in our favour, will once more rescue us from that torrent of anarchy, confusion, infidelity, and misery, which seem ready to overwhelm us. And it is this hope alone which sustains my spirits, and supports my mind.”

“said, they were. Came you then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said, he did not know. (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it.”

* This was during the course of the war in that country, in which Great Britain was then engaged.

While Dr Beattie was thus suffering by the deplorable state of his own health, shattered by a long train of nervous complaints, originally brought on by too intense application to study, he was about to experience another domestic misfortune in the loss of his only surviving son, Montagu Beattie, who very unexpectedly died at Aberdeen on the 14th March, 1796, in the eighteenth year of his age, of a fever of only a week's continuance.

Ever since he lost his eldest son, this his second son had been the great object of his attention. The characters indeed of the two young men were extremely different. The eldest was grave, studious, and reserved; the other was lively, and of popular manners; nor was he defective in genius, though far inferior to his elder brother in learning. His progress in science had not indeed been considerable; partly owing to bad health, which had prevented his regular attendance at school and college, and partly, perhaps, to his father's having kept him too much with himself: for he was always extremely dependent on the society, and even on the assistance, of his children. His friends used to think, too, that in his system of education, he erred on the score of personal indulgence: yet Montagu had suffered less in that respect than might have been supposed; for, as Dr Beattie had been so long in the habit of teaching, and as he bestow-

ed all the time he could possibly spare on his son's instruction, he tells us himself in one of his letters, that scarce a day passed in which he did not give him a lesson of one sort or other; and he speaks of his progress in literature as by no means contemptible.

The care of this his youngest son's education, and the plans he was devising for his future establishment in the world, served to fill up his time after he lost his eldest son; and proved a tie that continued to connect him with society. On this subject he and I had frequent conferences; in the course of which he informed me, that he had done me the honour to appoint me one of those friends to whom he had left the charge of his son, if we should survive him. He had therefore expressed himself to me on this interesting topic with uncommon energy and unreserve; and he had occasionally spoken of his intention to make his son a clergyman of the church of England; for which profession the youth himself showed some inclination. With such views and such prospects, Dr Beattie was pleased himself; when all at once they were destroyed by his son's unexpected death. Of that melancholy event he gives a most interesting and affecting account in the following letter.

LETTER CCXXXI.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 14th March, 1796.

“ Our plans relating to Montagu are all at an end. I am sorry to give you the pain of being informed, that he died this morning at five. His disorder was a fever, from which at first we had little apprehension; but it cut him off in five days. He himself thought from the beginning that it would be fatal; and, before the delirium came on, spoke with great composure and Christian piety of his approaching dissolution: he even gave some directions about his funeral. The delirium was very violent, and continued till within a few minutes of his death, when he was heard to repeat in a whisper the Lord’s prayer, and began an unfinished sentence, of which nothing could be heard but the words *incorruptible glory*. Pious sentiments prevailed in his mind through life, and did not leave him till death; nor then I trust did they leave him. Notwithstanding the extreme violence of his fever, he seemed to suffer little pain either in body or in mind, and as his end drew near, a smile settled upon his countenance. I need not tell you that he had every attention that skilful and affectionate physicians could bestow. I give you the trouble to notify this event to Mr Arbuthnot. I would have written to him, but have many things to mind. and but indifferent health. However, I heartily acquiesce

in the dispensations of Providence, which are all good and wise. God bless you and your family.

“ He will be much regretted ; for wherever he went he was a very popular character.”

The death of his only surviving child, completely unhinged the mind of Dr Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him ; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs Glennie, “ You may think it strange, but I must ask you if “ I have a son, and where he is ? ” She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu’s sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness, that he had no child, saying, “ How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness * ! ” When he looked for the last time on the dead body of his son, he said, “ I have now done with the world : ” and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. For he never applied himself to any sort of study, and answered but few of the letters he received from the friends whom he most valued. Yet the receiving a letter from an old friend never

* Alluding, no doubt, to their mother’s melancholy situation.

failed to put him in spirits for the rest of the day. Music, which had been his great delight, he could not endure, after the death of his eldest son, to hear from others; and he disliked his own favourite violoncello. A few months before Montagu's death, he did begin to play a little by way of accompaniment when Montagu sung: but after he lost him, when he was prevailed on to touch the violoncello, he was always discontented with his own performance, and at last seemed to be unhappy when he heard it. The only enjoyment he seemed to have was in books, and the society of a very few old friends. It is impossible to read the melancholy picture which he draws of his own situation about this time, without dropping a tear of pity over the sorrows and the sufferings of so good a man thus severely visited by affliction, who at the same time was bearing the rod of divine chastisement with the utmost patience and resignation.

LETTER CCXXXII.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO DR BEATTIE.

London-house, 28d March, 1796.

“ I can scarce recollect a time when I have been more surprised and afflicted than at the receipt of your last letter. It is indeed a sad and most dismal event; and both Mrs Porteus and myself most cordially sympathise with you in your loss and in your grief. At the same time, there are cir-

cumstances in the case, which give no small consolation to our minds. The faith, the piety, the fortitude, displayed by so young a man on so awful an occasion, do infinite credit to him, and must afford the highest satisfaction to you. And it is with no less pleasure I observe the composure and resignation with which you support this great calamity. It shows in the strongest light the power of Christian principle over the mind ; and it shows also from what source this excellent and amiable young man derived those virtues which adorned his short life and dignified his premature death.

“ But I will dwell no longer on this melancholy subject ; nor will I at present obtrude any trifling matters on your serious moments. When time has a little lightened the pressure of this affliction, I will write to you again ; and, in the meanwhile, implore for you all the comforts of religion.”

LETTER CCXXXIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 10th April, 1796.

“ I wished to answer your kind letter as soon as I received it, or as soon after as possible ; but the very interesting and painful suspense I was kept in by Dr Campbell’s illness, disqualified me for writing and every thing else. His illness was so violent, that, considering his age and enfeebled state, and some other disorders which I knew he was afflict-

ed with, I did not at first imagine that he could live two days. To the surprise of every body, however, he held out almost a week, though unable to speak, and for a great part of the time delirious. His death at last was easy, and he died as he had lived, a sincere Christian: we yesterday paid our last duties to his remains. He and I were intimate friends for about thirty-eight years, without any interval of coldness or dissatisfaction. His instructive and cheerful conversation was one of the greatest blessings of my life, and I shall cherish the remembrance of it, with gratitude to the Giver of all good, as long as I live.

“ His death was looked for, and by himself much desired. Montagu’s came upon me in a different manner. His delirium, which was extremely violent, ended in a state of such apparent tranquillity, that I was congratulating myself on the danger being over, at the very time when Dr ***** came, and told me, in his own name, and in that of the other two physicians that attended Montagu, that he could not live many hours: this was at eleven at night, and he died at five next morning. I hope I am resigned, as my duty requires, and as I wish to be; but I have passed many a bitter hour, though on those occasions nobody sees me. I fear my reason is a little disordered, for I have sometimes thought of late, especially in a morning, that Montagu is not dead, though I seem to have a remembrance of a dream that he is. This you will say, what I myself believe, is a symptom not uncommon in cases similar to mine, and that I ought by all means to go from home as soon as I can. I

will do so when the weather becomes tolerable. Inclination would draw me to Peterhead ; but the intolerable road forbids it, and I believe I must go southward, where the roads are very good : at least I hear so.

“ Being now childless, by the will of Providence, (in which I trust I acquiesce) I have made a new settlement in my small affairs ; the only particular of which that needs to be mentioned at present is, that the organ, built by my eldest son and you, is now yours.

“ I am much obliged to the kind friends who sympathise with me. Montagu was indeed very popular wherever he went. His death was calm, resigned, and unaffectedly pious ; he thought himself dying from the first attack of his illness, “ I could wish,” said he, to live to be old, but am neither “ afraid nor unwilling to die.”

LETTER CCXXXIV.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1796.

“ I have been these many days resolving to write to you and Mr Arbuthnot, to thank you for your very kind and sympathetic letters, but various things have come in my way to prevent it. I need not pretend a hurry of business, for every body knows I am not capable of any. A deep gloom hangs upon me and disables all my faculties, and thoughts

so strange sometimes occur to me, as to make me “fear that “I am not,” as Lear says, “in my perfect mind.” But I thank God I am entirely resigned to the divine will; and, though I am now childless, I have friends whose goodness to me, and other virtues, I find great comfort in recollecting. The physicians not only advise but intreat, and indeed command me, to go from home, and that without further delay: and I do seriously resolve to set out for Edinburgh to-morrow. As I shall travel slowly, it will perhaps be a week or more before I see you. At another time, and in different circumstances, I should have had much to say on the loss of our friend, Dr Campbell, but that subject, as well as some others, I must defer till we meet.”

LETTER CCXXXV.

DR BEATTIE TO MRS MONTAGU.

Aberdeen, 17th April, 1796.

“I thank you most cordially for your letter, so full of kindness and sympathy, and by consequence of comfort, to my bewildered mind. I trust that in resignation, to the will of the supremely wise and good Disposer of all events, I am not deficient; but my frailties are many, and I cannot yet counteract the pressure that bears so hard upon me. Time and recollection will, I hope, give some strength to my faculties, and restore to me the power of commanding my

thoughts. The physicians, who see how it is with me, not only advise but command me to go from home, without further delay: and I intend to begin to-morrow, to try at least what I can do in the way of travelling. My first course will be towards Edinburgh, where I shall stay two or three weeks; and if I find I am able, I shall probably after that go a little way into England: but whether I shall find it advisable to proceed as far as London, I cannot as yet determine.

“ My son Montagu sleeps in his brother’s grave; the depth of which allows sufficient room for both. The inscription I have enlarged a little, and inclose a copy: its only merit is its simplicity and truth.

MONTAGU. BEATTIE.

Jacobi. Hay. Beattie. Frater.

Ejusque. Virtutum. et. Studiorum.

Æmulus.

Sepulchrique. Consors.

Variarum. Peritus. Artium.

Pingendi. imprimis.

Natus. Octavo. Julii. MDCCLXXVIII.

Multum. Defletus. Obiit.

Decimo. Quarto. Martii. MDCCXCVI.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

DR BEATTIE TO ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, ESQ.

Aberdeen, 9th February, 1797.

“ If I could have said any thing that would mitigate your grief for the loss of a most deserving son *, your own heart will testify for me that I would not have been so long silent. But I have had too much experience not to know, that the only sources of comfort, in a case of this kind, are submission to the Divine Will, aided by the slow and silent operation of time. God grant that these may be effectual for the alleviation of your sorrow. Think on the many other blessings you enjoy ; and think that the most enviable of all deaths is that which we now bewail, an honourable death in the service of our country. I beg leave to offer my best wishes and sympathy to Mrs Arbuthnot and the rest of your family ; and shall be happy to hear, that you and they are as well as it is reasonable to expect.

“ I sometimes make an excursion to Major Mercer’s, which is the only sort of visit I ever attempt ; and he and I are I hope beneficial to each other ; though his affliction is, I fear, in some respects heavier than either yours or mine. Alas ! how many things occur in this world, which are worse than death !”

* A very deserving officer of artillery, who died at this time in the West Indies.

The following letter to Mr Fraser Tytler, now Lord Woodhouselee*, in return for a present which that gentleman had made him of a new edition of his elegant and excellent "Essay on Translation," is written with more of Dr Beattie's former manner, than any I have met with of his, after the death of his youngest son. It does no more than justice to the merit of the "Essay on Translation;" and it is curious, as containing an account and a specimen of a work not frequently to be met with.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

DR BEATTIE TO ALEX. FRASER TYTLER, ESQ. NOW LORD
WOODHOUSELEE.

Aberdeen, 15th May, 1797.

"Ever since March I have been, as I still am, in a great degree, crippled both in my legs and arms by rheumatism, which has been very painful, and is likely to be not less durable. This made me, from time to time, defer attempting to thank you for the much-esteemed present of the new edition of your "Principles of Translation." As yet I have

* See Appendix [F.]

read it only once ; but I read it with much attention, and great pleasure, as well as instruction. I am astonished at the variety of your examples, which prove that you must have thought long and deeply on the subject ; and I am convinced that your work will be very acceptable to the learned world, and very useful. Great taste, as well as learning, appears in every part of it. I must thank you, in particular, for the very favourable manner in which I have the honour to be quoted in it : for your very elegant compliment to my son I have thanked you, and I still thank you, with my tears. Had he lived to see your book, I know it would have given him much pleasure ; for I have often heard him speak on the subject, and in terms which perfectly coincided with your sentiments.

“ A judicious critic every body must acknowledge you to be, and yet you are very merciful, especially to Cowley and Dryden. This last frequently burlesques Virgil ; whether he intended it, I know not ; if he did not intend it, he must have been very little of a scholar. But who is equal to the task of translating Virgil ? Nobody, I will venture to say, will ever attempt such a task who is equal to it. I formerly attempted some parts of him ; but it was at a time when I understood him very superficially indeed*.

“ There is one translation which I greatly admire, but am sure you never saw, as you have not mentioned it : the book

* Alluding to his translations of the Pastorals of Virgil, printed in the first edition of Dr Beattie's Poems, but never re-published. See Vol. I. p. 53. ; and Appendix [K.]

is indeed very rare; I obtained it, with difficulty, by the friendship of Tom Davies, an old English bookseller; I mean, Dobson's "Paradisus Amissus;" my son studied, and I believe read every line of it. It is more true to the original, both in sense and in spirit, than any other poetical version of length that I have seen. The author must have had an amazing command of Latin phraseology, and a very nice ear in harmony. I shall give you a passage, I need not say from what part of the poem:

- "Dixerat; et laetis dicta auribus hausit Adamus,
 "At nil respondit; namque ollis maximus hospes
 "Jam propior stetit; adversique a culmine montis
 "Flammea præscriptam stationem adiere cherubum
 "Agmina, suspensis per humum labentia plantis.
 "Ut nebula, ex fluviis se effundens vespere sero,
 "Pervolat densus liquido pede lapsa paludes,
 "Agricolamque premit reducem, calcemque suburget,
 "Undantes a fronte faces sublime vibratus
 "Numinis evomuit gladius, ceu crine cometa
 "Terribile lugubre rubens, cœlique benignam
 "Temperiem invertit: torrenti incanduit atrox
 "Igne vapor, quantus sitientibus incubat Afris.
 "Corripit inde manu nostros utraque parentes
 "Nuntius, increpitatque moras; portamque ad eoam
 "Ducit agens, celsâque iterum de rupe jacentem
 "Ocuis in campum; tenues dein fugit in auras.
 "Convertere oculos; lateque plagas Paradisi
 "Eoas, sua tam nuper lætissima rura,
 "Flammivomo mucrone vident ardescere; formisque
 "Obsessam horrificis portam, et flagrantibus armis.

“ Naturæ imperio lacrimas misere, repente

“ Detersas: Patuit spatiosis tractibus orbis

“ Terrarum, requiem optatam dulcesque recessus

“ Quà peterent sibi cunque loca; et Deus adfuit auspex

“ Tum vaga, lentaque, ducentes vestigia, palmis

“ Connexis, solos Edeni abiere per agros.”

“ There are perhaps in this quotation two or three words which might have been better, and I am far from thinking the work faultless; but when there is so much excellence, cavilling is unseasonable.

“ Being curious to know some particulars of Dobson, I inquired of him at Johnson, who owned he had known him, but did not seem inclined to speak on the subject. But Johnson hated Milton from his heart; and he wished to be himself considered as a good Latin poet, which however he never was, as may be seen by his translation of Pope’s “Messiah.” All that I could ever hear of Dobson’s private life was, that in his old age he was given to drinking. My edition of his book is dated 1750. It is dedicated to Mr Benson, who was a famous admirer of Milton; and from the dedication it would seem to have been written at his desire and under his patronage.”

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 5th June, 1798.

“ You would have heard from me long ago, if it had been in my power to write ; but my complaints, which seem to grow worse every day, are now so bad, that I can do nothing. My vertigo, the greatest of them all, is now so violent, that I am for a great part of the day unable to go down stairs ; my sight is much impaired ; I cannot attend to what I read, and I forget almost every thing that I see or hear.

“ I have been trying to play a little on the violoncello, but my fingers have not strength to press down the strings. I will send you, when I get an opportunity, a little treatise, by a man, proposing an improvement in the art of music. He wishes, like some other writers, to reduce all music to simple melody : a doctrine which old admirers of Corelli, like you and me, will never acquiesce in. It is the violin which he proposes to improve, by a method, which, in my opinion, would ruin that instrument. He thinks music an imitative art ; and that a tune, which he calls the *Cameronian Rant*, is an exact resemblance of two women scolding. Mr Glennie plays the tune, which seems to me to be nothing but confusion and barbarism, and to bear no resemblance to any thing in art or nature. Lord Monboddo, another adherent to the imitative notion, says, the only true music he

ever heard, is the thing called *the Hen's March*; which no man, who deserves to have ears in his head, would allow to be music at all.

“ I have just seen a new edition, by Dr Joseph Warton, of the works of Pope. It is fuller than Warburton's; but you will not think it better, when I tell you, that all Pope's obscenities, which Warburton was careful to omit, are carefully preserved by Warton, who also seems to have a great favour for infidel writers, particularly Voltaire. The book is well printed, but has no cuts, except a curious caricature of Pope's person, and an elegant profile of his head.”

LETTER CCXXXIX.

DR BEATTIE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Peterhead, 3d August, 1798.

“ I am acquainted with many parts of your excursion through the north of England, and very glad that you had my old friend Mr Gray's “ Letters” with you, which are indeed so well written, that I have no scruple to pronounce them the best letters that have been printed in our language. Lady Mary Montagu's “ Letters” are not without merit, but are too artificial and affected to be confided in as true, and Lord Chesterfield's have much greater faults, indeed some of the greatest that letters can have: but Gray's letters are always sensible, and of classical conciseness and perspicuity.

They very much resemble what his conversation was. He had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was, in general company, much more silent than one could have wished.

“Have you seen Mr Pinkerton’s new “History of the James’s of Scotland?” The author, with whom I was acquainted in London about fifteen years ago, has sent me a copy of it, but my dizzy head will not yet permit me to read it. He is a Scotchman, and speaks with a strong Edinburgh accent, at least he did so formerly. There are two quartos, with a striking likeness of the author prefixed. He seems to abound too much in our new-fashioned English; but I cannot yet take it upon me to criticise his work.”

In the following letter he evinces the same warmth of affection as ever for his friends, by the manner in which he laments the death of Mrs Montagu; although the intelligence he had received of that event proved to be a mistake, as that lady did not die till the year following.

LETTER CCXL.

DR BEATTIE TO THE REV. DR LAING.

Aberdeen, 7th March, 1799.

“ I have just now heard, by the post of this day, a piece of news that affects me very much, the death of my excellent friend Mrs Montagu. Her age was not less than four-score, so that on this point she is not to be regretted. But many people depended on her; and to me, on all occasions, ever since 1771, when I first became acquainted with her, she has been a faithful and affectionate friend, especially in seasons of distress and difficulty. You will not wonder, then, that her death afflicts me. For some years past a failure in her eyes had made writing very painful to her; but for not less than twenty years she was my punctual correspondent. She was greatly attached to Montagu, who received his name from her, and not less interested in my other son, and in every thing that related to my family. I need not tell you what an excellent writer she was: you must have seen her book on Shakespeare, as compared with the Greek and French dramatic writers. I have known several ladies eminent in literature, but she excelled them all; and in conversation she had more *wit* than any other person, male or female, whom I have ever known. These, however, were her slighter accomplishments: what was infinitely more to her honour, she was a sincere Christian, both in faith and in

practice, and took every proper opportunity to show it; so that by her example and influence she did much good. I knew her husband, who died in extreme old age, in the year 1775; and by her desire had conferences with him on the subject of Christianity; but, to her great concern, he set too much value on mathematical evidence, and piqued himself too much on his knowledge in that science. He took it into his head, too, that I was a mathematician, though I was at a great deal of pains to convince him of the contrary."

Dr Beattie's sufferings were now drawing to a conclusion. In the beginning of April, 1799, he had a stroke of palsy, which for eight days so affected his speech; that he could not make himself understood, and even forgot some of the most material words of every sentence. At different periods after this, he had several returns of the same afflicting malady. The last took place on the 5th October, 1802. It deprived him altogether of the power of motion; and in that humiliating situation, I saw him for the last time in the month of June, 1803.

He continued to languish in this melancholy condition till nine o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 18th of August, 1803, when it pleased the Almighty to remove him from this world to a better, in the sixty-eight year of his age, without any pain or apparent struggle. For some weeks preceding, his remaining strength had declined rapidly, and

his appetite entirely left him ; but he seemed not to suffer, and at last he expired as if falling asleep.

His remains were deposited, according to his own desire *, beside those of his two sons, in the church-yard of St Nicholas at Aberdeen. The spot is marked by the following elegant and classical inscription, written by his friend the present Dr James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the university of Edinburgh :

Memoriae. Sacrum.
 JACOBI. BEATTIE. LL. D.
Ethices.
In. Academia. Marescallana. hujus. Urbis.
Per. XLIII. Annos.
Professori. Meritissimi.
Viri.
Pietate. Probitate. Ingenio. atque. Doctrina.
Præstantis.
Scriptoris. Elegantissimi. Poetæ. Suavissimi.
Philosophi. Vere. Christiani.
Natus. est. V. Nov. Anno. MDCCXXXV.
Obiit. XVIII. Aug. MDCCCIII.
Omnibus. Liberis. Orbus.
 Quorum. Natu. Maximus. JACOBUS. HAY. BEATTIE.
Vel. a. Puerilibus. Annis.
Patrio. Vigenis. Ingenio.
Novumque. Decus. Jam. Addens. Paterno.
Suis. Carissimus. Patriæ. Flebilis.
Lenta. Tabe. Consumptus. Periit.
Anno. Ætatis. XXIII.
 GEO. ET. MAR. GLENNIE.
 H. M. P.

