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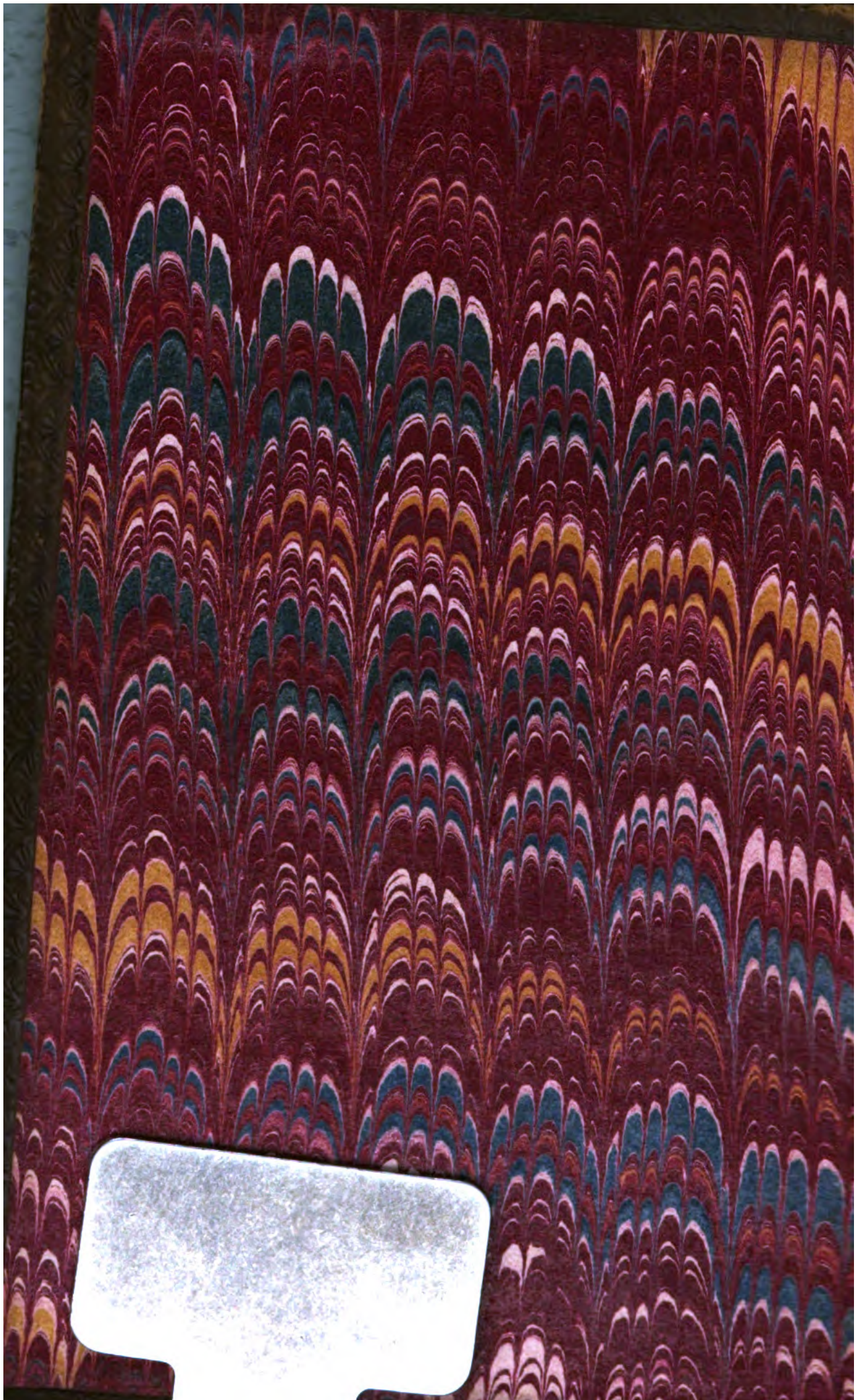


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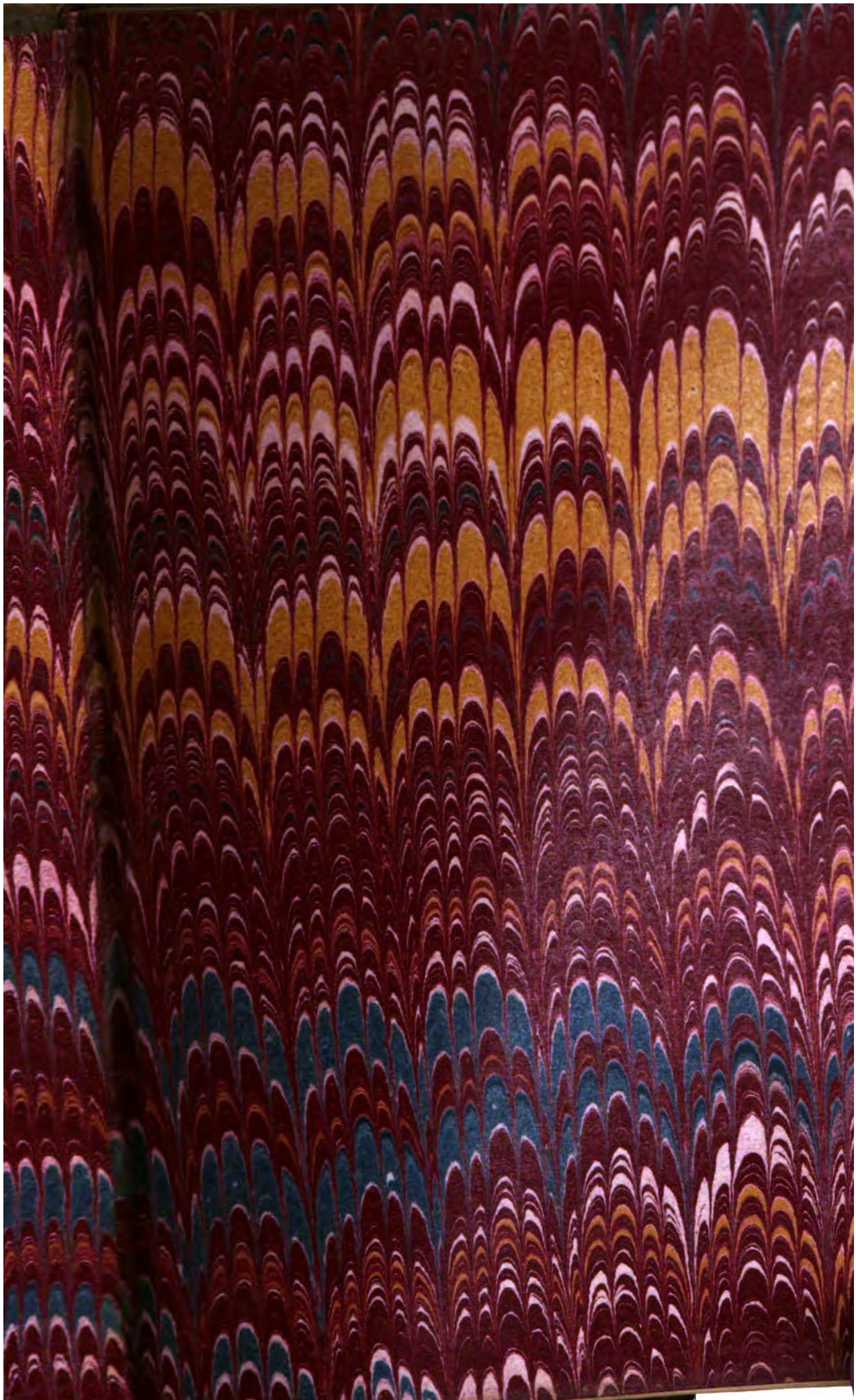
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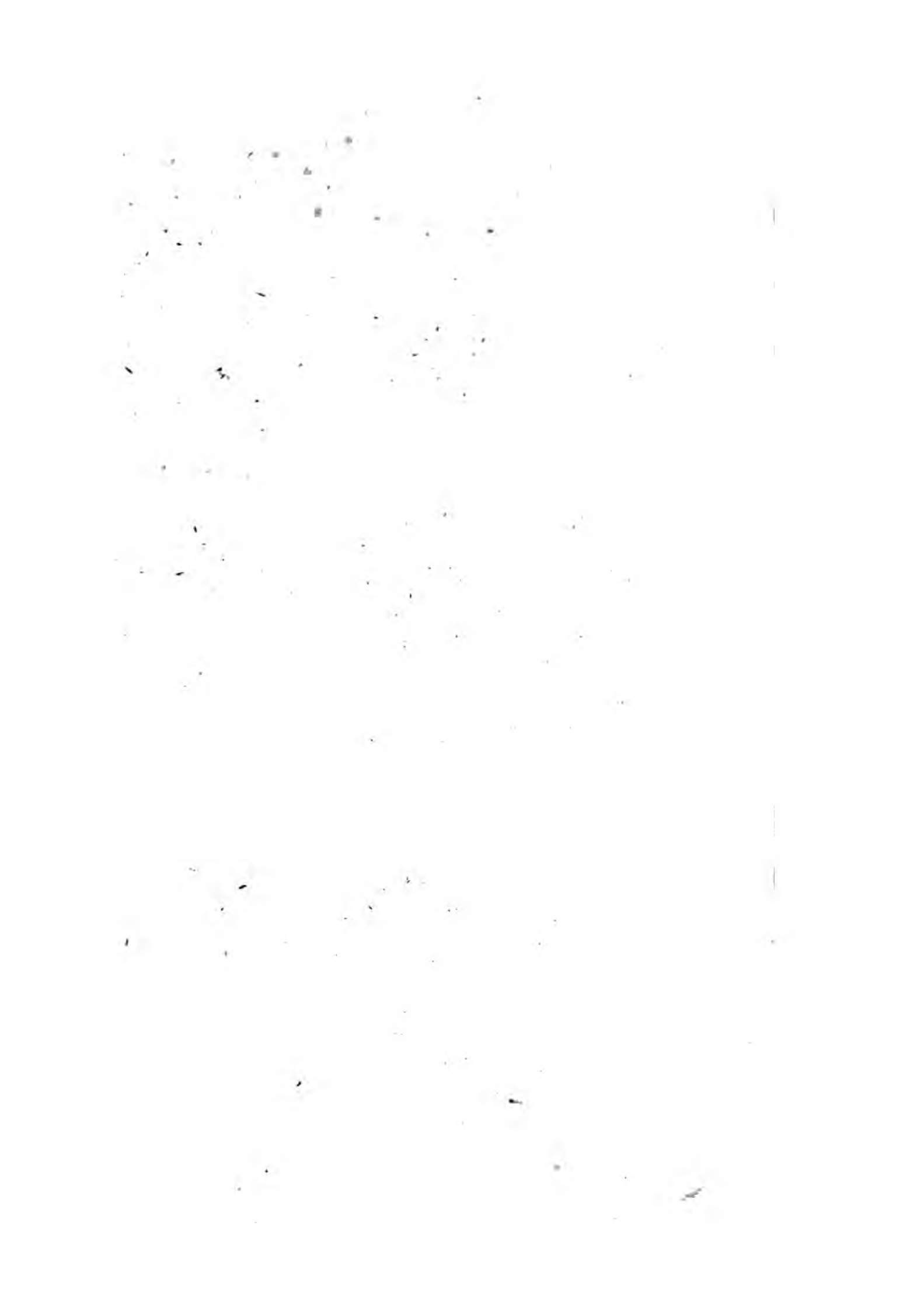




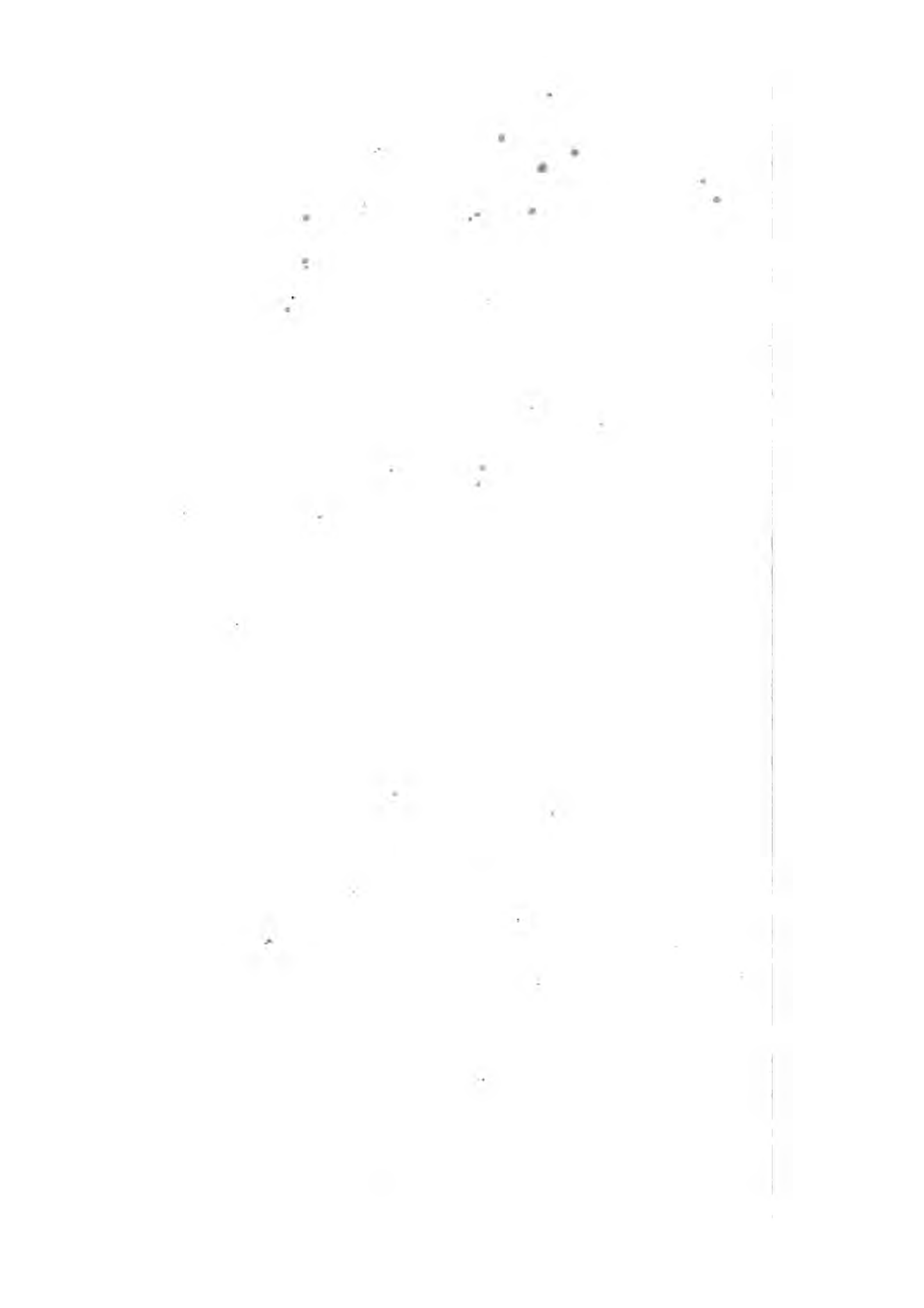


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THE  
ABERDEEN PUEBLY  
AND  
UNIVERSITIES:



A SERIES OF SKETCHES

OF

THE ABERDEEN CLERGY,

AND OF THE

PROFESSORS

IN

THE ABERDEEN COLLEGES.

ABERDEEN :  
J. STRACHAN, 60, CASTLE STREET.

1844.





## P R E F A C E.

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THE following Sketches were originally published separately in the columns of the " ABERDEEN MONTHLY CIRCULAR," and met with a success far beyond the publisher's expectations. Those who held that any mention made of the Clergy ought to be entirely and indiscriminately laudatory, were displeased with these notices, and pretended that they thought them worthless and contemptible; but the great majority of those who read them expressed their approbation of the honest and candid spirit in which they were conceived, and readily admitted that the writer was at perfect liberty to express his own sentiments on matters of opinion and taste, even where they judged his notions to be erroneous. The commendations which the articles have received from persons whose judgment the publisher esteems, he feels proud to acknowledge; and he trusts that the work now put forth will meet with a liberal share of the favour of the sensible portion of the community, and a no less liberal share of the ill-will and reprobation of the senseless, which no efforts on the

part of the writer have been wanting to merit. It appears to the publisher that it has everywhere been the writer's zealous endeavour to view every topic that came under his notice in the full noontide light of New Testament Christianity and of plain common sense.

It will, no doubt, by many, be objected to these sketches that they are too rambling and discursive ; but the writer judged that he ought to omit no opportunity that presented itself, even indirectly, of exposing what appeared to him to be popular errors, and of enforcing sound and wholesome truths.

ABERDEEN, 78, UNION STREET.



## THE ABERDEEN PULPIT.

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THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE DAVIDSON.

As Minister of the West Church, the High Church of Aberdeen, the Rev. ALEXANDER DAVIDSON is entitled to the first notice in these sketches, were he not, at the same time, as we believe him to be, the ablest and most eloquent preacher amongst our city clergy. We must remark that, in the present day, the standard of excellence is far from being very high, and the abilities of the ministers who now labour amongst us are not such as a stranger might expect to find in a city which boasts of two Universities, and which may also justly boast of the high civilization and intelligence of its inhabitants. The clergy, in fact, are not worthy of the laity. The pulpit of the West Church was, in the memory of men of the present generation, filled by the greatest divine that the Church of Scotland ever produced—Dr. George Campbell, the Paley of Presbyterianism, and, in some respects, a greater than Paley—and one of the two or three clergymen of our Church whose writings have conferred any distinguished honour on the literature of their country. Like Paley, Dr. Campbell was also one of the few clergymen of any Church whose works display anything like a liberal share of good, plain common sense, or any considerable knowledge of the world. Compared to Dr. Campbell, what is Dr. Chalmers, whose name is now in every mouth? When the restless agitator for the dominancy of the Church shall have been a few years in his grave, what will be the reputation of his writings? We admit the

present Minister of the West Parish to be the first of our city clergy, but when we compare Mr. Davidson with Dr. Campbell, we are compelled to cry out with the prophet, "How is the gold become dim!—how is the most fine gold changed!"

Mr. Davidson had become known as the most popular preacher in Aberdeen for some time before he was translated to the West Church. He had been for two or three years Minister of the South Church, the congregation of which have always made it a point of faith to hold that their minister, for the time being, was the very best, in every respect, that had ever appeared. When Mr. Bryce was their pastor, it was declared that no man could expound the word as Mr. Bryce did. Then came Mr. Leith, and he was allowed to be the most fervid and earnest preacher, and the most "devoted" young man, that had till then made his appearance in Aberdeen. When Mr. Leith was prematurely taken away from his sorrowing flock, some of whom went so far as to write verses on the occasion, Mr. Davidson stepped in, and it was then admitted that not one of his predecessors was fit to hold the candle to him, and that he was the real pink of perfection. But when, in due time, Mr. Davidson thought proper to get a call to a more extended sphere of usefulness, then it was discovered that he was not without the failings incident to humanity, and soon after, it was agreed on by the whole South Church that his successor, the Rev. William King Tweedie, was the true Phoenix of preachers, whose like was to be found nowhere on this earth.

Mr. Davidson is a strictly evangelical preacher, in the modern and fashionable acceptation of the terms. He rarely introduces into his discourses the praise of good works or any urgent persuasives to the practice of them; and when he does commend morality, he does it in a manner by no means



calculated to make his hearers in love with it. He never indulges the lovers of moral preaching, or what is vulgarly termed "cauld morality," with a discourse on the moral duties, without winding it up and weakening its efficacy with a fervid and generally an eloquent appeal to the feelings of his evangelical hearers. In fact, he never inculcates morality without making an apology for so doing, as if it were a thing out of place in the pulpit. We have heard him, after having delivered a discourse, in which the moral duties were enforced, conclude with throwing himself on the clemency of his hearers for the fault, for as a fault he indirectly represented it, of which he had been guilty. "In the forenoon," he said, "we preached the law, and in the afternoon we have again preached the law;" and then came what was represented as the gospel—just as if the law was not throughout enforced in the gospel, and just as if the discourses of our Saviour were not exactly and altogether of that description which it is now fashionable to vilify and despise, and to represent as useless and hurtful; just as if the Sermon on the Mount was not of that really evangelical kind, using the words in their right sense, which ministers who wish to be popular will not, and licentiates who have the fear of the veto before their eyes, dare not imitate. Mr. Davidson is particularly able in handling a topic which is made much use of by evangelical preachers. Nothing is more common with him than to declare that he must preach "the gospel," and must not preach to please men; that he must not seek the favour of men, nor dread their opposition, while he presses home on their consciences the great truths of evangelical religion. Yet while Mr. Davidson is urging all this with the most earnest eloquence, he must know that the views which he holds out and the doctrines which he preaches

are not merely those which are popular and fashionable in the present day, and which attract the many, but are the only doctrines which the mob will tolerate. He knows well enough that people do not like cold morality—that they are not pleased to have their duties, as members of society, urged upon them—that the self-reputed religious are not gratified in listening to an exposure of the spiritual pride, the uncharitableness, the malice, and the envy, that lurk in their hearts. He knows that they are delighted with that evangelical system, falsely so called, which leaves the whole field of morality unsearched, unexamined, untouched—which gives no sting to the unsound conscience, because it lays bare no vice of the heart. He is well aware that his hearers must be delighted with his description of the happy state of the elect, which they take care to apply to themselves—and not less inwardly comforted by his vivid pictures of the misery of the unregenerate, which they take care to apply to their neighbours. Like that excellent Missionary, who, during a sea voyage, notes in his Diary, that he “felt great comfort in reading Evans on Eternal Damnation,” they listen with uncommon complacency and solid satisfaction to that part of the evangelical sermon which is addressed to the “unregenerate”—a portion of preaching, the use of which, when coming from a Calvinistic pulpit, we could never properly understand. The criterion of being in a safe state, as to spiritual things, is said by evangelical ministers to be that a man “feels himself continually advancing in holiness.” The possession of such a feeling, it is evident, depends on the possession of the requisite quantity of spiritual pride; and hence to be safe and to esteem one’s self safe are now-a-days things perfectly identical. The broad line of distinction which the Latin grammarians have drawn between the words

*tutus* and *securus* is utterly obliterated, and the conduct of that foolish bird is justified which imagines itself concealed from its pursuers as soon as it gets its head hidden in the earth.

In listening to Mr. Davidson's discourses, we could never help feeling that he has abilities for better things than he has yet attempted. We dare not say that he looks to popularity; he himself strongly disclaims such a motive. We rather think that he believes that the kind of preaching which he now follows is that which is really suited to the wants of the mass, and that he would fail in his duty if he were to prefer to it another way which would be more acceptable to instructed men, to men who have read the Bible for themselves, to men of education, to men of taste, and to men of sound sense, who must be the minority as long as the world lasts.

Mr. Davidson, when at College, was reputed to be a good classical scholar; but scholarship is not a very available commodity to an evangelical preacher, and can hardly aid him in his ministrations. Numerous instances will bear us out in saying that neither acquired knowledge nor natural talent is necessary in order to create a sensation, and to rise to the highest point of popular favour, as "a gospel minister," as it is called. Such a person does not require to come to his excited hearers "with deceitful words of man's wisdom." These remarks apply less to Mr. Davidson than to any other of his school of preaching. No one can say that he wants abilities, though many regret that they are not, as they think, better applied. There is often a vigour and an originality in his language which show that his mind has not yet been debauched by the exciting and enfeebling effect of the popular system of preaching which he has adopted.



Mr. Davidson's action is like that of almost all evangelical ministers, highly ungraceful. When he becomes animated in his discourse, it consists of a regular and systematic jerk from one side of the pulpit to the other, performed with great rapidity; but it strikes us that of late his action is less violent. This is combined with the occasional use of the perpendicular motion, which will be found to be entirely peculiar to evangelical preaching—being altogether unknown in moral pulpits. The Rev. John Duncan, now in Glasgow, was, while in Aberdeen, the greatest master in the perpendicular style that ever exhibited in our presence.

In private life, Mr. Davidson, who is more of a man of the world, and possessed of more judgment than any of his evangelical brethren, is said to be a most agreeable man. The ladies like the doctrines of grace, and hate cold morality, and with them all evangelical ministers are favourites, and Mr. Davidson is, we believe, an especial favourite. At tea parties, and such like meetings, we frequently hear young ladies applying terms of endearment to ministers, with a warmth not particularly becoming their virgin modesty—and married women, in the presence of their husbands, talking of their favourite parson, with a degree of feeling not altogether consistent with matronly reserve; but we never hear any of these favours bestowed on the preacher of cold morality. They are reserved for the exclusive reward of some "devoted" young man, who will croze with them, in a comfortable manner, about their religious experience, and minister to their deep sense of their own godliness.

THE REV. JAMES FOOTE.

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THE REV. JAMES FOOTE has been Minister of the East Church for a considerable number of years. The congregation attending his ministry is considerable, and comprehends a great many of the wealthier of our citizens. Of this circumstance, we rather suspect that Mr. Foote himself is a little vain, as, in giving his evidence before the Church Commissioners, as well as on other occasions, he appeared to be anxious that the amount of the collections made at the doors of the East Church should be known. It is but fair to add, that this anxiety might have arisen from a desire to show that the church was not a burden on the town's funds, as others of the churches are—though some of the enlightened clergy of the present day contend, that it is irreligious in the Town Council to keep any account of debtor and creditor in church matters. Mr. Foote used great exertions in raising subscriptions for building the new East Church, a very beautiful edifice, in which the fine taste of our ingenious townsman, Mr. Archibald Simpson, who was the architect, is conspicuously displayed. The church is elegantly fitted up in the inside, and whenever there is any public meeting—on non-intrusion, or revivals, or such like—Mr. Foote requests the assemblage not to destroy the seats by standing upon them. For this care of the public property he is entitled to the thanks of the Magistrates. Mr. Foote, who is a man of wealth, contributed liberally to the erection of the new church, as indeed he does to all objects in which he takes an interest.

We have heard ignorant and fanatical persons state it as a charge against Mr. Foote, that in the

selection of his elders, he chooses the monied men in his congregation. This is neither more nor less than accusing Mr. Foote of good sense. We have never heard it alleged that he had appointed an improper person to that responsible situation merely on account of his wealth—and in that case alone could the accusation be a good one. For the office of the eldership, the rich man, *cæteris paribus*, ought in every case to be preferred to the poor man. In a thousand different ways, the man of wealth may be useful as an elder, where the poor man cannot. An elder should be the servant of no man, and should at all times be able to give five shillings to a poor woman who may have been deserted by a wicked husband, and left with four of a family. It would be well if Mr. Foote's practice—if it be his practice—were universally acted on; and it would also be well if the Assembly would enact a law against appointing servants, managers, and impudent boys to offices in the church—a practice which prevails in the *quoad sacra* parishes, where, no doubt, great difficulty is experienced in the invention of elders.

Speaking of elders brings to our recollection what we have been told, that Mr. Foote, who, we believe, is an anti-patronage man—at any rate, he is one of those who contend for the right of the people to have a voice in the choice of their ministers—is said to be strongly opposed to allowing his congregation a voice in the choice of their elders, though some are of opinion that there is fully as much Scripture warrant for this, as there is for the popular election of ministers. We make this statement merely on hearsay; but if it be true, it is not a whit more inconsistent than the conduct which the Church party, with whom Mr. Foote allies himself, manifest in a thousand particulars, and think no shame to be convicted of. Now



that they are fairly into their kirks, they can with much safety and comfort contend for giving to the people privileges by which they, the ministers, will never be affected; but there is not a soul of them that would demit his office, and stand the chance of a popular election for getting it again; and in this they are perfectly right, and deserve the commendation of every prudent man.

Mr. Foote is much respected and beloved by his own congregation, and is well spoken of by those that are without. This is a most important matter for the interests of religion and of the church; and it is deeply to be deplored that there are not a few of the clergy of the present day whose praise is indeed in all the churches—but most unfortunately nowhere else. Mr. Foote, we suspect, owes his popularity more to his character as a gentlemanly, good man in private life, than to the eloquence or ability of his preaching. Neither his matter nor his manner is impressive; both are in admirable keeping with each other. His manner of speaking is short, abrupt, and unfinished; and the whole composition of his discourses is in perfect harmony with his delivery. His sentences are mostly all short, and very frequently antithetical. A good English style cannot consist with either a succession of long, or a succession of short sentences; but should be made up of a mixture of long and short, coming naturally together, without the appearance of artifice or design. Mr. Foote is remarkably fond of introducing similies into his discourses and speeches; and similies are matters which only the most accomplished orators can handle with effect. He indulges also in anecdotes; and there are exceedingly few speakers who can tell an anecdote to satisfaction in public; the talent required for the purpose being quite different from that which qualifies a man to set up as a story-teller in private

society. Speaking from present recollection, we should say that, in the course of our experience in ministers, which has been large, varied, and abundant, we have only met with four who could favour their audience with a good story. The first and best is Mr. Newton, a great man among the Methodists, having, as we believe, been the president of their Conference, or whatever they call it, and who is certainly an orator of a very high rank. The next perhaps is Dr. John Ritchie, of the Potterrow, who is really a man of ability, notwithstanding the accumulated vulgarities of being a Voluntary, and a Total-abstainer, and wearing a massy gold chain and a huge bunch of seals dangling down his breeches, and exhibiting an atrocious brooch in the well-displayed breast of his shirt—a shirt, in mentioning which it would be most unjust to neglect stating, that it reflects undying lustre on the professional character and talents of his washer-woman and laundress. Next, though not near to Ritchie—*proximus, sed longo intervallo*—was the late lamented Charles Fraser, the Roman Catholic Priest, whose premature death deprived good society in this city of a most delightful ornament. After him, but still descending, we would place the Rev. Mr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, one of the best preachers of rebellion that we have in the present day. Mr. Thomson, the independent preacher in the Loch Kirk, sometimes tells stories at meetings; and owing to the singing style in which he puts them forth, and his old-wifeish manner of handling them, they come off passably. We recollect of him telling, or rather singing, the taking of Babylon by the Medes. He treated this subject somewhat in the style that our learned townsman, Principal Blackwell, did the facts of ancient history—adapting modern phraseology to the manners of antiquity. After describing minutely the feasting in which

the Babylonians were engaged, and how they were getting on with their toasts, and how happy they were, he added, in the very style that an old lady would relate the dissolution of a fashionable rout, "*But the Medes, they came in now, and they broke up the party.*"

In expressing our opinion of the merit of Mr. Foote's preaching, which opinion differs, no doubt, from what may be held by many who have heard him in the pulpit, we cannot forbear entering our protest against the prevailing error, that good preaching is the highest qualification which a minister can possess. There are many other qualifications which a Christian congregation should look for in their pastor. We hear every one speak of Mr. Foote as a gentleman;—and where a people find their clergyman a good neighbour and a kind friend, and possessed of those gentlemanly manners which we have a right to expect in one who has gone through the regular curriculum of a University education—though there are some who contrive to go through their curriculum and escape any contagion of either learning or manners—they are then disposed to make a far better practical use of the instructions of such a minister than they would be of one who, though possessed of a better "mouth of speech," had not so entwined their affections about him, by a kind and Christian walk and conversation. For instance, we ourselves having read of the treatment which the Rev. Alexander Fletcher gave to Miss Dick, cannot thoroughly and at the heart relish those unctious prayers which he has published, with his own portrait for a frontispiece, though he himself, in his preface, lets us know, that he received the valuable assistance of the Holy Spirit in the manufacturing of that large quarto volume.

Mr. Foote's preaching is evangelical—but not

exceedingly so. In the church courts, he votes regularly with the wild party; but, from the tone of his speeches, it is evident that, in his views, he does not go their full length; and, as he is a man readily disposed to conciliation, it may be with safety said, that if all his evangelical brethren were such as he is, we would not have got into the difficulties from which we now groan to be delivered. In this view, Mr. Foote resembles Dr. Brown; both of them will vote for a very wild measure proposed by others of their brethren with whom they are accustomed to act; but if we listen to their arguments in justification of their votes, we shall find that their own notions are much more reasonable than those of the gentlemen whose objects they are furthering. We shall illustrate this point, which is of some importance, by an example. If any of the evangelical party were to bring forward a proposal for the re-institution of the old Presbyterial Visitation of Parishes—a practice which few will be disposed to regard as otherwise than setting up an engine by which the evangelical party, being the majority, would be enabled to torment and oppress the sensible and quiet portion of the clergy—then Dr. Brown and Mr. Foote would give their votes, as usual, with their evangelical friends; but, in their arguments for the measure, it would be clearly seen that they did not intend that it should be made any inquisitorial use of; and, in fact, it would be evident that, in the hands of Dr. Brown and Mr. Foote, Presbyterial Visitations would not be the dangerous and wicked things which it is clear they would turn out to be under the management of others. The votes of such men are, however, exceedingly mischievous, and the countenance which they give to men of wilder designs is deeply to be deplored. Some zealous divines have contended that, when infidels in religion lead moral and vir-



tuous lives, they should be more severely condemned and abused than those who bring disgrace on their profession by their wickedness—seeing that, to the sin of unbelief, they add the worse iniquity of enticing others to infidelity by the attractive example of an unspotted character. If we were to adopt this mode of arguing—which, however, we cannot, as we really find it impossible thoroughly to convince ourselves that to live innocently, can, under any circumstances, be sinful—we should say that the conduct of such gentlemen as Mr. Foote and Dr. Brown, in giving the votes which they sometimes do, was more blameable than that of others whose designs are more mischievous—because thus the sanction of men of sense is given to the schemes of hot-headed fanatics.

Mr. Foote is particularly earnest in disclaiming all feelings of personal hostility against those whom, on grounds of principle, he opposes. He evidently does not delight in warfare. Some time ago, some of the clergy took it into their heads to hold a commemoration of the downfall of Episcopacy in this country, and Mr. Foote was the minister who preached the sermon on the occasion. By some curious sort of reasoning, which we did not properly comprehend, he endeavoured, in the outset of his discourse, to prove that this demonstration did not imply any disrespect to the Sister Church of England. There has been of late, on the part of our ministers, a great deal of low fawning to the English clergy, because they have influence in the Legislature, and much slavering adulation of that black Prelacy, which the Rutherfords and other worthies, whom we, at the very same time, profess to hold in veneration, so cordially detested, so vehemently denounced, and so vigorously and successfully opposed. It is to be hoped that the late declarations regarding the Church of Scotland,

put forth by that pure, meek, peaceable, gentle, inoffensive, unambitious, retiring, disinterested, and modest servant of the Lord, Dr. Philpotts, the excellent Bishop of Exeter, will tend, in some measure, to cure our clergy of the passionate love into which some of them have fallen of late with the Church of England. Besides this, we have now struck up a union with that sweet-tempered and very liberal-minded body, the Seceders, who, perhaps, will teach us to view Episcopacy more in the way that our forefathers did than we have been doing of late. Just imagine what our pious progenitors would have thought of that strange man, Dr. Chalmers, making an appeal to the rotten-hearted English Prelacy in behalf of our Presbyterian Kirk!

Mr. Foote, we rejoice to state, is not one of that class of people who, in the opinion of Shakspeare, were fit for treasons and stratagems, and, therefore, we do not fear that he will tear in pieces an interdict of the Court of Session. We rather trust that, now when there is an appearance of a division between the more cool Non-intrusionists and Mr. Dunlop's tail, Mr. Foote will, at any rate, take a side with such respectable people as Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, and eschew the ill company of the hillside folk, which, by and by, will become far from being either comfortable or convenient to be in. Mr. Foote is reputed to be a respectable performer on the violin, and is said to possess a musical taste, which, we fear, is less common among our clergy than it was in the sensible days of the Church. Mr. Coleridge, who was a man of great piety, has declared that, in all civilized countries, the Church has been the patron of music, painting, and poetry. If this statement be correct, we are afraid that Scotland has not sufficiently clear claims to be ranked as a civilized country. One of

our parish ministers has written a treatise on Enharmonics; and another composed a good psalm-tune. Andrew Cant sat to our illustrious townsman, Jamesone, for his picture; though we fear that there was less of patronage of art in the mind of the Covenanter than of vanity in wishing to hand down his countenance—which, by the by, is neither a melancholy nor unhandsome one—to the admiration of pious posterity. With regard to poetry, Blair, Logan, and Blacklock, though ministers, were allowed to write it; but Home, because he had written a poem, for which he ought to have been made Moderator of the Assembly, was driven out of the Church altogether. We have nearly stated all that the Church has done for painting, poetry, and music, and we shall not allude to the painful reflection of how much she has done to discourage all the three.

Considering the light in which any elegant or beneficial accomplishment is viewed by a strong party now-a-days, perhaps, Mr. Foote will not be obliged to us for having given him credit for being moveable by the concord of sweet sounds. Now-a-days, when a gentleman who may be able to do something on the violin gets a presentation from a patron, the evil-minded and senseless cry out that he has “fiddled himself into a kirk.” In the same way, when a gentleman, who may take delight in unbending his mind, and bracing his whole carnal constitution by the exercise of the ancient, healthy, and truly national amusement of the golf—when such a gentleman chances to get a living in the Church, the evil-minded and senseless declare, in full chorus, that he has “played himself into a kirk.” But it would be better days for the Church, if ministers would exercise themselves more in playing the fiddle than in despising authorities; and well would it be, if teachers and taught would

both practise their golf-playing more—convinced that, by the use of such gymnastics, they are taking the most effectual method of curing their stomachs of that hysterical windiness from which the great mass of dangerous errors and delusions in spiritual matters take their rise.

While on the subject of commendable recreations, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a beautiful and truly Christian passage on the subject, from a writer whose virtues and piety are the boast of our common Christianity—who having, for the purpose of doing as much good to men as was possible, mingled with every class of his fellow-creatures, is allowed in his writings, as he did in his life, to have exhibited a rare specimen of the perfect gentleman, united with the sincere Christian—the perfect Christian—as far as perfection is attainable by a mortal. We give the following passage from St. Francis of Sales' renowned "Introduction to a Devout Life"—a treatise which, for the beauty and elevation of its Christian sentiments, and the lovely flowers of imagination and fancy with which its instructions are garnished, as well as the plain good solid sense on which the whole is reared, and without which all other gifts are worthless—is unsurpassed by any thing which learning, genius, and piety united, have bequeathed to the world:—

"1. It is necessary sometimes to refresh our spirit, and our bodies also with some kind of recreation. St. John the Evangelist (as Cassian saith) was found by a huntsman, with a partridge upon his fist,\* which he made much of for his recrea-

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\* The excellent Jeremy Taylor, in his "Holy Living," has alluded to this proof of the amiable and elegant character of the beloved disciple:—"Natural necessity, and the example of St. John, who recreated



tion. The huntsman asked him, how he being a man of so great esteem, could take delight in so poor and trivial a thing: and St. John answered; wherefore dost thou not carry thy bow always bent? The huntsman replied—If it should be always bent, it would lose its force, and become unuseful. Wonder not, then, (said the Apostle,) if I sometimes release the rigour and attention of my spirit, to take a little recreation, that I may afterwards return with more vigour to contemplation. It is doubtless a vice to be so severe, harsh, and rigorous, as neither to allow ourselves, nor permit to others, any kind of lawful recreation. 2. To take the air, to walk, entertain ourselves with merry and friendly discourses, to play on the lute and other instruments, to sing, to go a-hunting, are recreations so harmless, that to use them well there needs but ordinary discretion, which giveth every thing order, place, season, and measure. 3. Those games in which the gain serves for a price and recompense, for the dexterity or industry of the body or mind, as tennis, baloon, pale, maile, running at the ring, chess, tables, are of themselves good and lawful: only excess is to be avoided, either in the time employed in them, or in the sum that is played for; because if too much time be spent in them, they are no more recreation, but business, and neither mind nor body are refreshed; but contrari-

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himself with sporting with a tame partridge, teach us that it is lawful to relax and unbend our bow, but not to suffer it to be unready or unstrung." Admirably, however, and in the very style of St. Francis of Sales, has this great divine taken care to qualify the lawfulness of pleasure:—"He that spends his time in sports," he adds, a little farther on, "and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces."

wise, both are tired and stupified. Having played five or six hours at chess, the spirit is altogether wearied and toiled. To play long at tennis, is not to recreate the body, but to ruin it. And if the sum which is played for be too great, the affections of the gamesters become inordinate: and, besides, it is an unjust thing to hazard so much upon abilities and industries of so little importance, and so unprofitable as those of play. But above all, Philothea, take heed thou set not thy affection upon this: for how lawful soever any recreation be, it is a vice to set the heart and affection upon it, to long after it, or to trouble and vex thyself with it."

THE REV. WILLIAM KING TWEEDIE.  

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WHEN the Rev. Alexander Davidson was called by the Town Council to a more extended sphere of usefulness, by being appointed the successor of the Rev. Dr. Glennie, who had for many years filled the situation of Minister of the West Church with a dignity of character and a quiet and unostentatious discharge of the duties of the pastoral office, which won him the respect and reverence of the highly intelligent congregation which formerly belonged to the West Church, as well as of all sensible and good men in the city; when this—to them melancholy—event took place, the people of the South Church, knowing that Mr. Davidson was likely, on his departure, to draw a legion after him, set themselves to look about them in order to get some minister of more than ordinary celebrity, who, by preaching in a popular manner, and quite up to the newest standard of fashion, would supply the lamented loss of Mr. Davidson, and keep the South Church in that crowded and prosperous state in which, for many years, it has continued to be. Such a man, it was evident, was not to be had at every door; and there was plenty of room in the West Church for all who chose to follow Mr. Davidson. In these critical circumstances, the managers laid their help upon Dr. Duff, the eminent India Missionary, a man of great abilities, and of an eloquence which seems to have taken a gorgeous colouring from the constant contemplation of the vast and tremendous system of heathen idolatry which it has been the object of his zealous labours to overthrow. It was believed that Dr. Duff would, of all others, be the best man to provide the South Church with a pastor. Dr. Duff recommended the

Rev. WILLIAM KING TWEEDIE, then Minister of the Scotch Church at London Wall. The congregation then fixed their affections upon Mr. Tweedie, and he, on his part, got himself speedily loosened from his pastoral relation with his people, which relation, some say, is exactly similar to that which subsists between a married man and his wife; though these persons themselves most certainly admit that it is not nearly so difficult to get clear of, as instances occurring every day abundantly testify.

Mr. Tweedie's appointment was agreed to with that unanimity and heartiness which the South Church folk have usually displayed in the choice of their ministers, and which have, in a great measure, arisen from the care and anxiety which those who take the lead in these matters have manifested in ascertaining the reasonable wishes of the congregation. We recollect, on his induction, how cordially he was welcomed by his people, and especially by the women, from whom he got such warm hand-squeezings, and sweet smiles and tender glances, as would have very much flattered the vanity of a mere worldly man, and made him feel, at the moment, a delightful thrilling sensation, and which we do not think—though we desire to speak with all humility on this point—could have been anywise particularly disagreeable to the spiritual feelings of even a renewed Christian. We believe that the cordial feeling with which Mr. Tweedie was welcomed to the oversight of this large and respectable congregation has still continued as warm towards him as ever in the minds of his people; and that between him and them the pastoral relation has been fully formed and closely knit, and is likely to be enduring.

