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Taken at his Highland home, Alt-na-Craig, Oban.

J. M. Mack

THE LIFE OF

PROFESSOR

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED SCOTSMAN OF THE DAY

BY VARIOUS EMINENT WRITERS.

EDITED BY

REV. JOHN G. DUNCAN,
SPRINGBURN.

Glasgow:

JOHN J. RAE, 127 STOCKWELL STREET



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P R E F A C E.

THIS book is not intended to be a full and continuous biography of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie. So serious a work as that demands the services of one who, admitted to a closer friendship than I can claim, has also a greater literary power. I aim rather at giving the impressions left on my own mind and the minds of others, by a study of the life and work, the sayings and sermons, the songs and lectures, the literary and other achievements of the late Professor. This volume is but a humble attempt to give a popular sketch of the man ; to estimate as far as possible the value of his contributions to contemporary thought and life ; to present within brief limits a picture of what he was and what he has done.

To relate the story of the origin of this book and how I have been led to undertake the work of its Editor, would be an apology to myself rather than to the public ; but I may say that the task was not sought by, but was offered to, me. At the time of the Professor's death I tried in a sermon to point the lessons and the signifi-

cauce of his life. Much of this sermon is included in the introductory chapter, and with slight alterations, is printed as it was delivered. To this effort the Publisher thought there should be given a more permanent form ; and knowing that I had been one of the Professor's students at Edinburgh University, he asked me to undertake the supervision of a work giving in more detail and from the different standpoints of different authors, the main outlines of the life and character of Professor Blackie. I consented to make the effort on the understanding that the Publisher would provide the contributions and criticisms of the various authors. In such a work as this it must needs be that some repetitions, some overlapping should occur. It will be held as well-nigh impossible that interviewers, students, preachers, and all the critics in the manifold literary fields of the modern world should write about one single life and not occasionally find the same prominent characteristic to be recorded. But this disadvantage is counter-balanced by the manifest advantage that in a work to which many have contributed there is less danger of any distinctive feature being overlooked. Where possible the names of the various contributors have been given ; but notices in newspapers and stray allusions in periodical literature do not

lend themselves readily to direct acknowledgement.

If the human and personal element in biography be as Carlyle called it "the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading"; if as that same sage has remarked "Great men are the inspired texts of that divine Book of Revelation of which a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named History," then there ought to be some profit and inspiration in reading the record of the life of one who was so true a type of the Christian and the hero, as John Stuart Blackie. Misconceptions have gathered around his name: men have fixed upon merely accidental features in his character, and understood him by these instead of by the steady and constant manifestations of his inner nature. To bring forward these into clear light: to remove the dust which has obscured the fine gold: to shew that he was a man with a mission and a message has been the aim of the following pages. No man could, with more truth, accept for himself the high function of the poet as described and fulfilled by one whose poetry greatly influenced him—William Wordsworth. Was there ever a loftier description of the aim of poetry than that written to a friend by "him who uttered nothing base"? "I doubt not," he said, "that you will

share with me an invincible confidence that my writings, and among them these little poems, will co-operate with the benign tendencies of human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser and better. To console the afflicted; to add sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous,—this is their office which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we, that is all that is mortal of us, are mouldered in our graves.” These noble words describe the message of the genial Scotch Professor whose bright hopeful spirit, undaunted by evil, will live in our memories when his merely superficial eccentricities are both forgiven and forgotten.

JOHN G. DUNCAN.

SPRINGBURN GLASGOW,
20th May, 1895.

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LIFE OF
Professor John Stuart Blackie.



General Introduction.



PROFESSOR JOHN
STUART BLACKIE,
has passed away at
the ripe age of eighty-
six. In him Scotland
loses a patriotic citizen,
a rare scholar, and a
distinguished patriot.
The famous Professor
of Greek has long
figured as one of the
most interesting and
picturesque of our
public men. He was
wont to call himself a
“Modern Sophist” in
the original sense of
the term, and there
were few subjects

within the range of history, poetry, and philosophy on which he could not have instructed his fellow-men.