* See Vol. I. p. 21. ; and supra, p. 272.

They who have perused, with any degree of attention, the preceding narrative of the Life of Dr Beattie, and his letters to his friends, will not require much to be said to give them a sufficient idea of his character.

That he was a poet and philosopher of real and original genius, his writings, in the possession of the public, are the strongest testimonies. The sweetness and harmony of his numbers, the richness of his fancy, and the strictness of moral inculcated in his poetical compositions, are such as will long secure to him a high degree of reputation. His best and most valuable poem is his "Minstrel;" in the delineation of whose character it is generally, and I believe with truth, understood that he depicted his own.

His Essays on "Poetry and Music," on "Memory and Imagination," on "Fable and Romance," "The Theory of Language," and some others, are strongly calculated to give pleasure, as well as instruction, to every enlightened and cultivated understanding; and do equal credit to the elegance of Dr Beattie's taste, and the correctness of his judgment. Eminently skilled in the languages of antiquity, he had formed that taste, and matured that judgment, on the purest models of Greek and Roman literature. He had studied, also, with attention, the most classical compositions in our own language. Nor was he unacquainted with the works of the celebrated authors of

France and Italy. His memory was uncommonly strong, and his knowledge of books was extensive; so that to him might, without impropriety, be applied, what Johnson says of his friend Gilbert Walmsley; "His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find." What Johnson likewise says of his obligations to Walmsley, I may, with equal truth, apply to myself in respect to Dr Beattie; "Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted, whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship*."

There were, indeed, few branches of science with which he was not in some degree conversant, except mathematics, geometry, and mechanics; for which he used to say, he not only had no turn, but that every application to them brought on his headaches. His chief acquirements were in moral science. In religion, his favourite books, besides the English Liturgy †, were Butler, Clarke, Secker, Por-

* Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets," Vol. III. p. 36. Life of Smith.

† It is deserving of notice, that although Dr Beattie had been brought up a member of the presbyterian church of Scotland, and regularly attended her worship and ordinances when at Aberdeen, he yet gave the most decided preference to the church of England, generally attending the service of that church when any where from home, and constantly when at Peterhead. He spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty, simplicity, and energy, of the English

teus. Of the classics, Homer, Horace, Cæsar, and, above all, Virgil.

His prose-writings were far from being calculated merely to amuse the fancy and delight the imagination; they were admirably fitted to improve and mend the heart. Of his celebrated "Essay on Truth," which laid the foundation of his fame as an author, an analysis will be found in the Appendix*. In that essay, as has been shown by his correspondence with his philosophical friends, it was his professed aim to combat the fashionable philosophy of the sceptics of his day; and it may be said, I believe with justice, that this work of Dr Beattie's did much towards bringing that philosophy into the discredit in which it is now sunk.

Of his "Evidences of Christianity †," mention has already been made; and it is perhaps the most popular, as it is certainly among the most useful, of his prose-writings.

As a teacher of ethics, some idea may be formed of his abilities, as well as of his system, from his "Elements of Moral Science," which, it has been seen ‡, he published originally for the use of his pupils, but which may be perused with advantage by every one who wishes to gain some knowledge of the subject, without toiling through elaborate

liturgy, especially of the Litany, which he declared to be the finest piece of uninspired composition in any language.

* Appendix [Y.]

† Supra, p. 187.

‡ Supra, p. 286.

systems of moral philosophy. Those, however, who had the benefit of his tuition, can best tell of his merit as an instructor of youth. Some of them I have heard expatiate with delight, on the unwearied pains he bestowed, not by the mere formal delivery of a lecture, but by the continued course he pursued of examination and repetition, to imprint the precepts of philosophy and religion on the minds of the youth committed to his charge*. As a professor,

* I have been enabled to give the following interesting and satisfactory account of his mode of teaching, by two gentlemen who had been his pupils, to whom I applied for that purpose, and who, without any mutual communication, furnished me with the substance of the following detail, nearly in similar words.

The ordinary session, or term of teaching, commences in Marischal College on the first day of November, and ends the first week of April. During that term, the Professor of Moral Philosophy teaches in his class three hours every week-day, viz. at eight o'clock in the morning, at eleven in the forenoon, and at three in the afternoon, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when there is no teaching in the afternoon. Dr Beattie began his Course of Preelections with "Cicero de Officiis." Of that excellent treatise, he generally made his students carefully read and translate a part every day, at the hour of meeting in the morning. On the passage then read, the Professor commented at the next hour of meeting, comparing it with the other systems of the ancient Heathen philosophers. He also, from time to time, examined them on the subject of these lectures; and at the end of this introductory course, he dictated to them an abstract of the whole, which they committed to writing in the class †.

He then entered on the study of *Pneumatology*, subdivided into *Psychology*

† See supra. p. 287.

not his own class only, but the whole body of students at the university, looked up to him with esteem and veneration. The profound piety of the public prayers, with which he began the business of each day, arrested the attention of the youngest and most thoughtless: the excel-

and *Natural Theology, Speculative and Practical Ethics, Economics, Jurisprudence, Politics, Rhetoric, and Logic*: of all which branches of philosophy, he, in the same manner, dictated in the morning an abstract; on which, as on a text-book, he commented at his lectures in the forenoon and afternoon, in the clearest, most lively, and most engaging manner; examining his pupils, as he went along, on the attention they had paid to, and the benefit they had derived from, his lectures. At first he was wont to dictate the abstract of his prelections in Latin, from which his pupils, who were tolerable proficient in classical learning, derived much advantage; as they acquired thereby the habit of speaking and writing that language more readily than they had been accustomed to. But as many of his students were far from being masters of Latin, which he himself spoke and wrote with great fluency, he found it necessary to discontinue this practice, and to dictate the abstract of his whole course in English. After the publication of the "Elements of Moral Science," which comprehended the whole of this abstract, it became unnecessary for him to spend, as formerly, one hour each day in dictating notes to his students. He continued, however, in reading the Greek and Latin classics, to make them translate as literally as the genius of the English language would permit; which, in his opinion, was not at all incompatible with that intelligence and taste, wherewith even a philosopher peruses those excellent originals, when he wishes to enter fully into their beauties, and duly to estimate their respective and various merits. The accuracy of this account of Dr Beattie's method of teaching, may be ascertained, by comparing it with the "Elements of Moral Science," or even with that part of the Diary already mentioned, of which a *fac simile* will be found in the Appendix, [E.]

lence of his moral character, his gravity blended with cheerfulness, his strictness joined with gentleness, his favour to the virtuous and diligent, and even the mildness of his reproofs to those who were less attentive, rendered him the object of their respect and admiration. Never was more exact discipline preserved than in his class, nor ever any where by more gentle means. His sway was absolute, because it was founded in reason and affection. He never employed a harsh epithet in finding fault with any of his pupils; and when, instead of a rebuke, which they were conscious they deserved, they met merely with a mild reproof, it was conveyed in such a manner, as to throw not only the delinquent, but sometimes the whole class, into tears. To gain his favour was the highest ambition of every student; and the gentlest word of disapprobation was a punishment, to avoid which, no exertion was deemed too much.

His great object was not merely to make his pupils philosophers, but to render them good men, pious Christians, loyal to their King, and attached to the British Constitution; pure in morals, happy in the consciousness of a right conduct, and friends to all mankind.

Nor did he confine his care of his students solely to their instruction while they attended his course of lectures. It was his peculiar delight to assist them in finding situations for their future establishment in life; which he had it often in his power to promote, by being frequently applied to by parents and others to procure for them schoolmasters and teachers, whom his knowledge of the genius and abili-

ties of the young men, who had been his pupils, peculiarly enabled him to discover and recommend*.

No stronger proof need be required of the high degree of estimation in which Dr. Beattie's talents and virtues were held by men of learning, both at home and abroad, than his having been spontaneously elected an honorary member of the following Societies: "The Zeeland Society of Sciences †;" "The American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia;" "The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester." Dr. Beattie was also a Fellow of "The Royal Society of Edinburgh."

The style of his lectures may be judged of by that of the compositions which he has given to the world: and in both cases the best quality of it was, that it was the style of a man who spoke and wrote in "simplicity and in earnest †." The language in which he was to write, he studied profoundly. He has himself said, that the qualities at which he chiefly aimed were perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance; and knowing how well these were attainable by the genuine purity of the English language, he was a decided enemy to

* In perusing the voluminous collection of letters which he had received, it was extremely pleasing to find so great a number from young men in different parts of the world, particularly America and the West Indies, who had attended his lectures; all of them expressing their gratitude for the benefit they had reaped from his tuition, and some of them for the advantageous situations they had obtained through his means.

† The "Essay on Truth," very soon after its publication, had been translated in Holland into the Dutch language.

‡ Bishop Butler's preface to his Sermons.

all innovations in writing, by the introduction of new words and affected phraseology. Of all our English writers, Addison was the author whom he most admired; whose style, therefore, he most carefully studied, and which he adopted as his model in composition. In his earlier writings the effect of this admiration is visible: but afterwards, when success had taught him a little more confidence in his own powers, he seems occasionally to lose sight of his model, and to break forth into a fulness of expression, which reminds us of the force and freedom of the prefaces of Dryden. One undoubted excellence of his style is its variety, its power of expressing whatever he thought or felt, and of communicating to the reader the same thoughts and the same sentiments. On moral subjects, it is grave and manly: on subjects of science and philosophy, it is pure and perspicuous to a degree that has been seldom equalled: but on subjects where his heart or his imagination are interested, it rises to greater richness and elevation, and abounds in those delicate but undefineable touches of fancy and of feeling, which characterise the works of the masters in composition, and which are never attainable by ordinary writers. Yet in thus aiming at simplicity, he was far from losing sight of sublimity of diction, of which many striking instances in his prose-writings will occur to every attentive reader*.

* I need only instance here, his Reflections on the Contemplation of the Works of Nature*; on National Music†; the Description of the Highlands and Southern Provinces of Scotland‡; on Personification§; his Comparison

* Essay on Poetry and Music, p. 369, 370, 390.

† Ibid. p. 479, 480, 481, 482, 483.

‡ Ibid. p. 474.

§ Ibid. p. 548.

Throughout the whole course of his life, Dr Beattie was most exemplary in the discharge of the relative duties of a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend. Of his conduct towards his unhappy wife, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation. It has already been mentioned *, that Mrs Beattie had the misfortune to inherit from her mother, that most dreadful of all human ills, a distempered imagination, which, in a very few years after their marriage, showed itself in caprices and folly, that embittered every hour of his life, while he strove at first to conceal her disorder from the world, and, if possible, as he has been heard to say, to conceal it even from himself; till at last from whim, and caprice, and melancholy, it broke out into downright insanity, which rendered her seclusion from society absolutely necessary. During every stage of her illness, he watched and cherished her with the utmost tenderness and care; using every means at first, that medicine could furnish,

of the Writings and Genius of Dryden and Pope ||; the Character of Swift ¶; the Discrimination of the Characters of Homer's and Virgil's Heroes **; Strictures on Gray's Ode ††. On reading these, and many similar passages in his works, I have been often disposed to apply to him the exquisite praise which Cowley bestows on a much inferior writer:

“ His candid style like a clear stream does flow;

“ And his bright fancy all the way

“ Does, like the sunshine, on it play.”

COWLEY'S *Ode on the Royal Society.*

* Vol. I. p. 107.

|| Essay on Poetry and Music, p. 358.

¶ Ibid. p. 378, 379.

** Ibid. p. 398—416.

†† Ibid. p. 559.

for her recovery, and afterwards, when her condition was found to be perfectly hopeless, procuring for her every accommodation and comfort that could tend to alleviate her sufferings *. When I reflect on the many sleepless nights and anxious days, which he experienced from Mrs Beattie's malady, and think of the unwearied and unremitting attention he paid to her, during so great a number of years, in that sad situation, his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure never can be excelled, and makes the fame of the poet and the philosopher fade from my remembrance.

The strictness and regularity of Dr Beattie's piety was shown, not merely by a regular attendance, while his health permitted, on the public ordinances of religion, but by the more certain and unequivocal testimony of private devotion. I have been informed by his niece, Mrs Glennie, that after he had retired at night to his chamber, she frequently overheard his voice rendered audible in the ardour of prayer. And she has also told me, that even throughout the day, when she knew his spirits to be more than usually depressed, while he thought himself alone, she could occasionally perceive that he was offering up his orisons to Heaven with the utmost fervour. His pious resignation to the Divine

* Of this last part of Dr Beattie's conduct, I am fully able to speak from my own personal knowledge; as, during several years, I had the sole charge of her and her concerns, while she resided at no great distance from Edinburgh. She still survives him in the same melancholy condition.

Will, under some of the hardest trials that "flesh is heir to," was indeed but too severely proved during the greatest part of his life; but it is consoling to know, that it was not tried in vain.

Great tenderness of heart, and the keenest sensibility of soul, qualities very frequently the concomitants of genius, were eminently conspicuous in the character of Dr Beattie. They rendered him "tremblingly alive" to the sorrows and the sufferings of others, and produced in him the warmest emotions of friendship, with an earnest desire to perform every service in his power to all within his reach.

It must not be dissembled at the same time, that Dr Beattie was not altogether free from prejudices: But they were most commonly prejudices of an amiable kind. He loved virtue wherever he found it; and as he had the happiness of numbering among his friends some of the best and most accomplished characters of the age in which he lived, he returned their kindness with ardour and enthusiasm. If there was an affection of his nature more strong than any other, it was that of gratitude. To those, therefore, who had spontaneously undertaken to promote his interest, he thought he never could declare too strongly the sense he entertained of their kindness. This sentiment, which on every occasion he proclaimed so loudly, he did not confine to mere expressions of gratitude for favours conferred on him: it led him to form a judgment even of their writings, if they were literary characters, which could not but be considered as

sometimes a good deal exaggerated. In the same manner, instances might be produced, where he had carried antipathies to particular persons, and to their writings, somewhat beyond the measure of due discretion. In both cases, however, it was very readily allowed, that he never uttered a syllable, either of commendation or dislike, which he himself did not believe to be perfectly well-founded.

It is a curious circumstance, that although when at school and college he had been admired and loved by his companions for his mild and gentle disposition, it was remarked by his most intimate friends, at a more advanced period of life, that he had become not a little irritable by a continued application to metaphysical controversy. This habit, however, respected authors rather than men; and as it gave little or no disturbance to those around him, was easily overlooked by his friends, in the multitude of his amiable qualities, and was often rather a subject of pleasantry to them than otherwise.

In his disposition he was humane and charitable. And it has been told of him by his family, that no suppliant, to his knowledge, ever went from his door unsatisfied.

I have already remarked, that he was a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature; delighting to walk out into the fields, sometimes in the company of a friend, but more frequently by himself, either when oppressed by those violent headachs, to which he had been subject from his youth, or when struggling under the weight of domestic affliction. In

those solitary walks it was, that he was wont to indulge in silent and profound meditation on the studies in which he was engaged. In committing his thoughts to paper, afterwards, he was laborious in the extreme; very rarely making use of an amanuensis, but constantly and repeatedly transcribing his works in his correct, neat, and beautiful handwriting*.

Dr Beattie was fond of society; and while Mrs Beattie's health permitted her to appear, he saw a good deal of company, and much enjoyed the pleasure of having his friends with him at his table, chiefly at dinner, except when he had musical parties at night. But he had a great dislike to cards, which, however, he expressed in the gentlest manner, by saying with much good humour, that he never had capacity sufficient to learn any game. To chess he had a real aversion, as occasioning, in his opinion, a great waste of time, and requiring an useless application of thought.

His conversation on moral and literary subjects was in the highest degree instructive and entertaining; and so much was his company valued and sought after, that in his best days, he was not able to comply with half the invitations he received from persons eminent for their rank, character, and learning. In the midst of a select party of his private friends, and in his little domestic circle, he was uncommonly cheerful, animated, and pleasant; indulging himself in

* See the *fac similes* of his handwriting at [E.] in the Appendix.

frequent sallies of playful but innocent mirth. He was even fond of the amusement of a pun ; in which, however, it must be confessed, he was not always very successful. He wished, indeed, to be thought to possess a certain degree of wit and humour, especially when in company with some of our mutual friends, such as Major Mercer and Mr Arbuthnot, who were endowed with more of these qualities than almost any men I ever knew ; but in which Dr Beattie followed them "*haud passibus æquis.*"

His mornings, during the winter season of the university, were chiefly employed in attendance on his class, and in taking the exercise necessary for his health, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot, for he took particular delight in walking. The evening, when not engaged with company, was his time for serious study : but after supper, he dedicated his hours to the amusement of his family, by reading aloud such books of entertainment as came occasionally in his way, or in social conversation ; and to the young people around him he was always exceedingly indulgent. During the summer, as he was not engaged with the business of the college, he could afford to devote more of his hours to study, yet still he dedicated a considerable portion of his time to exercise and to the society of his friends. As an exercise, he was fond of archery, and used it long enough to arrive at some dexterity in the practice, until he grew so corpulent that it fatigued him, and this obliged him to lay it aside.

Although Dr Beattie's acquaintance in early life had been of the humblest sort, and even after his removal from the parochial school of Fordoun to Aberdeen, had been of a rank very inferior to that in which he came afterwards to be introduced, yet he showed no awkwardness of behaviour in the most exalted and polished circles. And it must be recorded to his praise, that notwithstanding he had been caressed by the great and the learned in England, in a degree beyond most authors of his day, he returned to his native country unspoiled by prosperity, and as humble and unassuming in his manners as he had left it.

To a very correct and refined taste in judging of poetry, painting, and music, he added the rare accomplishment of some actual practice in each. Of his skill in poetical composition, enough has been already said. Of music, he was remarkably fond. He loved all kinds of good music, but especially that of the old school, and the simple but enchanting melodies of our own country. His favourite masters were Corelli, Handel, Purcel, Pergolese, Geminiani, Avison, Jackson. He not only understood the theory of music, but he occasionally amused himself by composing basses and second parts to some of his favourite airs. He was delighted with the organ, on which he often played simple harmonies; and he performed with taste and expression on the violoncello. He sung a little; but his voice was loud, and deficient in mellowness. In his best days, he was a regular attendant, and an useful director of the weekly

concert at Aberdeen, where he was generally at the same time a performer on the violoncello*. In the other sister art of painting, he excelled in drawing grotesque figures and caricatures of striking resemblance; although in this last talent, he very sparingly indulged himself, and at an early period of life laid it entirely aside. Once in company with a few friends, he drew three or four of these for our amusement, as we sat at table, which I carried away with me, by his permission; and I presume they are the only specimens of his excellence in that species of design now existing. I believe I may say, that although I have known many who could practise two of the sister arts variously combined, such as poetry and music, or painting and poetry, Dr Beattie is the sole instance, of my own acquaintance at least, of a person who possessed the happy talent of being able to practise, with some success, in all the three.

It has been sometimes said, I believe, that Dr Beattie, in the latter part of his life, indulged rather too much in the use of wine. In one of his letters, he intimates, that he found it

* His musical entertainment was once unluckily suspended, by his accidentally cutting the tendon of the middle finger of the left-hand, so necessary in the use of that instrument. But in time he arrived at the dexterity of performing all the stops, readily and accurately, with the three remaining fingers. Although he ceased to perform any longer in public, he continued to amuse himself and his friends in private as before, until after the death of his sons.

necessary as a medicine. "My health," says he, (writing to Mr Arbuthnot) "for these ten days past, has been declining very fast. With the present pressure upon my mind, I should not be able to sleep, if I did not use wine as an opiate. It is less hurtful than laudanum, but not so effectual." Wine used for this sad purpose, might sometimes possibly exceed its due limits. Had this really been the case, who would be much surprised, when it is considered, that, in the decline of his life, almost every day was embittered by the unfortunate derangement of his wife, by the loss of both his sons, by his own increasing maladies of body, and the deepening depression of his mind? Who would wonder, (though every one would lament) if, under such extraordinary circumstances, recourse should sometimes be had to the cordial powers of wine to blunt the edge of pain, and deaden the sense of sufferings, too acute to be borne? Over failings arising from such sources as these, (even if they had been real) the hand of pity and charity would draw the veil of silence and oblivion: Yet I must solemnly declare, that although I have often seen him in the hours both of melancholy and gaiety, and although he has occasionally resided at our house for weeks together, I never once saw him disposed to any excess of this kind.

In his person, Dr Beattie was of the middle size, though not elegantly, yet not awkwardly formed, but with something of a slouch in his gait. His eyes were black and piercing, with an expression of sensibility, somewhat bor-

dering on melancholy, except when engaged in cheerful and social intercourse with his friends, when they were exceedingly animated. As he advanced in years, and became incapable of taking his usual degree of exercise, he grew corpulent and unwieldy, till within a few months of his death, when he had greatly decreased in size. When I last saw him, the diminution of his form was but too prophetic of the event that soon followed.



