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sions: man's relationship to his God; the relation of parent, of master, of owner. To eliminate it from the Code is to leave that code without its chief element of cohesion. The Tables drop to fragments; and the divorce of morality from religion may furnish the deist with a song.¹

ALFRED PEARSON.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. IV.—SIR WALTER SCOTT (CONCLUDED).

WHEN George IV. came to Edinburgh, in 1822, it was mainly owing to Scott's personal influence, authority, and zeal that the visit was so successful, and the King's reception so enthusiastic. "The local magistrates, bewildered and perplexed with the rush of novelty, threw themselves on him for advice and direction about the merest trifles; and he had to arrange everything, from the ordering of a procession to the cut of a button and the embroidering of a cross." The day on which the King arrived, Tuesday, the 14th of August, was also the day on which William Erskine, then Lord Kinnedder, Scott's most intimate friend, died; but this did not prevent Scott from rowing off in the midst of the rain to the royal yacht, where he was received by his Majesty on the quarter-deck. When his arrival was announced: "What," exclaimed his Majesty, "Sir Walter Scott!—the man in Scotland I most wish to see. Let him come up!" After being presented to the King, and after an appropriate speech in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he placed in his Majesty's hands a St. Andrew's cross, in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him; and the King, with evident marks of satisfaction, made a gracious reply, receiving the gift in the most kind and condescending manner, and promising to wear it in public, in token of acknowledgment to the fair donors. The King then called for a bottle of Highland whisky, and having drunk his health, bestowed on Scott, at his request, the glass which he had just used, and the precious vessel was immediately wrapped up and carefully deposited in what he conceived to be the safest part of his dress. When Scott returned to his house in Castle Street, he found there the poet Crabbe, and in the delight of seeing the venerable man, the

¹ Josephus (against Apion, book ii., ch. 17) well remarks that whereas other legislators had made religion to be a part of virtue, Moses had made virtue to be a part of religion.

royal gift was forgotten, and, in sitting down beside his friend, the glass was crushed to atoms. His scream and gesture made his wife conclude that he had sat down on a pair of scissors, or the like; but very little harm had been done, except the breaking of the glass, of which alone he had been thinking.

It is difficult to understand how Scott's personal devotion to George IV., for whom he retained to the last a warm regard, and whose death, he persuaded himself, would be a great political calamity to the nation, was consistent with his own moral tone and with the aversion which one of his character must have felt for the vices of the selfish and dissolute King. But probably the glamour which royalty carries with it made him indulgent to the offences against morality committed by his sovereign.

Between 1814 and the end of 1825, Scott's literary labour was interrupted only by one serious illness, and hardly by that; by a few journeyings, one to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and several to London. He had been for many years in the enjoyment of an income of £10,000 a year from his works alone, besides the emoluments of his office. He had a beautiful home at Abbotsford, which was to him as an idol, and which it was his delight to embellish with picturesque surroundings outside, and to fill with objects of taste and antiquarian interest within. With the exception of his wife's drawing-room, the decorations of which were left with chivalrous abnegation to its mistress, every room was a museum. He was universally admired and respected. He had "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Visitors, many of them from distant lands, and not a few from across the Atlantic, were drawn to Abbotsford, not so much desiring to see its beauty and its antiquarian treasures as the owner himself, whose great gifts of genius made his acquaintance an honour. Here came princes: the widowed husband of Princess Charlotte and Prince Gustavus of Sweden, who, since his father's dethronement, had been studying—or what princes call studying—at Edinburgh. Here came many a noble—"baron, or squire, or knight of the shire;" and here came Mrs. Coutts, formerly Miss Mellon, the popular actress, and with her the little duke, who was soon to make her a duchess, and one of her physicians. More congenial visitors also came to do him honour. Wordsworth, Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Moore, Miss Edgeworth, Captain Basil Hall, and Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," were among his distinguished guests. He reckoned as his friends most of the illustrious men of his time, and with many of them he kept up a frank and friendly correspondence. In his "Life," by Lockhart, we find amongst his correspondents not only the famous authors just mentioned, but others—Goethe, Lord Sid-

mouth, Lord Montagu, James Hogg, Joanna Baillie, Southey, Coleridge, Lord Byron, and many whose names are familiar as household words.