In the comparisons which are drawn between the clergymen of the city, it is most usual, owing to



the situation which Mr. Tweedie fills as successor to Mr. Davidson, to compare him with the Minister of the West Church—and thus his talents are put into competition with those of the ablest of our town's clergymen. We believe that, by the general voice, Mr. Davidson is admitted to be the superior, and in this opinion we entirely concur. We cannot hear the South Church on this point, because their judgment is foreclosed by the great principle to which they have at all times adhered, and to which we have formerly alluded, to declare their Minister for the time being, to be the very best that was ever seen or heard of in the earth. Mr. Davidson's composition is infinitely superior, as it is infinitely plainer, and freer from affectation, while it is at the same time in reality much more original. When Mr. Tweedie first came here, his style was much more admired than it is now. The reason was that Mr. Tweedie used words, and expressions, and phrases, with which the people here about had not till then been much bothered; and his language on this account had the charm of variety in it, and was thought to be original. By and by, however, it came to be discovered, that Mr. Tweedie had not so much variety of expression and phraseology as was at first supposed, and that though he used some original or at least very out-of-the-way words, he had not a very large stock of them on hand; and as he was consequently necessitated to make the more abundant and frequent use of what he had, his language soon began to lose the relish of novelty, while it retained all its original singularity. This will always be the fate of those who are not contented to revel in the full enjoyment of the inexhaustible riches of our glorious Saxon tongue, and to make use of the natural idioms of the country in which they live, but must go a whoring after out-of-the-way, glaring, affected

and unnatural ornaments. There is one phrase, borrowed from the mercantile vocabulary, which we have heard Mr. Tweedie more than once use, with, as we thought, a very bad effect, after the first application of it. It is this—when Mr. Tweedie has expressed an opinion with which he thinks that the meeting which he addresses will agree, he says that he is sure that all hearing him “will *endorse* this sentiment”—or that “this sentiment will be *endorsed* by all present.” Mr. Tweedie calls a beadle a “pew-opener;” but we have heard a member of the Town Council call the Sand Bailie “the Curator of the Bents.”

Mr. Tweedie habitually uses one mode of expression, which is not original, but, on the contrary, well known to all bad writers, and is out of all sight the most violent and offensive outrage that can by possibility be offered to the idiom of the English language. Mr. Tweedie would say, “the meat is *being roasted*—the house was *being built*—a door is now *being opened* for the conversion of the heathen—the seats in the South Church are now *being let*—the edition of Josephus which is now *being published*.” This may be the idiom of Kamschatka, or of Terra del Fuego, but English it is not—and a barbarism of this description is perfectly sufficient to spoil the effect of a whole page of good language. The defenders of this abominable practice will not say, “the meat is roasting—the house was building,” and so on, as the idiom of the language runs, and as all well-educated persons say, and as all our standard writers have written—but, as their wisdom is above all idioms, they must make their words philosophically correct, and cannot forsooth allow an active participle to express the meaning of a passive, though it has efficiently done so for centuries. By and bye, it will not be lawful to state that the sun “rises”

or "sets," and no man will be allowed to say "light your pipe," but "light that which is in your pipe"—or to utter that well-obeyed commandment. "drink your glass," but "imbibe that portion of liquid which is contained in your glass"—and a pretty language it will then become. Of the origin of the villanous way of speaking to which we have above alluded, we have heard different accounts—the most usual being that it is an Irish invention, and those who hold this opinion aver that the phrase first broke out in reports furnished by Irishmen to the London newspapers. We, however, think that there is better ground for believing that it is an importation from America—a belief to which we are led not only by a consideration of its ugly look, but by recollecting that it appeared in one of Harriet Martineau's books after she came back from that land of vulgarity; though we had seen it some years before in Jerdan's *Literary Gazette*. The *Times* newspaper, being then Tory, abused Miss Martineau violently for using the phrase—while the accomplished Editor of the *Examiner*, being Radical, but at the same time unable to tolerate bad English, rebuked her with more mildness, and for her comfort pointed out to her that in another column of the very same *Times* in which she had suffered punishment, the very fault of which she had been found guilty had been committed. This vicious mode of expression is the more offensive because it is one of those barbarisms which are used by persons who wish to be particularly genteel in their speech. Thus, in sea-port towns, many people think it a fine delicacy of expression to say "seed" and "axed," instead of "saw" and "asked;" but such errors are to be forgiven when compared with "a door is now being opened for the conversion of the heathen."

Mr. Tweedie's preaching is intensely evangelical.

One might believe that the pulpits of the West and the South Churches vied with each other which should be the more evangelical. A number of people, and ourselves amongst the rest, were of a belief that when Mr. Davidson should have once got himself fairly planted in the West Church, he would have given over his South Church style, and calculated his discourses to the meridian of his new hearers. We believed that he would have given up that system which did well enough with the heated fancies of the South parish people, and adopted a more instructive manner, in order to meet the sounder judgment and the better taste of those who had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. There never was a guess more completely falsified by the event than this was. Mr. Davidson continued to preach in the West Church as he preached in the South, and the consequence is that the Church is filled, not by a better attendance of the old congregation, but by swarms of Evangelicals from different quarters.

When Mr. Tweedie describes the character of a Christian, he says that he is one who is given to prayer—who loves to speak about the Saviour—who delights in the company of them who are given to prayer—who feels a pleasure in the ordinances of the sanctuary, and so on. After the whole lineaments of the saint are fully portrayed, we come out of the church, and find all that Mr. Tweedie requires in his man of God, united and shining brilliantly in the character of the worst members of society—we find every thing that, according to evangelical notions, is requisite to compose a Christian, glaringly displayed in the walk and conversation of the most abandoned and profligate of mankind. And, indeed, if these Clergymen would but look a little around them in the world, they would find that all the thorough and accom-



plished scoundrels in the country hold decidedly evangelical "views." We apologise for using the word "views;" formerly a man's opinions were called his "opinions"—in the cant of the present day they are called his "views." In describing the character of the Christian, the Evangelical Minister never thinks it necessary to tell us whether he is honest—if he speaks the truth—if he is tolerably disinterested—if he is kind—if he is charitable. Ah, but Mr. Tweedie would say, when we wish to know the character of a worldly man, we ask, is he honest? upright? in short, moral? But when we hear that a man is spiritual, we never need to ask such idle questions—"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you." Mr. Tweedie, no doubt, holds that, according to the maxim of St. Augustin,\* it is only the justified man that does good works. Now, the truth is, that at no time is it more necessary to ask if a man be good than when he professes to be religious. No person possessed of the least knowledge of the world, or of human nature, is ignorant, that a man may be rigidly "pious," and at the same time lead a life of overt immorality. Who can doubt the piety of Calvin? Yet what man of sense who is acquainted with his history, ever doubted, that he was a very bad man? Who ever doubted the piety of Beza? Yet Beza has been convicted of deliberate falsehood.†

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\* Opera bona non faciunt justum sed justificatus facit bona opera.

† In charity, we refuse to charge Beza with the sin of having, in his youth, written indecent poetry—because for that offence he had the moral courage, publicly, to apologize in his maturer years. All candid people, moreover, disbelieve the story related by Maimbourg, and his other theological opponents, that

Dr. Isaac Watts, who ought to be an authority, admits that a man may be truly pious and yet uncommonly ill-tempered—and Dr. Maclaine, the impudent annotator on Mosheim, speaks of a man distinguished for fervent piety, as well as for obstinacy, asperity, and turbulence. There are just two sins which your religious man never commits. He never stops from Church, and he never curses or swears. In the course of our experience, we have only met with two “pious” persons who swore at all—and to do them justice, the one never swore but when he was drunk, nor the other except when he was in an infernal rage, when he certainly did sin in this way with considerable energy. But with the exception of these two sins, both of which, it ought to be remarked, are quite unprofitable, and put nothing in the pocket, there is no kind of wickedness to which members of that body calling itself “the religious public,” are not addicted.

Mr. Tweedie, like other Evangelical Ministers, occasionally praises good works—and of all the parts of an evangelical discourse, that portion which is devoted to the praise of good works is the most offensive. Leading a moral life is coldly represented as being necessary to salvation—as a thing not to be neglected—as what is beneficial to society—as stopping the mouths of gainsayers, and so on—as if faith, and prayer, and orthodoxy, and soundness of religious principle were not mere means to

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the true reason of his flying from Paris to Geneva, was in order to enjoy—not as he said himself, the pure word as preached at that great seat of orthodoxy—but the voluptuous charms of a tailor’s wife, who, these Romanists say, eloped with the comely Reformer from France, and who, they also add, is the *Candida* of his verses; her skin having been rather distinguished for its snowy purity.

an end, and that end the purifying of the heart and the affections. The descriptions of virtue which we hear from the evangelical pulpits, are like the pictures which Malherbe's Confessor drew of the joys of heaven, enough to make any one sick of the subject.

Mr. Tweedie, some time ago, commented at much length, and with much deliberation and care, on some of St. Paul's Epistles—but drove through St. James with great alacrity, after making some desperate efforts, as he went along, to evangelize him, but without any very distinguished success. He no doubt, in his own mind, considered this sensible book—what Luther, in his usual frank manner, declared it to be—an *epistola straminosa*—a chaffy Epistle, quite unworthy of an Apostle. It is a curious and edifying tradition, and a fine commentary on the distaste which men have of genuine religion which is recorded of St. James, that during all the time that that great Apostle preached in Spain, he only converted eight persons. We may, however, be sure that these eight were very good and sensible Christians. At a single Revival meeting in the west country, any silly young man will, according to his own account, convert at least this number by means of uttering a rhapsody of words, unintelligible either to the hearer or the speaker, accompanied with a suitable variety of wry faces, and ugly twistings of the carcase.

Speaking of Revivals, brings to our recollection the discourse which Mr. Tweedie delivered on this subject in the East Church; we were delighted at the moderate and sensible manner in which he referred to the proceedings of the fanatics in the West—repeatedly cautioning his hearers against believing that when a person fell a fainting or howling in a Church, that this was a sure sign

that the Holy Spirit had taken possession of him. It was the great delight of that vain creature, George Whitfield, to raise a disturbance among his hearers, and especially to do as much mischief as possible to women. On one occasion, when he was preaching in a park, a lady overcome by the power of his eloquent ravings, fell backward in a swoon, her person being overturned in an unseemly fashion; and on some of the more rational of the assembly running to take her up and assist her, the delighted fanatic yelled out to them in an extacy of joy, "Let her alone, let her alone—a glorious sight! a glorious sight!"

Influence over women has always been one of the objects nearest at heart with popular preachers. They are well aware how easily, and insensibly, and naturally a spiritual passion changes to an earthly flame. It is a fact, that fanatical ladies fall in love personally with their favourite preacher. Many of them thought Whitfield's squint a lovely grace—and that other squinting favourite, Edward Irving, was called "the adorable Edward Irving." Some few years ago a lady in London put forth a book of sketches of her favourite preachers—and a great space of it was devoted to the admiration of the bushy whiskers of Mr. This, the broad shoulders of Mr. That, the piercing eye of Dr. ———, and the "officer-like look" of Dr. ———. We recollect she was in raptures with the beautiful countenance of our townsman Mr. Cumming. We may allow a lady to be a judge of men's faces; but this lady must have been utterly stupified by fanaticism and priestcraft, when she failed to observe how abominably ill-fitted up the inside of Mr. Cumming's head is.

Mr. Tweedie is a firm supporter of the Non-intrusion party in the Church. At a meeting held on the Church Question some time ago, in the



North Church, he allowed his zeal, in this cause, to make him so far forget himself as to use the most indecent, and to our notion, profane language, in denouncing the conduct of the supporters of the law. He declared that they were engaged in "a plot to dethrone the Lord of Glory." We have heard Sir William Seton, who has a command of non-intrusion language, call it an attempt "to hurl the Redeemer from his mediatorial throne, and to bind him hand and foot and lay him at the feet of Cæsar." Andrew Melville, who invented the Presbyterian religion, used to charge the Erastians with "pulling the crown from Christ's head." Those who have long been exposed to the vicious stimulus of evangelical discourses, and accustomed to the audacious profanity which circulates in evangelical assemblies can, we believe, listen with composure to language of this description—but to men of sound, sober religious feeling, common street cursing and swearing are infinitely less offensive. The shocking language made use of by Mr. Tweedie, at this meeting, called forth a rebuke of great power and severity from Mr. Gordon of Craig, at the County Meeting, held some time after, on the Non-intrusion question:—

"One gentleman bad," said Mr. Gordon, "according to the newspaper report, said something so horrible that he could scarcely get the better of his feelings in reading it. The words attributed to him, and as yet, he believed, not denied or contradicted, were, 'that the crusade against the Church, by her professed friends, was a crusade against all that was sacred, and saving, and vital in religion,' and that 'there were men engaged in a plot to dethrone the Lord of Glory.' This language was ascribed, in the newspapers, to a most respectable clergyman in Aberdeen; if it was meant as a flourish of rhetoric, he would say that it

was a flourish of rhetoric that ought never to have escaped his lips; if it was not a flourish of rhetoric, but a solemn denunciation of certain men, then these men ought to be named and held up to reprobation. Gracious heaven! that it should be said, in a meeting of two thousand excited men and excitable women, that there existed a plot—but he could not go farther, he could not describe it, it was too blasphemous to suppose such a plot; but if this bolt was really hurled against individuals, in the name of mercy, in the name of justice, in the name of pity, he would implore that these individuals be denounced—if there were no such individuals, what were they to think of the incautiousness of uttering such extraordinary sentiments at such a meeting, or at any meeting? They had wounded the feelings of many who wished that they had been denied in the next newspaper, or that, to use Sterne's beautiful figure, a tear had been dropped on the words, and that they had been blotted out for ever."

At this Non-intrusion meeting, Mr. Tweedie declared that he would cut asunder his pastoral relation, if he discovered that the Established Church was a creature of the State. Whether his union with his people is to be long or short, we cannot discover from this threat, as we have no means of foreseeing how long it may be before Mr. Tweedie will be able to arrive at the knowledge of a truth which he ought to have known before he became a minister of the Established Church.

Mr. Tweedie, however, has been accused of something infinitely worse than this profanity. From a letter of the late Dr. M'Crie, published in his life by his son, it would appear that Mr. Tweedie, in a communication to Dr. M'Crie, had avowed the doctrines of persecution in their worst virulence, and had by his manner of expressing himself regarding the death of the unfortunate Servetus, called forth a rebuke from Dr. M'Crie, who, agreeing with Mr. Tweedie that persecution was a very proper and

Christian thing, wanted to modify a little the practice of it, in order, no doubt, to make it more enduring. The sentiments of Dr. M'Crie are sufficiently abominable, and justify all the persecutions that have ever taken place in the world. "I would," says the learned bigot, "have justified the Council of Geneva for punishing Servetus, or detaining him in prison." With detestable hypocrisy he then speaks of the horror which he felt at "blood or fire in any thing immediately connected with religion." We own that we were not prepared for this exposure of the cruelty of priestcraft in the midst of the light of the nineteenth century. The first Reformers, who never dreamed of tolerating religious liberty, with one voice applauded the bloody deed of Calvin, and forgave even the malignity with which it was committed, and the black villany which that bad man displayed in all his works of persecution. For many years afterwards it was the subject of orthodox approval. A full century after Servetus had perished in the flames, a very learned townsman of our own, Alexander Ross, poured forth a glowing eulogium on Calvin for this horrid act, and gloated over the cruel death of the unhappy Servetus with the malignity of a fiend. The passage is a terrible one—perhaps few of our readers can point to any thing like it in the pages of literature, and we give it as a curiosity :—

"But keep off, and approach not, O all ye other heresies, and hydras of opinions of this one man, furies not capable of expiation! Being arrived at Geneva, and being forbidden to spue out and sputter his pestiferous blasphemies, he continued in hostility against all sharp but wholesome admonitions, which Calvin, that famous minister of the Church, perceiving, being desirous to discharge the duty of a soul-saving pastor, went friendly to Servetus, in hopes to deliver him out of his most impious errors and horrible heresy, and so

to redeem him out of the jaws of hell, and faithfully re-proved him. But he being dazzled with the brightness of truth, and overcome, returned nothing to Calvin (so well deserving of him) but an intolerable obstinacy, and inconvincible recapitulation of his blasphemies, whence it came to pass, that by the just and prudent decree of the Senates of Bernen, Zuring, Bazil, and Scaffuse, and by the righteous condemnation of the eternal God, in the month of December, in the year, 1553, (or as Sleidan hath it, in October) he was (how great is the obstinacy of blasphemy!) being at that time ecstasically hardened and intoxicated, consecrated to the avenging flames."\*

This is truly a voice from the Inquisition. The sublime blasphemy of identifying Calvin's wickedness with the righteousness of God has perhaps never been surpassed, if it has ever been equalled. The reading of such passages makes the heart sick; but they ought to be read that they may be detested. Nearly two centuries later, however, we find Dr. M'Crie not a bit more enlightened than this old persecuting theologian. He merely suited the practice of his doctrine of persecution to the temper of the times—but he had the root of the matter in him. In a late number of the *Aberdeen Herald*, in which this subject was well handled, the Editor argues that if such were the sentiments of Dr. M'Crie, when wishing to temper the fiercer zeal of the minister of the South Church's "views," Mr. Tweedie must have gone a fearful length in his love of persecution. The argument is certainly logical enough. It appears from the correspondence of Dr. M'Crie, that Mr. Tweedie contemplated the writing of a life of Calvin. The character of that gloomy tyrant has yet to be drawn with truth and candour, and by a mind above base

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\* Pansebeia; (first published in 1652.) in the Revelation of Hereticks appended to it, p. 597. London. 1683.



theological prejudice. Bayle, who had all the coolness of judgment, and clearness of intellect—the sagacity in appreciating character—the keenness in detecting sophistry, and the erudition—(for in the literature of the sixteenth century, at least, he was profound,) which we would require in a biographer of Calvin, proposed to himself, in his notice of the Reformer, nothing farther than to vindicate him from the false accusations brought against him by his theological opponents: it, therefore, did not come within his design to treat of his real crimes, but to vindicate him from charges foolishly brought against him. Bayle has no article on Servetus, but he has given a very fair statement of some of Calvin's doings, in his excellent notice of the amiable and learned Castalio, another of Calvin's victims, pursued from city to city by the vengeance, malignity, and lies of the Reformer and his creatures, till misery, hunger, and grief sunk him in the grave, and led his spirit to that world where his enemies could not follow him. There is enough of evidence even in the testimony of Calvin's admirers to prove his remorseless cruelty, his seared hardness of heart, and his deliberate villany, but there is not any thing like evidence to show that he was, as has been asserted, burnt in the arm, and banished out of France for committing adultery, a sin quite out of keeping with the general nature of Calvin's viciousness. There are few gifts in our power to bestow that we would not give to get our hands on a life of Calvin by the Rev. William King Tweedie.

At a time when our evangelical clergy are calling out for independence, and talking loudly of the love which they bear to the liberties of the people, and complaining of the horrid privations which they are suffering, in not being allowed to keep their stipends, and at the same time break the agreement on which they hold their stipends, it is surely a

matter of some importance to ascertain whether it be true, that there are ministers who hold that men ought to be punished for not being sound in the faith.

There is no disguising the truth that the man who holds the abominable and disgusting doctrine laid down by Dr. M'Crie, whatever quantity of words he may use in order to darken his gloomy meaning, and however many sentences of sophistry he may spin out on the subject, in order to delude the very ignorant, differs not by one hair's breadth in essentials from Torquemada or Bishop Bonner, or any other person that ever felt it to be his conscientious duty to burn those who could not believe as they were ordered to do. And let this fact, to the truth of which the melancholy history of persecution, in every page, bears testimony, never escape from our minds, that the private virtues or amiable tempers of the persons who hold such doctrines form no safeguard to those who differ from them in religious opinions. The mild Melancthon thought well of the cruel death of Servetus;—the terrible Duke of Alva had fine feelings, except towards heretics, and could burst into tears at a tale of woe; but that devotion to his religion which made him, a stern warrior, tremble with emotion in the presence of the Roman Pontiff, could petrify within him all human sympathy with those who were not orthodox. Mary of England, "the Bloody Mary," as she has been not unjustly called by posterity, was, where the extirpation of heresy was not concerned, an amiable and virtuous woman, and her Court, under the influence of her example, was the abode of external purity of morals and manners.

We are extremely reluctant to charge Mr. Tweedie, even on the strong evidence against him produced by the *Herald*, with holding the principles of persecution; we would hope almost against hope.

that he rejects these principles and understands the New Testament. At any rate, as the Dublin landlady, out of respect to the Church, had a back door for the Irish Bishops in her disreputable premises, we would leave a back door to Mr. Tweedie through which to escape from this very ugly charge, and we refuse, in the meantime, to find him guilty, as we have not his own words before us—though, in doing so, we may ourselves be charged with shewing an exuberance of Christian charity inconsistent with sound logic. To leave this subject in the meantime, we cannot help thinking that the M'Cries and other persecutors of the day must have been severely punished in their hearts to witness the contempt and disgust with which the community around them regarded their abominable notions—

*Magne pater divum ! sævos punire tyrannos,  
Haud alia ratione velis—cum dira libido,  
Moverit ingenium, ferventi tincta veneno—  
Virtutem ut videant, intabescantque relictâ.*

Mr. Tweedie is, we believe, well-beloved by his congregation, and, according to his own statement at a Non-intrusion meeting, he has received many substantial tokens of their affection; while he, on his part—and he took God to witness this statement—is willing “to spend or be spent for them.” He is what religious ladies call “a dear man,” and we understand that the fair Phœbes, the lovely Lydias, the pretty Priscillas, and the tender Tryphenas and Tryphosas of the South Church have, at sundry times and in divers manners, shewn a most sisterly concern for the comfort and well-being of his earthly tabernacle.\*

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\* So far did some of these ladies overstrain their affection for their pastor, that out of love to him, they wilfully and deliberately, and at much risk to their

This has been the way with devout women in all ages; and many a good pastor have they spoiled with their unreasonable affection and unnecessary attentions, which are calculated silently to sow in the mind of the minister on whom they are bestowed the seeds of that sin by which the angels fell. The melancholy history of the preacher Ambrosio, who was first run away with by the ladies and finally by the devil—as related in a celebrated romance, which has been more censured than it ought to be, seeing that the main moral of it is good, though some of the details are exceptionable—furnishes a striking and pathetic example of the ill effect which the worship of women will work on the mind of the purest and most intellectual of men.

We believe that it will be admitted on all hands that how to deal properly with the female division of the religious public is one of the most trying parts of the pastoral care; and in communicating with women on spiritual subjects, much judgment is required to prevent the natural tendency which female piety has to run into extravagance and frenzy. When women fall in love with anything that is good, they seldom or never can stop short of carrying their passion to an excess. When they turn religious, they must have “assurances,” and “revelations,” and “experiences,” and everything which it is unreasonable to expect. In their inter-

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own immortal interests, got up by subscription a coach, in order to break the Sabbath, and hurl Mr. Tweedie in bad days from Dee Street to the South Church; and all this about the very time that the running of coaches, for really beneficial and useful purposes, was most furiously declaimed against by our evangelical clergy. This mad freak, however, was too much even for the seriousness of the South Church to stand; and this vehicle of piety was, in a short time, discontinued.



course with their female flock, it would be well if their spiritual fathers would imitate the prudence and good sense which St. Gregory (Gregory the Great) displayed in a correspondence which he had with a religious lady. This lady, who was of high rank at Court, having been afflicted with some painful doubts concerning the state of her soul, took pen and ink and wrote a letter to St. Gregory, in which she told him that her mind would never be at ease till he should receive a revelation from heaven that her sins were forgiven her. The Saint, in his reply, stated that her wish was difficult of attainment, and would be unprofitable if it were attained. For his own part, he felt himself not worthy of being honoured with a revelation from heaven; and as for her, an assurance of being forgiven was not suitable for her state,\* assurance being the mother of carelessness; and therefore, as his best advice, he would recommend to her to continue to fear and tremble for her sins, and endeavour to wash them away by daily tears. A saint who would act in this way would, we suspect, run but little risk of being presented by the females of his congregation with what is called "a testimonial," that being the slang term, now-a-days, for pulpit gowns, eight-day clocks, mahogany chairs, patent-lever watches, and such-like articles of furniture.

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\* The sainted Thomas a Kempis has a beautiful story on the subject of Assurance:—Cum quidam anxius inter metum et spem frequenter fluctuaret, et quadam vice mærore confectus, in ecclesia ante quoddam altare se in oratione prostravisset, hæc intra se revolvit dicens, "O si scirem quod adhuc perseveraturus essem!" Statimque audivit divinum intus responsum. "Quid si hoc scires, quid facere velles? Fac nunc quod tunc facere velles et bene securus eris." —*De Imitatione Christi, lib. 1, c. xxv.*

As these sketches of ours are intended to form as well a treatise of ecclesiastical polity as an edifying body of practical divinity, we may here express a general opinion, that it is an improper and undignified thing for a placed minister to hire himself out as private chaplain to any individual whatever. The pastoral care ought to be generally extended over the whole flock, and fish ought not to be made of one communicant and flesh of another. It is very true that, in a large congregation, there may be ladies that may have a fancy to indulge themselves with the luxury of a gospel preacher for their own private edification; but it is no true gallantry to gratify women in all the maggots that they take into their heads, though we admit that it requires a good deal of moral courage, as well as of the grace of God, to resist their insinuating ways. When, however, a minister of a church finds himself assailed by these she-saints, he ought to endeavour, with assistance from above, to tell them plainly to go home and occupy themselves with their household affairs, and devote their hours of idleness to the reading of good books, such as the Holy Scriptures, the Whole Duty of Man—(not that spurious caricature by Venn—a filthy Dutch-leaf imitation of the real original gold—but the true “Whole Duty of Man,” which is said to have been written by a woman, called Lady Dorothy Packington, an honour to her sex)—Mrs. Chaponé’s Letters, Dr. Campbell and Dr. Paley’s Sermons, and so on; and if there is still a surplus of idle time, let it go to the study of the piano or the learning of Italian. If, however, after all admonitions, the love of the clergy should prevail in these women’s minds, let them get a Home Missionary or an unprovided licentiate, or some strolling preacher with a *ministerium vagum* or wandering commission, to divert themselves with, and not

distract a placed minister's attentions from his flock. We merely throw out these hints as parts of a treatise which we intend, on some future occasion, to compile upon the pastoral care, which one of the Fathers thought a subject beset with so many difficulties that he called it the Art of Arts and Science of Sciences.

Mr. Tweedie's action in preaching is somewhat violent, but not inelegant. His manner of ascending the pulpit is very edifying. First, the beadle comes up and enters the pulpit with the Bible, which he takes care to place quite square on the cushion, and then forthwith removes himself. He then retires to what these people call the vestry—but which our fathers knew by the name of the session-house—to usher in Mr. Tweedie. Then the form of Mr. Tweedie is seen issuing from the so-called "vestry," in a fine imposing attitude, with the psalm book in his hand, held elegantly at his breast; and in this frame of body he ascends the stair and enters the pulpit—his whole deportment in this affair forming a very beautiful *Tableau Evangelique*, which few persons can witness without a certain measure of devout feeling. Many ministers are not aware how much they hurt their usefulness by a neglect of the more delicate niceties of a religious deportment, which ought scrupulously to be attended to by Presbyterian clergymen, seeing that we want in our churches the ornaments and other means of appealing to the senses which are to be found in other communions. We have ourselves seen a clergyman attempt to preach a funeral sermon with a coloured pocket handkerchief; we need not add that, as might have been anticipated of such folly, he failed signally in eliciting tears, which seldom or ever can be brought out, except at the motion of white cambric. Who could weep at the most pathetic address, if the preacher were in the middle

of it to blow his nose with a piece of haberdashery on which should be displayed accurate likenesses of our Most Excellent Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and her beloved consort, His Royal Highness Prince Albert? Though the text were taken from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the discourse would, to a dead certainty, fail of its legitimate effect. It is also a gross error to suppose that white silk is half so affecting as cambric. French white does not make the water rise well. Cambric is your true flag of pulpit distress. Many persons will resist the pathos of white silk, but few men of ordinary feeling, and no woman, can stand out against a yard of white cambric at three shillings and fourpence, when coupled with a suitable discourse. To some who do not reflect that this is a world in which appearances are ten times more valuable than realities, as far as obtaining reputation is concerned, it may appear trifling to notice these matters; but without a regular attention to these seemingly small things, no Christian need hope ever to cut any distinguished figure in the eyes of the religious public. We would here offer an advice to our lay brethren. If you wish to create a sensation at a Revival meeting, be sure to come in late, and walk up through the body of the church, keeping your eye steadily and seriously fixed, from the very moment that you enter, on the officiating clergyman. If it be at all a cold evening, or even a cool evening, have your largest-sized comforter about your mouth, which will make you sooner catch the eye of the congregation. Having gone through this exercise ably, you may then rest assured that, when the business is over, some sweet lady will be saying to her no less lovely sister—"Oh, did you see good Mr. — at our meeting? I was so sorry that he came too late to hear the first prayer, for it was delightful."



## THE REV. JOHN MURRAY.

MR. MURRAY, now the much-respected Minister of the North Parish, came to Aberdeen as a candidate for the vacant charge of Trinity Chapel in the year 1816 or 1817. The clergyman who preceded him was a Mr. Kirkland, who came from Dundee, and had been elected minister by the congregation, having, in the contest, beaten the Rev. Daniel Dewar, who was then turning the energies of his mind towards rising in the world, in which he has been so decidedly successful. There was, however, a very powerful and very ill-satisfied body of managers, and Mr. Kirkland never got peace in the chapel, the people with whom he had to deal having been fully as troublesome as they were godly. The faction who adhered to the Rev. Daniel Dewar—now the Very Rev. Daniel Dewar, Principal of Marischal College, and Laird of Overdurdy and Craigallach—involved Mr. Kirkland, who was a peaceable man, in continual litigation, and vexed his meek spirit so sorely that some scrupled not to say that the poor man's heart was broken amongst them. This excellent man's death was much lamented, especially by the women, who said that Mr. Kirkland had the face of an angel—he being a man comely to look upon. Of the disputes in the Church Courts, with which Mr. Kirkland was tormented, we have not sufficient information to enable us to speak with judgment. Amongst the leaders of the disaffected party were, Mr. John Thomson, banker, the late Mr. Robert Troup, grocer, and Mr. William Copland, turner. The two last named gentlemen had the more reason to be offended at not having carried their favourite preacher, as they held themselves to be

the two best judges of ministers then extant. It would have been well if these gentlemen had left behind them a specification of their method of judging ministers, in order that it might have been a guide to congregations, in the present day, in soldering up a pastoral relation upon the shortest notice. One short-hand method of testing a minister's quality is the unction displayed in "the first prayer," but we certainly think it is by no means infallible. Mr. Copland, it is proper to add, was not more celebrated for his "Evangelical views" than he was cunning as a maker of boys' whipping tops, in which art he attained to such pre-eminence, that it was said that one of his tops could have been distinguished by the elegance of its form, and the efficiency of its working, amongst a whole Grammar School Close full, all whirling round at once; and indeed it was usual, in certifying the excellence of a top, to state in one word that it was "a Wallacer," or "a Wallace Nuiker," meaning thereby that it was one of Mr. Copland's manufacture, his work-shop being situated at Wallace Nuik. Many of the ungodly in those days held that Mr. Copland's labours as a top-maker were more beneficial to society than his interferences in Ecclesiastical polity, and that he would have promoted pure religion fully as much by exercising his shining talents as a turner, as he did by displaying his zeal as a placer of ministers.

Mr. Kirkland's heart having been broken, and his body buried within the chapel, a new election of a minister took place, when Mr. Murray, who came from Dundee, where, we believe, he succeeded Mr. Kirkland, was chosen.

Mr. Murray having now got into the Trinity Chapel, showed a great deal more "moral courage," as the learned call it, or, as the vulgar say, "pluck," than the unfortunate Mr. Kirkland had done. Know-

ing what a stiff-necked crew he had to deal with, and warned by the melancholy fate of Mr. Kirkland, that if he did not break their hearts they would break his,—Mr. Murray, like a faithful pastor, very properly fell upon his people and threatened them with the everlasting torments of hell. This is your true plan to get the upper hand of your rebellious congregation. First, shower in your brimstone upon them, to show them what you have in your power, and when you get their hearts to quake, then at your leisure apply your emollients. But it is the true art of good government to begin by showing authority and setting up a wholesome despotism before the people; and considering the rather peculiar corner of the Lord's vineyard in which Mr. Murray was called to labour, he could well excuse any severity which he might use towards his flock, by an application of the language of "Widow Dido,"—

*Res duræ et regni novitas me talia cogunt  
Moliri*————

Mr. Murray soon got a high character for preaching the terrors of the law. He was allowed to be the best denouncer of sinners within the burgh; and those who had a taste for these things heard him gladly; for, as the judicious Selden remarked, two centuries ago, there are people who run after a minister who damns them well, in order that he may save them again. Those also who did not belong to Mr. Murray's congregation applauded the stringent measures which he had adopted, which were considered to be exactly the treatment which the Trinity Chapel congregation stood in need of, and felt much Christian joy in seeing that congregation buffeted for the benefit of their souls.

Even if we were half as well inclined to find fault as we are to commend, we could say but little against the honest Christian character of Mr.

Murray. There was one affair in which he was engaged whilst he was minister of Trinity Chapel, in which his conduct cannot be defended upon any Christian principles;—but who is there that, at one period or another of his life, has not broken some one, at least, of the divine commandments? The history of Mr. Murray's famous profanation of the Sabbath is curious and diverting. When the unfortunate Queen Caroline died, the managers of Trinity Chapel, being adherents of hers, and, as well as the great body of the people belonging to the congregation, esteeming her an ill-used and innocent woman, resolved to hang the lofts of their chapel with black cloth, in testimony of their sorrow. They accordingly got the cloth fitted up in rather a handsome style. In all this, we must say that we consider their conduct to have been not merely justifiable but commendable. Mr. Murray, however, as it would appear, stuck by George IV. —which he was at perfect liberty to do, if he had a taste for such characters—and he took no hand in the decorating of the chapel. It was rather late on Saturday night before the chapel was fully mounted with the blacks; and the managers had gone to their beds with the comfortable thought of the genteel appearance which the chapel would cut next day with its trappings and suits of woe. At a very late hour, however, Mr. Murray, with a faithful attendant, entered the sacred place, and, with nippers, screw-drivers, or such-like tools, proceeded to undo the pious work of the managers; and, having laboured away till after the Lord's-day had come in, succeeded in taking down and carrying off the whole of the black cloth—a fact, we venture to say, unparalleled in the annals of ecclesiastical history—uniting, as it did, the most unprovoked Sabbath-breaking with the most daring sacrilege. Judge what must have been the dismay



of the managers on entering the chapel next day, with well-prepared grief in their countenances, and ready to cast their baleful eyes around the sombre galleries, when, instead of feasting their tearful looks with the beautiful black cloth which, at some expense, they had got up as a becoming outward sign and symbol of their inward woe, they saw before them nothing but the bare naked fir! Some well-informed people have told us, that so handsomely was Queen Caroline used by these worthy managers on this occasion, that they gave her not merely excellent black cloth, but decorated the edges of the same with beautiful white weepers; so that, when they left the chapel at night, it had all the interesting appearance of a young and handsome widow. We venture to say that but little good was got of the devotions of that Lord's-day. This affair, which is the only serious fault that we ever heard of Mr. Murray committing, owing to its strangeness and enormity, created a great deal of talk at the time, and is to this day regularly brought up in conversation whenever the discourse turns upon shocking instances of Sabbath desecration; a crime which, of all others, Mr. Murray himself is in the way of representing as most "God-dishonouring"—that is his word—and one which, he says, more surely than any other, is visited with the displeasure of the Most High. This also is a crime condemned with great severity by those interesting individuals who suffer the last sentence of the law; they generally attributing all their sins to their early disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's-day.\* Owing to the flagrancy of this case, a number of little additions

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\* The famous Peter Young attributed his melancholy end to having taken away some cloth from a church pulpit. (See *Life of Peter Young*, p. 48. Aberdeen, 1840.)

were made, from time to time, to the real facts—one witty and scoffing citizen having been in the way of telling that Mr. Murray was assisted in this “God-dishonouring” work by a brother clergyman, which clergyman was seen almost immediately after the deed with his limbs very accurately invested in a pair of good breeches manufactured out of Queen Caroline’s mourning cloth; but from inquiries which we have made at credible individuals, we are authorised in stating that this story has no foundation in fact; and the case itself being one of a very aggravated character, does not, by any means, stand in need of embellishments from fiction. It is, indeed, the grossest instance of Sabbath profanation on record. No respectable upholsterer in town would have acted in the manner that Mr. Murray did; though we admit that an evangelical upholsterer might probably have taken the risk of sending his unrenewed foreman to such a job.

A short time before Mr. Murray’s removal to the East Church, he became rather impatient of his status as the minister of a chapel of ease, and the Magistrates having then proposed to erect the chapels of ease into parish churches, on condition of having a modified patronage over them, Mr. Murray called together a meeting of his managers and congregation on the subject. He detailed to them the great inconvenience which it was to him to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Minister of St. Clement’s, and the immense advantage which would arise from the church being under the patronage of the Magistrates. The managers and congregation, however, were almost to a man opposed to patronage, as a yoke which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, and expressed their disapprobation of Mr. Murray’s patronage principles, by hissing, hooting, calling of names, and all manner of disturbance.

Evangelical ministers, however, do not care a straw for the voice of the people, or any other voice, when it does not chime in with their own; and Mr. Murray, instead of giving up his design of bringing his people under the yoke, threatened them with what they might expect in the other world if they did not go into his proposals; and as a foretaste of their lasting punishment, told them that their opposition to his views would be a thorn in their dying pillows. The congregation, however, regardless of this thorn, continued their hissing and hooting, and calling of names, and wanted to get a new Chairman; on which Mr. Murray got quite riotous, and told them that he would allow of nothing of the kind, and that they had no power to have any Chairman but himself. This was certainly the most barefaced contempt of the rights of the Christian people, the "blood-bought privileges," and all these sorts of things spoken of at Non-intrusion meetings, that we ever heard of. Mr. Murray's speeches on this occasion were allowed to be worthy of either Rehoboam, or Coriolanus, or any other noted despiser of the mind of the people that we read of in history. This meeting broke up by adjournment, and soon after Mr. Murray was translated to another and a better place, by being selected by the Town Council as colleague to the late amiable and truly excellent Dr. Ross, in the East Church, in the room of Mr. Doig. We understand that his call was not altogether harmonious—the people preferring Mr. Foote—but, however that may be, Mr. Murray got the charge, and faithfully performed its duties, till, on the breaking up of the collegiate charges, and the erection of new parishes, he was appointed minister of the North Church.

All our ministers, now-a-days, are evangelical; but Mr. Murray was evangelical at a time when

there was not much of that kind of doctrine to be had in the town. He was one of the first who introduced into Aberdeen the practice of preaching without a paper, a practice which has done much to lower the character of pulpit ministrations\*—as preaching is sometimes called—and is highly admired by the evangelical and ignorant portion of the community—so much so, that we have heard of a serious man who would not allow his own parish minister to baptize his child because he had the ungodliness to use written sermons.

Mr. Murray's discourses are elegant neither in matter nor manner; but they are plain—as far as evangelical preaching can be plain—earnest, and what Samuel Rutherford would have called “affectionate.” Some who have sat long under his ministry have told us, that his preaching becomes very agreeable upon long acquaintance; and we can well believe this, and would account for it by this fact, that Mr. Murray's sermons and speeches have the glorious merit of being utterly free from the least taint of affectation, and this is a virtue in a man's intellectual character, like Christian charity in his moral, sufficient to cover errors numerous as the sand of the sea. No man that ever heard Mr. Murray doing off either a sermon or a speech could, for a single instant, imagine that he had got up any part of his discourse for the sake of theatrical effect, or had studied any part of his action before a looking-glass.

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\* Extempore preaching has been recommended by no less an authority than Fenelon; and it is perfectly true that if our preachers were Fenelons, or Bossuets, or Massillons, that way is in itself preferable to preaching from a manuscript; but as they are, we will get a better discourse from them when they stick to their paper, than when they trust themselves to the inspiration of their own genius.



The most striking faults in Mr. Murray's discourses are those which are to be found in evangelical ministers in general. We have often noticed the singularly bad selection which clergymen of this class in general make of Scriptural language; and Mr. Murray, from what appears to us to be a want of taste, is, we think, more abundant than happy in his application of Scripture phrases. Want of what unregenerated people call taste is indeed characteristic both of evangelical preachers and hearers. We know perfectly well that an objection of this kind will be treated with scorn by those against whom it is made; but it is right to state a general fact, more especially as the cultivation of a sound taste is no where forbidden in Scripture. In the Bible, and in our authorised English version, there are scattered, in inexhaustible profusion, thoughts and images of the most beautiful description, conveyed in Saxon language worthy of the thoughts. Any man who would study great writing, and did not lay the foundation of all his study deep in the Scriptures—we of course speak of them here as a mere literary treasure, and without reference to their irresistible claims on the attention of men as immortal beings—in the Scriptures and in Shakspeare, would utterly miss the object of his pursuit, if, neglecting these golden treasures, he were to spend a life-time in ransacking all other works of renown in the world. But in the Scriptures are to be met with, here and there, strong eastern figures, and modes of expression which cannot be made palatable to a taste formed according to modern notions of refinement. To lay hold of these seems to be the great aim of most evangelical preachers, and Mr. Murray among the rest, and to mix them up with the most offensive expressions to be gathered out of the Presbyterian divinity of the seventeenth century. When Mr.

Murray speaks of people who, in the beautiful language of the prophet, "weary themselves to commit iniquity," he says, that they "draw iniquity with a cart rope"—when he talks of Sabbath-breakers and such like daring offenders, he would say, that "they rush against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler;" and so on. The Rev. Isaac Harris of St. Paul's says, that listening to the word is like "the fat of rams."

The least edifying part of our Presbyterian worship, as at present conducted, is the praying—which, contrary to the implied injunction of the Saviour, occupies a good deal of time. In the prayers of almost all our present ministers there is an uncommon want of the gravity, humility, and reverence which ought to be the characteristics of this part of public worship. No better service could be done to our church than the compiling of a form of prayer, to be read from a printed book; but it is more to be wished than expected that such a thing would be sanctioned by the clergy. One of the advantages which cannot be denied to belong to the practice of extempore praying is, that it enables the minister to make special applications to the occasion on which the prayer may be delivered. We have often, however, noticed how this advantage is flung away by our ministers. Whether Mr. Murray delivers a prayer at the opening of a Circuit Court, or a Non-intrusion Meeting, or at the election of a Town Council, it is much the same, with the exception perhaps of a single sentence. The late Dr. Thomson of St. Clements used to avail himself, with much effect, of the privilege arising from extempore praying. On an election of the Magistrates, at which it was his turn to officiate, we recollect of him delivering a prayer, bearing in every sentence an application to the duties of rulers, and citizens, and reference to the

interests and prosperity of a commercial city, and all so well spiritualised and mixed up with religious feeling, that the most scrupulous could not have detected any debasement in the handling of these points.