Scotland, and indeed England too, is very much the poorer for his death—professor, poet, philosopher, and patriot, as he was aptly called. For nearly forty years the Edinburgh Professor of Greek has figured as one of the most interesting, certainly the most picturesque of our public men. Above all things, he was always an ardent advocate, and indeed practitioner, of Scottish song, and he has left behind him several volumes of verse which his countrymen will not readily let die. In an age of pessimism he held high the banner of human hope and human aims, and he was never accused of any unworthy action. In the literary history of Scotland he will rank with celebrities like “Christopher North,” with whose versatile and eccentric character he had very much in common.

It is not too much to say that he made a figure in our generation which was altogether unique. A delightful poet and singer, he had a shrewd eye for business; and when an idea took possession of him no opposition deterred him from following it to its

practical end. An untiring controversialist, he was the most lovable of men. Erratic often, and sometimes nonsensical, in his public declamations, none was more sane or logical when he wielded the pen. Patriotic almost to a fault, none appreciated more clearly the virtues of other nations, or was more unsparing of the weaknesses of his own countrymen. Poet and publicist, scholar and teacher, patriot and philosopher, he was

A man so varied that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

Scotland will doubtless never lack her share of notable men. We cannot imagine a time when she will not have her Stevensons, her Aytouns, her Wilsons, her Jeffreys, and even her Chalmerses, should the occasion arise ; but imagination collapses when it tries to picture another Blackie.

But Professor Blackie, regarded as an extra-academic force, will be best remembered as a fervid upholder of the independence, if not the separateness of Scottish nationality. No one of his time, or perhaps of any time, has sung the praises of his country's literature to such purpose : no one has

struck so many blows at "West Endism" and other things, and persons that tend to bring that literature into contempt; none has more eloquently sang the praises of Burns (he wrote the volume on Burns for the "Great Writers" series in 1888), "poor-child of whim" as he has nevertheless called him. Columns could be filled with references of the barest kind to his poems, lectures, and other sentimental contributions of Professor Blackie to the defence of Scotch nationality.

James Colville thus writes of him—

A white-haired sage, whose soul has passed
 Away with frost's unkindly blast;
 His free-born glance was quick to brave
 The blows to truth that bigots gave,
 As breeze that flecks the soulless wave
 In windy weather.

He loved to sing the homespun iilt,
 Or hymn the fields where blood was spilt
 For Freedom's cause in plaid and kilt
 On blooming heather.

He culled the flowers of Plato's page,
 And lived again that Grecian age.
 With flash the while of nimble wit,
 That touched the heart it kindly bit,
 And tale of boyish glee to fit
 Our budding youth;

For fervid Scot and sager Greek
Were in that step on mountain peak,
Or lonely Highland glen, to seek
 The pure-eyed Truth,

A patriot picturesque and keen,
He knew what Scotland's past had been,
 And gloried in his country's pride,
 When Border knight went forth to ride,
 Or Cameron fell on bleak hillside,
 That hero preacher.
He mixed with academic lore,
And eloquence in boundless store,
The pathos of the cottar's door—
 A noble teacher.