HERE I close my account of the Life of Dr Beattie ; throughout the whole of which I am not conscious of having, in any respect, misrepresented either his actions or his character ; and of whom to record the truth is his best praise.

On thus reviewing the long period of forty years that have elapsed since the commencement of our intimacy, it is impossible for me not to be deeply affected, by the reflection, that of the numerous friends with whom he and I were wont to associate, at the period of our earliest acquaintance, all, I think, except three, have already paid their debt to nature ; and that in no long time (how soon is known only

to HIM, the great Disposer of all events) my gray-hairs shall sink into the grave, and I also shall be numbered with those who have been. May a situation so awful make its due impression on my mind! and may it be my earnest endeavour to employ that short portion of life which yet remains to me, in such a manner, as that when that last dread hour shall come, in which my soul shall be required of me, I may look forward with trembling hope to a happy immortality, through the merits and mediation of our ever-blessed Redeemer!

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APPENDIX:

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NOTE [A.] p. 18.

IT was once my intention to have inserted here the diary Dr Beattie had kept of his perusal of Homer, in which he had scrupulously marked the number of days he had bestowed on each book. But on farther reflection, I have chosen to omit the diary, as this exertion of study does not seem to exceed what any young man, with no very extraordinary degree of application, may accomplish; and, as the work has swelled in bulk much beyond my original expectation, I am unwilling to add to it by the insertion of what is unnecessary. I may just add, however, that he has been often heard to say, that it was this first careful perusal of Homer, that gave him a just conception of the true nature of epic poetry. How beautifully and correctly he has expressed his ideas of the *Epopée* in his "Essay on Poetry," is known to every reader of taste. He has concluded his diary with the following apposite quotation :

" Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,

" Multa tulit fecitque puer."

HORAT.

Note [B.] p. 23.

There have, no doubt, been many extraordinary and well-attested instances of somnambulism *; and an anecdote of the late Dr Blacklock is not less remarkable than any other to be met with. It is mentioned in Dr Cleghorn's thesis, "De Somno," as having happened at the inn at Kirkcudbright in Scotland, and authenticated by the testimony of Mrs Blacklock, who is still alive, and was present with a numerous company of his friends, who dined with him that day. But as it is already in print †, I am unwilling to swell this Appendix by inserting it here.

Note [C.] p. 29.

Copy of the last Will and Testament of JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D. written by his own Hand, and dated 20th July, 1799.

I James Beattie, Doctor of Laws, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, Aberdeen, willing to prevent all dispute and litigation about the property I may leave behind me at death; and being at present, by the goodness of God, in soundness of mind, and in my usual bodily health, do make my last will and testament as follows: To the persons after mentioned as the executors of this my will, namely, to Sir William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo; to Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. secretary to the Trustees, &c. in Edinburgh; to Major James Mercer, formerly of the forty-ninth regiment; and to James Farquhar Gordon, Esq. writer to the signet, I bequeath in trust, after payment of all my just debts, to be lent or laid out by them, on sufficient heritable security, the sum of ***** pounds sterling; and I appoint the legal interest thereof to be applied yearly by them for the use and behoof of my wife, Mary Dun; and this to continue all the days of her life; hoping that this provision, with ***** pounds sterling, a-year, to which she will be entitled from the Widows Fund ‡, will be fully sufficient for

* "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. XVII. p. 534.

† See Anderson's "Poets of Great Britain," Vol. II. p. 1154. Life of Blacklock.

‡ A fund established by act of Parliament, for the payment of annuities to the widows of the clergy of the church of Scotland, and the widows of the professors of the universities in that part of the united kingdom. An excellent institution!

her comfortable support: To my niece, Margaret Valentine, wife of Mr Professor Glennie of Marischal College, Aberdeen, I bequeath ***** pounds sterling; and to her the said Margaret Valentine, to whom I and my children, while I had children, were under great obligations, I also bequeath all my household furniture, and all my books and other moveables, except the few books and moveables after mentioned, which I leave as memorials of me to other friends; to her also the said Margaret Valentine, I bequeath my picture by my dear friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, deceased, who made me a present of it, of which picture I know she will be particularly careful, from her regard to me, and on account of the great merit of the work: To my excellent friend, Sir William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo, I bequeath, as a small memorial of our friendship, my silver watch, with a stop and second hand, made with particular care by Gartly, and also the two splendid volumes in quarto of Lavater's "Physiognomy," which will be found among my other books: To my dear friend, Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. secretary to the Trustees, &c. in Edinburgh, I bequeath my gold-headed cane, which I received as a present from the late William, Lord Newhaven, and also my gold ring with the King's head by Tassie, which ring I had the honour to receive from George, Lord Onslow: To the Rev. Dr William Laing in Peterhead, to whom as a friend and as a physician I have often been obliged, I bequeath all my music books, together with ***** pounds sterling, and the telescope which he made for me: and to Miss Beattie Laing, his second daughter, I bequeath the organ which was built by my deceased son, James Hay Beattie, and which is now, and for some time past has been, in the dwelling-house of the said Dr Laing: To my brother, David Beattie, I bequeath ***** pounds sterling; and I desire that my bond, accepted by him for ***** pounds sterling, which I lent him, and on which more than thirteen years interests are now due, may be cancelled and sent to him: To my sister's son, James Dewars or Duers, I bequeath ***** pounds sterling: I beg my dear friend, James Mercer, Esq. formerly Major of the forty-ninth regiment, will accept of my Olivet's Cicero in nine volumes quarto, and of my Clarke's Homer in two volumes quarto, as a small acknowledgment of the pleasure and improvement, which for almost forty years I have derived from his conversation and friendship: To the Poors Hospital of Aberdeen, I bequeath ***** pounds

sterling; and to the Lunatic Hospital of Aberdeen, I bequeath the same sum of ***** pounds. And after paying these several legacies, I order and appoint, that what may remain of my property may be equally divided between my said niece, Margaret Valentine, and her brother, David Valentine, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy; recommending it to them to give such pecuniary assistance as they may judge reasonable to my brother David Beattie's children. And this I declare to be my last will and testament. And I appoint and nominate the said Sir William Forbes, Baronet, of Pitsligo, the said Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. the said Major James Mercer, and the said James Farquhar Gordon, Esq. jointly, or any two of them accepting and surviving, to be the executors of this my last will and testament, bequeathing to each of these executors the sum of **** pounds sterling, as a small acknowledgment for their trouble in executing this my said will: Reserving to myself the privilege of making at any time, by a codicil or codicils annexed, or in any other way I may think proper, such alterations in, or additions to, this my will, as may to me appear reasonable. In witness whereof, these presents, written with my own hand on this and the preceding page, are subscribed by me at Aberdeen, the twentieth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine years, before these witnesses, John Arthur, sacrist of Marischal College, and George Pirie, porter of Marischal College.

(Signed) J. BEATTIE.

(Signed) JOHN ARTHUR, witness.

GEORGE PIRIE, witness.

Note [D.] p. 31.

James, the fourteenth Earl of Erroll, was the eldest son of William the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, (who lost his head on Tower-Hill, 18th August, 1746,) by Lady Anne Livingston, only child and heiress of James, Earl of Linlithgow and Callander, by Lady Margaret Hay, second daughter of John, twelfth Earl of Erroll; on the death of whose eldest sister, Mary, Countess of Erroll in her own right, in the year 1758, her grand-nephew, known at that time by the title of Lord Boyd, as eldest son of Lord Kilmarnock, succeeded to the earldom and estate of Erroll; thus uniting in his per-

son the four earldoms of Erroll, Kilmarnock, Linlithgow, and Callander *, as well as the ancient dignity of Lord High Constable of Scotland, which had been long enjoyed by the Earls of Erroll, and had been reserved to them by the Articles of Union of the two kingdoms, as well as by the act of Parliament abolishing the heritable jurisdictions of Scotland in the year 1749.

I cannot better delineate the character of this amiable and accomplished nobleman, than by the following extract of a letter from Dr Beattie to Mrs Montagu, giving her an account of Lord Erroll's death, which happened the 3d June, 1778, in the fifty-second year of his age.

“ Lord Erroll's death, of which you must have heard, is a great loss to this country, and matter of unspeakable regret to his friends. I owed him much : but, independently on all considerations of gratitude, I had a sincere liking and very great esteem for him. In his manners he was wonderfully agreeable, a most affectionate and attentive parent, husband, and brother, elegant in his economy, and perhaps expensive, yet exact and methodical. He exerted his influence as a man of rank and a magistrate in doing good to all the neighbourhood ; and it has often been mentioned to his honour, that no man ever administered an oath with a more pious and commanding solemnity than he. He was regular in his attendance upon public worship, and exemplary in the performance of it. In a word, he was adored by his servants, a blessing to his tenants, and the darling of the whole country. His stature was six feet four inches, and his proportions most exact. His countenance and deportment exhibited such a mixture of the sublime and the graceful, as I have never seen united in any other man. He often put me in mind of an ancient hero ; and I remember Dr Samuel Johnson was positive, that he resembled Homer's character of Sarpedon.”

To the truth of every part of this account by Dr Beattie, of the late Lord Erroll, I can bear ample testimony ; as I had the happiness of his Lordship's acquaintance, and was honoured with his friendship, of which he gave me a

* The three last had been attained in the persons of the Earl of Linlithgow and Callander in the year 1715, and of the Earl of Kilmarnock in the year 1745 : But had those attainders not taken place, the right of succession to those dignities centered in Lord Erroll.

strong proof, [by appointing me one of the guardians of his children. I may add, that were I desired to specify the man of the most graceful form, the most elegant, polished, and popular manners, whom I have ever known in my long intercourse with society, I should not hesitate to name James, Earl of Erroll. At the coronation of his present Majesty, Lord Erroll officiated as Lord High Constable of Scotland,

Note [E.] p. 32.

The diary, as I have it, commences on the 6th January, 1762, on the re-assembling of his class after the Christmas holidays: but as it refers on the top of the page to a former diary of the preceding part of that session, it had most probably comprehended the whole period of his lectures from their commencement. It is written with uncommon neatness, and even elegance of penmanship, to which he was always extremely attentive, in the form of a kalendar, and continued without interruption to the 2d April, when the winter-session of the year 1792-3 was closed with the usual graduation of masters of arts. When the delicate state of his health is considered, shattered as it was by intense application to study in the composition of his various works, it must appear wonderful, that he was able to deliver his lectures from year to year, with so little interruption from indisposition. As a sort of literary curiosity, I have inserted a *fac simile* of one complete course, whence will be learned, with tolerable exactness, not only the plan and division of his lectures, but the extent and variety of subjects which they comprehended.

[N. B. *The Bookbinder will insert the Fac Similes here.*]

Note [F*.] p. 37.

I am indebted for this account of the Philosophical Society of Aberdeen, not only to their manuscript records, now in my possession, but to the Life of Dr Gregory, prefixed to his works, p. 37. This elegant account of the late Dr Gregory is anonymous. But it is well known to be written by my

* This letter of reference is by mistake repeated.

Eighteenth Lesson

Journal of Sepron $\frac{1777}{1778}$

1777

November

Number of meetings

Tuesday	4.	—	.XI.	—	} Cicero de Senectute §1-9 — 5
	5.	—	.XI.	—	
	6.	—	.XI.	—	
	7.	—	.XI.	—	
	8.	—	.XI.	—	
Monday	10.	^x 8.	^o XI.	3	} Cicero de Senect. §9 — Introductory discourse: Division of the subject. External Sensation. Taste Smell, Hearing. Origin of Language. } 15 N. B. The meetings marked 8 & 3 were attended by Mr Donaldson, on account of my bad health. Four lectures this week.
	11.	^x 8.	^o XI.	—	
	12.	^x 8.	^o XI.	3.	
	13.	^x 8.	^o XI.	3	
Friday	14.	^x 8.	—	3	} Four lectures this week.
	15.	^x 8.	^o XI.	—	
Monday	17.	8.	^o XI.	3	} Origin of Language. Universal Gram- mar. Nouns. Pronouns. Attributives. } 15 Adverbs. Definitives. Connectives. Cicero de officijs. Five lectures this week.
	18.	8.	^o XI.	—	
	19.	8.	^o XI.	3.	
	20.	8.	^o XI.	3.	
	21.	8.	—	3.	
	22.	8.	^o XI.	—	
Monday	24.	8.	XI.	3.	} End of Universal Grammar. Re- capitulation by question and answer. Sight. Touch. } 15 Two lectures this week. Cicero de officijs. Carried over
	25.	8.	XI.	—	
	26.	8.	XI.	3.	
	27.	8.	XI.	3.	
	28.	8.	—	3.	
	29.	8.	XI.	—	50

Journal of Lisbon $\frac{1777}{1778}$

Brought over _____ 50

December					
Monday	1	- 8.	XI 3.	Touch. - Internal Sensation. memory Imagination. Association of Ideas ab= straction. Genus. Species Dreaming. Curo de Officijs 3 pub lectures.	} 15
	2.	- 8.	XI. -.		
	3.	- 8.	XI. 3.		
	4.	- 8.	XI. 3.		
	5.	- 8.	- . 3.		
	6.	- 8.	XI. -.		

Monday.	8-8	XI. 3.	Reflex Sensation Novelty. Sublimity. Beauty. Imitation. Harmony. Recapitulation by question and answer. Laughter. Curo de officijs. 4 pub. lectures	} 15
	9.-8.	XI. -.		
	10.-8.	XI. 3.		
	11.-8.	XI. 3.		
	12.-8.	- . 3.		
	13.-8.	XI. -.		

Monday	15.-8.	XI. 3.	Laughter concluded Sympathy Conspicuity. Sense of honour. Taste. Curo de Officijs ——— concluded. by publick Lectures	} 16
	16.-8.	XI. -.		
	17.-8.	XI. 3.		
	18.-8.	XI. 3.		
	19.-8.	XII. 3.		
	20. 8.	XI. -.		

Monday	22. 8	XI. 3.	Taste concluded 2 pub. lectures	} 5
	23. 8.	XI. -.		

Monday	29. 8	XI. 3	Style Perspicuity. Energy. Harmony Elegance Primary Tropes Secondary. Use and ab= use of tropes & figures. Curo de Amicitia. 4 publick. lectures.	} 12
	30 8.	XI. -.		
1778	31. 8.	XI. 3.		
Friday	} - 8.	XI. 3		
Jan: 2				
	3.-8.	- .		

Carried over 113

Description	Quantity	Value
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1778

Journal of Session $\frac{1777}{1778}$.

113

Brought over

January	}	5. 8. XI. 3.	} Auronis Amicitia, & Paradoxa, et Somnium Scipionis.	} 16	
Monday		6. 8. XI. —.			Use & abuse of tropes. Figures.
		7. 8. XI. 3.			Purity of language. Schisms.
		8. 8. XI. 3.			On English pronunciation.
		9. 8. XII. 3.			5 publick lectures
Saturday	10. 8. XI. —				
	12. 8. XI. 3.	} General Nature of Poetry, — concluded on Saturday. Cicero's Somnium Scipionis 6 publick lectures	} 16		
	13. 8. XI. —				
	14. 8. XI. 3.				
	15. 8. XI. 3.				
	16. 8. XII. 3.				
Saturday	17. 8. XI. —				
	19. 8. XI. 3.	} At 3 p.m. Dictates on Principles of Natural Religion. Prose Writing Historical. Fabulous. Origin of the Romance. Feudals government. Chivalry Knight Errantry. &c. 6 publick lectures. — —	} 16		
	20. 8. XI. —				
	21. 8. XI. 3.				
	22. 8. XI. 3.				
	23. 8. XII. 3.				
Saturday	24. 8. XI. —				
	26. 8. XI. 3.	} Style of Natural History & Philosophy. The subject of style ended on Monday. The Passions. — Principles of human ac= tion. — General remarks. — Arrange= ment & description of Passions. 5 publick Lectures.	} 16		
	27. 8. XI. —				
	28. 8. XI. 3.				
	29. 8. XI. 3.				
	30. 8. XII. 3.				
Saturday	31. 8. XI. —				

Carried over 177

Item	Quantity	Price	Total
...	10
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1778 Journal of Session: 1777 No of meetings
 Brought over 1778 177

February 2. - 8. XI. 3. } Rules for the government of the Papiers.
 3. - 8. XI. -- } The subject of Papiers ended Wednesday XII.
 Wednesday 4. - 8. XI. 3. } Moral Philosophy begun Thursday.
 5. - 8. XI. -- } Examination on the Immateriality & Immor- } 15
 Friday 6. - 8. XII. 3. } tality of the Soul. -
 Saturday 7. 8. XI. - } Dictates on of principles of Natural Religion
 viz. the Immortality of Soul & the being of God
 3 public lectures.

Monday 9. - 8. XI. 3. } In the mornings of this week, an abstract dictated
 10. - 8. XI. -- } of Cicero's first book de officiis. - The forenoon-
 11. - 8. XI. 3. } meetings employed in a Recapitulation by questi- } 16
 12. - 8. XI. 3. } on and answer. - The evenings in writing
 Principles of Natural Theology
 13. 8. XII. 3.
 Sat. 14. - 8. XI. -

16. 8. XI. 3. } oo Public Examination. Moral Philosophy
 17. 8. XI. 3. } continued. - An abstract dictated of Cicero's
 18. 8. XI. 3. } first book de officiis - Principles of Natural } 16
 19. 8. XI. 3. } Theology.
 20. 8. XII. 3. } The Duties we owe to God.
 21. 8. XI. - } 4 public Lectures. -----

Monday 23. 8. XI. 3. } The Duties we owe to God - to our fellow-
 24. 8. XI. -- } creatures - to ourselves. } 12
 25. 8. XI. 3. }
 26 General Fast. } Directions for public speaking, taken down
 Friday 27. - 8. XII. 3. } in writing.
 28. 8. - } 3 pub lectures.

March 2. 8. XI. 3. } Ethics concluded Monday XII nine public
 3. 8. XI. -- } Lectures on Ethics. Jurisprudence begun. } 16
 4. 8. XI. 3. }
 5. 8. XI. 3. } 6 public Lectures.
 6. 8. XII. 3. }
 7. 8. XI. - }

Carried over. 252

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March Brought over

Monday	9.-8.	XI . 3.	Jurisprudence ended 11 th at XII. Seven Lectures upon it.	} 16
	10.-8.	XI . -		
	11.-8.	XI . 3.		
Thursday	12.-8.	XI . 3.	Economics in one lecture on Thursday.	} 16
	13.-8.	XII . 3.	Politicks begun. Two lectures on it	
	14.-8.	XI . -	5 public lectures this week	

	16.-8.	XI . 3.	Evening meetings: Debates on the Evidence of Christianity; being a sequel to Notes on the principles of natural Religion. -	} 16
	17.-8.	XI . -		
	18.-8.	XI . 3.		
	19.-8.	XI . 3.		
	20.-8.	XII . 3.	Politicks continued.	} 14
Saturday	21.-8.	XI . -	6 public lectures	

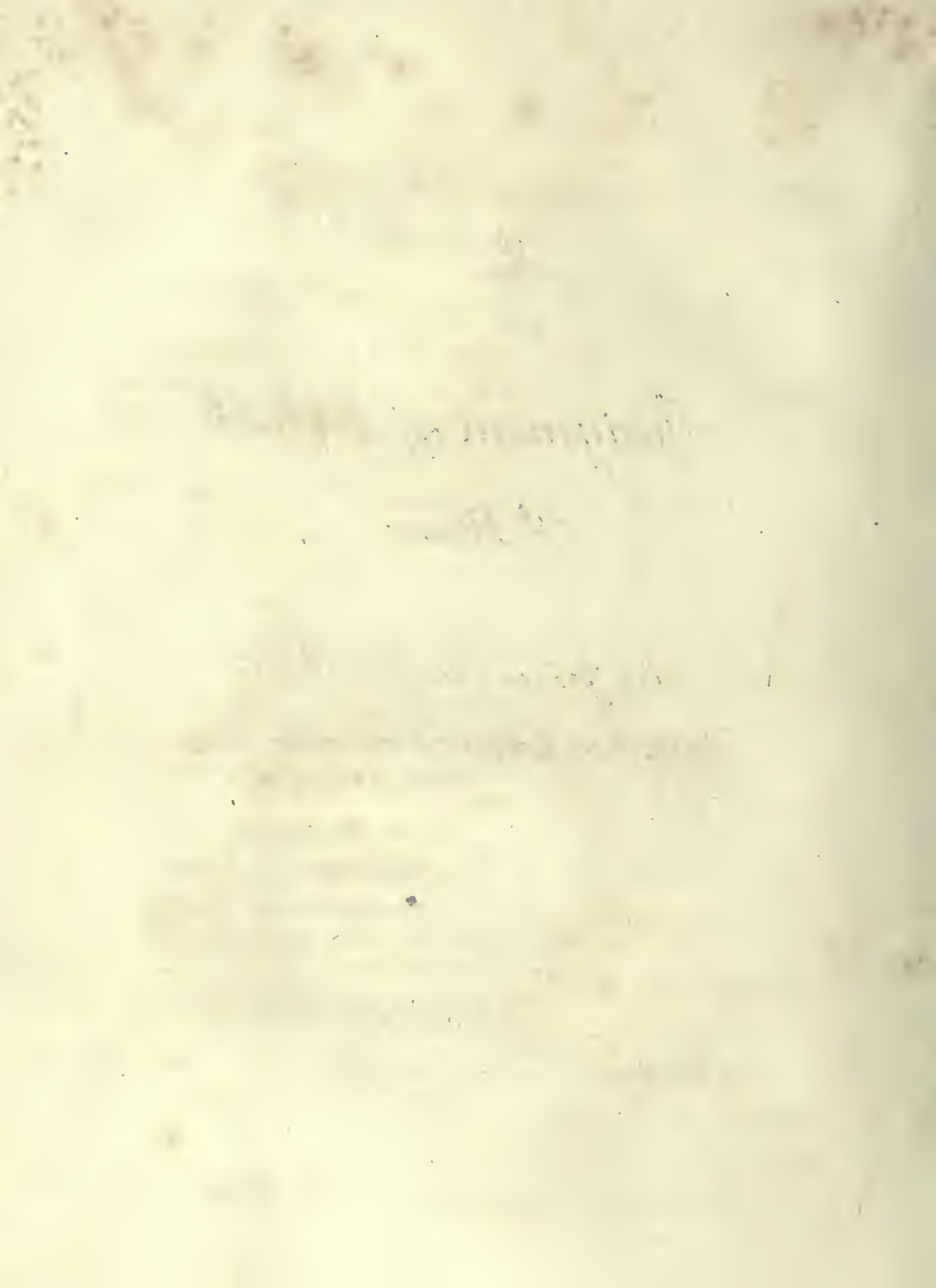
	23.-8.	XI . 3.	Politicks comprised in Eleven lectures & concluded on Friday XII.	} 14
	24.-8.	XI . -		
	25. 8.	^{ind. prof.} ed 3.	Principles of Logick taken down in writing.	} 14
	26. 8.	XI . 3.		
	27. 8.	XII . 3.		

