

A tribute of regard to the memory of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., portrait painter to the King for Scotland : read at the forty-third anniversary meeting of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh / by Andrew Duncan.

Contributors

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*of the Royal College of Physicians
London
from the Author.*

TRIBUTE OF REGARD

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R. A.

PORTRAIT PAINTER TO THE KING FOR SCOTLAND :

READ AT THE FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY MEETING
OF THE HARVEIAN SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH,

BY ANDREW DUNCAN *sen.* M. D. & P.

An. Æt. Octogesimo,

FIRST PHYSICIAN TO THE KING FOR SCOTLAND,
FATHER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH,
FOUNDER OF THE HARVEIAN SOCIETY,
INTER RESTAURATORES LUDORUM APOLLINARIUM, &c.

Fas sit mihi visa referre.



EDINBURGH :

PRINTED BY P. NEILL ;

SOLD BY BELL & BRADFUTE, PARLIAMENT SQUARE ;
AND BY LONGMAN & Co., LONDON.

M.DCCCXXIV.

TRIBUTE OF REGARD

TO THE
MEMORY

OF
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

POSTHUMOUS PAINTER TO THE KING FOR SCOTLAND:

READ AT THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE RAEBURN SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH,

BY ANDREW DUNCAN, ESQ., M.D. & F.R.S.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY R. SMITH;

SOLD BY HELL & BRADUTE, PARLIAMENT SQUARE;

AND BY LONGMAN & CO., LONDON.

M.DCCCXXXII.

TO
GILBERT INNES, Esq.

OF STOW,

Who has for many years employed his time and talents as Deputy-Governor of the Royal Bank of Scotland; and who has found it not incompatible with the important duties of that office, to derive both health and pleasure from being a Member of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh, this Tribute to the Memory of their mutual associate, the late Sir HENRY RAEBURN, is affectionately dedicated, by his fellow-soldier, as a Member of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers, the King's Body Guards, into which honourable corps both of them were enlisted in the year 1771; by his amicable antagonist in Golfing, at the celebrations of the Ludi Apollinares Edinenses, in the year 1823; by his companion in Youth, his coadjutor in Manhood, and his com-patriot in Old Age,

ANDREW DUNCAN senior.

EDINBURGH,)
12th April 1824.)

TO

GILBERT INNES, Esq.

OF STON.

Who has for many years employed his time and talents
 as Deputy-Governor of the Royal Bank of Scotland;
 and who has found it not incompatible with the impor-
 tant duties of that office, to derive both health and plea-
 sure from being a Member of the Horticultural Society of
 Edinburgh, this Tricote to the Memory of their mutual
 associate, the late Sir Henry Raeburn, is affectionately
 dedicated, by his fellow-soldier, as a Member of the Royal
 Company of Scottish Architects, the King's Body-Guard,
 into which he was admitted in the year 1771; by his
 noble and distinguished friend, the late Lord Bute, in
 the year 1788; by his companion in Youth, his coadjutor
 in Manhood, and his constant friend in Old Age,

ANDREW DUNN, Esq.
 Edinburgh, April 1824.

HARVEIAN DISCOURSE,

1824.

*A MEMOIR of the late Sir HENRY RAEBURN,
addressed to the Harveian Society of Edinburgh.*

GENTLEMEN,

OF all the created beings on the face of this globe of Earth, Man, it has justly been observed, is the only animal who can communicate his ideas, by means of artificial language. The sagacious elephant and the faithful dog, by means of natural language, can demonstrate the judgment and the genius, as well as the affections and passions, of the human race. But from artificial language, transmitted from one generation to another, by the aid of writing or printing, the human race derive a

decided superiority over other animals ; a progress not merely of the individual but of the species. Since the creation of man, by artificial language the discoveries of one age have been superadded to those of another : And although much has already been done, yet daily inventions demonstrate, that much more still remains to be done.

Of all the discoveries, however, which have been made for explaining the philosophy of the human body, no one is perhaps more important than the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood. For this discovery, after medicine had been cultivated with assiduity for many ages, mankind are indebted to the genius and judgment of **WILLIAM HARVEY**, a British Physician.

Prompted by a sense of gratitude to that illustrious discoverer, some Physicians of this city, formed the resolution of annually commemorating the Birth of **HARVEY**, and the discovery of the Circulation of the Human Blood, by the circulation of the social glass. For this purpose, the first meeting of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh took place on the 12th of April 1778, the anniversary of the day on which **HARVEY** was

born, and just Two Hundred years after that event took place. In the capacity of Secretary I addressed to that first meeting of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh some observations on the life of Dr HARVEY, with the view of demonstrating the benefits which might result from imitating his example. And I published these observations to the world, that future medical practitioners in this city might know what were the objects which this association had originally in view. Of these, therefore, I need not now speak : At least it is sufficient to observe, that the two principal objects were, to commemorate, after their death, the meritorious characters of men to whom we have been much indebted during their lives, and to lead to future discoveries by following their example, by promoting experimental inquiry among the living, as being the road which most certainly leads to important discoveries, and to pay the debt of gratitude to the dead, by doing something to merit the gratitude of posterity.