Lockhart gives us a brilliant picture of his life at Abbotsford when he was in the height of his fame, and his children were grown up :

It was a clear bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the staunchest of anglers, Mr. Rose ; but he, too, was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his humorous squire Hives and Charles Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshalling the order of procession with a hunting-whip ; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troupe, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish *belles lettres*, Henry Mackenzie. "The Man of Feeling," however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed, wiry Highlander, yeleft Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this ; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, and had left Charles Purdie's troupe for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought ; and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line, and innumerable fly-hooks ; jack-boots, worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout, dappled with the blood of salmon—made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble, serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leather gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours, with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose ; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sybil Grey, barking for mere joy, like a spaniel puppy.

The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when the Lady Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa ! I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheer. Poor piggy soon found a strap round his neck, and was dragged

into the background. Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song :

“What will I do gin my hoggie die ?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie !
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow ! but I was vogie !”

The cheers were redoubled, and the squadron moved on. This pig had taken—nobody knew how—a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail, along with the greyhounds and terriers ; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers ; but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen, but a year or two after this time my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, and as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, “to have a pleasant crack wi’ the laird.”

Scott, as we learn from the above passage, had a strong attraction for dumb animals, and no wonder, for he loved them heartily, and had an especial fondness for dogs. He could enter with all his soul into the words of Coleridge in “The Ancient Mariner” :

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

But Scott had also a sort of fascination for all who were in any way dependent on him, especially his own servants and labourers. “Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations,” was a common remark when anyone would describe his demeanour towards them. In Lockhart’s Life we read the following touching illustration of this: There was a little hunchbacked tailor named William Goodfellow, living near Abbotsford, and there called “Robin Goodfellow,” who was employed to make the curtains of the new library, and who was very proud of his work. He fell ill soon afterwards, and Sir Walter paid him the most unremitting attention.

“I can never forget,” says Lockhart, “the evening on which the poor tailor died. When Scott entered the hovel he found everything silent, and inferred from the looks of the good woman in attendance that the patient had fallen asleep, and that they feared his sleep was the final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret. At the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, ‘The Lord bless and reward you !’ and expired with the effort.”

After Scott's failure, Lockhart writes :

Before I leave this period I must note how greatly I admired the manner in which all his dependents appeared to have met the reverse of his fortunes, a reverse which infused very considerable alterations in the circumstances of every one of them. The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five and twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions ; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before.

I give these anecdotes, as they show us what manner of man Scott was, and how loved he was by those brought close to him in daily life.

Captain Basil Hall, from what he saw at Abbotsford, on Sunday, shows how in Scott reverence was united to genius :

As his guests rose from breakfast, he said : " Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at eleven, when I expect you all to attend." He did not, continues the narrator, treat the subject as if ashamed of it, which some do. He did not say, " Those who please may come, and anyone who likes may stay away," as I have often heard. He read the Church of England service, and did it with singular beauty and impressiveness, varying his voice according to the subject ; and as the first lesson was from a very poetical part of Isaiah, he kindled up, and read it with a great deal of animation, without, however, interfering with the solemnity of the occasion.

And now we must look at Scott when dark clouds overshadowed his prosperous career.

From the date of his baronetcy he had launched out into a considerable increase of expenditure. He had always forestalled his income—spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were written ; but the obligations that he incurred on his own account, and the expenses that he incurred for other people—among whom was Terry, the actor, for whom, when he became joint-lessee and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, Scott became surety for £1,250—would have been nothing when compared with his income had all his bills on Constable been duly honoured. The printing firm of Ballantyne and Co. was so deeply involved with Constable's house that it necessarily became insolvent when he stopped. Scott had a share in the printing-house, which fell with Constable, and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000. Such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when the freshness of youth was gone—when he saw his eldest son's prospects blighted as well as his own—would have paralyzed a man of less iron nerve, or unsupported by equal courage and pride. Domestic sorrows were closing fast around him ; he was unwell when the crash came, and was taking sedatives which discomposed his brain. The final failure was announced to him

on the 17th of January, 1826; and twelve days before this he enters in his diary :

Much alarmed. I had walked till 12 o'clock with Skene and Russell, and then sat down to my work. To my horror and surprise I could neither write nor spell, but put one word down for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time, and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On my waking my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and being disturbed in the middle of the night I had not slept it off.