Saturday	28. 8.	-----	80 public lectures this Session.	} 7
Monday	30. 8.	XI . 3.	Notes on Logick finished Tuesday morn.	
	31. 8.	Oldt. Grad XI	# Examinations. oo Directions for study, and Conclusion	

April - 1. - - - ~~XI~~. ~~VI~~. } Meetings in Session ~~1777~~/~~1778~~. } 305

N.B. The afternoon-meetings throughout this Session, though marked in the Journal at three o'clock were all held between four and five.

Graduation Wednesday, first of April, at six in the evening.



The
Judgment of PARIS.
A Poem.

By James Beattie, M.A.

ἌΜΑΧΟΝ ΔΕ ΚΡΥΨΑΙ Τὸ ΣΥΓΓΕΝΕΣ ἩΘΟΣ.
PINDAR. Olymp. 13.

London;
Printed

To
Sir William Forbes Baronet
To the Care of Messrs. Herries & Co
Merchants in
London

Did you know, my Dear Sir, with what regret I look back upon this long interruption of our correspondence, and how many cross accidents have conspired to occasion that interruption, you would not blame either my friendships or my industry. *****

*** But my Philosophical scheme is not at a stand. I still have it much at heart to publish something against Scepticism, and have now collected materials for a pretty large Book, which I intend to set in order for publication as soon as possible. It will consist of two principal parts: in the first I treat of the permanency of truth in general, and in the second of the permanency of Moral truth in particular. No pains will be spared to render it perspicuous and entertaining, and intelligible even to those who are not much conversant in writings of this kind. *****

***** Pray write me on this subject as soon as possible; and believe me ever to be with the sincerest affection & esteem
My Dear Sir your most faithful humble
servant J. Beattie.

Aberdeen 18 September 1768.

friend the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Judges of the Supreme Civil Court of Law of Scotland, to whom the public is also indebted for a valuable and truly original "Essay on the Principles of Translation;" as well as for an excellent critique on the poetical works of our Scottish "Theocritus," Allan Ramsay: although to neither of these classical performances has his modesty suffered him to prefix his name. He has also published, "Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern;" a performance of much merit, of which he has acknowledged himself to be the author, as it contains the outlines of a course of public lectures, delivered by him in the university of Edinburgh, in which he was Professor of universal history, before he was raised to the Bench. Lord Woodhouselee was also one of the elegant writers to whom we are indebted for those two excellent periodical works, the "Mirror" and "Lounger," published at Edinburgh*.

Some account of the Philosophical Society of Aberdeen, will likewise be found in the Supplement to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," Vol. I. p. 699. article, *Life of Dr Gerard*.

Note [F.] p. 49.

This and the three following notes were meant for the preservation of some pieces of Dr Beattie's poetry, published in the two first editions of his poems, though omitted in his later editions; but which I had thought it a pity should be lost. But on farther reflection, it has been judged expedient to retain only the "Ode to Peace," of which two stanzas are already inserted in the text, at p. 50. of Vol. I. and which appears to be of superior beauty. The Epitaph on himself is also preserved, for the reason assigned in the text. The reader will therefore be pleased to pardon the inaccuracy of the references here.

* See Note [DD.]

The concluding lines of the "Hares" are inserted here, as mentioned in the text, p. 49. Vol. I. note [F.]; because it is not meant to print the fable itself in the projected new edition of his "Works in Prose and Verse."

" Now from the western mountain's brow,
 " Compassed with clouds of various glow,
 " The sun a broader orb displays,
 " And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
 " The lawn assumes a fresher green,
 " And dew-drops spangle all the scene,
 " The balmy zephyr breathes along,
 " The shepherd sings his tender song;
 " With all their lays the groves resound
 " And falling waters murmur round.
 " Discord and Care were put to flight,
 " And all was peace and calm delight."

Note [G.] p. 51.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

I. 1.

Peace, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful voice
 From ancient darkness called the morn;
 And hushed of jarring elements the noise,
 When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
 With all his bellowing throng,
 Far, far was hurled the void abyss along;
 And all the bright angelic choir,
 Striking, through all their ranks, the eternal lyre,

Poured, in loud symphony, the impetuous strain ;
 And every fiery orb and planet sung,
 And wide, through night's dark solitary reign,
 Rebounding long and deep, the lays triumphant rung !

I. 2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian Age !
 Roll round again, majestic years !
 To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage ;
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears ;
 Ye years, again roll round !
 Hark ! from afar what desolating sound,
 While echoes load the sighing gales,
 With dire presage the throbbing heart assails !
 Murder, deep-roused, with all the whirlwind's haste,
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I. 3.

The shouts, redoubling, rise
 In thunder to the skies ;
 The nymphs, disordered, dart along,
 Sweet powers of solitude and song,
 Stunned with the horrors of discordant sound ;
 And all is listening, trembling round.
 Torrents, far heard amid the waste of night,
 That oft have led the wanderer right,
 Are silent at the noise.
 The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice,
 Drowned in superior din, is heard no more ;
 The surge in silence seems to sweep the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner, streaming in the air,
 Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow,
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
 Driven in confusion to the plain below,
 War's dreadful lord proclaim.
 Bursts out, by frequent fits, the expansive flame ;
 Snatched in tempestuous eddies, flies
 The surging smoke o'er all the darkened skies ;
 The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen ;
 The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale ;
 The bat flies transient o'er the dusky green,
 And night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involved in fire-streaked gloom, the car comes on.
 The rushing steeds grim Terror guides.
 His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
 Aloft the angry power of battle rides.
 Grasped in his mighty hand
 A mace tremendous desolates the land ;
 The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
 The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep.
 Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades,
 Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes ;
 A deeper gloom invests the howling shades ;
 Stripped is the shattered grove, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrensy stares,
 Bristling her ragged hairs !
 Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
 See, with her griping vulture-claws

Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound!
 Hate whirls her toreh sulphureous round.
 The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
 Re-echo to the hoarse alarms,
 Her trump terrific blows.
 Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose,
 Of kingly gesture, a gigantic form,
 That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within as foul
 As fiends of fiercest heart below,
 Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll
 Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,
 You naked waste survey;
 Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
 Where late the rosy-bosomed hours,
 In loose array, danced lightly o'er the flowers;
 Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
 And, wakened by the murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful labour filled the dale;
 And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, sable from the wasting flame,
 But mark the once resplendent dome;
 The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
 And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all!
 Save where, outstretched beneath yon hanging wall,
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth.

Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
 To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
 Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way;
 I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes!
 Young zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings.
 All blooming on the lawn the nymphs advance,
 And touch the lute, and range the dance:
 And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
 Arrayed in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note,
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
 But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light;
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred PEACE reside
 Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
 Where cruelty inflames the eye of pride,
 And grandeur wantons in soft pleasures arms?
 Ambition, these are thine!
 These from the soul erase the form divine;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And hatred triumphs on the o'erwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
 Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the shrieks of woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once beloved retreat,
 What regions brighten in thy smile,
 Creative PEACE! and underneath thy feet
 See sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
 In bleak Siberia blows,
 Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?
 Waved over by thy magic wand,
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primæval shades;
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And, led by Reason's light, the path of nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep*,
 Far leaning o'er the deep,
 The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
 Her robe, of Nature's varied green,
 Waved on the gale; grief dimmed her radiant eyes,
 Her bosom heaved with boding sighs.
 She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
 Emerging from the ethereal blue,
 Midst the dread pomp of war,
 Blazed the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
 Slow winged her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the Gulf of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

From Vol. I. p. 51 †.

EPITAPH ON **** *****

Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul
 Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
 Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
 No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemmed the sea of life ;
 Like thee, have languished after empty joys ;
 Like thee, have laboured in the stormy strife ;
 Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
 Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;
 Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
 Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall ;
 Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,—
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

In perusing this beautiful Epitaph, the reader will be in some places reminded of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." Whether Beattie had that poem in his eye while he was writing, cannot with any certainty be discovered. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" was first published, in a quarto sixpenny pamphlet, by Dodsley, in 1750 ; it was afterwards published, along with some other of Mr Gray's poems, in 1753 ; whereas this Elegy of Dr Beattie's was first printed in the "Scots Magazine" only in

† N. B. The letter of reference accidentally omitted.

1757. It is, therefore, possible, that Dr Beattie may have seen the Elegy of Gray before he wrote his own. But when his obscurity at that time is considered, and the little access he had to books, it is, I think, much more probable, that it had never come within his view. It is, however, of no consequence; for any coincidence of thought between the two, is merely a proof, how much one man of genius may imitate another, without servilely copying him.

Note [K.] p. 53.

I am indebted to my friend, Lord Woodhouselee, whose classical taste in every branch of polite literature, especially on the subject of "Translation," is justly entitled to high commendation, for an excellent paper of critical observations on the translations of the "Bucolics of Virgil," by Dryden, Warton, and Beattie; and I confess I was agreeably surprised to find the result so favourable to Beattie, who, soon after his translations were published, declared, that he was ashamed of them, and wished them to be for ever consigned to oblivion. We do not hear that either Dryden or Warton thought so meanly of their translations, though the former was one of the best of the English poets, and the latter possessed of poetical genius and a refined critical taste.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE TO SIR WILLIAM FORBES.

Edinburgh, 10th January, 1804.

"As you expressed a wish to have my opinion of the comparative merits of the three translations of the "Eclogues of Virgil," by Dryden, Warton, and Beattie, it has been a very pleasing amusement to me in a few leisure holiday-hours, to make this comparison; and I now sit down to comply with your request. In matters of this sort, general approbation or censure is of little value. On the other hand, we risk being tedious, if we go too much into particulars. I shall endeavour, if I can, to avoid both extremes.

"Of the three rival translations, I think Dr Warton's the most faithful to the sense of the original, the least faulty, and in general, though not always, the most poetical.

"Dryden, in the usual licentiousness of his translations, while he frequent-

ly loads his original with his own supposed embellishments, more frequently impairs the sense by the omission of material ideas. Thus in Eclogue first, the beautiful apostrophe,

“ *Fortunate senex, híc, inter flumina nota,*

“ *Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum,*”

is left out altogether. Warton gives it faithfully,

“ Happy old man ! here, midst the custom'd streams,

“ And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams.”

Beattie, with more beauty of poetry, but less fidelity, as he omits the expressive repetition of *fortunate senex*,

“ You, by known streams and sacred fountains laid,

“ Shall taste the coolness of the sacred shade.”

“ In the finest passage of the same Eclogue, Dryden is extremely poor :

“ *En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,*

“ *Pauperis et tugurí congestum cespite culmen,*

“ *Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas !*

“ *Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?*

“ *Barbarus has segetes ? En quò discordia cives*

“ *Perduxit miseros ! En quæis consecimus agros !*”

“ O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,

“ Nor after length of rolling years return !

“ Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust decree

“ No more our houses and our homes to see ?

“ Or shall we mount again the rural throne,

“ And rule the country kingdoms all our own ?

“ Did we for these barbarians plant and sow ?

“ On these, on these our happy fields bestow ?

“ Good heaven ! what dire effects from civil discord flow !”

DRYDEN.

Nor does Beattie's version of this passage deserve much praise :

“ When long, long years have tedious rolled away,

“ Ah ! shall I yet at last, at last survey

“ My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,

“ Where once I reigned in walls of humble sod !

“ These lands, these harvests must the soldier share ;
 “ For rude barbarians lavish we our care !
 “ How are our fields become the spoil of wars !
 “ How are we ruined by intestine jars !”

It is much better rendered by Warton ; though still with inferior beauty to the original :

“ Ah ! shall I never once again behold,
 “ When many a year in tedious round has rolled,
 “ My native seats ? Ah, ne'er with ravished thought
 “ Gaze on my little realm, and turf-built cot ?
 “ What ! must these rising crops barbarians share ?
 “ These well-tilled fields become the spoils of war ?
 “ See, to what misery Discord drives the swain !
 “ See for what lords we spread the teeming grain !”

Ibid.

“ *Hic illum vidi juvenem, &c.*
 “ *Pascite ut ante boves, pueri,*” &c.
 “ There first the youth of heavenly birth I viewed,
 “ For whom our monthly victims are renewed ;
 “ He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
 “ My grounds to be restored, my former flocks to feed.”

DRYDEN.

It is evident that a beauty is here lost, by the omission of the apostrophe in the close.

“ ’Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth beheld,
 “ For whom our altars monthly incense yield :
 “ My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,—
 “ Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former flock !”

BEATTIE.

This were well, but for the omission of the courteous appellative *pueri*, which is a characteristic stroke. “ My suit he even prevented,” is a very happy turn. Dr Warton is more correct, but with less beauty of poetry :

“ There I that youth beheld, for whom shall rise
 “ Each year my votive incense to the skies ;

“ ’Twas there this gracious answer blessed mine ears,—
 “ Swains, feed again your flocks, and yoke your steers !”

WARTON.

“ In the second Eclogue,

“ *At mecum rancis, tua dum vestigia lastro,*
 “ *Sole sub ardentis resonant arbusta cicadis,*”

Dryden debases this passage of simple description by a ludicrous conceit :

“ While, in the scorching sun, I trace in vain,
 “ Thy flying footsteps o’er the burning plain,
 “ The creaking locusts with my voice conspire ;
 “ They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.”

DRYDEN.

Warton injures it, by an absurd attempt to give it dignity :

“ Thee, while I follow o’er the burning plains,
 “ And join the shrill *Cicada’s* plaintive strains.”

WARTON.

Beattie has succeeded without any effort, by the justness of his taste :

“ And all is still ; save where the buzzing sound
 “ Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around :
 “ While I, exposed to all the rage of heat,
 “ Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.”

BEATTIE.

“ It required much judgment to avoid indelicacy of expression, and at the same time to convey the full sense, in some passages of the third Eclogue : as,

“ *Parcius ista viris*——

“ *Novimus et qui te,*” &c.

Here Dryden is most offensive and disgusting : Beattie is too plain : Warton is more delicate, and not less faithful to the original.

Ibid.

“ *De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum :*

“ *Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverca.*”

Warton and Beattie saw nothing scurrilous in this passage ; but Dryden delighted to make it so :

“ You know too well I feed my father’s flock ;
 “ What can I wager from the common stock ?

“ A step-dame too I have, a cursed she,
 “ Who rules my hen-pecked sire, and orders me.”

Ibid.

“ — *Conon, et quis fuit alter,*” &c.

Warton has missed this fine stroke of rustic simplicity; Dryden and Beattie have both done it justice.

“ The fourth Eclogue, *Pollio*, of a different strain from all the rest, is, in my opinion, better translated by Beattie than by either of his rival poets. Dryden, whose genius could have done the most ample justice to the subject, has failed, in some instances, from a bad taste, but in more from carelessness. He had a strange fancy for giving variety to the heroic measure by a sort of double Alexandrine :

“ —Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race—

“ —Another Argos land the chiefs upon the Iberian shore—

“ —And joyful ages from behind in crowding ranks appear”—

This measure is extremely harsh and unmusical, and gives a burlesque air, instead of dignity.

“ The beautiful passage in the close of this Eclogue,

“ *Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem;*

“ *Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses:*”

is thus debased :

“ Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about

“ Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother single out :

“ Thy mother well deserves that short delight,

“ The nauseous qualms of ten long months, and travel to requite.”

The critics, on this passage of the original, are divided in opinion, whether the *risus*, or smile, is meant of the mother or of the child. Warton applies it to the former; Dryden and Beattie to the latter: and as the expression in the original is ambiguous, the preference is merely a matter of taste: I think, for my own part, the latter sense gives a greater beauty to the picture, as well as more propriety to the associated sentiments.

“ In the *sixth* Eclogue, the description of sleeping *Silenus* is better in Beattie's translation than in either of the others; though not excellent in any of them. None of the three translators have given the full sense of

“ *Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper Iaccho.*”

Dryden's

"Doz'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,"

conveys but a small part of the meaning: The significant parenthesis, "*ut semper,*" is missed by them all.

"In Eclogue *seventh*, the pleasing apostrophe,

"*Muscosi fontes, et somno mollior herba,*" &c.

is translated by Beattie with more beauty of poetry than by either of his rivals:

"Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow,
 "And softer than the slumbers ye bestow;
 "Ye grassy banks, ye trees with verdure crowned,
 "Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffusé around;
 "Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
 "And screen them from the summer's raging heat!
 "For now the year in brightest glory shines;
 "Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines."

BEATTIE.

It is pity that this fine passage should lose any thing of its merit from the mistaken sense in the last line. *Gemmæ* are the *buds* of the vine, and not the *reddening clusters*. "*Jam venit æstas torrida*" does not imply that it is now the season of summer, (which would indeed demand *clusters* and not *buds*) but that the summer is approaching. If it be objected, that the mention of the solstice in the preceding line proves the season to be midsummer, the answer is, that the poet has here confounded all the seasons: for in the next response of Thyrsis, the time of *winter* is plainly marked,——

"*Hic focus et tædæ pingues, hinc plurimus ignis.*

"——*Hic tantum Boreæ curamus frigora:*"

then in a moment we return to *spring*,

"*Omnia nunc rident,*" &c.

The characters of the season cannot therefore justify the substitution of *clusters* for *buds*.

"In the *eighth* Eclogue,

"*Sepibus in nostris, parvam te roscida mala,*

"(*Dux ego vester eram*) *vidi cum matre legentem:*

“ *Alter ab undecimo tum me jam cæperat annus ;*
 “ *Jam fragiles poteram a terrâ contingere ramos :*
 “ *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error !*”

It was most difficult to rival in any translation the singular beauty of this original, and certainly impossible to exceed it. Beattie and Dryden are here much on a par; neither of them approaching to excellence, nor yet remarkably deficient: Warton is somewhat better:

“ Once with your mother to our fields you came
 “ For dewy apples—thence I date my flame.
 “ The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
 “ Though young, my raptured soul was fixed on you!
 “ The boughs I scarce could reach with little arms,
 “ But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms:
 “ Oh, how I gazed in pleasing transport tost!
 “ How glowed my heart in sweet delusion lost!”

A corresponding passage in the *Aminta* shews that Tasso, had he translated from Virgil, could have equalled his original:

“ *Essendo io fanciulletto, si che a pena*
 “ *Giunger potea con la man pargolletta*
 “ *A corre i frutti dai piegati rami*
 “ *Da gli arboscelli, intrinseco divenni*
 “ *De la piu vaga e cara verginella*
 “ *Che mai spiegasse al vento chiomu d'oro,” &c.*

In pastoral poetry it is often difficult to attain simplicity, without deviating; on the one hand, into coarseness and vulgarity, or, on the other, into flatness and insipidity. The delicacy of Beattie's taste secured him against the former of these errors; but it has not preserved him from falling at times into the feeble and prosaic.

“ Eclogue ninth :

“ The unexpected day at last is come,
 “ When a rude alien drives us from our home:
 “ Hence, hence, ye clowns, the usurper thus commands,
 “ To me you must resign your ancient lands.

" Thus, helpless and forlorn, we yield to fate;
 " And our rapacious lord to mitigate,
 " This brace of kids a present I design;
 " Which load with curses, O ye Powers divine!"

BEATTIE.

But yet this is better than the vulgar ribaldry of Dryden:

" The time is come I never thought to see,
 " (Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
 " When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
 " Cries out, Pack up, ye rascals, and begone!
 " Kicked out, we set the best face on't we could,
 " And these two kids, to appease his angry mood,
 " I bear, of which the Furies give him good."

" It were easy, dear Sir, to carry this parallel to a much greater length: but enough has been said to answer the end you wished. My opinion you may infer to be this: That of the three translations in question, Warton's is, on the whole, the most perfect; though he has occasionally been excelled in particular passages by both the others: that Beattie's translation, though not equally correct, being in many instances flat and prosaic, has, in the more remarkable and splendid passages, done most justice to the original: and that Dryden, with superior native genius to either of his rivals, has, from carelessness and a defect of taste, in a work which chiefly depended on taste, fallen below them both. There is certainly room for a better translation of the "Pastorals of Virgil," than any we have yet seen. But, when we consider the early age at which Beattie's version must have been composed, and the great improvement of his poetic powers, evinced in his latter compositions, I think it is fair to conclude, that had he given to this translation such amendment as he was capable of bestowing, it would have been hazardous in any poet of the present day to have trodden the same ground."

