

of its former amount will prevent me from rendering a measure of pecuniary aid to the society's resources commensurate with its just claims and my own wishes.

"I cannot close this letter without expressing the very high sense which I entertain of your invaluable services to the society, as its zealous, able, and indefatigable secretary. In this tribute I am sure that the committee will cordially concur. Believe me, my dear Mr. Hawkins, with sincere wishes for your own and your family's welfare, ever yours most truly.

C. J. BLOMFIELD, Bishop.

"The Rev. Ernest Hawkins."

SCOTLAND.

On Wednesday forenoon the people of Edinburgh were startled by a rumour of the sudden death of Mr. Hugh Miller, the well known writer on geology, and editor of the *Witness* newspaper. Mr. Miller had been found lying dead on the floor of his bedroom, shot through the heart by a pistol bullet. That he died by his own hand there was no doubt from the first, but it was not till after the startling and sudden revelations published in his own paper that the case was known to be one of suicide. A post mortem examination was performed on Friday, and the medical men came to the conclusion that he was shot by his own hand, adding—"From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity." The following few lines to his wife, found written on a folio sheet on the table beside his corpse, gives painful evidence of the awful intensity of the disease:—

"Dearest Lydia—My brain burns. I must have walked; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows.—My dear, dear, wife farewell.

"HUGH MILLER."

For some months past (states the *Witness* of Saturday) his overtasked intellect has given evidence of disorder:—

"He became the prey of false or exaggerated alarms. He fancied—that, indeed, it was a fancy—that occasionally, and for brief intervals, his faculties quite failed him—that his mind broke down. He was engaged at this time with a treatise on the *Testimony of the Rocks*, upon which he was putting out all his strength, working at his topmost pitch of intensity. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume and the close of the writer's life. The overworking of the brain began to tell upon his mental health. He had always been somewhat moodily apprehensive of being attacked by footpads, and had carried loaded firearms about his person. Lately, having occasion sometimes to return to Portobello from Edinburgh at unseasonable hours, he had furnished himself with a revolver. But now, to all his old fears as to attacks upon his person, there was added an exciting and overmastering impression that this house, and especially that museum, the fruit of so much care, which was contained in an outer building, were exposed to the assault of burglars. He read all the recent stories of house robberies. He believed that one night lately an actual attempt to break in upon his museum had been made. Visions of ticked-off-leave men prowling about his premises haunted him by day and by night. The revolver which lay nightly near him was not enough; a broad bladed dagger was kept beside it, while behind him, at his bed-head, a claymore stood ready at hand. A week or so ago a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came on only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent. The terrible idea that his brain was deeply and hopelessly diseased, that his mind was on the verge of ruin, took hold of him, and stood out before his eye in all that appalling magnitude in which such an imagination as his alone could picture it."

Up to Monday last it appears the deceased had spoken to no one of these mental paroxysms. On Monday he called on Dr. Balfour in Portobello. The next day a consultation was held between Dr. Balfour and Professor Miller, the result of which the latter thus communicates:—

"We came to the conclusion that he was suffering from an overworked mind, affecting his digestive organs, enervating his whole system, and threatening serious head affection. We took in this, and enjoined absolute discontinuance of all work—bed at eleven,

light supper (he had all his life made that a principal meal), thinning the thicket of the hair, a warm bath at bed time, &c. To all our commands he readily promised obedience. For fully an hour we talked together on those and other subjects, and I left him with no apprehension of impending evil, and little doubting but that a short time of rest and regimen would restore him to his wonted vigour."

Shortly afterwards the servant entered the dining room to spread the table:—

"She found Mr. Miller in the room alone. Another of the paroxysms was on him. His face was such a picture of horror that she shrunk in terror from the sight. He flung himself on the sofa and buried his head, as it were, in agony, upon the cushion. Again, however, the vision flitted by, and left him in perfect health. The evening was spent quietly with his family. During tea he employed himself in reading aloud Cooper's *Cutworm*, the 'Sonnet on Mary Cowin,' and one of his more playful pieces, for the special pleasure of his children. Having corrected some proofs of a forthcoming volume, he went upstairs to his study.—At the appointed hour he had taken the bath, but unfortunately his natural and peculiar repugnance to physic had induced him to leave untaken the medicine that had been prescribed. He had retired into his sleeping-room—a small apartment opening out of his study, and which for some time past, in consideration of his wife's health and the irregularity of his own hours of study, he occupied at night alone—and laid some time upon the bed. The horrible trance, more horrible than ever, must have returned. All that can now be known of what followed is to be gathered from the facts, that next morning his body, half-dressed, was found lying lifeless on the floor, the chest pierced with the ball of the pistol, which was found lying in the bath that stood close by. The bullet had perforated the left lung, grazed the heart, cut through the pulmonary artery at its root, and lodged in the rib in the right side. Death must have been instantaneous."