Mr. Murray is a most zealous advocate for what he considers to be the Christian observance of the Sabbath. We shall handle this subject at more length when we come to notice the Rev. David Simpson. Mr. Murray considers the breaking of the Lord's-day to be one of the most enormous crimes which it is possible to commit. We have already mentioned the terms which he applies to this sin, in our account of the affair of Queen Caroline's black cloth. The knowledge of having at one period of our lives indulged in any sin, ought to make us the more eloquent and fiery in denouncing it ever afterwards. Christians cannot inveigh too much against the special sin in the meshes of which they have themselves been entangled. Thus, many of the holy fathers waxed the more warm in the praise of chastity, because it was a virtue that they could lay no claim to themselves; St. Jerome confessing that this was the very reason that made him admire it so much.

Amongst the objects of Mr. Murray's most cordial and unqualified abuse is the Church of Rome, against the errors of which he has many a time lifted up the voice of indignation. It is impossible, however, to congratulate our present evangelical clergy on their mode of attacking the Church of Rome or of defending their own. In the first place, it appears to be believed that any body, learned or unlearned, any spouter of fanaticism, any tramping adventurer, or any home missionary, is perfectly qualified to confute the Roman Catholic religion, and establish the soundness of the Protestant faith, by reading the worst books on the Protestant side, and dispensing with reading the replies of the

**Romanists.** Now, as a great and good Protestant observes, with his usual wisdom, "Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; many, from the ignorance of these maximes, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle."\* Nothing is more common with Mr. Murray and other Protestant controvertists, than, in opposing the doctrine of Transubstantiation, to leave the field of Scripture, where alone the battle ought to be fought, and take up the weapons of the Socinian and the Infidel. Thus, they denounce Transubstantiation to be absurd, monstrous, and ridiculous, and therefore, according to their reasoning, not true, being the very arguments of the Infidel against the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement;† and then whenever the Socinian or the Infidel attacks the doctrine of the Trinity or the Incarnation, they are obliged to borrow the very armour which the Catholics used in defence of their Transubstantiation, and call upon the Roman Church to come to

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\* *Religio Medici*, p. 10. Lon. 1668.

† The Roman Catholic writers have, of course, not failed to lay hold of this fatal error of the weaker class of Protestant controvertists, "Il y a bien de lieu de s'etonner," says M. Simon, "que des gens qui reconnaissent les mysteres de la Trinite et de l'Incarnation refusent de reconnaitre la presence reele, et la Transubstantiation puisqu'on peut former de plus grands difficultés contre les premiers que contre le dernier, si l'on veut suivre les sens et la raison seulement."—*Lettres Choisies*, p. 42.



the rescue. Jeremy Taylor saw this error well :—  
“ And although they (the Roman Catholics) have done violence to all philosophy and the reason of man, and undone and cancelled the principles of two or three sciences to bring in this article, yet they have a divine revelation, whose literal and grammatical sense, if that sense were intended, would warrant them to do violence to all the sciences in the circle. And, indeed, that Transubstantiation is openly and violently against natural reason, is no argument to make them disbelieve it, who believe the mystery of the Trinity in all those niceties of explication which are in the school, (and which now-a-days pass for the doctrine of the Church,) with as much violence to the principles of natural and supernatural philosophy as can be imagined to be in the point of Transubstantiation.”  
The late Dr. Kidd’s principal mode of confuting Transubstantiation was by assailing it, on the ground of its absurdity, with the coarsest ridicule ; but this might be allowed to him, to whom all mysteries were plain ; who could tell you the very year when the millenium was to begin, and the world was to end ; and whereabouts in India the body of the Saviour was to appear in the air, so as to be visible to all the inhabitants of the earth ; together with a number of other things which appeared to be specially revealed to himself.

The tactics followed by our present evangelical clergymen in their warfare with the Church of Rome, appear to be to assail her on those parts where she is most strongly entrenched. Such is the infatuation on this point that nothing is more common than to see our clergymen fling away the very substance of Christianity, in order to set themselves more directly against the Church of Rome. Nothing is more common than to hear them treating the Virgin Mary as if she had been no better

than another woman, in express contradiction to texts, than which there are no texts more plain, clear, and convincing, in the whole Scriptures. This was not the way that Jeremy Taylor did;—whenever we wish for an authority on real Protestantism, we go to Jeremy Taylor:—“Bring in succour,” he says, “from consideration of the Divine Presence and of his holy angels, meditation of death and the passions of Christ upon the cross, imitation of his purities and of the Virgin Mary, his unspotted and holy mother, and of such eminent saints who, in their generation, were burning and shining lights, unmingled with such uncleannesses which defile the soul, and who now follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes.” In another passage of his *Holy Living and Dying*, this great ornament of the Protestant Church, resting his opinion on the Word of God, says, what we daresay Mr. Murray would reckon damnable Popery—“It is ambitious hope for persons whose diligence is like them that are least in the kingdom of heaven, to believe themselves endeared to God as the greatest saints; or that they shall have a throne equal to St. Paul or the blessed Virgin Mary.” The late Dr. Kidd used to ask contemptuously—“What better the Virgin Mary was than his mother?” The most universally-learned and accomplished of all philosophers—the illustrious Bacon—whose Protestantism is unchallengeable, did not fear, in his written Confession of Faith, to declare that “the blessed Virgin Mary may be truly and catholically called Deipara, the Mother of God,”\* which shows how differently the blessed Virgin’s rank appeared to his mind from what it did to Dr. Kidd’s, and how tastes differ.

But not only do our modern evangelical clergy-

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\* Bacon’s Works, II.—485. Edit. London, 1824.

men not hesitate coolly to set aside the authority of Scripture when it does not suit their purposes, but the very natural feelings of mankind must not stand in the way of their strange notions.

We have ourselves heard a clergyman in a church in Aberdeen, declaring, in the most heartless terms, and to the great disgust of all the well-instructed Protestants who heard him on the occasion, that a crucifix is to be viewed with no more reverence than a piece of wood or brass in any other form. Now what are such people doing but setting up their own brutal feelings as the test of pure religion? And, however they may delude their own hearts, the truth is, that they are not warring against Popery, but against the natural feelings of mankind, and doing what they can to enlist all noble, and generous, and religious sentiment on the side of their opponents. The man who can at any time look on a representation of the dying Saviour, be that representation ever so exquisitely or ever so rudely carved, without feelings of religious emotion, may indeed be an excellent theological machine, and skilled in mere wrangling about theoretical doctrines; but he may rest assured that one particle of the love of the Saviour, however much it may be upon his lips, has no place whatever in his heart.\*

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\* Sir Thomas Browne is excessively beautiful on the respect due to images of sacred things, and to the Virgin Mary:—"I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the memory of a saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix, I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I could never hear the *Arc-Marie* bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I

We have briefly noticed some of the unscriptural errors into which the opponents of the Church of Rome, in the present day, are apt to fall, from want of judgment and learning—errors which are the more to be regretted, considering that that Church is deeply skilled in taking advantage of every weakness in her opponents, and has many arts to gain friends to her cause.

In all ages of Christianity, men of warm imaginations and of cultivated taste have felt the powerful allurements of the Romish Church. Her enchantments appeal at once to the senses, the imagination, and the natural heart of man. Her gorgeous ceremonies have made thousands converts to her mysterious doctrines. Her prayers for the dead—her over-stretched honouring of the blessed Virgin, which, as Madame de Stael, the most accomplished of all female writers, beautifully remarks, is connected with all that is most refined in the affection that is felt for woman, and which, it will be admitted, is the most amiable of all superstitions—her invocation of the Saints—her respect for the images and pictures of sacred things—would never have grown into such inveterate abuses, if they had not had their origin and foundation in kindly feelings, which are natural to the human heart; and while we carefully avoid the errors into which she has fallen on these points, we should endeavour not to run, as some have done, into the opposite extreme, and, in order to get rid of a warm superstition, fall into a cold and heartless irreligion. The numerous allurements of the Church of Rome have seduced into her bosom opponents of the highest rank of intellect. She overruled the learning of

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offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own."—*Religio Medici*, p. 5.



Gibbon, entrapped the exquisitely subtle intellect of Bayle, and, in our own day, won over and secured for zealous service the universal attainments of Schlegel. The errors, as well as the truths, which this Church has taught, have been maintained with all the powers of learning and genius, with the most winning eloquence and the most subtle reasoning. Painters and Sculptors, Poets and Musicians, have brought the undying triumphs of their arts, and laid them at her feet, and consecrated them to her honour. Well has she understood how to extend her gigantic power, by every means which can work on the minds of men and bring them into subjection. She has been the mother of art, the nurse of learning,\* and the patroness of that chivalrous spirit which has refined modern times to a degree, compared with which the boasted civilization of ancient Greece was the rudest barbarism.† Now, to defend Protestantism

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\* We once heard the Rev. Gavin Parker handling the conduct of the Church of Rome—we think it was at a Protestant Reformation Society meeting, we are sure that it was in Trinity Chapel, and that the attendance on the occasion was, to use an American phrase, “cruel small,”—and one of the grounds on which he abused her, was, that she “discouraged literature.” It would be well worth ascertaining, if it could be ascertained, what idea Mr. Parker attaches to the word “literature.” We shall have something to say about his “literature” when we come to him, and his most extraordinary Preface to Durham’s Exposition of the Song of Solomon.

† The historical associations connected with the Church of Rome are enumerated with great eloquence in the following passage from a Protestant writer (Mr. Martineau):—“No instructed man can deny that the Roman Catholic Church presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history. The very arguments which are employed against its rites remind

against the imposing power and the insinuating arts of such a Church as this, something more is necessary than an undisciplined spirit of hostility to Popery.

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us of the mighty part which it has played on the theatre of the world. For when we say that the ceremonies of its worship, the decorations of its altars, and the evolutions of its priests, are conceived in the spirit of heathenism, how can we forget that it was once the witness of ancient Paganism, the victor of its decrepit superstitions, the rival yet imitator of its mythology? When we ask the use of the lights that burn during the mass, how can we fail to think of the secret worship of the early Christians, assembled at dead of night in some vault beyond the eye of observation? When we wonder at the pantomimic character of its services, its long passages of gesticulation, are we not carried back to the time when the quick ear of the informer and persecutor lurked near, and devotion, finding words an unsafe vehicle of thought, invented the symbolical language which could be read only by the initiated eye? Long and far was this Church the sole vehicle of Christianity, that bare it on over the storms of ages and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philosophy of the East, and gave some sobriety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North, and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain from which all modern history flows, and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of Art, and liberally gave its traditions into the young hands of Colour and Design. Traces of its labours and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has consecrated the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian as well as a classic renown. If in Italy and Spain it has dictated the decrees of tyranny, the mountains of Switzerland have heard its vespers mingling with the cry of liberty, and its requiem sung over patriot graves. The convulsions of Asiatic history

Every fanatical preacher who can talk about "the Headship," or cut a figure at a Revival Meeting, is not to be trusted in a contest with the well-equipped champions of the lady that sits on the seven hills. Almost all that our Protestant wranglers in the present day do, is to disgust people of feeling and taste with caricatures of the Protestant religion. In our time, we have not heard a single speech by any of our clergymen against the Roman Catholic Religion, which, by ignorance and bad management, did not tell in favour of the Whore of Babylon, with the single exception of an attack made on her by the Rev. Dr. Forbes, at a Synod Meeting in 1835. On this occasion alone, in our memory, was she assailed, with great power and effect, on a side on which she feels particularly sensitive.

Mr. Murray is, by almost universal consent, allowed to be a single-minded, upright, and straightforward man, doggedly attached to his own opinions, and zealous in furthering, by every sort of means, any object that appears to him to be good. In forwarding any measure in the Church which he conceives to be for the interest of our Zion and the salvation of souls, Mr. Murray, though perhaps in a less degree than his friend, Mr. Abercrombie Gordon, seems to prefer accomplishing his object in the most irregular manner to doing it with order and decency, and to think that the glory of God is most effectually promoted by lawless and

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have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent or the stir of population, the names of Jesus and of Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples."

unconstitutional means. We venture, however, to say, that there are not above half-a-dozen men of so fair a character (taking him for all in all) as Mr. Murray amongst all the evangelical ministers in the Church. He is good-hearted, and by habit good-tempered; though when he has a good object in view, and is opposed by the sons of Zeruah, he feels it his duty to act in a violent and despotic manner, as he did when he wished to bring his congregation under the yoke of patronage. In the course of his career he has been both a champion and an opponent of patronage—a friend and a foe to the Veto—a Sabbath-breaker and an advocate for the puritanical observance of the Lord's-day; but we will give him the credit to believe that he never at any time felt a doubt that his opinions, for the time being, were perfectly sound. There is not a shallower notion in the world than that inconsistency is a sign or a result of dishonesty. Nothing is more common than to find honest men zealous and confident in the truth of their opinions, and yet shifting them every day. These people may probably think that they can never fairly be charged with inconsistency, so long as they hold unwaveringly to this principle, that however often they may shift sides, their relative position with regard to their opponents never alters; that is, they themselves are eternally in the right, and all who differ from them eternally in the wrong.

Mr. Murray, being a man of simple and unaffected manners and character, is well beloved by his people and by a large circle of acquaintances. In his walk and conversation, there appears to be not one particle of quackery, affectation, or pretence, and very much that is highly commendable, though, of course, mixed up with a decent share of the frailties of humanity. One might with good reason mistrust Mr. Murray's head, but not his heart. A



statement of facts falling under his own observation from Mr. Murray, would be received without hesitation by any one at all acquainted with him, as authentic, unperverted, and uncoloured; and when we say this we pay a compliment to an evangelical clergyman.\* Considering, however, how easily Mr. Murray would be deceived in judging of others, no person of much shrewdness would be inclined to receive without qualification a certificate from him regarding another man's piety. If Mr. Murray had been alive in the days of the Apostles, we do not doubt that Judas Iscariot would have had the art to have made a most favourable impression on him; and we venture to say that he holds Mr. Colquhoun of Killermont, Mr. Michael Crotty, or Mr. Cunningham of Edinburgh, to be fully as good as the Virgin Mary, or any of the most eminent saints.

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In alluding to Mr. Murray's terrific discourses to his Trinity Chapel congregation, we forgot to mention in its right place, that one of the figures which, as we have heard, he made use of to impress his hearers with a lively notion of the torments of the other world, was certainly exceedingly happy. He, as we have been told, assured his congregation that, when they would be lying in that place, the very greatest man amongst them would be rejoiced if the poorest beggar in heaven would spit down

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\* We believe that the false votes which have been given in the General Assembly, by one person answering for another when absent, have been always given in favour of the evangelical side,—“To the pure all things are pure,”

upon him.\* We understand that it is perfectly authentic that Mr. Murray, about that time, was one day waited upon by an English mercantile traveller, who solicited an order for brimstone. Mr. Murray, who saw that his visitor had been imposed on by a wag, received him with great good humour—merely remarking, that a joke had been played off on him.

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\* As a contrast to this admirable description, the reader will allow us to give the very fine illustration of the joys of heaven by St. Augustine :—“*Tanta est dulcedo cælestis gaudii, ut si una guttula difflueret in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni absorberet.*”

## THE REV. DAVID SIMPSON.

THOUGH we have not yet got through "the legal ministers," as that most excellent clergyman and worthy gentleman, Mr. John Leslie of Fintray, very properly calls those of our clergymen who are recognised by the civil courts, we see no harm in taking up the pastor of one of the *quoad sacra* parishes in the meantime. Formerly it was to the *quoad sacra* parishes that you had to look for the fanaticism of the Establishment—the ministers of those places of worship living under the bondage of the Voluntary system. Now, we must confess, with shame and sorrow, that the distinction which formerly existed between the character of the ministers of the Establishment and that of the Voluntaries has scarcely any existence in our towns. We have struck up unions with all kinds of fanatics; we have admitted the chapel of ease ministers into our Church Courts without the permission of the State; and we have taken back the anti-patronage people, of whom, about a century before, we had got clear, so much to our credit and advantage—

Instamus tamen immemores, cæcique furore,  
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.

The crown is fallen from our heads; our town's ministers are now scarcely distinguishable from the Voluntary preachers in doctrine or learning;\* and

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\* Formerly you would have not merely distinguished by the look your Voluntary minister from your Established; but an eye practised in ecclesiastical matters would have discerned between your *quoad sacra* man and your "legal" clergyman. Now-a-days, in our cities, all these classes are exceedingly alike, and it is difficult

this, be it recollected, not because the *quoad sacras* and the Voluntaries have risen to the standard of the Establishment, but because the Establishment, which produced Dr. Campbell, and was likely to produce successors worthy of him, has, to its great misfortune and deep disgrace, by the senselessness and folly of persons within her own bosom—who were tired of peace and hated learning and sense, and longed for the excitement of hypocrisy, and revivals, and all sort of mischief—been brought down to the level of the Burghers and Anti-burghers, Old Lights and New Lights, Independents, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others, who have to make their bread by caricaturing Christianity.

The unspeakable advantage which an Establishment of religion, in its own nature, has over the Voluntary system can scarcely be practically seen at present in our cities. The grand argument for an Establishment, and the one that men of plain

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to distinguish any of them from that class of gentlemen who are licensed to go through the country selling bad pencils for good, brass rings for rings of virgin gold, and cut crystal for diamonds of Golconda. One general feature which has been often noticed about evangelical people, is a deceitful twinkling which most of them have about their eyes; others of them do not wear their noses fairly in the middle of their faces like other Christians; others have a murderous gloom about their eye-brows; while many of them have a smoothness of face and address, through which, however, the judicious will track "the trail of the serpent." Then you have a set of them who have a thief-like walk in the streets; while not a few of them have a general expression of impudence in their whole air; and almost all evangelical people are shockingly impudent and fit for anything. To some it may appear trifling to notice these things, but we consider such observations valuable as guides to the unwary.



practical good sense lay most stress on, namely, that it is a good means of checking fanaticism, can hardly be pleaded with effect when we look to the present state of religion in our city churches. Our Evangelical ministers are as foolish as the Evangelical Dissenters, and that, too, without the very powerful and affecting excuse which your Voluntary preacher can always plead—and we have no doubt frequently does plead in the court of his own conscience—the *argumentum ad crumenam*—which the most celestial of religious people now-a-days have so much difficulty in resisting. In our Establishment, a minister is left at liberty to preach the religion of Jesus to his flock, whether they will hear or forbear, and if he is a man actuated by high Christian principles, he will preach that religion, though, by so preaching, he should preach the half of his congregation out at the door—looking for his reward, not in the applause and admiration of the fanatical and hypocritical, but in the rich blessing of Him who has nowhere said that the attendance of a mob in a church is a proof that the minister of that church is preaching the truth, but who has certainly declared that wherever two or three are met together in His name, there He will be in the midst of them. But hard is the fate of your Voluntary preacher; he must preach to the ignorance of his flock; he must fool them to the top of their bent; he must blow up the flame of their fanaticism; he must pour into them more and more of the excitement of Evangelicism, which Dr. Southey so happily compares to dram-drinking. He must do this or starve. And as it is true of dram-drinking, that the more and more that a man indulges in it, the more and more does he crave the vicious stimulant, till he can no longer relish the pure and healthful water springs which God designed for the ordinary drink of man—though he

certainly never forbade him the moderate and Christian use of any of his liquid blessings—so it is as true, that the more and more that a man fills his brains with the vapours of fashionable preaching, the more and more does he become insensible to the beauty and purity of Christianity, till at last he comes actually to loathe its amiable and heavenly character. What, then, must be the slavery of the man who cannot make his bread but by ministering to minds in this state of disease? And such is the condition of your Voluntary preacher.

The Voluntary system is a pretty enough thing in theory, and good enough to make speeches to ignorant people about. Besides this, the arguments which are brought from Scripture to show that there ought to be establishments of religion, are, in truth, worth very little. But what are the practical effects of the two systems on their adherents? We fearlessly leave to men of the world to answer the following questions:—Is it in the Establishment, or among the Voluntaries, that you meet with the larger quantity of sober religious feeling, unaffected morality, genuine Christian liberality and tolerant principles and practice? Is it in the Establishment, or among the Voluntaries, that you meet with the larger quantity of ignorance, snivelling fanaticism, hypocrisy, cant, inquisitorial tyranny, and the dark spirit of persecution—the larger quantity of worldliness, greed, ambition, malice, and wickedness? We fearlessly assert that, as Christians and as citizens, privately and publicly, the superiority of the adherents of the Establishment over those of the Voluntary system is marked and notorious; and this fact has not escaped the notice of infidels who were indifferent to the merits of either system. Nay, more—and this is an argument which the Voluntaries can never refute, and which alone is worth a thousand times over all the tiresome

volumes that have been written in favour of Establishments—let any one, acquainted with the congregations of the Establishment, just thrust his nose into the conventicles of the Non-established, and he will instantly see the great moral and intellectual inferiority of the Voluntaries admirably painted by the skilful hand of nature in their very faces. This is a criterion of character that seldom or never deceives; for God, as somebody or other well and wisely remarked, is not in the way of hanging out false colours; and all mankind, whether they will admit or reject the theory, are compelled to be practical believers in the great truths of physiognomy, and seldom or never have cause to repent having acted on the belief. So much on the subject of Voluntaryism.\*

Mr. DAVID SIMPSON, who, we believe, came from some place of worship at Burghead, became a candidate for Trinity Chapel in the year 1824. His opponent was the late lamented Mr. William Leith, afterwards the idol of the South Church, who, according to an affectionate biographer in *Smith's Aberdeen Magazine*, illustrated doctrinal points "in a way that you would not have before thought of." Notwithstanding all his originality in the illustrating of doctrinal points, and his really excel-

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\* Nobody will surely be stupid enough to suppose that we mean, that because a church is not in the Establishment, it must possess the character which we here give as, taking them all in all, distinctive of unestablished churches. We make this remark, because at another time it may lie in our way to speak of the congregation attending St. Paul's Chapel in the Gallowgate—a body for whom we have the highest respect, and who, in every thing desirable in a Christian congregation, are, we believe, not surpassed by any religious community on the face of the earth.

lent personal character, as well as his respectable acquirements, Mr. Leith was outvoted on the occasion, and Mr. Simpson was elected, according to the established regulation in popular elections, that the most meanly-gifted man carries the day. Mr. Leith afterwards became minister of the South Church on the death of Mr. Bryce, to whom he had acted as assistant. He only lived, however, to fill that situation for about four or five years. His many virtues did not save him from having poetry made upon his lamented death. A person of the name of Hermann had the inhumanity to write a sonnet—the most abominable of all kinds of poetry—upon him in the *Aberdeen Magazine*, and compared Mr. Leith's soul to a swallow "in a way that you would not have before thought of." The person who then called himself Hermann is, we understand, the young gentleman who would lately have been made Professor of Humanity in one of our Universities, had he been content to sign the Confession of Faith, without indulging in a bad habit of making foolish speeches, with which he, in common with too many in the present day, is unfortunately afflicted.

Mr. Simpson, as we understand, has contrived to live with his managers in more harmony than his predecessors had done. He is universally considered to be a sincere and honest spiritual teacher—zealous, active, and indefatigable, though filled with the most strange and perverted notions of the nature of Christianity. It is readily allowed, notwithstanding all his wrong-headedness, and his many queer notions on religious subjects, that, in all that he says and does, Mr. Simpson means well.

The sensible part of the community will not form a high idea of Mr. Simpson's judgment from the fact that he is a ring-leader among the tee-totallers who infest this town. Mr. Simpson was one of the first who introduced in this quarter the fashion of



refusing a glass of wine at a funeral. We have heard it said, that he has not been uniformly consistent in this matter, and that for some time he refused, then accepted, and now again declines his glass at a burial. So rigidly, indeed, does he adhere to his total-abstaining principles, that, after an entertainment which he gave to some of his more genteel hearers—which entertainment, as far as the eating department went, was most sumptuous—an excellent lady of our acquaintance complained that she could get nothing to drink, “not even,” as she pathetically added, “a glass of water.” This shows that Mr. Simpson is none of those pretended tee-totallers who privately bolt their two imperial gills of brandy per diem. We deeply regret to say that there is such a class of abstainers; for a most respectable hotel-keeper in this city assured us, on his honour, that some of these drunken tee-totallers are, to his certain knowledge—though, as he very properly added, “ale-sellers should not be tale-tellers”—the most terrible fellows for brandy that he ever came in contact with in the course of his professional avocations; and he told us that, after some of them had held a meeting of the Society, with Mr. George Maitland, the President, in the chair, during which nothing stronger was going than ginger beer and a most infamous liquor, derisively called, on account of its weakness, “Sampson,” four individual abstainers came back upon him after the breaking-up of the regular company, and consumed to their own cheeks two and twenty shillings and sixpence worth of brandy punch, which, at one shilling and sixpence per gill—which, alas! is what we are charged—amounts to the quantity of nearly four gills to each individual tee-totaller.

There is, it will be admitted, something very “vulgar” and ungenteel in being a tee-totaller,

though it is certainly not easy to define what feeling it is that makes us attach the idea of there being something morally discreditable about people who engage not to taste any thing stronger than ginger beer. We see at one glance what are the sound reasons why we reprobate a drunkard, but why most good people cannot readily love the man who will not taste of inebriating liquor is not so easily ascertained, though the fact itself is certain. Is it because we look on him as a wily cold-blooded person, who will not trust himself over a glass, or as an unintellectual creature who cannot relish the pleasure of moderate christian drinking ; or as one incapable of friendship—because, by experience we know that it is not easy to be in terms of close friendship with a man with whom we have not drunk ; and because most people cannot look on any contract of friendship as binding, until it has been sanctified by a libation. These considerations have no doubt their weight, but the great cause of the aversion to tee-totallers in the minds of so many respectable people, arises from the circumstance that total abstinence, from some cause or another, has its adherents mainly among people who are mad enough without drink. Therefore it comes to this, that whenever we hear of a man being a tee-totaller, we set him down as not altogether in his senses—we cannot conceive him to be a man sound in head and heart ; it is utterly impossible to think that he could be a great man. And in practice, we find that we cannot get one out of five hundred tee-totallers who has not some “want” or another about him, or who can speak good common sense. They are, taking them all in all, a wild unsettled scatter-brained generation, made up in a great measure of Voluntaries, Chartists, and other enemies to our glorious Constitution in Church and State, headed by home missionaries and other

enthusiastics—and Sabbath school teachers, lay-preachers, and other designing individuals who ought to be narrowly looked after. They, almost all of them, behave themselves over the barbarous liquids, which they have invented for the destruction of the public stomach, as injudiciously as other people do when they foolishly take too much good drink. You will get tee-totallers among the mad ministers who are pulling down the Church of Scotland and breaking the laws of the land, but you will get none amongst the Moderates, who are doing what they can to maintain her integrity, and who, we trust, will yet be the honoured instruments of her salvation—most of these Moderates readily taking their sober tumbler of punch, knowing it to be—as was justly observed by the Newgate ordinary, in Fielding's glorious history of Jonathan Wild—"a liquor no where spoken ill of in Scripture." At their meetings, these tee-totallers contend with each other with a degree of ferocity unknown in the assemblies of men who have been humanized by the moderate drinking of toddy. Upon the least difference arising about the management of their funds—which, God knows, might be easily enough managed—they call each other "liars," and every thing but gentlemen—as Mr. Troup of the *Banner* can testify—and then they lay the blame of all such outrageous conduct on "the carnal man," as if that were an excuse that could be sustained in genteel company. You could not sit an evening with one of these total abstainers, but he would deliver himself of some monstrous folly, of which a punch drinker would be quite ashamed. A great many of them indeed are Evangelicals, and the rest Chartists. Then there are some things in which the uncultivated nature of these tee-totallers is displayed in the most revolting manner. What a shock it is to the feelings

of any man who has any respect for the female character, to hear of a woman joining the tee-totallers, and getting a ticket with her name upon it, to shew that she is not a drunkard; and what sort of men must they be, who could advise women so far to lay aside the modesty that becomes their sex, as to join any such associations? In spite of all that could be said to the contrary, the feeling amongst judicious men would be, that that woman was a drunkard at heart; or at any rate the feeling must be, that the purity of her mind could not be materially cultivated by going to meetings to hear disgusting stories, illustrative of the bad effects of drunkenness. We appeal to all men who have any reverence for the character of women, whether the witchery of female beauty would not, to a terrible degree, lose its power over the feelings, if they discovered that the possessor of that beauty had joined the total-abstinence society, and had got her ticket from the committee. We have not language nor heart to speak of these beasts in the shape of women, whom we read of in the newspapers, trailing through the dirty streets of towns in England in public tee-total processions; but we appeal again to all men who regard female delicacy as the loveliest thing in the female character, whether there be not something repulsive in the very idea of a female tee-totaller, and whether they could conceive her to be an amiable woman. The best that could be said of her would be, that she was a woman who wished to set a good example before the public; but, in the eyes of their more refined admirers, even this detracts from the true character of woman, whose great glory ought to be, to live unknown to and unknown by the public—to shine in the safe obscurity of her own domestic circle—to set no examples if she can help it, but before those of her own household—and to be con-



pected with no societies whatever, however laudable, except the society of her own family.

But Mr. Simpson has worse delusions than this. He is one of the pretty numerous class whose opinions on the nature of Sunday, if carried into effect, would pervert the observance of the Lord's-day from being one of the greatest blessings to mankind into one of the greatest curses. We believe we do not do him injustice in saying that he holds walking in the fields on Sunday, as practised by our Lord and his disciples, to be sinful—yet surely we did not need the positive example of our Saviour to teach us that this was in accordance with the enlightened spirit of his religion ; for the duty of preserving our health, on which soundness in religious matters so greatly depends, is certainly in itself more christian than the duty of hearing sermons, however exciting these sermons might be ; and ministers who knew their duty, and were determined fearlessly to act up to it, would earnestly persuade those of their congregations whose employments prevent them during the week from breathing the free air of heaven, and refreshing their hearts with the sight of Nature's

“ Purest of crystal and brightest of green,”

to embrace the opportunity that the blessed Sunday affords them to shake off the seeds of disease and of melancholy from their constitutions. The origin of the great earnestness with which, of all the other inventions of priestcraft, the clergy urge the puritanical and unchristian treatment of the Lord's-day, is indeed exceedingly suspicious, and suggests the most unfavourable notions of their character. It may be, that a melancholy and unhealthy constitution of body, arising from indigestion, may induce some creatures to think that true godliness consists in misery and ill-nature—and that, notwithstanding

the direct evidence to the contrary in the Scriptures, the Lord's-day was really intended for a day of confinement once a-week for religious people ; but still there are many little circumstances and many expressions which fall from their own mouths, which lead us to think that this is not the true source of the zeal which the clergy show for the observance of Sir Andrew Agnew's Sabbaths. Is it not the truth, that the opposers of healthful recreation on the Sabbath, out of an inordinate and laughable conceit of their own greatness and glory—poor creatures!—and of the vast importance of what falls from their own lips, are fully persuaded that a Christian is a thousand times better employed in listening to one of their so-called evangelical discourses than he is in walking the fields on a Sunday—that their sweet breath steaming in a place called a church, but, perhaps, liker a cotton mill, is much finer than the pure air of heaven—and that contemplating the wisdom of God in the works of creation is not nearly so pious a work as listening to their wisdom in their admirable and unintelligible sermons? Is not this the true reason that so much anxiety is shown in trampling under foot the religion of the New Testament, and setting up in its stead the inventions of the cut-throat Puritans of the seventeenth century ; and that some of our ministers are so desirous that, on fine Sunday afternoons, we should, to use an admirable expression of some excellent author or other, “barter the glory of God for the folly of man”?

While on the subject of the sanctification of the Lord's-day, we cannot resist quoting a delightful passage from Jeremy Taylor, in which that unrivalled master of “practical” divinity, justly so called, has denounced the abuses and illustrated the uses of the Christian Sabbath, with a degree

of clearness, speciality, and minuteness, which we should in vain look for in any more recent authority. "Those," he says, "who labour and work hard in the week must be eased upon the Lord's-day, such ease being a great charity and alms; but at no hand must they be permitted to use any unlawful games, any thing forbidden by the laws, any thing that is scandalous, or any thing that is dangerous and apt to mingle sin with it; no games prompting to wantonness, to drunkenness, to quarrelling, to ridiculous and superstitious customs, but let their refreshments be innocent and charitable and of good report, and not exclusive of the duties of religion." Hear, now, in what splendid style this great man warns us against the machinations of the Simpsons, the Murrays, the Agnews, and others of that caste. "Beyond these bounds," he continues, "because neither God nor man hath passed any obligation on us, we must preserve our Christian liberty, and not suffer ourselves to be entangled with a yoke of bondage; for even a good action may become a snare to us, if we make it an occasion of scruple by a pretence of necessity, binding loads upon the conscience, not with the bands of God, but of men and of fancy, or of opinion, or of tyranny."

One hardly knows whether to laugh or weep when thinking of the queer delusions regarding religion into which the priests have led their dupes. Some hold the Theatre to be unscriptural; and the clergy of our Church pronounced the writing of a drama to be sinful, though the drama is one of the most common forms in which the inspired writers communicated instruction to the world. Cowper the Poet was fully persuaded by the evangelical people who unhappily surrounded him, that certain ladies of his acquaintance would assuredly be damned for the sin of dancing. There are

people who hold it impious to take a comfortable dinner on Sunday, though the very nature of its institution shows that the Lord's-day should be a festival. Dining out on Sabbath is declared to be particularly sinful, though the practice has the direct sanction of our Saviour.\* Then you will get other snivelling characters who creep from and to the church through all the dirty, stinking bye-roads that they can get, for fear that they should enjoy even a single particle of that glorious blessing—the free air of heaven.

Mr. Simpson, as far as we could understand from an outburst which he made at a Presbytery meeting some time ago, which outburst was checked by the Moderator, as being then unseasonable, is a believer in the divinity of those disgusting exhibitions known by the name of Revivals, and considers those whose minds are sound on the subject, and who pity these painful and degrading manifestations of diseased minds and diseased bodies, to be guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost. The state of that man's intellect who cannot see through these mischievous Revivals, which bear in every feature the most glaring marks of fanaticism and roguery—two things that generally go together—is really deeply to be commiserated. Amongst our town's ministers—besides Mr. Simpson—Mr. Abercrombie Gordon and Mr. Murray appeared to be believers in these things. We dare not charge Mr. Tweedie, though he delivered a discourse on the subject, with being a Revivalist, because, to do him justice, his speech was sufficiently qualified with cautionary exceptions; while Mr. Davidson is a gentleman not likely to be duped by more specious phenomena than these ugly Revivals, and by more cunning

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\* Luke xiv. 1.



play-actors than the half-idiot performers who go through these evangelical farces; and Mr. Davidson, as might have been expected of him, did not exhibit any sympathy with his foolish brethren; though, at the same time, he took care not to lose caste with them by denouncing their insanity. The most curious appearance in the attempt to get up a Revival in Aberdeen was that made by the Very Rev. Laird of Craigallach and Overdurdy, the enlisting of whom amongst the performers was a thing of which the evangelical were proud, and the sensible were astonished, as not well seeing the profitableness of his interference. Upon the whole, though such a course might have worked for the Principal's good in Glasgow, or some other places, in which, in the course of his stirring and successful religious career, a most bountiful Providence has ordered his lot, it may safely be said that it was, in the meridian of Aberdeen, a daring religious effort of that kind which, like

“ Vaulting ambition overleaps its selle,\*  
And falls on the other side.”

Principal Dewar, however, told us what he had seen and heard in the west country, and was very zealous on the subject—and no man can make himself more zealous than he can when he likes, or, when once he begins to thump loudly and heavily on the pulpit, and get into a holy passion, can more impress a religious audience with a high opinion of the warmth of his heart, the earnestness of his convictions, the disinterested and self-deny-

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\* We are no rash adopters of new readings. The usual reading in this line makes “vaulting ambition” to overleap *itself*; but we must agree with the commentators who hold this to be a misprint for *selle* (saddle), which gives us a beautiful picture.

ing nature of his whole character, and the fervent and uncalculating, and it may be somewhat rash, desire by which he is actuated, to do all in his power to promote the interests of his fellow-men, at whatever sacrifice of his own. When once he becomes heated with his subject, and gets to that history with which he never fails to treat his audience—whatever be the special purpose for which they are assembled—of the two and forty highland kirks of which he was “the honoured instrument, under God,” to be the founder, and of what he has done in the original Gaelic in the way of saving souls—then there is such an “upliftedness of mind,” as Professor-elect Blackie would perhaps say, about the Principal, that no devout person could for an instant suspect that his studies, as a biblical critic, had led him, as it has led less worthy Christians, to adopt a reading of the original, in an important passage of Scripture, which makes it a divine commandment—to “serve the time,” instead of to “serve the Lord,” as our authorised English version has it.\*

Upon the subject of thumping the pulpit and getting into a passion, a judicious friend, who went one Sunday evening to hear Principal Dewar lecturing, expressed to us his great astonishment at seeing a man get into a fury while he was reading from a manuscript, as if, said he, he had marginal directions to guide his wrath—such as “here it will be rather

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\* In Romans xii. 11, many of the editions in common circulation (as, for instance, that of Glasgow, 1830, now by us, and which is in all the shops), read *τω καιρω δουλευοντες*—“serving the time,” not *κυριω*. The tremendous difference of meaning caused by the adoption of the one word for the other is calculated to impress us with a deep sense of the importance of watching over the sacred text.

becoming to get pretty warm—now it will have a fine effect to be passionate—at this passage it will be highly popular to exceed all bounds, and to fall into an ungovernable rage.” In old dirty pulpits it must be inconvenient for the officiating clergyman to use much thumping. A drunken flax-dresser of the name of Duncan, who used to go about as a minister in this town, was in the way of expressing his preference of the preaching business over the heckling, on the ground that it was not “near so stoury.” This opinion may not, in practice, hold good where the minister uses much action, and where the wood is eaten of worms and the stuffing of the cushions is rotten. We are told by a friend well versed in Church history, that, in consequence of the unmerciful usage which some ministers give the church furniture, under pretence of enforcing the great truths of religion, many pulpits do not see half their days. The practical improvement to be drawn from this melancholy fact is, that Voluntary bodies of Christians ought, when they hire a minister, to bind him down not to add unnecessarily to the ecclesiastical expenditure, by any outrageous and destructive attacks on the timber box in which they have been pleased to place him. It is not long since an Evangelical preacher in the west country went fairly out at the broadside of his pulpit while lecturing on Revelations xxii. 7, first clause of the verse.

We cannot leave the subject of Revivals without alluding to the highly gratifying fact, that all the attempts made to get up a demonstration in behalf of these monstrous delusions failed most signally in Aberdeen; thanks to the good sense and the sound religious feeling for which the inhabitants of this city have been in all ages so honourably distinguished. In the west country, where the people are more under the influence of the clergy, and

in consequence, more ignorant and demoralized, these things went on admirably—but the agitators failed entirely in moving the waters of this Dead Sea of the Church, as our city has, to its immortal honour, been called by the fanatics. No art of delusion was left unattempted—meetings were called at unseasonable hours; the speakers sweated themselves and foamed at the mouth; some of them roared, and others snivelled; some tried a growling bass tone, and others a falsetto. The cambric handkerchief, that powerful engine for the excitement of human sympathy, was fluttered and waved for hours; but in vain. Not a creature would howl out; not a lady would condescend to “gang awa’ in a dwawm;” and even fortune would not so far assist in the affair as to allow the accident of a single individual being seized with a cholic, which the mountebanks would to a certainty have declared to have been the operation of the Spirit of grace. The utmost effect of our visitation by the Revival people was, that one or two hysterical ladies threatened to leave the town and go after the performers to the west country, where it was the fashion for women to stay out in the fields all night. It is a pity that such ladies are not allowed to gratify their taste for these shameless Revivals, by going and joining in them in all their glory in America, where, in accordance with the notions of liberty entertained in that free country, the women are “privileged”—that’s the evangelical phrase we believe—to fling their arms round their dear spiritual teacher’s neck, and kiss, and slaik, and slobber his—ten to one—devilish ugly countenance.

One word on the impudence of the Revival people. With them it is not enough that you unhesitatingly admit the whole truths of revelation, and are ready at all times to defend them—you are yet declared to be a blasphemer and an infidel, if



you do not reverence all the vapours that rise from their disordered digestions, and worship, as the work of the spirit, the evident effect of hysterics upon women. If you venture to recommend assa-fœtida as a better cure for wind on the stomach than a consultation with a fanatical preacher, you are reckoned an unbeliever; if you don't approve highly of young girls staying all night in meeting-houses, or tumbling about in the fields as they do in the west country, you are accounted atheistical. You are also held to be guilty of infidelity if you do not honour the persons of the foolish preachers of Revivals, or refuse to believe the ancient doctrine that idiots are inspired.

Space would fail us if we were to enter into the full history of the follies which Mr. Simpson, in company with Messrs. Gordon and Murray, has committed. The public recollect the Clergy refusing to take the proceeds of an oratorio, given in the Roman Catholic Chapel, for the benefit of the suffering labourers during a severe season of distress, though, if it had been offered for the augmentation of their own incomes, we may depend upon it that there would not have been found an Evangelical minister in all broad Scotland who would have refused to accept of such a useful thing as money, if it had even been raised from an oratorio given by the great enemy of souls himself. Upon this occasion, Mr. Gavin Parker, we are told, made a most ingenious proposal to take the accursed thing from the Papists, but not acknowledge from what quarter it came; by which means they could at once improve their funds, and at the same time wash their hands of having given any countenance to Popery. Notwithstanding that this was the fruit of Mr. Parker's intellect, it is but fair to acknowledge that it was a bright thought, and worthy of being immortalized by the elegant satire

of a Pascal.\* Some others of the Evangelical teachers thought it would be better to tell a godly falsehood about the matter, and say, "Received from the Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Fraser;" but this proposal was successfully resisted by the "honourable laymen" present.

In his zeal against Popery, Mr. Simpson, we believe, agreed with those who were for preventing Mr. Charles Gordon, the worthy Roman Catholic Priest, from having a seat amongst the Managers of the House of Refuge. Then the sickening nonsense that the Evangelical clergymen spoke about the sailing of steam-boats and the running of coaches on Sunday, is fresh in all our memories; and how Mr. John Allan of the Union Parish proposed that they should get up pious coaches and run them through the week, and so ruin all other coach proprietors.

As we are always more willing to acknowledge merit than to point out demerit, we are bound to give Mr. Simpson credit for his zealous exertions for the removal of that great temporal evil—the stench in the Harbour. It is true that a captious

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\* Mr. Parker's sophism comes under the head of the art of *directing the intention*, by which, according to Pascal, the Jesuits contended that you could innocently do any kind of iniquity, provided that you did not allow your mind to contemplate the iniquity itself, but kept it fixed on some good intention which you had in the matter. Thus, you could murder a man that had offended you, provided you did not direct the intention of your mind on murder, which is bad, but on the preservation of your own honour, which is good.—(See *Les Provinciales*, Let. VII.) In the case noticed above, the pious were not to think about an oratorio in a Roman Catholic Chapel, which is bad, but on the receipt of a sum of money, which is good.

person might say that Mr. Simpson's zeal in this matter arises from the circumstance of himself being a great sufferer from the evil complained of, which must prove a sad annoyance to him during divine service, as his church is situated at the very head-quarters of the stench. His sufferings must have been very great during the period that he lived in Trinity Manse, when, according to his own statement in his eloquent speech delivered in the Lemon Tree Tavern on the subject, the other day, he used to awaken in the night time like to spew, and he might have added, without anything in the house to make a tumbler of punch with, in order to "keep his heart." But we hate to make qualifications when speaking of really good actions, and we do wish the best success to the attempt to remove this great evil. It must now be considered very oppressive indeed, when we see Mr. Thomas Best coming forward to clamour for its removal, after the great exertions made by his worthy relative, our Member of Parliament, for its continuance. It never will be cured but by a Bill similar to that which Mr. Bannerman voluntarily came forward and pledged himself to support, and then deliberately voted against.

