

ling, he observed, and folded it within his bosom, as a true emblem of the tender delicacy and loveliness of his Colina, as well as the repository of her sacred tear. In great ecstasy of mind, thereupon, Colina awoke, and found her Norman had arrived from Lochalin, during the time she was absorbed in the magic visions of her truly romantic dream."

**TO OUR READERS.**—Mr. Hutton has been appointed collecting agent for the Herald.—Our City friends will therefore be waited upon by and by for their subscription, and as the sum is small, we are satisfied, that parties only require an opportunity to pay to one authorized to receive it.

**TO OUR READERS.**—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher, Bookseller, No. 54, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

## CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1850.

### LORD COCKBURN'S LIFE OF JEFFREY.

In a late number of the Caledonian Mercury we have a very ably written review of Cockburn's Life of Lord Jeffrey, a work which has been longed for by the literary world, coming as it does from a talented contemporary. We have given one letter from Jeffrey's pen which displays the depth and purity of feeling, and the undivided affection of the great critic. One of the extracts refers to the commencement of the Edinburgh Review in which the critical acumen of Jeffrey was so powerfully illustrated. The first is:—

#### COCKBURN'S ESTIMATE OF JEFFREY.

He was not so much distinguished by the pre-eminence of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was combined in him with great soundness; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various; and on literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate and largely exercised, was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honour was superior to every temptation with which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were preferred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even towards those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gaiety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world. He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all; rising from obscurity and dependence to affluence

and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor, and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world, as can almost ever be done, by discussion, by a single man. He was the last of four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation, during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error, were efforts in which the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in untitled and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained avowed and important original works. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

At last, on the 10th of October 1802, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* appeared. Besides several other articles, it contained seven by Smith, four by Horner, four commonly ascribed to Lord Brougham, and five by Jeffrey, one of which, upon Mourier on the influence of the French Revolution, began the work. The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties with which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of every thing that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiate was extinguished at once. The learning of the new journal, its talent, its spirit, its writing, its independence, were all new; and the surprise was increased by a work so full of public life springing up, suddenly, in a remote part of the kingdom. Different classes soon settled into their different views of it. Its literature, its political economy, and its pure science, were generally admired. Many thoughtful men, indifferent to party, but anxious for the progress of the human mind, and alarmed lest war and political confusion should restore a new course of dark ages, were cheered by the unexpected appearance of what seemed likely to prove a great depository for the contributions of able men to the cause of philosophy. Its political opinions made it to be received by one party with demonstrations of its iniquity, with confident prophecies of the impossibility of so scandalous a publication lasting, much pretended derision, and boundless abuse of its audacious authors. On the opposite side, it was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. It was not merely the intelligent championship of their principles that those on that side saw apparently secured, but the far higher end, that reason would be heard. The splendid career of the journal, as it was actually run, was not anticipated, either by its authors or by its most ardent admirers; none of whom could foresee its long endurance or the extent which the mighty improvements that have reformed our opinions and institutions, and enabled us to engraft the wisdom of experience on the maintainable antiquities of our system, were to depend on this single publication. They only saw the present establishment of an organ of the highest order, for the able and fearless discussion of every matter worthy of being inquired into; but they could not then discern its conse-

quences. Nowhere was its pillar of fire watched with greater intensity than in Scotland, where the constitutional whiteness was the darkest. Many years had to pass before it could effect actual reform; but it became clear every day that a generation was forming by which the seed sown by this work must at least be reaped. To Edinburgh in particular it was of especial benefit. It extended the literary reputation of the place, and connected it with public affairs, and made its opinions important. All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud.

#### LETTER.

EDINBURGH, 13th August, 1850.

My dear John, I am at this moment of all men the most miserable and disconsolate. It is just a week to-day since my sweet Kitty died in my arms and left me without joy, or hope, or comfort, in this world. Her health had been long very delicate, and during this summer rather more disordered than usual; but we fancied she was with child, and rather looked forward to her complete restoration. She was finally seized with the most excruciating headaches, which ended in an effusion of water on the brain, and sunk her into a lamentable stupor, which terminated in death. It is impossible for me to describe to you the feeling of lonely and hopeless misery with which I have since been oppressed, I devoted upon her, I believe, more than man ever did before; and after four years of marriage, was more tenderly attached to her than on the day which made her mine. I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her, and had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell her or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her after half a day's absence, without feeling my heart throbb, and my eye brighten, with all the ardor and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely.—You know how indulgent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off forever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness, she seemed to have nothing to do with death. She always recovered so rapidly, and was so cheerful, and affectionate, and playful, that it scarcely entered into my imagination that there could be one sickness from which she would not recover. We had arranged several little projects of amusement for the autumn, and she talked of them, poor thing, with unabated confidence and delight, as long as she was able to talk coherently at all. I have the consolation to think that the short time she passed with me was as happy as love and hope could make it. In spite of her precarious health, she has often assured me that she was the happiest of women, and would not change her condition with any human creature. Indeed we lived in a delightful progress of every thing that could contribute to our felicity. Everything was opening and brightening before us. Our circumstances, our society, were rapidly improving, our understandings were expanding, and even our love and confidence in each other increasing from day to day. Now I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world. I wish you had known my Kitty, for I cannot describe her to you; and nobody else knows enough of her. The most ennobling part of her character was a high principle of honor, integrity, and generosity, that would have been remarkable in a man; and which I never met with in a woman before. She had no conception of prevaricating, shuffling, or disguising. There was a clear transparency in her