With one of these intentions, this Society have proposed every year since their institution, some question respecting the philosophy of the hu-

man body, as the subject of a Prize Dissertation, to be investigated by experiment; and almost every year has produced from ingenious Students experimental essays, doing honour both to the competitors themselves, and to the University of Edinburgh. The subject proposed for 1823 was an experimental inquiry for ascertaining the composition of the Bile, and the premium has been adjudged to an Essay, which had for its motto, "*Qui fugit molam farinam non invenit.*" Upon opening the sealed letter which had the same motto, this successful Essay was found to be written by Mr FRANCIS GEORGE PROBART, from Lincolnshire, at present a student of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. To him I now deliver your Annual Premium, which, though of little intrinsic value, will, I trust, operate as a powerful incentive to future exertions.

Another great object of this institution, as I have just observed, is to pay the tribute of respect to the meritorious dead. With that view, it is now my intention to read to you a short account of one of our own number, whom we have often had the happiness of meeting in this room as an

Associate of the Harveian Society, but of whom it has lately been the will of Heaven to deprive us by his sincerely lamented death. When I add, that the subject of my present discourse is to be the late Sir HENRY RÆBURN, a Portrait Painter of the first eminence, I am persuaded, that every one who now hears me has already, in his own mind, a perfect conviction, that I intend to pay the due tribute of esteem and gratitude to the memory of a man of real genius and of real worth.

HENRY RÆBURN was born on the 4th of March 1756, at the village of Stockbridge, in the near neighbourhood of the city of Edinburgh. He was the son of Mr ROBERT RÆBURN, a respectable manufacturer. He received at the grammar school of Edinburgh the classical education in Latin and in Greek, which that seminary is well known to afford on a very excellent plan; and there he had the happiness of gaining, to a very high degree, both the esteem and affection of his teachers and his schoolfellows. With some of them, afterwards highly respectable in

life, and, among others, with the Right Honourable WILLIAM ADAM, now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland, he formed friendships which continued uninterrupted till his death.

But after finishing his grammar-school education, in place of aiming at a learned profession, he was, by his father's advice, persuaded to make choice of a mechanical employment, and was articulated as an apprentice to an eminent Goldsmith. It was in this situation that my first acquaintance with him commenced, and that, too, on a melancholy occasion. Mr CHARLES DARWIN, son of the justly celebrated Dr ERASMUS DARWIN, author of that much-esteemed Poem, *The Botanic Garden*, and of other works demonstrating great genius, died during the course of his medical studies at Edinburgh. At that time I had the honour, though a very young medical Lecturer, of ranking DARWIN among the number of my Pupils. And I need hardly add, that he was a favourite pupil: For, during his studies, he exhibited such uncommon proofs of genius and industry, as could not fail to gain the esteem and

affection of every discerning Teacher. Among other grounds of attachment, I had the happiness of putting into CHARLES DARWIN'S hands the first prize, given by this Society, for promoting experimental inquiry. That prize was awarded to him for an essay, establishing a criterion between purulent and mucaginous expectoration in pulmonary complaints, which afforded demonstrative evidence both of great industry and great genius.

On the death of young DARWIN, whose body was deposited in my burying-ground, at the Chapel of St Cuthbert's, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, as is recorded in one of his father's publications, I was anxious to retain some slight token in remembrance, of my highly esteemed young friend; and, for that purpose, I obtained a small portion of his hair. I applied to Mr GILLILAND, at that time an eminent jeweller in Edinburgh, to have it preserved in a mourning ring. He told me, that one of his present apprentices was a young man of great genius, and could prepare for me in hair, a memorial that would demonstrate both taste and art. Young RÆBURN was immediately called, and proposed to execute, on a

small trinket, which might be hung at a watch, a Muse weeping over an urn, marked with the initials of CHARLES DARWIN. This trinket was finished by RÆBURN, in a manner which, to me, afforded manifest proof of very superior genius, and I still preserve it, as a memorial of the singular and early merit, both of DARWIN and of RÆBURN.

From that period my intimacy with RÆBURN had its commencement. For I derived no small gratification from cherishing the idea, that I might be able to lend my feeble, but willing aid, in fostering rising genius.