Mr. Simpson's delivery, owing to an imperfection in his speech, is somewhat indistinct. His composition is considerably better than that of most of the Evangelical ministers now in Aberdeen. He is a great publisher of sermons. In the pulpit, his action is what is called powerful; the motion of his arms being, we should think, nearly about as fatiguing as the working of a flail.

THE REV. GAVIN PARKER.

THIS Minister, we believe, came from Dundee, and in the year 1824 was an unsuccessful candidate for Trinity Church along with Mr. Leith and Mr. Simpson. On being defeated in this contest, the party who supported Mr. PARKER resolved not to let Aberdeen lose the presence and piety of their favourite, and, after a good many negociations, at last got for him the place of worship in the Terrace, and put him in there. This Chapel, which is now called by the mercantile and unsanctified name of Bon-Accord Church, was originally got up by the Baptists, and the inquiring Christian will be able, on paying it a visit, to find a water basin in the middle of it, in which these people used to duck each other with great diligence and zeal. This pot, however, is now covered over for the security of the orthodox ; but it may be opened again if Mr. Parker's congregation should happen to come to ruin and the Baptists to experience a revival.

In alluding to the very secular name of Mr. Parker's church, it is impossible not to speak with reprobation of such ugly titles as Spring-Garden Church, Union Church, Bon-Accord Church, Holburn Church, and so on, which must certainly have been invented by people of very depraved tastes—we had almost said, of very little Christian feeling—especially when we consider that all these places might have been named after most respectable saints, to the great help of devotional feelings. But as we have formerly justly remarked, Evangelical people have shockingly coarse tastes. Look at the places which they erect and call churches. Even Dr. Chalmers, who is not highly evangelical,



says that a church ought not to be made to contain more than 800 people. Now a man of a truly devotional mind is never satisfied with the largeness of the temple in which he worships, knowing the vast importance of a magnificent church to his religious feelings. Indeed, a person of a really devout turn of soul feels far more edified by a walk through a venerable old cathedral, than by a sermon in one of your modern cotton-mill looking *quoad sacra* affairs, which have no grand associations connected with them. It is really not easy to get pious in one of these new plastered, painted, fir concerns—there is no beauty of holiness in them. What a shock do we frequently feel in entering a modern church, and, instead of having a fine vista before us, encountering a man looking after the halfpennies in a box, like a public-house bar on a small scale. It is, indeed, a terrible impeachment on the taste of Protestants, that galleries, which disfigure so much the beauty of an edifice, are a Protestant invention. But in almost all our churches we have woful drawbacks on our religious feelings. Turn your eyes which way you will, and you cannot find a single engraved "*ora pro me,*" or even a "*Siste viator,*" to connect the sympathies of the living Christian with long-ago departed saints now in glory. You find no figures of men cut in stone, with hands clasped as in prayer, and appealing to our religious feelings with more deep pathos, and calling on us to walk in the road to heaven which they have trodden before us, more earnestly than could be done by the living tongues of a whole army of fashionable preachers. What a miserable error have they fallen into, who conceive that human beings can only be made pious by a course of continual talking to them, and leave a thousand available means of a thousand fold more powerful influence in sancti-

fying the heart, to the professors of a creed which they oppose!

Mr. Parker is a very sleepy preacher, and has nothing to say but a rhapsody of words about "the Spirit of Grace with power," on which he dilates in a manner quite unintelligible to everybody, but much admired by his own congregation. The late Dr. Kidd, who occasionally did say good things,\* was well aware of the soporific nature of Mr. Parker's ministry. It is well known that the Doctor's pride would not allow him to suffer any person to take a sleep in his church, and many anecdotes are on record of the civil and polite manner in which he used to arouse those who preferred their natural rest to listening to his nonsense. The most approved method which has been in use with the clergy, when they wish to disturb the repose of any of their flock who may be taking a comfortable nap, is to bawl out to him that "there is no sleeping in hell." This is a very good way, and is generally sufficiently alarming to break the offender's slumbers, at least for that afternoon or evening. Dr. Kidd, however, had a vast variety of objurgatory discourses which he applied on such occasions, in none of which did he at

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\* The best saying of the Doctor's was his remark about Dr. Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*. It is well known that Dr. Kidd put forth an octavo volume about what he called "The Eternal Sonship of Christ," a work, the title-page of which is known to several people, and which some people have read, but no one, as far as ever we heard, ever pretended to understand. Of its merits the Doctor himself seems to have formed a very correct idea:—"Dr. Chalmers," said he, "has sent me his *Astronomical Discourses*. I can make neither head nor tail of them; but I was upsides with the fellow—I sent him my 'Eternal Sonship.'"

all imitate the style of our Saviour to his sleeping disciples. One evening, he called out to a man who had the audacity to snore under his very nose, and having got him to raise his head, told him, if he wanted sleeping, to go down to that sleepy "boddie," Parker, where he would get a whole pew to sleep in, and another for his stick, and a third for his hat.

It is a common device with such geniuses as Mr. Parker, when they get hold of a hard word, and get a glimmering at the meaning of it, that they sport it through a whole discourse, in order to dazzle their hearers with the extent of their erudition. We recollect hearing Mr. Parker, after he had laid his hands upon the word "recipient;" and what a deal of use he took out of it! It was at every other sentence—"you must become the recipients of grace;" "your souls must be the recipients of the Holy Spirit;" "unless you be the recipients of His grace," and so on, and by varying this sort of language by now and then bringing in "the Spirit of Grace with power," he succeeded in spinning a discourse out of nothing at all, and without a single word of sense in it from beginning to end. We are here reminded of a nearly similar piece of ingenuity displayed by Mr. Murray, when he was proving the damnableness of Popery from modern interpretations of the prophecies. He had been attracted with the hard word "synchronise," which he had fallen in with in some of the modern Expositions of the Prophecies to which he had gone to gather his learning, and he "synchronised" away for an hour, hauling in the word as frequently as possible, well knowing the high impression which it was calculated to make on his audience of his profound learning.

Mr. Parker deals considerably in denunciations of his flock. Sometimes, when he considers that he has not sufficiently abused them in his sermon, he

gives them a postscript after the psalm, in which he makes amends for his previous leniency.

In the Church Courts Mr. Parker very seldom speaks, though he regularly votes. When he does address a Presbytery, however, he is very successful in creating amusement.

Mr. Parker is the author of one of the queerest literary productions which this city has given birth to—a Preface to the New Edition of Durham's Exposition of the Song of Solomon. The work of Durham is a very worthless thing, but nothing to Mr. Parker's Preface. The Song of Solomon has always been a favourite book with our Evangelical clergy, and especially with our Seceders, who find in it matter to amuse the fancies of the female portion of their hearers, whose wants and wishes are more carefully looked after than are those of the other sex. Our Moderate clergy very seldom refer to this mystical work, and with good reason, as it certainly requires much judgment and much caution to handle it to edification. Those of our Presbyterian clergy who have endeavoured to follow out the imagery of the Canticles have made sad work of it. They have caught nothing of the poetical character and the lovely eastern hue which are spread over the drama and the narrative in the book, but instead of these have presented us with the coarsest, grossest, and most offensive language which their own want of refinement and the pruriency of their own imaginations, fostered and heated under the gloom of their religious notions, suggested to them. We would be deeply to blame if we were to transfer to our columns any specimen of the coarse imagery which Mr. Samuel Rutherford makes use of in his letters to religious ladies, and which, we doubt not, did not fail of its natural effect. Durham is less known; and we may venture on one short extract from the Epistle De-



dicatory by Mrs. Durham of her husband's book, "to the Right Honourable, truly noble, and religious Lady, my Lady Viscountess of Kenmure," as a specimen of the warm nature of Widow Durham's devotional feelings, and the sort of reading which many people in the present day would not scruple to put into the hands of susceptible females:—

"Those failings, faultings, lyings a-bed, and lazinesses, and thereupon, when observed, those love-faintings, swarfings, swoonings, seekings, and sorrowings on the one side; and those love-followings, findings, pityings, pardonings, passings by, rousings, revivings, supportings, strengthenings, courings, confirmings, and comfortings, with most warm and kindly compellations, on the other: (O let men and angels wonder at the kingly condescending, the majestic meekness, the stately stooping, the high humility, and the lofty lowliness that conspicuously shines forth here on the Bridegroom's part!) Those love-languishings, feverings, sickenings, holy violentions, apprehendings, and resolute refusings to let go on the one part, and those love-unheartings, heart-ravishings, captivatings, and being overcome: those love-arrests, and detainments in the galleries, as if nailed (to speak so with reverence) to the place, and sweetly charmed into a kind of holy impotency, to remove the eye from looking on so lovely an object, on the other."

Mr. Parker admits that "the unrenewed, or those not taught by the Spirit of God, but still of the carnal mind—some of whom, even professing Christianity—have, in great numbers and for a long time, made light of this book;" but he assures us that it will be much admired and well understood in the time of the Millenium. In the name of common sense, where did he get his information about Millenium business? It is strange to view the lofty flights which spiritual men will take.—Here is Mr. Parker, incapable of writing a respectable sentence in his whole preface, telling us

nothing at all in which there is any information or any instruction, yet stretching his purged eye-sight forward to the Millenium, and informing us what literature the people in that age will delight themselves with. So it is that presumption and want of sense wait on each other—

“And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

We formerly stated that we heard Mr. Parker once abusing the Church of Rome for discouraging literature; but we must say, that if that Church, with her Expurgatory Indexes or other means, had any effect in discouraging such trash as this of Mr. Parker's, which he perhaps would call literature, she did certainly so far render an essential service to the cause of sound sense and sound religion.

Of course, a man of Mr. Parker's turn of mind could not fail to be a Non-intrusionist, and we dare say he is a very honest one. His Non-intrusion views, along, perhaps, with the Non-intrusion views of the other clergy in the town, have lately had the effect of driving from his session a gentleman whose intelligence and high character in the city would have made him an honour and a valuable acquisition to any kirk-session in Chistendom, and whose ceasing to act as an elder must have proved a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the Bon-Accord Church, while it has knocked on the head a projected new church in the neighbourhood of the town, which, by that gentleman's well-deserved influence, might have been by this time erected. It is a somewhat curious circumstance, that though Mr. Parker has lost the services of this gentleman, he yet retains, we believe, in his session, an elder of good education, a lecturer in a University, and a man certainly not devoid of learning and of a certain kind of intellect—an intellect with

a twist in it, which frequently makes a clever man fall into great errors in very plain matters. He is, however, deeply Evangelical; and these Evangelical folks have in all ages had their own wayward notions regarding the most eligible roads to heaven. We prefer illustrating their "views" in this respect by the following quotation from one of the greatest of writers—a quotation which shews that that writer was not, as some philosophic critics have asserted, devoid of a fine imagination:—

"It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay to Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards, as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to Heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and, doubtless, with very good reason; for, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet."\*

There is, it must be admitted, another reason which might have made a learned gentleman take up with Mr. Parker. There are persons possessed of such a noble ambition, that they are never content unless they be at the head of any body which they join. Satan was one of this description, and thought it "better to reign in hell than serve in

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\* A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.—*Appended to Tale of a Tub*, p. 286. London, 1705.

heaven." In this way, to some people's minds, it might appear more honourable to be a leader with Mr. Parker than to serve in St. Paul's Chapel.

Mr. Parker's action is very diverting. He has a croaking, groaning voice, which adds great grace to the descriptions of hell with which he not unfrequently treats his audience. He has a great deal also to say about King Ree-hoo-boo-am—and is much occupied with the description of the dry bones which the prophet Ezekiel saw in the valley.

Mr. Parker, as we understand, does not hesitate to tell people who take a walk on a Sunday afternoon that they are on the road to hell. It is lamentable to think of an instructor of the people being the slave of such brutal superstition and ignorance; and it is well that but few of the laity are so stupid as their pastors are, as otherwise, society must go to the devil in a very short time.

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— le pecorelle, che non sanno  
Tornan dal pasco pasciute di vento,  
E non le scusa non veder lor danno.  
Non disse Cristo all suo primo Convento;  
Andate e predicate al mondo ciance  
Ma diede lor verace fondamento.

DANTE—*Paradiso*, c. xxix. 106.

THE END.



THE REV. JOHN BROWN.

WE are sure, had we classed the clergy of our city in the order in which they stood in the estimation of the well-informed part of the community, the Rev. JOHN BROWN of St. Paul's would have been entitled to a very early notice.

It is now about seventeen years since Mr. Brown came to Aberdeen, when he was appointed one of the ministers of St. Paul's Chapel. From his eloquence as a preacher, as well as from the interest he took in all matters of a religious or philanthropic nature, he soon rose to popularity and esteem. In speaking of Mr. Brown's character as a preacher, and comparing it with that of his clerical brethren, we would, were we to express ourselves in a single word, say that he is the most gentleman-like of our ministers. His manner in the pulpit is dignified, impressive, and refined. Gifted by nature with a fine person, and possessing a voice admirably adapted for the purposes of oratory, he never fails to command the attention of the most careless of his auditory. He possesses, in an eminent degree, a qualification rarely found in the pulpit, and yet much wanted there, namely, that of being a fine reader. He is superior to all our clergy in this respect, and we think no one can listen to him without delight and without having his devotional feelings warmed, as he reads

“The lofty ritual of our sister land.”

The total neglect of the cultivation of the art of reading among the ministers of the Presbyterian Church is most notorious. They seem to have banished this art from their service, on the principle which, in other matters, they have acted

on, namely, of discountenancing every thing of an elegant or refined nature—forgetting altogether the injunction of the Apostle,—“ Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, think of these things.” Our national form of worship is, God knows, cold and uninteresting enough, with all the appliances of fine reading and impressive delivery, and we have little need to divest it of aught which could render it more heart-stirring and inviting.

Mr. Brown’s manner in the pulpit and out of it has nothing of a professional caste about it. He dresses and deports himself just as any other well-bred man does. It is thought very necessary by some people, and especially by the clergy themselves, that a minister should, for the sake of *example*, assume great gravity of demeanour—be always clad in sable suits, and should, by his very gait, proclaim the sanctity of his peculiar calling. *Assuming* manners of this kind, or indeed doing anything else for the *sake of example*, must ever be offensive to sensible people.

On this subject, we are delighted to quote the words of Paley, who says, with his usual profound good sense,—

“I proceed to notice a turn and habit of thinking which is, of late, become very general amongst the higher classes of the community, amongst all who occupy stations of authority, and, in common with these two descriptions of men, *amongst the clergy*. That which I am about to animadvert upon, is, in its place, and to a certain degree, undoubtedly a fair and right consideration; but, in the extent to which it prevails, has a tendency to discharge from the hearts of mankind all religious principle whatever. What I mean is the performing of our religious offices for the sake of *setting an example* to others, and the allowing this motive so to take possession of the mind, as to substitute itself into the place of the proper ground and reason of the duty. I must be permitted to contend that, whenever

this is the case, it becomes not only a cold and extraneous, but a false and unreasonable principle of action. A conduct propagated through the different ranks of society merely by this motive, is a chain without a support, a fabric without a foundation. The parts indeed depend upon one another, but there is nothing to bear up the whole. There must be reason for every duty beside *example*, or there can be no sufficient reason at all."—*Sermon on the Dangers incidental to the Clerical Character.*

We have said that there is little of a *professional caste* about Mr. Brown's general manner and deportment, and we might say the same of his preaching and composition. Perhaps, the good effect which his discourses produce is, in a very great measure, owing to this circumstance. Indeed nothing can tend more to lessen the impression made by a discourse from the pulpit than the adoption of that peculiar phraseology which we have been so long accustomed to hear, and the fashion of strewing over the composition a profusion of Scripture texts, selected without judgment or taste.

Mr. Brown never falls into the common error of lavishly quoting Scripture authority, without any regard at all to its applicability; but when he does use Scripture language, it has always appeared to us that he does so with a singularly beautiful effect. We remember once, when speaking of the claim which *all* the precepts in God's word had on us, and shewing that nothing was set down which was not necessary for our edification, he observed that, as in the works of nature, we found every end and purpose effected by the simplest possible means; so in the works of grace a similar "thrift" was observed, and no duty or obligation was enjoined but what was necessary for our salvation. In illustration of this, he added—"When Christ fed the five thousand with the barley loaves and fishes, he or-

dered them to gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost." Another instance of this happy adaptation of Scripture language which we recollect, was when speaking of the use of supernatural means which Providence had employed in its dealings with mankind. He observed, that we never found it employing supernatural agency to effect that which human means could accomplish, and added, that it required the DIVINE command to bid "*Lazarus come forth,*" but HUMAN means were sufficient to "*loose his bands and let him go.*" He occasionally illustrates his argument very happily by a classical allusion; the only instance of this kind that we can just now remember, was when speaking of the inutility of pictures and images in awakening our devotion, and of their inadequacy as representations of Divinity, he observed, that the memory of Cato was more cherished and revered than that of any of his illustrious contemporaries, and yet *there was no statue of Cato in the forum.\**

We feel, however, that these examples of this man's eloquence fall impotently from our pen when compared with the effect they produced on us when we heard them from his own lips. Indeed, the impression they made on us then may have led us unconsciously to admire those things more than they deserved; for it is eminently true of this preacher, that the "manner is as important as the matter." We have often been surprised at the effect he produced by the delivery of a single sentence. An instance of this kind occurred at the conclusion of a sermon he preached on the occasion of the Eclipse of the Sun which happened about four years ago. On that occasion Mr. Brown did not insist upon

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\* The classical reader will here be reminded of the observation of Tacitus, on the absence of the statues of Brutus and Cassius at the funeral of Junia—*Eo ipso præfulgebant, quod non visebantur.*



his congregation attending divine service at the usual hour in the afternoon, but announced that, in order to give them an opportunity of witnessing the very interesting phenomenon, the service would be put off until the evening. After strolling in the fields on the afternoon of that lovely day, we repaired to St. Paul's Chapel, and heard Mr. Brown discourse from these words—"All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thee thanks." In this sermon, which was a very eloquent one, he adverted to the great progress which mankind had made in natural science, and, in alluding to the thirst which was manifested in the present day for knowledge of this kind, he went on to shew that whatever acquirements might be made in such pursuits, they could never by any logical inference be brought to bear against religion, but that every succeeding discovery in nature's works would always go to support the authenticity and authority of God's word. After discoursing at considerable length, he closed the book which was before him, and, in an impressive manner, concluded thus:—"My brethren, in sixty years hence, there will be such another eclipse as we have witnessed to-day; BUT WHAT IS THAT TO YOU OR ME?"

Mr. Brown has little in common with that class of preachers styled Evangelicals, neither is he a preacher of mere morality. He could well say, as we once heard him do, in the words of Young—

"Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Lamb,  
The great morality is love for thee."

His sermons contain little of mere theology. Like the discourses of our Lord, they are addressed almost always to the affections and the heart, and they must have little attraction for those who take pleasure in listening to the cold and heartless discourses of those preachers who deal in doctrine alone, and who generally choose for their favourite

subjects those points of our faith which were never intended to be understood, but which have been placed before us as objects before which we should bow down our understanding with believing reverence. Often has our spirit been vexed within us at seeing a simple-minded audience listening to such unprofitable prelections. In the utmost sincerity of heart, and conscious of their frailties, they had come expecting to receive such admonition and instruction as might elevate their minds, and enable them the better to perform their several duties in life, or it might be that their spirits were weighed down by the affliction of some recent family bereavement, which might have torn asunder the most tender ties of our nature, and, in their sorrow, they were seeking that consolation which true religion alone can bestow. Instead of hearing the mild accents of the gospel of peace—instead of listening to such words of comfort and consolation as were administered to the broken-hearted, by “Him who spake as never man spake”—they have heard only some heartless disquisition on the mysteries of the Trinity, or on the operation of the Spirit, treated too in a manner as little calculated to reach the heart, or to raise the mind to heaven, as if the preacher had read to his audience a page of Logarithms. How Christianity is injured and robbed of its loveliness by such discourses !

We do not know whether or not the high moral respectability of a congregation is to be taken as a proof of the efficiency of their pastor, and of the soundness of the instruction which he has communicated to them ; but if it be, then Mr. Brown certainly has reason to be proud of his congregation. A religious community, more worthy and more intelligent than the congregation of St. Paul’s, perhaps, could not be anywhere found assembled in one place of worship. They are observant of the ordinances of religion without formality, devout

without superstition, and, in one word, Christians without affectation or pretence. It is not to be supposed that they have been made all this by Mr. Brown ; for this chapel has had the benefit of several able ministers, and in the late Mr. Cordiner possessed one of the soundest and best pastors that ever watched over a Christian flock—a man not merely able and desirous rightly to divide the word of truth to his congregation, but, fortunately for the interests of that congregation, showing the bright and blessed example to them of a pious and holy walk and conversation.

The pulpit of St. Paul's Chapel, when it was occupied by the late Mr. Cordiner and Mr. Brown, presented a most interesting sight. The sacerdotal appearance of the former, and the commanding and courtly figure of the latter, were very imposing ; and, to complete the group, we should add that the late Mr. Kempt, who was the clerk, graced the desk he occupied ; and indeed, so far as his venerable appearance and good reading were concerned, he might well have filled the pulpit. At the time of which we speak, all the functionaries of this chapel were most respectable and efficient in their several capacities ; and we cannot here refrain from paying a just tribute of respect to the memory of the late organist, Mr. Ross, whose musical talents were allowed to be of a very high order. He was, as we have often heard him with pride say, the last pupil of Avison. The style of his composition, and also the manner of his performances, were like those of his great teacher, simple and chaste. His harmony, though sufficiently rich, was never, as is too much the case in the present day, overloaded and destructive of the melody.

Mr. Brown has been all along much and justly beloved by his congregation, and never did a pastor more to deserve this regard. We are not ignorant that his occasional absence from this country gave

ground of offence to some, and certainly it is to be regretted that his affairs in Ireland called him so often away; although on these occasions he always engaged another clergyman to perform his duties. He established for the use of the chapel a very excellent library at his own expense, and at its commencement he used himself to superintend the distribution of the books; and on these occasions it was gratifying to see the interest he took in the matter, and to witness the urbanity and kindness he exhibited to the poorest of his parishioners. At the catechising of the young persons during the season of Lent, the whole labours generally fell on Mr. Brown. On these occasions he did not confine his labours to the regular Catechism, but drew out a number of questions and answers himself, which he got lithographed, and distributed among his young friends.

Mr. Brown's manner of delivery, like that of most of his countrymen, the Irish, is warm and fervid. His heart is always in his work, although in his extempore discourses, his great animation, and his dependence on his powers of speaking, lead him often into a labyrinth, which renders his meaning obscure, and his language not altogether correct. We have seen him so far forget himself, on these occasions, as to give expression to things beneath the dignity of the pulpit. We heard him, when speaking of those who entertain antipathies for which they can give no reason, repeat the well-known distich,—

“ I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell ;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.”

This, however, was not so bad as the conduct of an evangelical preacher, in the west country, who lately treated his audience to a verse of Burns, describing a young lad's courtship of his sweetheart.




## THE REV. ISAAC HARRIS.

THIS clergyman was elected one of the ministers of St. Paul's Chapel about five years ago. He came from a place of worship in London, which, as he averred, was attended by the most fashionable people in the metropolis, and stood candidate with other three, all of them exceedingly dull preachers. One of these was a Mr. Linn, a heavy, Gavin Parker sort of person, who is now best remembered by a savoury *lapsus linguæ* which he happened to commit in the pulpit one fine Sunday afternoon. When speaking of those people who make much ado about nothing at one time, and at the next make a mere joke of the greatest enormities, he said that they were mentioned in Scripture as persons "who strain at a gnat and swallow a salmon." The whole of the candidates, Mr. Harris included, were poor creatures; but it was allowed that the composition of Mr. Harris's trial sermons was fair. He had not long been an incumbent in the chapel when a charge was brought against him of having stolen the greater part of one of his sermons from a discourse by the Rev. Henry Melville of London, who, it is well known, has thieved pretty extensively from Dr. Chalmers. The evidence of Mr. Harris's guilt was shewn to many persons in town, and was completely satisfactory. It thus appears that this Melville has suffered a kind of retributive justice for his own pilfering, by having been stolen from in turn by Mr. Norval of Brechin and Mr. Isaac Harris. A member of the congregation, who is addicted to literary habits, having heard the sermon, recognised it as the property of Mr. Melville, and having procured the original and shown it to several most respectable people, cut out the pages which

Mr. Harris had used and sent them to him with his best respects, along with Dr. Johnson's definition of a plagiarist, viz.—a thief in literature—for the special edification of his spiritual pastor. Next Sunday, after the receipt of these disagreeable documents, Mr. Harris, in the course of his sermon, said that ministers of the everlasting gospel were frequently charged with plagiarism, as if it were a mortal sin; whereas, he held that the minister who did not take what advantage he could of the labours of others, would be worse than a fool and a madman—a speech at which many of the congregation could not forbear smiling. The remarks which Mr. Harris made on this occasion led many to be aware of the foul fact who otherwise might have remained for ever innocent of the knowledge—just in the very same way as a converted Jew, who preached in this town some time ago, and volunteered a lengthened defence of his character from a charge which he said had been brought against him of having run off from Germany to America with a quantity of money raised for religious purposes, succeeded in creating a belief in the minds of his hearers that he had done the deed, though they had never heard of the accusation till it came from his own lips, and though he very earnestly declared that he was quite incapable of such a thing.

Mr. Harris is a wearisome preacher, so much so that his worthy colleague, Mr. Brown, could not endure to hear him, and vindicated himself for so doing. In return, Mr. Harris, when it was not his turn to preach, did not countenance Mr. Brown, but went and sat under Mr. Gavin Parker. Of Mr. Parker he is a fervent admirer; and we understand that he has been heard to declare that there were only three ministers in Aberdeen who preached the genuine gospel—to wit, himself, Mr. Parker, and Mr. David Simpson. Some versions of this

interlocutor bear that the three sound preachers were himself, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Mitchell of the Justice-Mill-Dam Church. It is observable that those Christian ministers who are most inclined to limit the number of faithful preachers, take care, however few they allow in their calculation, to place themselves amongst the right sort. It has always been understood that that pink of Evangelicals, Mr. Romaine, when he had the impudence to declare that, of all the ten thousand clergymen of England in his time, there were but seven ministers that preached Christ's gospel, included himself, as not the least deserving of this chosen few. Upon the principle that "sic like draws to sic like," it is very easily accounted for how Mr. Harris should rejoice in Mr. Parker or Mr. Parker in Mr. Harris. They are both particularly sleepy geniuses: indeed, their discourses seem to tumble out of their mouths, as we may suppose did those of that celebrated divine in the reign of James VI., who practised physic the whole day, and, as soon as he closed his eyes at night, gave out a text and preached away upon it through his sleep till next morning—his discourses being listened to by a select audience, who esteemed him a sound divine and an excellent expositor of the word of truth, though it was his pleasure to lie a-bed during the delivery of it.\*



\* Of Richard Haydock, the famous Sleeping Preacher, the following account is given in Clarke's "Mirrour or Looking-Glasse, both for Saints and Sinners. London, 1671—p. 133"—"He would take a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it; and though his auditory werè willing to silence him, by pulling, hauling, and pinching; yet would he pertinaciously persist to the end, and sleep still. The fame of this sleeping preacher flew abroad with a speedy wing, which coming to the King's knowledge, he commanded him to the

Then with regard to the good properties of Mr. Harris and Mr. Parker, it may be mentioned that they are both opposed to the views of the teetotallers, and quite see through the humbug of not "drinking good drink," which inclines us rather to think that Mr. David Simpson had not been the third person who, with Mr. Parker and himself, formed Mr. Harris's trinity of sound Christian divines.

Mr. Harris, it is said, is not opposed to the proposed union of his people with the Episcopal Congregation in King Street, provided the junction could be effected with a due regard to the preservation of his civil rights. He, it is said, has expressed himself quite willing to come under Bishop Skinner, provided he gets a guarantee that shall make him perfectly independent of his superior, to whose authority he is willing to submit, provided always that he is at liberty to do or say what he pleases, without control from any quarter whatever. His enlightened views on this point must commend themselves to all true lovers of liberty and independence, though they will, no doubt, appear somewhat strange and unintelligible to the Puseyite and passive-obedience people of the King Street Chapel.

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Court, where he himself sate up one night to hear him. And when the time came wherein the preacher thought it fit for him to be asleep, he first began with a prayer, then took a text of Scripture, which he properly enough insisted upon for a while, but afterwards made an excursion against the Pope, against the Cross in Baptism, and the Canons, made not long before; and so concluded, still sleeping." The King, however, discovered that Haydock was an imposter, and having learned from him that he had adopted the sleeping system of preaching in order to be taken notice of in the religious world, he bestowed a preferment in the Church on him.



In the event of the St. Paul's people wishing to get a fresh clergyman to themselves, Mr. Harris is willing to give up his cure on receiving remuneration; but as he understands that they are heartily tired of him and dislike his ministry, he very properly determines never to leave them nor forsake them but for a good handsome allowance. In adopting this admirable resolution, he has taken a leaf out of the book of that fiddler, who, being a very bad hand at his instrument, turned his talents at ill playing to far better account than others could their most enchanting strains. His way was to go wherever musical people resided, and scrape as tormentingly as he could, till he raised what he considered a sufficient remuneration for giving up business. On one occasion, a gentleman, below whose window he had sawed away at the catgut, in the most inhuman manner, till he had rendered the lives of the inhabitants perfectly miserable, flung a shilling to him, and prayed him to make off with himself, or put a period to the infernal disturbance. But our fiddler knew his trade better, and told the proprietor plainly that he would make no difference between one man and another, and that for less than half-a-crown, he never, on any occasion, gave up playing. This fiddler, whose attachment to his principles under severe persecution deserves the warmest approbation, used to endure patiently the most scurrilous language from people who were incapable of appreciating the high motives on which he acted. He used himself to tell that when he went to play before houses in which musical Italians resided, he has followed his vocation without a recriminating word, while the Signors would be bawling to him from the window:—"Via!"—"Damnato rascallo!"—"Ah! vagabondo wickido!"—"Fiddlero cursido!"—"Scrapero abominatissimo!" and other such-like horrid effusions of Italian

blasphemy ;—yet, in obedience to the Christian maxim which calls on us, when we are smitten on the one cheek, to turn the other to the smiter, would this meek violinist, under all this provocation, instead of returning railing for railing, utter not a word, but possess his soul in patience, and continue to scrape on with unremitting zeal, activity, and perseverance. The noble example of this man seems to be the Christian pattern which Mr. Harris has placed before himself as his rule in dealing with his people.

Mr. Harris is quite misplaced amongst the sensible and well-informed congregation of St. Paul's. He should endeavour to become conscientiously convinced that the Church of England Prayer Book is a rag of Popery, and that the Scottish Kirk is the true spouse mentioned in the Canticles, and thus get an excuse for deserting to the Presbyterians. Considering the nature of the qualifications now in esteem in the Established Church of Scotland, Mr. Harris might do uncommonly well in her. He might, if he were to take lessons in the art of ranting and raving, in studying the discords in delivery best calculated to affect women's nerves, get up a very respectable Revival in the west country, and be commended at Presbytery meetings as a person that was doing a great deal of good in savingly impressing many souls.

## THE REV. HUGH HART.

THERE are few Clergymen in Aberdeen whose present doings, apart from Non-intrusion, are more before the public than those of the subject of this sketch, and there is not one of whose early doings less is known. Therefore, we are particularly sorry, that in what relates to his public appearances before he came to Aberdeen, we must follow the few vague reports which are in circulation, with this understanding, that if we are wrong, we shall be most happy to correct in any after number the errors into which our present ignorance or want of information may now lead us.

The rev. gentleman, in his earlier days, served in the Stirlingshire Militia. We remember being in Arbroath in the year 1805 or 1806, when that excellent body passed through that town on their way to Fife to be disbanded. On that occasion it was announced by the bellman, that there was a soldier going to preach at six o'clock in the Methodist Chapel. There was a great crowd present on the occasion, and the discourse which the Christian hero delivered, and which was divided into heads, was reckoned a very good one.— We have also those among us who remember of his officiating in the pulpit of the old Methodist Chapel in Queen Street, opposite the west neuk of the North Church, and next door to a man who sold small wares, having these lines over his door—

“ I'll serve you well,  
And very just,  
For ready money,  
But no trust.”

On these occasions, it was said, Serjeant Hart— for he rejoiced in the three arm stripes—was par-

ticularly great in prayer; and altogether from his good address, and that he wore a red coat, he made a very imposing appearance in the pulpit. Report also hath it, that as in those days, soldiers in garrison were allowed to follow their usual occupation, Serjeant Hart worked a few hours daily in the factory of Gordon, Barron, & Co., Belmont Street, along with Mr. Mackay, the great Edinburgh Comedian, then a soldier also in the Stirlingshire corps; be that as it may, we have distinct evidence that Mackay worked for that very respectable firm, and that generally on Mr. Mackay's starrng visits to Aberdeen, Mr. Hart and he dine and enjoy the evening together. But it appears that Mr. Hart must have had views of exchanging the sword of King George for that of the gospel, and had more inclination to prepare himself for engaging in a spiritual war against sinners in the abstract, than in a carnal struggle with French sinners in particular; and even then he must have been dabbling in the dead languages, seeing that from his first beating of drum-ecclesiastic, he has been an irreclaimable utterer of strange sounds, which he calls Hebrew and Greek. We have heard that, after he got his discharge, he went for a certain time to a certain College, under a certain Professor, belonging to a certain non-descript sect; and indeed we have heard him, in his public discourses, refer to such and such an event, which happened to such and such a one who was at "College" with him. Of this part of his history, however, we are completely in the dark; and we would fain hope that, when now-a-days every body likes to know all about eminent characters, and when one writing one's own life is so much the fashion, the rev. gentleman will prefix to the next edition of his great work on the Revelation, some notices of his life and experience.



And here speaking of this invaluable publication, we may remark the very business-like manner in which Mr. Hart got it up. There was a man, Paterson, in town at the time, who took likenesses by "an unerring machine" at one shilling a-head, black; two shillings, shaded; and five shillings, fully executed. The rev. author had himself done off in the crown style, from which he got a lithographic impression, and this ornamented the beginning of his work; and a likeness of the author will often sell a book, even when there's nothing in't. Then Mr. Hart opened a negotiation with Mr. Cobban, then printer of the *Aberdeen Star*, and part proprietor of the Barkmill Distillery, now a respectable farmer at the township of Inverness, near Quebec, in America, for the printing of the work, and the details being discussed, on several occasions, in Mr. Cobban's chambers near the Distillery, both parties unbended in the most accommodating manner; and there being abundance of pipes and tobacco, and tee-totalism not having been then invented, it is said that, under all these circumstances, Mr. Hart drove a good bargain. And as it would have been a heavy drag on the profits to have paid 25 per cent. to booksellers, Mr. Hart took every opportunity to advertise the sale of the book among his own people, and has got clear of a great part of the impression at full prices. But we are digressing. Of his ordination, where and by whom, we are also ignorant, but we are quite certain that in this matter he would be fairly deficient in status if weighed in the balance of the Bishop of the free-stone meeting house in King Street, who would not allow Mr. Hart's ordination and the apostolical succession to be mentioned on the same day. This we know, however, that on the placing of Mr. Spence in the Blackfriars Street Chapel, nearly

twenty years ago, Mr. Hart had charge of or rented a very large Chapel in Paisley, called, we believe, "the Tabernacle," during his incumbency, in which we have heard some droll stories of him, and some queer poetical effusions are spoken of as having been let off against him, and we have even heard whole stanzas quoted; certain it is, that "large, and numerous, and respectable, and kind, and attentive" as we have heard him declare his Paisley flock to be, he did not long tarry in deciding to accept the pastoral charge, or the tenancy of the Hilloa Kirk in the Shiprow, to the congregation of which he had become known from his having assisted at the ordination of Mr. Spence, above alluded to. He certainly did make a decided hit on that occasion; it was his department to offer up the ordination prayer and to ordain, and we think we see him at this moment, standing over the kneeling minister, his portly figure slightly bent forward, and his hands spread out to heaven uttering language of the most fervid description, to which his glancing spectacles gave an additional degree of eloquence. He preached in the evening, when ten times as many went away as gained entrance to the service. The next time we heard of him was when he came to take Shiprow Chapel. This place of worship was built more than half a century ago by a party attached to Mr. Brodie, who was taken here as a candidate for the South Church, then in the Relief way, and who was beaten by Mr. Bryce, the late incumbent of that Chapel, who with his flock joined the Establishment, soon after. It was said the congregation were not very fond of the junction, but their attachment was so great to their minister—quite of a piece with their present love for Mr. Tweedie, with this difference, that it was reciprocal—that they gave way, and Mr. Bryce became a respected

member of the General Session, though of course not of the Presbytery. Mr. Brodie meantime opened his new Chapel, which was built on a sort of joint-stock principle; but he had not been long among them when he fell out with a firm in the Upperkirkgate—two gentlemen of the name of Glennie, of that class of dealers who make fortunes not so much by selling as by *buying* “old cordage, metals, and other second-hand goods,” as the Police Act recites—and these persons having a good deal of money on the Chapel, and a great deal to say in its affairs, took measures to oust him from the charge, by which he got a lucky change, for he had a call soon after from Glasgow, in which he flourished long, and in which his son flourishes after him; and we believe it will not be accounted private matter when we add, that his daughter is married to our esteemed Collector of Police, who has now left the Old Burgher Chapel in St. Nicholas Street, because it was turned into Melville Parish Church, and gone to sit under the ministry of Mr. Kennedy of Blackfriars Street Chapel, though some of his old Seceder friends do say, that it was a greater leap to Congregationalism than into the arms of Mother Church. Well, the Shiprow folks next got Dr. Paton, a gentleman who had studied physic first, and theology afterwards, leaving physic for the gospel, as presenting a more interesting field of usefulness. Dr. Paton was a capital preacher, and was also famous as an accoucheur, the branch of medical science in which he particularly excelled. Another schism arose among the independent electors of Shiprow Chapel—the result of which was, that Dr. Paton was transferred to the newly-built Chapel in St. Andrew’s Street, lately under the charge of that eloquent preacher the Rev. Samuel M’Millan, whose congregation are now advertising a series of

preaching matches in the *Aberdeen Herald* for a person to be successor to their late pastor. On Dr. Paton's secession, the pulpit of Shiprow Chapel was filled by a Mr. Bowers, who appears to have been a very quiet sort of a man, and plain withal—quite unlike his predecessor, who was a regular medico-clerical dandy, wearing a queue, powder, and buckles. After Mr. Bower, came Mr. Gellatly, whom many of our readers will remember—a tallish, full-faced, double-chined, corpulent gentleman, with very pleasant features, and a sweet voice, and who dressed in full canonicals, in which matter he was very particular, and did certainly far outshine any bishop, deacon, or presbyter in Aberdeen; for Mr. Tweedie was only then, we suppose, puling in his nurse's arms. The Shiprow Chapel congregation was principally composed of sea-faring people and west country weavers, who had come to Aberdeen in the way of their profession—for the Relief flourishes much in the "far west"—and on the whole, they might be said to be a rif-raffish sort of worshippers; but latterly there was a large infusion of factory girls, which added, if not a spiritual, at least a softening influence to the congregation, and increased much the melody of the singing, and the general beauty of the tableau. We have heard many of those persons who are temporally, as well as spiritually proud, reflect on the character of Mr. Hart's flock, as beneath the general standard; but we think there is not much weight in this objection; for there are many very influential persons connected with the Chapel. There is Commissioner Rose, a very intelligent and useful member of the Board of Police; and Mr. Cairns also, an eminent broker, well known to the public, and quite an adept in statute law. But to resume. One great attraction to this chapel at that time was the



singing, this art being at a very low ebb generally in Aberdeen at that period, except in the West Church, in which the great Mr. Shaw presided; and although he had no choir, yet he managed matters so much better than the present psalmody establishment in that church, that he sang with much spirit and animation, knew appropriate tunes, and did not fall three or four notes during the singing of as many stanzas, to the putting out of such willing worshippers as have no extraordinary depth of voice. But then most people unfortunately get drowsy during some part or other of the service, and the state of the singing at the present time in the West Church has this advantage, that such persons can indulge their sinful repose during the drawling of the psalmody, which will make them sure to keep up for the sermon. If any one in the locality of the latern would exercise a darnin' needle, he could make things get on a little more in the *allegro* way. For our own part, we rejoice in worshipping in a church in which we can get note about with the precentor. We are not one of a congregation like those of the West Church who pay a lot of fellows to sing for us, while they sit like dumb dogs, accounting it vulgar to join in a stave—no, no; nothing does us more good than to blow out our jackets with three or four stanzas to the tune of the Old 100th, London New, or some one of those tunes which were in use before it became fashionable for worshippers to sit mute during the psalmody, and to praise God by proxy. We have seen good precentors in the West Church during our day. Besides Mr. Shaw, before alluded to, who was so extremely popular that he gained golden opinions of the fair sex, and made his fortune by matrimony, there was Convener Milne, a worthy burgher of the town, who, excepting Mr. Keard of Trinity Church, was as good

a leader as Aberdeen afforded. Then after him came John Knott of famous memory, as a precentor, and who used to be followed to any of the churches to which he would occasionally change for a diet, just in the same way that evangelical people in the present day follow Mr. Davidson or Mr. Tweedie to the North Church, or even to Footdee, when these rev. gentlemen go to fill these pulpits. By the way, it was said of this Mr. Knott, that though sitting under Dr. W. L. Brown, and Dr. Geo. Glennie, in the High Church of the city, he never patronised clerical baptism, but just gave each child when born its name himself, and there was no more about it. Baptist, or no Baptist, this was not right, and we hope is made no precedent in the present day. Mr. Knott, like Mr. Tweedie, got a call to Edinburgh; but the "patrons" in his case being the Town Council, he had a most harmonious settlement. He was succeeded by Mr. Kenward, a very stiff corpulent young gentleman, and who was of the choir of Durham Cathedral, we believe. Mr. Kenward had a very fine voice certainly, and though it suited very well for the solo performances of a West Church precentor, yet we take it he would not have been so fit to run before and lead any right hearty singing congregation, like those of the South, Union, or Trinity Churches. Mr. Kenward was called away to the High Church of Edinburgh, and we are glad to observe that his great musical talents are properly appreciated in the metropolis. He was succeeded by Mr. William Simpson, another burgher, whose talents had been well known before the vacancy, by the citizens at large, and whose election was hailed as a public boon. There is no professional gentleman in town at the present day, who is to be compared to Mr. Simpson—his voice had a strength and sweetness in it quite unap-

proachable ; his manner was very engaging, and his personal appearance that of a gentleman. But "company, villanous company, was the ruin of him," as it was of Falstaff, and has been of many precentors besides Mr. Simpson, who took it into his head to leave one moon-light night for America, where it is said he is doing well. Next to him came a young lad of the name of Peele, who continued but for a brief space. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, Mr. Colston, who comes from Leith. But we are again out of the record. Old James Mathieson, who led the psalmody in Hilloa's, was a capital-spirited singer, and having a great number of young girls to follow him in the "air," and a proportionate number of "bassers" and "treblers," got on briskly ; and as they sang quite out-of-the-way tunes, we presume, James, on the occasion of extra crowded houses at the evening lectures, was entitled to say to the minister, "WE did it." During Mr. Gelatly's incumbency, old James either died to the world or to the office, and Mr. James Thomson, a gentleman whom every body knows, reigned in his stead. This James Thomson is he who used to marshal all the reform and other public processions—he, who it will be remembered, told the Reform Committee on the Broadhill, at the meeting in 1832, called to enjoin the great King William to keep in his Ministers, that he would not be accountable for the peace of the city if the band played "God save the King." Mr. Thomson did a great deal for this noble cause, and lost more time in looking after the interest of the nation than any man we know. He was at the beck of the Reform Committee. He was the right hand man of the working classes—no meeting which he did not attend. He was ticket-porter, and door-porter for them—took charge of their processions—was

whipper-in to their meetings. He ate for them, drank for them, fought for them, and starved for them; for we verily believe, heckling and music gave way to reform—and where is his reward? In the “Charter” now, we suspect, when “the bill” has failed him; for dropping in the other Sabbath-evening to a Hall in Queen Street, in which we heard the voice of psalms, we found honest James occupying the precentor’s stool, and flying “Devizes” tune in full feather and song, to a Chartist Meeting, to whom a plain-looking old man, an operative, was about to hold out on “Faith and Hope”—a good subject under their circumstances. To resume Mr. Gellatly, and finish Mr. Thomson. The latter, on an after division (of which presently) among the congregation, was appointed precentor of Union Chapel of Ease, in which he remained for some time, going out soon after the congregation had rest from the litigation in the Church Courts, in which Mr. Edwards—not he of Marnoch—sought to intrude himself into the management of the Chapel—a circumstance, which like his namesake’s case, made some noise at the time. One word more on Mr. James Thomson, and that is, it is allowed on all hands, that the Hilloa Kirk has lost its singing status since he left its lair.