Note [L.] p. 66.

I have said in the text, at the place referred to, that the "Judgment of Paris" never was a popular poem, probably owing to its being of too metaphysical a nature, and that it has therefore sunk into oblivion; so that I scarcely think it necessary to revive the memory of it, by the insertion here of the two letters alluded to, and the introductory stanzas, notwithstanding their beauty of description; as I find, in order to have done this with proper effect, and in the manner I first intended, I must have inserted no fewer than nine-and-twenty stanzas of the poem; a greater proportion of it than the purpose seems to warrant.

Note [M.] p. 70.

I once thought of giving some farther account of Churchill, and of inserting the lines here, with the omission only of the last couplet. But as Churchill is a name so well known to every reader of poetry in Britain, I now think it unnecessary to swell this Appendix with any thing farther than what is already said of him; and as the lines relate to political circumstances, long since out of date, they may also be dispensed with.

Note [N.] p. 76.

As an elegant biographical sketch of the life and writings of Dr Blacklock, written by my friend Mr Henry Mackenzie, and prefixed to a posthumous publication of the Doctor's poems, is already in print, it may seem unnecessary, as well as a piece of great presumption in me, to say any thing here on the subject. But as so strong a friendship subsisted between Dr Beattie and Dr Blacklock, who were in truth congenial spirits, I feel a desire to make this amiable and worthy man better known to such of my readers as may not have met with the posthumous publication of his poems, and Mr Mackenzie's biographical sketch.

The Reverend Dr Thomas Blacklock,—a man very extraordinary at once for his talents as a poet and philosopher, for his acquired knowledge as a scholar, and his virtues as a man and a Christian,—had the misfortune to lose his sight by the small-pox before he was six months old; an age so early, as not to leave with him the slightest remembrance of his having ever possessed that blessing. Though his father was in no higher station than a bricklayer, he gave his son such acquaintance with books as he could, by reading, to amuse him; and his companions assisted in the task, by whose means he acquired some knowledge of Latin. At nineteen he lost his father; yet he was not left destitute of friends, whom Providence brought to his aid. Among others, Dr Stevenson, physician in Edinburgh, having accidentally learned his history, gave to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education in that university. His acquired knowledge of ancient and modern languages, and of various branches of science, was truly astonishing, not only as an instance of the strongest and most retentive memory, but of the native powers of mind, applied to the most abstruse subjects, under circumstances the most unpropitious.

While at Edinburgh, he published a volume of poems, which attracted the notice of Mr Spence, prebendary of Durham, who wrote an account of his life and character, prefixed to an edition published afterwards in London by subscription. If the descriptions and imagery, which his poetry exhibits, be deemed the result of memory merely, of things of which he never could have had any knowledge, the reader will at the same time find in them the qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sublimity, the thoughts, as well as the elegance and vigour of expression, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, says his biographer, which the good will value, belongs to them in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence*.

* Mr Mackenzie's "Life of Dr Blacklock," prefixed to the posthumous publication of his works.

After applying some time to the study of theology, he became a minister of the church of Scotland, and is said to have excelled as a preacher. But the inhabitants of the parish in which he had been placed, having, through prejudice formed against him from his want of sight, made strong opposition to his settlement, he resigned the living, on receiving a small annuity, and returned to Edinburgh, where he ever after resided.

Beside his poetical compositions, he published several works in prose, of a moral and religious tendency, which do him honour as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly, "Paraclesis, or, Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion," in two Dissertations: the first, supposed to be written by Cicero, and translated by Dr Blacklock; the other, original, by himself. In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the article on the *Blind*, written by him, is both curious and instructive.

To those qualities of mind, whether native or acquired, for which he was so remarkable, Dr Blacklock added the utmost goodness of heart, as well as gentleness of manner, but accompanied with the keenest sensibility. In his friendship he was warm to enthusiasm. Of this his correspondence with Dr Beattie affords a striking proof. Their spirits were congenial, and they loved each other with great affection.

Dr Beattie's and Dr Blacklock's first intercourse seems to have arisen from a present, which Dr Blacklock had sent him of his works, accompanied by a copy of verses; to which Dr Beattie replied in a similar manner. It is an ethic epistle, and, in my opinion, of so much merit, that I am sorry Dr Beattie has left it out of the later editions of his poetical works.

His peculiar misfortune gave him a high relish for the pleasures of conversation. In the circle of his friends he seemed to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which at other times it produced; and he entered, with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, and the humorous jest, that rose around him.

Of music he was uncommonly fond; as was extremely natural for one who was blessed with a musical ear, and who found in it a greater source of delight, from the want of other pleasures from which he was shut out by his blindness. He sung with taste; and always carried in his pocket a small flageolet, on which he was by no means averse from being asked to per-

form, for the amusement of those with whom he happened to be in company.

With Dr Blacklock I had the happiness of being well acquainted; and I look back with gratitude to his memory, for the many instructive hours which I have enjoyed in his company.

The last act of Dr Beattie's friendship for Dr Blacklock, was the composition of the following elegant and classical inscription, which is engraved on his monument at Edinburgh, where he died the 7th July, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

Viro reverendo
 THOMÆ BLACKLOCK, D. D.
Probo, Pio, Benevolo,
Omnigenâ Doctrinâ erudito,
Pœtæ sublimi;
Ab incunabulis usque
Oculis capto,
At hilari, faceto,
Amicisque semper carissimo;
 Qui Natus xxi. Novemb. MDCCXXI.
 Obiit vii. Julii MDCCXCI:
 Hoc Monumentum
 Vidua ejus SARA JOHNSTON
 Moerens P.

Τον περι μουσ' ἐφιλισε, διδου δ' ἀγαθον τε κακον τε,
 Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε, δεδου δ' ἠδειαν ἀοιδην*.

* *Odys. lib. viii. 63.* Thus translated by Pope:

“ Dear to the muse! who gave his days to flow
 “ With mighty blessings, mixed with mighty woe:
 “ With clouds of darkness quenched his visual ray,
 “ But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.”

POPE'S *Odyssey*, b. viii. l. 57.

This is the character applied to Demodocus, the prophet or bard at the court of the King of Phæacia, and by whom Homer is supposed to have designed to represent himself.

Note [O.] p. 116.

William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee*, the esteemed friend of Dr Beattie; who, with the active duties of a laborious profession, in which by his skill and integrity he rose to eminence, combined a more than common store of classical learning, historical knowledge, and a singularly correct taste in the sister arts of poetry, painting, and music; all of which he continued to cultivate and enjoy to the close of a long life.

To his other studies, he had added those of metaphysics and moral philosophy; by means of which he had early become acquainted with Dr Beattie, whom he loved and respected as an able champion of truth, and with whom he ever after continued to live on the footing of the most intimate friendship: as he was also happy in possessing the esteem and regard of many of the most distinguished literary characters of the age, such as, Lord Monboddo, Lord Kaimes, Dr John Gregory, Dr Reid, Principal Campbell, Dr Gerard, and many others.

As an author, Mr Tytler was distinguished by his "Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots," in opposition to Mr Hume and Dr Robertson, in which he warmly supported the cause of that ill-fated princess, and displayed an uncommon degree of acuteness in the examination of a question, which has been maintained on both sides with consummate ability.

Mr Tytler also published several other works on historical and literary subjects, particularly, "The Poetical Remains of James the First, King of Scotland;" some part of which he had the merit of having rescued from the oblivion in which it had long lain buried in the Bodleian Library. He has also restored to the same monarch, the popular ballad of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," so much admired for its wit and humour; but which had been improperly ascribed to his descendant, King James the Fifth †.

* Father of the present Lord Woodhouselee.

† Mr Tytler, in attributing this excellent and humorous composition to the elder James, rests much of his proof on the evidence of what is called the "Bannatyne Manuscript Collec-

To the "Poetical Remains of James the First," Mr Tytler has added a most ingenious "Dissertation on the Scottish Music," a subject of which he was peculiarly fond; and to the poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," he has added a note, by which he has vindicated to his old and early friend, Allan Ramsay, the property of the beautiful Scottish pastoral-comedy, "The Gentle Shepherd;" of which an attempt had been made, most unjustly, to

"tion of Ancient Scottish Poems," in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and it unquestionably is a very strong one; yet he appears to me not to do all the justice that he might to his own argument. George Bannatyne, one of the canons of the cathedral church of Moray, made that collection, as appears by its date, in the year 1568, only twenty-six years after the death of King James the Fifth, which happened in the year 1542, with whom therefore Bannatyne may be reckoned to have been contemporary. Had the poem been composed by this last Prince, it must have been a fact perfectly well known at that time; so that it never could have been attributed by Bannatyne to the elder James, who had been dead upwards of an hundred years.

"The authority of a MS. written more than a century after the death of James the First," says Lord Hailes, "proves nothing." But if the supposition of Lord Hailes were true, that the poem is the work of James the Fifth, it would in truth be a question, as to Bannatyne's authority, respecting a poem which in that case would be little more than twenty-six years old, and in regard to which, Bannatyne could not well be mistaken; he could never, therefore, have assigned the poem to King James the First. What I allude to when I say, that Mr Tytler does not appear to me to have done full justice to his own argument, is, that when he mentions the signature in Bannatyne as bearing the date of the elder James, Mr Tytler has done it with a numeral (1) merely, instead of printing it at full length. Had Bannatyne so written it, there might have been supposed some confusion between the two numerals (1) and (5), which in ancient MSS. may often be mistaken the one for the other; but in the MS. itself it is plainly written by Bannatyne, "q^d. King James the first," which is not liable to any such mistake. Pinkerton, though he gives this poem to King James the First on other grounds, says, "I found nothing on the Bannatyne MS. which gives the former ('Christ's Kirk on the Green') to James the First. For "in the next piece save one, it palpably puts *first* for *fourth*, or, by mistake, *fifth*." (Ancient Scottish Poems, Vol. I. p. lxxxix.) This observation of Pinkerton's, however, is not conclusive; for any one who looks at the Bannatyne MS. will perceive, that the note on the margin is written with different ink from that used in writing the poem to which it refers, and not improbably by a different hand.

As a matter of some curiosity, I trust I shall be pardoned for this disquisition respecting the real author of this very singular specimen of ancient Scottish minstrelsy.

deprive him, by the absurd assertion, that it was only in part the composition of Ramsáy.

It appears from a letter in the text*, to have been Dr Beattie's intention to have written the life of his friend, Mr Tytler; and had his health permitted him to have executed such a task, we may be sure, that, like every literary work of his, it would have been highly interesting. Yet it may be reasonably doubted, I think, whether it would have equalled in value the "Account of the Life and Writings of Mr Tytler," read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by my friend Mr Henry Mackenzie, and published in the Transactions of the Society, Vol. IV. Appendix, p. 17. In that biographical sketch, Mr Mackenzie has given a most interesting and animated portrait of Mr Tytler; to the truth of every word of which I can myself completely bear witness, as I was honoured during many years with his intimate friendship; and it is not without the strongest emotions, that I can now review, in Mr Mackenzie's sketch, the character of my much-respected friend, which he has there so justly depicted. Nor am I less pleased with the opportunity of paying this tribute of gratitude to the memory of one, with whom I have spent many an instructive, as well as many a happy convivial hour.

Mr Tytler was born at Edinburgh, 12th October, 1711, and died 12th September, 1792.

Note [P.] p. 119.

The account of Ross of Lochlee, author of the "Fortunate Shepherdess," and other poems in the broad Scots dialect, given in this letter of Dr Beattie's to Dr Blacklock, is not only curious, as containing the account of a native and self-taught poet, but as a proof of the innate goodness of Dr Beattie's heart, who, in order to serve this poor man, not only wrote and published in the newspaper of Aberdeen a recommendatory letter in prose, but addressed a copy of verses to Mr Ross, in the same dialect; the first and only time Dr Beattie ever attempted to write in that manner. I had once thoughts of inserting the verses here, as a literary curiosity; but considering, that the dialect in which they are written must be completely un-

* Vide supra, p. 299.

intelligible to every native of England, I laid aside the intention. In justice to Dr Beattie, I may be allowed to add, however, that the verses are far from being destitute of merit in their way, and show the versatility of Dr Beattie's genius. The ninth stanza, in particular, contains a picture of a pastoral scene, so beautiful, and drawn so exactly after nature, that I am persuaded no native of Scotland, possessed of any taste, can read it without singular delight. I have ventured to insert it in the note*.

Note [Q.] p. 142.

Dr Hawkesworth was first known as a literary character by the publication of the "Adventurer," a periodical paper begun in the year 1752, and continued to 1754; than which none since the days of the "Spectator" is better entitled to high commendation. With less of stiffness and formality than the "Rambler" and "Idler" of Johnson, and more of real instruction than the "World" or "Connoisseur," the chief periodical papers of our own times of ascertained merit, the "Adventurer" seems to combine the peculiar merits of them all; so that I do not know, if, since the days of Addison and Steele, who had the merit of introducing into the circle of English literature that popular and excellent form of composition, a work of higher value of that nature has appeared than the "Adventurer."

Dr Hawkesworth's next publication was "Almorán and Hamet," a very beautiful Oriental tale. He then published a translation of the Archbishop of Cambray's celebrated epic poem, the "Adventures of Telemachus," in elegant prose. His last work was, "An Account of the Voyages undertaken by the order of his present Majesty, for making Discoveries in

* O bonny are our greensward haws †,
Where through the birks † the burny § rows ¶,
And the bee bums ||, and the ox lows,
And saft †† winds rusle,
And shepherd-lads on sunny knows ††,
Blaw §§ the blythe whistle.

† Green hollows.	† Birch-trees.	§ Brook:	¶ Meanders.	Hums.
†† Soft,	†† Knolls.	§§ Blow.		

“the Southern Hemisphere:” a publication, which, though it produced to Dr Hawkesworth a large sum of money*, added little to his fame as an author, or to his reputation as a moralist. In the preface to that publication, are some very vague and ill-digested ideas respecting the doctrine of a particular Providence; and some parts of his narrative respecting the manners and customs of the natives of Otaheite, if too strongly verified to admit of any doubt as to the truth of the story, had better, for the credit of human nature, and the good of society, have remained unpublished to the world.

Dr Hawkesworth lived at Bromley, in Kent, where I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and died 16th November, 1783, aged fifty-eight. The following beautiful quotation from the concluding paper of the “Adventurer,” closes the inscription on his monument in Bromley church: “The hour is
“hasting, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired will be re-
“membered with equal indifference. Time, who is impatient to date my last
“paper, will shortly moulder the hand which is now writing it in the dust,
“and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be
“read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can
“divide the eye that is now reading, from the hand that has written.”

Note [R.] p. 152.

Major Mercer was the son of a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire, who; having joined the Highland army in the year 1745, retired to France after the battle of Culloden, where he resided till his death. His son received his education at the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and afterwards went to reside with his father at Paris. There he spent his time in elegant society, and devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of letters. Thus he acquired those polished manners, and that taste for study, by which he was ever after so highly distinguished. He possessed, too, a very high degree of elegant and chastised wit and humour, which made his company to be universally sought after by those who had the happiness of his friendship or acquaintance.

On the death of his father he returned to Scotland, and soon afterwards en-

* It is said, no less than six thousand pounds.

tered into the army, at the commencement of the Seven Years War; during the greatest part of which he served in Germany under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was in one of the six British regiments of infantry, that gained such reputation for their gallantry at the memorable battle of Minden.

The regiment in which he afterwards served, being reduced at the Peace of Paris, he returned to Aberdeen, where he married Miss Katharine Douglas, sister to Lord Glenbervie, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom he lived many years in much happiness.

In order to fill up the vacant hours of his then unemployed situation, he devoted his time chiefly to books, and in particular recommenced the study of the Greek language, (of which he had acquired the rudiments under the learned Dr Blackwell at Marischal College) with such assiduity, that Dr Beattie, in another letter, says, he doubted whether there were in Scotland at that time six gentlemen who knew Greek so well as Major Mercer. Then it was, that by attention to the purest models of antiquity, he corrected that partiality for French literature, which he had strongly imbibed by his early habits of study at Paris.

Not long after, he again entered into the army, in which he continued to serve till about the year 1772, when he had arrived at the rank of Major. But he then quitted the profession, and only resumed a military character, when he held a commission in a regiment of Fencibles during the American war. On the return of peace he retired with his family to Aberdeen, where he continued chiefly to reside during the rest of his life.

An acquaintance had first taken place between him and Dr Beattie, on his return to Aberdeen, after the Seven Years War; and as their taste in books, and their favourite studies were in some respects entirely similar, a lasting friendship ensued, which proved to both a source of the highest enjoyment.

Major Mercer's acquaintance with books, especially of poetry and *belles lettres*, both ancient and modern, was not only uncommonly extensive, but he himself possessed a rich and genuine poetical vein, that led him, for his own amusement solely, to the composition of some highly finished lyric

pieces. These he carefully concealed, however, from the knowledge of even almost all his most intimate friends ; and it was with much difficulty that his brother-in-law, Lord Glenberrie, at length could prevail on him to permit a small collection to be printed, first anonymously, afterwards with his name. In perusing these beautiful poems, the reader, I think, will find they possess much original genius, and display a taste formed on the best classic writers of Greece and Rome, whose spirit their author had completely imbibed, especially of Horace, who seems to have been the model whom he had proposed to himself for his imitation.

A few years ago, Major Mercer had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a long course of severe indisposition, during which he had tended her with the most anxious assiduity. Of that misfortune, indeed, he may be said never to have got the better ; and he survived her little more than two years. That circumstance gave occasion to some elegant lines which Mr Hayley addressed to Lord Glenberrie, soon after Major Mercer's death *. He had long been in a very valetudinary, nervous state, till at last his constitution entirely failed, and he expired without a struggle or a pang in the seventy-first year of his age.

Besides possessing no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men,

* EPITAPH FOR MAJOR MERCER.

Around this grave, ye types of merit spread !
 Here Mercer shares the Sabbath of the dead :
 Ye laurels, here, with double lustre, bloom,
 To deck a soldier's and a poet's tomb !
 Gracefully pleasing in each manly part !
 His verses, like his virtues, win the heart.
 Grateful for wedded bliss, (for years his pride !)
 He lost it, and, by fond affliction, died.
 Here, Sculpture ! fix thy emblematic dove,
 To grace the martyr of connubial love !
 Hail, ye just pair ! in blest re-union rise !
 Reversed on earth ! rewarded in the skies !

(for in the course of his military life especially, he had lived much in society of various sorts,) and being one of the pleasantest companions I ever knew, Major Mercer was a man of much piety, strict in the observance of all the ordinances of religion, and of high honour in every transaction of life.

Being my relation, although somewhat older, he was one of the earliest companions of my playful hours; and we continued through life the steadiest friends and most constant correspondents. It is, therefore, with a melancholy yet pleasing satisfaction, that I look back on that intercourse of friendship, which subsisted between us during more than half a century, without interruption and without decay.

Major Mercer was born 27th February, 1734, and died 18th November, 1804.

Note [S.] p. 154.

The reader will be pleased to excuse an inaccuracy in the reference here.

Note [T.] p. 202.

The following words which are printed in *Italics*, are those on which Mr Gray had made remarks, together with the changes made by Dr Beattie, which are printed in the second column in *Roman characters*:

Stanza 2. *Obstreperous*, is retained.

3. *Bending*, is retained.

4. *Pensions*, &c.

5. *Plaister*, &c.

6. *Female heart*, &c.

7. *Rise, sons of harmony*, &c. No change made.

8, 9, 10, 11. All preserved entire.

12. *Rambling*, changed to *roving*.

17. *Simple*, changed to *humble*.

18. *Mad*, is retained.

23, to 39. How they had been originally altered by Mr Gray's advice, does not appear.

Stanza 34. The alliteration is preserved.

36, 37, 38*. Remain unaltered. On this part of the poem Mr Gray is perfectly just in saying, that it has been remarked by others as well as by him, that the author indulges a little too much in *description* and *reflection*.

42. All preserved.

46., *Infuriate*, is preserved.

52. *Medium*, *incongruous*, &c. are retained.

54. Not altered.

56. *Vernal*, changed to *autumnal*.

62. In the first edition, it was dedicated to a male friend, although the name be left blank †. In the second it is inscribed to Mrs Montagu.

Note [U.] p. 220.

The Epitaph, here alluded to, is that, I believe, first printed in the edition of his poems in the year 1777, with the title,

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY A
GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY,

and beginning,

“Farewell my best-beloved! whose heavenly mind,

“Genius with virtue, strength with softness joined.”

It was written at the request of his dear and intimate friend, Dr John Gregory, for his wife, the Honourable Mrs Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of William, Lord Forbes, a very amiable and most accomplished woman, who died at Aberdeen 27th September, 1761; and has been published in all the subsequent editions of Dr Beattie's poems. I may add, that I perceive, by some of the letters interchanged between them at the time, that this inscription is mentioned by Dr Gregory with much approbation.

* Stanza 38. This alludes to a singular but deep-rooted aversion, which Dr Beattie all his life evinced for the crowing of a cock.