Before RÆBURN'S apprenticeship with Mr GILLILAND was finished, he had drawn, at his leisure hours, many miniature pictures, in water colours, in such a style as clearly to demonstrate, that nature had intended him, not for a goldsmith, but for a very excellent Portrait-painter. And it was amicably agreed between him and his master, that he should change his profession. Accordingly, self-taught, he became a miniature-painter in Edinburgh. In this employment, however, he did not long persist: For he had

sufficient ambition to think, that, as a portrait-painter in oil-colours, he might imitate the noble example of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, whose portraits were, at that time, viewed with admiration by every discerning Briton.

Having obtained proper introductions to Sir JOSHUA, he went to London, to have his future destiny regulated by the advice of that able and liberal-minded judge. From Sir JOSHUA he met with that favourable reception, which might have been expected from an enlightened and sincere friend to modest merit. Sir JOSHUA not only bestowed high approbation on the specimens of young RAEBURN'S abilities, which were presented to him, but strongly recommended it to him to persist in his intended plan. For that purpose, he advised RAEBURN to put himself under the tuition, not of the living, but of the dead. He persuaded him immediately to visit Italy, and there to study the paintings of the most eminent artists that have yet lived.

To Rome RAEBURN accordingly went, where he met with the same flattering reception as in London. At Rome he remained for upwards

of two years, assiduously studying the great works of art with which Rome abounds. Instructed, by the study of ancient painters, he returned to Britain, and, with the view of following the profession of a portrait-painter, he fixed his residence at Edinburgh, in the twenty-second year of his age.

Soon after his return, he married a widow lady, of whom he had, for several years, been an admirer. By her he became the possessor of the romantic villa of St Bernard's, on the Water of Leith, about a mile from apartments which he took for the prosecution of his profession, in one of the principal streets of New Edinburgh. In these apartments, however, he remained only for a short time. To afford more ample accommodation, both for finishing and for exhibiting his pictures, he soon purchased an area in another new street, York Place, and built upon it a large house, which he fitted up with every convenience that a portrait-painter could desire. There his operations were carried on, and there his pictures were exhibited, till his lamented death put a final close to his labours.

Of his success as a painter, to those who now hear me, and to whom opportunities are daily afforded, of witnessing the wonderful efforts of his pencil, I need say nothing. Permit me, however, to observe, that our Harveian Society, now assembled in this room, were in some degree instrumental in giving him a favourable introduction to public notice. For, very soon after he settled here, we employed him to draw a picture of one of the original members of this Institution, the late WILLIAM INGLIS, Esq. the chief restorer of the Ludi Apollinares at Edinburgh, games annually celebrated on the Links of Leith, at which there is an admirable combination of healthful exercise with social mirth. Soon afterwards, we employed him, also, to draw a picture of our second President, the late ALEXANDER WOOD, Esq. who, as a successful operator in Surgery, and as a most kind-hearted and liberal practitioner in Medicine, must live in recollection of all who are now present. A third subject, on which RAE-BURN, at an early period, employed his pencil, was a portrait of myself, painted for the Royal Public Dispensary, to which I had the happiness

of giving a beginning at Edinburgh. On these three pictures, at the commencement of his career, I need hardly stop to say that he bestowed very peculiar attention; and I need hardly add, that, at an early period, they attracted very considerable notice in Edinburgh. They were soon followed by three others, with regard to which I may also say, *Quorum pars magna fui*. These were the pictures of three eminent men, to whom the University of Edinburgh is very much indebted. Dr WILLIAM ROBERTSON, long Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and author of some of the best historical works of which the English language can boast; Dr ADAM FERGUSON, who, as a Professor of Political and Moral Philosophy, has never, perhaps, been excelled at this place; and THOMAS ELDER, Esq. to whom, when Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, we are indebted, for having given a commencement to the new and magnificent building for the University, a fabric, both highly honourable and highly advantageous to education at Edinburgh. These three pictures now ornament the Senate-Hall of our University, and will convey, to late

posterity, exact and favourable resemblances of eminent benefactors: For **RAEBURN** was not more successful in taking a striking likeness, than in giving to it the most flattering aspect, with all the spirit of the original. And it has been justly said of his pictures, that they were the men themselves, starting from the canvass.

His celebrity, as a portrait-painter, was by no means confined to Edinburgh. He sent many different portraits to London. There, in the annual exhibition of paintings at Sommerset House, they were brought into comparison with the works of almost every eminent limner in Britain. And I am myself a living witness of the distinguished esteem, in which they were there held, by able judges in painting: For when in London, in 1815, and visiting the exhibition in Sommerset House, I saw, among other portraits, that of my late valuable friend and colleague, Professor **PLAYFAIR**, of this University, from the pencil of **RAEBURN**. That picture was highly esteemed by able connoisseurs. I was myself, indeed, I must allow, a very partial and inadequate judge. But I was by no means singular in opinion, in consider-

ing it as one of the best painted portraits then in the room, which, at that time, contained many excellent pictures, by the first London artists.