By and by, then, Mr. Gellatly died, and among those who came to preach in the vacancy was one droll old man of the name of Whitfield—no relative, though a namesake, of the great George, as he used to assure the public—and he was so eccentric that he used to fill the Chapel not only three times on the Sundays, but on the week days. He was a quaint old fellow, and yet there were not wanting many who called him a “grite saunt,” and the congregation generally were quite elated with him. He did say the queerest things in the queerest way



imaginable—among other out-of-the-wayisms, he had often the plan, when giving out his text, (if in the Epistles, for instance,) of saying, “Come away, Paul, and let’s hear what you are saying to it the night”—and then read his text. He had a thorough contempt of College learning, and said that foolish old men sent their sons to the University to seek the key of the gospel in the hall floor, but that they would seek long ere they found it; and speaking of the devil, he used to say, that he tried o’er and o’er to get up and over the wall among God’s people, to play the wolf among them, but he never got over yet, but fell whack back again, never breaking his neck however, for if such a “casualty” had befallen him, he (Whitfield) would not have been beating his brains and the pulpit preaching to them; and, he would have added, “there would have been *such* a wailing among the ministers if he had got a fatal *chap!*” Well, Mr. Whitfield gained ground among the congregation during the Sabbaths he remained here, but a sad story came out against him one morning, which was, that he had been running along very tipsy, near by Putachieside, the former evening, and had fallen body bulk through a woman’s window, in which were exposed herrings, eggs, puddings, and other eatables, to the very great astonishment of the shopkeeper, and the utter derangement and desolation of the contents of the window. We don’t know how he and the woman settled, or how he settled with his landlady, but at all events, Mr. Whitfield left town with all possible dispatch. The congregation were now fairly taken a-back, when it luckily turned out that Mr. Patrick Ross, then a student of philosophy in King’s College,\* and who

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\* We have heard of a very clever plan which Mr. Ross fell upon, when a student and in lodgings, to save

had so far got a-head of his class-fellows, that he was unable to wait out the regular years to get his mouth opened, heard of the opening, and offered his services, which were accepted. Mr. Ross's probationary discourses were distinguished by great fury of delivery and looseness of arrangement. He seemed either to have no time to compose them before hand, or trusted to spiritual help to enable him to get on off-hand; but he appeared to get little assistance of that kind, for if he had not eked out his break-downs, by repetitions, he must have fairly given up the sermon and taken up the psalm book. However, he gained very shortly a little more impudence, and that and the additional practice, made him get on much better by and by, and he became a very *earnest* preacher, which was demonstrated by his requiring a clean *dickie* every time he held forth, for his stiff jib-like collar always lay over his coat neck like a piece of a wet dish-clout long before his sermon was ended. Meantime, a party in the chapel, with the Messrs. Fyfe and Mr. Edwards, aforesaid, and Mr. James Thomson the precenter, being tired of indepen-

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himself from being robbed. Notwithstanding that he gave out his meal himself to be baked, and counted his potatoes, he found that his press was interfered with, and some of his eatables carried off, the people of the house pretending ignorance. With a most praiseworthy ingenuity he hung his crockery and other things together by a piece of twine, and then attached the whole to the inside of his press-door. The trap succeeded. The greedy landlady having in his absence put in her false key, no sooner did the door of the *aumery* move on its hinges, than bang down fell the whole with a huge crash on the floor. It is needless to say that he removed his lodgings forthwith, and spread the trick among the Highland Students of King's College, to whom it was of immense use!

dence and queer preachers, felt inclined to get the chapel taken under the wings of Mother Church, and accordingly a meeting was held in the chapel to see what was to be done. There were understood to be two parties, one for retaining the chapel in its independent state, and choosing Mr. Ross as their pastor; and the other for getting it erected into a Chapel of Ease, and thus securing a regularly-educated minister. This meeting then took place, and as universal suffrage is adopted in all elections in this chapel, in the fullest sense of that term, including all seat-holders of both sexes, the factions were let loose on the question, and after a short struggle by the party in favour of a Chapel of Ease, a spirited good-looking female spinner gave out "Mr. Ross," when the meeting rose with enthusiasm, and almost *en masse*, and "Mr. Ross!" "Mr. Ross!" "Mr. Ross!"—"Ross!" "Ross!" "Ross!" proceeded from hundreds of the most beautiful lips in the creation. This was certainly a far more pleasing way for Mr. Ross of doing the thing than has happened in the case of Mr. Tweedie, in which he has been kicked like a foot ball to and from North Leith, the one time exulting in a majority, and the next time sweating in a minority, and after all losing the situation, besides being damaged in the affection of his present flock, and having to exclaim in the matter of the promised manse, "I wish I may catch it."

With respect to Mr. Ross's election, it was said that he helped greatly to carry the day in his own favour by his own conduct just immediately before the discussion, as, when the whole were assembled, Mr. Ross appeared coming slowly along the pass, in his gown, his head slightly inclined, and his hands crossed on his breast, and ascending the pulpit, offered up a most fervent prayer for their direction, during which he sprinkled the book-board of the pulpit with his tears. This

was enough to melt the heart of a hurl-barrow, instead of a Poynerook factory girl, and hence, after an attempt to check it, as before-mentioned, the torrent in favour of Mr. Ross made way, and overwhelmed all before it. It was not long till the opposing party set about erecting Union Chapel, when Mr. Ross and his friends were left to their own counsels. It is not our intention to speak of Mr. Ross's ministry, farther than to say, that on one occasion he told his people he would be the better of some books to assist him in his studies, and proposed quite modestly that they should open a subscription, and that he would also preach for the same object on week nights, the Sabbath's intake being in name of regular stipend. This was agreed to, and the cash came in, and was handed over to him, but we cannot say what books he bought, though some say that he did not buy any at all, as he did not need any, his expositions being original. By and by, Mr. Ross left them for a journey south, and never finding the way back, a correspondence was opened with Mr. Hart, which was not long in being closed by Mr. Hart's arrival in Aberdeen, when he forthwith concluded a bargain with the proprietor of the chapel, Mr. Adam Rennie, for £50 per annum as rent, and set to work to make as much of his "shop" as he could. We might have mentioned before, that the "constitution" of this chapel is particularly independent, for the clergyman had neither endowment, nor bond—he just let the seat-rents, and bagged the collections, and after paying the rent, the balance was his stipend. He was king, priest, and prophet in the chapel—the Session were his ministry, and if they did not do as he would, he dismissed them, and chose others more subservient. It was, then, the minister's interest to get his kirk well filled—his being in the situation of Mr. Edward of Marnoch, with a kirk and without a flock, would have soon ruined



him; and accordingly Mr. Hart did all that in him lay, not only to keep what customers he found, but to increase the number, and he succeeded. His Sabbath-evening lectures were crowded—all his seats were let, and things went on swingingly. One great attraction to go to hear him was, that he uttered queer words that he called Hebrew and Greek, and at which one portion of the strangers went to laugh, the other attending to admire the great learning of the preacher, which though they did not understand, yet tended, in their view, very much to edification. The unknown tongues, and the squeeling and caterwauling of that young lady—we forget her name—in the west country, were then going on, and some said that Mr. Hart was trying whether he could not make a hit in a small way, after the manner of these people—but we dont believe that—we rather think he did it, and does it, to show his learning, although Mr. Henderson of Union Chapel would say, that the effect was just *vice versa*. We remember a very bad joke which was perpetrated in the *Aberdeen Journal*, anent this penchant of Mr. Hart, for quoting the original—it was said, that while he was screeding off several sentences of it one day, a dog set up a whining in the passage, on which an old woman on the pass-board who could never make out what sort of language it was that the minister came over now and then, whispered to a neighbour—“It maun be dog Latin the minister is speaking, d’ye see hoo the peer breet kens it?” Not only does Mr. Hart delight much in quoting these languages himself, but he impresses it on heads of families to learn their children the original, it is so useful for giving them the meaning of the Spirit! But having once placed him in the Hilloa Kirk, we find the subject so swelling on us that we must adjourn it till next number.

THE REV. WM. PIRIE, MINISTER OF DYCE.

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THIS gentleman is something of a favourite of ours, though we are not altogether blind to his faults, nor disposed to overlook the few follies and eccentricities which belong to his character; of course, when we say his character, we speak of the rev. gentleman in his public capacity, for a better man in all the relations of private life, we believe, is scarcely to be found. Mr. Pirie is the son of the late Rev. Dr. George Pirie, minister of Slains, a most impressive preacher, and a kind hearted and excellent man. Mr. Pirie is an alumnus of King's College, and one of the very few ministers on the Moderate side of the Church of any mark or ability which that declining institution has turned out for the last quarter of a century. Whether he was distinguished at the University or not we have no means of knowing, nor is it a point of much moment to determine; for in a course of education such as that adopted in Old Aberdeen, a very dull lad, possessed of a retentive memory and strong powers of application, will often pass for a genius of the first water; whilst the boy of real talent, disposed to be idle, or disregarding the mere elements of instruction, will frequently be set down as the greatest blockhead in the class. After Mr. Pirie had completed his terms at the Divinity Hall, in town, he repaired for some years to Edinburgh, where he applied himself diligently to the study of languages and philosophy, and made, we believe, fair progress in literature and metaphysics.— Whether the minister of Dyce continues now-a-days to addict himself to study we cannot say; but we rather think that of late he has been too much engaged in church politics to find time for any

other, shall we call it better or pleasanter pursuit. Mr. Pirie is, however, a respectable scholar, and we are convinced that he could even instruct his venerable Greek teacher, Dr. M'Pherson, in some of the niceties of that ancient tongue, which the old gentleman has so long and so profitably, at least to himself, endeavoured to communicate to the sons of the mist and the mountain.

On the death of the Rev. Dr. Pirie of Slains, it was generally expected, and much desired by the people of the parish, that his son should be appointed to succeed him in the pastoral office; but the patron, Mr. Gordon of Cluny, a gentleman who has given more than one disinterested proof of his high regard for the welfare of the church, deemed the subject of this short memoir too young for so important a charge, and nominated a stranger of more mature years from a distance, as Dr. Pirie's successor in the ministry. This was certainly a disappointment to the young divine; but he bore it as he best could, and like many other disappointed people, crossed the Channel, and travelled for a time upon the Continent. Soon after his return from abroad, the late Mr. Gordon of Pitlurg appointed him minister of Dyce, and this situation he has now held for a considerable number of years. As a parish minister, Mr. Pirie is much liked by his people, and we have been told that there is not a dissenter from the Established Church among the whole number of his parishioners. We have even heard that some who had formerly joined themselves to dissenting bodies have, in Mr. Pirie's time, returned to the church. What the Non-intrusion folks may say to this we cannot tell; but we are always delighted to find a Moderate clergyman most popular where he is best known, namely, in his own parish, and among his own flock. As a preacher, the minister of Dyce is well adapted for a country

congregation—a little foppish, to be sure in the pulpit, with a little too much whisker below his chin, and exhibiting a little too much of his watch chain over his waistcoat, but for the most part instructive and always sensible in his discourses. To our taste, his lectures are better than his sermons, and we think it will often be found that clever men lecture better than they preach. We speak of Mr. Pirie's appearances in the pulpit with some degree of diffidence, for our opportunities of hearing him speak of a Sunday have been rather few and far between. Though his brethren in Aberdeen are members of the same Establishment—members of the same Synod—and members of the same Presbytery with himself, yet some how or other they never ask him to officiate in their churches; but, when they want assistance, seem to prefer the services of any old Seceder who may think proper to profess his adherence to the kirk, or of any wandering vagabond who comes among us, recommended by his rant, hypocrisy, and disregard of the laws of the land. This is a melancholy statement to make, yet it is not more melancholy than true. That some of our Aberdeen clergy are fanatics, we allow, and that such men would as soon employ an agent of the devil himself to preach for them as the Rev. William Pirie of Dyce, we have no hesitation in believing: but that there are others of a different cast we know to a certainty, and we know too that these men only keep aloof from the Moderates for their own selfish purposes, and for fear that they should, by an opposite line of conduct, damage themselves in the eyes of the lawless and domineering faction who now bear sway in the Church. This state of things cannot last long—the evil is great in the opinion of all sensible and well-disposed persons, and must soon bring about its own remedy. That remedy we need not point



out, for it has already begun to be talked of by men of influence and wealth in this town, and when once the remedy is known, and its administration placed in proper hands, the cure of the evil complained of may be said to be half accomplished.— The wild men, the fanatics, and rebels, cry out for church extension, and though we think *now* that their cry has from the beginning been a dishonest one, and only got up to answer their own political ends, yet we trust that, in one instance at least, their prayers shall be answered, and that we shall have before long a new and handsome edifice erected in this city to the worship of God, and its pulpit filled by a pious, rational, and Moderate Christian minister, as far removed from fanaticism as such a character must be from hypocrisy. We have departed, however, from our subject, and must resume our remarks on Mr. Pirie.

Shortly after his settlement at Dyce, the reverend gentleman began his career as a church politician, and became what he has ever since continued to be, a very regular attender in our church courts. At first, both his appearance and style of dress were against him, and those idle people who take a pleasure in witnessing the proceedings of Presbyteries and Synods were often not a little offended at the pert sharp way in which a very young-looking, and, to use their own vulgar phraseology, “a little dandified whipper-snapper,” often ventured to attack the grave and reverend seigniors, to whom they had always been accustomed to look up with reverence or respect. But the little fellow soon gained friends among the mob. The old ladies, to be sure, always looked grave at his remarks, and those among the male sex, who aspired to the eldership, were never seen to smile at the ridiculous posture in which he frequently placed his opponents. Still a great part of the audience, the

retired Deacons, and Box-masters, the Masters of Gordon's Hospital or the Grammar School, and the daughters of deceased clergymen, evidently soon began to receive his cutting observations with a degree of favour, and to manifest their approbation of his speeches in a very unequivocal manner. About this time too, the public press began to notice the proceedings of the Presbytery, and this encouraged the reverend minister of Dyce to get upon his legs oftener than he otherwise might have thought it necessary, well knowing that though he might produce little effect by his speeches on the court, composed as it is, which he addressed, yet that he could not fail, out of doors, to find among the well-disposed and informed portion of the public, numerous readers of his remarks, ready and willing to appreciate his sound, sensible, and rational views of religion, and his clear and forcible expositions of the laws and constitution of the Kirk of Scotland. The press indeed is a mighty engine, productive at times, no doubt, of evil; but on the whole, the good it has wrought to the human race is incalculable, and it continues to be, and will ever remain the surest safeguard of our civil and religious liberties. Before the discovery of the art of printing, aye, and long after, when the press was in its infancy, the clergy did as they had a mind with the weak, ignorant, superstitious, and miserable inhabitants of the earth—dooming to the dungeon, the rack, the gibbet, or the stake, all who ventured to dispute their dogmas, or resist their unholy and tyrannical sway; but thanks to the great discovery we have noticed, the case is altogether altered now, and the tyrants who formerly domineered over the minds and bodies of men are themselves compelled to submit to public opinion, enlightened and informed by the press. The art of printing beats the art of preaching hollow now.

a-days, and the editor of the *Herald*, sitting quietly at his own fire-side, can do more in half an hour to excite or instruct the people, than all the wandering host of clerical agitators that the special committee of the General Assembly has sent forth to Strathbogie could effect by all their preaching, praying, and lying, continued for twelve months at a stretch. We rejoice in this, and let every man rejoice also who loves his fellow-men, whether in a savage or civilized state of existence. It is true that some people are not very sensitive to the remarks of the press upon their conduct, and among the number of those who pay little regard to public opinion, expressed through the journals of the day, may be reckoned several members of the Presbytery of Aberdeen; but this is not the case with them all, nor even with the majority of that reverend body. Even the meek and spiritual-minded Abercromby Gordon, a man, one would think, above caring for any thing in this nether world, capers about sadly, and cries out like a child under the hands of the surgeon, whenever the caustic of the devil (we mean the printer's devil, for the real devil would never think of hurting so good a man) is applied to the sore which almost every one bears about his person in some shape or other, and from which not even one among a thousand of the saints is altogether free. Aye, though he might join with the majority of the Church in voting for the suspension of that poor, persecuted, ill-used man, Edwards of Marnoch—a man, by the by, far above three-fourths of the wild clergy in learning, talents, and character, because he dared to apply to the Court of Session for protection when his reputation was assailed, and the daily bread of himself and family in danger—yet, would the minister of the College or Greyfriars' Church himself, were he only evil-spoken of by an unhappy editor, have no hesitation

to seek redress in that very quarter to which he would deny all access to his unfortunate brother on Deveron side. It may be all very well to denounce the Court of Session at particular seasons, and in particular societies—but bad as it is called, it is a very convenient place of shelter when a man is driven, like David, to pray for protection “from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies that compass me about.”

But we are so apt to be led away from our subject, and in thinking of the wild and wandering parsons, to become wild and wandering ourselves. Let us return, however, to Mr. Pirie. From speaking in the Presbytery, the minister of Dyce came next to appear in the Synod, and gradually advanced, year by year, till he rose to be a leader in that court of review, and is now one of its most active men of business. He has perhaps not yet acquired that knowledge of form possessed by the Rev. James Paull of Tullynessle, a man who, if he had not been spoiled in his youth, by the study of some strange edition of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, would, at this moment, have been among the first men in the Church of Scotland, or, as he would call it himself, “*Scatland.*” It is in favour, we think, of the minister of Dyce to be, as he is, intimately associated with a gentleman of Mr. Paull's experience and reputation, for on church questions there are few men on whose judgment we are disposed to place greater reliance; while, at the same time, the minister of Tullynessle need not fear a comparison with any one in the conscientious discharge of all the duties that belong to a parish clergyman.

Messrs. Paull and Pirie published jointly, about a year ago, an excellent pamphlet on the disputes in the Kirk, and though the Rev. Alexander Dyce Davidson described it to his flock as a worthless



thing, not meriting the least notice, yet the public differed with the able and unbiased minister of the West Church, and called for a second edition of the work. We have said that Mr. Pirie is as yet inferior to Mr. Paull in his knowledge of business or form; and we must at the same time state that we do not think him equal in depth of argument, or sound logical reasoning powers, to the minister of Ellon. As a skirmisher, however, he is superior to them both, and as a sayer of smart things he has not his match in the Synod. Mr. Pirie too is more straight-forward than the Rev. James Robertson, and though evidently a great admirer of that political parson, he is not like some members of the Synod, poor old John Morison at Old Deer, for example, ready to fall down and worship the reverend gentleman, as if he were something far above our common frail human nature, and not a mere man, though we acknowledge a very able one, and, were his abilities directed aright, a man that might be of much importance to the Church. When we say "directed aright," we mean that it would be of great benefit to the cause of the Kirk in these times, did the Rev. James Robertson think more of the side in church politics which he professes to adopt, and less of his own advancement, than he evidently seems to do. He need not think to recommend himself to the wild party by advocating half measures at this period; and his own experience, we are convinced, must acquaint him by this time, that playing fast and loose, as he has been doing of late, is not the best way to secure for him the respect or esteem of his moderate and constitutional brethren. If he wants a Chair in any of our Universities, or a Church living in the city of Edinburgh, the best way to attain his object is to be honest, firm, and manly in his political conduct as a clergyman, and not to truckle to any

party, though the Lord Advocate may be at its head, nor to any individual, though his position may enable him to regard a Lord Advocate as a person of very small dimensions. Let Mr. Robertson imitate the conduct of that honest, upright, straight-forward man, the minister of Bourtie, who, convinced of the goodness of his cause, looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, but steadily pursues that line of duty which he conscientiously believes to be the proper course. We dare say the minister of Ellon will receive this advice with a sneer upon his countenance; but we can tell him that he is grossly deceived if he imagine that he stands as high, at this moment, in public estimation as the Rev. James Bisset, or that at any time he possessed one single quality, natural or acquired, which entitled him to consider himself as superior to the gentleman we have just named.

The writer of the sketch of the Rev. Dr. Black, in our number for last month, made some very strong remarks on the political character of the minister of Ellon. These observations, though severe, were, we are disposed to believe, very just, and we are happy to learn that they have been appreciated in quarters to which it would not become us to refer. For ourselves, we can say that we have no dislike to Mr. Robertson in his private capacity; we believe him to be a worthy man in many respects, and this only makes us regret the more that, as a public character, he has of late done himself, we will not say irreparable, but certainly very serious injury. As to Mr. Bisset, he has risen much, of late years, in estimation as a debater in our Church Courts; and, though his language is occasionally a little quaint, yet there is something about his speeches that we admire much, and they almost always read well in a newspaper. He is a little fond,

to be sure, of classical allusions and quotations, which, however apposite they may be, seem to us very often lost in the assemblies to which they are addressed. In truth, the reverend minister of Bourtie seems to us frequently to cast his pearls before swine, when he quotes Latin in the Synod of Aberdeen. That there are several excellent scholars, on both sides of the Church, in that reverend Court, we do not mean to deny; but the majority, the great majority—the Parkers, Thorburns, Humes, Stephens, Shankses, Cummings, Dingwalls, *et hoc genus omne*—what do these fellows know or care about Latin or Greek either? Mr. Bisset may depend upon it, that to these, and such as these, all Latin is Greek, and all Greek foolishness. Mr. Bisset and Mr. Pirie, though in some degree they may be considered rivals, are, we understand, very good friends, and we trust that they may both be long spared to the Church as able and useful members. Mr. Pirie has not the same chance as his friend the minister of Bourtie of being returned by his Presbytery to the General Assembly; but the last time that he appeared in that venerable Court his remarks commanded the attention of the house, and were listened to by the wild men with more than their usual silence and respect. It is to be regretted that the minister of Dyce is so situated that he cannot oftener be appointed a delegate to the Assembly; but the Presbytery of Aberdeen will never allow him to get there, if they can help it. The fair play of “every man his turn” is now given up by the saints; and the question is not now, as formerly, Whose turn is it this year? but On which side will he vote? However, if the Chapel-of-Ease gentry were turned out, times may get better, and things may mend even in the Presbytery of Aberdeen, where, at present, there seems to be a lack, not only of fair play, but even of common sense,

and many other things that should be common in every company of gentlemen. In the meantime, let Mr. Pirie persevere in the Synod and Presbytery, in both of which Courts he has done good service, and has entitled himself to the gratitude of all who value the laws and constitution of the country, as well as of all those who prefer real rational religion to the cant and hypocrisy of the day. It is somewhat hard, we think, that the minister of Dyce should receive so little assistance from his fathers and brethren on the Moderate side of the Presbytery of Aberdeen. He seems, at times, really to have all the speech-making of his party to perform; and what is even worse, a good many Moderate men never think of attending to give their votes upon matters of importance. Dr. Mearns we have not had the pleasure of seeing in the Presbytery for a long time. Perhaps his health may be the cause of his absence, and his excuse for giving up Church Courts. We should deeply regret his ill health at any time; but in these days the presence of such a man as the Professor of Divinity in King's College can be ill spared by those who think and act with him in Church affairs. There is a weight of sound argument about every thing that he says and writes which carries conviction to all unprejudiced and well-informed minds; and then there is such a weight also of character about the man—he is so personally respectable in the estimation of all who are acquainted with him—so upright and fearless as a Churchman, that his opinions would be received with deference by all the intelligent part of the public, and even meet with some attention from that portion of it which has been purposely taught to regard him with prejudice, and to look upon him in a light very different from that in which he deserves to be regarded. We have said that the state of Dr. Mearns' health may be his excuse for giving



over his attendance at Synods and Presbyteries; but can his colleague in the University, the Rev. Dr. Patrick Forbes, plead the same apology for ceasing to show himself in the Courts of the Kirk? We sincerely hope not; and though his presence in the Presbytery is not, in our opinion, of quite so much importance as that of Dr. Mearns, still he might, if so inclined, give his vote on the questions of the day, and make himself useful in various other ways. The second minister of Old Machar, and Professor of Humanity, &c. &c. &c. in King's College, is not, indeed, much of a debater, nor does he possess a very ready flow of words, nor declaim upon any subject after the manner of Demosthenes or Cicero; but, for all that, he might make himself of some little importance to his party in Aberdeen, were he only to honour them with his presence when business is carried on. The second minister of Old Machar, though a very harmless good-natured man in reality, has a certain way with him in debate, and a certain out-of-the-way manner of saying things that are in themselves common enough, which imposes upon people that do not know him, and which might be turned to account in these times among the *quoad sacra* ministers and elders who make up the majority in the Aberdeen Presbytery. Perhaps Dr. Forbes may think that he does enough for the Church when he sends forth his pamphlets to enlighten his brethren, and the public at large, on its constitution and affairs; but we beg leave to differ from him, and to maintain that every member of the Presbytery, when he has no valid excuse for absenting himself, is bound to attend all its meetings, and to take such share as he can in managing the business of the Court. Pamphlets are very good in their way, particularly such pamphlets as those published by Dr. Forbes of Old Machar—pamphlets distinguished by the original matter which they contain, the seasonable time at which they appear, the

trifling cost at which they are sold, the sound argument by which they are marked, the grammatical accuracies in which they abound, and the beautiful English style of language in which they are written. All this is very well, we grant, and must serve to raise the reputation of Dr. Forbes, and of the University which, fortunately for itself, can boast of such a man; but all this, we respectfully submit, is not sufficient to exempt him from appearing at the meetings of the Presbytery in this town. Dr. Forbes must be aware that, however acceptable his writings are to sensible and literary persons in general, still there is a large body of people who will not take their notions of the constitution of the Kirk from one that, to use their own language, thrives upon the greatest abuse which that same constitution of our poor Church tolerates or permits. Dr. Forbes must know that many silly men and women look upon a pluralist, in these days, as a very partial judge of the good old constitution of the Scotch Kirk, and consider his sentiments on the subject as anything but free from prejudice. These folks think, upon reading the publications of Dr. Forbes, of the old story of the good fat bishop, who exclaimed to the lean hungry curate, as he stood before his lordship, hat in hand, "O what a glorious constitution we live under! what a blessed constitution is that of ours!" "O yes, my lord," replied the humble curate, "very glorious, my lord; but do'nt you think, my lord, that, in some respects, my lord, it might be mended?" And so think many persons, envious and ignorant people, of course, and agree with the curate, when they read the pamphlets of Dr. Patrick Forbes on the constitution of the Kirk, that, even in our Establishment, as well as in the Church of England, there are some things that might be mended. We trust these hints will not be lost upon the second minister of Old Machar, and that he will, in future,

endeavour to attend regularly at Presbyteries and Synods, and do his best to promote order in the Church, or, at all events, to give his party the benefit of his vote, which we know will always be right, though his reasons for giving it may not always be entitled to the same epithet.

We must now conclude our remarks on the Rev. William Pirie of Dyce. The reverend gentleman, then, has been compelled, by various circumstances, to speak oftener in our Church Courts than he might otherwise have been inclined to do, and more especially by the want of support which it has been his fate to experience from those who entertain the same views with himself on Church and State affairs. We regret this for many reasons, and more particularly because we think it has operated against the character and usefulness of the reverend gentleman. It has given people at a distance an idea that the minister of Dyce is addicted to showing off a little too much in public, and disposed to dispute about trifles, and it has served to combine against him individually, the whole wrath of the Non-intrusion faction in this town. Mr. Pirie is held up by the saints in Aberdeen, and by those people at a distance who are unacquainted with him, as an infidel, a child of wrath, an imp of Satan; in short, as any thing but what he is, a very worthy, clever, well informed, and excellent man. That Mr. Pirie cares very little about all this may be, and we believe is very true; but we do care about it, because we regard the reverend gentleman in some measure as a public man, not a mere parish minister, or private member of Presbytery, but a clergyman endowed by nature, and qualified by his acquirements, to take up a respectable position even in the councils of a Church, where, though Presbyterian parity is professed, talents, honesty, and eloquence must always insure to their possessor a commanding influence.

## THE REV. HUGH HART.

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 (Continued from page 125.)  
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BEFORE we go farther with the Minister of Zion Chapel, perhaps it may be as well to give a slight sketch of the personal appearance of the reverend gentleman, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with it. Mr. Hart is a man, we would say, bordering on three score—no, perhaps five years less—though he is one of those stout fellows who would mislead one as to his real age, being well kept in diet and dress, the latter of which is a particular study, as respects neatness and cleanness, among all old military characters. Mr. Hart's gaucy face and full chest give ample proof that he lives well, and the sleek, well-brought-up, and *bona fide* cheeks of him are a very sign-board that he is no tee-totaller, but one whose "full diet" is nicely digested by a quiet drop of summat, and which is enabled to "act kindly" with him, as the doctors say, by the facility given to the digesting process during the smoking of a comfortable pipe. And yet he has not a face to be called a fat face—a pluffy face—no, no, but a good plain well-filled-up countenance—not a soncy honest-like face like Mr. Adam of the *Herald*, nor a skranky phiz like Mr. Troup of the *Banner*, but just a good rough cast, as much weather-beaten as to show that he had faced the elements, and that he had not chambered it among musty books or manuscripts, or acted clerk in some well-swept counting-house, or been a member of any department in the mercantile world. And we would swear now that Mr. Hart had never been in a retreat during his military life, for his heavy solemn gait would have never done



in running. His legs are certainly not very flexible, which makes him walk with a sort of pumpwellish—or sentry-boxish, if you will—stiffness, with head erect, protruding chest, military hauteur, and clerical solemnity. We never saw him without a very good suit—pantaloons always, spectacles ever, and a well-rubbed silver-headed and tasselled walking staff without fail. Mr. Hart's hat is the best brushed one within the Parliamentary bounds; it is of the regular "oily pig" description—smooth and shining as a Warren-black boot, and a "wee thoughty" a-jee, not so much as to imply a deil-me-careness, nor yet of that sort of cock which tells of fierceness, but just an easy off-the-plain-kind of a put on, which at any rate implies peace of conscience. There is one remark on his clothes; they look too much of brushing—too much in the pin-point style of neatness, which on any suit looks bad, on black especially, and is not to be tolerated except in flunkies, precentors, writers of a certain age, and medical men with a certain practice. For an Independent minister, in independent circumstances, a well-handled thread-bare coat is decidedly low, and we wonder why our reverend friend, who has of "things present" enough and to spare, would put a brush at all on his coat. We'll give him a lesson—let him never allow missus or the servant to use a brush at all. Let them either shake or cane his stan' of blacks; that is the plan for keeping on the pile, and in the colour. We have another objection to his coats; they are always too short in the body, which makes the tails long and stiff, so that they fall down from his body like a couple of streekin' boards. Now he looks much better in his canonicals than in his common dress coat; for we never saw him with cloak or great coat; and, indeed, as to the former, it would in his case be intolerable. His pulpit gown is not the

Geneva cloak, but the full Episcopal silk gown, with cassock, and his bands are like two penny cakes of thin gingerbread. Indeed the Geneva cloak, made of stuff cloth, and ornamented with frogs, as formerly worn by the ministers of the Establishment, is now almost out of fashion, since these gowns fell to be presented by the young ladies of congregations—the poor dear creatures supposing that silk was more grand, frogs vulgar, and that the old cloak was not full and imposing enough. On the whole, then, Mr. Hart looks very well in the pulpit, and if he would keep out drolleries and Greek and Hebrew quotations from his sermons, and eschew his stiff pronunciation and wiling of words, by which, like some few existing out-of-the-way characters, he puts away from him those common expressions, which at once suggest themselves to him, and speaks not like a man of God's making, he would make a very fair appearance as a preacher. So much then for the person of the minister of the United Christian Church in Aberdeen.

As to this sect we cannot say when nor whence it sprung, although there are very few sects in Aberdeen but what something can be told about their origin; and, speaking of sects, one would suppose, to read the effusions of those persons who advocate the building of additional churches at Barkmill, the Heading Hill, and otherwise, and who make collections for home or parish missionaries, that our city was in a dreadful state of spiritual destitution; whereas, if the clergy, established and dissenting, as Mr. Hart says, would only work like him, we should hear less of the ignorance of our population. It may not be uninteresting to take a view of the different sects at present existing here, as we are in no hurry to part with our reverend friend, who will be soon much more in the public eye in his new chapel than he has been for the last few months in

the loft in Frederick Street. We need not, then, enumerate the temples of Mother Church, neither the old parish churches, nor those called *quoad sacra*, and which the Court of Session appear about to send back into their old character of Chapels of Ease. We have, besides, three Episcopal meeting-houses—that in which Bishop Skinner and Mr. Browning preach, although we cannot say that this congregation do much to alleviate the spiritual destitution of the town; for salvation, they believe, is not to be found without the walls of their own chapel, and they take care to keep it there, for they have no prayer meetings, nor city missionaries, nor any means of grace, but a cold dry prayer and lesson-reading, and colder sermons. Then we have St. Paul's, which *was* a kind of respectable place—we speak of it in the past tense—but which has now lost its independence, and come under the wings of the Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church in Aberdeen. We have next St. John's, which is very little heard or thought of, where the congregation sit and lean on cushions, and in which the goſpèl is *not* preached to the poor, the congregation being select and upish. Then comes St. Peter's, the Catholic Chapel, elder brother to the Episcopal meeting houses; and if the Rev. Charles Gordon does not do much in spreading the truth, he is a worthy example in distributing charity, and calling at hovels and hospitals, and helping the old and infirm at the broth kitchen, and many other good works, but particularly in his visiting of the sick; for, whereas many of “the fourteen great guns over the way there,” as he said, alluding to the allied clerical force which preached against him the other winter, would not enter a sick person's room, nor even the Infirmary, but would cry over the gate at the porter how such and such a patient was, Mr. Gordon will go to the bedside of the sufferer and

administer temporal as well as spiritual consolation. We next come to the Seceders, and we have Mr. Sedgewick's congregation—they who put away the venerable Mr. Templeton and broke his heart; Mr. Angus, who primly preaches to a very select few, and whose style of speaking would meet, we dare say, the approval of Professor Calvert; and Mr. Stirling, who crieth out in George Street to a pretty numerous flock; and we understand we are also to have a fourth congregation of the United Secession in the Tee-total Hall, under the ministry of that very eccentric man, Mr. Robertson of Craigdam. Again, we have the Seceders of Skene Terrace, the true anti-burghers—they who stand not only for the Kirk but also for the Covenant, the forsaking of which, with other "defections" in Mother Church, has kept them out of her communion, when other "old lights" have come in; but, for all that, they join with her in every good work; and though people have in derision called them the "forty thieves," yet they can rank four times that number of honest men, true to their principles, and men worth money withal. We now come to the Independents, and we have George Street Chapel first, in which Messrs. William Matthews & Son and other leading saints and philanthropists worship; Mr. Kennedy's, in which we may almost say Tee-totalism is a test for sealing ordinances; and Frederick Street Chapel, now never heard of, in which some man Wallace presides;—Baptists next, Scotch and English Baptists, in which a variety of ministers preside—Mr. David Souter the eminent druggist; Mr. Cooper the eminent hatter; Mr. Maitland the eminent bookseller; Mr. M'Allan the eminent upholsterer, and others—all eminent expounders of gospel truth and the evidences of adult baptism. Then comes the Unitarian Chapel, in which the heterodox doctrine of the efficacy of



good works, charity, and the social virtues is held out, and the souls of *dozened* sinners sent to sleep with the "peace, peace" harangues of a cold minister and the sighing notes of a sweet seraphim.

We had forgot in their order the Methodists, who, since the days of Valentine Ward, have been a very quiet sect here; nor has the new-light section of that body been ever able to make a stand against them here, though an attempt was made to do so by that amiable young man, Mr. Gilchrist, son of the respectable tailor of that name. The Quakers, again, have a very respectable-looking place over the Porthill, and are the means, once a-year, of trysting many a careless character to hear the sweet melody of some exhorting sister; and in the way of seat-giving, they are much more civil than the South Church people, who have the character of being the most *ill-willy* to strangers in that way in Aberdeen. We have next the Irvingites, a sect of some ten years standing, who lately rented the Baptist Chapel, in John Street, and took down the pulpit, and put up a platform or elders' seat, from which they exhorted; but we believe they have now been driven into some upper chamber, in which they hold forth on the signs of the times, the defections of the present generation, and the near approach of the end of all things. After them must come the Southcotians, ruffian-looking characters, with red, yellow, and mottled beards, grey hats, single-breasted coats, and dirty shirts. They have some synagogue in some lane or other, but they occasionally hold forth at Castle Street and at street corners. We should, however, have noticed sooner the Glassites—a very old and respectable sect, whose chapel in St. Andrew Street is vulgarly called the broth kirk, from a notion that the ministers have a large lay on of broth every Sunday, a statement which, we believe, is partly correct,

as there is a kind of mess or ordinary among them after the forenoon service; but it should be observed, that though they take broth here, it is not considered essential to salvation that it should be broth, nor would it be a mortal sin if it were even tripe: hence, in England, the sect take roast-beef and plumpudding. Being in St. Andrew Street, we must not forget the Relief Chapel there, now the Rev. Mr. Thurburn's, in which that extremely clever little great man, Mr. Beckett, lately held forth, who, it was said, was a very valuable contributor to the *Herald* in the dissenting department. Again, in the late Mr. Ramage's Hall, George Street, holds forth the Rev. Mr. Mackie to a handful of "Primitive Christians," as they call themselves; while Mr. Archibald M'Donald, flaxdresser and Chartist, expounds the Scriptures to the Christian people "of the extreme section" in the Queen Street Hall. There was another sect, or, at least, a minister of another sect; but, we believe, minister and people are now extinct. We refer to the Bereans, of which the Rev. James Robertson was overseer. This gentleman had a church in his own house, in Windmillbrae, composed of two garrets knocked into one, with a small pedestal on the top of the stair, on which stood a little tin salver for collecting the ha'pence, while a decent-looking pulpit and precentor's box stood at the east end of the garret, with a "table seat" immediately before them, and pews filled up the rest. Mr. Robertson was accounted a very sound preacher, and latterly, in the afternoon, would have sometimes counted twenty-five to thirty of an audience. He took the thing quite coolly, and used to call a dead halt at the end of the several departments in the prayer and quietly take snuff; and so confined was he in body, if not in spirit, that when he gave the usual up-movement of his head to send home the pinch, it used to

play whack against the ceiling. These then, besides evangelical journeymen and gifted females who hold out in mangle-women's houses, or other laigh doors on week-day evenings, and on Sabbath after the termination of the evening lectures, are a few of the "means" which present themselves to such as worship in a fine suit, or to those who, having neither the will nor ability, are waited upon with the word into their own neighbourhood—a facility in attending the ordinances of religion which seems to justify the subject of our sketch in saying that church extension is a mere humbug.

We cannot say whose fault it is, but it is very singular, that when we see the leaders of most of those sects uniting in every good work—that which concerns the bodies as well as the souls of men—the minister of the United Christian Church should stand aloof. We never yet saw Mr. Hart on a platform either at a temporal or spiritual meeting, except once at a meeting upon the subject of the over-working of factory girls, which was held in the Gaelic Chapel. He is quite unrecognised by the cloth; and, indeed, we have heard that he himself, while he felt this overlooking, scorned it, remarking, "None o' them invite me to their meetings, nor even hail me on the street, except Mr. Brown of St. Paul's, and he never meets me, but he gives me a hearty slap on the back and says, 'How dy'e do, Hart?'" But we take it that the coldness proceeds from Mr. Hart himself, who finds it his interest to keep the minds and pockets of his flock undistracted by the many claims on their benevolence which would present themselves, were he to mix himself up with his brethren in their schemes of charity; and of course, the less that goes abroad the more remains at home, when any thing in the number-one department leads him to appeal to their good nature. But the city clergy are not justified

in holding Mr. Hart so cheap, for, like O'Connell, he has resources; and when we see on Church-Extension, Moderates and Evangelicals united, on Anti-Patronage, Mother Church shaking hands with Old-Light Antiburghers, and on Bible circulation, all the different clerical elements, including the rankest Voluntaries, uniting, we think they might do worse than come to terms with the Rev. Hugh Hart of Zion Chapel.

In a late *Aberdeen Journal* we observe that this is the name which the reverend gentleman has been pleased to give his new chapel—a very novel name certainly, and much more genteel than Hilloa Kirk, which was the name of his last. As to how it got this designation the curious are much divided. We have heard so many opinions, and each so out of the way, that we cannot adopt any. Nor are we more able to say any thing certain as to the derivation of the name of the sect; but we believe that the United Christian Church was got up from a concentration of “Christian Ministers,” who were either too learned or unlearned, too godly or ungodly, too orthodox or heterodox, to remain attached to any sect or principles—regular “wildmen”—glorious spiritual radicals, with the free and independent spirit of the first reformer, who thought it

“Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven.”

Certain it is that those who now rank among the “United” are ex-Methodists, ex-Relievers, ex-Independents, ex-Baptists—aye, ex-Churchmen, and ex-everything. They have church courts, however. We recollect on one of their Presbyteries meeting here, on a charge, we think, of heresy against the Rev. Hugh Hart, promoted by a member about Arbroath or somewhere; and although there were only two members, barring an elder of the Hilloa Kirk, they went through the



business with all the pomp and circumstance of a Mother Kirk Presbytery, with such a one as Mr. Paull of Tullynessle moderator, and the like of Mr. Pirie of Dyce following up, or picking holes in the indictment; and every one will acknowledge *that* were a solemn court. The result, however, in this case was, as we understood, the failure of the charge and Mr. Hart's acquittal.

