

of the surrounding hills. This grape in its green state is also exported in great quantities, so that a good deal of activity is exhibited round the harbour. Those who are advocates of free trade say, "If we had a stable and constitutional Government that would give safety and security to property, and the duty on imports somewhat relaxed, so that we might reciprocate with other nations, there are scarcely any limits to the trade that might be done. Now there is no confidence, either in Government or individuals, and our restrictive tariffs exclude everything that would be beneficial to the country." Though the climate, as I have said, is very delightful, I fancy that very few persons would come to Malaga either for health or pleasure. The natives have not the most remote idea of what comfort means, and both English and Americans grumble immensely at the greed and extortion practised on strangers.

There are three big hotels in the city, but that is all you can say in their favour. The *Hôtel del Alameda*, on the Alameda, is perhaps the best, but even there great complaints are made of the absence of all comfort, care, and attention towards the inmates. One would think that when a Spaniard condescended to open an hotel, he expected all the homage to come from the customer to whom he offers his cold hospitality.

The town has still a great deal of the Arab character about it, and many of the natives still retain the type of their oriental origin. The present population is about 80,000, and they have introduced several cotton manufactories and iron foundries, which they are trying to foster by protection, and at the general expense of the community, which, I think, is a blunder; but that is their business. The leading merchants have established a club or casino—the nearest approach to comfort that I have seen in Spain—where English, American, and French newspapers are to be had, and which is open to visitors for fifteen days, on the introduction of a member. It is only after ten days' travelling through this benighted country that one can fully appreciate and enjoy a file of the English newspapers.

There is little of interest to be seen in Malaga, except, it may be, the Cathedral, which is the finest specimen of Greco-Roman architecture that is to be seen in Spain, and contains some very fair works of art.

Like most of the cathedrals in the south of Spain, it is built on the site of the great Mosque. It was not finished till near the close of the 16th century. The beautiful façade is flanked with two fine towers, one unfinished, and the other, forming the bell tower, rising to the height of 360 feet; and from which the view over land and sea is one of the finest that can be conceived. The building stands on a slight elevation, and, viewed from the harbour or from the hills behind, has a fine and imposing appearance. The interior will well repay two or three visits. The Corinthian columns rise in groups, supporting the lofty domes and roof; the altars are richly ornamented, and the choir, which is in the centre aisle, has some fine carvings and marble bas-relief.

There are some curious old Moorish gates and buildings still standing; but of these we have had enough in the cities that we have already visited. Here, as in most Spanish cities, the alamedas or public promenades, full of flowers, and watered by beautiful marble fountains, are the delight of travellers and the enjoyment of the inhabitants.

I may mention here, that the practice adopted in Spain for letters *post restante*, is different from any other country I have been in, and has its advantages

as well as disadvantages. All such letters are entered and posted up on boards, with date of receipt, name, and number attached to each letter, and hung out in the passages. The inquirer looks out for his name, and puts the number attached to each letter on a piece of paper, and, with his card or passport, presents them at the window. The difficulty here is, that scarcely one name is copied correctly, and one may have to go two or three times before he gets his letters. To get over this difficulty, I looked over the names on the board, for the range of five or six days that I expected letters, and took down every number the name to which had the slightest resemblance to my own, and presented them at the window. Perhaps I found three out of five letters for myself, all spelt differently in the list; and I suppose I might have taken the others also, for anything the clerks seemed to care. The complaint of the public is, that they have three men to do the work of one, and consequently the work is badly done. These post-offices are generally dark, dirty, and inconvenient. Even in Madrid the post-office would be a disgrace to any third-rate town in Great Britain. And in Malaga, a commercial city of 80,000 to 90,000 inhabitants, it is a poor dirty dilapidated building in a narrow out-of-the-way street.

I should mention, before quitting Malaga, that I was very kindly received by Mr. Mark, the British Consul, who has an hereditary claim on the respect and homage of every British subject, from the fact that his father was the first man who obtained permission for the formation of a Protestant burial-ground. Before his time the heretics were buried in the sea sands below water-mark, like dogs. This is the manner in which this peculiarly Catholic country guarded itself even against the heretical dead, so many of whom bled and died in the cause of Spanish independence.

Among the manufactures of Malaga, I was most pleased with the very pretty terra-cotta figures that are made here of the costumes of Spain; specimens of which were seen at our Exhibition of 1862.

#### PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER.

PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER, the well-known historian of Scotland, was the son of Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge who attained great distinction both in his own walk in life, and in literature. The son resembled his father both in his literary tastes, and in following the profession of the law. But, from the first the law had little chance with the Muses, the Muse of History especially, and the son has obtained a wider reputation than the father, though not the same worldly prosperity and rank. But Tytler has still higher claims to respect than can be conferred by mere literary fame. When his life was written some years ago, it was entitled by his biographer, the well-known Mr. Burgon, of Oxford, "The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman." The ethical and religious lessons of his biography are exceedingly numerous; and at the same time the events of his life and the society to which he belonged possess a very high degree of interest, an interest in some respects unique.

When he was at Edinburgh he constantly met at his father's the most brilliant and intellectual society of which that city has been able to boast at any period of its history. Here came Jeffery and Sydney Smith, Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie, Basil Hall and Leyden the poet, with many others more or less known to fame. His



father sent him to school in England. The school was kept by a pious clergyman of the name of Jerram, who was at that time curate to Richard Cecil.

Even when a boy of seventeen, at school, young Tytler's letters were marked with very great delicacy and accuracy of description. He attended service in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, and there he saw old George the Third. "The appearance of the King was very interesting. He walked without any support, except a stick, upon which he seemed to lean a good deal. He appeared almost completely blind; yet, probably from custom, he proceeded easily to his seat in the chapel, groping his way a little by the stick; and was dressed in a plain blue coat, with the regal star upon his breast, a little slouch hat and boots. But the most pleasing part of the scene was still to come—I mean his devotion. He heard the service with the most solemn attention, frequently raising both his hands and repeating the responses with a fine deep-toned voice."

When he returned home, Tytler began to apply himself diligently to the study of Scottish law. But he had hardly attained his majority when he lost his beloved father, whom he had always regarded with the deepest intensity of affection. Many years afterwards we find him writing: "To be resigned, I trust, through the grace of God and the mercy of my Saviour, I have already taught myself; but to forget is impossible. My heart must cease to beat, my memory become a blank, my affections wither, and my whole being change, before the love and goodness of my father, and the uninterrupted happiness of our life when he dwelt, surrounded by his family, in this earthly paradise, shall fade for a moment from my recollection."

When the armies of the Allies had occupied Paris in 1814, Tytler, who had just been called to the bar, accompanied by the present Sir Archibald Alison and other friends, paid a visit to France. He had the good fortune, chiefly through the kind services of Dr. Wylie, the celebrated Scottish physician to the Emperor Alexander, to be introduced to many of the distinguished persons who at that time had flocked to Paris. He heard some interesting anecdotes about the Duke of Wellington from Lord Lovaine, who had served under the Duke in Spain as a volunteer. He heard that a magnificent hotel had been fitted up in Paris for the Duke, and he insisted on leaving it and staying at Mr. Wellesley Pole's, whose house was quite full, and who could only offer him a *small dark closet*, where he received a visit from the King of Prussia. "He used to lie down in the corner of the room, sometimes on straw, sometimes on a hard couch, always with his clothes on. He never undressed, but on the contrary, dressed himself anew before going to sleep, and slept sound in a few minutes. He generally lay down in the same room where his aides-de-camp and other young officers were joking and romping around him. I have heard that during the retreat from Burgos, his mind was in such a dreadful state of anxiety, and his health in consequence so wretched, that his physician declared that he could not have lived unless it had been for his faculty of sleeping whenever he lay down."

Young Tytler returned home by way of Belgium and Holland. In one of his common-place books we find a passage full of deep feeling, on the temptations and dangers of travel, and the scenes which great cities present: "If the constant sight of all this has in any degree removed or lessened the deep horror for vice which I shall ever earnestly seek to preserve,—if this knowledge of the world, as it is called, has in any degree impaired my ardent love for what is pure and

excellent in nature, I do most deeply entreat the pardon of that God who is all purity; and I trust that now, when once again under that roof in which I was born, I may recover what I have lost."

