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This Memoir of Lady Forbes of Pitsligo has been printed for private circulation among the members of her Family, with the Pedigrees mentioned in the Preface, the interest of which is naturally confined to them, but the Publishers have been permitted by the Editor to issue 100 copies without these Genealogical Tables.

88 PRINCES STREET,
June 16th, 1875.

Narrative of the Last Sicknefs & Death
of
Dame Christian Forbes

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh.

X

NARRATIVE
OF THE
Last Sickness and Death
OF
DAME CHRISTIAN FORBES

BY HER SON
SIR WILLIAM FORBES
SIXTH BARONET OF MONYMUSK AND PITSLIGO

1789

In adversis major, par secundis.



EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1875

“ Signoreggia Forbelle il forte Armano
Che di bianco e di nero ha la bandiera.”

Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, x. 87.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are printed from the original manuscript in the handwriting of Sir William Forbes, now in the possession of Mrs. Forbes, relict of the distinguished James David Forbes, D.C.L., Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrews. It was bequeathed to her by Miss Jane Forbes of Pitligo, her sister-in-law, who died 23d June 1871. A copy is preserved at Fettercairn House, Kincardineshire.

The original work contains, besides what is now given to the public, a narrative of the last sickness and death of Lady Forbes, the wife of the author; but valuable as it is as a family record to those who are lineally descended from her, it does not contain such topics of interest as entitles it to publication. On the other hand, it is hoped that the Memoir of his mother will well repay perusal by all to whom the struggles of an ancient and honourable house, reduced by political and other causes to the

depth of depression, and the successful issue of such struggles, are the objects of a generous sympathy. Moreover, there are indications of manners and habits now obsolete which deserve the notice of the antiquary. Remarkable contrasts between the social and economic condition of Scotland of these times and the present day exhibit themselves; and pictures of old-fashioned ways, slight, indeed, but sufficiently clear, illustrate the mighty change in the condition of Scotland which took place in the history of the subject of this Memoir. A life which stretched from April 14, 1705, to December 26, 1789, must contain many subjects of interest. In the year in which Christian Forbes was born Queen Anne had reigned only three years. Marlborough was in the zenith of his glory. The war of the Spanish succession was raging. And at home the intrigues of the Hanoverians and Jacobites made the Court a scene of faction. Peter the Great was creating Russia in the teeth of the attacks of Charles XII. And as a living link between older and more modern times, Catharine of Braganza, the ill-used queen of our Charles II., died in this very year. In France the great Jansenistic controversy was raging, and the celebrated Bull, "Vineam Domini Sabaoth," was published by Clement IX. In Scotland the Union with England

was not consummated. Of the condition of her native Aberdeenshire, we have the almost contemporary "View of the Diocese of Aberdeen," by the Rev. Alexander Keith, composed in 1732; and the imperfect "Description" by the Laird of Foveran, written not before the close of 1715; at the end of which we have a picture of the ladies of the place and period, such as we may imagine the subject of our Memoir to have been:—

"Having spoken of the men, it would be a crime not to mention the gentler sex. The women of this town are virtuous, sober, frugale, and industrious; never going abroad but to perform the offices of benignity and friendship; never seen at the windows; still employing themselves diligently about the needs of the family. And it is but just to say of them that they deserve to be praised for much more than the only virtue which Anacreon ascribes to the women of his time, to wit—beauty. They have also modesty, chastity, purity, without which beauty becomes the object of contempt, and not a title of praise; and thus, since all kind of virtue is *a la mode* here among the women, they who in this city are not virtuous, are really out of position."

In eighty-three years what changes had taken place! The reign of the Bourbons was approaching its

bloody extinction, and the first French Revolution in progress. Frederick the Great, after the seven years' war, had won an accession of power for his country. The two uprisings in favour of the House of Stuart had been defeated, and the Jacobites crushed for ever. Prince Charles Edward had died in the preceding year, and George III. was the popular English-born monarch. America had freed itself, and elected George Washington president. The foundations of our empire in India had been laid. The Jesuits had been suppressed, and the Emperor Joseph II. was in full career of his ecclesiastical reforms. Poland had been divided. The stability of the British Empire, depending more and more on public credit, was now linked to industrial and commercial superiority. In Scotland the alterations were still more marked. The country had changed its face. It had passed from mediæval to modern times. The feudal jurisdictions had been abolished. The Highlanders had been disarmed. General Wade had civilised the north by his roads. The intellect of the lower classes had been developed by the Secession movement and other controversies in the Kirk. Trade had begun to develop itself. Steam and the spinning-jenny were nascent powers, not yet recognised in all their future influence, but already operative. In the "Memoirs of

a Banking-House," by Sir W. Forbes, we get an indication of the commerce of Scotland of the period, how small the ventures, how primitive the arrangements; and at the end of "Arnot's History of Edinburgh," there is an interesting paper, signed "Theophrastus" (but really written by Creech the bookseller), in which the social advance between 1763 and 1783—not always a moral one—is sharply and graphically delineated. Edinburgh, then confined to the old town, was without trade or manufactures, inhabited by the members of the learned professions, and the scions of an impoverished aristocracy. Mainly confined to the ridge of the High Street and Canongate, with a range of filthy closes on either side, the capital of Scotland, without drainage, without police, can hardly have been a pleasant residence so far as the physical conditions of life are concerned; but comfort is a relative term; and at least there was refinement, intellect, and high spirit. Leyden sent home accomplished lawyers, and Douai well-mannered gentlemen; while strangers from the south bore constant witness to the charm and beauty of the women.

But the supreme interest in this little work is not that which is historical. It exhibits a picture both of natural and of supernatural virtue which is

an example to all. Frugality, courage, self-respect, decision, are noted features in the character of the subject of this Memoir ; while the life of old-world piety and devotion, which lived on from her early nonjuring days to the end of her protracted existence on earth, deserves not to be forgotten. It is a striking illustration of the crushing severity and social ostracism of the penal laws against " the ancient Church of Scotland, suffering and episcopal," that one trained so strictly according to its traditions, and so politically bound up in its fortunes, should have been forced to join what were termed " the qualified congregations." We know that at this time the English Bishops, with a view to prevent the Jacobites from lapsing into Presbyterianism, did all they could to foster these chapels ; and it shows how much the Church accepted the plea of necessity, that one so sternly rigid in the maintenance of the privileges of his order as Bishop Abernethy Drummond, of whom the late Mr. Cushman of Montrose, who had been ordained by him, testified that he was the most austere of men, and never known to smile, should have ministered at the dying bed of one who, whatever her real sympathies may have been, was attached, and devotedly attached, to the ministrations of one who disclaimed his jurisdiction. It is clear, however, that these separated

chapels symbolised no diverse schools of doctrine. The level at that time was universally low both in England and Scotland. What was genuine and devout had lived on from a previous epoch. In this Lady Forbes was not disturbed. The books which formed her devotional life (curiously apologised for by her son), are the books which have gone to help on the great revival in the Anglican Church in the present century. Catholics of the communion of the Church of England desire no better food for their souls than the "Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas a-Kempis; the so-called "Meditations of S. Augustine," probably by S. Anselm; and that excellent "adapted" Book, so well known among the Non-jurors, as "Hickes' Devotions."

No portrait of Lady Forbes is known to exist, but one of her children, who long survived her, used to describe her as small and active; and to a very advanced age assiduous in her attendance at chapel, not only on Sundays but on festivals.

In issuing this narrative it has been deemed right to give the descent of the subject of the Memoir, and also the names of all those who are descended from her. The faintest Bishop of Moray used to assimilate Sir William Forbes to one of those favoured

ones mentioned in the Bible, to whom the Almighty granted a plenteous feed.

The Editor begs to thank those of his relations to whom he has applied for information, as well as those other friends who have helped to illustrate the Work.

A. P. F.

DUNDEE, *February* 1875.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

Last Sickness & Death of Dame Christian Forbes.

THE solemn scene I have so recently witnessed, of my mother's last moments, has left an impression so deep on my mind as will not be erased. And will, I trust, produce to me the most beneficial effects.

Being anxious, at the same time, that my children should derive some advantage from the remarkable degree of piety and resignation exhibited during the whole of her last sickness, as well as at the awful hour of death, I have resolved, while they are fresh in my remembrance, to set down the particulars of the three last weeks of a life, the whole of which had been spent in an earnest desire and uniform endeavour to discharge properly the various duties of her station.

Besides the hope that my children may be the better for the recital, I consider it in some degree as a debt of gratitude, on my own part, to the memory of one of the best of Parents, to whom I owe not only my being in this world but my hopes of happiness in the next, from the pious education which it was the chief object of her care to bestow on me.

If I neglect to profit by her instructions as well as example, great indeed will be the measure of my condemnation.

It was my original design to have confined my narrative strictly to my mother's last sickness and death; but, on further consideration, I have thought it right to preface it with a slight sketch of the former part of her life, from what I have often heard her mention, as well as what came within my own knowledge.