It was not long after Mr. Hart's settlement, that he was visited by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, of London, who had, a short time before, gained a great deal of inglorious notoriety in the affair of Miss Dick, the daughter of Dr. Dick of Glasgow, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Dick, the predecessor of Mr. Primrose, now of Melville Church. Miss Dick was a young lady of the most endearing accomplishments, whom this reverend deceiver had led on in the belief that he would marry her, when all of a sudden he turned round and said he would have none of her! The action consequent on this scoundrelly conduct will be in the recollection of many of our readers, as also Mr. Fletcher's expulsion from the respectable sect of Seceders with which he was connected. His ministrations in Shiprow Chapel were attended by the most extraordinary crowds, and on one occasion, not only the church, but the area around it and the street was crowded, whereupon a signal was given that the diet would be held in Weigh-house Square, to which the mob adjourned, followed by Messrs. Fletcher and Hart, when the reverend deceiver held forth from the gable stair-head, opposite Mr. John Begg's granary. Fletcher is a tall good-looking man—

“ A fellow of some reckoning,  
And worth a lady's eye.”

And we were not surprised that Miss D. should not give up all chance of him without a struggle and an

action of damages. It was indeed a most flagrant breach of promise, and our wonder is how Mr. Fletcher kept his standing as a minister in London, where he has an elegant church and a good congregation. Impudence did it—impudence, that most useful virtue which has kept many desperate characters above water, and without which numbers of deserving individuals have sunk. Mr. Fletcher has, besides, published a volume of prayers, which has been puffed and hawked all over the three kingdoms; and Dr. Daniel Dewar, taking the hint from the London Lothario, has published a similar volume—with this difference, that he has not put his own picture at the beginning of it, as Mr. Fletcher has done—very likely for this reason, that he does not consider himself so handsome as Mr. Fletcher does himself.

The next memorable era in Mr. Hart's ministry was the advent of Dr. John Knox Stuart, the "Cholera Doctor," as he was called, who followed the Cholera north from Glasgow, and arrived here in the autumn of 1832, when that disease was in its prime in Aberdeen. The most likely plan to insure public attention, the Doctor considered to be public lecturing—and having been introduced to Mr. Hart, they soon came to a proper understanding; and the Doctor was announced to hold forth in Shiprow Chapel. It is impossible for us to go over the various exhibitions made by the Doctor, assisted by his reverend patron—they furnished much amusement in the newspapers at the time—suffice it to say, that on every occasion the chapel was crowded. The Doctor was a young good-looking chap, with a strong twang of the west country, of course—having a good deal of assurance, and considerable volubility of speech. He declared that he was a licentiate of the College of Glasgow, had studied on the continent, and wrought great wonders in the west

in the cure of cholera. He occupied the precen-  
tor's desk, the pulpit being in charge of the Rev.  
Mr. Hart, who generally opened the meetings with  
prayer, invoking a special blessing "on thy servant  
who hath been sent in this perilous time for the sal-  
vation of the lives of many, who, without the aid  
of his advice, must have fallen a sacrifice to the  
dreadful malady." The prayer being over, the  
Doctor seized a rod, and turning round, began to  
explain the various functions of the human body,  
as they appeared set forth in two anatomical  
views, which were painted on two screens of can-  
vass stuck up against the windows at the back of  
the pulpit, of course showing quite clearly how  
the cholera began and how it ended. He then  
praised up his own medicines, and related several  
cases of his medical experience, being ever and  
anon interrupted by Mr. Hart, with a question or  
observation. Here is a specimen (we quote from  
memory):—

Doctor.—I tried the Methodists, an' they hummed  
and hawed, and spoke about manager meetings,  
and a' that—an' in short no place was open to me  
till I luckily fell in with my friend Mr. Hart here."

Mr. Hart.—Ah, Doctor, they should have given  
you the big kirk in King Street—so they should;  
but our rulers and people are blind to their own in-  
terest.

Doctor.—Indeed they are, Sir, and I, in my own  
name and that of the public, thank you for allow-  
ing me to give, and them to receive, my assistance.

Mr. Hart.—No compliments now, Doctor—the  
fact is, I am highly honoured in being made the in-  
strument of giving you the opportunity, &c. &c.

And then the Doctor went on with his lecture.  
Again Mr. Hart would be called up in this way:—

Doctor.—And the ither nicht I was called in to  
see a man you'll a' know—John Hall, a carter. The

doctors had been at him, and the brandy, and the laudanum, and the old process system were going on—and these professionals eyed me at once, and thought me an intruder; and when I got in my word I bade them wait to see the result of my application; but no, off they got like a shot. John Hall's case is well known, and can be investigated.

Mr. Hart.—By the by, Doctor, how is John Hall?

Doctor.—O, quite well—quite over it.

Mr. Hart.—Ah, there it is—there is evidence for you, my friends—you may go and see John Hall, and judge for yourselves.

Then again, speaking of his pills—They know that there is this purgative in them (naming it), and the other, and also the sweating drug (naming it)—they know all this, and they say, “O! Stuart is just dozing them with Dover's powders.” But then there is another little matter in them which they can't name—it gives them a reddish colour—and here it is that the doctors must stop; for they can't make out this *other* thing.

Mr. Hart.—And this other thing is the thing. And what may that thing be, Doctor?

Doctor.—Ah! but that's my secret (snapping his fingers amid loud laughter).

Mr. Hart.—Ay, let them find out that if they can. You have 'em there—(loud laughter).

And then, about the end of his lecture, while winding up and telling them when his next lecture would take place, he would be thus interrupted—

Mr. Hart.—Eh, where is it, Doctor, they can have your medicines?

Doctor.—O! just now, in the Vestry, or in Mr. Allan's Temperance Coffee-rooms.

Mr. Hart.—Ah! that is right. They are cheap, I'm sure—very; and people ought to be thankful for having it in their power to purchase them.—Eh—any thing—ah—about the admission next time.



Doctor.—O ay!—I find we must make it by tickets, at one penny each.

Mr. Hart.—And I am sure they are cheap enough, Doctor. Let us pray!

The newspapers having been very droll on him, generally a portion (sometimes the greater part) of his lectures were taken up in replying to them. For example, the *Herald* of those days was under the control of Mr. John Power, of dozy memory; and one evening the Doctor, referring to the *Herald* notice, punned in this wise—“Opposite me sat the man of the *Herald*—a man of *powers* and spectacles”—(loud laughter).

Mr. Hart (interrupting).—And I'll tell you what, Doctor, that same Mr. Power writes as if his fingers were cramped—his composition is constipated—(laughter)—and let me tell you, so dull a fellow is he, that if he don't change his masters, they will soon change him—(great laughter).

Then again, about the *Observer*—they had many evenings about it—the Doctor commenced a tirade against it, and pointed out the late Mr. John Davidson, of that paper, sitting below the precen-tor's desk, and challenged him as to some opinion given in that paper, and of course Mr. D. “unaccustomed as he was to public speaking,” not replying, the Doctor was proceeding to another part of his subject, when he was interrupted by

Mr. Hart (leaning, as usual, familiarly over the pulpit).—I hope, Doctor, you are not done with the *Observer* yet?

Doctor.—O ay, O ay—I leave it to you.

Mr. Hart (after commenting on its article, concluded)—Now we are beset with these newspaper folks—let 'em come—we care not—let 'em say the truth, and we fear 'em not. Last night they were on this side (left) there (point-

ing to a pew), two of the fellows sat *there*—(pointing). My officer came and showed me them—ay, and he gave them more gas to enable them to do their duty, so obliging was he—(roars of laughter).

In short, the “Cholera Lectures” were quite a favorite resort while they continued; but the Cholera subsided, and the Doctor’s occupation being gone, though he continued to fish a short time for “certain diseases,” and kept phials and other signals in his window in the upper storey of Mr. Allan’s house, he found that the thing was “up” here, and so he went to where he came from—Glasgow, where we find him still advertising the “Silent Monitor,” “Red Pills,” and other things connected with “a certain” branch of the profession. The Doctor being gone, it appeared to Mr. Hart that something might still be made of his late connexion, and accordingly out came an announcement that “Vegetable Pills,” for the cure of such and such disorders, were to be had, in Constitution Street, of “J. Hart, Agent;” which “J. Hart,” we presume, meant Mr. Hart’s amiable son, Joshua, who now dispenses medicine in a druggist’s shop in the Gallowgate.

While on Mr. Hart’s secular propensities, we may mention that he has occasionally patronised co-operative and other economical schemes, and has both lost and made money by these speculations.

Soon after the Cholera exhibition, we recollect on Mr. Hart being visited by a *Rev. Mr. Spencer*, a tall spare seedy character, a sort of

retainer to the *Rev.* Boatswain Smith, of London, and who came to make "collections."—Mr. Spencer's peculiar duty at home was to seek out and exhort females of a certain class, and, in a few evening discourses, Mr. S. gave some queer histories to crowded audiences. He was a vulgar-looking lad—murdered the h's, of course, and knew no more of grammar than of theology. One of his stories we remember. He fell in with and described a girl of the town, to whom he laid down the necessity of reform, and sought her history, much in the same way that Mr. David Mitchell, or Song-of-Solomon Ness, or the man Laing the coach painter, do in Aberdeen; when lo and behold, out it came that she was his sister, who had been seduced by some villain, and, after having been decoyed to town, had been deserted! Of course the Rev. Mister Spencer had not seen Miss Caroline Spencer since she was a child. And the queerest part of this evening's exercise was, that Mr. Hart himself, in concluding the services of the evening, prayed to "Bless thy young servant, Mister Spencer, whom thou hast blessed as the instrument of raising up many fallen in Israel," and that he might long be spared, and so on; and thus "Bless also, with thy special protection and guardianship, Miss Caroline Spencer! that she may be preserved from returning to her wicked and perverse course, like the dog to his vomit, or the sow," et cetera. Now, this was particularly good, and seemed to draw out the "crystal drops" from the eyes of her amiable brother,

who leaned over the right-hand side of the pulpit, looking down through the baptism iron stand!

We have already said that the constitution of this chapel is extremely popular, and we recollect a very droll scene which was exhibited, on one occasion, at the election of a precentor, in which women, as well as men, voted. Mr. Hart presided and prayed as fervently for the "servant" who should be elected, as if it had been his own helper and successor. Then came the vote, which was by ballot, each elector being served with two tickets—one for each candidate, and which were collected in boxes. When the whole tickets had been deposited, the boxes were taken to the table-seat below the pulpit, when, before opening them, the Rev. Mr. Hart again prayed, during which cries from the gallery were heard, "You're smuggling the boxes—hold up the boxes!" On which Mr. Hart stopped, and said, "Elevate the boxes!" which was instantly done by the custodiers of them supporting them with their hands raised high over their heads. As the votes were recording, or "were being recorded," as the Minister of the South Church would say in his Cockney London-Wall slang, alternate cheers and hisses were heard; on which some one in the gallery cried out, "That's one way of it—more like a theatre than a church." Mr. Hart interposed, and addressing the objector said, "I beg your pardon, Sir; it is quite proper to applaud in a church, and, if you doubt my word, I'll give you Scripture for it." The man did not reply, and the election went on.



Speaking of cheering in churches puts us in mind of the Rev. Mr. Spence of Blackfriars Street Chapel, who had once a very learned discussion with the newspapers on this very subject, in consequence of some remarks made on his crying out at a Voluntary meeting in his own church, "One cheer more!" Mr. S. maintaining that it was proper to cheer, and play on instruments,\* dance and show various other

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\* We remember on the Rev. Mr. Doig once being put into a sad plight by instrumental music in the East Church, when he acted as chaplain to the garrison here. The 88th regiment had come to town, and were proceeding for the first time to church on Sunday, to hear sermon at a quarter to one, immediately after the dismissal of the congregation in the forenoon. The band played as usual, but as usual they did not stop on coming to the church door, but held on with their tune, and took possession of the "dark laft" in the west end of the church, threading their way to it by the black narrow staircase which entered from the side of the hangman's seat. Reaching the loft, they stood still and played on, when Mr. Doig, who had entered the pulpit, waved his hand over and over to them as a signal to desist, but without avail. He took up the Psalm Book, and gave out the 100th Psalm as loud as he could bawl; but it would not do—the band went on; so the minister sat down, and allowed them to finish their piece without farther molestation—an amateur precentor quaking the while, and looking as oblivious in his box as Mr. Colston did when he was quietly seated in the pulpit of a kirk at Leith, which he had taken possession of instead of the precentor's desk, on an amateur exhibition as a candidate. Representation was made to the commanding officer—to what effect we know not, farther than that the regiment, in all times thereafter, attended worship in the Freestone Meeting-house in King Street.

marks of gladness in the kirk; and his opponents, in closing up, said it would be very desirable to see the reverend gentleman doing a saraband!

Two years ago, Mr. Hart preached a series of Sabbath-evening discourses to young men, with particular reference to the proper manner of choosing a wife; and were it not that we know that Mrs. Hart possesses the most amiable domestic qualities, we *would* wonder how it was that the reverend gentleman got so complete a knowledge of all the failings of an unworthy wife. The details of the shortcomings of such an unfortunate housewife, Mr. Hart explained in the most minute and laughable manner. So great were the crowds which attended these lectures, that Mr. Hart could with difficulty get into the church, and if he had not been closely surrounded by a band of retainers, his gown must have been torn in tatters, the crowd outside taking advantage of the opening made to admit him, and pressing round him. By and by, however, this chapel, which had been the scene of so many drolleries, came to its end—the Market Company was started, and Mr. Hart's Chapel was doomed. The reverend gentleman, whether actuated by his common outlook, or favoured by a special foreknowledge, had procured a life-rent of the place, and accordingly presented a stiff front to the Directors when the affair came before them. It is sufficient to remark that Mr. Hart received £500 down as compensation. At length the last evening came in which ser-

vice was to be performed in the chapel, and long before the hour, not only the house and area, but the street before the gate was crowded. Mr. Hart's sermon did not present so much of his peculiar manner as was expected. He gave a rapid history of the ministers who had performed in the chapel—"the bold Brodie, the pious Paton, the balmy Bower, and the godly Gellatly;" but he did not mention "robust Ross," for what reason we know not. Then he took farewell of everything connected with the place:—"Farewell, ye walls which have guarded us from the raging of the elements—the roof which has shielded us from the rains, from the sun, and from the snow—the windows which have admitted light to enable us to perform our religious duties—these passages down which we have so often passed to our places—and these pews in which we have so often sat and heard the word of salvation—this pulpit from which so many servants of God have declared his Gospel—that desk, out of which the praises of our Maker have been so often sung." And then in prayer he invoked the especial blessing of heaven "on the Market Company, the Directors, and Adam & Anderson, the agents thereof!" "Pour out thy blessing upon Archibald Simpson, Esq.!" And then he went on to tell his Maker of several particular points in which his "servants," the said agents, had favoured him.

After fixing on a large granary, belonging to Mr. William White, in Frederick Street, as an interim place of worship, Mr. Hart concluded a bargain for a feu for a new chapel in John

Street, and, with his usual knowingness, bought up the ground rent from a person, himself a feuar, so that Mr. Hart stands rather in jeopardy in having to pay the purchase twice. His chapel was opened on the 4th April by the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff, late of the United Secession, but who, on a dispute with his presbytery on a subject intimately connected with tee-totalism—a principle of which, it is said, Mr. Moncrieff is no supporter—he “came out” from that sect, and joined himself to the tail of the Rev. Alex. Fletcher before alluded to, and now came, sent by his patron, to open Zion Chapel. We are happy that Mr. Fletcher himself did not come down, as we should be sorry to see Mr. Hart ally himself to such a disreputable character. And on the 4th April, 1841, was “Zion Chapel” (which sign is on the front of it) opened—a nice, snug, clean-looking house, which had been well scoured out on the preceding evening by a band of factory girls, who, at the bidding of Mr. Hart the Sunday before, had come up “as many of them as chose, bringing each a mop, or clout, and a vessel, to clean out the dust left by the carpenters”—these being the words of the invitation. To conclude, Mr. Hart is now fairly settled down in a comfortable and permanent situation, which will be a source of great emolument to him, and to Ebenezer after him, and to his children’s children for several generations, as the “carpenter,” we doubt not, has given him good timber, and our esteemed friend Mr. James Shanks made a matter of conscience of it in his department.



## THE REV. JAMES BRYCE.

THERE is no candid observer who has had occasion to visit our Church Courts, or to attend the meetings which have been called on both sides of the Church Question, but must have remarked the superiority in point of faces which the Moderates are able to shew over their Evangelical opponents. The extent to which this superiority holds true is really remarkable, and furnishes us with a striking proof of the goodness of God, who has not left his creatures without the means of at first sight knowing whom they are to trust to and whom they ought to avoid. It is not that ugliness which is produced by the small-pox, natural coarseness of features, or such like, which forms this criterion. People with all these disadvantages have often a fine moral expression of countenance which makes friends to them everywhere; while, on the other hand, there are people whose faces have been called beautiful who bear in them the most immoral and repulsive expression. Of this latter class is the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, whose face is a decidedly Evangelical one; yet women have thought it handsome, and he himself, no doubt, does so, seeing that he has engraved it and put it as a frontispiece to that large volume of prayers which he has lately published. Yet the expression of his face, both in the living man and in the portrait, affects the judicious observer with a very unfavourable notion of his character. His beauty is like the beauty of a spotted snake, that it is better not to come into too close contact with. As a general rule, however, Evangelical people have not even the comeliness which must be conceded to such as Fletcher. Lowering eye-brows, discontented mouths, noses

on one side of their faces, and a particularly deceitful and offensive twinkling of the eyes, characterise the breed; and we need not tell those who have any experience in the world, that they are a set of people who have not followed the heathenish example of Socrates, and endeavoured to make nature a liar. In the whole Church of Scotland, as far as observation reaches, this holds perfectly true. Cunningham's face has that mixture of roguishness with clownishness, which shews that nature designed him for a cattle-stealer, a person that it would not be safe to meet in a wood. One would not expect fair play at cards, if he were to play with a man like Mr. Candlish. Most of our country parsons are Moderates, and there are many rough, farmer-looking people amongst them, but they have honest faces. The Rev. Mr. Thornburn is a country minister, and yet highly Evangelical, and so is his face, which is a marvellously bad one—not to be paralleled on the Moderate side of the house. Mr. Anderson of Boyndie is eminently Evangelical, and his face is the face of a young lad fresh cut down from the gallows. We need not carry these examples farther; the general truth which we have stated must have forced itself on all who are in the way of using their eyes. It is as true of the laity as of the clergy;—just place the Laird of Westhall beside the Laird of Culsh; the Baronet of Pitmedden beside the Baronet of Craigievar; the Editor of the *Herald* beside the Editor of the *Banner*, and you find that in every case your Evangelical stands,

————— like a mildewed ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother.

We have been led into this dissertation by the example of our pious contemporary of the *Banner*, who, priding himself upon his personal charms, has

fallen foul of the Great Constitutional Meeting held in the Court-house, on account of the want of beauty displayed by the gentlemen present. Now, in looking upon that meeting, the eye of the Editor must, we think, have been directed towards the bench where the chairman stood, and there, we think, he might have seen, nearly close to each other, three gentlemen, all rather good looking in their way. In fact, we fling down the gauntlet to him, and defy him to produce amongst the Aberdeen Headship-people three men with half the fine personal appearance of Provost Blaikie, Provost Hadden, and Bailie Simpson, and we certainly give him an advantage when we reckon in two Octogenarians. We will be content, after he has mustered his three best, to leave the question to the decision of the Ladies' Non-intrusion Committee, or to any tea party of Evangelical female scandal-mongers that he pleases. With regard to this Editor who is so ill to please with the beauty of his opponents, he may, no doubt, consider himself a perfect Absalom for comeliness; and there is certainly one part of the sacred historian's description of that rebellious subject which applies to him very accurately—"And when he polled his head (for it was at every year's end that he polled it; because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it), he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight." 2d Sam. xiv. 26.

It is not so much to be wondered at that these Evangelical people are a gallows-looking crew, when we consider the fact that the entertaining of Evangelical principles is of itself a great promoter of ugliness. We have known numerous instances, within our own experience, of people who were tolerably sensible and who looked pretty decent-like before they experienced what they call "a change," who have since grown desperately stupid and very

ugly. Many of them who were once smart enough have now, in their faces, all the vacant air of a spiritualised factory girl. Even those of them who are not ill-looking lose a good deal by harbouring fanaticism in their heads. There's the Christian Agent, Mr. Mitchell, who is certainly not an ill-looking lad by any means ; but he has lost forty or fifty per cent. of his comeliness since these disturbances rose in the Church, and his face is daily getting longer, as we have no doubt might be ascertained by actual admeasurement.

It is a corroboration of these general principles that the only good-looking people that the Evangelical party can by any means claim, are people whom nobody of discernment believes to be in heart attached to them. Amongst the laity, for instance, the Dean of Guild, who is a good-looking man, was sometime ago claimed by the Evangelicals, and he did certainly coquet a little with them ; but at the last election of a Delegate from the Town Council to the General Assembly, he not only deserted their cause, but insulted the character of the Evangelical clergy in the bitterest manner—stating that he believed that they were people who would fling their endowments to the wind for the sake of their principles—a compliment which must have been gall and wormwood to them, for they are certainly a set of people who count all headships and principles and practice as mere loss in comparison to money.

Amongst the Clergymen who usually vote on the Evangelical side is the Rev. JAMES BRYCE of Gilcomston Church, and he is the really only gentlemanly-looking clergyman on that side in all the Aberdeen Presbytery, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Foote. He is a man that, for personal appearance, might be an Archbishop ; and he has a fine manly, honest face, which ought no



longer to be allowed to countenance the people with whom he has too long associated, but whom we sincerely trust he will throw overboard as speedily as he conveniently can.

This respected clergyman came from a Scottish Church in the north of England, and in the year 1833 was elected Minister of Gilcomston Parish. Mr. Bryce must have appeared under very great disadvantages amongst his people from the circumstance that he had to fill the place of the late Dr. Kidd, who was perfectly adored by his priest-ridden congregation, in whose hearts his memory is embalmed, and his portrait hangs upon their chimney-pieces, while a lamentable specimen of human vanity and stupidity which he called his Dying Address, which his people got printed upon satin, is generally placed beside it. These affecting memorials are to be seen in several public-houses and tap-rooms. We do not believe that Mr. Bryce, though he should live and labour till he be as old as Methuselah, will ever be half so popular as his predecessor; but we daresay that he has the wisdom to know that there are considerations which contribute more to a minister's peace of mind than the being the favourite of a mob.

In private life, Mr. Bryce is known to his friends to be, what his appearance testifies, a true gentleman. We suspect he is a man of very keen feelings; and as he is known to be a warm friend, we have little doubt that he is also a good warm enemy when he is offended. Mr. Bryce exhibits a touchiness which is unworthy of his good sense, and must be gratifying to his opponents, when the Rev. Mr. Leslie of Fintray expresses his opinions on the status of chapel-of-ease ministers.

Mr. Bryce's preaching, as far as we have heard it, is pretty fair, but not remarkably excellent. In the Church Courts he does not often speak, but

when he speaks, he speaks to the purpose, and he evidently could, if he chose, be a leader amongst his party, which would be no great honour to be sure, and, such as it is, a distinction which we sincerely hope he will avoid. He and Mr. Foote, who is a genteel-looking man too, though rather destitute of brains, were both designed to be Moderates, and a stranger looking in at the door of the Presbytery would set these two clergymen down as being supporters of the law. They ought not to kick against the pricks in this manner, but should turn as fast as possible out of their present course—recollecting that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” As for Mr. Bryce, he is in this matter something like Mr. Moir of New Machar—nobody gives Mr. Bryce credit for sincere attachment to the party with whom he generally votes, but all are inclined to agree with a lady who ought to know something about his sentiments, and who says that he would be as good a Moderate as the very best of them, if he had only a proper bond for his stipend. Some people who are good discerners of the times augur well of the future career of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Moir from certain recent circumstances. They mention that, when the Revival Question came before the Presbytery, Mr. Bryce took care to happen not to be at home, and he, therefore, for one, is not involved in the responsibility of that disgraceful vote to which his brethren came on that subject. As for Mr. Moir—he had the other week the moral gallantry to come forward boldly, all the way from New Machar to Belhelvie, in order to be present with Dr. Forbes, Dr. Knight, Dr. Cruickshank, Mr. Lumsden of Tilwhilly, Mr. Simpson of Glenythan, Mr. Watt of Foveran, Dr. Fiddes of Mameulah, Mr. Pirie of Dyce, Mr. Arthur Thomson, Mr. Henry Paterson, and other good men and true, haters and detesters of priestcraft and fanati-

cism—all assembled to do honour to that most worthy clergyman and most excellent man, Dr. Forsyth of Belhelvie, one of the two members of Presbytery who voted the Revivals to be a nuisance. After drinking punch in such a company as this, it is surely impossible that Mr. Moir can any longer tolerate Gavin Parker, William Burns, and Soug-of-Solomon Ness, with all their filthy snivelling, snoring blasphemy and profanity. There is no such thing as an Evangelical gentleman, nor do the records of history or the memories of living men bear testimony to a gentlemanly action done by a person professing Evangelical principles. When the present fever of spiritual fanaticism is over, our Evangelical clergy will be spoken of as a set of people who praised themselves very warmly and despised others—who, in the language of Dr. Campbell, “disguised their hatred to men under the pretence of love for their souls,”—who took presents of money, pulpit gowns, and easy chairs from silly women—who sorned upon devout dowagers—fought with the newspapers—made deliberate statements one day and flatly denied them the next—called all people who adhered to the precepts of the New Testament in preference to their inventions, infidels and heathens—broke the laws of their country, and taught others to do so—ran about the country creating dissention and ill-will, and abused and maligned all who loved peace and practised quietness. It is scarcely for any body’s credit to be connected with people of this sort.





## THE ABERDEEN UNIVERSITIES.

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THE VERY REV. DANIEL DEWAR, D.D. AND LL.D.

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AFTER the Pulpit naturally comes the Bar; for after Divinity, Law has the precedence. The Bar of Aberdeen, however, would afford but a bare field even for the genius of Mr. Grant of London, late of Elgin, and by us, poor provincial writers, it can scarcely be undertaken with any kind of propriety. It is not improbable that hereafter we may say something of some of the more prominent among our Aberdeen Advocates; but we shall have little to say of them as mere lawyers or pleaders; we shall rather speak of them as Writers, Factors, Stock Brokers, Bankers, Commissioners of Police, Town Councillors, Lecturers and Professors of Law, Pawnbrokers, Lairds, Farmers, Shipowners, and Speculators of every class and kind.

These characters, however, will require to be touched off cautiously, and we will, therefore, take good time to reflect upon the business. In the meantime, we think the Universities may come in very properly after the Church, and we propose to give a series of portraits of the more remarkable worthies who fill the Chairs of our Aberdeen Colleges. Our native city can boast of two Universities, and, as has been often remarked, all England can do no more—and all Ireland only half as much. In this respect we are certainly

a favoured people, and have great reason to be thankful, that in these days of change and reformation, we are left with our Colleges unchanged and unreformed. They are indeed very little different from what they were a hundred years ago; for if we have a few more Professors now a-days than we had then, there were among the men of the olden time a few weighty characters, who made up by their energy, learning, and respectability for any little deficiency in point of their numbers.

We have two Universities in this town then, although it seems of late to have become fashionable to speak of "the University of Aberdeen," probably because some foolish persons imagine that that great new house in Broad Street could, without much inconvenience, contain all the learning of Old Aberdeen, and its own share to the bargain. Be this as it may, some do speak as if there were already but one University, for we saw the other day that our townsman, Darby Duncan, had been metamorphosed into Doctor Darby, LL.D., and that this rather remarkable change had been effected by "the University of Aberdeen." Now, does this mean the New or the Old Town institution, or did it require them both to unite in this case to effect the wonderful transformation of plain Darby, the preacher, into a Doctor of Laws? law being a subject about which he knows probably very little more than some Professors of that noble science that we could point to in some of our Colleges. We believe the folks in Old Aberdeen claim the seniority, and something more, by way of preference, for their University; but though we respect age in some cases, particularly in that of women, we will, in that of Colleges, give the precedence to the junior establishment in the New Town. Now we protest most solemnly against any charge of partiality on this account, for we are

quite impartial in the matter, or if we have any bias at all, it is in favour of King's College. Let not the most Rev. Principal Jack, M.D. and D.D., &c. &c. &c., therefore think for a moment, that in commencing our College articles with a portrait of his rival, the Very Rev. Daniel Dewar, LL.D. and D.D., we intend any thing like disrespect either to himself individually, or to his *Alma Mater* generally. The case is quite otherwise, we do assure him, and sure we are that he will acknowledge it to be so, when we come to speak of himself and the Institution of which he is at once the head and ornament. The Principal in Old Aberdeen may not have written so much as the Principal in the New Town; but what he has done has been done well—witness his speeches at the Broad-hill, which he delivered from written papers, during the reform fever, and his most excellent pamphlet on the Poor and the National Debt, which, by the by, has never been sufficiently appreciated; for the idea of paying off the debt of the country, by a tax of one pound sterling on new-born babies, is altogether original. Indeed, there is only one thing wanting in our minds to render the benevolent author of the pamphlet in question one of the greatest benefactors of the human race, in either ancient or modern times, and that is a slight explanation of the means by which the poor little new-born brats, legitimate and illegitimate, are to get possession of their one-pound notes. However, we are anticipating our remarks on the worthy Principal of Old Aberdeen, and must now press on to our task of sketching the Principal of Marischal College.

The Very Rev. Daniel Dewar, or, as he is familiarly called in the Highlands, Donald Deuchar, LL.D. and D.D., &c. &c. &c., is a native of Perthshire. Like many more great men, Dr.

Daniel is the son of parents in humble circumstances, and the prospects of his early days were any thing but bright or flattering. His father, we understand, was a musician of some eminence in his own immediate circle, and in his own particular line; but what his line was, or on what instrument he excelled, we have never been able to learn with any degree of certainty. This, however, is a matter of little consequence, since it led to little more than daily bread; for the Highlanders, though famed for their love of music, are naturally as fond of money, and seldom part with it very liberally, even to the minstrel, whose strains delight their hearts, and set their heels in motion. The affectionate attention bestowed by Daniel on his parents is mentioned by every one acquainted with the early circumstances of his life; and it is allowed on all hands, that if ever son deserved the blessing of a father, the Very Reverend the Principal of Marischal College is the man. Though we have never understood that the Doctor inherited any of the musical talents of his worthy sire, we have heard that in his youth he possessed great accuracy of ear, and that he had few equals in the art of saltation; but we shall not enlarge upon this, as the Very Rev. Gentleman is now probably anxious to bury his youthful merits in this way in oblivion.

It would afford a very interesting and highly instructive lesson to young men in similar walks of life, who aspire to fame and fortune, if we could trace minutely the progress of Dr. Daniel from his bleak home in the Highlands of Scotland to comfortable quarters in the Dissenting Academy of Hoxton in England, where we find him a resident in the early part of the present century. This, however, must be left to the future biographer of the Very Rev. Gentleman, as we can only afford



time and space for a general sketch of the Learned Principal. It is enough for us to state, that all the difficulties which beset his early path in life were overcome by the talent, energy, and perseverance of the Very Rev. Doctor. All this is highly creditable to him, and must now, in his old age, and elevated position, prove a source of the greatest possible satisfaction to his mind.

It would seem that Mr. Dewar, when he was received at the Hoxton Seminary, had entertained certain heterodox opinions in matters of religion, or at all events, that he was a dissenter from the Established Church of Scotland, of which he is now a highly orthodox and distinguished member. This is so far instructive, as showing that dissent is frequently founded in ignorance, and those narrow views which spring up in minds deprived of the wholesome culture of education. No sooner had his understanding been cleared up by reading and cultivation, than he renounced the dissenting tenets of his academical companions and masters; and though it might be prudent, on his part, to keep his thoughts to himself for a while, there can be no doubt that one so acute in all things soon saw through the Hoxton folks and their foolish scheme of church government. At the end of two years' residence, we believe it is customary for the pupils at Hoxton to be turned out on the world to make their way as they best can, according to their talents and qualifications to preach, according to circumstances, either abroad to the heathens, or at home to those who are sometimes little better. In many instances, the students of Hoxton are sent to the University of Glasgow to pursue their studies, and qualify themselves for a year or two for the Ministry, at that ancient seat of learning. Mr. Dewar enjoyed this advantage, and was maintained for two years at the College of Glasgow at the ex-

pense of his Hoxton friends. Here he would doubtless also have the opportunity of preaching occasionally to the Independent congregation in the city, as the young men of that connexion are made to address the people from the pulpit as soon as they are thought capable of public speaking. This regulation could have proved no hardship to Mr. Dewar, for he had practised, even when a very young lad, as an extempore orator; nay, it is even said, that it was owing to his proficiency in this way that he was first noticed and patronised by a benevolent gentleman in the west of Scotland. The time at last arrived when it was necessary for the young man to decide upon the course he proposed to himself to follow out, and when he must say aye or no to the proposals of his Independent masters. It was a serious time, and a period for prayerful consideration. To abandon the Independents was in a manner to give up certainty for hope—to give up every thing, even food and raiment, in the circumstances in which he was placed. Yet as his mind had long been preparing for change, it had also been getting hardened against the painful consequences of the step he was about to take. He gradually had become nerved for the battle, and when it came, he conducted himself manfully. “My conscience,” said he, “will not allow me to continue longer among you—I will neither serve you at home nor embark in your cause in foreign countries. My conscience compels me to attach myself to the Established Religion of my native land.” And now were all the vials of Independent wrath poured out upon his devoted head; but Daniel stood up against the storm, and cut the connexion for ever. In his intercourse with his fellow-students at Glasgow College, he had, without doubt, fallen in with young men nearly as destitute as himself, who intended to struggle through their course of

studies in preparation for the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. Most of these young men might possess more learning than himself, but in other essential points he would see that they were not in any degree his equals. He would be able to apply his keen glance to the Professors of the College too, and though at first he might be a little modest in the application of his gauge to their talents and acquirements, he would soon come to the conclusion that, after all, Professors in Scotch Universities are but men, and some of them neither the wisest nor the most learned of their brethren of the human race. All this would serve to foster and promote the youthful confidence of genius which Daniel must at this time have been gifted with in no ordinary measure. That he should arrive at the honours and distinctions to which he has attained, could never in those days have entered into his brains; but that he hoped to arrive at some future day at ease and competence, cannot be doubted. As the first step to fortune, Mr. Daniel now left Glasgow, and repaired to the metropolis of Scotland. Here he contrived to make himself known to the late Professor D. Stewart of Edinburgh, who kindly allowed him to attend his class, and procured for him also some private pupils, by way of assisting him to keep himself at College. Here was a great point gained, or rather two great objects attained at once; food for his mind from the well furnished store-house of Dugald Stewart, and food and raiment for the body from the profits of his professional labours as a teacher of private pupils.

Dr. Beattie has well described the difficulties of unfriended genius in his beautiful poem of the "Minstrel;" but these difficulties vanish before the persevering energy of such men as Mr. Dewar. Fortunate circumstances, no doubt, can contribute

to men's advancement in the world; but the true secret of success consists, we rather suspect, in first placing ourselves in the way of fortune, and then watching and waiting upon her with untiring assiduity.

Having remained at Edinburgh long enough, in his particular case, to qualify him for a license to preach the gospel in the Established Church, Mr. Dewar left that city, and procured, we believe, his authority as a preacher from a Presbytery in the Highlands.

That he had not gone through all the forms necessary to obtain a license, even in those days of heathen darkness, is certain; but genius seldom waits for forms, and bursts through the ordinary trammels that impede the progress of common men. And now, kind reader, where shall we look for the young licentiate next? Shall we find him pining away in obscurity in the Highlands, or sitting down contented in some remote parish school. No such thing—we find him traversing the bogs and wilds of Ireland, preaching the gospel to the poor benighted people of that heathen land, and preaching to them too in their own native tongue. How he had acquired so great a facility in the use of the Irish language we are not informed, but the fact of his using it so easily as to be mistaken for a native priest is certain, for he has stated it himself at a public meeting.

On his return from Ireland, Mr. Dewar published an account of that country, which attracted some notice at the time, though, as a literary effort, it bore every mark of a first production.

How he was recompensed for his Hibernian expedition and publication, we have no means of knowing, but we have every reason to suppose that he found his account in them both. About the period that Mr. Dewar's first publication ap-



peared, a vacancy happened in one of our Chapels of Ease in this city. The election, as in almost all such cases, was a popular one, and Mr. Daniel came forward among other candidates for the living. In this instance he was not successful; but though he lost his election, he gained some powerful friends among the congregation. This stood him in good stead shortly afterwards, when the College Church, in the gift of the Magistrates, became also vacant. The Provost and Magistrates presented Mr. Dewar to the Church, but whether with or without the consent of the people, we cannot tell; neither is it of much importance, for in those days the anti-scriptural nature of Patronage had not been discovered or made known. If any of the people disliked their new pastor, they were at liberty to go to another, and please themselves better; and there was no fear, with a new preacher like Mr. Dewar, that their rooms would long remain unoccupied in the College Church. Mr. Dewar was indeed a powerful orator in the pulpit, and much more generally liked in that capacity, at the beginning of his career, than he is at the present day. It is unnecessary to attempt to explain this fact, for the people are naturally fickle, and the multitude given to change.

Now that we have settled Mr. Daniel in a comfortable living of about £270 a-year, it might be thought that he would have remained satisfied for a while with his good fortune. But no. There is a restlessness about genius that always keeps moving, or, as the Americans say, "going a-head." Shortly after Mr. Dewar was appointed to the College Church, there happened a vacancy in the Moral Philosophy Chair in King's College, and a party in the University started the Rev. Gentleman as a candidate for the situation. The Minister of the College Church, though agreeing with his Evan-

gical brethren in almost every other point, has never joined their senseless clamour against Pluralities. On the contrary, he has stated publicly, that he thinks Pluralities very proper to be kept up in a poor Establishment like that of Scotland. He thinks they serve to reward men of talent for services to the Church, and that they are in every way expedient and proper.

There is much truth and good sense in all this, but the Aberdeen Presbytery of the present day are quite of a different mind, and have used all their efforts to keep the Very Rev. Principal to his College duties, and exclude him from any of our city Churches or Chapels of Ease.

It was not so at the time we speak of. The Presbytery were very quiet in the business; but it seems the party in the College which supported Mr. Dewar took him bound to give up his living in the Church, in case he should be appointed to the Professorship.

Although another candidate was in the field against him of powerful interest, having the Chancellor on his side, Mr. Dewar carried the election, and became the occupant of the Chair of Moral Philosophy in King's College. There was, we believe, some demur about his admission to office, as there almost always is in Old Aberdeen on like occasions, which we will take an opportunity of showing afterwards more fully; in the mean time, it is only necessary to say that the opposition was easily quashed in this instance, and deemed by most people a thing only got up to please the Chancellor. The situation of a Professor of Moral Philosophy in Old Aberdeen is by no means a laborious one, and it is, considering the nature of its duties, by no means badly paid. It is, we should say, about the most comfortable in the whole College. There is a manse and glebe attached to it—there is a very

fair endowment of money and meal from the College funds—there is a considerable sum given from the public purse to all the Professors—then, in this class, the fees of pupils are larger than ordinary—then there is the sum realised by the granting of degrees of Master of Arts, and a great many little items and pickings from vacant bursaries, &c. &c., the amount of which none but a Professor can very well reckon up. Now, all these good things are given for about twenty weeks work in the year, and, judging from circumstances, for work not beyond the powers of any ordinary person. So snug and comfortable a berth is not every day to be fallen in with, and we have every reason to believe, that if the Professor of Moral Philosophy in Old Aberdeen could have retained his living in the College Church along with his appointment in the University, he would have set himself down for a long period quietly and contentedly, at least with as much quiet and content as a man of genius can enjoy in any situation, or any man can attain in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed in Old Aberdeen.

It was, however, unfortunate that Professor Dewar, when a candidate, had given a promise or pledge to resign his Church, in case of success in the College. This was a very rash and unadvised step. In fact, it was not at all consistent with the Rev. Gentleman's uniform caution and foresight. It gave a handle to his enemies to work with against him, and they were not persons to neglect the use of any weapon thus put into their hands. Some of the very people that brought him in became anxious to have him out, and joined with those that had been opposed to him from the first, in order to accomplish his expulsion from office. They pretended, doubtless, that their only object was to make him give up the Church, and secure his entire devo-

tion to his College duties, as had been agreed upon. This might sound all very well to those who knew no better; but to those more acquainted with College politics, it could not fail to appear as mere moonshine. These folks have not shown themselves so intolerant of Pluralists as they wished in this case to be thought; and fair play is a jewel, and sauce for a goose must always make good enough sauce for a gander. We shall have an opportunity of saying more upon this affair afterwards; and, therefore, at present will only remark, that so disgusted was Professor Dewar with the treatment he experienced in Old Aberdeen, that he left both the Church and University, and accepted a living in Glasgow. To be sure he stuck out as long as he could for his rights, as every man should do in like cases; but the Old Town Jews replied to all the arguments of the Christian Divine—"The bond—we'll have our bond." The higher authorities of the College had allowed Professor Dewar the long period of eighteen months, or two years, to make up his mind as to which of his livings he might be disposed to relinquish; thus showing that there could be no great moral turpitude in his keeping both, or they would not have suffered so much time to elapse without correcting the matter, and certainly showing that the Institution could suffer little harm by Professor Dewar's preaching in the College Church, or they would have applied a remedy at the instant. Professor Dewar did not wait very long, as we have already stated, but started for Glasgow, where he had been presented by the Magistrates, the patrons of the city churches, to one of their best livings. And now mark the change that a few years has produced upon the fate and fortune of our worthy divine. On his first appearance in Glasgow, it is to his credit to state that his purse was very light, and



his equipment not very complete. Now we see him enter the same city, with his purse well filled, and all about him decent and comfortable. In the one case, we behold a poor forlorn Highland young *shentleman* in quest of bread; in the other, we observe a well-fed Minister of the Gospel, fitted up with an excellent "stan' o' blacks," on his way to dine with the Lord Provost of the great City of the West.

The living in Glasgow to which Dr. Dewar was translated, was probably altogether equal to the Professorship in point of emolument, but certainly far superior in annual value to the Greyfriars, as we think the Rev. Aber. L. Gordon delights to call the College Church of Aberdeen. It could not, however, be said with any kind of propriety in his case, that the Rev. Professor left Aberdeen to better his worldly circumstances in the west; for if he had not been attached to the clerical profession, he might have given up the church altogether, and have been as well off, as to income, with the endowments of the Professorship in Old Aberdeen, as with the stipend of the Tron Kirk in Glasgow. Emolument could not be his object in quitting the north for the west of Scotland at this time. It must have been chiefly disgust at the strict manner in which his electioneering speeches and writings were construed by the Senatus of King's College, as we have already stated, and partly perhaps a wish to extend the sphere of his usefulness as a minister, that made him turn his back upon this "northern city cold," and take up his quarters amidst the noise and confusion, the smoke and dirt, of the great emporium of the Clyde. Be this as it may, it surely was some distinction to be deemed worthy to be the successor of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers; for this in fact he was, and that too in the full blaze of the great luminary's splendour, and long

before the Star of the West had begun to wane, or his light to become dim and obscure in the dirty atmosphere of Non-intrusion. When the great orator of Glasgow quitted the Tron Church to retire to academical life at St. Andrews, he left a halo round his pulpit that any every-day preacher would have felt a terror to approach, and which no common character would have been permitted to come near. Glasgow, as well she might, was proud of her preacher, and his successor must have had a fearful scrutiny to encounter.