Mr. Tytler made at first considerable progress at the bar. His father's great reputation, and the respect in which his memory was held, served him in very good stead. But his literary tastes more and more preponderated, and his memoranda show how exclusively his attention was devoted to poetry and the *belles lettres*. Lawyers and clients took the alarm. They did not conceive it possible that a literary man could be a first-rate advocate, and gradually withdrew their business. Even the law itself was chiefly regarded by him in its literary and archaeological aspects. He contributed a few articles to periodical literature, but he early recognised the importance of devoting himself to some special branch of literature. His illustrious friend, Sir Walter Scott, gave him a hint on this subject which decided the bent of many future years. He had been dining at Abbotsford, and, in the course of the evening, Sir Walter took him aside and suggested to him the scheme of writing a history of Scotland. Sir Walter had himself devised something of the kind, but he saw that it required an amount of labour and research which he had no time for. He suggested to Mr. Tytler that he should undertake the task. Although startled by the magnitude of the work, the more he meditated on it the better was he pleased with the idea, and before long he began to make collections towards the subject.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Tytler published a little work on the "Life of Wycliffe." We find him still attending the law courts, but his heart was far away with his work and with his wife. "My dearest love," he writes to her from the Scotch Exchequer Court, "I am sitting here with our Baron sound asleep; the others almost dozing, and the Chief Baron speaking of half a gallon of whisky with an energy that might do honour to — or Demosthenes. Seriously, nothing can be more trifling or uninteresting; yet here must I sit and wait till it is concluded."

In 1828-9 the first two volumes of his History of Scotland appeared. Sir Walter Scott wrote an article upon them in the "Quarterly Review," characterised both by kindness and candour. Mr. Tytler's researches in the State Paper Office had enabled him to bring to light a whole mine of valuable information. Subsequently he went to London, where his friend Mr. Lockhart, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," introduced him to Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher. He made arrangements with Mr. Murray which led to the publication of his "Lives of Illustrious Soldiers." He now saw, but how changed! the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, whom he had last seen during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies. Mr. Tytler has left the following remarks respecting his own mental state while visiting the huge modern Babylon: "My first feeling in London has been this time the same as it always is, a sense of loneliness and desertion; the misery of bustle with the consciousness of solitude. This I seek to relieve in two ways: the first (for which I bless God) is to pray often, wherever I may be, and to seek a nearer communion with the Source of all love and goodness, in his own way, through my Saviour. This calms me, and I am at peace. The second is, to write to my best and dearest love, who is, and ever will be, more perfectly dear than any mortal thing; and to whom my thoughts in absence constantly revert, with a fondness I cannot explain."

The health of his beloved wife was such as to cause



serious disquietude to her husband. He took her for one winter to the mild climate of Torquay. On their way they passed through Oxford. Tytler obtained a glimpse of the Bodleian Library, which filled him with a student's rapturous delight. "It was but a passing glance; yet delight was mingled with regret; and if it pleases God to spare me, we shall, I trust, return again. The quiet, ancient, monastic look of the place—the gray tranquillity thrown over all—the noble stores of books and manuscripts, and the great men looking down from the walls, all seem to make this place the very retirement which a student might desire, or rather dream of."

London, however, rather than Oxford, was his place of study—in the State Paper Office, and in the library of the British Museum, where indeed his extraordinary application on one occasion brought on a serious fit of illness. The next winter, by the advice of his physician, was spent in the Isle of Bute. The climate seems, however, to have been unfavourable for Mrs. Tytler's health, who, having lasted through the winter; died in the early spring. "Full of pure and humble faith, sustained by a most blessed hope, and overflowing with sweetest charity, she breathed away her gentle spirit in her husband's arms, murmuring the name of Jesus."

After this bereavement Tytler took his motherless children southwards, and occupied a house at Hampstead. Subsequently he removed to Wimpole Street. We are told that "constant prayer, large daily study of the Bible, and the religious education of his little children, became now his constant occupation and his only joy." As time rolled on, in many ways his grief became assuaged. His literary labours occupied him fully, and he performed an important service to literature, by the evidence which he gave before a Committee of the House of Commons, about his plan of making the national archives available for historians. After a very long interval, the advice has been acted on, and the publication of the calendars, now in progress, forms an era in our historical literature. He was one of the first members, and almost a founder, of the "English Historical Society." In one of his holidays he visited Dunblane, and "passed a sweet day in dear Leighton's library." This was the library of the great archbishop, and Mr. Tytler transcribed the abundant notes which Leighton had made in his copy of George Herbert's poems.

Mr. Tytler resolved on bringing all his furniture from Edinburgh to London, to a house which he had taken in Devonshire Place. Sydney Smith came to see him in London with the express object of looking at the furniture which he used to know so well in Edinburgh. Thus Miss Tytler tells the story: "And he did come; and stopping short in the middle of the drawing-room he exclaimed, 'O ye chairs! friends of my early years! Ye tables! which so oft have witnessed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," blooming yet in immortal youth! How do ye mock my grey hairs! And thirty pounds, did you say? All transported for thirty pounds? packed up in the smallest possible compass—piled up against the wall—taken by measurement, and two captains to bid down each other. Wonderful nation, singular people!' How Sydney Smith laughed, and how we enjoyed this visit! It is impossible to say what an interest we felt in seeing how every piece of furniture fitted into its appropriate place, and how easily we could arrange the drawing-room to look as it did in Prince's Street, even to the mirrors between the windows, and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such a glorious tea-drinking, when Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair,

Henry Mackenzie, and other intimate friends sat around it; with pyramids of cakes, saucers of strawberry jam, and tea and wit of the purest flavour freely circulating around."

