

marty,—at the request of his relation and son-in-law, my friend Mr. Isaac Forsyth of Elgin. William Forsyth had been a grown man ere the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions ; and, from the massiveness and excellence of his character, and his high standing as a merchant, in a part of the country in which merchants at the time were few, he had succeeded, within the precincts of the town, to not a little of the power of the hereditary Sheriff of the district ; and after acting for more than half a century as a laborious Justice of the Peace, and succeeding in making up more quarrels than most country lawyers have an opportunity of fomenting,—for the age was a rude and combative one, and the merchant ever a peace-maker,—he lived long enough to see Liberty-and-Equality Clubs and Processions, and died about the close of the first war of the first French Revolution. It was an important half-century in Scotland—though it exhibits but a narrow, inconspicuous front in the history of the country—that intervened between the times of the hereditary jurisdictions and the Liberty-and-Equality Clubs. It was specially the period during which popular opinion began to assume its potency, and in which the Scotland of the past merged, in consequence, into the very dissimilar Scotland of the present. And I derived much pleasure in tracing some of the more striking features of this transition age in the biography of Mr. Forsyth. My little work was printed, but not published, and distributed by Mr. Forsyth of Elgin among the friends of the family, as perhaps a better and more adequate memorial of a worthy and able man than could be placed over his grave. It was on the occasion of the death of his last-surviving child,—the late Mrs. M'Kenzie of Cromarty, a lady from whom I had received much kindness, and under whose hospitable roof I had the opportunity afforded me of meeting not a few superior men,—that my memoir was undertaken ; and I regarded it as a fitting tribute to a worthy family just passed away, at once deserving of being remembered for its own sake, and to which I owed a debt of gratitude.

In the spring of 1839, a sad bereavement darkened my household, and for a time left me little heart to pursue my