Between Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Dewar there are, no doubt, some points of resemblance, but, on the whole, they are very different men. Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Dewar have both a contempt for the heathen lore of the ancients, neither the one nor the other of these great divines being a classical scholar in any sense of the term, even as commonly used among boys at the Grammar School. They are both highly Evangelical in their views and sentiments now-a-days, and yet both were infected with a kind of liberalism in their religious creed in the early part of their life. The one had all the liberalism of the Moderates in his own church, and something more; the other had all the out-of-the-way notions of an Independent Dissenter, and probably also some odd notions of his own to boot.

Both these eminent divines were highly popular preachers—Dr. Chalmers' popularity arising from the energy with which he enforced his own views upon his hearers—Dr. Dewar's from the earnestness with which he inculcated the views of other men. The one was admired for his matter, the other for his manner, and both for the decided impression they produced upon the hearts of men a little advanced in life, and upon the heads and hearts of women, young and old. Dr. Chalmers is a mathematician, and that probably led him to astronomy,

and hence his discourses on the heavenly bodies which gained him so much applause. Dr. Dewar is no mathematician; he considers probably that the proper study of a minister is "MAN"—that mathematics abstract one's attention from one's proper duties, and that a preacher need not quit the earth for the subject-matter of his sermons. Dr. Chalmers is something of a chemist as well as a mathematician—in short, a general dabbler in science; and this circumstance has served in some degree to procure for him that European reputation of which, of late, we have heard so much. Dr. Dewar is no chemist, though a good deal of an alchemist after his own fashion; and as to science, we scarcely think he has thought it worth his while to carry his researches farther than common arithmetic—or even in the doctrine of numbers, to go beyond the rule of simple interest. There are two circumstances we must notice before we settle Dr. Dewar fairly in Glasgow, and both these matters relate to the College Church of this town.

We have heard some ill-natured remarks made about a farewell address spoken by him when taking leave of his congregation, and some hard hits at his successor, which that discourse contained. It is the practice in all cases of the kind, we believe, for a clergyman, when about to part from his flock, to give them a very serious admonition, and to express—what no one can deny may be often felt, particularly when the pastor exchanges a good living for a bad one—great regret at the separation that is to ensue; and to declare, that though absent in the body, his heart and soul will be with them, and that his prayers, however worthless, will not be wanting, &c.

Now all this is very good and proper, and no one can well say a word against it. But it is said that on such an occasion, a man has no right to

insinuate any thing against his successor, nor to let a word drop that might tend to injure his usefulness; and it is said, too, that Dr. Dewar did this. It is mentioned that Mr. Tawse, Dr. Dewar's successor in the College Church, was a Moderate, and that the Doctor, knowing this at the time he took leave of his people, declared to them, that "if any man should come after him, and teach a different doctrine from that which he had taught, they should turn away from him as a faithless minister of Christ," or words to that effect.

Now, if this charge against the Doctor be true, what after all does it come to? Dr. Dewar believes that he and his party in the Church preach the pure gospel; and that twenty years ago "one might travel over the length and breadth of the land without hearing, in this part of the country, the pure gospel at all." Being sincerely of opinion that he himself has the words of truth, and that all the Moderates are false teachers, was he not right in what he said; nay, would he not have been wrong if he had failed to warn his flock against his successor, who belonged to that party? There may be a little Popery in this doctrine of Infallibility which Evangelical Ministers set up; but Popery can no more be laid at the door of Dr. Dewar than at that of any other man upon that side of the Church to which he belongs.

The other matter we have to notice relates not to doctrine but to practice, and is sometimes alluded to with a sneer by the enemies of the Rev. Divine. It seems it was the custom formerly to pay the College Minister in advance, or it may be, that when the seat rents were collected annually, the managers paid all the money into the hands of the clergyman, instead of making quarterly or half-yearly payments. It is said, that shortly before the Doctor was appointed to Glasgow, he had received



the whole of the stipend for the next twelve months as minister of the Greyfriars in Aberdeen. In the hurry and confusion of leaving this city, it is no wonder that he should have forgotten to settle with his successor for the portion of stipend to which he was entitled from the time he entered upon his duties, till the period of paying the seat rents should come round again. Any other man in the same situation would have very likely done the very same thing. The Doctor had other things to think of besides a beggarly account—not of empty boxes, as there is now there certainly—but of seat rents, not amounting in all to £300. People may sneer as much as they please at this, but they cannot deny that the money was all repaid to Mr. Tawse by a draft upon the Bank of Scotland, sent from Glasgow, when the mistake was properly explained, and the money demanded from Dr. Dewar. It would have been a miserable thing to ask even bank interest for so short a time, and for so small a sum as that in question. We are astonished, however, that even this was not attempted to be enforced by the parties who claimed the principal.

We shall have very little to say of Dr. Dewar as Minister of the Tron Kirk in Glasgow, and that little we must leave till our next chapter; in which we shall enter fully into his public character as Principal of Marischal College, and Professor of Church History, &c. in that University. We will also give some account of the administration of affairs in that celebrated seat of learning since the period when it may be said, as it is written in the book of Daniel, at the 48th verse of the second chapter—“Then the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon.”

## N O T E.

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IN the *Monthly Circular*, in which this sketch was originally published, it was erroneously stated that Principal Dewar was a native of Argyleshire; and several complaints reached us regarding this error, as if it had been a matter injurious to the character of the Learned Principal. We have ascertained, on the best evidence, that it was in Perthshire that the Rev Principal first saw the light. Argyleshire, however, is a very respectable county, and is thought to have been the birth-place of Fingal, Ossian, and other Highlandmen of genius.

## CHAP. II.

SEVERAL communications, in reference to the Sketch of the Very Rev. Principal Dewar in our last Chapter, have reached us from various quarters of the country, and we must be permitted to reply generally to some of the observations which we have received. One correspondent states that we have not given an accurate account of the breach between the Very Rev. Principal and his early friends, the Independents; and that, in other respects, we are in error in regard to his early career. With all due deference to this gentleman, we take leave to remind him that we did not profess to give a minute biographical account of the worthy Head of our College; and, we think, we hinted that the future writer of the lives of eminent Scotsmen would confer a favour on rising genius struggling with difficulties, were he to be a little particular in describing all the impediments to fame and fortune which the perseverance and energy of Dr. Dewar had enabled him to overcome.

As to the history of the breach between the Very Rev. Principal and the Independents, we humbly think that our version of it is more favourable to the great divine than that of our correspondent. Our correspondent says that the Very Rev. Gentleman, instead of breaking off his connexion with the Dissenters at Glasgow, as we had stated, continued with them for some years, and preached for a considerable time in an Independent barn in the Highlands. He adds, too, that he had secured an entrance into the Established Church of Scotland before he had renounced his claim upon that of the Independents. We will not dispute about trifles of this sort; but we still think that our own story tells better for the credit of the Principal than that of our kind correspondent.

In one letter we are accused of not being what the writer calls *severe enough* upon the Very Rev. Principal; and in another we are abused for being too ill-natured and for making the humble parentage of any man a matter of reproach or ridicule.

Now, we have no wish to be severe upon anybody. All that we are anxious about is to speak the truth, and this we will endeavour to do, let people think of us what they may. As to ill-natured remarks on Principal Dewar, we disclaim them—we have made none. We have stated facts from which people are at liberty to draw what inferences they please. If from our facts men will draw ill-natured conclusions, that is their own affair, not ours, and we are not to blame. We are satisfied that we have drawn no ill-natured conclusions ourselves from any of the facts which we have stated in reference to Principal Dewar, but the contrary, as must appear very evident to any one that takes the trouble to read carefully all that we have written. We must also solemnly disclaim all intention to ridicule or disparage the parentage of Dr. Dewar. We trust, we are incapable of doing so. Mankind, we are bound to believe, are descended from one common stock;—we are all the sons of Adam and of Eve; and the oldest family in Europe cannot trace its ancestry above a few hundred years. Indeed, silly people who pay regard to their descent have generally very little else to be proud of. The nobility manufactured by kings and queens is frequently composed of the basest clay which the earth contains; but the nobility of Nature's handiwork is the true porcelain which cannot be matched in the courtly work-shops;—

“An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

Entertaining these sentiments, as we do most sincerely, we think it is hard to be accused of



throwing ridicule upon the humble origin of the Principal of Marischal College, because we stated what we believe to be the truth, that his parents were poor. Poverty surely is no disgrace, otherwise three-fourths of the world would be degraded. No ; we should never think of upbraiding any man on account of the lowness of his origin, or the poverty of his early life, unless it happened that, when he became rich and great, he continued to practise all the parsimony which he had learned in his days of penury, and to exhibit all the craft and meanness which had enabled him to emerge from his originally sordid condition.

One of our friends, we presume, a lady, says that we professed to give a portrait of the Very Rev. Principal, and that we only gave some passages of his life, and no portrait of the man. Now, this, in the usual meaning of the word portrait, may be all very true ; but our sketch is not yet finished, and we think our correspondent cuts a little before the point in bringing an accusation of this kind against us at this stage of our proceedings. On-lookers should never object to the artist's labours until he declare them finished, and that he can do no more. When this is the case, remarks come very fairly, and people have a right to make them, whether agreeable to the painter or not. To please our critic, however, we will attempt even now to give a slight *personal* sketch of the worthy and Very Rev. Divine who occupies the Chair once filled by a Campbell, and in later times by a Brown,

Principal DANIEL DEWAR is rather a little man, we should say, of sufficient size for the militia in time of war, but rather too short for the service in these days of peace—or rather half war, half peace. His face and figure are decidedly Celtic—neither very bad nor very good specimens of the kind. He resembles the great Walter Scott in this respect,

that a stranger would never suppose from looking at him that there was anything remarkable at all about the man. He might pass for a decent tradesman, an elder perhaps of the Gaelic Chapel, in which that very eloquent preacher, the Rev. Hugh M'Kenzie, so ably officiates to a most respectable and highly intelligent congregation. There is a natural modesty about the Very Rev. Principal Dewar which prevents him from looking any one fully in the face; but the keen side glance which he gives at those whom he wishes to examine minutely answers his purpose fully as well as the broad impudent stare of the modern man of the world. The figure of our great divine is such as to indicate great strength of body, but none of that suppleness or agility which would be required to give full effect to the "Highland Fling" or the "College Hornpipe." The gait of the Principal is, as it should be, grave and solemn for the most part, and he appears, when walking alone, to be always employed in deep thought: but it is not often that he is to be seen on the streets unaccompanied by one or more friends. Sometimes the Rev. Aber. Gordon or the Rev. John Murray may be seen alongside of the Very Rev. Gentleman—the foppish, foolish figure of the one, and the bustling, bounding walk of the other, contrasting strangely with the serious aspect and steady pace of the Principal. Among his colleagues in the University, Principal Dewar was formerly most to be seen in company with Dr. Thomas Clark, the Professor of Chemistry, and Inventor of the Hot Blast; but of late these gentlemen are rarely to be seen together—the Head of the College selecting, now-a-days, most frequently, the very learned Professor of Greek for the companion of his walks. People used to wonder at seeing the Principal and the Professor of Chemistry so much together a year

or two ago—well knowing that the former was no chemist, as we have already stated, and that the latter was not much of an Evangelical in his views of religion. It is quite possible, however, that at the time to which we allude, these two gentlemen may have been drawn together by some common object of interest with which neither science nor religion had anything to do. As to the friendship existing between Dr. Brown and his superior, no one can well wonder at that, for although it is known that Principal Dewar does not speak the language of Homer and Socrates, it is known that both the gentlemen named are frequently consulted by the Heads of the Church in Edinburgh about the proper disposal of Government patronage in the Universities and Chapel Royal. It is known, too, that they are both men of sound sterling piety, and although considered by some a little too fanatical in things spiritual, yet are allowed by all to be exceedingly zealous in their endeavours to promote the temporal welfare of Marischal College, and to preserve and maintain entire all the endowments and emoluments appertaining to Deans and other dignitaries in the Church. We cannot suppose that two such *true blue* Presbyterians care at all about the mere titular honours of Popish times, for if Joseph Hume, the heathen dog that he is, succeed in taking away the salaries from the Chaplains and Deans, and other ecclesiastical officers in Scotland, the mere titles, those rags of Popery, may, by every good son of the Kirk, be allowed to go to the Devil, by whom, there can be no doubt, they were originally invented.—Let us return now to the personal portrait of Dr. Dewar. We never saw the Principal with a walking stick in his hand. In this respect, at least, he is quite apostolical—he carries no staff with him; as to the “scrip,” we are not so certain. Perhaps, when he goes to Over-

durdie to address the people on matters temporal, or to the Highlands of Perthshire or Strathbogie to speak of things spiritual, such a thing may be necessary or convenient; but on this subject we have no certain knowledge. Though we never saw the Very Rev. Principal with a staff, we have seen him occasionally with a small cotton umbrella under his arm. It is a plain, simple looking article, neither costly nor showy in appearance, and we scarcely think we ever saw so unpretending an instrument in the possession of any other divine. In his dress, the Principal truly seems to take no thought of what he shall put on, for we have seen him even at a funeral with a coat the colour of which would be very difficult to describe. It was not black, it was not blue; it could not be called green nor brown, but it seemed a mixture of all these colours blended together in equal proportions. Then it was not very new, nor very, very old, nor very well made, nor very, very ill made, but it was altogether unique of its kind, and assuredly we never saw any man at a funeral with a coat of the like sort. Of spatterdashes the worthy Principal seems to have had a large supply when he first came here, for we have never by any chance seen him with a new pair about his ancles. Boots he never wears. That Dr. Dewar has better and worse hats like other people, there can, we think, be no question; but it is strange that, often as we have seen him on the streets, we never yet saw him with a good covering on his head. This, however, is of little consequence, for a head so well furnished as his is inside may well submit to be incased by a "shocking bad hat." On the whole, then, Principal Dewar is a plain man, both in respect to dress and appearance, and no one, to see him merely, could suppose for a moment that he is the clever man that he unquestionably is, and certainly no



one could imagine him, from his dress and appointments, to be the Head of a Scotch University. We confess that we like the Very Rev. Gentleman all the better for the total absence of foppery that there is about him; for, of all creatures on earth, a clerical dandy is our abomination. Look at Fowler of Glasgow, and Aber. Gordon of this town, and that poor creature, Tweedie,—their dress, airs, and affectation would disgust a dancing master. We don't mean to say that we dislike always to see a clergyman well dressed. On particular occasions, it is very proper for him to be a little like any other gentleman; but even on great occasions, he should never look finical like Tweedie, nor appear such a gawk as Gordon. Perhaps, *now and then* Principal Dewar might do well to copy a little from some of his more worldly-minded brethren of the *cloth*, both in respect to the matter and the form of his outward equipment. David Simpson of the Trinity Church and Forbes of the Printfield are too milk-and-water characters to copy from, although both very decent in their clothes. Gavin Parker and big Bryce of Gilcomston Church are better, and on all occasions very much like what clergymen should be in their dress, and in every way spiritual-looking men. Mr. Cumming, the minister of Fraserburgh, is another nice, decent, respectable-looking person, and when he comes in here to the Synod, he seems to us the very picture of a country clergyman, always neat and proper in his dress, and at all times without anything foppish or extravagant about him. Indeed, from his appearance in church courts, we should think him a perfect specimen of his class, and full of the milk of human kindness; but the fishermen who go down to his parish in summer to fish for herrings, say not, and complain that his "milk" is generally very dear. They say too that he is always among the first of the cow-

feeders in the village to raise the price of that necessary article in the fishing season, and that, from the great number of milch animals that he keeps, he has always too much influence on the market. Be this as it may, Mr. Cumming is a most respectable-looking man; and if he take a little more for his milk from the strange sheep that come into his fold than he might do, he gives them what is better than milk and bread too—good full measure of pure, wholesome Evangelical doctrine, for the mere trouble of sucking it in, which is nothing at all.—We have been digressing very, very much though, and must now conclude our *personal* sketch of the Very Rev. Daniel Dewar, and proceed from Fraserburgh to the Tron Kirk of Glasgow.

Dr. Chalmers, when minister of the Tron Kirk, had set a great deal of moral machinery in motion in his parish, for the benefit of his parishioners, particularly those of the poorer classes;—but he soon found that it is easier to set a thing agoing than to keep it constantly moving as it should do— or, in other words, that it is very easy to begin a business and make a fuss about it at first, but very difficult to sustain the labour of continued exertion. So the good Doctor soon found that his plans would not work, or that, if they did, they would work him off his feet—a matter which, of course, he had no relish for. We do not mean to say that the worthy Doctor would not make himself a martyr if it were necessary; but we rather think that he finds it fully as agreeable to write articles against the Lords of Session in the *Edinburgh Witness* newspaper, as to make himself a witness for the faith, or a sacrifice to his benevolence for a set of beggarly broken-down weavers in Glasgow. So the learned Doctor got himself “shelved,” as the saying is, or, in plain terms, he had influence enough to

procure a Chair of Moral Philosophy to rest himself awhile in at St. Andrews. Now, this is curious. Here we have Dr. Chalmers, after he declared himself worn out, running away from the Tron Kirk to take refuge in a Moral Philosophy seat in the east nook of Fife; and here too we have Dr. Daniel Dewar running away from the east of Aberdeenshire, and a good easy Moral Philosophy situation in King's College, to occupy the place of the great Chalmers in the Kirk. Truly, those ministers of very great natural abilities are a restless people, and this Moral Philosophy Chair, as it is called, must be a very accommodating seat, for it seems to answer with young men without much wit or learning, in some cases, and with old men, at other times, after their wit appears to be a good deal upon the decline, and their learning a little rusted. We have heard a good deal of late too about the pastoral relation and the sacredness of the connexion that is formed at his induction to his parish between a minister and his people; but it seems to us a connexion very easily broken, at least by the minister. The poor people seem less desirous to sever the sacred tie when once it is formed than the clergymen; or if they do wish it now and then, they somehow do not succeed very well in effecting their object. This, we think, is not altogether as it should be; for if the connexion be so very sacred as we are told it is—in fact, a sort of marriage they call it—we do not see on what grounds it comes to be regarded as matrimony in the case of the people, and often to be viewed as only a matter of money in the case of the minister.

But digressing, digressing, always digressing, will never do—so we must marry Dr. Daniel Dewar to the Tron Kirk of Glasgow, for we have already divorced him from the College Church at Aberdeen. Well, he was married according to the

usual forms, and everything conducted decently and in order. There, probably, was no grand dinner at this wedding, unless the Presbytery paid for it, for Dr. Dewar was a comparative stranger in the town, and therefore could not be expected to ask a great number of people to eat and drink at his expense. If custom required that he should entertain the Presbytery, we are sure that the Rev. Doctor would set a proper example to his brethren, and not only be quite sober and steady himself, but also take very good care that no man should leave the company in a condition unbecoming his character, whether lay or clerical. The Doctor is not a tee-total man, like that worthy "Pic-Tarnty," David Simpson, for he likes a dinner and a little drink after it very well, when he is asked out to a friend's house; but, like every other prudent man, he is not very difficult to please at home, and calls for very little when compelled to resort to a tavern, where wine is seldom very good and never very cheap.

We have already mentioned that we should have little to say in reference to the manner in which Dr. Daniel Dewar discharged the onerous duties of his sacred office in the Tron Kirk. For this we have two good reasons--the first being that our information upon the point is rather defective, and the second, that the subject is rather, at this time and in this place, not of any great moment. It could not be expected that the moral machinery already spoken of could occupy much of the attention of Dr. Dewar when he became the successor of Dr. Chalmers. Chalmers' noddle was a little touched on the score of Poor Laws, and their evils and remedies, but Dr. Dewar had no such whims in his head. Dr. Chalmers did away with all compulsory assessments for the maintenance of the poor, and managed for some years to support them by voluntary contributions from the wealthy inhabitants



of his parish. Dr. Dewar gave every credit to his predecessor for sincerity and good intentions; but he saw clearly enough that what Chalmers had found it difficult to manage, he could scarcely hope to accomplish. Besides, he very wisely judged that a minister had greater evils to contend against, in such a place as Glasgow, than sheer poverty. Poverty is certainly one of our greatest moral evils: but it is nothing when compared to the great want that generally prevails, among the inhabitants of a large city, of genuine vital religion. Whilst, therefore, Dr. Dewar followed up, as far as he thought proper, the views of Dr. Chalmers, as well in regard to the necessitous poor as to the numerous other little charitable institutions for which, during a season, that great man delighted to labour—yet he did not make charity, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, his chief concern as a minister of the Tron Kirk. He knew that the poor should never depart out of the land, and that, among a vicious and ungodly people, any attempt to eradicate poverty could only be attended with partial and temporary success. The Rev. Gentleman, therefore, gave himself up mostly to his pulpit exercises, well convinced that to revive and regenerate the cold hard heart of a sinner is to confer upon him a substantial and permanent benefaction. We think there was much self-knowledge displayed in this conduct of Dr. Dewar, for, doubtless, the pulpit was the best place for one of his peculiar talents and turn of mind to make a figure in. In the Church Courts the Doctor occasionally delivered his sentiments on the topics of the day, and always in a prudent and sensible manner. In those evil times, the Moderates had the upper hand in the Church; and it was, therefore, not the part of a wise man to render himself very offensive to persons in power by the expression of extreme opinions.

On some questions, as we have already hinted, he quite agreed with Moderate folks, and in those on which he differed from them, he did so in a manner altogether void of offence.

No man can reside long in Glasgow without feeling a wish to breathe, even for a short period, a purer air. Hence, most of the merchants and manufacturers who can afford it, keep their own families at a little distance from the city, and retire themselves to their country houses, as often as their engagements in business will allow them to get away from the town. There are few of the clergymen who can follow the example, in this respect, of their richer neighbours and friends; but for all that there are ways and means by which a Glasgow minister may contrive, now and then, to escape from his confinement, and spend a short time in a healthier region. This is more easily accomplished by a popular preacher than by any other; and when, added to this popularity, a man can preach in two different languages, the thing is very easy indeed. The truth is, that many country ministers take a pride in securing, about the time of the administration of the Sacrament, the services of the most gifted of their brethren in the great towns with whom they happen to have an acquaintance, and these great guns, as they are called, are always glad of any good excuse to get away into the country and enjoy, at another man's expense, good air and good living for a few days. In some cases, besides his "keep," as the term is, the wandering minister gets a small sum of money to pay the cost of his journey to and from the place of his engagement, as happened last year to Mr. M'Naughtan of Paisley, when he came here to assist at the Sacrament in John Knox's Church, somewhere about the Gallowgate-head. This sum is taken from the poor's money collected at the church door during the

Sacrament week. In other cases, it may come out of the general funds of the Kirk-session; and it may be that there are instances in which the minister who gets the "help" pays from his own private pocket the person who comes to help him. This is all as it should be, particularly when the distance to be travelled is great and the means of conveyance costly; and neither the poor nor anybody else have any just cause for complaint, from whatever source the labourer may get his hire, seeing that he is worthy of it, and that he gives money's worth in preaching.

Now, as Dr. Dewar was always, in early life, a very popular preacher, and as he could preach both in Gaelic and English (and in Irish also, if it had been required), he had a double chance of invitations to quit the city of Glasgow and assist at Sacramental occasions, both in the low country churches in the west of Scotland, and in the highland parishes up and down the Clyde; and when a chance came in his way, the Doctor, if he could manage at all to get a supply at home, never failed to accept a call to assist a friend at a distance in time of need. This must not surprise anybody from what has been already hinted at, and from its being well known that Dr. Daniel Dewar naturally likes preaching, and experiences on some occasions a particular pleasure in the pulpit; he is naturally fond also of good company, and we are sure that, on the Mondays after the Sacrament had been administered, when his labours were over, and he found himself seated, on afternoons, at the dinner tables in the manses of his friends to whom he had afforded his powerful assistance on the previous day, surrounded by some of his venerable fathers and brethren, with a sprinkling of dominies and licentiates in the room, and, it may be, some pious pretty woman at his elbow—no man could be more

delighted nor enjoy the creature comforts provided for him with greater relish or satisfaction. To the relaxation thus procured we may, indeed, ascribe much of that healthy condition of both mind and body which he was blessed with during the period of his sojourn in the close damp city of Glasgow. Whether Dr. Daniel was always, or even at any time, paid in money for his services in or journeys to distant churches, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but there is a circumstance connected with his peregrinations which we know to be a fact, and which we feel ourselves called upon to record to his credit as a clergyman. We allude to the truly apostolical manner in which our worthy Doctor travelled frequently when he journeyed from home. Whenever he could avail himself of steam, he always preferred that mode of conveyance, and not only that, but he very often preferred the steerage, as it is called, of the steam-boat to the after-cabin—or, in other words, instead of seeking after the first place among his fellow-travellers, he chose many times to put up with the second. This might, we think, not only afford a lesson of humility to some of our modern clergymen, but it might also teach them the true method to obtain a practical acquaintance with the wants and vices of the lower classes of society;—for if a minister mixes only with his equals or superiors in station, how can he address himself with any effect to sinners of the lowest grade—such, for instance, as are too often to be found in the miserable sixpenny fore-cabin of a steam-boat on the Clyde.

We have little more to remark about the Rev. Dr. Dewar during his residence at Glasgow, where, notwithstanding all the advantages of his position, he soon began to feel that weariness and love of change come over him, with which, as we have explained in a former number, men of genius and



great abilities are peculiarly liable to be afflicted in almost every condition in which they are placed in this world of vanity and vain desires. How true, in regard to men of this class especially, is the hackneyed saying of the Poet—

“ Man never is but always to be blest.”

By way of changing the scene of his travels now and then during his Glasgow incumbency, the Rev. Doctor sometimes favoured his friends in Aberdeen with a short visit. On these occasions he never failed to call upon our late worthy Principal, for whose character he, in common with all who had the honour of his acquaintance, entertained much esteem and regard. And it must have been very gratifying to the good old man to perceive the tender interest taken in his health and welfare by the minister of the Tron Kirk of Glasgow. It is probable that neither the one nor the other of these gentlemen had any notion at this time of the changes which have since occurred in the College of Aberdeen; otherwise Principal Brown, amiable and strong minded as he was, might have been tempted to look upon the attentions of Dr. Dewar with some degree of jealousy, and to receive all his kind inquiries and words of sympathy as directed to a particular object, or spoken for purposes of personal interest, or private information. It is strange that a weakness of this sort should exist sometimes in the best and wisest of mankind. Yet such folly, alas, is often to be found in the best specimens of frail human nature. And while it happens that we see the holder of an office in advanced age, or infirm health, regard with something like asperity the individual who aspires to succeed him, it happens, also, that we seldom can bring our minds to have implicit confidence in the sincerity of those expressions of

kindly feeling, and of those earnest prayers which some candidates for place put up for the prolonged existence of the very men of whose situations they are known to be anxious to obtain possession. Truly mankind are an "unco squad," and, where self is concerned, are very little to be trusted. But these observations, we must here declare, have no reference whatever to the actual intercourse that took place between the late learned Principal of Marischal College and the present very talented individual who fills his chair, but can scarcely, we must confess, be said altogether to fill his shoes. They are merely suggested by the subject on which we are writing, and are made generally, and without any particular application. Another gentleman to whom Dr. Dewar always paid marked attention on his visits to the north, at the period of which we are speaking, was the late Mr. Crombie of Phesdo—a man much respected both in the town and county of Aberdeen. Mr. Crombie had every thing to say with the Magistrates of this city before the passing of the Reform Bill, and had his life been spared, and Tory influence continued paramount, Dr. Dewar, though a Whig, might have benefited by his patronage. It was, therefore, very wise in the worthy Doctor to cultivate a friendship of this kind, which was not only highly honourable in itself, but might become at a future period highly useful. Though a Highlander, and gifted with tolerably good sight, Dr. Dewar makes no pretension to the second sight of his countrymen, and could not therefore, at this period, be expected to foresee the changes in Church and State which the lapse of a few years brought about. It was, therefore, prudent in him to make himself "all things to all men," in order that he might thereby gain some, or at any rate something good. As we shall have occasion to state after-

wards, Dr. Dewar owes his situation in our College to the Whigs. But had the Tories been in power when Dr. Brown died, and had they made Dr. Dewar an offer of his present situation in the University, was the circumstance of his political feelings being opposed to those of a Tory Government sufficient to prevent his acceptance of its proffered patronage? Certainly not. He is the truly wise man, therefore, who endeavours to keep well with all parties in the State, for as the old women in the Highlands teach their children—"there is nae pody kens frae what airt a plessing may plaw." Such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that the government of to-day may become the opposition of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. He is then the only true philosopher who shows civility to every man of any importance in the political world. Civility costs nothing, and may bring in something. Bowing and scraping too are both good things, and may be performed at little cost; the scraping indeed is not very good for the shoes; but the bowing is in no way expensive to the performer, and is often productive of very happy effects.

Besides his visits to Aberdeen, Dr. Dewar sometimes, during his abode at Glasgow, made excursions to the other large towns of the kingdom, and often might be seen in Edinburgh, or on the top of a Glasgow coach in the act of going to or coming from the metropolis of Scotland. It would appear, therefore, that the restlessness of the worthy Divine had greatly increased upon him during the later years of his residence in the great city of rum puncheons, sugar hogsheads, and cotton bags. There can be no question, we think, from all this, of a disposition to leave Glasgow for good and all, getting very strong upon him, for a considerable period before he was enabled finally to get away from that unhealthy place; and though

we will not take upon ourselves to say that he would have exchanged for a living of very inferior value to the one he held in that city, we think we are not going too far when we state that the minister of the Tron Kirk would not, to effect his purpose of an exchange of livings, have boggled very stoutly about a few pounds up or down in the stipend. It must be quite clear, we think, that other causes must in some degree have operated to disgust Dr. Dewar with a Glasgow congregation, besides that natural desire "to go a-head," and that inherent love of change with which he is possessed. It seems to us that he must have perceived a difference in the attachment of his flock to their pastor from that which he had at first experienced, and an increasing coldness on their part, and a carelessness of his precepts, which are highly discouraging to a minister of the gospel. We are the more confirmed in this belief, from the circumstances which occurred in his church, when the time came that he had to bid farewell to his people. The last sermon Dr. Dewar preached to his flock, though a little stiff in its composition, was a very good discourse; yet it was not the same discourse, nor in some things at all like that which he had delivered about a dozen of years before on a similar interesting occasion at Aberdeen. And if the sermon was different, the effects it produced upon the people of the Tron Kirk also differed from the impressions made upon many of Dr. Dewar's hearers in the College Church of this town, when he addressed them at the close of his labours as their faithful pastor. In the one case there were many moist eyes, and some weeping, in the other there was nothing of this kind, unless from physical causes, that is, from snuff or the cold. And so they parted—the Doctor saying little, as in his former farewell address, about his



successor, and the people apparently caring little, provided they got a change. And yet for all this desire that both pastor and people had for change, it does not appear that Dr. Dewar had managed very badly as minister of the Tron Kirk. Coming, as he did, after Dr. Chalmers, he had much to do to approach that standard of perfection which the people had long been accustomed to reverence, and in some essential points, though he took a different course, he was not so very far from the mark. Dr. Chalmers was more followed after as a preacher than Dr. Dewar, but this is a mere matter of taste in the multitude, and the latter could preach as long and much louder than the former. Dr. Chalmers had much out-of-door work always on hand among his parishioners. Dr. Dewar's was mostly in-door labour. The one gave money to the poor, the other gave them what is almost as good, namely, advice. The one relieved temporal wants, the other spiritual. And, on the whole, the parish, when Dr. Dewar left it, was not a great deal worse than when he first commenced his ministry. This may be said to be only negative praise, but even this, under all the circumstances of the case, is not to be despised. It may be very well to try to banish poverty from a parish; but something is due to him who endeavours to extirpate infidelity and cold morality, and moderate views in religion. You can never make all men comfortable in their circumstances by mere human means, but you may make many men what is called godly in the religious world by spiritual efforts; and if you once succeed in establishing a desire for modern godliness in a man's mind, you are very likely also to establish there a desire for gain. Do we not see every day of our lives instances of the truth of the scripture saying, "that godliness is profitable in all things," and where shall we seek

a better evidence of the fact, than in the wonderful success which has accompanied through life the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar.

We had no idea, when we began this article, that it could by any possibility extend to such a length, before arriving at Marischal College, and that most important event in the annals of this institution, the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar to the Principality. We suppose it can only be attributed to the frost and the cold, this slipping and sliding away from the subject, which no efforts of ours have been able to check, since the commencement of our present labours. Although our thermometer has indicated nothing like the degree of cold which has been experienced in Old Aberdeen, still we declare that we have felt ourselves very uncomfortable, and have, during the course of our writing, been tempted, more than once, to abandon our task in despair, and give up Dr. Dewar and his Principality as a bad job. But having heard of the effects of the cold in King's College, we took courage again, determined, like some of the gentlemen belonging to that ancient seat of learning, to go on with our work in spite of the condensation of our ideas by the cold, and that disposition to slip away from our subject produced by the frost. We should not have mentioned the effects of temperature in Old Aberdeen at this time, had it not been by way of excuse for our own want of precision in our sketch of Dr. Dewar for this month. We are convinced, however, that our readers will pardon us when we state, that though less favourably situated than the Professors in the Old Town, during the late cold season, we have written more original matter for the benefit of the public than all of them put together have done for the benefit of their pupils. They have, as we have said, gone on with their work indeed, but

how have they done it? One or two of their number, finding their own brains frosted, have had recourse to the skulls of dead men, not for the lawful purpose of phrenological examination, but for the unlawful one of plagiarism, or literary theft. Phrenology, forsooth! catch a new and certain science of this sort flourishing in an ancient dreamy, speculative, dwelling-place like Old Aberdeen! One old gentleman of King's College, who has been in the habit of looking up in the Dictionary every session the same words for the last forty years, when preparing for his pupils, had his brain so completely touched by the frost on one of the coldest days, that between his own house and his class-room; he entirely forgot the analysis which he had so carefully prepared, and became quite stupid and oblivious. Another remarkable for his knowledge of Joe Miller, and his very appropriate application of that philosopher's pleasantries to the business of the session, has for the last six weeks given up all his original jocoseness, merry tales, quiddities, and quibbles, and become as dull, demonstrative, and matter of fact, as any common man; and this circumstance is sadly regretted by his very numerous and increasing class of highland gentlemen and lowland lads. If such then has been the effects of cold on the wise and learned, may we not plead to be excused for any little deficiency that may be found in our memoir of Dr. Daniel Dewar.

We acknowledge then, that we have been damaged by the cold weather this month; but for all that, we will try to place our friend the Principal in the seat of honour in Marischal College, before we leave him at this time, and at a future period D. V., as the Rev. and learned Mr. Hugh Hart has it, we will say something of his manner of conducting himself and directing the affairs of the

institution, of which, as the saying is, for want of a better, he is the head. In the end of the sixteenth century, George Earl Marischal founded the College of Aberdeen. The charter of foundation is dated April 2, 1593. Some people say it was written out upon the first day of that month, but this we do not credit, the first of April having for many ages been looked upon as a day by itself, and never occupied or set apart for wise and philosophical purposes or pursuits. Lord Marischal was an excellent nobleman and a very zealous Protestant; he had received a good education both at home and abroad. He had studied on the Continent under a man of whom it has been our fate lately to hear a good deal, viz. Beza. It is from the writings of this Beza, that the Rev. James Robertson of Ellon is accused by that very meek and very moderate divine, Mr. Cunningham of Edinburgh, of taking extracts for his short pamphlet on the Church question, in a fashion not altogether becoming in a learned minister—in a fashion by which some folks say Principal Dewar procures his hats and small-clothes for every-day wear, that is, at second-hand. Now we do not believe a word of this, either in the case of Mr. Robertson or of Principal Dewar—although, if the thing were true, there could be no sin in the matter, allowing that there might be a little shame.

Well, then, Marischal College was founded at the time and by the great man already named. But why erect a College, some will ask, in Aberdeen, when there were only then existing three Universities in all Scotland, and one of these stood within a mile of our good city. The reason must astonish people acquainted with King's College in the present day, when we state that its rival establishment was founded because the Old Town Professors were not thought, at the period referred to,



to be well disposed to the doctrines of the Reformed Church. Now, if there be one thing, and we believe there are many things, on which the Professors in Old Aberdeen are heartily agreed at this moment—it is in their utter hatred and detestation of the Pope, and all that appertains to Popery. On this subject they are quite unanimous and decided to a man, from the most Rev. Principal down to the learned Professor of Law, and that comprehends the head and tail of the whole concern, the Alpha and Omega of the *Senatus Academicus*. Marischal College then was instituted for Protestant purposes and the propagation of Protestant principles, and, seriously speaking, it has well answered the ends of its original establishment. It has reared up many excellent Ministers of the reformed faith, and has sent abroad into the world many distinguished scholars and men of science, who have done credit to themselves and reflected honour on their *alma mater*. Among its *alumni*, it can boast of Gilbert Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury; Dr. John Arbuthnot, Physician to Queen Anne, and what is better, the friend of Pope and Swift; Colin M'Laurin, the celebrated Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and many others of equal or almost equal note. Among its Professors, Marischal College can number a Campbell, a Gerrard, a Beattie, a Brown, and a Hamilton—names highly distinguished in the annals of literature and science, as well as many others with whose characters we are less acquainted, but of whose talents and learning there can be no question. It is also a curious fact, which deserves to be noticed, that at the present time the majority, or at any rate one-half of the Professors in Old Aberdeen, are indebted for their education to their rival Seminary; showing that

if there be not much love for the New Town College over the way, there is undoubtedly no small degree of respect. So much we have deemed it necessary to say, to show our regard for Marischal College, and that it is well entitled, by its past services to the country, to claim the gratitude of the State and of the people of Aberdeen. Of its modern history we shall have more to say by and bye; but in the meantime we must not leave Dr. Daniel Dewar too long to shift for himself, seeing that we have already broken the sacred connexion that bound him to his congregation at Glasgow, and delivered him of his farewell discourse. Now this farewell sermon was his third appearance, we believe, in that way; but we trust that he will never have occasion for a fourth. The first farewell was to the Independents; the second to the College Church congregation; and his third and last was to his flock at Glasgow—all more or less melancholy days doubtless in the calendar of Dr. Dewar; but in those times he was young and strong, and full of hope, whereas now he is getting old and lachrymose, and given to the melting mood so that a farewell now-a-days would finish him altogether. See what a state he was in in the Trinity Church lately, when he detailed to a most respectable meeting the hardships endured by the saints in these latter days at the hands of a cruel Court of Session, and in former times the treatment of the Church by a Tory Government, and an atheist minister *Polinproke*. The poor man was absolutely nearly crying outright, and had his hand in his pocket to pull out his handkerchief, but he was afraid to bring it forth, lest his friend Mr. Foote, in the enthusiasm of the moment, about his flag of defiance to the Lords of Session, which he so eloquently discoursed of, might have mistaken the handkerchief for the true blue ensign, and hoisted

it up, high up—up to the very *riggin* of the kirk, to the damage or loss of said article, value ten-pence halfpenny in the current coin of this realm. But come, we must get on, and as we said, not leave Dr. Daniel too long to shift for himself, though we know, that even in this most forlorn condition, his abilities would get him through many difficulties that less clever divines might be apt to sink under.

It was on a dark foggy day, in the dismal month of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, that the Minister of the Tron Kirk first heard the astounding intelligence that the Duke of Wellington had been driven from Downing Street, and all his Tory troops at his heels, and that his place was to be supplied by Lord Grey, with a long list of Whigs in his train. At first Dr. Daniel did not know very well how to take this news, for though inclined in his heart to the Whigs, as we have said before, he was not without some hopes from the Tories, and it was difficult on the first blush of the business to say whether this change of Government might not do him more harm than good; so he determined to walk warily, and to say little about the matter. To be sure he was a warm friend in his heart to Reform and all that, but as a minister of the gospel, he said it would not become his character to take an active part in political matters, and this was reckoned a very good apology by all sensible men for noninterference in secular affairs. It was shortly after this event, however, that the lamented death of Dr. Brown, Principal of Marischal College, happened, and his office was in the gift of the Crown. It was, therefore, necessary for a candidate for the situation to bring all his political influence to bear upon the Government, and this could only be done through a Whig Lord Advo-

cate and Whig Members of Parliament—so that Dr. Daniel became a little more Whigish himself in consequence of his intercourse with such Whigish men. Still it was a case of some embarrassment, and sufficient to puzzle a man of less vigour of intellect than the Very Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar. Principal Brown held other appointments in Aberdeen, besides that of Principal of the College. He was Professor of Divinity also, and one of the ministers of the town; and both these livings were in the gift of the Magistrates and Town Council; and these gentlemen, in those days, and for two years afterwards, were all rank Tories to the back bone. Dr. Daniel knew all this very well, and, as every pious man should do, he sought counsel from above how best he might manage things below. It had always been customary with the Government of the day, when the Chancellor of an University recommended a particular individual for a situation, to confer it upon the candidate so recommended, that is, provided the Chancellor supported the views of the party in power, or was not *very* obnoxious on account of his political conduct. Dr. Dewar, though, like a prudent man as he is, he had made his views known to the late Duke of Gordon, Chancellor of Marischal College, had little to expect from that quarter in respect to the Principality; but he was not without the expectation that in something else in Aberdeen the Duke might be disposed to give him a lift; as to the office of Principal, he knew of better interest with the Government than that of his Grace of Gordon.

We have stated that Government generally had appointed the nominee of the Chancellor to any University office of which they had the patronage. We must add, that the Chancellor had uniformly named to the Secretary of State the person ap-



proved of by a majority of the College. To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Brown, the Professors of Marischal College had, we believe, unanimously recommended to the Chancellor Dr. George Glennie, Professor of Moral Philosophy in that institution; and his Grace the Duke of Gordon was but too happy to transmit the name of this quiet and unobtrusive, but, at the same time, learned and excellent man, to the authorities in London, and to urge his claims strongly upon the attention of the Right Honourable Lord Melbourne, in whose department, at the time, the presentation to the Principality was placed. Dr. Glennie's claims for the office were great—though it would have been better for him to have been less rational in his religious creed, and more immoderate in his Church politics. In the first place, his character was unexceptionable in every way; and in the second place, he was well fitted for the chair, being an old and faithful teacher, and allowed by all who knew him, and are able to judge of his learning, to possess a mind well stored with literature, both ancient and modern; and to be what we wish was more common among Professors in Aberdeen, a first-rate classical scholar. Besides all this, the Rev. Doctor was known to be a man of taste, and a gentleman as well in manners as in appearance. But all would not do—Lord Melbourne, with characteristic love of inaction, put off for a little the filling up of the vacancy, on the plea that he had not had time to read the report of the Commissioners, who had then given in their recommendations in reference to the Scotch Universities, for some time. Poor Lord Melbourne! if either Dr. Glennie or the very Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar had waited till you read the document given in by the Royal University Commission, appointed in 1826, they might have waited long enough.