† Mr Arbuthnot.

Note [X.] p. 220.

The gentleman to whom Dr Beattie was indebted for this musical curiosity, was Archibald Menzies, Esq. of Culdare, in Perthshire, North Britain, and one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs for Scotland, who had made a tour among the Greek islands in the Levant, and being fond of music, had brought home with him this composition as a curiosity; but of the antiquity and authenticity of which Dr Beattie seems to have entertained great doubts; which, to be sure, tend much to diminish its value. The transcription of the music, as well as of the note subjoined to this page, are *fac similes* of Dr Beattie's handwriting.

I have seen another copy of this tune, which was given by the same gentleman, Mr Menzies, to Lord Monboddo; whose love for every thing that was Greek, is well known. On the back of Lord Monboddo's copy is the following memorandum: "A tune to which the Greeks at present dance, called *Romeka*. It imitates the winding of a labyrinth; and is supposed to be that which Theseus brought from Crete to Greece when he returned with Ariadne. It is mentioned by Homer in the shield, as having been taught Ariadne by Dædalus. Plutarch also speaks of it in the life of Theseus, and Eustathius in his Commentary upon Homer. It is danced upon all solemn occasions; and the person who leads the dance, carries a handkerchief in his hand, representing the signal which Theseus was to make if he returned victorious. It begins very slow, increasing still in quickness, and then gradually sinking into a slow movement, as at the beginning."



This tune was brought from Greece a few years ago by Mr Archbald Menzies of Culdar, who says, that it has for time immemorial been performed in that country, to regulate the motions of a solemn dance on a certain annual festival. The modern Greeks give out, that this ~~is~~ festival, tune, and dance are the very same that were instituted by Theseus, when he delivered the young Athenians from the Minotaur in Crete, about 1235 years before Christ.

Note [Y.] p. 404.

The publication of the "Essay on Truth" forms so distinguished an æra, not only in the life of Dr Beattie, but even in the literary history of his country, that I feel it as a duty to offer to those of my younger readers, who may not yet be acquainted with the work, a short abstract of its contents: and I should be proud to think, that I could in any way contribute to the dissemination of a work, which was designed by its author for the young, and which never can be studied by them without great moral and intellectual improvement.

The "Essay on Truth" is divided by the author into three great parts, or subjects of inquiry.

In the first part, it is his object, "To trace the several kinds of evidence and reasoning up to their first principles, with a view to ascertain the standard of truth, and explain its immutability."

The object of the second part, is to show, "That his sentiments on this head, however inconsistent with the genius of scepticism, and with the practice and principles of sceptical writers, are yet perfectly consistent with the genius of true philosophy, and with the practice and principles of those, whom all acknowledge to have been the most successful in the investigation of truth:" and "that there are rules, by which the more important fallacies of the sceptical philosophy may be detected by every person of common sense, even though he should not possess acuteness or metaphysical knowledge sufficient to qualify him for a logical confutation of them."

The object of the third part is, "To answer some objections which he anticipates, and to make some farther remarks by way of estimate of scepticism and sceptical writers."

According to this division, the first part consists of two chapters. In the first of these, Dr Beattie investigates "the perception of truth in general." He begins by shewing, that belief is a simple act of mind, which admits of no definition or description in words, and that truth is that which the constitution of our nature determines us to believe, and falsehood that which the

constitution of our nature determines us to disbelieve. Truth, however, is of two kinds, or is perceived by two different faculties; that which we perceive by the intervention or in consequence of a proof, and that which we perceive immediately and from the original laws of our constitution. The faculty by which we perceive truths of the first kind, is *Reason*, or "that faculty which enables us, from relations or ideas that are known, to investigate such as are unknown, and without which we never could proceed in the discovery of truth a single step beyond first principles or intuitive axioms." To that faculty, on the other hand, by which we perceive truths of the second kind, or self-evident truths, he assigns the name of *Common Sense*, and he employs this term to denote "that power of the mind which perceives truth or commands belief, not by progressive argumentation, but by an instantaneous, instinctive, and irresistible impulse, derived neither from education nor from habit, but from nature." As it acts independently of our will, whenever its object is presented, according to an established law of mind, he considers it to be properly a *sense*: and as it acts in a similar manner upon all mankind, when in fair and natural circumstances, he considers it as properly called *common sense*.

From this exposition of his principles, Dr Beattie proceeds in the *second chapter* to shew, "That all reasoning, in fact, terminates in first principles; and that all evidence is ultimately intuitive, or perceived by that power of mind which he distinguishes by the name of *Common Sense*." To substantiate this fundamental principle of his doctrine, he enters into a long and luminous illustration of its truth, from the general experience of mankind in the various species of evidence. He considers, in separate articles, the nature of that evidence which takes place in mathematical science; the evidence of our external senses, of consciousness and of memory; the evidence which governs our reasoning from the effect to the cause; the evidence which takes place in probable and in analogical reasoning; and finally, that species of evidence which determines our belief in human testimony. And from this wide and comprehensive induction, he arrives at last at the following conclusion: "That unless we believe many things without proof, we never can believe any thing at all: that all sound reasoning must ultimately rest on the principles of *common sense*, that is, on principles intuitively certain,

“ or intuitively probable : and, consequently, that common sense is the ultimate judge of truth, to which reason must continually act in subordination.”

II. Having thus ascertained the existence of certain ultimate truths, which are perceived by an appropriate faculty of the human mind, and upon which it thus appears that all reasoning, in fact, is founded, Dr Beattie goes on, in the second part of his work, to establish these conclusions, by the actual experience of all legitimate philosophy, and by the practice of all those who have been the most successful in the investigation of truth. For this purpose he exemplifies his doctrines by the instances of mathematical and physical science, in which it is universally acknowledged, that the greatest advances of human discovery have been made. He shews, that in the former of these sciences, all reasoning rests upon intuitive evidence, and in the latter, upon the evidence of sense; and that if the mathematician or natural philosopher had deserted these grounds of their reasoning, or doubted of the evidence they convey, their several sciences must have stopt in the threshold, and degenerated into verbal and unproductive controversy. It is from this satisfactory illustration, that Dr Beattie goes on with great advantage to the analysis of that sceptical philosophy, which it was the great end of his labours to combat. For this end, he enters, in the second chapter, into an historical account of the progress of this philosophy in modern times, from its first appearance in the works of Des Cartes, to its final completion in the writings of Mr Hume. He shews, that its principles are directly the reverse of those which have governed the investigations of the mathematician and the natural philosopher; that it substitutes the evidence of reasoning for that of common sense: that its essence consists in the rejection of all those ultimate truths, upon the admission of which the certainty of all other sciences is founded; and that it terminates in conclusions, which contradict all the most genuine and universal principles of human belief. To illustrate the nature of this sceptical system still farther, he selects two remarkable examples of the doctrines of the sceptical philosophy, and of the mode of reasoning by which they are supported, viz. *the doctrines of the non-existence of matter, and of the necessity of human actions.* And from the analysis of these

reasonings, he shews, that, in common with all the reasonings of this philosophical system, they are marked by these peculiar characteristics: "That the doctrines they are intended to establish, are contradictory to the general belief of all men in all ages: that though enforced and supported with singular subtilty, and though admitted by some professed philosophers, they do not produce that conviction which sound reasoning never fails to produce in the intelligent mind: and, lastly, that really to believe, and to act from a real belief, of such doctrines and reasonings, must be attended with fatal consequences to science, to virtue, to human society, and to all the important interests of mankind."

III. In the third part, under the appearance of answering the objections which he anticipates, Dr Beattie pursues, with great force, his argument, against that system of sceptical philosophy which he had before analysed.

In the first chapter, in replying to the objection, "That his system tends to discourage freedom of inquiry, and to encourage implicit faith;" he distinguishes between that implicit faith, which consists in acquiescence with the doctrines of men, and that which consists in acquiescence with the fundamental laws of intellectual and moral belief; and shews, that as the last is the foundation of all legitimate philosophy, it is that also which alone his doctrine encourages and promotes.

To a second objection, "That his system of philosophy is not strictly according to logic, or some of the established laws of that science," he replies, by admitting the objection; but by distinguishing between that technical logic which has obtained in the schools, and that rational logic which is founded on the knowledge of the faculties of man, and the established laws of his constitution. With the last of these, he shews, that his system is entirely consistent, and that it agrees in its principles with that enlightened system of investigation which was recommended by Lord Bacon: and in the illustration of this important subject, he enters, in the second chapter, into a long and ingenious disquisition, to shew, that the logic of the schoolmen was the legitimate parent of the modern system of scepticism; that the principles of both are to doubt of every thing, and to consider every thing as a subject of dispute; that the investigations in both are chiefly supported either by the illusion of words, or the evidence of a narrow and partial induction; and

that they both lead to conclusions contrary either to experience, or to truths of the most indisputable authority.

In the concluding chapter, in answer to the objection, "That he has represented the consequences of metaphysical error as more fatal than they are found to be in fact," Dr Beattie enters into a warm and eloquent display of the reality of these consequences. He shews, that the system which he has combated, is hostile equally to the moral and the intellectual character of man; that it establishes a method of reasoning, sufficient to overturn every truth upon which his virtue or his piety is rested; and that no man can adopt it without losing all the convictions which can render human life either honourable or happy.

As the doctrines and language of the "Essay on Truth" have met with some opposition by later writers, particularly by Dr Priestley and his followers, I had hoped to gratify my readers with some observations on that subject by my friend Mr Professor Stewart, who supports the great doctrines of Dr Reid and Dr Beattie, in the chair of moral philosophy in this university, with a force of reasoning, and a dignity of eloquence, altogether his own. But in this hope I have been disappointed, by some unavoidable interruptions to which Mr Stewart has been exposed, that have put it out of his power to fulfil his intention. I should the more have lamented this misfortune, did I not trust that he may hereafter give those observations a place in some of his own compositions.

Mr Stewart's observations were to be communicated to me in a letter, of which he had only been able to prepare the rough draught: but the account of Dr Beattie's mode of writing on philosophical subjects, and the eloquent encomium with which he meant to wind up the whole, are so truly characteristic of my deceased friend, that I cannot resist the desire of inserting them here.

"***** In a work professedly polemical," says Mr Stewart, "it was impossible for the author to aim at unity or at elegance of design; but what was really practicable, he appears to me to have executed with an uncom-

mon degree of skill and judgment; arranging his materials in a distinct and luminous order, and leading the attention agreeably from one part of his argument to another, by those happy transitions, which form one of the chief secrets in the art of composition;—above all, enlivening and adorning his important subject, (so unattractive in itself to the generality of readers) by a power of varied and happy illustration, peculiarly characteristic of his own genius. * * * *

“These critical remarks on the “*Essay on Truth*” (I must request you to observe), says Mr Stewart, “do not in the least affect the essential merits of that very valuable performance; and I have stated them with the greater freedom, because your late excellent friend possessed so many other unquestionable claims to high distinction—as a moralist, as a critic, as a grammarian, as a pure and classical writer, and, above all, as the author of the “*Minstrel*.” In any one of the different paths to which his ambition has led him, it would not perhaps be difficult to name *some* of his contemporaries by whom he has been surpassed; but where is the individual to be found, who has aspired with greater success to an equal variety of literary honours?

“I am happy to think, that the moral effect of his works is likely to be so powerfully increased by the *Memoirs* of his exemplary life, which you are preparing for the press; while the respect which the public already entertains for his genius and talents, cannot fail to be blended with other sentiments still more flattering to his memory, when it is known with what fortitude and resignation he submitted to a series of trials, far exceeding those which fall to the common lot of humanity; and that the most vigorous exertions of his mind were made, under the continued pressure of the severest domestic affliction, which a heart like his could be doomed to suffer.

* * * I regret the extravagant length to which this letter has insensibly extended; but I have no time to attempt an abridgment of its contents. I hope, however, (if you think any part of it worth a place in your Appendix) that you may consider yourself as at perfect liberty to make whatever retrenchments may appear to you to be proper; marking with asterisks the

place of any paragraph you may be pleased to omit, in order to account for the want of connection," &c. &c.

To Sir WILLIAM FORBES, Bart.

Dr Beattie's philosophical writings may be properly divided into two classes, Morality and Criticism. But *these* are so intimately blended in his works, as materially to support each other; and he loses no proper opportunity, even on subjects that seem least to promise him the means of enforcing moral truths, to impress upon the minds of his readers, such views of human nature as tend to ennoble the understanding, and improve the heart.

Besides his great work, his "Essay on Truth," *that* to which he owed the first dawn and subsequent advancement of his reputation as a moral philosopher, there still remains to be given, however, some account of his other Essays. I shall endeavour to do this as briefly as possible, and in such a manner, as that the reader, before he begins to the perusal, may have some idea of what sort of instruction, or entertainment, he is likely to meet with.

In his first Essay, Dr Beattie has given some analysis of the sister arts of poetry and music, with a view to discover how they affect the mind. He was led, he says, to this dissertation, by having heard it urged, that taste is capricious, and criticism variable; and that the rules of Aristotle, being founded on the practice of Sophocles and Homer, ought not to be applied to poems of other ages and nations. He admits the plea, he says, as far as those rules are local and temporary; but asserts, that many of them, being founded in nature, are indispensable, and not to be violated without impropriety. Notwithstanding its apparent licentiousness, he maintains, that true poetry is a thing perfectly rational and regular; and that nothing can be more strictly philosophical than *that* part of criticism may, and ought to be, which unfolds the general characters which distinguish it from other kinds of composition.

In the commencement of this Essay, Dr Beattie examines a question which has been a good deal agitated among the critics, What is the end of poetry? Whether to give pleasure, or to convey instruction? and he decides in favour of the first. To instruct, he says, is an end common to all good writing. If the historian and philosopher accomplish this, they will be allowed to have acquitted themselves well; but the poet must do a great deal for the sake of pleasure only; and if he fail to please, he may deserve praise on other accounts, but as a poet he has done nothing. Having occasion, in the course of this disquisition, to mention Dryden, he delivers his opinion of that great genius; gives a character of his writings at considerable length, and draws a very masterly comparison between him and Pope.

In his second chapter, speaking of the standard of poetical invention, he takes occasion to introduce an animated and beautiful eulogium on the advantages and pleasure to be derived from the study and contemplation of the works of nature; a theme on which he delighted much to expatiate. In this disquisition, he introduces a character of Swift and some of his writings, particularly his "*Gulliver's Travels*," the latter part of which he severely reprobates. In his next chapter, he shows, that poetry exhibits a state of nature somewhat different from the reality of things; and this he illustrates by a variety of observations drawn from contemplating the human character. In the prosecution of this subject, he takes occasion to enter into some examination of the divine poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, and of the merit of the characters found in each.

Connected with the subject of poetry, Dr Beattie next introduces into this Essay, remarks on music, as it affects the mind: and here he first examines the question, Whether music be an imitative art? which he resolves in the negative. This he illustrates by a variety of the happiest observations, drawn from the nature of the human mind, as well as the practice of the best masters, both in music and poetry.

In his following section he enquires, How the pleasures we derive from music are to be accounted for? He is well aware, he says, of the difficulty of this question. He therefore promises nothing more than a few cursory remarks. Yet into these remarks he has contrived to introduce a variety of reflections,

founded in sound sense, in true philosophy, a love of virtue, and consummate knowledge of human nature.

Then follows a section on the peculiarities of national music; in the course of which he particularly examines the two very different species of music peculiar to the Highlands and southern parts of Scotland; and shows how they naturally accord with the face of the country in those opposite regions. This section will be perused with interest by every native of Scotland. It is here that he has introduced a Disquisition on the *Second Sight*, which he justly treats as a visionary, though popular, belief in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the second part of this Essay, he treats, at considerable length, of *Poetical Language*, and introduces many ingenious, instructive, and pleasing elucidations, of epic, dramatic, and other species of poetry; and all this he illustrates by a variety of apposite examples from the most esteemed poems, both of antient and modern times. Towards the close of this Essay, he enters, at considerable length, into an examination of the structure of verse. But for all this the reader must consult the Essay itself, which will afford him a high gratification.

Every reader of any taste will be struck with the observation, that, in this Essay on Poetry and Music, the language is more ornamented than in any other part of his philosophical works. I have elsewhere remarked, that although the characteristic qualities of Dr Beattie's style are perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance, it is far from being destitute of sublimity. Of that assertion, I have drawn most of my proofs from this very Essay*. And here it is curious to remark the manner in which our philosophical poet has expressed the same sentiment in elegant and pathetic prose, and in chaste and harmonious verse. "It is strange," he says, "to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there, to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun; the sparkling

* Vide supra, p. 332.

“ concave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest tossing and roaring to
 “ the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer-evening; the
 “ sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sun-shine, grove, lawn, and
 “ water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the
 “ ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous; the many pleasing va-
 “ rieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much
 “ real satisfaction, as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling
 “ and squalling of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table*!”

This is the very same sentiment with that so beautifully expressed in the
 “ Minstrel.”

“ O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 “ Of charms, which nature to her votary yields!
 “ The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 “ The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
 “ All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 “ And all that echoes to the song of even,
 “ All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
 “ And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 “ O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !”

Minstrel, Book I. Stanza IX.

His following Essay is on *Laughter*, in which he says, that in tracing out the cause of laughter, he means rather to illustrate, than to confute the opinions of those who have already written on the same subject. Yet notwithstanding former discoveries, the following Essay, he thinks, may be found perhaps to contain something new, to throw light on certain points of criticism that have not been much attended to, and even to have some merit as a familiar example of philosophical induction, carried on with a strict regard to fact, and without any bias in favour of any theory.

* Essay on Poetry and Music, Part I. chap. ii. p. 369.

He sets out with marking the distinction between *ridiculous* and *ludicrous* ideas, as both exciting *laughter*, although in different ways; and this leads him to divide *laughter* into two kinds, which he distinguishes into, what he calls, *animal* and *sentimental*. He then gives the several opinions, which different philosophers have entertained on the subject, Aristotle, Hobbes, Hutcheson, Akenside, and this leads him to enquire into the cause of laughter. In the course of these disquisitions, he has introduced and treated of a variety of literary topics, which he has embellished with infinite art and critical skill; and in doing this, he has contrived, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, even from so unpromising a subject as *Laughter and Ludicrous Composition*, to introduce some moral disquisitions of great value, with characters of comedies, and satires, and novels, in such a manner, as to show the charms of virtue, the efficacy of religion, and the odious deformity of vice. In particular, he reprobates, with becoming zeal and propriety, all those attempts to excite ridicule and laughter, by parodies of scripture, and profane allusions to sacred things. His concluding chapter is an attempt to account for the superiority of the moderns, in ludicrous writing, over the antients, which he clearly decides in favour of the former, and in proof of which he produces many ingenious arguments.

Upon the whole, this is an admirable Essay; displaying much knowledge of the human heart and understanding; and whence, whoever reads it with attention, will reap both entertainment and instruction in no ordinary measure.

The concluding Essay, in this volume, contains remarks on the utility of classical learning; in which he combats the absurd idea, that the study of Greek and Roman learning is of little or no value, and may very readily be dispensed with. He strongly urges all the usual arguments in support of his proposition, with perspicuity and force; and in the most satisfactory manner answers all the hackneyed objections that have been brought forward by those, who undervalue classical learning, which, as Dr Beattie has justly observed, he, who is possessed of, would not relinquish on any consideration; and that those persons are most delighted with the antient writers, who understand them best.

Such were the Essays, which Dr Beattie added to that edition of the

“ Essay on Truth,” published in 1776 ; and which, it must be allowed, were a very valuable present to his subscribers to that excellent performance.

He afterwards published, in the year 1783, “ Dissertations Moral and Critical,” of which I proceed to give some brief account.

They were first composed, as Dr Beattie tells in his preface, in a different form, being part of a course of prelections, read to those young gentlemen, whom it was his business to initiate in the elements of moral science. This, he hopes, will account for the frequent plainness of the style ; for the introduction of practical and serious observations ; and for a greater variety of illustration, than would have been requisite, if his hearers had been of riper years, or more accustomed to abstract enquiry. He had been desired to publish the whole system of lectures, but had been prevented by many considerations. He therefore gave only a few detached passages, and wished them to be considered as separate and distinct Essays. In treating of them, he wished to avoid all matters of nice curiosity, and confine himself to such as seem to promise amusement and practical information.

The first Essay is on *Memory and Imagination*. It commences with some general observations on the natural connection between the soul and body, while we remain in this world, as far as *memory* is concerned, which he justly considers as one of those peculiarities that distinguish man from the inferior animals.

In his first chapter, he marks the difference between *memory* and *imagination*. In his second chapter, he gives a general account of this faculty, its phenomena and laws, and shows, that the great art of *memory* is *attention*. This part of his subject he illustrates by a variety of lively and ingenious observations. Among other things, he gives account of a curious invention, frequently spoken of by the old rhetoricians, under the name of *artificial memory*, whereof both Cicero and Quintilian have given an account, though neither of them so distinctly as could be wished. Of this, he gives what, he says, he conceives to be a description, but which, if just, he agrees with Quintilian that it was too complex ; and I suppose it will be generally allowed, that to remember the art would require as great an exertion of thought and memory, as would be necessary to keep in mind the thing to be remembered.