I had the misfortune to be deprived of my father when a child of four years old. Of him, therefore, I can speak only from what I have heard from my mother, and some very few of his intimate friends who were still alive when I grew up.

My mother was born on the 14th of April 1705.¹

¹ Memorandum in a family Bible which had belonged to her father, now in the possession of her nephew, Mr. Forbes of Upper Boyndly. [The Bible referred to is a beautiful 12mo volume, full of fine engravings, of date 1669. It had belonged to James Viscount Fren draught, the second husband of Christine Urquhart (of Cromarty. She had first been married to Lord Rutherford). The following is a copy of the first page of John Forbes's family record, which is very beautifully written :—

“ THIS BOOK BELONGS TO ME

“ JOHN FORBES

“ *Non est mortale quod opto.*

Her father was John Forbes, a younger son, by a second marriage, of my great-great-grandfather, Sir

“I was born at Monymusk on Saturday the 7th day of February 1680, betwixt 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning.

“My wife, Sufanna Morrison (lawfull daughter to George Morrison of Bogny and Dame Christine Urquhart, Viscountess-dowager of Fren draught), was born at Fren draught on Wednesday the 22nd of December 1680. We were married (by Dr. William Blair, minister in Aberdeen) at Fren draught, the 27th day of Aprile 1704.

“My daughter, Christine, was born at Fren draught on Saturday the 14th of Aprile 1705, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was baptized the following day be Mr. Hugh Chambers, minister at Marnoch Kirk.

“My son, John, was born at Pitfichie¹ on Munday the 20th day of May 1706, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized the same day be Mr. John Burnet, minister at Monymusk. He died on Munday ✠ the 1st day of July thereafter, about 3 o'clock in the morning.

“My fecond daughter, Barbara, was born at Pitfichie on Tuesday the 24th day of June A.D. 1707, about half ane hour past 3 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized in the afternoon of the same day be the said Mr. John Burnet.

“My third daughter, Mary, was born at Pitfichie on Thursday the 24th day of June 1708 years, about eight o'clock in the morning, and was baptized in the afternoon of the same day be Mr. John Burnet, minister at Monymusk.”

He goes on to enumerate, in the same manner, the births of other four sons and two daughters. In a different hand appears the birth of a sixth daughter, who was born after her father's

¹ Pitfichie is an old tower near Monymusk.

John Forbes of Monymusk, in Aberdeenshire. Her mother was Susan Morison, daughter of George

death. He had the appointment (afterwards held by his son-in-law, Sir William), of collector of the land tax for the county of Aberdeen; and, during the rebellion of 1715, exercised his office on behalf of King James. A book is preserved at Boyndlie in his beautiful handwriting, in which is stated the amounts levied by him on every property in the county, in order to raise the subsidy required by the Earl of Mar. Here it appears distinctly that certain lairds were required to pay a double, others only a single tax; and this corresponds to what we know of the political principles of the lairds. Was it ever true that the Earl of Mar had power to force a double tax from those hostile to his cause? Of course John Forbes had to flee on the failure of the enterprise. He made his escape in a small vessel which sailed from Banff, and was never more heard of. Foul play towards him was more than suspected, as he had some money in his possession, and some of the sailors of the ship were afterwards seen wearing his clothes; but his family did not dare to seek redress. He was an accomplished man, and drew and painted well. Several pictures done by him are still at Boyndlie. He had purchased that property in 1711, but as there was no suitable residence on it, his widow retired to Mill of Fergie, a place on her father's property, where she and her unmarried daughters, Barbara and Mary, spent the remainder of their long lives. These two sisters very much resembled Lady Forbes. Though they lived in the most frugal manner, they were dignified, and very hospitable, and were highly and widely respected for their strong good sense, cultivated minds, and high principles. The account of Lady F. in this Memoir recalls all I have heard of their characters and way of life. I have often heard my aunt describe their tall, stately figures, and quaint dress; their trains, sleeves reaching to the elbow, with ruffles, and long

Morison of Bogny, also in Aberdeenshire. My maternal grandfather died young, having been shipwrecked and drowned on the coast of Holland, after the termination of the expedition into Scotland, in the year 1715, of the ill-fated Son of King James II., to whose fortunes my grandfather had attached himself. He left his widow with the burthen of a numerous young family, whom she educated with great care, and lived most respectably on a very slender income, to an advanced age.¹

My father was somewhat younger than my mother. When an infant he had also lost his father, John Forbes, younger, of Monymusk, who died at the early age of twenty-seven, of a consumption, chiefly occasioned, as was supposed, by seeing the ruinous situation, after his marriage, of the affairs of his father, Sir William Forbes, who being overwhelmed with debts, was compelled, after his son's death, to sell his paternal estate of Monymusk.²

gloves or mittens. Mary was born exactly one year after Barbara. After nearly 90 years there was, within a few days, the same interval between their deaths. A year or two before both suffered from the same accidents, fracture of the top of the thigh bone, and were consequently lame.—*Note by Miss R. Ogilvie.*]

¹ My grandmother died in the year 1760.

² [For a sad but graphic account of the poverty-stricken condition of the Estate of Monymusk, at the time of the sale,

My great-grandfather also dying soon after,¹ my father was left to the care of his mother, sister of the late Lord Pitligo. Having married a second husband, the Honourable James Forbes, afterwards Lord Forbes on the death of his elder brother, she was assisted by him in conducting my father's education, a duty which he not only discharged to him in the most effectual manner, but lived long enough to perform the same friendly office to me.

My father was placed under the tuition of Mr. William Meiston, who had been professor of philosophy in the University of Marischall College, Aberdeen. But having attached himself to the fortunes of the house of Stuart in the year 1715, he lost his professorship. Being eminently skilled in classical learning, he opened an academy after his expulsion from the university, successively at Elgin and at Turref, at Montrose and at Perth, at which were placed the sons of many of the most respectable families in the north of Scotland, especially of those whose political

see Spalding Club "Miscellany," ii. 97, some particulars of which are cited in R. Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland," vol. iii. p. 418.]

¹ After the sale of his estate, my great-grandfather retired to Old Aberdeen, where he died on the 13th day of January in the year 1715, and lies buried in the churchyard of the cathedral there.

principles were in unison with the professor's.¹ His academy was at Montrose when my father was his pupil.

How long he continued there I know not. But having made choice of the law as a profession, he removed to the University of Edinburgh, and, after the usual course of study, was admitted an advocate on the 30th December 1727.²

In the year 1731 he married my mother. The marriage was celebrated privately, as it was disapproved of by the parents of both. No possible objection, indeed, could be urged against it, except want of fortune, as she was his very near relation, and had been most carefully and discreetly brought up. But the marriage, it must be confessed, was not a very prudent one in that respect, as all that my father inherited from the wreck of the family estate, after the sale, was £1000.

But in those days luxury and expense were little known in Scotland, and frugality supplied the deficiency of their scanty income. My father trusted somewhat, too, to the exertion of his professional

¹ Life of Meiton, prefixed to his poems, printed at Edinburgh by Ruddiman. ["The poetical works of the ingenious and learned William Meiton, A.M., sometime professor of philosophy in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 1767."]

² Records of the Faculty of Advocates.

abilities, in which he was not disappointed; for altho' no shining orator, his reputation for knowledge of law, and close application to business, secured to him as large a share of practice at the Bar as he could reasonably look for. And had his life been spared some years longer, those qualifications, with his high character for honour and integrity, would in all probability have raised him to a seat on the Bench. As it was, with the advantage of having obtained the office of collector of the land-tax of Aberdeenshire, which he served by a deputy, and the professorship of civil law in the University of King's College, Old Aberdeen, a sinecure office,¹ my mother and he were not only enabled, by a strict

¹ [I have been unable to trace out any record of the appointment of Sir William Forbes to the office of "civilist." He appears as professor in 1741.

The foundation charter of King's College, Aberdeen, granted by Bishop William Elphinston, appoints that there shall be a doctor of civil law, whose stipend shall be thirty merks, to be paid out of the revenues of the churches of Aberluthnot, Glenmyk, Abergernny, and Slanes. He is to be a perpetual prebendary, and in priest's orders. He is to be nominated by the Bishop and his successors, Chancellors of the University. He was to have his manse outside the college walls. He was, in his proper habit, to lecture on certain days to the students, according to the laudable custom of the University of Orleans, upon the institutes of Justinian. He was, with the other college officers, to take part in electing a procurator from their own body, who was to manage

adherence to œconomy, to support the rank in society to which they were by birth entitled, and to bring up a young family, but my father was able to make some addition to his slender fortune. In truth, he

their temporal affairs.—(“Record of the University of King’s College,” Spald. Club, pp. 53-64.)

By an instrument of Bishop Gavin Dunbar, he was to have 20 pounds yearly, with his manse and garden.

So early as 1549, abuses had crept in; for, on the visitation of the chancellor, the students in law are warned that they neither make their residence, nor celebrate religious offices in the places appointed by the foundation, nor apply themselves to study as they ought.—(Ib. p. 264.)

