

He has been called a Lake Poet, perhaps because he lived some years at Elleray, a place above Windermere, but it was in Edinburgh that he passed the most of his life, and it was in her University that he became Professor of Moral Philosophy. Neither great as a poet nor profound as a philosopher, "Christopher North" was a fine, healthy specimen of a man not more physically magnificent than intellectually versatile. He was a brilliant member of a brilliant society. All those who know their Edinburgh known his statue with the lion-like poise of the head in the East Princes Street Gardens.

The rest of the Blackwood group included David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of the Journal, a busy practitioner of Medicine in Musselburgh, a small town close to Edinburgh, and Miss Susan Ferrier, all her life an inhabitant of the capital. Her admirers place Miss Ferrier's novels among the classics of British fiction: "Marriage," "Destiny", and "The Inheritance" were all written in Edinburgh, the last in 1824 in sunny, pleasantly-situated Morningside House easily recognized to-day by any one taking a little trouble to find it. Susan Ferrier was one of the daughters of an old friend of Scott, James Ferrier, clerk to the court of Session, and she was aunt of the celebrated metaphysician, James Frederick Ferrier. Miss Ferrier with great tact soothed Sir Walter's closing days when his memory had begun to fail; and well might she do so, for it was Scott's kindness of heart that induced Cadel the publisher to pay her the then very large sum of £1700 for the copyright of "Destiny".

The crowd of literary characters still surges up the steep and narrow streets of old Dunedin, but we can note only three more of Scottish birth, Henry MacKenize, John Gibson Lockhart and Lady Nairne. The venerable MacKenzie, tenderest of the non-prolific writers, had still some thirty

years to live when the century turned. Every one knew him, and every one revered him as "The Man of Feeling".

John Gibson Lockhart not indeed exactly notable in 1800 was yet destined within eighteen years of that time to meet Sir Walter, marry his eldest daughter and ultimately write his life.

With the Baroness Nairne we may bring this part of the procession to an end in a bright and beautiful close. A true poet was Caroline Oliphant of Gask: whatever we could do without in Scottish song, it would not be "The Auld House", or "Caller Her-rin'", or "The Hundred Pipers" or "The Land of the Leal". The Baroness Nairne at her best has the humour and pathos of Burns without his coarseness. Not that when she lived in Edinburgh in the winter she posed as the literary titled lady, far from it: light literature was not "the thing" for a person of Lady Nairne's position, so she wrote anonymously as "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan". Of course one had to be "of" something in Scotland to be listened to at all. The secret of her authorship was so well kept that at least one song, the "Land of the Leal", was printed in several editions of Burns as undoubtedly his.

The Reverend Sydney Smith, in charge of an English pupil, Mr. Michael Beach, arrived in Edinburgh in June, 1798. Both pupil and tutor attended classes at the University; and it is no secret that it was the lectures of Dougald Stewart then heard which Smith gave out as his Discourses on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution a few years afterwards. Sydney Smith remained in Edinburgh until 1803; he therefore crossed the century in that bright band. In a certain sense he was very literally the brightest of them all. His wit and epigram have been unsurpassed for a hundred years. Of Jeffrey—a very short man—he said that, intellectually, he was positively indecent, for "he had not enough body to cover his mind". One of his (Smith's) brothers,