Hugh Miller was born, the *Literary Gazette* informs us, at Cromarty, in 1805. In his early life he worked as a laborer in the sandstone quarries of his native district, and afterwards as a stone mason in different parts of Scotland. In a work published in 1854, *My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education*, Mr. Miller gives a most interesting account of his early history, and of the training and self-culture by which he rose to honorable rank in literature and science. After being engaged in manual labor for about fifteen years, Mr. Miller was for some time manager of a bank that was established in his native town. While in this position a pamphlet that he published on the ecclesiastical controversies which then distracted Scotland attracted the attention of the leaders of the party who now form the Free Church, and they invited him to be editor of the *Witness* newspaper, then about to be established for the advocacy of their principles. The ability displayed by Mr. Miller as editor of the *Witness*, and the influence exerted by him on ecclesiastical and educational events in Scotland, are well known. The magic of style characterized all his works, whether those of a more popular kind, or his scientific treatises, such as the *Old Red Sandstone* and *Footprints of the Creator*, a volume suggested by *Festivals of Creation*, and subversive of the fallacies of that superficial and plausible book. No one of the authors of our day has approached Hugh Miller as a master of English composition, for the equal of which we must go back to the times of Addison, Hume, and Goldsmith. The personal appearance of Mr. Miller, or "Old Red," as he was familiarly named by his scientific friends, will not be forgotten by any who have seen him. A head of great massiveness, magnified by an abundant profusion of sub-Celtic hair, was set on a body of muscular compactness, but which in later years felt the undermining influence of a life of unusual physical and mental toil. Generally wrapped in a bulky plaid, and with a garb ready for any work, he had the appearance of a shepherd from the Rosshire hills rather than an author and a man of science.—"Literature and science have lost in him one of their brightest ornaments, and Scotland one of its greatest men."—*London Guardian*, Dec. 31.

DINNER TO ADMIRAL SIR HUGH STUART STEWART.

Some interesting statements on points connected with the late war were elicited at a banquet given by Greenock to Admiral Sir Houston Stewart on Friday evening. Upwards of two hundred sat down to the entertainment, the chair being taken by Provost Hunter. The new Town-hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, banners, the arms of the Stewart family, and various devices having a Crimean significance. After the usual loyal toasts, the first health proposed was that of the Lord Lieutenant

of the county, the Earl of Glasgow, who, in returning thanks, described Sir Houston Stewart as one of his oldest friends. "Her Majesty's Ministers" was responded to by the Duke of Argyll, who observed:—

"I believe there are few families which have given such a handsome contribution to the public service of this country during the late war as the family of Ardgowan in my gallant friend, and in that distinguished lady who was a worthy companion of Florence Nightingale."

Expressing his thanks in the name of the Government, for the cordial support they had met with from the country, he added, with reference to the future—"Gentlemen, I would say, in conclusion, that I hope, when the transactions connected with this war are wound up and closed, we shall be able to resume terms of amity and friendship with that brave and gallant people with which we have been lately at war. There are circumstances which I think are hopeful. A young Emperor has just succeeded to the throne, and is, I have reason to believe, impressed with the weight of his responsibilities and the difficulties of his task. There can be no reason why, with his vast country, he should desire its extension; and if he is wise, he will rather direct his exertions to the development of that people in the arts of industry and peace. I trust that such will be the case; and I have no doubt that in such circumstances the Government of this country will be able to turn its attention to those many measures of social reform which are so much needed by a great and advancing people."

In proposing the health of the guest of the evening, the Chairman said—"I have already stated that we have met to express our admiration of Admiral Stewart's public services. It is now 50 years since he joined the navy; but I will not attempt to give an epitome, much less a history, of his eventful life. The name of Captain Houston Stewart, of the *Benbyne*, is to most of us as familiar as a household word. We all remember that, at the siege of Acre, although last in getting up, he placed his ship first, in respect of nearness, to that almost impregnable fort, which he assisted so effectually to demolish. Admiral Stewart's able, admirable management of the service during the war entitles him to the lasting gratitude of his country. Fleets of transports were arriving every day with thousands of troops and their baggage, and they were despatched with the utmost regularity. Had his energy, forethought, and provision for contingencies been displayed in other quarters, the country would not have been bowed down with shame at the neglect, suffering, and death of many of her bravest sons. The Government saw and appreciated Admiral Stewart's services, and appointed him to the fleet in the Black Sea. Unfortunately that fleet had a conspicuous want—the want of a foe. Sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol lay the great Russian fleet. With all the gallant Admiral's acquirements in the science of war, he has never yet learned the art of scuttling his ships and building them in behind stone walls—When his ship sinks it will be with her colors nailed to the mast, and her gallant crew will go down with her."

The gallant Admiral, in his responding speech, spoke highly of the resources of Malta dockyard, and "in regard to the Admiralty in his own case, he must do them the credit to say that never were men more liberally and cordially supported in what they did on their own responsibility. Sir J. Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, was an admirable man of business, and a liberal applauder of every one who did his duty; he would say the same of Sir Charles Wood. As to the navy, the review at Spithead last year, showed the world what England could do after a little. England, generally speaking, was a commercial nation, unlike those who made war their glory and their occupation; but when the row began they shut their shops." On the ship and stone wall question, he observed, "People might talk as they pleased, but his experience went to show that, taking into account the combustibles and weight of metal with which ships were assailed, unless a ship were three or four hundred yards from a battery, the battery would have the best of it. Algiers and Acre might be cited as instances of the contrary, but circumstances were peculiar in battle. It would be well for those who talked about destroying Cronstadt, to consider how much more easily a thing was said than done. There must be troops to support the ships. With regard to the bombardment of the 17th of October, when so gallant an attack was made by the combined fleet upon Sebastopol, he knew for a fact that Lord Raglan had been observing the fire, and was going to communicate to the French general in regard to an assault, when the French magazine blew up, and so, as it was expressly said at the time, their fire was snuffed out, so that they did not fire another shot for forty-eight hours. That noble