Here he introduces a dissertation on hand-writing, as connected with transcription, which he deems an useful help to memory. This part of the Essay, any one who looks at the *fac similes*, inserted in this Appendix, will see illustrated by his own practice. He then goes on to show the varieties of *memory*; and after having touched on these points, he gives us a very sensible chapter on the various methods of improving *memory*, which he concludes with a disquisition on the oratory of the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, comparing the one mode of public speaking with the other; in the course of which he examines the question, whether sermons ought to be delivered from memory, or from a written copy, and clearly gives the preference to the latter: for which he quotes the authority of some of the most esteemed preachers of the church of England *. For the truth of this remark, he appeals to “those who have had the happiness to observe, and to feel, that sublime and apostolic simplicity, and that mild, though commanding energy, which distinguish both the composition and the pronounciation of a Porteus and a Hurd †.”

The concluding chapter of this ingenious Essay is occupied with remarks on the memory of brutes, which he admits they enjoy in a certain degree. Yet with all the helps which animals derive from instinct, or from more acute organs of sense, how inferior, he exclaims, is the memory of the most intelligent brute to that of reasonable beings! The disproportion is almost infinite. He then gives an animated and brilliant eulogium on the extent and capacity of the human memory, and of the powers of which he gives a slight recapitulation in the most glowing colours. I lament that the plan and limited nature of this analysis forbid my giving here the whole of this beautiful passage; but I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the sublime conclusion of this energetic address to his audience.

“Let us hence learn,” says he, “to set a proper value on the dignity of the human soul; and to think of its intellectual faculties as inexpressibly superior, both in kind and in degree, to those of the animal world. If we be capable of endless improvement (and what reason is there to believe that we

* Dissert. Mor. and Critic. p. 47—57.

† The present Bishops of London and Worcester.

“are not), surely our destination must be different from theirs; for the author of nature does nothing in vain; and an understanding, far more limited than that of man, would be sufficient for all the purposes of a creature, whose duration is circumscribed by the term of an hundred years. Our minds, therefore, must have been destined for scenes of improvement more extensive and glorious, than these below; and our being to comprehend periods more durable, than those that are measured out by the sun*.”

In his subsequent Dissertation, on *Imagination*, Dr Beattie gives a general account of that faculty of the mind. He treats of the association of ideas, and the various causes whence it proceeds. He then introduces a disquisition on the origin of beauty, for which he in part endeavours to account; and he has two chapters, the one containing remarks on *Genius*, and the other on *Taste* and its improvements, as they are connected with the *Imagination*. This dissertation, which is of considerable length, will be deemed, I suspect, by most of his readers, at least it surely appears so to me, to be of rather too abstracted and metaphysical a nature. Yet it certainly contains much depth of thinking, and many proofs of original genius, as well as critical knowledge, which those readers, who are fond of such speculations, will peruse with pleasure. He concludes this Essay, by returning to the subject of *Imagination*; with some directions for a proper regulation of it. This last part of his subject is highly interesting, and very much intended for the use of studious and literary persons. Unhappily, he was but too well qualified, from his own melancholy experience, and the dreadful condition to which his own health had been reduced, by intense application to study, to treat on the evils attendant on a literary course of life. In the close of this Essay, he seizes, as usual, the opportunity of introducing a most beautiful eulogy on the genius and spirit of the Christian religion, in language so expressive and appropriate, that I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it here.

“Lastly,” says Dr Beattie, “let those who wish to preserve their imagination in a chearful and healthy state, cultivate piety, and guard against superstition; by forming right notions of God’s adorable being and providence, and cherishing the correspondent affections of love, veneration, and

* Dissertations Moral and Critical, p. 68.

" gratitude. Superstition is fierce and gloomy; but true Christianity gives
 " glory to the divine nature, and is most comfortable to the human. It
 " teaches, that nothing happens, but by the permission of Him, who is
 " greatest, wisest, and best; that the adversities which befall us may all
 " be improved into blessings: that man is indeed a sinful creature; but that
 " God has graciously provided for him the means both of pardon and of
 " happiness; that, if we obey the Gospel, than which no system of doctrine
 " can be more excellent in itself, or supported by better evidence; *Our light*
 " *afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us an eternal weight*
 " *of glory*; for that when these transitory scenes disappear, an endless state
 " of things will commence, wherein virtue shall triumph, and all her tears
 " be wiped away for ever; wherein there will be as much felicity, as the
 " most exalted benevolence can desire, and no more punishment, than the
 " most perfect justice will approve. He who believes all this, and endeavours
 " to act accordingly, must look upon the calamities of life as not very mate-
 " rial; and, while he retains the command of his faculties, may have conti-
 " nually present to his imagination the most sublime, and most transporting
 " views, that it is possible for a human being either to wish for, or to com-
 " prehend.

" The divine Omnipotence ought at all times to inspire us with veneration
 " and holy fear. By the simplest means, or without any means, it can ac-
 " complish the most important purposes. This very faculty of imagination,
 " the Deity can make to each of us, even in this world, the instrument of
 " exquisite happiness, or consummate misery, by setting before it the most
 " glorious objects of hope, or the most tremendous images of despair. What
 " a blessing are cheerful thoughts, and a sound imagination! And what man
 " can say, that his imagination and thoughts are always, or indeed at any
 " time, in his own power? Let us, therefore, learn humility, and seek the
 " Divine favour above all things. And while we endeavour to make a right
 " use of the rules he has prescribed, or gives us grace to discover, for purify-
 " ing and improving our nature, let us look up for aid to Him, whose influ-
 " ence alone can render them successful*."

His next Dissertation is that on *Dreaming*. Of this production he was

* Dissertations Moral and Critical, p. 205.

himself exceedingly fond : and yet it cannot be said, I think, to add much to our stock of ideas. The truth is, Dr Beattie was a great observer of his own dreams, and therefore has probably attached more importance to the subject than any thing so much out of our own power may seem to deserve. An abridgment of this Dissertation on Dreaming is inserted in the " Mirror," Nos. 73 and 74, and it is mentioned above, p. 72.

Dr Beattie's next, and by much his longest and most elaborate, Dissertation, is that on the *Theory of Language*. It combines, indeed, much learning and great knowledge of the human mind, with deep philosophical research ; and as it was a subject which he had studied profoundly, he seems to have treated it with more than common ability, so as to have left little for the scholar to wish for.

He has divided his Dissertation into two parts, in which he treats,

1. Of the Origin and General Nature of Speech.
2. Of Universal Grammar.

The faculty of speech, he says, to what class soever of human powers we refer it, is one of the distinguishing characters of our nature ; none of the inferior animals being in any degree possessed of it. For we must not call by the name of *speech* that imitation of human articulate voice, which parrots and some other birds are capable of ; speech implying thought and consciousness, and the power of separating and arranging our ideas, which are faculties peculiar to rational minds. That some inferior animals should be able to mimic human articulation, will not seem wonderful, when we recollect, that even by machines certain words have been articulated ; but that the parrot should annex thought to the word he utters, is as unlikely as that a machine should do so. *Rogue* and *knave* are uttered by every parrot ; but the words they stand for are incomprehensible, except by beings endued with reason and a moral faculty.

It has, however, been a common opinion, and is probable enough, that there may be, among irrational animals, something which, by a *figure*, we may call *language* : some mode by which one animal can make his thoughts, his intentions, and his wishes, known to another of his own species. This is so well authenticated, as scarcely to admit of a doubt*. Pope has elegantly employ-

* See the remarkable anecdote of the gentleman's dog at St Alban's, mentioned in Bingley's " Animal Biography," Vol. I. p. 226.

ed the epithet *half-reasoning elephant* to this purpose, even as the instinctive economy of bees is figuratively called *government*. This at least is evident, that the natural voices of one animal are in some degree intelligible, or convey particular feelings or impulses to others of the same species. To dogs and horses, and even to other creatures of less sagacity, the voice of their master soon becomes familiar; and they learn to perform certain actions, on receiving certain audible or visible signals from those whom they are wont to obey. This, however, is a proof rather of their docility, and of the quickness of their eye and ear, than of any intelligence in regard to language; and these, and the like animal voices, have no analogy with human speech. For, first, men speak by art and imitation, whereas the voices in question are wholly instinctive: for, that a dog, which had never heard another bark, would notwithstanding bark himself, admits of no doubt; and that a man, who had never heard any language, would not speak any, is equally certain.

After having treated, somewhat anatomically, of the organs of speech, and the manner in which it is formed, Dr Beattie proceeds to consider the English alphabet; and, in the course of this disquisition, he introduces the art of teaching those who are deaf and dumb to speak. He has also a chapter on the numbers and measures of English poetry, as depending on emphasis; their numbers and varieties, illustrated in a very entertaining manner, by apposite examples.

Dr Beattie then examines the absurdity of the Epicurean doctrine of the origin of language, that it is of human invention; and he proves, that if ever there was a time when all mankind were, as the Epicureans supposed, *mutum et turpe pecus*, a dumb and brutal race of animals, all mankind must, in the ordinary course of things, have continued dumb to this day. For, to such animals speech could not be necessary; as they are supposed to have existed for ages without it: and it is not to be imagined, that dumb and beastly savages would ever think of contriving unnecessary arts, whereof they had no example in the world around them, which they had never felt any inconvenience from the want of, and which never had been attempted by other animals. Speech, therefore, it is clear, if invented at all, must have been invented, either by children, who were incapable of invention, or by men who

were incapable of speech; and, therefore, reason, as well as history, intimates, that mankind in all ages must have been *speaking animals*; the young having constantly acquired this art by imitating those who were elder. And we may warrantably suppose, that our first parents must have received it by immediate inspiration from the Almighty.

He then gives some account of the art of writing; its importance and origin; different sorts of it practised by different nations; a short history of printing: all of which topics he discusses in a brief but agreeable and amusing manner; and here he ends his first part. His second part of the *Theory of Language* treats at great length of *Universal Grammar*, in a very elaborate, philological disquisition, in which he acknowledges his obligations to Mr Harris, the author of "*Hermes*," and to Lord Monboddo, on "*The Origin and Progress of Language*," although he occasionally differs from both these learned writers. He also mentions our countryman, the late Mr Thomas Ruddiman, with much respect; whom he characterises as the most accurate of all grammarians. He goes through, and examines with much care, the various parts of speech, with an eye to the knowledge of universal grammar; and leaves nothing unexamined that he thinks may illustrate the subject; a more minute analysis of it here, however, would be foreign from my present purpose.

His next Dissertation is of a much more popular and entertaining nature, on *Fable and Romance*. In the commencement of this dissertation, he has some general remarks on the nature of *Fable*, as a vehicle for the conveyance of moral instruction, such as, Jothan's parable of the trees choosing a king, in the book of "*Judges*," and the famous apologue of a contention between the parts of the human body, by which Menenius Agrippa satisfied the people of Rome, that the welfare of the state depended on the union of the several members of it. He then descants on the Greek apologues ascribed to Æsop, and the Latin ones of Phædrus, as masterpieces in this way of writing; which have hardly been equalled by the best of our modern fabulists. He then takes notice, that the Oriental nations have long been famous for fabulous narrative; which he accounts for from the indolence peculiar to the genial climates of Asia, and the luxurious life which the kings and other great men of those countries lead in their seraglios, which have made them

seek for this sort of amusement, and set a high value on it. And here he mentions the celebrated collection of Oriental fables, commonly called, "The Arabian Nights Entertainment, or, the Thousand and One Tales."

This leads him to take notice, that in the "Spectator," "Rambler," and "Adventurer," there are many fables in the Eastern manner, most of them very pleasing, and of a moral tendency. "Rasselas" by Johnson, and "Al-moran and Hamet" by Hawkesworth, are celebrated performances in this way. Addison excels in this sort of fable; and the *Vision of Mirza* in the "Spectator," is the finest piece of the kind any where to be met with.

Dr Beattie, proceeding in his Dissertation, divides modern prose fable into two kinds, the *Allegorical* and *Poetical*. The first he subdivides into the *Historical* and the *Moral*, and the second into the *Serious* and the *Comic*. Of these four species of modern fable, he treats in their order, illustrating his subject with apposite and pleasing examples; in the course of which he gives the characters of a number of our most celebrated and popular productions of this nature: and, according to his uniform practice, omitting no opportunity of checking vice, and enforcing a love of virtue and religion. Thus, in speaking of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," and "Tale of a Tub," while he does ample justice to the wit, the humour, the satire, so largely to be found in those celebrated performances, Dr Beattie reprobates with the utmost severity, as he had already done on a former occasion, (see p. 390.) the plan of the author, who, in the last of the four voyages, has exerted himself to the utmost in an absurd and abominable fiction, presenting us with irrational beasts and irrational men, in direct contradiction to the most obvious laws of nature; and because there must be something of an irreligious tendency in a work, which, like this, ascribes the perfection of reason and of happiness to a race of beings, who are said to be destitute of every religious idea. But what is yet worse, if any thing can be worse, this tale represents human nature itself as the object of contempt and abhorrence. "Let the ridicule of wit," says Dr Beattie, "be pointed at the follies, and let the scourge of satire be brandished at the crimes of mankind; all this is both pardonable and praiseworthy, because it may be done with a good intention, and produce good effects. But when a writer endeavours to make us dissatisfied

“with that Providence who has made us what we are, and whose dispensations towards the human race are so peculiarly and so divinely beneficent, such a writer, in so doing, proves himself the enemy, not of man only, but of goodness itself; and his work can never be allowed to be innocent.”

The “Tale of a Tub,” Dr Beattie goes on to say, is another allegorical fable, by the same masterly hand; and, like the former, supplies no little matter, both of admiration and of blame. As a piece of humorous writing it is unequalled. The subject is religion; but the allegory, under which he typifies the *Reformation*, is too mean for an argument of so great dignity; and tends to produce in the mind of the reader, some very disagreeable associations of the most solemn truths with ludicrous ideas.

Dr Beattie now enters on what he considers as the chief part of his subject, the rise and progress of the *Modern Romance*, or *Poetical Prose Fable*, which, being connected with so many topics of importance, if fully illustrated, he says, would throw great light upon the history and politics, the manners and the literature of these latter ages.

In the progress of his Dissertation, accordingly, he gives a most instructive, distinct, and concise, account of the state of Europe during what are called the *dark* or *middle ages*, of those northern nations who over-ran the Roman empire, of the form of policy introduced by them, which is commonly called the feudal government; this government it was, which, among many other strange institutions, gave rise to chivalry, and it was chivalry which gave birth and form to that sort of fabulous writing, which we term *Romance*. Here he gives a most entertaining account of the *Knights-errant*, who flourished at this time in Europe, of the *Crusades*, of the *Troubadours* and *Jongleurs*, and of the revival of letters in Italy and the southern provinces of France.

After having discussed these various topics briefly, but in a most agreeable and entertaining manner, he comes to the modern *Serious and Comic Romance*, which he analyses with great exactness, but with a degree of minuteness through which it is impossible here to follow him, while he criticises and characterises Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, pointing out the respective merits and defects of each in a very masterly manner. He concludes this Dissertation with the following very just and useful observations: “Let not

“ the usefulness of romance-writing,” says he, “ be estimated by the length of my discourse upon it. *Romances* are a dangerous recreation. A few, no doubt, may be friendly to good taste and good morals; but far the greater part are unskilfully written, and tend to corrupt the heart and stimulate the passions. A habit of reading them breeds a dislike to history, and all the substantial parts of knowledge; withdraws the attention from nature and truth; and fills the mind with extravagant thoughts, and too often with criminal propensities. I would, therefore, caution my young readers,” says he, “ against them; or if he must, for the sake of amusement, and that he may have something to say on the subject, indulge himself in this way now and then, let it be sparingly and seldom.”

Dr Beattie's next Dissertation is on the “ Attachments of Kindred.”

He prefaces this Essay with a note, in which he tells us, that there are modern authors, who, from an excessive admiration of the Greek policy, seem to have formed erroneous opinions in regard to some of the points touched on in this discourse. With a view to those opinions, the discourse was written several years ago. Afterwards, when a book called “ *Thelyphthora*” appeared, he had thoughts, he says, of enlarging these remarks, so as to make them comprehend an examination of it. This the authors of the “ *Monthly Review*” rendered unnecessary, by giving a very ingenious, learned, and decisive, confutation of that profligate system. He therefore publishes his Essay, he says, as it was first written; satisfied that Mr Madan's book, whatever private immoralities it may promote among the licentious and ignorant, will have no weight with the public, nor deserve farther animadversion.

In this Dissertation we do not indeed meet with any thing very new. The usual arguments in favour of marriage, and against polygamy, on the mutual relations between parent and child, and the various systems that have been formed by legislators respecting education, are detailed with precision, and in a most agreeable manner. Upon the whole, his general conclusion is, that the present system, according to which society is constituted in modern Europe, is the most congenial to our nature, and the most productive of virtue, as well as happiness, to mankind.

His concluding Dissertation is entitled, “ *Illustrations of Sublimity;*” in which he has unfolded in a very pleasing manner, and explained by well-

chosen examples, chiefly from the poets, the true principles of sublimity, as they are founded in human nature. This is an excellent Essay.

Note [Z.] p. 2. Vol. II.

The Reverend George Carr, the excellent man who is the subject of this note, was born at Newcastle, 16th February, 1704, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after his return to Newcastle he went into orders, and in the year 1737 was appointed senior clergyman of the episcopal chapel at Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days; and officiated for the space of nine-and-thirty years, during three-and-twenty of which, I had the happiness of being his very constant hearer. Of his merit as a preacher, his posthumous discourses bear ample testimony. They do not indeed contain the profound, though somewhat abstracted, reasonings of Butler, nor the laboured but elegant discussions of Sherlock, neither the learning of Tillotson, nor the declamation of Seed; but they exhibit the most useful and important truths of the Gospel, not only with plainness and perspicuity, but in language always elegant, and seldom incorrect. I may even go farther, and add, that Mr Carr's style often rises into eloquence; and that in its general features, of plainness without vulgarity, and earnestness without bombast, in its equal distance from obscurity, and from useless amplification, it exhibits no common model of that sober and chastened eloquence, which ought ever to be studied in discourses of the pulpit.

In each discourse he makes choice of one single topic of belief or practice, which he illustrates and enforces by all the principal motives that can be urged, neither too briefly, so as to leave his argument imperfect, nor at so great length as to give no room for any addition by an attentive and well-informed reader. His discourses are in a peculiar manner distinguished by the most engaging spirit of charity, of moderation, of benevolence, continually inculcating the love of God and our neighbour as the sum of the law; and recommending the government and regulation of our appetites, passions, and affections, as the best method of securing happiness on earth as well as hereafter.

If Mr Carr's composition can be deemed in any respect negligent or incorrect, it is chiefly from a degree of redundaney, when he occasionally repeats the same thought, though almost always with a variety of expression; a fault, if it be a fault, that passed unnoticed in the pulpit, for which alone these discourses were originally intended, and which he would no doubt have corrected, had he lived to prepare them for publication. His delivery, though not animated, was graceful and pleasing; and though it might be said to border somewhat on monotony, those of my readers who remember it will agree with me in the declaration, that he never failed to engage and preserve the attention of his hearers; and that every word he uttered, every doctrine he taught, every virtue he recommended, came strongly enforced by the purity of his morals, and the exemplary piety of his blameless life. With all the good-breeding of a gentleman, he was a cheerful, entertaining companion; and though his manners were most irreproachable, they had no tincture of either rigour or austerity. His patient suffering under the most excruciating tortures of the gout, with which, though extremely temperate, he had been for many years violently afflicted, was most exemplary; and cannot be better illustrated than by the following private letter to one of his oldest and most intimate friends, written a few weeks before his death, the copy of which was found among his papers. I feel a pleasure in inserting it, as so strongly characteristic of my departed friend.

“ I ought much sooner to have acknowledged your last letter; but indis-
“ position must be my apology. I flattered myself, that after a succession
“ of fits of the gout from January to June, I should have had an interval
“ of health this summer as usual; but this is not the case: and I fear I am
“ doomed to a perpetual gout, either fixed or wandering. If it were in my
“ option, I do not know whether I should chuse to hold existence upon these
“ terms. I own to you, I am one of those, who would not wish to run the
“ race of life over again, if the ground were to be marked out precisely with
“ the same pleasures and pains. I shudder when I look forward to winter,
“ and take a view of the terrible road I expect to pass. But I shall then
“ probably be near the ending post; and then, adieu to pain. Then, I hope,
“ existence will become extremely eligible; for surely it was meant upon the
“ whole a favour to every created being. The Creator would never have in-

“ produced us into existence, if he saw that we should be sufferers by it. He, who has the sole disposal of pleasures and pains, and can weigh them with the utmost accuracy, will certainly order matters so, that the former shall at last preponderate. But no more of these grave reflections. I have the pleasure to inform you,” * * * &c. &c.

In this heavenly frame of mind he continued faithfully to discharge the duties of his sacred function, calmly looking for, but not soliciting, his dissolution, until the morning of Sunday the 18th August, 1776, when, after having selected the discourse which he meant that day to deliver from the pulpit, he suddenly expired. An awful warning to those who survive! For how few like him are so well prepared for a summons so unlooked for? yet how uncertain are we, that the same sudden fate may not be our own! How studious, then, ought we to be, that our lives, like his, may be pure and uncorrupted by the business, the follies, the vices, of the world, so that when God shall require our souls of us, we may not be surprised in an hour when we are least thinking of it.