In 1680, the civilist is ordained to give his lesson once a week. If, from the meanness of the salary he refuse, the place is to be declared vacant, and the salary be allowed to increase till it be found sufficient for one discharging the duty.—(Ib. p. 356.)

As to the endowment of this office, we find the following notice in Oram’s description of Old Aberdeen, p. 21, Ed. 1832:—
“Item, the civilist’s gleib and yeard is set to a tenant, for which he pays yearly nine firlots of bear; and the said tenant hath built a little house to himself, and upon his own expences, upon the yard dike thereof to the street; and possesses the same yard and gleib. Anno 1720.”

In 1723 the civilist is desired to give attendance on his office (“Records,” p. 448), by the authorities “Considering the great inconvenience to the university by the neglect of the profession and study of civil law, did judge it their duty to represent the same to Mr. Alexander Garden (of Troup), civilist, and to desire his attendance, conform to the foundation.”]

was unfortunately cut off in the prime of life, just at the period when his prospects were beginning to brighten by the increase of his practice at the bar, and the reasonable hope he might entertain of being promoted to some of those offices attached to his profession.

He died on the 12th May 1743 O.S., at Putachy¹ House, in Aberdeenshire, the seat of his stepfather, Lord Forbes. His death was occasioned by cramps in the stomach, an excruciating distemper, the pangs of which he bore with the utmost fortitude, and met death with the most perfect resignation.

As an instance of his composure in those awful moments that preceded his dissolution, I have often heard my mother mention that on Lord Forbes coming into his chamber a short time before his death, and asking him how he did, my father calmly replied—"I am very well, my lord, but dying fast." In a few hours he expired. His remains were interred near those of his mother, who had died some years before him, in the church of Kearn, in Aberdeenshire, the burial-place of Lord Forbes' family.²

¹ [Putachy is the original name of the present Castle Forbes. The ancient residence of the head of the family was at Drum-innor.]

² Since I grew up I caused a monument, with a suitable in-

From all that I have been able to learn of my father's character from the few friends who had personally known him, and who were still alive when I grew up, he was eminently distinguished as a man of the strictest honour and integrity, of the most correct and unblemished conduct, of a cheerful temper and social disposition, yet strictly temperate.¹ Beloved and respected by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, and sincerely lamented at his death.

My mother spent the first year of her widowhood at her mother's house in Aberdeenshire, at Miln of Forgue, a small farm on the estate of Bogny, which she rented from her brother, and on which he had built a small house for her and her family.² The

scription, to be erected, in order to mark the spot where his remains were laid. [The inscription is printed in Sir William Forbes's "Life of Dr. Beattie," vol. i. p. 144 : Edin. 1806.]

¹ My worthy kinsman, the late Mr. Forbes of Pitfligo, told me when, among many other good advices, he was warning me to avoid bad company, that my father had assured him he had never, even when a bachelor, deviated from the strictest rules of continence.

² My mother generally spent a few weeks at that house, with her mother and sisters, every summer, during the vacation of the school which I attended. The house still exists, though uninhabited and ruinous, and I never pass that way without feeling the strongest emotion from a recollection of the scenes where I

year following, my mother fixed her residence at Aberdeen with my younger brother and I, who were all of our family that remained, an elder son and two daughters having died before my father.¹ At a proper age he and I were placed at the most approved publick schools in which the usual branches of learning were taught that were suitable for our years. But on a most important part of our education she laboured herself with unceasing assiduity, by teaching us the principles of Christianity and its various practical duties. My mother was a strenuous believer in all the orthodox doctrines of the Church of England, according as they are taught in the creeds and catechism of that Church. In these, therefore, she instructed us, without paying any attention to the various opinions on points of theology which have spent so many of my boyish days, as well as from a remembrance how many of my relations and acquaintances there are already gone before me to their long home.

¹ [The limits of Aberdeen remained stationary for nearly a hundred years (after the middle of the sixteenth century). A map constructed in 1746 exhibits the burgh as still hemmed in within the boundaries which we have described in the plan of Gordon in 1661. The increased population must therefore have found accommodation in the enlarged size of the dwelling-houses, and it may not be unreasonably supposed that the ground on which the town was confined was more densely covered with buildings.—Robertson's "Book of Bon-Accord," p. 144.]

given rise to so much and such violent controversy. With those questions, therefore, I remained totally unacquainted, till I became a man, and had begun to extend my reading to books on all sorts of subjects, and to controversial divinity among the rest. I had never so much as heard, for example, that any other opinion than the orthodox doctrine of the Church of England was entertained by any body respecting the Trinity, or the duration of future punishment, and I believe I could specify the very time when, and the company in which, to my infinite surprize I first heard those doctrines called in question. To those early impressions of piety and religion, received from my mother, owing (and I bless God for it, beyond all His other mercies), that at no period of my life did I ever entertain the slightest doubt in regard to the great and fundamental truths of our religion.¹

¹ During my father's lifetime, who was a regular attendant on public worship, my mother and he were members of a respectable congregation at Edinburgh, of the antient Episcopal Church of Scotland, which, although the clergymen were nonjurors, was frequented without scruple by persons of all ranks, even by judges and men in public offices, who were attached to Episcopal principles, until the year 1745. After that period the severe penal statutes enacted not only against the clergy of that communion who did not conform to Government, but against their hearers,

During this period of her residence at Aberdeen she lived in a private and frugal manner, best suited

induced many to resort to qualified chapels in Scotland, in which clergymen who were of the Church of England officiated. My mother, when she went to reside in Aberdeen, was advised to attend one of those qualified chapels, which had been established there even before the year 1745.

[In Captain Burt's "Letters" we find the following curious allusion to the qualified Episcopal Chapel, now S. Paul's, in Aberdeen, alluded to in the above note:—"I saw a flagrant example of the people's disaffection to the present Government in the above-mentioned church in Aberdeen, where there is an organ, the only one I know of, and the service is chanted as in our cathedrals.

"Being there one Sunday morning, with another English gentleman, when the minister came to that part of the Litany where the king is prayed for by name, the people all rose up as one, in contempt of it, and men and women set themselves about some trivial action, as taking snuff, etc., to show their dislike, and saying to each other that they were all of one mind. And when the responsal should have been pronounced, though they had been loud in all that preceded, to our amazement there was not one single voice to be heard but our own, so suddenly and entirely were we dropped.

"At coming out of the church we complained to the minister (who, as I said before, was qualified) of this rude behaviour of his congregation, who told us he was greatly ashamed of it, and had often admonished them at least to behave with more decency." —"Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland." Dublin, 1758.]

The mildness of his present Majesty's government has occasioned a repeal of those penal statutes which bore so hard on the

to her widowed state and to her narrow income. Yet to our relations and a very small circle of friends

Episcopal Church of Scotland, by which means the reason for the original establishment of those chapels of the Church of England has ceased. It is therefore much to be wished that their congregations may again unite with the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which must ever be considered as our mother church; in which the doctrines of Christianity are taught with the utmost purity, and between which and the Church of England there is no difference, except that the Episcopal Church of Scotland, holding the opinion that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is an Eucharistical sacrifice, make use of the communion office of the first liturgy of King Edward the Sixth, instead of that commonly used in England. And it is to be hoped that such an union may one day take place. In the meantime, it must be allowed that the bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland have great merit in having been able to preserve even the vestige of a church under the severe persecution to which they have been exposed for more than a century, since the Revolution, in the year 1688.

[Sir William seems to have revised his Memoir, for on the margin, in another hand, stated in a pencil note to be that of "James Calender, clerk in the Banking-House," we find these words:—

"Since this manuscript was first written, the bishops and clergy of the Episcopal Church of Scotland held a convocation at Laurencekirk on the 21st day of October 1804, when they subscribed the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and adopted them as the confession of their church. In consequence of this measure several of the most respectable congregations in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, whose clergy had been ordained in England or Ireland, have united with, and put themselves

she exercised such a measure of hospitality as became her station, and accorded with the unexpensive mode of living at that time at Aberdeen.

While she resided there, on the 2d March 1749, she met with the heavy affliction of losing her youngest son, John, when only seven years old. A charming boy, of the sweetest temper and gentlest disposition, on whose death, to this hour, I never can look back without feeling the bitterest remorse for the careless indifference with which I received the most unbounded affection on his part, and the warmest attachment. The reflection often cuts me to the heart.

My father, wishing, like every prudent parent, to provide against the contingency of his children's being early deprived of him by death, had left us to the guardianship of his stepfather, the late Lord Forbes, his uncle, the late Lord Pitligo, my mother's uncle, the late Theodore Morison of Bogny,¹

under, the spiritual authority of the bishops of the ancient Episcopal Church of Scotland, and I have no doubt but the measure will become universal, so as that unfortunate distinction which has prevailed so long among those of the Episcopal persuasion may be entirely done away."]

