

amiable widow, who with "light denied," survives to lament her loss, also an affectionate daughter. During his residence at Chelwood he was bereaved of one daughter, and in that parish stands a neat school-house erected to her memory by her sorrowing parents. Δ.

REV. DUNCAN MACFARLAN, D.D.

Nov. 25. At Glasgow, aged 86, the Rev. Duncan Macfarlan, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow, and Minister of the Inner High Church.

During his lengthened span the venerable Principal enjoyed remarkably good health, his old age being "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly;" and until three months ago, he was never laid aside for more than a week or so at a time from the regular discharge of his duties as a parochial clergyman. While temporarily sojourning at Helensburgh, however, in the last week of August, he had the misfortune to have a fall in his bedroom, by which he suffered fracture of the thigh-bone. He was in due course removed to his residence within the college, and hopes were entertained for a time that the native strength of his constitution would enable him to overcome the effects of the accident. A shock so severe, however, was too much to lay upon the weight of eighty-six years, and it became evident a few weeks ago, alike to the venerable pastor and his friends, that his days were numbered. He gradually lost in bodily strength, but until a few days preceding his death, his mind retained its wonted vigour, and finally he passed away, dying the serene and painless death of a good old man.

Thus has gone forth from amongst us one who was in many respects a remarkable, as he was undoubtedly a good and a highly able, member of our community. For thirty-five years he had been closely identified with all our interests, sacred and secular. His hand was at every good work for the religious, moral, and material elevation of the people of Glasgow; and in this way a more than ordinary amount of fruition followed his labours; for the singular blessing attended them, that he was beloved and trusted by men of all creeds and classes. He belonged, however, not more to Glasgow than to the whole Church of Scotland. Singularly intelligent, blessed with vigorous intellect and a remarkably clear judgment, a ready and able, though perhaps not an eloquent speaker, he had long taken the rank of a prominent leader in the Church; and he soon won, and retained to the very last,

the entire confidence and devotion of the "Moderate" party, with which he had all along been connected. When "Moderates" and "Evangelicals" alike disappeared as party-names at the period of the Disruption, he still retained his proud position as the Mentor of the Church of Scotland; and it was nothing unusual to hear it remarked, that the head of Principal Macfarlan was worth the brains of a whole Presbytery any day. It is a remarkable circumstance that, amid all the keen and acrimonious feeling which attended the unhappy Disruption of the Church of Scotland, there never was associated with the name of Principal Macfarlan a single sentiment of disrespect or bitterness. His principles in ecclesiastical polity were so well known, his devotion to them so entirely honest and genuine, and his faith so child-like and confiding, that no man had the slightest doubt as to the public course he would follow. While he attained that respect which always attends sincere conviction, his demeanour, even in stormy times, was so peaceful, mild, and blameless, so free from the most remote taint of passion, acrimony, or resentment, that he won the regard of those who opposed him as an ecclesiastical politician; and it may be truly said that he was as much beloved and admired by those who dissent from, as by those who adhere to, the Church of Scotland. Truly he was a noble-minded Scotchman—one whose sayings and doings throughout life were un sullied by a single taint of bigotry or illiberal feeling.

In Principal Macfarlan there has passed away a man who may truly be regarded as one of the last links between the present and a bygone age. He was the child of his father's old age—also a minister of the Church of Scotland, and who was succeeded by his son as the incumbent of the parish of Drymen in the beginning of 1792. The elder Macfarlan was acquainted with General Wolfe, then a captain in Barrel's Regiment of Foot, when stationed with his company at the little fort of Inversnaid, shortly after the rebellion of 1745. Thus the lives of two men bring us into close connection with the hero of Quebec, long before he won his crowning glory on the heights of Abraham, and died in the arms of victory, now nearly one hundred years ago. The Principal himself was a student when the treaty was signed by which the "revolted colonies" became the United States of America; and he was an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland when Louis the Sixteenth was still king of France. He was a youth at the College of Glasgow when our population was only

43,000. He lived to see it 400,000. Steam navigation was making its first trial when he was a man in middle life, and he saw the tiny "Comet," with its engine of four-horse power, swell into the noble "Persia," with engines of 900 horsepower and tonnage of 400. We heard the patriarch say, not long since, that he had survived the ministers of the Church of Scotland twice over; and for the last ten years he has been unquestionably the father of the Church.