Of the esteem, however, in which his pictures were held at London, a still more public and incontestible evidence was afforded, in the compliments which were paid him, by the Royal Academy of Painting, in that city. For, in the year 1812, they conferred upon him the rank of an Associate of the Academy; and three years afterwards raised him to that of an Academician. This flattering distinction was, on his part, unexpected and unsolicited; and it was the more honourable, as, at that period, several promising artists were unsuccessful candidates.

To enter into a detailed account of the many pictures which came from the pencil of RAE-BURN, would be altogether incompatible with the nature of this discourse. It is sufficient to say, that admirable likenesses of many of the most eminent characters in Scotland, for rank, for literature, and for military achievements, are preserved by means of his labours.

The DUKE OF HAMILTON, the EARL OF

HOPETON, Sir DAVID BAIRD, Sir WALTER SCOTT, Principal HILL, Dr HUNTER, Mr DUGALD STEWART, and many other justly distinguished Scotsmen, will long live on canvass by his exertions. Nay, there is perhaps hardly any portrait-painter, who, during an equal length of time, produced an equal number of fine pictures; for, in painting portraits, he was fully and assiduously employed for more than forty years. And he never allowed any picture to go out of his hands on which he did not bestow very great attention.

When our justly beloved SOVEREIGN visited Scotland, the merit of RAEBURN could not escape his notice. His MAJESTY was graciously pleased to confer upon him a mark of royal favour, by raising him to the dignity of Knighthood, and thus bestowing upon him the same honourable distinction which had marked the talents of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and a few other of the first artists that Britain has produced.

To the excellent and amiable character of Sir JOSHUA, who may be considered as RAEBURN'S first patron, that of Sir HENRY bore in many

respects a very near resemblance. For, in both, superiority of genius was by no means confined to painting alone. Both of them lived in habits of intimacy with the most eminent literary characters in their neighbourhood, and both of them were highly acceptable guests at the social meetings of learned men. Sir JOSHUA enjoyed the instructive conversation of GARRICK, GOLDSMITH, and JOHNSON: Sir HENRY partook of that of SCOTT, MACKENZIE, and ALISON, names that will be immortal in the annals of literature and taste. Both of them were associated with many learned Societies. Sir JOSHUA was a member of the Royal, the Antiquarian, and other eminent Societies of London, and of the Continent. Sir HENRY was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, and of the Academy of New York, in the United States of America, and of several other honourable institutions of the present period.

While, however, he was distinguished in literary institutions, he was also conspicuous in companies for healthful and manly exercise; and I

am proud to say, that, even in the 80th year of my age, I continued to be not only his fellow-member in the Royal Company of Scottish Archers, in the Golfers' Company at Leith, and in the Society for the restoration of the *Ludi Apollinares* at Edinburgh, but I was also his antagonist on the Links as a practical golfer. I was his opponent in the last game at golf which he ever played. On Saturday the 7th of June 1823, I called at his painting rooms, after concluding the business I had allotted for the day. After he had also finished his business, we walked together to Leith Links. There, removed from the smoke of the city of Edinburgh, we conjoined, with pleasing conversation, a trial of skill at a salutary and interesting exercise, to which we had both a strong attachment. Perhaps upon this occasion, an eulogium, which was some years ago bestowed upon me, by my most excellent friend, the late Honourable HENRY ERSKINE, might justly be applied to both of us. "*Nemo studiosius negotio operam dedit, nemo elegantius negotiorum intervalla otio occupavit.*" For, I may venture to say, that it will be difficult to

find two men, in Edinburgh, who have attended more to the duties of their professions, and, at the same time, enjoyed a greater share of salutary recreation than we have done.

After dedicating, at an advanced period of life, the school-boy half-holiday, the Saturday afternoon, to healthful amusement, we enjoyed a temperate meal in the Golfers' Hall, in the company of a few friends. That Hall is already ornamented with several good portraits. It contains, among others, two from the pencil of Sir HENRY, of men, now dead, who were once very conspicuous ornaments of that Society, both as excellent golfers, and as possessing uncommon social powers, the portraits of JOHN GRAY, Esq. a social spirit, and of JAMES BALFOUR, Esq. whose musical talents and amiable temper could not fail to support the hilarity and harmony of every company in which he was present. Indeed, Sir HENRY'S picture of Mr BALFOUR, drawn in the character of singing a joyous song, is thought by many to be one of the best he ever painted.