¹ [In Douglas's Peerage (vol. i., p. 612, ed. 1813) we are told that James, second Viscount of Fren draught, married Christian, daughter of Sir A. Urquhart of Cromarty, relict of Lord Ruther-

and his aunt's husband, the late William Urquhart of Meldrum—four persons perhaps the most distinguished at that time in Aberdeenshire for honour and respectability of character, who paid the utmost attention, each as far as his situation permitted, to the discharge of so sacred a trust. Being all country gentlemen, however, although they constantly assisted my mother with their advice in the conduct of our education and the management of our slender property, it was to a gentleman in Edinburgh, an intimate friend of my father's, though he had not named him one of my guardians, to whom I owe my whole

ford. After the Viscount's death she married George Morison of Bognie, to whom she conveyed, after the death of her son William, the valuable estate of Bognie and other lands, and by whom, after she was old, she had a son, and called his name Theodore (the gift of God), who was served heir to his father in 1699.

The common tradition of the country, however, does not represent the transaction in this amiable light. According to it, as narrated in a graphic but probably incorrect version, the first Morison's name was Alexander, and he was gardener at Fren-draught. The Viscountess announced a Scotch marriage to her maidens one afternoon in the words, "Mak doon the bed for Saunders and me." The said Saunders having, either before or after this event, got possession of wadsetts over the estate, and being on his deathbed, the lady, addressing him, said, "Sign ower! Sign! Sign ower to the lad! (her son.) Ye ken it's a' his ain." Saunders—"Ay, ay, I'll sign when I wawken." Narrator—"But he waukent in hell."]

success in the world. This was the late Francis Farquharson of Haughton,¹ accountant in Edinburgh. Of the first eminence and abilities in his profession, and of the highest character as a man of worth and integrity, his memory is still held in great traditional estimation among men of business in Edinburgh. This gentleman assisted my mother on all occasions with his advice, and in every respect acted to me the part of the most attentive parent.

Seeing the necessity of my being bred to some business or profession for my support, as soon as my academical education had been carried as far as was judged necessary for one who was not to be of any of the learned professions, Mr. Farquharson prevailed on his friends, Messieurs Coutts, eminent bankers in Edinburgh, to receive me as an apprentice; in which house I have continued ever since, until, gradually rising to be its head, I have arrived, by the

¹ Granduncle to the present gentleman of that name and profession. [Among the letters preserved at Fettercairn is one addressed to Sir William Forbes, baronet, merchant in Edinburgh, on the occasion of his first visit to London, in which Mr. Farquharson alludes to his position, thus:—"I depend on your exerting all your prudence in your interview with your partner, and his brothers and friends, as well as in all your conduct and company while there." The letter is dated Haughton, Oct. 28, 1762, and is the earliest of any that has been preserved.]

favour of Providence, at a degree of opulence and respectability of situation which I had very little title to expect or reason to look for at that period.

Of my connection with that house of business, I have given an ample account in another place.¹ Suffice it to say here, that in order to carry this plan of Mr. Farquharson into effect, it became necessary for my mother to leave Aberdeen, and fix her residence in Edinburgh, to which she therefore returned for the first time since my father's death, after an absence of ten years, in the end of October 1753, when I had entered my fifteenth year.

During the course of that winter I continued to apply to such branches of study as were necessary for finishing my education, and qualifying me for business. My mother did not at first begin house-keeping by herself, but we lodged and boarded with a gentlewoman, the widow of Alexander Symmer, a respectable bookfeller in the Parliament Close, with whose family my father and mother had been well acquainted. And it is worth recording, as a proof of the difference of the expense of housekeeping at that time in Edinburgh, that the sum we paid for board and lodging was no more than at the rate of £20 a year for each of us. We drank no wine, in-

¹ [In the "Memoirs of a Banking-House."]

deed, but Mrs. Symmer's table, though plainly, was plentifully supplied.

At Whitfunday 1754¹ my apprenticeship commenced, when my mother took possession of a small house which she had hired and furnished in Forrester's Wynd, consisting of a couple of rooms, a bed-closet, and kitchen, all on the same floor, as was the manner in which houses were occupied at that time in Edinburgh; the rent was only £7 a year, and our whole house consisted of a single maid-servant, who sufficiently answered every purpose of our private mode of living.

Yet in this humble manner she preserved a dignified and respectable independence, and properly supported the character of my father's widow. Dinners and suppers of ceremony she gave none, except one supper in the course of the year to the gentleman to whom I was apprentice. But she was visited by persons of the first distinction, whom she received at tea in the afternoon. This was a mode of entertainment much practised at that time at Edinburgh, though now totally difused in the refinement and extravagance of modern luxury, and it was a custom productive of many advantages. Not only were persons of the highest birth, though of slender income,

¹ When I had entered my fifteenth year.

enabled in this inexpensive manner to entertain those friends whom they could not afford to receive in any other manner, but the drawing-rooms of ladies of the most opulent families, where dinners and suppers were given, were generally frequented in the afternoon by the young and the old of both sexes, and thus became a school where elegance of manner and a taste for polite and sensible conversation were acquired, which we look for in vain in the present state of society, where in general there is more of form than of real kindness, more of vanity and expensive show than of genuine hospitality. Those circles at that time in Edinburgh, the very remembrance of which is worn out, except among a few old people, were select, though not numerous, and very unlike indeed to the crowded routs and assemblies of the present day. We afterwards occupied various houses in other parts of the town, but always in the same humble and low-rented style, such as our slender income could afford, which at that time very little exceeded an hundred pounds a year.

I look back with no common interest on this early period of our domestick history, as it reflects the highest credit on my mother's prudence and exemplary conduct, when thus left to herself, and deprived of my father's assistance. When I

compare, too, the humble system of housekeeping which we practised at that period with the enlarged scale of my present household establishment, not unfavourable, I trust, however, to my increased means of supporting it, I hope the predominant sentiment of my heart is gratitude to that Almighty Being who has been graciously pleased to bless me with such a measure of prosperity. May it ever be my study to enjoy His bounty with thankfulness, but with moderation, studiously endeavouring to render it subservient, as far as I am able, to the happiness of others less favoured in that respect than I have been, but never forgetting that the same hand that has given may also take away. Should such be the will of heaven, may I be enabled to say with Job, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" . . . "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Or with Eli, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

We continued to live in this frugal and very private manner during a period of seven years (while my apprenticeship lasted, and two years after it was finished, during which I continued to act as a clerk in the counting-house), until, by the interest of the same valuable friend, Mr. Farquharson, Messrs. Coutts

were prevailed on to assign to me a very small share in the business of the house, as a partner. Not long after, on the death of the principal partner, Mr. John Coutts, his brothers, who were settled in London, resigned their interest in the house entirely, and a new copartnership was formed, in which I had a share. By the event of my thus being engaged in business, my mother's income and mine was considerably increased. We therefore removed to a somewhat better house, and a little enlarged our household, by first keeping a foot-boy, and afterwards a man-servant. But we still continued to live in a very retired manner; for although we began occasionally to have a few friends with us at dinner or supper, I was careful not to oppress her with too much company, to which, for so many years since the death of my father, she had not been accustomed, and the entertaining of whom was, by consequence, a greater fatigue than I was willing she should undergo.

In this manner we lived during other seven years, until the period of my marriage.

That event, of course, occasioned a considerable change on our system of domestick economy, as I removed with my family to a house of my own. Although my mother was thus to live alone, it was my earnest wish that she should have made no

change on her household establishment, which I had enabled her sufficiently to support, by having made an addition, as soon as it was in my power, to the small annuity which my father had left her, and which, although it was as much as his slender fortune could afford, was now become inadequate to her decent support; but all my entreaties to that purpose were in vain. She meant, she said, to see but very little company, and such only as were old-fashioned like herself. A man-servant, therefore, she insisted, would be idle in her house from having nothing to do, and would be a constant plague to her, so that she was resolved, she said, to hire a smaller house and return to her former style of having a maid-servant merely, who would sufficiently answer every purpose she could require; and indeed from that period she very seldom had anybody to dine with her except her most intimate friends. Or, if at any time she gave a dinner of more than ordinary ceremony, one of our servants was always at her command. But, in general, her guests were some of her old friends, who partook of her family dinner. Visitors of more form she received only at tea in the afternoon, till at last she found it necessary to give up even tea-visits. As the exertion of speaking to, and entertaining for an hour or two, people with whom she

did not find herself perfectly at freedom, became too much for her; she was always glad, however, to see any friend who did her the favour to call and see her in the forenoon.