In the summer the family used to go to Hampstead, where their good friend Joanna Baillie resided, at whose house they had the advantage of meeting many distinguished people from all parts of the world. Mrs. Baillie knew a worthy old lady who kept a confectioner's shop, and the following anecdote is told about her:—

"Mrs. Joanna found her old friend Mrs. Mosé in sad distress, mourning over the death of Chief Justice Tindal, which had just taken place. 'Oh! ma'am,' she exclaimed, 'what a heavy loss to his country, for Justice Tindal was a right-thinking man.'

"'He was indeed an excellent man,' Mrs. Joanna answered; 'but I don't quite understand, Mrs. Mosé, what you mean by *right-thinking* man.'

"'Just a right-thinking man, ma'am. A man that took up with no new-fangled notions, but always ordered his mince pies *here* at Christmas.'

Something more should be said respecting Mr. Tytler's literary works. He contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the paper on "Scotland," which, published in a separate form, has enjoyed great popularity. Later he completed his History of Scotland. In his closing paragraph he says: "It is with feelings of gratitude, mingled with regret, that the author now closes this work, the History of his country, the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret, that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion." His intense labour, during the completion of his latter volumes, brought on, in 1841, a slight paralytic seizure. He thus alludes to the circumstance in some memoranda on the commencement of a new year: "It well becomes me to open this new year with expressions of the deepest gratitude to the Giver of all good things. The year just closed (1841) has been one of great trial and great support. How can I ever forget this time, or at least about this time, last year, when I was suddenly struck with an illness, which, although under the blessing of God it soon gave way to the remedies applied, was most serious and alarming at the time; and for two months incapacitated me for pursuing my ordinary studies. How merciful was this warning sent me by my heavenly Father that I was overtaxing my mind with my History, and pursuing too intensely and exclusively among minor objects! The blow might have been a far sharper one; it might have prostrated my bodily and weakened my mental powers, and rendered me a burden to myself and others: but how tenderly, how gently was it sent me! How loving was the lesson, how perfect has been the recovery! and to my gracious Father, how imperfect is my gratitude! If every moment of my life could be spent in praise, it would be yet too little for all that goodness and mercy which has followed me all the days of my life."

We find various notes of scenes of recreation so well earned by seasons of intense application. We follow him in the Highlands, where various of his relations were settled. "Walked over the hill by Glach Ossian to Autfield, taking leave of dear Jeanie and sweet Moniack. It was a lovely day, and the view from the hill above Dochfour enchanting; the whole country bathed in a rich golden air tint, and Loch Ness stretching out in a sheet of silver. I was happy, and very grateful to God



for my eyes. *Benedicite, omnia opera* came into my mind." We thus find him writing to his friend and biographer, Mr. Burgon: "My dear Johnny, I hope I shall be in Oxford on Wednesday, 21st December, see Johnny, stay a night at the nearest inn to Worcester College, and return to London on Thursday, the 22nd. What is the meaning of this sudden escapade? Shooting is the meaning, Johnny—killing hares is the meaning, and pheasants, and perhaps woodcocks. Still, all is in the dark. Well, hear, you Greek particle you! To the State Paper Office came, a little while ago, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bertie and Lady Georgina Bertie. . . . Mr. Bertie, a kind and gentlemanly man, hearing (how I know not) of my passion for research, sometimes taking a sporting rather than a literary direction, to-day, when I was deep in the ninth volume, suddenly fired off an invitation at my head. What could I do, Johnny? To come down to Albany, near Woodstock, to shoot on Tuesday, and to be driven by Mr. Bertie to Oxford on Wednesday, to see Johnny in his cap and gown—it was too much for me to resist. So I capitulated, accepted, and am to come, all keeping well, on the 21st. Ever, dear Johnny, yours." Her Gracious Majesty took a great deal of notice of Mr. Tytler, and honoured him with her command to dine at Windsor Castle; and when he would have taken his departure, he was invited by special command to stay longer at the Castle. We give an extract from his narrative of his visit:—

