

present, nor devoid of hope for the future. He was happy in his attachment, and early in 1764 she became his wife.

Miss Elizabeth Grant, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Grant of Duthel, in Strathspey, and of Isabella Kerr of Ruthven Manse, was born in Duthel in the year 1742, and removed to Nigg, in Ross-shire, about twelve years after, on the induction of her father into that parish. Her character was as little a common one as that of Mr. Forsyth himself. Seldom indeed does nature produce a finer intellect, never a warmer or more compassionate heart. It is rarely that the female mind educates itself. The genius of the sex is rather fine than robust; it partakes rather of the delicacy of the myrtle than the strength of the oak, and care and culture seem essential to its full development. There have been instances, however, though rare, of women working their almost unassisted way from the lower to the higher levels of intelligence; and the history of this lady, had she devoted her time more to the registration of her thoughts than to the duties of her station, would have furnished one of these. She was, in the best sense of the term, an original thinker; one of the few whose innate vigor of mind carry them in search of truth beyond the barriers of the conventional modes of thought. But strong good sense, rising almost to the dignity of philosophy, a lively imagination, and a just and delicate taste, united to very extensive knowledge and nice discernment, though these rendered her conversation the delight of the circle in which she moved, formed but the subordinate excellences of her character. She was one of the truly good, the friend of her species and of her God. A diary, found among her papers after her death, and now in the possession of her friends, shows that the transcript of duty which her life afforded was carefully collated every day