All this while her spirits never flagged notwithstanding that she lived so much alone. She most regularly attended divine service, not only twice a-day on Sundays, but at week-day prayers.¹ She read a good deal, chiefly the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, and a few books of piety of the last age, such as Thomas-a-Kempis, St. Augustine's "Meditations," Hicke's "Devotions," which, with some others, had been in fashion in her early days, but which, though excellent in their way, are now but little noticed. She amused herself likewise with the newf-

¹ [Captain Burt flippantly but graphically describes the church-going of the period:—"I have often admired at the zeal of a pretty, well dressed Jacobite, when I have seen her go down one of the narrow steep wyndes in Edinburgh, through an accumulation of the worst kind of filth, and whip up a blind staircase almost as foul, yet with an air as *désagré*, as if she were going to meet a favourite lover in some poetaster's bower. And, indeed, the difference between the generality of those people and the Presbyterians (particularly the women) is visible when they come from their respective instructors; for the former appear with cheerful countenances, and the others look as if they had been just before convicted and sentenced by their gloomy teachers."—"Letters," etc. p. 131.]—

papers, and any new publication that came in her way; fuch eafy work as knotting fringes and the like ferved to fill up the intervals of her time. On this fubject I cannot omit to mention an anecdote, becaufe it ftrongly fhewed her earneft wifh to render every hour of her life ufeful to thofe around her. Her maid-fervant, though fomewhat advanced in years, it feems had never been taught to read. My mother undertook that tafk herfelf, and during feveral years employed an hour every evening in enabling the maid to read the Bible, in which fhe made a very confiderable proficiency.

In this uniform manner and bleffed frame of mind, fhe paffed the laft nineteen years of her life, expreffing herfelf with the utmoft compofure and tranquillity as to the time of her diffolution, which fhe awaited without either dread or impatience, constantly referring it to the pleafure of the Almighty, but earneftly imploring, if it fhould be His holy will, that He would grant her an eafy paffage to another world without her being long confined to a bed of ficknefs, or becoming a burthen to thofe around her.

I am now come to the concluding fcene of a long life thus uniformly and ufefully employed in the practice of all the moft effential duties of a Christian—a fcene of which what follows is a faithful narrative.

My mother had completed her eighty-fourth year, forty-six of which she had survived my father; and she had enjoyed to that advanced period of life a wonderful share of good health and good spirits. Although feeble, and liable to catch cold, she retained her appetite, sight, and hearing, with the full possession of her intellectual faculties, and was able to walk to chapel, which was, indeed, at a very short distance from her house, which she had chiefly made choice of from that consideration.

As our house was in a remote part of the town, she had insisted that Lady F. and such of our children as were old enough to be at church, instead of going home on Sunday during the short interval between morning and evening service, should come to her house, where she had always a dish of barley broth prepared for them. Mr. Fitzsimmons,¹ one of

¹ [In the Scots Magazine for 1799, we find that on the 12th July, the Rev. W. Fitzsimmons, one of the ministers of the Episcopal chapel in Edinburgh, was indicted at the instance of His Majesty's Advocate for unlawfully harbouring, maintaining, secreting, and concealing prisoners of war, and of unlawfully aiding and assisting them to withdraw themselves out of the kingdom. The libel states that sometime during the course of the war at present subsisting between Great Britain and France, a number of persons, among whom were the names of Jean Baptiste Vandevelde, Jean Jacques Jappie, Reine Griffon, and Hippolite Depondt, all natives

the clergymen of our chapel, for whom she entertained a strong friendship, generally paid her a visit

and subjects of France, having been taken prisoners, and having been thereafter brought into this realm, and lodged and confined in the castle of Edinburgh as prisoners of war, three had escaped by means of force and stratagem, and by aid and connivance of certain persons, the said Jean Baptiste Vandevelde and Jean Jacques Jappie did, on the 10th of March 1799, repair to the dwelling-house of the said William Fitzsimmons, situated in Cheffels's Court, Canongate of Edinburgh, who then and there, contrary to his duty and allegiance, did conceal their persons; the other prisoners, Reine Griffon and Hippolite Depondt having broken their parole, also betook themselves to Mr. Fitzsimmons's house, who, on the 15th of March, conducted them to Newhaven for the purpose of getting them on board a cartel vessel then lying in Leith Roads, and prevailed on some fishermen to take them on board, which was accordingly done. Mr. Fitzsimmons pled not guilty to this charge. Mr. John Forbes, the junior counsel (second son of Sir William Forbes), "in a short and elegant speech," opened the defence, pleading that Mr. Fitzsimmons's motive was commiseration for the situation of the prisoners, and pure motives of humanity which led him to interpose, but by no means the smallest hostile intention or desire to communicate any information to the enemy. Mr. Burnet followed on the part of the Crown. Mr. Fitzsimmons was not charged with a desire to favour the enemy, otherwise he would have been charged with high treason, but with having acted from mistaken and misguided humanity, which was a libel relevant to infer punishment. The Court pronounced the usual interlocutor, finding the libel relevant, and allowing the proof of all circumstances which might exculpate the panel or alleviate his guilt. Mr. Forbes led an exculpatory proof, pointing principally

at the same hour, and she showed a more than ordinary satisfaction in thus seeing us all about her.

On Sunday, the 6th December 1789, she was at chapel. After morning service Lady F. and I, with our five eldest children, paid her our usual visit, and left her in her ordinary state of health.

It was my custom to pay her a visit, if not every day, generally every second day; but, by accident I had been prevented from seeing her again that week till Wednesday. She told me she had somehow caught a cold which had brought on a cough, and it had been so troublesome to her in the night time, that if she did not rest better the night following, she would have no objection to allow me to send for Dr. Hamilton, a physician of her acquaintance. As she had at all times the greatest unwillingness to allow a physician

to establish his character to be that of a humane man, and from circumstances to show that his intentions were not treasonable. The jury returned a verdict finding the libel, by a great plurality, proven; but on account of his former good character and great humanity, recommending the Court to pronounce as lenient a sentence as possible. It was that he was to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for the space of three months.

After leaving Edinburgh, where at one time he had been tutor to the Right Hon. Thomas Bowes, Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Fitzsimons settled in the Isle of Man. His chapel in Edinburgh, which was called Baron Smith's Chapel, was in one of the clofes opposite John Knox's House.]

to be called to her when ſhe was any way indifpoſed, I concluded ſhe muſt have been very uneaſy before ſhe made this propoſal herſelf. Next morning, when I called, ſhe told ſhe had reſted no better that night than the preceding. I therefore went and brought Dr. Hamilton to pay her a viſit; the cough was ſo fevere that when a fit of it ſeized her, ſhe was in ſome hazard of ſuffocation. The doctor found likewiſe a conſiderable degree of fever in her pulſe, and ſhe had totally loſt her appetite, which till then had been better than is uſual at her time of life. Theſe ſymptoms were alarming, and the doctor told me privately, that at ſo great an age there was no ſaying what the conſequence might be. She was perfectly aware of this herſelf, and ſaid to me after the doctor was gone, that her complaints muſt ſoon come to a concluſion in one ſhape or other, for ſhe felt, ſhe ſaid, if they were to continue much longer, ſhe could not hold out under them. This remark ſhe made, however, with the utmoſt tranquillity; but how much ſhe was convinced of its truth will appear from the following circumſtance:—A few months before ſhe had expreſſed a deſire to make a preſent to Lady F. of a piece of plate, or anything elſe ſhe liked better, as a ſmall mark of her gratitude (as ſhe was pleaſed to expreſs it) to her daughter-in-law for her unre-

mitting attention to her. A harpsichord was fixed on, and it had been lately brought from London, but was not yet paid for. After making the above remark as to her state of health, she took from her pocket-book a promissory-note of our house for some money, which, in the long course of her singular economy, she had saved, and placed in their hands, desiring that I would remit the price of the harpsichord to the maker in London, and bring her a new note for the balance, which I accordingly did.

She continued much in the same state for a day or two, still much distressed by the cough, but able to be out of bed, and to sit up a good part of the day, only lying down occasionally upon her bed to rest herself. Speaking of her situation, she said, she was perfectly resigned to God's will; that she had not a wish ungratified with regard to this world, and that with regard to the next, she trusted in the mercies of her God and the merits of her Saviour for pardon of whatever she had done amiss. At another time she said—"I hope it is not sinful, but I cannot help entertaining a wish, if it be God's will, that I may live till Christmas-Day," which was then at ten or twelve days' distance.

After a few days the medicines prescribed for her had given her considerable relief, although the

cough was still very distressing in the night time ; but there was less of fever in her pulse, and she recovered her appetite so far as to be able to take some food. Dr. Hamilton, therefore, told me, although there was no saying how suddenly symptoms might change in the case of a person so weakened as she was, yet, from present appearances, he saw no reason to apprehend any immediate danger. She herself was sensible of the amendment, and said she had probably gotten a reprieve at present, although it was quite uncertain how long it might last.

Returning to the subject of Christmas-Day, she said if she should be so well as to have on her clothes and be able to bear being carried down stairs, she would be at chapel that day, adding, at the same time, and addressing herself to me—“ And if once abroad, you know, it will make little difference whether I be brought straight home, or be carried to your house and dine with you and your family as usual on Christmas-Day.” To this I made no reply, for although I was perfectly convinced she had not strength to bear the fatigue of being carried even to chapel, far less to go home with us to dinner after the service, I forebore to say so, remembering that two years before that time, when she was really far from being well, I had prevailed on her to dine at home, which I saw at

that time had hurt her feelings, as she repeatedly took notice of the circumstance of speaking of it afterwards, saying it was the only Christmas-Day since I had had a separate house which she had not spent with us. I resolved, however, when the day should come, to ask the favour of our clergyman, Mr. Fitzsimmons, to whose advice I knew she would pay much regard, to join with me in trying to persuade her to stay at home, and allow him to administer the Communion to her at her own house.