At that meeting, it was agreed that a full length picture of one of the most distinguished

members of the Company of Golfers, Mr JOHN TAYLOR of the Exchequer, who has at present the character of being one of the best golfers in Scotland, should be drawn by Sir HENRY, to afford an additional ornament to the Hall, as soon as the convenience of both would permit. After partaking of a sober, but social glass, we returned to Edinburgh in the same carriage. We then separated, in the confident hope that we might soon meet again on a similar party of pleasure. But, alas! the will of Heaven had otherwise determined: for in little more than the short space of a single month, I had to perform the melancholy duty of accompanying his dead body to the grave.

Soon after this pleasing match at golf, Sir HENRY accompanied a select party, on a visit to the venerable remains of the Cathedral Church of St Andrew's, once the See of the Primate of Scotland; a superb Gothic fabric, raised by blind superstition, and ruined by mad fanaticism. The party consisted of his quondam schoolfellow, the Right Honourable WILLIAM ADAM, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, the Right Honourable Sir SAMUEL SHEPPERD, Lord

Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who, though born on the south side of Tweed, will long be remembered with gratitude in Scotland for the blessings he has conferred on his adopted country; Sir WALTER SCOTT, a man not more distinguished as a fascinating author, than as a pleasant companion; and a few other highly eminent characters. From that excursion Sir HENRY returned in bad health; and the aid of his medical friends to resist the progress of his disease was of no avail. It proved fatal to him in a few days. Thus were we deprived of Sir HENRY RAEBURN, on the 8th of July 1823, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

At that period of his life, by the study and practice of painting, he had reached as high a degree of eminence in his profession as he could ever hope to attain; and he was in as full employment as any portrait-painter could either wish or expect to be. For while new applications were frequently made to him for pictures, which, till a distant period he could not promise to begin, he had already made some progress in more than he could have been able to finish during a consider-

able period of time. This I can affirm not only from my own knowledge, in consequence of frequent visits to his unfinished pictures, but on the authority of one who is a much more able judge. I have been informed by an ingenious young artist, Mr JOHN SYME, who has been employed to finish Sir HENRY'S pictures, that he does not expect to be able to accomplish that undertaking in less than three or four years.

Of the excellence of Sir HENRY RAE BURN, either as a Painter or as a Man, it is unnecessary for me on the present occasion to say more. Of his numerous pictures, a selection is now open to public inspection at the Exhibition Room which he built in Edinburgh. These may demonstrate the power of his pencil to every real connoisseur in painting. His character, as an inhabitant of Edinburgh, is established by the character of those with whom he lived in habits of intimacy; and his fascinating qualities as a cheerful companion have long been witnessed by us at our Harveian Festivals. As a faithful, an esteemed, and a beloved friend, I can, from my own personal knowledge, affirm, that few have excelled him.

That he was an amiable and an excellent man, must be the unanimous opinion of all to whom he was well known.

From the common lot of mankind, one of the necessary calamities of old age, is the loss of good friends. The death of Sir HENRY RÆBURN has added to my mournful list a friend who might have been expected to survive me for several years. And I little supposed that, in discharging the duties of my office, as Secretary to the Harveian Society, an office which I have now held for more than forty years, without being absent from any one anniversary festival, it would have devolved upon me to pay the tribute of affection to his memory in this room.

But the ways of Heaven, to us blind mortals, are dark and intricate. It is our duty, therefore, with resignation to submit to the will of GOD.

Some consolation, however, on the loss of a valuable friend, may be derived from cherishing esteem for his memory. For the honest heart cannot fail to obtain some gratification from every attempt to repay the debt of gratitude, to the dead, as well as to the living. Such consolation

I now obtain on the present occasion. And I shall conclude this tribute of regard for the memory of my amiable friend, the late Sir HENRY RAEBURN, with the words of a much admired Roman Poet :

*His saltem cumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

FINIS.

I now obtain on the present occasion, And I shall conclude this trifling regard for the memory of my amiable friend, the late Sir Henry BARNARD, with the words of a much admired

Roman Poet: *Non est in morte quies*

His solus cadaver domus, et fregit inani

Munus

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APPENDIX

TO THE

MEMOIR OF SIR HENRY RÆBURN.