Such was his state of health—suffering from a slight attack of what is now called “aphasia,” a brain disease, the most striking symptom of which is that one word is mistaken for another, when Scott resolved to work for his creditors as he had worked for himself, and to pay off, if possible, the whole £117,000 by his own literary exertions.

Calamities seldom come single spies, but rather in battalions. His wife's health was failing, he had been anxiously watching over her for two years, and now her disease took a more serious turn. Yet, with unparalleled courage, this brave man, without a reproach and without a complaint, toiled to retrieve his fortunes and pay off his liabilities. His house in Edinburgh was sold, and he went into lodgings; the bright life at Abbotsford, of which we have seen a glimpse, came to an end; and his estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne and Co.'s debt, which in his lifetime he was not able to do. Nothing can be more touching than to read some of the entries in his diary after the blow had fallen. On January 17th he writes :

James Ballantyne came this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation—has, indeed, taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. I have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a “*gaudeamus*” on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the præses. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clark, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose, but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum cæteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent.

On the next day, the day after the blow, he records a bad night—a wish that the next two days were past, but that “the worst *is* over.” And on the same day he set about making notes for the *magnum opus*, as he called it—the complete edition of all his novels, with a new introduction and notes. On the 21st January, after a number of business details, he quotes from Job: “Naked we entered the world, and naked we

leave it; blessed be the name of the Lord." On the day following, he says:

I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now truly bad—news I have received. I have walked my last in the domains I have planted; sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people, whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck—*i.e.*, if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Boney [his life of Napoleon] may go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee and intoxicate the brain another way.

And then he adds that when he sets to work doggedly he is exactly the same man he ever was—"neither low-spirited nor distract"—nay, that adversity is to him "a tonic and bracer." Within four months of the cruel calamity his wife died. His home was now empty. His children were no longer near him; the eldest son, Walter, had married, in 1825, Miss Jobson, of Lochore, and was at this time with his regiment; the second, Charles, had just gone to Oxford; one of his daughters was married to Lockhart, and settled in London with children of her own; only Anne, the second girl, was left to comfort him. There was a general sympathy with his troubles. He had many friends, known and unknown, and all sorrowed in his sorrows. Offers of assistance came from all quarters, the highest and the lowest; and one anonymous friend would have placed £30,000 in his hands; but he refused them all. "Unless I die," he wrote to Lockhart, "I shall bear up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from anyone." In this same letter he begs his son-in-law not to think he is writing "in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune." "My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as ever you saw me, and working at 'Woodstock' like a very tiger." And this, although his own health, long breaking, gave him constant suffering, for even in earlier days he had often written, struggling manfully against illness. That most tragic and touching of his romances, "The Bride of Lammermoor," was in great part dictated, owing to ill-health; and his amanuenses, William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne, declared that they could hardly keep pace with the rapidity of his thoughts. Laidlaw would often beseech him to stop dictating when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be done when I am woollen." John Ballantyne told Lockhart that he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay; and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment,