"Soon after luncheon Mr.— came with a message from Mr. Murray to say I must meet him immediately, to go and see the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, who were coming into the corridor with the Queen. Away I went, joined Mr. Murray, and got to the corridor, where we found some of the gentlemen and ladies of the household; and after a short time, the Queen, with the two little children playing round about her, and a maid with the Princess Alice; Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Hohenlohe, and some of the ladies in waiting came up to us; and her Majesty bowed most graciously, having the Prince of Wales in her hand, trotting on and looking happy and merry. When the Queen came to where I was, and on my bowing and looking very delightedly, which I could not help doing, at the little Prince and her, she bowed, and said to the little boy, 'Make a bow, sir!' When the Queen said this, the Duke of Cambridge and the rest stood still, and the little Prince, walking straight up to me, made a bow, smiling all the time and holding out his hand, which I immediately took, and bowing low, kissed it. The Queen seemed much pleased, and smiled affectionately at the gracious way in which the little Prince deputed himself. All then passed through the corridor, and after an interval of about a quarter of an hour, Prince Albert, followed by a servant bearing two boxes, and having himself a large morocco box, came up to where I was, and told me he had brought the miniatures to show me, of which he had spoken last night. Then, in the sweetest possible way, he opened his treasures and employed more than half an hour in showing me the beautiful ancient miniatures of Holbein, Oliver, Cooper, and others; most exquisite things! embracing a series of original portraits of the kings, queens, princesses, and eminent men of England, and the continent also, from the time of Henry VII to the reign of George III. . . . I handed Lady — to dinner, and all went on very happily, without any stiffness. . . . There was nobody but herself and Prince Hohenlohe between me and the Queen. However, I do not believe I gave any offence; for her Majesty, when we came into the drawing-room, singled me out after a little time, and

entered into conversation upon the miniatures. I expressed my high admiration of them, and of their great historical value, and praised the Prince for the ardour and knowledge he had shown in bringing them together and rescuing them from neglect. Her Majesty seemed pleased, and questioned me about the portraits of Bothwell. I expressed the doubts I had stated to the Prince, as to there being any authentic picture in existence, but added that I would make myself master of the fact immediately on my return, which she seemed to like."

Some time after this Mr. Tytler had an agreeable letter from Sir Robert Peel, in which Sir Robert mentioned that his distinguished name had been put down for a pension of two hundred a-year. After this time we find him mingling a great deal in society. He was a frequent guest of the Duke of Somerset, and on one occasion we find him writing from the Duke's seat: "We had the Speaker here, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, of whom your friends the Misses Allen spoke so much. All they said was true; for I never was in company with a more agreeable man, full of anecdotes, funny, and without the least affectation of any kind. He is a noble-looking man too—quite like what the head of the Commons of England should be." Some time afterwards Mr. Tytler married for a second time, and under peculiarly happy circumstances. He and his bride went to Oxford for their holidays. "There is something about this old city which I have never seen or felt in any other place; an air of sweet solemn quiet, a religious repose which falls softly on the mind and disposes it to pure and holy thoughts. And then, for a studious man, its noble libraries, and the collections of MSS. in the different colleges, make it, I should think, a literary Paradise."

At length: his health gave way in a mysterious manner, and he became a confirmed invalid. He disappeared from society. His whole nervous system became shattered. He sank into a state of despondency. Everything was tried, both at home and abroad, but nothing could rouse him. He became more and more exhausted. He caused the 121st Psalm to be read slowly and distinctly to him, in order, as he said, that he might understand it, and then took to his bed, which he never left again. On Christmas Eve, 1849, he kissed and blessed his children and gently sank away. He was buried in Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh. His biographer concludes his life by saying that those who knew him best, declare that in him they beheld the truest impersonation of their ideal of a *Christian gentleman*. The following were the concluding words of his epitaph: "Of his genius and his tastes, his historical and biographical works are a sufficient memorial. Of his pure converse and delightful manners, his serene temper and lovely disposition, recollections are garnered up, where only they can be preserved, in the hearts of his friends. Of his piety, his faith, his hope and love, the record survives in heaven. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

#### PROVERBIAL COMPARISON.

THE use of just and appropriate comparisons is one of the characteristics of the clever writer and the correct and eloquent speaker. The force and fitness of a man's utterances will often depend upon the choice he makes of such means of illustration, and his readiness and sagacity in selecting them. If we take note of the involuntary checks and pauses that occur now and then in the deliverances of that numerous class who talk much faster than they think, or talk volubly without