THE death of Sir HENRY RÆBURN is not the only irreparable loss which the Harveian Society of Edinburgh has of late sustained. By a similar event, they have been deprived also of their truly amiable Poet-Laureate, Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart. His astonishing convivial powers have, on different occasions, added to their innocent mirth, by obliging them to laugh at themselves. But he was equally capable of gratifying the finest feelings of the human heart, by serious strains. The last contribution which they received from his pen was an Elegiac Ode to the memory of HARVEY, which was transmitted to the senior Secretary Dr DUNCAN, enclosed in the following Letter :

“ *London, 23d April 1818.*

“ DEAR SIR,—Participating in your just views of life, and with that true feeling of benevolence which is most gratified when men are most happy, I congratulate you on the result of the Harveian Anniversary. And as I have been so highly honoured as to be installed Poet-Laureate among those who are themselves allied to Apollo in all his functions, whether of Music or of Medicine, I know not how to bear my honours meekly. As, however, good humour is an excellent regulator of the grosser humours, it must fall to my lot to cull simples at the base of Parnassus, or to steal a phial of the water of Hippocrene, and, with a little colouring, to produce a placebo.

“ Wishing you may long enjoy *mens sana in corpore sano*, and that there may be the true wholesome flow, both in body and spirit; with many thanks to you, and all the graduates of Mirth, for the honour they have done me, by selecting me from among the profane and uninitiated, to be admitted among the chosen Sons of vivifying Apollo,

“ I am, dear SIR,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ ALEXANDER BOSWELL.”

ELEGIAC ODE,

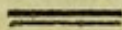
TO THE MEMORY OF

DR WILLIAM HARVEY,

DISCOVERER OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD ;

*Presented to the Annual Meeting of the Harveian Society
of Edinburgh, for 1819,*

By SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart.

Poëta Laureatus, Sod. Fil. Æsculapii.

1.

Strike, strike the Harp, strike loud and long,

Thine God of Pindus, thine the theme ;

So may thy warm life-giving beam

Fire our rapt spirits while we swell the song.

In classic lore, thy mystic powers,

Rule light and harmony and healing skill ;

And all thy three-fold influence be ours,

Shining propitious from thy sacred hill.

For thrice we honour thee,

While bosoms glow,

And goblets flow,

In honour of thy votary.

2.

Hail! to immortal HARVEY, hail!
 Thine inspiration breathed upon his soul,
 And to his ken the hidden truth unfurled;
 That, as the seasons change, the planets roll,
 As from the eastern to the western flood,
 Thy course revolving animates the world;
 So circling moves the current of the blood.
 Hail! to thy favoured son, let pæans ring,
 Hail! to his deathless name, whose fervid mind
 Flash'd light to teach, to heal, to bless mankind.
 Hail! to immortal HARVEY.
 And while our bosoms throb, our pulses beat,
 While the red current, charged with vital heat,
 Plays in meand'ring streams,
 Still higher shall we raise the strain,
 Till heaven's high vault returns again
 The soul-expanding theme;—
 Hail! to immortal HARVEY raise the song,
 Hail! to immortal HARVEY, hail!

After the recitation of this Ode, and after drinking to the memory of HARVEY in solemn silence, a bumper was also quaffed to the memory of Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL, which was introduced by the following Song, to the tune of "Hosier's Ghost," from Mr TEMPLETON, Cantor Primarius to the Harveian Society:

Elegiac Verses to the Memory of Sir ALEX. BOSWELL.

1.

Lo! behold us here assembled,
 After death has thrown a dart,
 Which deprived us of a Poet
 Who possess'd a noble heart.

2.

But, my Friends, cease lamentation,
 He enjoys the starry sphere,
 And, with heavenly animation,
 Now enraptur'd views us here.

3.

Come, Harveians, fill a bumper,
 Fill a bumper to his shade,
 And may such a social spirit,
 Every honest heart pervade.

To Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL'S powers as a delightful singer, as well as an admirable songwriter, the Harveian Society had often been indebted on former occasions for promoting the hilarity of their Meetings. At their Annual Festival on the 12th of April 1816, he afforded them very high entertainment, by singing himself, to the Tune of *The Vicar and Moses*, the following song composed by himself. In that song the names of several of the conspicuous members of the Harveian Society are printed in italics.

SONG

FOR

*The Harveian Anniversary of the Circulation Club
at Edinburgh, April 12. 1816.*

By Sir ALEX. BOSWELL, Bart., *Poeta Laureatus.*

1.

What ! bid a Man sing,
In so dreadful a ring,
Midst Priests, for the sacrifice seated ;
Æneas they tell,
Promenaded to Hell,
But his courage would here be defeated.

2.

In awe most profound,
My eye wanders round,
And phantoms rise glaring to Fancy,
Fear's mystical power
Conjures up at this hour
Sights would stun even stark Necromancy.

3.

If on *Wood* I but think,
From deal-coffin I shrink ;
If on *Bell*, I hear a bell tolling ;

For nothing can save
 From that dead *Home* the grave,
 Tho' *Hope*, smiling *Hope*, sits cajoling.