On Sunday evening, the 13th, when I called to see how she did, I found Bishop Abernethy Drummond praying by her bedside.

On Monday and Tuesday following, she continued much in the same state, but on Wednesday she expressed a dislike to get out of bed. She found it impossible, she said, to put on or take off any part of her clothes without her maid's assistance, and as she had all her life the greatest unwillingness to give trouble to those about her, she preferred the continuing in bed. I suspect, too, she had felt a diminution of her strength, which made her less able to bear the fatigue of sitting up for any length of time. Dr. Hamilton strongly combated this idea of her not getting out of bed, as he said it was a habit very apt to grow on old people; it was apt to occasion a languor of spirits, and

sometimes was attended with very disagreeable consequences, if the skin should become fretted. I was the more uneasy at it, because, although it was visible that her strength was gradually decaying, and that in all probability she could not survive the winter and spring, I thought it not unlikely she might linger during several months, and it was a most uncomfortable prospect that she should pass the whole of that interval in bed; for although Lady F. and I were much with her, she must of necessity be much alone, as there was no friend who could be properly asked to live in the house with her, even if she would have consented to it herself; and indeed she even shewed a dislike to be visited by her acquaintance in general, giving directions to her servant maids, of whom she had now been prevailed on to keep two, to admit none except her nearest relations and most intimate friends, of whom, indeed, the number was very few, as she had outlived almost them all.

She rose that day, however, at the doctor's request, to dinner, but remained out of bed only a very short time. During this period she retained all her usual good humour and complacency, expressing much satisfaction in the tenderness and attention shewn by those around her, and repeatedly declaring that with regard to this world she had not a wish ungratified.

She had at all times, even during her best health, spoken of Death with the utmost ease, nor did she now express the slightest reluctance at the thoughts of leaving the world. One day, indeed, about this time, she said to me, while I was sitting alone by her, "Had my life been spent to better purpose, I should now be able to look forward with less apprehension to a Hereafter." God knows! few can look back on life past with less cause of self-reprohension than she could!

She had likewise been in the habit of giving many directions as to what she would have done when the last event should happen. These she now repeated very particularly to Lady F. and her maid, to both of whom she had more than once shewn the linen she had laid aside to be used about her person after her death. She likewise alluded to a practice, which I had often heard her reprobate as extremely indecent, and of which she said she had more than once known instances, that when a person died without any friend or relation living in the house, the servants were sometimes apt to admit their own acquaintance to view the body. She expressed great dislike at the idea of being thus made, as it were, a show of, and requested that, as soon as her body should be properly wrapped in linen, the door of the

bedchamber should be kept locked. She had likewise made a list of a few friends to whom she wished notice to be sent of her death, lest any of them should be neglected, as they were chiefly her own acquaintance, with whom Lady F. and I had little or no intercourse, and might therefore not have thought of them at such a time. This list she desired me to take out of her pocket-book and read. It had been written about three years and a half ago, and as several of them were old people, who had died in the interval, she had from time to time struck out their names, and had occasionally added others to the list.

One day about this time she desired Lady F., when they were alone together, to take out of her pocket-book a small slip of paper, on which she had written a memorandum, by way of a will or testament, which, for simplicity and true piety, well merits preservation :—

“ Memorandum to S. W. Forbes from his mother, to give his son, William, £200 of the money she has in his counting-house, and £100 to every one of the rest of the children, to be pd. only after the death of my sisters, Babie and Mary, and to give 20 [or 30] pd. to Mr. Fitzsimmind, as he pleases, for the great attention he has always shown me. And may the blessing of the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with him and his always. July 20, 1780.”

To this memorandum she had pinned our House's promissory-note for the money she deposited with them, and to which it related. After Lady F. had read it, my mother said to her, smiling, "Do not you find something improper in it *now?*" On her replying that she saw nothing in it but the utmost propriety, my mother said, "Do you not observe, as it has pleased God to give you several children since this was written, that the money cannot now be divided in the manner I had then intended. But I have not strength to write a new one. Tell my son, therefore, to give two hundred pounds of money to my grandson, William,¹ one hundred pounds to my granddaughter, Christian,² and to divide the remainder equally among the rest of your children." Nothing could more strongly mark the full possession of her intellectual faculties than this, nor the warmth of her affection for us and our family. Her allusion to the death of her two sisters, who, though younger than her, were both old women, was by reason of an annuity she had settled on them, which I was to pay out of the interest of the money, so that it could not

¹ Our eldest child, and my father's nameson, on which account my mother always entertained for him a more than ordinary affection.

² Her own name-daughter.

be divided till their death, which happened not long after.

On Sunday, the 20th December, when I called in the morning at her house, she said, 'I have now taken a final resolution with regard to Christmas-Day. I fear I have too often presumed to approach the Lord's table without due preparation; but at this time I feel my head so confused that I cannot possibly think myself in a proper state of mind to receive the Communion. I have therefore laid aside all thought of going to chapel, or even of troubling Mr. Fitzsimmons to administer it to me at home; and I trust, in this instance, God will accept of the will for the deed.' That day, when I called again after morning service, she asked me if I thought it would be right to have the prayers for the sick said for her in the Chapel. I replied that there could be nothing more proper, if she wished it; and they were said accordingly at evening service. During Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, she continued with little alteration, but on Thursday, when I saw her in the morning, I thought I could perceive her to be considerably weaker. On Friday, which was Christmas-Day, she was evidently losing ground. After morning service, her niece, Lady Macleod,¹

¹ Now Duchefs of Atholl.

George, 3d Earl of Cromarty, succeeded his father = 23d September 1724, Ifabella, daughter of Sir William Gordon of Invergordon, Bart. She died at Edinburgh, 23d April 1769, and was buried in the Canongate. In this churchyard is a monument thus inscribed:—"Here lieth the remains of Ifabella Gordon, Countess of Cromarty, who departed this life 23d April 1769, in the 64th year of her age. Also, the Right Honourable John, Lord Macleod, Major-General in the British service, and Colonel of the 71st Regiment of Foot, Count Cromarty, and a Commandant of the Order of the Sword, in the kingdom of Sweden; died 2d April 1789, aged 62."

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John, Lord Macleod, born = 4th June 1786, Mar-
 1727. A pardon in his
 favour passed the Great
 Seal 26th January 1748.
 He went into the service
 of the King of Sweden,
 by whom he was created
 Count Cromarty. He
 returned to Britain 1777.
 Colonel of the 71st Foot.
 Went with them to the
 East Indies. Returned
 home, and had the
 family estates restored to
 him by Act of Parlia-
 ment, 1784, on payment
 of £19,000 of debt
 affecting that property.
 Died at Edinburgh, 2d
 April, 1789, in his 62d
 year, and was buried in
 the Canongate church-
 yard.

William,
 died
 1736,
 aged 7.
 George, eldest dau.
 of James, 16th
 Lord Forbes, but
 having no issue by
 her, who, 11th
 March 1794, be-
 came 2d wife of
 John, 4th Duke of
 Atholl, was suc-
 ceeded in the
 family estates by
 his cousin, Ken-
 neth Mackenzie
 of Cromarty.

George, died
 unmarried,
 in India,
 1787, and
 was buried
 at Madras.

Ifabel, born
 1725,
 married
 1760 to
 George,
 sixth
 Lord
 Elibank.

Anne.

Mary.

Ifabel, born
 1725,
 married
 1760 to
 George,
 sixth
 Lord
 Elibank.

Caroline, born May 6th,
 1736. Married 1/4
 at London, 1760, to
 Mr. Drake. 2d. to
 Walter Hunter, of
 Polmoor and Crail-
 ing; and died at Crail-
 ing, 3d October 1791,
 aetat. 56. By her
 second husband, who
 died at Edinburgh,
 15th January 1796,
 she had two daus.,
 Elizabeth, heiress of
 Crailling and Pol-
 mood, married 2d
 June 1792, to James,
 17th Lord Forbes;
 and Caroline, married
 and Caroline, married
 17th September 1799,
 to James Elliot, Esq.,
 younger of Woollic,
 W.S.

Jean.

Margaret.

Augusta.



Lady F. and I, went to see her. She was in bed, and expressed great satisfaction at our coming. But we remained but a short time, for fear of fatiguing her too much. Dr. Hamilton, at the same time said, however, that he did not apprehend any sudden change.

The next morning, Saturday, the 26th December, when I called I found she had rested very ill, and had passed a very bad night; she was visibly worse. She had said to her maid, it seems, that morning, about six o'clock, that she scarcely thought she could survive that day; but of this the maid did not inform me, and Dr. Hamilton, whom I met there, though he told me he thought her considerably worse, still said he did not apprehend the last to be very near. It was with reluctance, however, that I went to the counting-house as usual, as I saw her so much weaker that I would not have left her house even for an hour or two, had it not happened unluckily that one of my partners was confined at home by indisposition, and Saturday being always a busy forenoon in the counting-house, I thought I might venture to go there for a couple of hours, as Dr. Hamilton continued to assure me he did not apprehend any sudden change. On going to the counting-house, which was at no great distance, I

left strict charge that one of the maids should come to give me notice the moment they saw any change in her appearance.

