

Saturday last, Francis Jeffrey, the philosophic and tasteful reviewer, the accomplished advocate, and judicious and honest judge, died, after a few days' illness, at his Edinburgh residence in Moray Place, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Lord Jeffrey may be properly regarded as the last Scottish survivor of that group of eminent men, contemporary with Napoleon, to which Chalmers and Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth and Wellington, Goëthe, Cuvier, Humboldt, and Chateaubriand, belong. Professor Wilson, though fast descending into the vale of years, we regard as the member of a somewhat later group,—that of Lockhart, Carlyle, and Macaulay, Lamartine, Arago, and Sir David Brewster. It was the last Scotchman of that elder group of distinguished men who achieved celebrity or influenced opinion as early as the beginning of the present century, or nearly so, that quitted this scene of things on the evening of Saturday. And he has left to the biographer, in the story of his life, much that is of signal interest and importance in the legal and political history of our country, and much in the history of its literature that is better represented by his career than by that of any other individual. He represents a mighty revolution in letters, which has perhaps considerably lessened the number of good *books*, but increased, beyond all calculation, the number of brilliant *articles*. Not a few superior men have passed away in consequence, and left no permanent mark behind them; but that literature of the periodic press which forms, perhaps too exclusively, the staple reading of the age,—which occupies men's minds and influences their opinions to-day, but which is in great part forgotten ere to-morrow, and which, in this, as in other respects, forms that daily bread of the republic of letters which cannot be wanted, and which, once used up, is never more thought of,—has been immensely heightened in its tone and power, and become a great engine,