4.

If Murder and Death
 Chill our blood, in *Macbeth*,
 Talk of *Duncan*, we hear ravens croaking ;
 But the *Duncan* that's here,
 Is th' assassin, I fear,
 Who kills us, remorseless, with joking.

5.

Old Duncan, they say,
 Can the merry fool play,
 When seated amidst honest fellows.
 Now Doctor of Mirth,
 To fresh jokes he'll give birth,
 And blow up the Fun with his Bellows.

6.

One *Barclay*, they quote,
 Who on Quakery wrote ;
 But our friend's of another persuasion.
 The pleas'd Undertaker,
 Says *John* is no Quaker,
 Tho' Patients, perhaps, have occasion.

7.

From Pandora's Box,
 Flew two kinds of Pox,
 I can't give their learn'd names precisely,
 But the one is rank'd foul,
 So, as sage as an Owl,
 To the Bubo the Doctor nods wisely.

8.

The vile Small-Pox *Bryce*
 Can trim in a trice,
 And Cow him, with prompt Vaccination,
 The Whig taste he hit,
 For you'll scarce find a *Pitt*
 On the purified face of creation.

9.

Tho' costive my Muse,
 And quite gravell'd, I chuse
 Much rather to sound, than be sounded ;
 My poor notes may fail,
 Where but Guineas prevail,
 But drink, and you all shall be pounded.

10.

Some music to try,
 for a Bag-pipe I'd cry,
 For Music is Medicine's Sister,
 But some learned Wag,
 Should I name *Pipe* and *Bag*,
 Might offer,—protect me ! a Glyster.

11.

In the doctoring art,
 He who first took the start,
 Named *Phæbus*, or rather *Apollo*,
 In his chariot gay,
 Rides about all the day,
 An example which some Doctors follow.

12.

Not content with his skill,
 In the Bolus and Pill,
 He patronis'd idle Musicians ;
 So the Fiddle and Flute,
 By prescription must suit
 With the practice of learned Physicians:

13.

Some doubt if the God
 Gave to Surgeons the nod,
 And smil'd on the knife and the plaster,
 But to truth I've a bias,
 He cut up Marsyas,
 And handl'd the knife like a master.

14.

By Helicon's stream,
 If the Poets could dream,
 'Twas Wine and not Water was flowing ;
 And a fork'd Hill we know,
 The God chose, just to show,
 That a fork with the knife should be going.

15.

Like Leeches you bleed,
 And like locusts you feed,
 Ah! pardon a Poet's presumption,
 But *Oman* dismay'd,
 O'er his joints quite decayed,
 Cries,—See what a rapid Consumption.

16.

Since you smile, then a fig
 For each ominous Wig,
 And adieu to absurd trepidation;
 Let the Wine, if 'tis good,
 Take the course of our blood,
 And flow round in blyth Circulation.

Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL has been succeeded in the office of Poet-Laureate to the Harveian Society by ROBERT K. GREVILLE, Esq. LL. D. whose very excellent *Flora Edinensis*, lately published, does him very great honour as a botanist. The following Probationary Ode, composed and sung by himself, may afford some proof that he is fully qualified to be Doctor of Hilarity as well as of Laws.

1.

FILL your bumpers, time is fleeting,
 Wine let thirsty lips be greeting,
 Drink and laugh, good-humour by,
 Wi' bright een blinking bonnilie,
 Inspires aye mickle glee.
 Awa', then, to the auld black deil,
 Gang ilka thought that is not leal,
 And, true to joy, when mirth is flowing,
 Each be here with pleasure glowing :

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

2.

Fill a bumper,—pass the word ;
 The shade of HARVEY rules the board,
 And, ever as the goblets pass,
 Flings magic into every glass,
 A spell of harmony :
 See it work ! from every ee,
 Flashing beams of gladness flee,
 While brighter still from those presiding,
 Keep the charm in each residing.

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

3.

Let the sour-eyed Cynic frown ;—
 He ne'er could ca' sic joys his own,
 As those the merry wine-cups yield,
 Wi' cheerfu' friends to keep the field,
 Gude faith ! we bear the gree.
 Sma's his pleasure,—let him glow'r,—
 We hold it best to seize the hour,
 When lightsome spirits life diffusing,
 Life enjoying, ne'er abusing.

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

4.

Sons of Mirth ! when HARVEY saw,
 Our life-blood's circulating law,
 He gained a fame that shall not die
 Whilst posterity there be.
 But skilled are we in deeper lore ;—
 Than HARVEY, we know something more ;
 HARVEY the Circulation found,
 But we know how to send it round.