The Commissioners of 1826 had recommended a union of our Colleges, or at any rate of the Universities, and had, with the exception of one or two of their number, advised the Government to transfer the greater part of the Students and Professors from the New to the Old Town. On this part of their plan we will at present offer no opinion ; but we must remark, that a later Commission has also recommended a union, though of rather an opposite kind. It is somewhat remarkable, that several of our Professors have entertained rather different views of the expediency of this measure at different times ; and some of them, that we may have to notice afterwards, have changed their minds upon the subject at least three times to our knowledge ; how often they may have altered their opinions without our knowing any thing about it, depends probably upon the wind or the weather, or other little causes which affect the mental constitutions and tempers of studious and literary men. One thing, however, may be learned from this, that we should never be in too much haste to determine any affair of importance, particularly where education is concerned, for fear that we may do mischief, and repent of it when it is too late to mend matters ; or, as the worthy Mr. M'Naughtan says, we should do nothing quickly, with the exception of catching certain little animals which shall be nameless, and with which, though some of their pupils may, the Professors have nothing to do. Among the gentlemen belonging to our Colleges who have changed their minds in regard to a union of these learned institutions stands pre-eminent, as indeed he should do from his high station, the very Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar. This very reverend and very pious gentleman, when a candidate for the Principality of Marischal College, deprecated a junction of our seminaries of learning and of liberal arts in the

strongest possible manner; but when afterwards he had the honour to be nominated by Her Majesty a Commissioner for visiting the Universities of Aberdeen, he altered his mind entirely, and became a strenuous advocate of the union.

That his strong frame of body is not like that of some people to whom we have alluded, much under the influence of atmospheric changes, we think almost certain; and, therefore, in his case we are convinced that powerful moral causes have operated to bring about this disparity in his views of things. Perhaps the truth may be, at least we offer it as a theory of our own, that if a union had taken place before Daniel received his appointment as Principal, or had been determined upon before that event happened, then the chance was, that his prospects of succeeding Dr. Brown would have been altogether dished, whereas after he had got his presentation, and had been inducted, he might think of ways and means by which he could manage to become the head of the United Colleges of Aberdeen. And so in the one case the union would not have proved beneficial, and in the other it might become a very good thing indeed. For instance, if Dr. Jack were either for some weighty reason prevailed upon to resign his office, or were to be called away by death, a calamity, which we trust, is far distant; why then, in case of a union, Dr. Daniel Dewar would have the salaries of both the Chairs to receive, and the duty of only one of them to perform. As to any little additional trouble to himself in managing two or three and twenty colleagues, instead of ten or twelve,

he would never take that into account—trouble being always to him, with his activity of mind and body, a real pleasure, particularly when taken in a good cause, and for one in which, at the same time, he might receive a fair recompense for his work. Although we only put this as a theory of our own, and of course leave every body to form their own judgment, we think our view of the matter is further strengthened by a circumstance which occurred long after the very Rev. Dr. Dewar had been settled in the situation of Principal, and a considerable time before he had the honour to receive her Majesty's Commission as a visiter of the Colleges. We refer to the date at which the money was granted by Government for the rebuilding of Marischal College. At this period, when some sensible folks thought that it was useless for the country to be spending large sums of the people's money in building a new house for the purpose of education in Aberdeen, till the question as to the propriety of a union of the Colleges had been fairly argued, and finally agreed upon, Principal Dewar was all against the union, as proposed by the Commission of 1826, and indeed threw cold water upon the notion of a union of any sort. The Government were told, in fact, that all union was impracticable, and the distance between New and Old Aberdeen, which, at a subsequent period, it was found expedient to limit to one English mile, was, at the time referred to, extended to two; so that between the year 1834, when the grant for Marischal College was procured from the Treasury, and the year 1838, when



the last Commission was issued, the Colleges have approached nearer to one another by a mile; a circumstance that looks like a junction of these huge bodies certainly at no distant day. Now it must not be understood, that we at all blame Principal Dewar for changing his mind upon this or any other subject; far from it; for though we have not the honour to claim him as a native of Aberdeen, he has been long enough in and about the place to entitle him to all the privileges of an Aberdeen's-man born; and one well known and essential immunity of our townsmen is this, that they are never required to stand to or abide by any declaration of opinion that may prove prejudicial to their own interest. But as to change of opinion about College affairs, the very Rev. Principal is far from being singular, and were only those among our Professors who have continued of one mind upon the subject of a Union of the Universities allowed to throw stones at him for being of two minds about the business, we think we may venture to say, that any Assurance Office would, for a very small premium, insure him against the fate of St. Stephen, or indeed against any great bodily harm.

We got quit of Lord Melbourne some time ago, and stated that his Lordship had the intention of leaving the Principality of Marischal College vacant "till he should have an opportunity of studying the report of the Royal Commission of 1826," at least such was the statement he made in his reply to the application of the Duke of Gordon in favour of Dr. Glennie; adding, that until the subject of the Union of

the Universities was taken into consideration by the Government, no answer could be returned to the request of the Senatus, so powerfully seconded by the Chancellor, to appoint the Professor of Moral Philosophy to the vacant Chair of the Principal. Lord Melbourne, though a noble Viscount, a Minister of State, and a Politician, is also what is of much more consequence in our eyes, a gentleman, and, therefore, he never would say one thing and mean another. We give him full credit for intending to do as he stated in his letter to the Chancellor of our College, and are firmly persuaded that it was his purpose, some time or other, to read a part of the Commissioners' report, or what is nearly the same thing, to get some body to read it for him, and tell him what was the best course to follow in respect to the union, and the filling up of the vacancy in the University occasioned by the death of Dr. Brown. We give the noble Secretary of State then all credit for good intentions; but they say, there is a certain infernal abode paved with good intentions, and if this be correct, Lord Melbourne, instead of being, what is generally supposed, a very idle man, has, we are convinced, been busily employed "down below," as Mr. Parker would say, a great part of his life, as a most extensive and laborious pavier. In fact, in the Home Office, Lord Melbourne did too little himself, and trusted too much to other people. But if Lord Melbourne was idle and lazy, not so Dr. Daniel Dewar. The poor Secretary of State was pestered with applications every day that he rose out of his bed at eleven o'clock,

and every afternoon that he went to his Office at the hour of two, and every evening that he went to the "House" at the hour of meeting, and every night or morning that he laid his head upon his pillow, and received from his Private Secretary the reports of the day. On all these occasions, the name of Daniel Dewar was sounded in his ears, till he "dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep departed from him." And there can be little doubt that he wished the honest and very Rev. Divine in a particular place, to the pavement of which we have hinted that the noble Lord has, in his day, been a very great contributor. Such, however, is the effect of unwearied Christian perseverance, that Dr. Daniel Dewar and his friends prevailed; and the good easy Secretary of State was too happy to get rid of them on any terms. It was no use to tell them, as he had told the Duke of Gordon, "Wait till I read the Report of the Commissioners;" they knew they might as well wait till the Greek Calends, as wait for that indefinite period of time coming round. So they kept at him, and to every objection raised by his Lordship they had always a ready answer. Well, then, there was no help for it; and the claims of Dr. George Glennie were put aside, and the name of Dr. Daniel Dewar was submitted to his Majesty for his gracious approval—"Wherefore, king Darius signed the writing and the decree"—"Then said Daniel unto the king—O, King live for ever."

## THE REV. ALEXANDER BLACK, D.D.

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WE are under the necessity of delaying for a short time the conclusion of our memoir of the Very Rev. Daniel Dewar, LL.D. and D.D., Principal and Professor of Church History in the University and Marischal College, &c. &c. This necessity is imposed upon us by circumstances, with a detail of which it is needless to trouble our readers at present; but we beg leave respectfully to assure them that the postponement of our account of the Very Rev. Doctor's proceedings, as Principal and Professor, will in no way interfere with the authenticity, nor in any degree diminish the value, of our future narrative. In the meantime, we confess that we have felt a little at a loss as to the best mode of carrying on the subject of our Universities in our Number for this month; but, on the whole, we think that we shall best preserve the "Unities" by taking up at this time another member of the Theological Faculty of Marischal College in the room of the Very Rev. Principal to whom we have been compelled to grant a month's leave of absence from the public service. We will, therefore, endeavour in this article to sketch the Professor of Divinity in the University of the New Town—the Rev. Alexander Black, D.D. This amiable man and excellent scholar is a native of Aberdeen. He was educated at our Grammar School and at Marischal College. As a boy, he was equally remarkable for his diligence and abilities as a student, and his quiet retiring manners and good conduct both in and out of the class-room. Though we believe that he tried a different profession before he entered the Church, he was exactly the sort of youth, even at a very early period, of whom it might very fairly



be prognosticated that he would, in the end of the day, "wag his pow in a poupit." Mild, studious, and sedate in his disposition, and gifted with a powerful memory and a facility in the acquisition of dead and living languages superior to most young men, Mr. Black very soon attracted the notice and secured the respect and esteem of his teachers and companions at school and college. It was not in his nature to form close intimacy or warm or familiar friendship with other lads of his age, and, in fact, he scarcely associated with any one; but his scholarship made him be looked up to, and his readiness to assist those of his compeers who were more dull or less diligent than himself, not only saved him from all the annoyance which lads of his stamp are often exposed to, but, as we have already stated, procured for him much regard from his class-fellows. At the Divinity Hall, the late Principal Brown, an excellent judge of scholarship, if not of character, paid many compliments to Mr. Black's acquirements; and there can be little doubt that these commendations, particularly in reference to his Latinity, were well deserved by his distinguished pupil. The late Dr. Ross too, a devout and clever man, became warmly interested in the welfare of our young divine, and did much to promote his progress in life after his college studies were concluded. All this is very creditable to the subject of our present sketch, for both Dr. Brown and Dr. Ross were learned and truly pious and good men. They were both also Evangelical, as it is called, in their church politics and religious notions; but they were not like the Evangelicals of the present day—they had neither cant nor hypocrisy in their composition, and though keen enough as party men, they were Christians and gentlemen. With what concern, if they had been spared to these evil times, would those good Doctors of the Church

have witnessed the proceedings of the Presbytery of Aberdeen and of the Kirk in general, at this moment? Would Dr. Brown and Dr. Ross have approved of the mountebank exhibitions called Revivals, or sanctioned agitation, sedition, and rebellion against the State. No—never. They would have yielded, as in duty bound, to the law of the land, well knowing that to the law they were indebted for the security of their own temporal authority and daily bread, as ministers of an Establishment, and that, as Christian teachers, they were bound both to inculcate on their hearers, and to practise in their own persons, obedience to the powers that are ordained of God. With what astonishment and regret would the Rev. Principal Brown have witnessed the recent conduct of his own son, the Professor of Greek in Marischal College, a man who owes every thing that he has—every thing that he ever had—in the world, to Patronage;—a man who never could have got into the Church, no, not into a Chapel of Ease of the meanest kind, if the tests had been applied to himself which he now declares he is anxious to impose upon others;—a man who entered the Church by Patronage, and who, with all his fine feelings for the precious souls of men, left the Church when it suited his own convenience, and when the same bountiful patron who procured for him his Church living provided for him a better situation in Marischal College;—a man who now, after a little shuffling about the matter, declares by his votes and speeches that the way by which he himself entered into the sanctuary is unclean, defiled, and impure; and thus casts insult on the memory of that revered parent who solicited and procured for him an entrance into the Kirk in the manner denounced as sinful and unrighteous, and on that of his noble and kind benefactor, who, for the friendship he bore to

his father, took him by the hand when he had few friends to help him, and when his new allies, the "Christian People," were not very desirous to commit their precious souls to his care.

But we must now return to Dr. Black. Such was the good opinion entertained of the merits of the present Professor of Divinity in Marischal College when only a probationer in the Church, that, on the death of Dr. Gilbert Gerard of King's College, in the year 1815, he was urged by his friends to put himself forward as a candidate for the vacant Chair of Theology in Old Aberdeen. The appointment is in the gift of the Synod of this district, and has always been decided by comparative trial. Dr. Black, as every one anticipated, made a very respectable figure as a candidate for the Professorship of Divinity in King's College; but he was not successful, as Dr. Mearns was considered by almost all the judges, if not unanimously declared by them all, the best qualified of all the gentlemen who competed for the appointment on that occasion. It is probable that Dr. Black's learning or knowledge of languages was greater than the mere scholarship, as it is called, of his successful rival; but in every other respect the public voice agreed with the opinion delivered by the respectable body of examiners that Dr. Mearns was the better man. We are not sure, however, partial as we are to the character of the present eminent Professor of Theology in Old Aberdeen, that it would not have been more in favour of King's College, as an institution, had the judgment of the examiners been of an opposite kind, and had Dr. Black been decreed the successful competitor. Our thoughts upon this matter will come more appropriately at a future period; but in the meantime we must be permitted to state that, highly as we admire Dr. Mearns as a churchman and a divine, we have never thought

well of him as a leader in the College, and we are decidedly of the belief that, in some degree, the contempt which the public in general entertain for King's College at this moment is to be attributed to the narrow policy pursued in the University for the last twenty-five years by Dr. Mearns and his followers and friends. We are far from wishing to insinuate that the highly-gifted and respectable Professor of Theology in Old Aberdeen has done or omitted to do any one act for the purpose of private gain, or that there is anything like personal corruption to be imputed to him, but we are of opinion that he neglected to put an end to certain evil practices which had grown up in former days, whilst it was in his power to have done so; and we are fully convinced that he has taken, on more than one occasion, an active part in introducing members to the *Senatus Academicus* who have not proved either useful or ornamental to the institution to which they belong. That Old Rory, as he is called by Colman the Younger, and leaders of his class, should treat the College as a corporation, which it was their right and title to make as much of as possible, is not to be wondered at, but it is lamentable to see a man like Dr. Mearns allowing his mind to be cramped by the dirty spirit and narrow illiberal views of a rotten corporation. To this, however, we shall return at another time. The influence of Dr. Mearns as a leader is now over in the Old Town *Senatus*, and injuriously, as we think, it was often directed for the interests of learning and the respectability of the establishment to which he is attached, we do not think that things are likely to be made much better by the meddling hands now employed in the management of the affairs of the ancient institution once dedicated to the "pure and holy Virgin." We have said that it might have been better for King's College had Dr. Black suc-



ceeded in obtaining the object of his early ambition in Old Aberdeen; but we must not be mistaken on this point and seem to imply that the worthy Doctor would have acted more like a man of business or a man of the world than Dr. Mearns, or that, if he had possessed the same influence in the University which that gentleman once did, he would have turned it to better account for the College. We mean nothing of the sort; we merely think that Dr. Black, who is no man of business, and in no way capable of the management of University concerns, would in these times have been, as far as the College is looked to, a more fit and proper person to fill the Chair of Divinity than one who, able and willing to lead, has exerted much of his energy in opposition to almost all improvement and in support of very great abuses. We think that Dr. Black would not have been against a union of our Universities, without which, in our opinion, both our Colleges must continue to decline; and we know that it is mainly owing to the opposition of Dr. Mearns that a union has not before this time been carried into effect. In short, we think that the passive disposition of Dr. Black would have suited better in these times than the active turn of mind with which Dr. Mearns is gifted. As to the Church, however, that is another matter; and we are quite willing to acknowledge that Dr. Mearns, as a teacher of Divinity, has no match in Scotland.

In testimony of the respect entertained for Dr. Black by the gentlemen appointed to examine the candidates for the Chair of Divinity in Old Aberdeen, they unanimously recommended to the University to confer upon him the honour of a degree in that science in which, at his examination, he had made so distinguished a figure, and accordingly he received the diploma of a Doctor of Divinity. Were all our University honours as well deserved,

they would be held in more estimation by the public at large, and would indeed be considered in every quarter of the world as entitled to respect.

Soon after the comparative trial in Old Aberdeen, Dr. Black was entrusted by his friend, Dr. Ross, with the charge of his only son, a very promising young man, who was about this time setting out upon his travels on the Continent. Dr. Black and his pupil visited various places together, and were so firmly united by their habits and pursuits that their short tour passed very agreeably to both parties. It was brought to a conclusion, as far as Dr. Black was concerned, in a manner altogether unexpected by that gentleman.

The parish of Tarves, of which Dr. Mearns was minister previous to his appointment to the Divinity Professorship in the Old Town, having, in consequence of this event, become vacant, the noble patron, the Earl of Aberdeen, nominated the Rev. Alexander Black, during his absence on the Continent, to the vacancy; and thus the rival of Dr. Mearns at the College became his successor in the country. This appointment was highly to the credit of both patron and presentee. It might or might not be a judicious choice on the part of Lord Aberdeen; but no man could say that he was influenced by political motives, or indeed by any motives but such as were proper and praiseworthy. He had never seen Dr. Black, nor was the young man recommended to him by any person of weight or consequence in the county. He was only known to him by report as a deserving person, of good scholarship and excellent moral character, and as a student who had no interest and few friends of any weight, but who was, for all that, well worthy of promotion. Lord Aberdeen may be as cunning a politician—he may be as great a hypocrite, and as cold-hearted an aristocrat, as the Non-intrusion

friends of Dr. Black delight to paint him—he may be all this and more for anything that we know or care about the matter; but surely Dr. Dewar or Gavin Parker, or the gentleman with the shining countenance at the Gallowgate-head, whose name we forget, will allow that, in presenting Dr. A. Black to the parish of Tarves, his lordship exercised his right of patronage in an upright, honourable, and conscientious manner. They may say, to be sure, that this is a solitary instance of the proper exercise of that abominable, accursed thing, called patronage. Be it so;—but surely they will allow us to ask them for a solitary instance to match it, wherein the people have chosen a man to be their minister on account of his learning and character. Indeed, we strongly suspect that the people of Tarves would never have selected Dr. Black for their pastor, and we suspect as strongly that the Rev. Doctor never inquired much, when he entered upon his charge, whether the people of his parish approved of him or not as their spiritual guide. The people of Tarves, however, though they might not have chosen Dr. Black at a preaching match, were well enough satisfied with him for the most part when he was once settled among them, and the Doctor himself was too happy to care much about the sweet voices of the multitude, whether they were tuned to his praise or otherwise. We have said that Dr. Black's preferment in the Church was as honourable to himself as to the noble patron who bestowed it upon him. We believe, indeed, that the Doctor never solicited the living of Tarves, and that he was never more surprised in his life than when, on the Continent, he first heard the announcement of his promotion. It was this circumstance that made his return necessary at an earlier period than he had intended when he set out upon his travels, and deprived him of much of

that enjoyment abroad which he had anticipated on leaving Aberdeen with his friend and pupil, Mr. Ross. The Doctor accordingly arrived at home soon after he was made acquainted with his good fortune, and was shortly afterwards comfortably settled in the manse of the parish of Tarves. In some respects, perhaps, Dr. Black was not the fittest person in the world for a country minister. He knew nothing whatever of rural affairs, and was totally unqualified to afford temporal advice to his parishioners. This, in the opinion of the Evangelical party to which he belongs, may seem a matter of no consequence; but we differ from them in this as we do in most things. Advice is frequently asked of a country clergyman in matters not spiritual, and the minister who understands country life has it often in his power in such cases to do much good and to prevent much evil. He can make up differences, reconcile animosities, and prevent litigation, and he can do a world of good besides, of which sensible people are aware and need not be informed. Another impediment to Dr. Black's usefulness, as a minister in the country, consisted in his not being of "The Equestrian Order,"—for the Tailor riding to Brentford was nothing in appearance to the worthy Doctor on the "outside of a horse." Indeed, he mostly walked when he went from home, and this to a man of his habit of body was not always pleasant, and must have often prevented him, in bad weather, from visiting the sick and the dying—a duty that all must admit is necessary and proper in a minister of the gospel. As to attendance on church courts, that may be sometimes dispensed with; but even that is a duty which every conscientious man endeavours punctually to discharge. Connected with Dr. Black's horsemanship, we are tempted to relate an anecdote which we lately heard of an old man in



a neighbouring parish to that in which the Doctor lived before he came to the Divinity Chair in this town. Some one had mentioned to the old man, whose mind was in that state that recent events are soon forgotten, while old impressions are retained with great tenacity, that the Rev. Doctor had set out on an expedition to convert the Jews in the Holy Land; and the old man was jestingly asked if he would not like to accompany the learned divine on his journey? "Na, na," said he, "I wadna like to gang sae far frae hame upon sic a feelish erran'; but I'se tell ye fat I wad dee—I'd gang a hunder miles to see Sandy Black riding upon a dromedary."

The parish of Tarves is situated in the Presbytery of Ellon; and when Dr. Black was placed in his charge, all the members of the Presbytery were Moderate except himself. With all their moderation, however, they were exceedingly kind and attentive to their new member, and did every thing in their power to make him feel himself at home in his new situation. He received from his brethren all the attention that he could desire, and had he been as moderate as themselves, he could not have been better treated by his neighbours. Indeed, during the whole of his incumbency, they assisted him when he required their help, and treated him in every way as a brother and a friend. As to the difference in church politics, it could never be perceived in those days. Dr. Black preached for his co-presbyters, and assisted them at their sacraments, as they did in like manner for him. He dined with, visited and lodged with his brethren, as they did in turn with him. He eat and drank with every one of his colleagues, and they eat and drank with him; and if some of them were not so moderate as Dr. Black in their use of the contents of the punch bowl, the Doctor was a match for any one of them,

at least, in discussing the contents of the flesh pot. We sometimes wonder whether or not the Doctor remembers anything of this, when he hears the charges that are every day brought against the Moderates by his friends who have now the upper hand in the Church. Does he agree with Dr. Dewar, that the Moderates never preached the gospel to their people, and thereby acknowledge that all he heard in the churches of his Moderate friends, and all that they preached in his parish, was not the gospel, but something else? Or does he embrace the opinions of that foul-mouthed fellow, Nixon, who was brought here from Montrose, who declares that the Moderates only preached the Devil's gospel, and thereby confess that he often listened himself and permitted his people to hear the gospel of Satan? If he does not coincide in the opinions of the two worthies we have named, why does not Dr. Black speak out and tell Dewar and Nixon that they are mistaken in their facts, and that their statements are not founded in truth. The Rev. Doctor may have a stronger party bias than we have been led to suppose; but we are willing to believe that, however strongly he may be biassed in favour of his own side of the Church, he is still more attached to truth and justice, and that he is well convinced that he who permits calumny to circulate when he has it in his power to contradict the evil report, is very little better than the miserable wretch who first gives currency to the slander. Let the Doctor say, therefore, to Principal Dewar and Mr. Nixon—"Gentlemen, some one has deceived you about the Moderates; for I know that neither of you would state what you did not believe in your hearts to be true, for any party views or motives, for any malignant purpose of your own, or for any bribe that the world could offer to you. But I must entreat of you, my good friends, not to

make such strong asseverations against the Moderates, for though some of them were not what they should have been, yet many of them were good ministers, as I have reason to know, and preached the gospel of Christ, and from none of them did I ever hear what my esteemed friend calls the gospel of the Devil. Gentlemen, we are all sinners; even you, permit me to say it, Principal Dewar, and you, my eloquent friend, Mr. Nixon, and I myself, we are all sinners; and convinced as we must be of our own backslidings and worthlessness, let us judge charitably of other men, and think humbly of ourselves." Something of this sort Dr. Black is bound to state to his reverend friends; and we are persuaded that, if he does so, it will not be done in vain. We are disposed to believe that Dewar and Nixon, from the respect that they must feel for the character of Dr. Black, and from their knowledge of his experience among the Moderates, which is great, whilst their own is comparatively very little, will be anxious to convince the Doctor of the credit which they attach to his report of the enemy, and that they will in future drop those party weapons with which they have lately contended, and endeavour to battle with the Moderates rather by truth and argument, addressed to the judgment, than by foul invective and false statements, calculated to inflame the passions of the people.

As a country minister, Dr. Black took little interest in the state of the Church in general, but confined his labours chiefly within the bounds of his own parish. As a preacher, though sound and orthodox according to Calvinistic notions, he was not very impressive, but rather something tedious and heavy. The manner of his preaching, indeed, was of the sing-song kind, at one period very fashionable among Presbyterian divines, and still to be heard occasionally in a *quoad sacra* parish. Dr.

Black, however, never lost sight of the main end of preaching, and inculcated moral duties as the only evidence and sure fruits of genuine religion. In this respect he differed from some of his Evangelical brethren, who teach the people an easy way to heaven by faith alone—a way in which the people have always been very willing to walk; for in all ages the vulgar have never been deficient in faith. It is only when the sincerity of belief comes to be tested by practice that the majority of mankind are found to be wanting.

After Dr. Black had resided in Tarves about fifteen years, he was elected by the Magistrates of this city to the Chair of Divinity in Marischal College, vacant by the death of Principal Brown. There were some curious circumstances connected with this election which we may have to mention at another time; but at present it is only necessary to say that the Doctor is less indebted to his reputation, as a divine, for the seat he holds in our University, than to the intrigues of certain parties in the Town Council, who, for reasons of their own, were anxious for his removal from the church of Tarves. Most people, however, were well pleased at the appointment of a man of Dr. Black's learning and acquirements to a situation in the College, although a few friends of the disappointed candidate, the Rev. James Robertson of Ellon, would have preferred that gentleman to Dr. Black. That in some respects Mr. Robertson would have been a much better Professor of Divinity than Dr. Black, is undoubtedly true. He would have handled better the subjects of Natural Theology, the Christian Evidences, and Systematic Divinity, but he is no match for Dr. Black in Scripture Criticism, and not to be compared with the Doctor as a general scholar. Mr. Robertson is a clever man, and is possessed of all the ambition that clever men are generally gifted with; but he is a busy meddling



politician, and we dislike that character in a minister of the gospel. It may seem strange to our readers that we should speak thus of one who claims to be a leader of the Moderate party in the Church; but if we were less impartial than we flatter ourselves we are, we should not be disposed to allow much indulgence to Mr. James Robertson on the score of his Moderate church principles. With all his professed Moderatism, have we not seen him preside at the popular election of a minister in a parish with which he had no more concern at the time than he has at this moment with many things with which he delights to interfere? Have we not read his speeches at the last General Assembly in defence of the poor persecuted ministers of Strathbogie—speeches more calculated to please the opponents than to gratify the friends of these innocent and ill-used men? And, above all, have we not seen that, when bolder and better men went forward to preach for the suspended ministers, to countenance them in the evil hour of their persecution, and nobly to shew by their conduct that they were prepared to stand or fall with their suffering brethren, the Rev. James Robertson has remained quietly in his own manse to concoct speeches and pamphlets that human patience can neither read nor listen to for their length, or trotted up and down to Haddo House with fresh signatures in his pocket, procured in favour of his noble patron's bill for regulating the election of ministers in the Kirk of Scotland. No—Mr. James Robertson is a clever man beyond dispute; but he is not so clever as he takes himself to be, nor as some of his satellites tell him that he is, and he is too much given to conform and to temporize in these days, when nothing but straightforward, honest, upright conduct can avail even the ambitious priest who aspires to be a leader in our distracted Church. How, we would ask Mr. James

Robertson, has he been followed in his very *cautious* conduct in regard to the Strathbogie ministers? How many men that are worth their salt, or even that are worth anything at all of the Moderate party, have followed the example of the would-be leader of that side in the Synod of Aberdeen? Has not Dr. Mearns preached at Keith, and Dr. Farquharson at Huntly, and Mr. Paull of Tullynessle at the same place? And have not Mr. Cushnie of Rayne, Mr. Bisset of Bourtie, Mr. Pirie of Dyce, Mr. Peter of Leslie, Mr. Peter of Kemnay, and Mr. Watt of Foveran, and a whole host of others, good men and true, gone to the district of Strathbogie to comfort and assist their friends in their hour of need, uninfluenced by the threats of Cunningham and Candlish, as well as by the shirking, sneaking policy of the Rev. James Robertson, minister of Ellon? And if these men, most of them as well, and some of them much better, acquainted with the laws of the Church than Mr. Robertson himself, refuse to follow his cowardly example in a case of this kind, can he ever hope to become a leader of any weight or authority in the Church? or can he expect to acquire, by such a line of conduct as he has laid down to himself in Church matters, the respect of his party, or what he, perhaps, regards as much, their support and assistance when they are wanted for the promotion of his ambitious objects? But enough of Mr. James Robertson, and more than enough, at this time, and let us return now to Dr. Black.

The Doctor, as we have already hinted, does not, in our humble opinion, particularly excel as a Professor of the Sacred Science of Theology. As a teacher of Biblical Criticism, he would have been unrivalled—or as a Professor of Oriental Literature, he would have had few equals; but he is not exactly the sort of man to benefit a set of raw lads by a

course of instruction in divinity, such as is given in our Colleges. Perfection, however, is not to be looked for in this world; and if Dr. Black be not the first of divines, he is, at all events, a very learned man, with much modesty, and no pretension. The salary of the Professor of Divinity in Marischal College is, by the return before us, only £120 per annum. Dr. Black, therefore, in leaving his charge in the country, must have made a sacrifice when he came to Aberdeen; for the stipend of Tarves, including everything, must be double the amount of his present income. To Dr. Black this may be of little moment; but the salary strikes us as shamefully small, and it shows, we think, that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, when such scholars as Hugh M'Pherson, M.D., and Daniel Dewar, LL.D. and D.D., receive about £500 a-year each for their labours, whilst a man of real acknowledged talent and learning like Dr. Black must be satisfied with the paltry sum of £120.

In church politics, Dr. Black takes no very active part; but he is, as we have mentioned above, an Evangelical and Non-intrusionist, if not an Anti-patronage man altogether. This, in his case, we think, is strange, and no less strange than melancholy. It seems to us so inconsistent too in one who professes Conservative politics and an attachment to the connexion between Church and State; but man altogether is a bundle of contradictions—and Dr. Black, with all his learning, cannot claim exemption from the weakness of human nature. Let him consider well, however, the manner in which he got into the Church himself, and that but for patronage he never would have been a minister of the Established Kirk. Latin, Greek, and Oriental languages go for nothing with the people, and will be neglected by candidates for the ministry, or only applied to inasmuch as they may enable them

to pass their examination at the Presbytery, if patronage is to be entirely abolished; or if any young man shall apply himself to study for the love he bears to learning, he may be vetoed or have his claims set aside any day by a vulgar and ignorant rabble, who naturally prefer frothy declamation, cant, and impudence, to solid acquirements, genuine piety, and that retiring modesty, which, for the most part, mark out the real Christian and scholar.



MR. JOHN BLACKIE.  

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THOUGH this hopeful youth is not yet a settled Professor, yet as he will no doubt soon be so, and might already have been, had he not been afflicted with a looseness of tongue, which is a most mischievous faculty to its possessor, and has been the ruin of many a one, we conceive that we are justified in presenting a sketch of him to our readers just now; and we are sure that no one will be more gratified with our remarks than the learned Professor himself, who, like all great geniuses, likes to be in the mouths of the people.

Mr. Blackie is the son of a respectable bank-agent, who transacts business in this city in a most unobtrusive and quiet way, without any of the bustle and noise that the like of Henry Paterson and David Wyllie kick up with their affairs. So modestly does the house over which Mr. Blackie presides do its business, that a most respectable Buchan farmer of our acquaintance, having come into town with an intention of lodging some money with that establishment, actually lost heart when he came to the door, and went on to the old house at the head of Marischal Street. There was a calmness about the place, which our friend could not feel in his heart to interrupt; the pure pipe clay on the steps before the door was so beautifully white, rivalling the lillies of the field or the driven snow, that he could not think of putting his dirty feet upon them—his shoes being covered with mire from Formartine; and so he went on, as we said before, to the Old Bank, the steps of which were quite slippery with dirt.

There can be little doubt that Professor Blackie received an excellent education, such as so intel-

ligent a man as his father would bestow upon so promising a lad. His original destination was the law, in which he rather cut a figure. Many of our readers may have seen some of his wonderful exhibitions as a Counsel at the Justiciary Court. The slack-wire and the tight-rope were not worth paying for, in comparison to a sight of this young man pleading a cause before a Jury. The benefits of his advocacy were not confined to the unfortunate prisoner at the bar, but extended to all who were privileged to find a place in the court-house.— Many of our citizens, when they knew that he was engaged in a case, would wait patiently till the most uninteresting evidence was heard, and till the Public Prosecutor had done with his humdrum address, knowing what a treat was immediately to follow. Hardly would the Advocate-Depute have done with his concluding sentence—“ Upon the whole circumstances of the case, gentlemen, and after the evidence which you have heard, I feel that I would not be justified, and that I would not be doing my duty if I did not demand a verdict of guilty against the prisoner,” when up sprang the learned Counsel like a sky-rocket, and bolted out “ Gentlemen of the Jury,” in a voice perfectly indescribable, but which filled the whole audience, Judges and Jury, and all present, perhaps not even excepting the accused, with that pleasurable feeling which we naturally experience in the appreciation of the ridiculous. In the manner in which Mr. Blackie conducted his case, the extent and vastness of his genius were singularly conspicuous. While such mere lawyers as Mr. C. F. Shand, or Mr. Munro, or Mr. C. Robertson, would have laboured away industriously enough to have shaken the completeness of the proof of guilt brought against their clients, Mr. Blackie, with that boldness and decision which are charac-

teristic of men of mind, would at once start a new theory altogether, by which the whole that had been said by the witnesses was clearly accounted for.

Thus, if a man stole a watch, Mr. Blackie contended that he merely took it on loan; if his client broke into a house, he observed that it was merely by mistake, and when a countryman fired a gun at his neighbour, the learned Counsel pleaded that he had done so, conceiving his neighbour to be a cat that had scratched his children. In his speeches, there was also generally introduced something about Aristotle or Lavater, or some of those outlandish people, which gave the dignity of learning to his discourses, and greatly amused the Judges and the Jury. He was, however, not a successful pleader; this world does not appreciate genius, and the Juries always brought in Mr. Blackie's clients guilty.

It was not, however, to his forensic duties that Mr. Blackie confined his great talents. He sometimes eat dinners, and made speeches in favour of liberty and knowledge, and against tyranny and ignorance. We lately favoured our readers with a swatch of one of his speeches, which was much admired at the time that it was delivered, and is still held in deserved estimation by all who place a value upon out-of-the-way and extraordinary effusions of genius. Posterity, however, can form no proper idea of the excellence of Mr. Blackie's oratory from reading his speeches, wonderful as they are, as they cannot enjoy them as they fell from his gifted lips, accompanied by gesticulations and movements perfectly superhuman, combining, as they did in endless profusion, all sorts of jumping, and capering, and flinging, and dancing.

Nor in the mean time did this accomplished youth neglect, amidst his dull legal studies, to cultivate the flowery fields of literature. His mind,

naturally acute and profound, led him to disrelish the low vulgar plainness and intelligibility of the writers of his own land, and to betake himself to the study of the literature of another country, where obscurity and profoundness of meaning are held to be the best proofs of real genius. In the year 1834, he gave to the world his translation of Göthe's Faust, copies of which may still be had of the booksellers. His task was not a difficult one—he had already before him more than one version to take him through all his difficulties. He was as good a German scholar, he might well think, as Lord Leveson Gower, who had done Faust into English. To be sure, he might acknowledge himself hardly so learned as Hayward, but then Hayward was not a genius, but a mere plain sensible writer, who was low enough to write the English language according to its idiom and to general usage, and was a vulgar intelligible writer, who did not speak about “subjectivity,” and “objectivity,” and “æsthetics,” and things of that sort; and had nothing transcendental about him at all; and in short, as we said before, was no genius like Mr. Blackie.

Of this translation the general opinion was, that it did credit to Mr. Blackie's industry, and no sensible discredit to him in any way. We recollect that some of the newspaper people, who, from their grovelling character and their want of all sympathy with genius, the nature of which is to be ignorant of the vulgar sort of knowledge possessed by the *ἄοι πολλοί*, as the Professor of Humanity would call the mob, while they follow after more exalted and celestial attainments—we recollect one of these degraded persons pointing out an instance in which the loftiness of Mr. Blackie's views had led him, in his translation, to overlook a fact pretty well known to most ordinary people—a thing, in fact, revealed



unto babes. It is well known that people who are tormented with lice do not scruple to slay them by the process of cracking their bodies; but Mr. Blackie, in translating some verses of a song in Faust, in which this fact is alluded to, would lead his reader to infer that it was the lice that cracked their opponents as well as bit them, though his original gave him no authority for saying so. The song says, speaking of a queen and her ladies being shockingly tormented with fleas—

Und durften sie nicht knicken  
 Und weg sie jucken nicht.  
 Wir knicken und ersticken  
 Doch gleich wenn einer sticht.

That is—“ And they (that is, her majesty and her fine ladies) durst not crack them, nor scratch them away. But we crack them, and choke them, whenever one of them pricks us.” But Mr. Blackie despising these ordinary views, and not having had leisure, from his more learned studies, to acquire any knowledge of the habits of these little creatures, has turned them into great monsters, who murder Christians every day. Thus sings the poetical Professor of Humanity—

And yet they durst not crack them,  
 Nor brush the fleas away,  
*But we to death are crack'd all,  
 And bitten every day.*

CHORUS.

*But we to death are crack'd all,  
 And bitten every day.*

(Blackie's Faust, p. 92.)

We venture to say, that no one but a great genius would have been capable of committing a blunder like this.

In the year 1839, a Professorship of Humanity having been founded by Government, it was expected that Dr. James Melvin, the worthy Rector of the Grammar School, who had for several years

lectured on Humanity with the highest success, and whose attainments in the Latin language are allowed to be not behind those of any teacher in the country, would have been as a matter of course, it might be said almost of right, appointed first Professor. But the Doctor had never eaten dinners in behalf of political parties, nor made speeches in the cause of Government, and his father had never been an active and forward Whig Election Committee-man : and what in the name of common sense did Latin or Greek either signify to the Home Secretary ? It would have shown very little wisdom, indeed, to make a man a Professor of Humanity, merely because he was best qualified for the situation. The Home Secretary and our Member of Parliament knew better than that, and therefore, just at this time, they discovered that Mr. Blackie was a most profound classical scholar, of which indeed the public had rather formed a notion before, from seeing that, like most great classical scholars, he could not write a sentence of decent English. Mr. Blackie also got up a book full of recommendations of his learning furnished by various people, amongst which the most humorous was one from a fellow of the name of Potts, we think, who certified that if Mr. Blackie devoted his talents to the study of Latin, he would do a great deal of good to that language. This Potts, we take it, must also be no mean genius ; for an ordinary man under such circumstances, and especially looking at the prospect of a Professorship, would have rather said that Latin would do good to Blackie than that Blackie would do good to Latin.

When a man gets a Professorship in Marischal College, he has to subscribe the Confession of Faith before the Presbytery, as a preliminary to entering on the office. This is generally done very quietly, and the whole proceedings, on such

occasions, seldom occupy three minutes. We have, however, already spoken of that itch for making speeches with which the Professor is afflicted, and warned people of the dangerous nature of the practice. Of this even the Professor himself, we dare say, is now half convinced, having been considerably out of pocket, as well as out of his Professorship on account of indulging in his favourite propensity. Ever since he made an exhibition of himself at Lord Brougham's dinner, when he broke forth into a lofty strain about "the immortal Penny Magazine," he fancied that he was destined to cut a figure as an orator; his Lordship himself, on that occasion, having, as we are told, given the rising genius this commendation, that he was the most impudent boy that ever he had seen in his life, a certificate certainly sufficient to make the fortune of any body that wished to get on in the world as a spouter of speeches and a public man. The Professor-elect, therefore, prepared to make a grand demonstration before the Aberdeen Presbytery upon the subject of his religious principles. He said to himself, "Now I will dumbfound the blackcoats, and get into notice! There's my friend, Mr. Adam of the *Herald*—I can do anything with him. He very properly thinks me a great genius and a great scholar, and is almost the only person in Aberdeen, except myself, who approves of my appointment. He will print my speech and praise it as a noble declaration, and call me a talented young man, &c. &c., and abuse all the parsons as a parcel of narrow-minded fellows, foolish bigots," &c. Accordingly, the Professor-elect having signed the Confession of Faith and the Formula, delivered himself of what he had to say on the occasion, and received his certificate. Nobody thought about him or his speech either, and the thing was at first looked on just as a piece of ridiculous vanity, as it

was, on the part of a foolish creature who was weak enough to conceive that the public cared a single farthing about what were his opinions on religious subjects, or on any subject. All would now have been right had not Mr. Blackie, fearing that he had acquired but little notoriety by this manifestation, written a letter to one of the newspapers about his religious sentiments. The Presbytery, then, on a memorial from some godly elders, took up the case of Mr. Blackie who declared that he had a way of his own, which, no doubt, we all have, of believing the Confession of Faith. The result was a process, in which Mr. Blackie appeared in the Court of Session claiming his admission, and the Lord Ordinary Cunningham gave an interlocutor, with a long and very Erastian-looking note at the end of it, in favour of the Professor-elect. The Professor-elect had, however, to pay all his own expenses—a just judgment upon him for making speeches and writing letters about things so utterly insignificant as his religious principles. Against this decision the Presbytery took steps for appealing to the Inner House, but on the recommendation of the General Assembly they have now fallen from their appeal. Mr. Blackie's speeches, therefore, just cost him a handsome sum of legal expenses, which he may think well spent, on account of the quantity of notoriety which he has acquired by the business. His introductory lecture is looked forward to with some anxiety by the lovers of fun.

Mr. Blackie is one of our Aberdeen literary characters. With regard to the things which he writes in magazines and reviews, they are not to be appreciated except by people who have imbibed a taste for the unintelligible, and have studied Kant's *Metaphysics*, and have learned to despise all the notions of the vulgar, and to be disgusted with the English language.



In private life, Mr. Blackie is allowed to be perfectly harmless, and his friends are aware that, with all the waywardness of genius, he is so far from doing ill to anybody but himself, that he furnishes great amusement to those with whom he comes into company. He may just now be seen going at large in the city without any body looking after him.

It is to be regretted that the Government did not think of instituting some situation in which the talents of this interesting genius would have been seen to better advantage than the one he holds in Marischal College. He would have been an admirable ornament to be set at the head of the New Normal Schools that Abercrombie Gordon speaks about, or to have been made Minister of Public Instruction, or Chairman of a Society for promoting Useful Knowledge, or any of these wonderful inventions of modern times. But, gracious heavens! to quench the fiery genius of such a wonderful phenomenon by making him the colleague of such unenlightened men as Dr. Glennie, Dr. Knight, and Dr. Cruickshank, is awful. There is a degree of want of suitableness about the appointment which confounds the judgment. Candlish, with his Biblical Criticism, was nothing to this. The minds of the plain unenlightened part of the community were more astonished when the news of the appointment came to the town than they would have been if they had heard that Mr. George Silver, the Smoke Doctor—another of our literary characters, with ten testimonials for Blackie's one—had been made Professor of Chemistry, or Song-of-Solomon Ness been chosen Assistant and Successor to Dr. Mearns, as Professor of Divinity in King's College. As for the Senatus of Marischal College, we are told that the head of it was so put out by this addition being made to the learned body, that he conceived that a very handsome consideration from Government, in the

way of supplementary salaries to himself and his colleagues, would absolutely be required to reconcile their hearts to the appointment; and the nomination of Mr. Blackie no doubt had its share in begetting that disgust with the Whig Government in the mind of the Principal, which is understood to be now confirmed past curing, by the shameful way in which, on a late occasion, they passed over the claims of "my worthy friend, Dr. Fleming."

Mr. Blackie, as we have said before, is a Liberal in his politics, and, in this respect, as unlike as possible to his idol Göthe, who was a desperate Tory and a systematic scoffer at the people. Mr. Blackie's politics have done him no ill in the world; but though they may have in this way proved very useful to him, there is no reason to believe that his politics were as his friend Göthe declares all liberal politics to be—mere selfishness—or that to him could be applied the lines,

Alle Freiheits Apostel, sie waren mir immer zuwider,  
Willkür suchte doch nur Jeder am Ende für sich.





