

playful ease, and, with even his ordinary talk, ever glittering in an unpremeditated wit, "that loved to play, not wound." Never was there a man more thoroughly beloved by his friends. Though his term of life exceeded the allotted three score and ten years, his fine intellect, like that of the great Chalmers, whom he sincerely loved and respected, and by whom he was much loved and respected in turn, was to the last untouched by decay. Only four days previous to that of his death he sat upon the bench; only a few months ago he furnished an article for his old "Review," distinguished by all the nice discernment and acumen of his most vigorous days. It is further gratifying to know, that though infected in youth and middle age by the wide-spread infidelity of the first French Revolution, he was for at least the last few years of his life of a different spirit: he read much and often in his Bible; and he is said to have studied especially, and with much solicitude, the writings of St Paul.—*January 30, 1850.*

FIRE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THREE of the most interesting ancient buildings of Britain destroyed by fire within less than ten years! "Are such calamities as these really unavoidable?" asks a writer in the *Times*, "and ought we to make up our minds to hear of the conflagration of some great national treasure every five or ten years as a thing that must be?" Treasures of at least equal value still survive to England,—Windsor, Hampton Court, the British Museum, and the great University Libraries. How are *they* to be protected? Increased vigilance and care are recommended by this writer. Fires smoulder for hours ere they burst forth so as to be detected by the watchmen