he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. And now, some years later, spirit once again triumphed over matter, for, in the midst of failing health, he wrote on, wrote so constantly that, between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" sold for £8,228, "a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." The first two editions of the "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," on which Scott spent two years of unremitting labour, sold for £18,000. And there can be no doubt that, had his health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligation on behalf of Ballantyne and Co. within some eight or nine years at most of their lamentable failure. At his death there remained only £30,000 unpaid, and within fifteen years this sum also was paid off by the sale of his copyright. Can we wonder that work done under failing health, and a half-paralyzed brain, did not equal the work of his prime, and that "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" are not as vigorous as "Waverley" or "Ivanhoe;" though even his latter years included such novels as "Woodstock" and "The Fair Maid of Perth," and also the "Tales of a Grandfather"? It was impossible that such a tremendous strain should last. On the 15th of February, 1830, he had his first true paralytic seizure. It was but slight. He struggled against it with his usual iron power of will, and actually managed to stagger out of the room where his friend, Miss Young, was sitting with him, into the drawing-room where his daughter was, but there he fell his full length on the floor. He was cupped, and fully recovered his speech during the course of the day, but Lockhart thinks that after this his style never had the lucidity and terseness of his former days. In the course of the year he retired from his duties of Clerk of Session, and his publishers hoped that, by engaging him on a new and complete edition of his works, they might wean him from further attempts at imaginative creation, for which he was now so much less fit. But he would not listen to their counsels, and, striving to kindle a failing imagination with something of the old fire, he tried to recast "Count Robert of Paris," and began "Castle Dangerous" in July, 1831.

In the September of this year, the disease of the brain increased considerably, and the fancy took him that he had paid all his debts, and that he was again a free man. The illusion was a happy one in some respects, for he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and consented to try the effect of travel on his health, not so much with the hope on their part of arresting such a disease as his, as of diverting him from fresh efforts in a field in which now, alas! no honours could be won.

Wordsworth came on September 21st to say "farewell" to his old friend, and on the next day—the last at home—they

spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. "Hence," as Lockhart says, "the last of the three poems by which Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams." He refers to the beautiful poem, "Yarrow Revisited." And at Abbotsford, the same evening Wordsworth composed the following sonnet, "On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford for Naples":

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :
 Spirits of power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred power departing from their sight ;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye mourners ! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows
 Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
 Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope !

We need not follow the minstrel abroad. He visited Malta, Naples, and Rome, where he only stayed long enough to let his daughter see something of the place, hurrying on to Venice, where he was still strong enough to insist on scrambling down into the dungeon adjoining the Bridge of Sighs. At Frankfort he entered a bookseller's shop, where the man brought out a lithograph of Abbotsford, and Scott, remarking, "I know that already, sir," left the shop unrecognised, more than ever longing to be at home. At Nimeguen, on the 9th of June, while in a steamboat on the Rhine, he had his most serious attack of apoplexy, but would still continue his journey, and being lifted into an English steamboat at Rotterdam on the 11th of June, he arrived in London on the 13th. There he met and recognised his children, and as if expecting immediate death, gave them repeatedly his solemn blessing. He was carried to St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, where he lay without any power to converse ; and there it was that Allan Cunningham, on walking home one night, found a group of working-men at the corner of the street, who stopped him and asked—"as if there was but one death-bed in London: 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'"

His great yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal, and on a calm, clear afternoon, the 7th of July, 1832, he was lifted into a carriage, and, followed by his trembling and weeping daughters, was taken to the steamboat, where the captain gave up for his use his own private cabin on deck. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, careful preparations were made for his landing, and in

apparent unconsciousness he was conveyed to Douglas Hotel in St. Andrew Square.

On the 11th of July he was again placed in his carriage, and remained unconscious during the first two stages of the journey to Tweedside; but as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala, he began to look about him. Presently he murmured a name or two: "Gala water, surely; Buckholm; Torwood-Lee." As the outline of the Eildon Hills burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. So long as his woods and house were in sight, it required occasionally the strength of both the physician and his son-in-law to keep him in the carriage. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted the others in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared, where he sat bewildered for a few moments, and then, resting his eyes on Laidlaw, said: "Ah, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" His dogs coming round his chair, began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately smiled and wept over them until he fell asleep.