The venerable Principal held two of the most lucrative offices connected with the very moderately paid Church of Scotland. The Principalship is now likely to be disjoined from the charge of the Inner High Parish of Glasgow. The presentation to both is, we believe, with the Crown. The funeral, which was a public one, took place on Tuesday.—*Glasgow Gazette.*

PROFESSOR RAUCH.

Dec. 3. At Dresden, aged eighty years and eleven months, Professor Christian Rauch.

The Professor had repaired to Dresden in order to undergo a surgical operation, which, however, the surgeons thought unadvisable, and he gradually sank. For some weeks before his death his state had been hopeless, but a few days before that event he rallied, rose from his bed, was dressed, walked about in his room, and expressed a strong desire to return to the *atelier* which he, years ago, in the fac-simile under the well-known picture of his studio, pointed out, and really always considered, as "his home." But this seeming recovery proved only the last kindling-up of the extinguishing light, and death, calm and painless, ensued early in the morning of the 3rd of December, closing a career of success and renown. Born on the second of January, 1777, at Arolsen, the pretty little capital of the principality of Waldeck (the birth-place, likewise, of Drake, the sculptor, and Kaulbach, the painter), Rauch, at his outset, had to struggle with great and many difficulties. His parents were poor, and occupied a humble station in life. Ruhl, the Cassel sculptor, who first instructed the youth in modelling, was by no means a superior artist,—and when, at the age of twenty, young Rauch repaired to Berlin, he at first followed his deceased brother in the menial office of a royal lacquey. Surprised, one day, by the Queen Louisa, the mother of the present King, in an attempt to form her fair features in wax, he was happy enough to find his rising genius noticed and nursed. He was sent by the Queen to Dresden, there to

study the far-famed Mengs Collection of plaster-casts from the antique, and in 1804 made his first journey to Rome, where Thorwaldsen and Canova befriended him, and where his talent steadily developed itself. In 1811 he returned to Berlin, in order to execute, at the invitation of King Frederick William the Third, the statue of the late Queen for the mausoleum to be erected to the memory of that Princess at Charlottenburgh. Since that he went on producing those numerous busts and statues of the patriot heroes of Prussia which adorn the capital and the country everywhere, and which gained him the name of the Prussian Phidias. The long list of his works culminated in the creation of his monument of Frederick the Great. Rauch, great and *unique* as an artist, was good and amiable as a man. The sympathy excited by his death is universal:—proof, the reception of his earthly remains at Berlin. They arrived there, we are informed, on the 5th of December, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening. The Dresden artists had taken care to deck the coffin with flowers, evergreens, and laurel-wreaths. About 100 persons, most of them friends and pupils of the deceased, members of the Royal Academy, &c., received the coffin at the railway-terminus, and accompanied it, forming a quiet funeral procession, to the house of Rauch, "im alten Lagerhause, Kloster Strasse, 76." Here a "Trauerkapelle" (*Chapelle ardente*) had been prepared, under the superintendence of Prof. Kiss. At the head of the coffin was Rauch's bust, adorned with the golden laurel-wreath which was presented to him from his pupils on his seventieth birthday, in 1847. Six candelabras, with forty-two tapers, surrounded the coffin, lighting the five statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the two Victories (destined for the "Schlossgarten," at Charlottenburgh), all of them works by the late master. Rauch was decorated with twelve various orders, and was honorary citizen of the city of Berlin. His admirers will learn with pleasure that shortly before his death, after his own design, a medal has appeared at the "Berliner Medaillen-Münze, von G. Loos," representing on one side the well-executed portrait of the late master, and on the other the monument of Frederick the Great, in its north-eastern aspect.

CAPT. MONCK MASON.

The untimely death of Captain George Monck Mason, the late able and energetic British Resident at Jodhpore, in Rajpootana, adds another to the many severe