About 12 o'clock noon, Lady F. and Mrs. Farquharson, her oldest friend, accidentally met at her house. While they were sitting by her bedside, her maid reminded her that it was her usual hour of taking a glass of wine. She desired the maid to fill it out, then addressing herself to Lady F. and Mrs. Farquharson, with infinite composure she drank "to their happy meeting in another world." Soon after, she requested them to leave her, which they accordingly did.

About half-an-hour after they were gone, I returned to her house. Her maid was in the room, sitting by her, but withdrew on my coming in. I sat down by her bedside, and asking her how she did, she held out her hand to me, and said she had just wished for that opportunity of requesting my forgiveness, if ever she had done anything in the course of her life to give me uneasiness. I was very much affected, and grasping her hand requested she would not talk to me in that strain. She said she would not, since I desired it. A little while after, she asked me if I heard what is called the rattle in her throat? I said I did. She said she hoped God

would give her patience to bear properly whatever He should appoint for her. She held a salt-bottle in her hand, which she frequently held to her nose, and seemed to be much oppressed with sickness. As I perceived she spoke with difficulty, I begged she might not distress herself by the exertion, except there was anything which she particularly wished to say to me. She replied she ought to say much, but had not strength for it. She then requested I would leave her, as she was sure, she said, it must be disagreeable to me to be with her. I still continued, however, to sit by her, without speaking, about a quarter of an hour longer, when she again requested that I would leave her, which I then did, thinking perhaps she had some occasion for her maid's assistance; and as I heard from the maid that Mrs. Farquharson had been there so lately, I ran to her house, which was only a very little way off, to know what she thought of my mother's situation. Mrs. Farquharson said she saw evidently that she was dying, but did not imagine her death would happen perhaps for a day or two. I was of a different opinion, and therefore went across the street to the counting-house, in order to lock up some papers which in my hurry, when I had left it to go to my mother's, I had left on my desk, resolving now to return to her house

and stay there during the rest of the day. I had not been absent from her above half-an-hour, but on entering the house I met one of the maid-servants, who said she was just setting out to look for me, as a material change had taken place during my absence. I immediately went into the bedchamber, when, to my surprise, I found her speechless, and apparently in the agonies of death. Her head had slipped from off the pillow, as if in a fit. She was still breathing, with now and then some slight convulsive motion, but her eyes were shut, and in less than ten minutes after I entered the room she expired without a groan or struggle.

It is impossible, I think, to imagine a long life brought to a happier or more enviable conclusion. She had suffered but little pain—she escaped what she had always deprecated, a long confinement to a sick bed—she retained to the very last the full possession of her mental faculties—she was attended by those whom she most highly valued—she had repeatedly declared she had not a wish ungratified as to this world, and she had long employed herself in continual preparation for the next.

I have mentioned her regular attendance on the ordinances of religion. As another proof of her piety, I cannot omit relating that she had often ex-

preffed a wifh that at her funeral the burial fervice fhould be read in the churchyard, as in England, rather than at her own houfe, as in Scotland. It was a very decent and folemn ceremony, fhe faid, and might have a more ftriking effect with regard to thofe prefent, when performed in that manner rather than the other. There was, indeed, a period when the populace in Scotland would not have permitted that ceremony to be publicly performed in Edinburgh, but the complexion of the times is now much changed for the better in that refpect, and I have more than once been myfelf prefent when the burial fervice has been performed in the churchyard there. I had, therefore, very readily promifed that in that, as well as in every other particular, her will fhould be carefully obeyed; and fhe had requested Mr. Fitzfimmons, if in Edinburgh at the time of her death, to read the burial-fervice at her grave. The fequel, however, ftrongly marks her good fenfe and found judgment. It happened in the month of December 1787, two years before her death, that the day proved exceedingly ftormy on which my fon, James, and her nephew, Mr. William Forbes, who had both died at the fame time, were interred within an hour of each other. On my going from the churchyard to her houfe, after the two funerals, during the violence

of the storm, she said the tempest of that day had now fully convinced her that a compliance with her request respecting the reading the service in the churchyard might be attended with effects prejudicial to the health of those who might happen to be present at her funeral. She therefore released Mr. Fitzsimmons and me, she said, from the promise she had exacted from us, and left us to do in that respect as circumstances might render proper. I do not recollect her ever mentioning the matter to me again. On my asking Mr. Fitzsimmons, after her death, if she had given him any further directions on the head, he said she had frequently spoke of it, but always desiring that he and I might exactly do what we should think best.

As her death happened in the winter season, and the weather excessively cold, he was clearly of opinion that it was best to have the service read at her own house. She had, in that case, told me the names of those very few whom she wished to be invited to be present. When the day arrived, it blew a hurricane in addition to the cold, and fully justified the deviation from her original intention.

Early inured to the practice of a rigid œconomy in her household and personal expenses, at first from prudence, she persevered in it from habit long after

my situation in life, by the blessing of Providence, had rendered it no longer necessary, and she constantly declared that to alter her mode of living to one more expensive would occasion her a degree of trouble which, at her time of life, she could not possibly submit to. She was actuated, too, in that respect by a higher principle, conceiving herself to be under an obligation to use the bounty of heaven with the utmost moderation in regard to luxury and unnecessary expense, which she always carefully avoided, taking care, however, that everything respecting her household and personal appearance should be suited to her station, not so much for her own sake, as she used often to say, as that she might properly sustain the character of my father's widow. In her charitable donations, however, she was liberal and judicious, and when it appeared necessary that more should be given on any occasion than suited her income, she always informed me, adding that she looked on me as her almoner, not wishing to consider her purse and mine as in any degree separate, which in truth they had never been.

This great attention to œconomy had likewise given her a most extraordinary degree of exactness in regard to her family expenditure, constantly paying for everything with ready money; and it was an in-

stance of regularity in that respect, very singular, that when she died, except her house-rent and servants' wages, the term of payment of which was not yet come, and the account of bread and beer for her family, which she was in the use of paying regularly at the end of every month, not a single farthing was due to any tradesman whom she employed.

She carried this degree of regularity so far that wishing to give half-a-guinea to a poor woman to whom she occasionally gave alms, as the last bounty she might have it in her power to bestow on her, she had wrapped it in a bit of paper, and pinned it to her bed curtains, in order that it might be in readiness against the first time the poor woman might call, and where we found it after her death. It will scarcely be doubted that I was at pains to discover the woman, and gave her the money. We found, too, one of her shifts wrapped up by itself, with a person's name pinned on it, of which we were at a loss to discover the meaning, until her maid-servant informed us that a poor woman having requested that my mother would furnish a shift to wrap her body in after she should be dead, she had laid this one aside for that purpose, probably thinking that it would not be so safe in the woman's custody as her own. She had been all her life accustomed to keep a writ-

ten and very minute account of her personal and family expenses. But speaking sometimes, on occasion of the death of any of her acquaintance, of their repositories being ransacked after they were gone, she had frequently expressed a wish that her books of accounts and scraps of paper, with which she used to amuse herself, should not be examined. In order to guard, however, against the possibility of this happening, she had destroyed everything of that sort herself, together with some letters of my father's, written to her in cypher before their marriage, which till then she had carefully preserved.¹ But her books and everything else in her possession were found in as exact order as if, previous to her last illness, and before her strength failed, she had actually known that her life was so near a close. A rare instance of that watchfulness which is the duty of all, but unhappily practised by so few!

Upon the whole, I have known many women of much greater and more shining talents than my mother's, but

¹ Speaking one day of taking a review of past life, she said there was scarcely an action which, on reflection, she did not think she might, in some way or other, have performed better, except her marriage. But that, in regard to that important step, she had never at any time entertained two opinions.

never any who made a more correct and proper use of those which God had been pleased to bestow on her. Though not showy they were solid, and of the most useful kind, perfectly well suited to the limited sphere in which she had moved, and she had certainly employed them to the very best of purposes, in a faithful discharge of the duties of religion, in benevolence to her fellow-creatures, and in a constant endeavour to correct whatever she thought amiss in her own temper and disposition. In this last branch of her duty she had succeeded to a surprising degree; for, contrary to the usual fate of old people, whose temper is sometimes apt to be soured by declining strength and a nearer view of their leaving the world, some little peculiarities in hers, which, however, were by no means very troublesome to others, had totally left her, and as she grew older her disposition grew milder and more gentle. A more uniformly upright, or a more steady character and conduct, than hers I never knew. And I trust I may be permitted to apply to myself on this occasion, with a slight variation, the wish of the prophet—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."

WILLIAM FORBES.