The next morning, expressing an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden, he was wheeled in a bath-chair before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf and among the rose-beds, then in full bloom. For a time he sat in silence, smiling placidly on his grand-children and his dogs, now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, the flowers and the trees; and by-and-by conversing a little, saying "he was happy to be at home—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would, perhaps, disappoint the doctors after all." On being wheeled through his rooms, and up and down the hall and the great library, he kept saying: "I've seen much, but nothing like my own house; give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment he was told he had had enough for one day. Next morning he was better, and, after being for a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. He expressed a wish that his son-in-law should read to him, and when he was asked from what book, he said: "Need you ask? There is but one." "I chose," says Lockhart, "the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done: 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'" So for a day or two. To amuse him, and at his desire, Lockhart would read to him a bit of his favourite, Crabbe; but, strange to say, when he listened to any passage from that poet, he seemed to think it was taken

from some new volume published while he was in Italy; while if the Bible were the book read, his recollection of it appeared to be lively, and he remembered perfectly some of Dr. Watts' hymns when repeated by his grandson, a child of six years old. He once imagined that he could write again, but when he was seated at his desk, and his daughter Sophia put the pen into his hand, his fingers refused to close upon it, and it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, the tears rolling down his cheek. Later, when he awoke from a slumber into which he had fallen, Laidlaw said, in his hearing, "Sir Walter has had a little repose," he replied, "No, Willie; no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, with the old pride—"friends, don't let me expose myself; get me to bed, that's the only place."

After this he never left his room. He seemed to suffer no bodily pain; and his mind, though hopelessly clouded, appeared to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; but occasionally his thoughts wandered, and his fancy was at Jedburgh (where he had been once hissed because of his opposition to the Reform Bill), and the cry, "Burk Sir Walter!" escaped in a melancholy tone from his lips. But generally, when his indistinct words could be made out, they were fragments of the Bible, some passage from Isaiah or Job, the verse of a Psalm, a petition in the Litany, or a stanza of some of the magnificent Latin hymns—especially the "Dies Iræ"; "and," says Lockhart, "I think the very last *stanza* that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite":

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

He lingered till the 21st of September, more than two months from the day of his reaching home, and a year from the day of Wordsworth's arrival at Abbotsford before his departure for the Continent, with only one clear interval of consciousness—on Monday, the 17th of September. On that day Lockhart was called to his bedside, and found him composed and conscious, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm; every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he; "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness except
n; tant on the arrival of his sons. And so, four days

afterwards, on the 21st of September, 1832, at half-past one in the afternoon, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as they knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. He died a month after completing his sixty-first year.

Easy would it be to moralise here on the vanity of human wishes. His great desire through life, the object of all his labours, was to found and enrich a new branch of the famous clan of Scott. For this he wrote; for this he struggled; for this he aimed at success. And yet the dearest hopes of his heart were never realised, and his last years were clouded by illness and sorrow. And yet he never showed himself so truly great as in adversity, and never in his most prosperous days was he so truly honoured and admired as when he girt himself up to retrieve his ruined fortunes. In prosperity and adversity alike, Sir Walter—generous, large-hearted, honourable—left behind him an unstained name. He is, indeed, “one of the few great authors of modern Europe,” as Lockhart says, “who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death.” In the days of fame, and wealth, and honour, his was but the life of the natural prosperous man, and the real nobility of his character, and its moral grandeur, was only fully seen when made to pass through the furnace of adversity. As the night brings out the stars, so the dark shadow of his sorrow brought out many fine points in his character which otherwise would have remained unknown. His religion—for he believed himself a true Christian—may have been wanting in the finer spiritual element which would have given it elevation, and transfigured righteousness into holiness; but he seemed afraid of enthusiasm, and thought that “it interfered with the submissive and tranquil mood which is the only true religious mood.” Nevertheless, however much afraid he might have been of what he calls “indulging his imagination on religious subjects,” we cannot but regret this lack of enthusiasm in spiritual things, for it would have raised his life into a higher ideal than that which it attained, and thrown around it that light from the other world which would have added so much to its grandeur and touched it into holiness. But still we must acknowledge that, in a sense of duty, in courage, and in patience, he merits a high place among those who, to use Tennyson’s words, have been able to display

One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will, (3)
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

CHARLES D. BELL.