

ually acquainted with the different ranks and classes of mankind. The son of a prince, reared in a palace, looking down at once from a great elevation, sees all life on the same dead level and of the same leaden color, having nothing to excite curiosity, and deriving no enjoyment from the sense of vanquished difficulty.

My earliest recollection of eloquence arose from a sermon delivered by my father in 1788, on a day of thanksgiving appointed by the Church of Scotland to celebrate the anniversary of our deliverance from slavery and prelacy by William III. 'Think not we mean this day to brand with infamy the name of Stuart.' Such was the beginning of his address, which, while it strikingly described the benefits which Scotland had derived from the Revolution, was throughout characterized by a spirit of Christian charity. The public event of oldest date which I call to mind was the general illumination of the town of Cupar in the following year, upon the recovery of George III. from his mental malady. Its brilliancy delighted me, but I still recollect my terror from the squibs and crackers which were let off round the bonfire at Cupar Cross.*

A few weeks after I had completed my eleventh year (November, 1790), I was sent to the University. This would formerly not have been thought strange in Scotland or in any part of Europe. Bishop Burnet began to study at the University of Aberdeen when he was only ten years old,† and at fourteen took his degree of A.M. Universities were seminaries where the course of scholastic education was begun and finished, and we ought not to be surprised to hear that corporal punishments were inflicted on the students. Volumes have been written as to the nature of the *Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo*,‡ but those who have so zealously vindicated the fame of the poet from the supposed stain of being whipped at Cambridge should recollect

* See Cowper's poem 'On the Queen's Visit to London,' March 17, 1789.

'One Georgian star adorns the skies,

She myriads found below.'—Southey's *Cowper*, vol. x. p. 16, 17.

† Life of Burnet, prefixed to *Hist.*, p. vi.

‡ Milton, *Elegiarum Liber*, i. 10.