

dead. It is not my Charlotte, my thirty years' companion". The creator of a hundred characters is a man; must have been a man to have created them. We cannot put it all better than in Carlyle's words: "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. When he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it. We shall never forget it, we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell".

In corroboration of Carlyle's remarks we may recall the scene of Scott at the grave of his dog "Camp" thus described by Gibson Lockhart: "Camp died about January, 1809, and was buried in Castle Street immediately opposite the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above "Camp" with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him". And we all remember how Scott could not dine out that night owing to "the death of a dear old friend". "A gentleman even to his dogs", as some one had described him, but also a man, a great man, a tender, great man.

After Scott himself, the next most prominent character in Edinburgh Society at the turn of the century was Francis Jeffrey, or Lord Jeffrey, to give him his legal title. As a writer appealing to a much more limited public than Scott, and in no sense an entertaining author in that he published no poetry or works of the imagination, Jeffrey is nevertheless one of the most distinguished figures in the history of British literature.

The man who virtually founded the *Edinburgh Review*, who Byron imagined castigated him in its early pages, who fought a duel with Moore, who was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, who was a striking personality in both the legal and social spheres in the Scottish capital, we cannot dismiss in a single word. To quote: "Lord Jeffrey was no ordinary personage. His standing was high both as a public man and in the qualities which grace the more private intercourse of social life. There seemed to be a measure of his own sprightly and vivacious temperament communicated to those highly polished and intellectual reunions where he delighted to relax himself sometimes amongst the fashionable and the gay. Wonderful was the ease with which he could mix business with pleasure without neglecting the serious realities of life and diligent attention to professional duties in the Parliament House. During a long summer's day, he could find time in the afternoon to attend consultations and receive clients, write law pleadings, dine out, attend his evening parties, flutter with the lively and the gay, pay homage to beauty till the night was far spent, and then return home to write an article for the *Review* until the morning light found him still awake and working in his study."

The story of the founding of *The Edinburgh Review* is so well known in the annals of Literature that it must not be retold here, but there seems very little doubt that Francis Jeffrey was the pioneer spirit of a pioneer group. As a matter of fact it seems that the Rev. Sydney Smith was the first person definitely to suggest the setting up of a *Review*, which he did at a gathering of Jeffrey's friends at 18 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, one stormy evening in the spring of 1802. The suggestion was carried by acclamation; and Cockburn tells us how the company chuckled when it thought of the storm which