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

The Octogenarian Secretary to the Harveian Society, though he has now bid farewell to fees, by declining to visit patients at their own houses, even in Edinburgh, is still young enough to join in all the mirth of every Harveian Festival; and he still continues to pay his annual visit to the top of Arthur's Seat, a high hill in the vicinity of Edinburgh, on the morning of May Day, when the English villagers are hopping about the May Pole. On the 1st of May 1823, he was accompanied, in this morning walk, by four of his grandsons; and he found upon the top of the hill many acquaintance, particularly students of medicine. To these young friends he expressed the following good wish:

Hail, happy day, thou First of May,
 When village swains toy on the plains
 With maids both chaste and fair;
 And may the play of this May-Day,
 Produce with speed, the wise man's meed,
 Fruit from a happy pair.

GOOD WISHES

FROM THE

OLDEST DUKE IN SCOTLAND

TO THE

OLDEST PHYSICIAN IN EDINBURGH.

High, on the top of Arthur's Seat reclined,
 Perfectly sound, in body and in mind,
 May you each May-Day that famed hill explore,
 And still write Verses, even when past Fourscore.

GORDON CASTLE, }
 20th May 1822. }



*THANKS returned by the Old Physician, composed on the
 top of Arthur's Seat on the 1st of June 1822.*

Most Noble Duke, accept sincerest thanks,
 From one no longer fit for youthful pranks ;
 Who, since kind Heaven has deign'd his life to save,
 Now, near Fourscore, has one foot in the grave ;
 Yet at that age, he wants not vigour still,
 To join in mirth, nay, even to climb this hill ;
 And from its top, all Nature's frame explore ;
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

VERSES

*Presented to Dr DUNCAN, by a Young Fellow of the Royal
College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, whom he met on the
Summit of Arthur's Seat, on May-Day.*

'Tis sweet, my venerated friend,
Apart the evening hours to spend,
And muse upon the day;
That, 'midst a life of grace and love
To man below, and heaven above,
Has swiftly pass'd away.

'Tis sweet to hail the closing year,
With joy unsullied by a tear,
As we at peace review
The interchange of actions kind,
By which its months we call to mind
As quickly as they flew.

But few, my friend, look back, like thee,
With mind from stain and trouble free,
On threescore years and ten;
Years, mark'd by many a gen'rous thought,
And purpose to perfection brought,
To bless thy fellow-men.

Witness that pile, so late that rose,
 To hide the luckless maniac's woes
 From ev'ry curious eye ;
 Or this, whose front has long proclaim'd,
 That here the sick, the blind, the maim'd,
 May for relief apply.

Witness the crowds, that daily greet
 Thy presence on the public street,
 With praises largely shed ;
 Witness the pray'rs, that nightly rise,
 Amidst the poor man's sacrifice,
 For blessings on thy head.

Long, long, may'st thou be spared, to know
 The pleasure works like these bestow
 Upon a heart like thine ;
 Long, long, may'st thou be spared, to hear
 Those sounds that fall on mortal ear
 With melody divine !

And when thy days are number'd, too,
 And to the grave, like evening dew,
 Thy hoary hairs descend ;
 The pen may kindred worth assume,
 And write, with tears, upon thy tomb,
 Here lies the poor man's friend !

ALIIQUIS.

The Octogenarian Physician intends, *Deo volente*, to be again on the top of Arthur's Seat on the 1st of May 1824; and to communicate to the friends, he may meet there, the following address to Old Age:

Welcome, Old Age, I'm glad to see your face,
 On this high hill we meet with mutual grace;
 I've reached its summit in my eightieth year,
 In good Old Reekie where is my compeer?
 My legs, thank God, are still for motion free,
 I'll stand by them while they can stand by me;
 Together we'll jog on, while I have breath,
 Till, to a better world, I'm sent by Death.

That old Professor confidently hopes, that before May-day, he shall have brought, to a happy conclusion, the fifty-fourth winter course of Medical Lectures, which he has delivered at Edinburgh; and, during this last course, he has given above an hundred lectures, five being regularly read every week, without a single interruption during the whole winter-session. If he shall be able on that day to take his accustomed walk, it is his intention to return thanks to Almighty God, from that high altar, in the following words:

1.

Father of All, I kneel to Thee,
 Supreme in Heaven adored,
 And present here, through all thy works,
 The Universal Lord.

2.

Accept, O God, my grateful thanks,
 For all thy blessings given ;
 And may on earth thy praise be sung,
 Even as it is in Heaven.

3.

This day be bread, and peace my lot,
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou knowest if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.

4.

To thee, whose temple is All Space,
 Whose altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All Nature's incense rise.