After I had finished the rough draft of this narrative, I sent it to Mr. Fitzsimmons, who had been much with my mother during her last sickness, in case anything worth recording had come under his notice. When he returned the paper it was accompanied by the following letter, which I have thought it right to annex to these sheets, as a sort of commentary, merely changing the pages of reference which were made by him to the draft, in order to make them accord with this copy. I may just add that it was on the suggestion in the second paragraph of Mr. Fitzsimmons's letter, that I have since written the first part of the narrative prior to my mother's last sickness.

WILLIAM FORBES.

DEAR SIR—I have frequently gone through the enclosed sheets, which you were so good as to submit to my perusal, and have always read them with emotions which few other subjects could excite, because they lead me to recollections both pleasureable and painful—pleasureable, as the character they paint was extraordinary and uncommon—painful, because Lady Forbes was the steadiest and truest friend I ever had. I cannot but regret that this memoir should be confined to the latter period of her life, which, though it must be confessed was particularly exem-

plary and interesting, yet as the system by which she lived, must have been the system of principle and confirmed by time. If you had taken a wider field, I am persuaded you might have found much matter worthy of being recorded. In addition to your narration, I take the liberty to communicate some particulars which have occurred to me. My acquaintance with her commenced in 1776, shortly after my establishment in this city. Her character naturally led me to respect her, and the observations which I had opportunity of making on her conduct, in that early stage of our acquaintance, presented, in very many instances, so striking a resemblance of my own mother, that my respect rose to partiality, and the acquaintance which commenced in civility grew into a sincere friendship, which I am sure never suffered a moment's interruption during the remainder of her life. But though, as I said, our friendship seemed to have a foundation in nature, it was reinforced by sentiment and reflection, for many features of her conduct made it almost impossible for a good mind to survey her without regard and reverence.

Her piety, the ruling principle and comfort of her life, was the genuine offspring of a good heart, mellowed by experience and reflection. It was pure, natural, unaffected. She had received, she used to

favours from the hand of God, and in the course of a long life, had enjoyed much good. Her sense of them was deep and grateful, and she omitted no opportunity to express it. She hoped, she said it with peculiar emphasis, to receive more and greater, and it was her fervent, constant prayer, to be found worthy of them. Hence her attention to the duties of religion became the chief care and chief pleasure of her life, "I had once," said she (and she often said it), "my part to perform in active life, and I endeavoured to perform it well; now I have done with all temporal connexions and interests. It is, therefore, proper to look forward and make provision for the future." This was her first and last sentiment in all things, and if it were possible for the heart to hold such a constant attention to its own emotions as to present an habitual consciousness of its own emotions, I can believe that this was the sovereign principle of her thoughts and actions, and I am satisfied that every thought and every deliberation of her heart, as far as was competent to the infirmity of human nature, was regulated by a steady view to futurity.

Such a habit, we conceive, must have induced a gravity of temper. She was indeed grave, but her temper, though grave, was sedate, tranquil, calm. I

have seen her sometimes displeas'd, but never angry. Attentive as she was to the measures of her own conduct, she could overlook faults and smile at other people's folly; nay, I have seen her enjoy the recollection of what she styled her own mistakes, with a pleasantry that would have been amiable in youth. She liked society to a certain degree; but what the world calls company, she did not affect. As she did not go much abroad, the circle of her acquaintance was narrow, and confined (a few instances excepted) principally to those with whom she held intercourse in former days. But time had greatly abridged their number, and latterly her acquaintances were indeed few, yet no portion of her time hung heavy on her hands. She read much, and her readings were always adapted to her years. When reading became painful, she occasionally amused herself at work; but most frequently in silent reflection. "I am surpris'd," she would often say, "how people ever tire of being at home or alone. I wonder at their eagerness to be amused abroad; here am I, an old woman, but so far from being a burden to myself, that I am never at a loss for rational entertainment and employment."

Some of her intimate acquaintance used at times to rally her on her retired and domestic turn of mind.

Go abroad, they would fay, fee the world, vifit your old friends and make new ones. Her anfwer was, and ſhe gave it with all imaginable good humour—“I have done with the world, it does not want me. I have ſurvived almoſt all my friends. I am, however, going after them, and it is not worth my while making new friends, ſince I am ſo ſoon to drop them. Do not think, however, that my time hangs heavy; far from it; I paſs it comfortably and with pleaſure.”

But the moſt conſpicious and amiable feature of her character was the humanity and charitableneſs of her temper. Her hand was always open as far as poſſible, always directed by judgment. She ſaid that ſhe had been frequently impoſed upon, but the intention of her charity was to relieve virtuous poverty; therefore, while ſhe ſtudiouſly rejected the fruit of the profligate and worthleſs, ſhe welcomed, nay, ſhe very often fought, the worthy objects of charity. I have wondered at her exertions in that way, and how her circumſtances could ſupport them; obſervation, however, explained the difficulty, and I found it was owing to her frugality and economy; ſhe denied herſelf every thing; ſhe was jealous of every inclination to (what ſhe called) ſelf-indulgence. Her dreſs was ſimple, her board was ſimple, and ſhe ever ſaid—“She had more pleaſure in giving away “ than

in enjoying it herself." In this respect she was the most perfectly independent person I ever knew—never suffered a moment's anxiety about herself or about the world. I remember that, several years back, part of her property was at hazard, owing to its having been placed in a bad hand. "Well," said she, "what do you think, Mr. F., so-and-so is the case, and I shall lose my money; but," added she, "it gives me no trouble, the world will last as long as I. Give me only peace; I have still as much as will carry me through it. God preserve my son, and I shall never be uneasy."

Some time after, however, by the exertions of her son, her property was saved, and she related that circumstance with absolutely as much indifference as when she pronounced it lost.

The following observations occurred to me in perusing your manuscript :—

P. 23.—Though not naturally robust, yet her activity and temperance preserved to this advanced period a constitution which in other hands would have given way much sooner. Cold was the complaint to which she was most obnoxious. In her latter years she was frequently attacked in that way, and these attacks were generally accompanied

(as I thought) with asthmatic symptoms. Averse to drugs, her resource was warm clothing, which gradually removed them; yet she used to remark that each of these attacks left her weaker than they found her, always adding—"I am going down the hill; I am not dissatisfied, but bless God for permitting me to go down with ease."

Her conduct in this respect was the most extraordinary, the most surprising of anything I ever met with. She talked of her decline as a matter of indifference; she spoke of death not merely with equanimity, but really with pleasure. Men that pique themselves on their philosophy and deep reflection, see death to be inevitable, and in contemplating the period of life, make a virtue of necessity and endeavour to reconcile themselves to what they cannot avoid; but such acquiescence is often liable to suspicion. In her the principle of submission was of another kind. It was her satisfied conviction and confidence in the great truths of the Christian revelation—"These," said she, "were my support under the various trials of early active life, and now they prove the great comfort of my old age; I am not indeed good enough, but I shall scarcely become better by living longer; I trust, therefore, to the mercies of my Creator and the merits of my Saviour. When it is

God's pleasure to remove me, it will be mine to go. I only pray that while He continues my life He may continue to me the possession of my faculties, that I may be saved from a lingering end, that I may not at the last give great trouble to my friends."

P. 23.—These visits, which brought her son and her daughter, with their young family about her, were, I can venture to say, the highest gratifications of her life. Her son and daughter's attentions to her were indeed unremitting and amiable; and to their honour they had impressed their children with those sentiments of respect and duty to her which they so properly exemplified in their own conduct, she felt she was sensibly affected by these attentions, and they were, I do believe, the highest gratifications of her life.

P. 25.—Her affection of her daughter (as she called Lady Forbes) amounted to something on reverence. "Oh, Mr. F.," said she, often, "what a woman my daughter-in-law is!" I replied, "My lady, I told you so." "Well," answered she, "I lament I did not know her sooner; but the harmony which subsists between us is pleasant, and I am really happy in her," and the present here mentioned was de-

signed as much for an expression of gratitude as of affection. For a thousand times she renewed the subject of her daughter's wonderful attention to her.

P. 35.—I remember something similar to this which happened some years ago, when she lived at the head of Grey's Clofe, in a conversation which she had with her son. I know not what the subject was; she had said something which, on recollection, she thought improper. It gave her pain. She mentioned to me her uneasiness, and except that instance I never saw her in distress. "I must have offended my son," said she, "and I do not think he ought to be offended by me. But I have, however, one resource, I will ask his pardon, and I hope he will forgive me, therefore, I wish you to dictate the language of an apology." "My Lady," said I, "think no more of it, I am sure your son has forgotten it before now; if the subject gave him pain, your reviving it will renew that pain, and your apology will distress him. Let him see, at your next interview that it is off your mind; I am sure he has forgotten it." "Well," said she, "I will endeavour to forget it too; but I will be more guarded for the future."¹

¹ I have not the most distant recollection what the above can allude to.

I hope you will excuse my troubling you with these few anecdotes. I am satisfied they were not unknown to you, though they had escaped your recollection when you sat down to write, and of that wonderful woman I think nothing should be lost.

That the evening of your life may be as comfortable, and your end as happy as hers, is the sincere wish of your much obliged and most obt. humble servant,

WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS.