His widow did me the honour to put his manuscripts into my hands, from which, with the assistance of a friend, I made choice of those volumes now in print, as the most finished, and therefore the most proper for publication. I accepted of this task with singular pleasure; and endeavoured to execute it with care and attention. It made me happy to contribute in any way to the perpetuating the memory, and rendering the virtues and the talents more extensively known, of one with whose friendship I had been honoured during many years. The veneration I shall ever retain for the memory of this excellent man, will plead my excuse, I trust, for having dwelt longer on this character than might otherwise seem necessary.

Note [AA.] Vol. II. p. 8.

This reference applies equally with that at [Y.] to the same volume of “Dissertations Moral and Critical.”

Note [BB.] Vol. II. p. 30.

A similar reference to the same person with that at [R.] Vol. I. p. 152.

Note [CC.] Vol. II. p. 38.

Mr Garrick was born 28th February, 1716. His father, Captain Garrick, a gentleman of respectable character, on retiring from the army, fixed his residence at Lichfield, where his son received his education, the latter part of it at an academy opened in that neighbourhood by the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson; whence, notwithstanding the disparity of years, an intimate friendship commenced between these two eminent men, which lasted during the rest of their lives.

Johnson not succeeding, however, with his academy, young Garrick and he resolved to try their fortunes in London; whither they accordingly repaired in spring, 1737. In thus relating their first outset together, it is curious to remark the diversity of their subsequent fortunes in the world; and I believe it was not without envy, as well as indignation, that Dr Johnson saw his fellow-traveller start at once into celebrity, and speedily amass a large fortune, by the exercise of a profession, which he always affected to view with some contempt; while he himself, who rose to the first station in literature, continued in poverty during the greatest part of his long life; and, after struggling with all the hardships attendant on the profession of a mere author, condemned to write for daily bread, arrived, even at last, at no more than a very moderate income.

Garrick's original destination was the bar; and on his arrival in London he was entered of Lincoln's-Inn. He soon, however, abandoned the pursuit of the law, as well as of business, in which he had made an unsuccessful attempt as a wine-merchant. Having now lost both his father and mother, however, (to whose feelings he had hitherto sacrificed his own inclinations) he found himself at liberty to indulge his darling passion for the stage, and he prepared himself in earnest for that employment, in which nature meant him so highly to excel. His diffidence prevented him from appearing at first on a London theatre; and he embraced the opportunity of commencing his noviciate, by acting with a company of players at Ipswich, in summer, 1741. His first character was Aboan, in Southern's "Oroonoko," which he performed under the assumed name of Lyddall. The applause he

met with was equal to his most sanguine wishes; and he afterwards frequently appeared there in the course of the season, with a success which answered all his views in this distant noviciate.

After having thus tried his powers, and having studied with great assiduity a variety of parts, he ventured, on the 19th October, 1741, to present himself before a London audience, at the theatre in Goodman's-Fields, in the character of Richard the Third. His performance was received not only with approbation, but astonishment. The same play was repeated six or seven times successively. And such was the universal applause which followed this young actor, that the more established houses of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden were deserted: he drew after him to the city the fashionable inhabitants of St James's; and the coaches of the nobility were to be seen, says one of his biographers*, from Temple-Bar to White-Chapel. Nor was this merely the fashion of a day; they who had seen the most esteemed actors, the Booths, the Wilkes's, and the Cibbers of former times, confessed, that he had exceeded all of them in the variety of his exhibitions, and equalled the ablest of them in the most appropriate of their parts.

The versatility of his talents was probably beyond example in the history of the stage. He was distinguished not only in the most eminent of Shakespeare's tragic characters, to which he peculiarly bent the whole energy of his powers, Macbeth, Lear, Richard, Hamlet; but he was unrivalled, also, in the comic parts of Benedick, Bayes, Ranger, Sir John Brute, Abel Drugger, and many others of a similar description. To those who were accustomed to the stage as it then appeared, he broke forth at once as a theatrical meteor, banishing rant, bombast, and grimace, and restoring nature, ease, simplicity, and genuine humour. And it is Garrick's best eulogy, that although we have seen a Mrs Cibber, a Mrs Pritchard, a Mrs Barry, a Mrs Yates, a Mrs Siddons, all of them great *actresses* in their various ways, no *actor* has appeared since his day, (I speak it without derogation of any, either living or dead,) who, in my mind at least, has possessed the art of expressing with equal force the effusions of comic gaiety and of tragic terror, or who deserves, in these respects, to be placed at all in competition with him. Nor

* Davies's "Life of Garrick," Vol. I. p. 48.

is it without a more than ordinary degree of emotion, that, at this long interval, I now retrace, "in my mind's eye," the various scenes in which I have so often beheld him with supreme delight, and remember that these matchless exhibitions can be seen no more.

As a manager, a situation which Mr Garrick held at Drury-Lane theatre during many years, the stage owed him great obligations for the decorum which he preserved in the pieces that were represented; banishing all those of an improper tendency, which the licentious temper of a former age had suffered to appear. As a comic writer, too, he enriched the stage with several pieces of distinguished merit; and his prologues and epilogues, as well as several small pieces of lighter poetry, are excellent of their kind.

After having thus continued, during the long period of five-and-thirty years, to delight the public with his unrivalled excellence in his profession, finding his bodily health much broken, while his powers of acting were still unimpaired, he wisely formed the resolution of retiring from the stage; which I saw him do on the 10th June, 1776. He lived but a short time after, and died 20th January, 1779.

Beside the public applause and admiration, of which Mr Garrick enjoyed so large a share, he had the happiness to possess the friendship of a numerous and splendid circle of those who were most eminent for rank, fortune, and literary accomplishments, of his time. As he had acquired an opulent fortune, he lived with splendid hospitality; and his convivial powers made him the delight of every company of which he made a part. Johnson, after having borne this emphatic testimony in favour of Garrick's superior merit on the stage, "that he was the only actor he had ever seen, whom he could call a master both in tragedy and comedy," concluded with this compliment to his social talents, "and after all, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table*:" a sentiment in which it appears both Mrs Montagu and Dr Beattie entirely concurred.

It is with pleasure, too, that I add another testimony of Johnson's in his favour, of a more valuable nature: When Garrick was accused of avarice,

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Vol. IV. p. 253. 8vo. ed. 4th.

Johnson said, "I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with; and that not from ostentatious views*."

I have always deemed it a piece of good fortune, that I had the opportunity of being introduced to Mr Garrick's acquaintance; and while I shared with the world in the admiration of his public talents, of witnessing the fascination of his manners in private life.

Note [DD.] Vol. II. p. 70.

The publication of the "Mirror" was undertaken at Edinburgh by a set of friends, chiefly of the Scottish bar, whose attachment to literary pursuits was congenial; and who, meeting frequently in the intercourse of business or society, found their conversation insensibly turn upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature; until by one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. These essays thus assumed the form; and soon after, some one suggested the idea of a periodical paper. Having resolved to print their lucubrations, the selection of materials for their work afforded them a most agreeable amusement; and they constituted themselves into a club, which met and decided on the merits of those pieces, which, like the lion's mouth of their predecessor the "Spectator," were conveyed to them anonymously through the hands of their publisher, as well as those furnished by themselves.

The very respectable list, prefixed to the later editions, of the names of the authors of each paper, shows of what distinguished characters this literary

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Vol. III. p. 72. 8vo. ed. 4th.

It has been told to me by a friend, who heard Sir William Jones relate, that he went in the same coach with Dr Johnson to Mr Garrick's funeral, and that he employed the whole time in going from the Adelphi, where Garrick's house was, to Westminster-Abbey, in pronouncing a studied eulogy upon his deceased friend, of which Sir William particularly remembered the following expression: "Mr Garrick and his profession have been equally indebted to each other. His profession made him rich, and he made his profession respectable." This was well said, in Johnson's best manner, and deserves not to be forgotten.

society consisted : and it is not a little remarkable, that of those essayists, no fewer than six either are, or have been, Judges of the supreme courts of law in Scotland* ; other members of the society were equally respectable for talents and literary accomplishments.

The gentlemen who thus associated themselves for the entertainment of the public, by these periodical papers, conscious of the advantage, indeed of the necessity at first, of concealment, kept themselves entirely unknown, even to their publisher, until the whole was finished, when concealment had ceased to be necessary ; as the public approbation had left them no longer under any apprehension as to the reception which their labours would meet with from the world. The intercourse between them and their publisher was carried on by Mr Henry Mackenzie, from whom he received the manuscript from time to time, although he knew that others beside that gentleman were engaged in the undertaking. Mr Mackenzie, who not only undertook the general conduct of the work, but who also contributed more papers to the common stock than any other member of the association, was well known to the literary world by various pieces, which had been extremely well received. The first was an ethic epistle, printed anonymously, by the title of the "Pursuits of Happiness;" a poem of very considerable merit, especially when considered as the production of so young a writer. His next work had drawn to its author much attention, and had stamped him with the character of a writer of original genius, and distinguished talents. It was his well-known novel, "The Man of Feeling;" of the public approbation of which, the best proof is its having gone through so great a number of editions. He had also published two other novels, "Julia de Roubigné," and "The Man of the World," which have been favourably received, and of which new editions continue to be called for : and he had brought on the stage at Edinburgh, in the year 1773, a tragedy named the "Prince of Tunis," where it had the advantage of the great powers of that capital actress, Mrs Yates, but has never since been revived.

* Lord Abercromby, Lord Craig, and Lord Cullen, were original members of the club, or association. Lord Hailes, Mr Baron Gordon, and Lord Woodhouselee, contributed papers as correspondents.

I have said elsewhere*, that periodical papers are a species of publication almost peculiar to England, although Dr Beattie observes, that some of Seneca's epistles are compositions of the same character. A few years ago, an attempt was made in France, by the celebrated novelist, Mad. Riccoboni, to introduce a periodical paper at Paris, under the title of "L' Abeille;" but it did not succeed, and only three numbers were printed. The first series of these popular essays that appeared in England, the first at least of any great reputation, was the "Tatler," projected and begun by Sir Richard Steele, who soon received a powerful co-adjutor in Mr Addison. The "Tatler" was followed by the "Spectator," of which, as also of the "Guardian," the principal writers were Steele and Addison, with the occasional assistance of Pope, Budgell, Lord Hardwicke, and Dr Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, who only died the 29th June, 1774, beyond the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was the last surviving writer of the "Spectator." From the publication of those three celebrated papers, of which the "Spectator" is, I think, generally allowed to be the best, and Addison unquestionably entitled to the preference as a writer, an interval of almost forty years intervened before any paper of pre-eminent merit made its appearance, when the "Rambler," and afterwards the "Idler," were published by Dr Johnson. Then appeared the "Adventurer†" by Dr Hawkesworth, with some assistance from Dr Johnson and Mr Warton, which was succeeded by the "World," chiefly written by Mr Moore, Mr Jenyns, Mr Cambridge, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole (Lord Orford), Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes). The "Connoisseur" was written by Lloyd and Thornton.

After a considerable length of time, the "Mirror" first, and next the "Lounger," by the same set of friends, were published at Edinburgh. And it is no mean praise, that these two papers still continue to maintain their place among so many other excellent productions of a similar nature. The "Mirror" and "Lounger," in truth, are written with elegance; and many of them, those by Mr Mackenzie in particular, on serious and important subjects, in a manner that do honour to the heart of the writer as a moralist, as well as to his taste and judgment as a polite scholar ‡.

* See supra p. 376.

† See supra, p. 376.

‡ See "Mirror" No. 110.

Several of the characters are well drawn, and well supported; and notwithstanding the narrow limits of local manners, by which the writers have found themselves occasionally circumscribed, their lucubrations will be read with interest, as a valuable addition to the stock of English polite literature.

The "Mirror" commenced 23d January, 1779, and continued till 27th May, 1780. The "Lounger" commenced 5th February, 1785, and terminated 6th January, 1787. No similar publication is carrying on at present.

LIST OF DR BEATTIE'S WORKS.

Poems,	first published in the year	1760.
Essay on Truth,	ditto,	1771.
Minstrel, Book I.	ditto,	1771.
———— Book II.	ditto,	1774.
Essay on Truth,	} ditto,	1776.
— on Poetry and Music,		
— on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition,		
— on Classical Learning,		
Dissertations on Memory and Imagination, ..	} ditto,	1788.
———— on Dreaming,		
———— on the Theory of Language, ..		
———— on Fable and Romance,		
———— on the Attachments of Kindred, ..		
———— on Illustrations of Sublimity, ..		
Evidences of Christianity,	ditto,	1786.
Elements of Moral Science, Vol. I.	ditto,	1790.
———— Vol. II.	ditto,	1793.

A translation into Dutch of the "Essay on Truth" was published at Utrecht in the year 1773; and the first volume of "Elements of Moral Science" was also translated into the same language, soon after the book was published here, by Frederick Henry Hennert, Professor of Mathematics and Experimental Philosophy in the university of Utrecht. Whether a translation was also published of the second volume of that work, I do not find any trace among his papers.

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ERRATA, VOLUME II.

- Page 12. line 3. *For would, read, should.*
— 29. — 11. *For in, read, into.*
— 53. — 13, to 19, inclusive. *Dèle the inverted commas.*
— 82. — 19. *For hear, read, hears.*
— 89. — 16. *For will, read, shall.*
— 99. — 25. *After and, add, the editor of.*
— 99. — 26. *After religion, add, taken from Bishop Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium."*
— 110. — 12, and 15. *For Miller, read, Mills.*
— 120. — 1. *Insert a comma after death.*
— 133. — 3. *Insert a comma after *atas*.*
— 167. — 5. *För shall, read, will.*
— 167. — 20. *For treasury, read, treasure.*
— 180. — 15. *For thereafter, read, after.*
— 189. — 15. *For livings, read, emoluments.*
— 223. — ult. *For jurisdiction, read, superintendance.*
— 305. — 19. *For pleased, read, pleasing.*
— 323. — ult. *For sixty-eight, read, sixty-eighth.*
— 326. — 16. *Dcle geometry.*
— 326. — 20. *After besides, read, the Scriptures and.*

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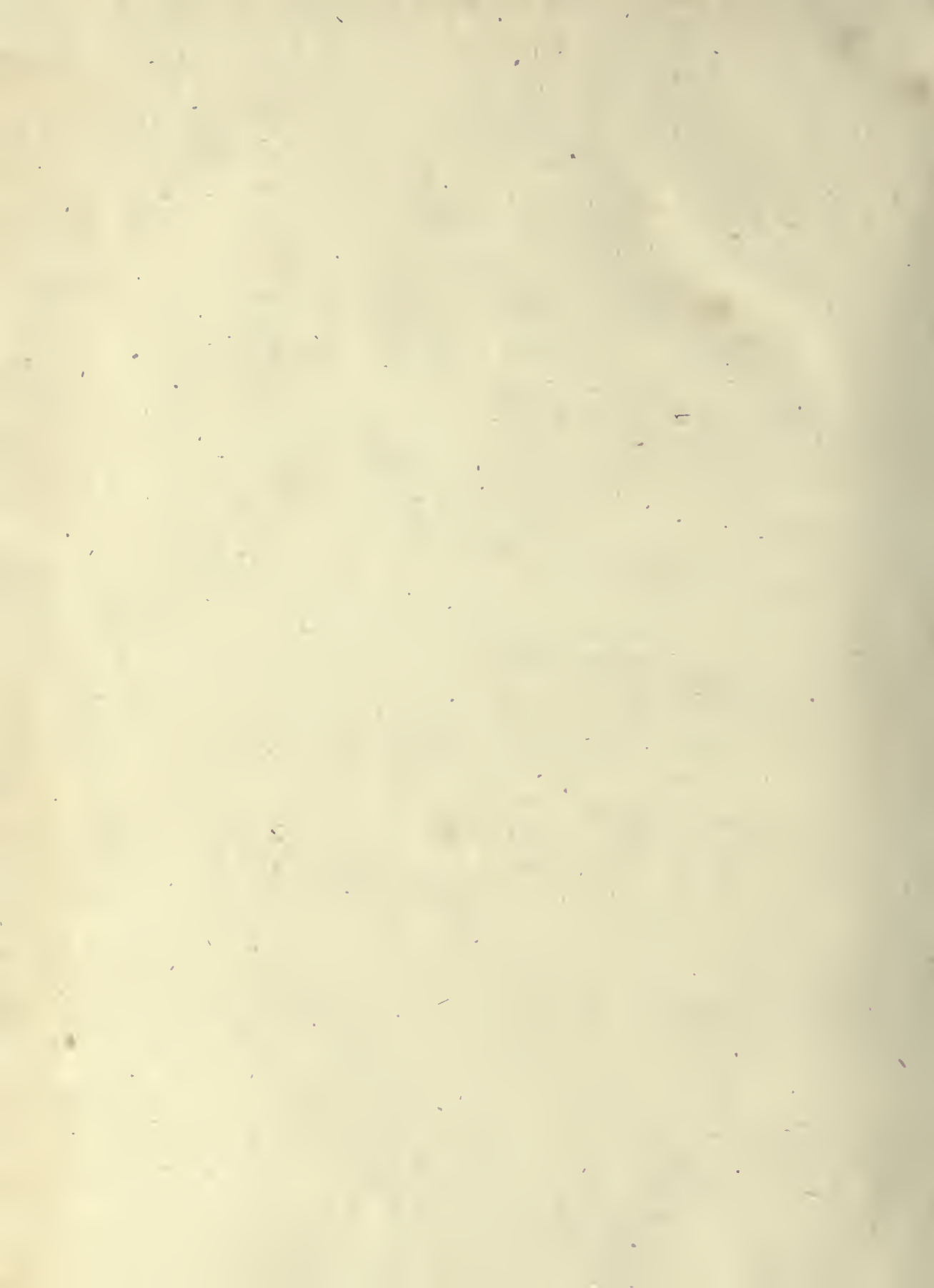
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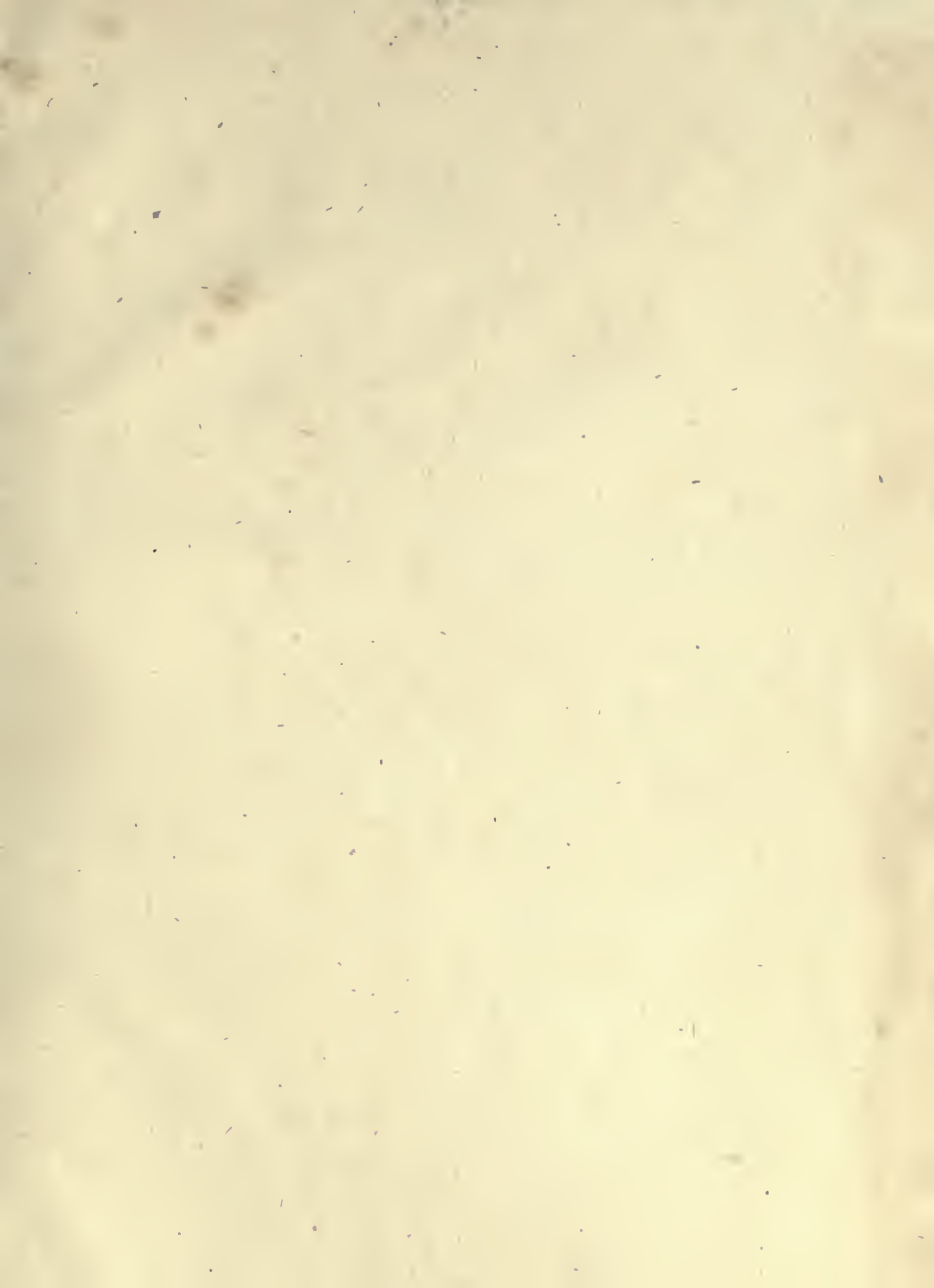
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