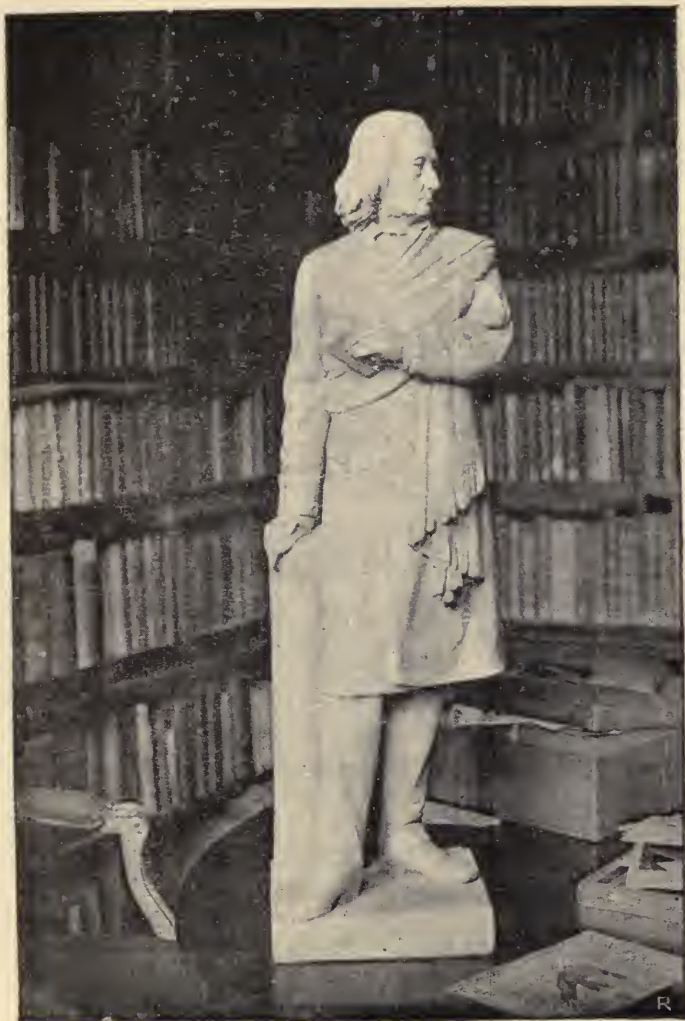
Professor Blackie was not only a scholar, but a careful observer of men and things. His finely-strung nature was cultured in a very high degree by habitual contemplation of all that is beautiful and good in nature, literature, and art, and his writings reflected his character with singular clearness.

There is a freshness and buoyancy about them which indicated a free and healthy intellectual life, and is peculiarly suggestive and stimulating to the reader, remarkably free from conventionalism in his mode of dealing with his subjects, and vigorous and enthusiastic in his advocacy of the principles he

adopted. Wherever he appeared he was popular. An ardent lover of Scotland and everything Scottish he strove to infuse in others the same love of nationality, and lamented the spread of what he called the "disease of Anglification," which constant intercourse with our English neighbours is fostering.

He was on the most friendly terms with Mr. Gladstone and many eminent men of the day, and it may be mentioned that the only subject on which Mr. Gladstone and he differed was Greek, Mr. Gladstone upholding the generally accepted views with regard to the language. In politics he was inclined to the Unionist side, although a supporter of Home Rule for Scotland, but he was no party man. In the same way, while he was strongly in favour of Church Establishments he regarded all Protestant Churches as brothers in the same family; and while he regularly attended the Free High Church, of which Dr. Walter Smith is the minister, he occasionally strayed to St. Cuthbert's Parish Church or St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral.

It would of course, be absurd to say of Professor Blackie as an over-ardent admirer once said of the



From a Photo by]

[T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow

STATUETTE OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FIVE,
BY G. WEBSTER.





From a Photo by]

T & R. Annan, & Sons, Glasgow
PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



great Berkeley that " he possessed all the virtues under heaven." Those who would desire to be both just and generous might admit in him a certain egotism or vanity—a certain desire for fame, " that last infirmity of noble minds "—as well as an enthusiasm which might have been spared for nobler, worthier, and more practicable ends ; and an unfortunate lack of power to concentrate his mind and energies on one object at a time ; but contemplating the rare dignity and sweetness of his character, his sunny cheerfulness, his wide generosity, his unflinching charity, the large-hearted tolerance, the wide culture, the clear-sightedness, the singular freedom of his mind from prejudice and passion, combined with that warm fervour and poetic fire, and power of conviction which is ever the dominant characteristic of the heroic life, may we not say truly, that he combined in a wonderful degree, the distinctive feature of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian? that he presented amid all his vagaries, and hobbies, that essentially religious life, which consists in " a good mind, a good heart, a good life." Even the secular press, in its most airy and light-hearted represent-

atives, has recognised that such as he—"men who were pious in the best and fullest sense of the term, men brave without offence, distinguished without ambition, learned and weighty yet full of gracious virtues"—that such men are the very salt of the earth, and that the world is perceptibly poorer by their death.

Thou brave old Scot! and art thou gone?

How much of light with thee's departed!

Philosopher—yet full of fun.

Great humorist—yet human-hearted;

A Caledonian, yet not dour,

A scholar—yet not dry-as-dusty;

A pietist—yet never sour!

O stout and tender, true and trusty

Octogenarian optimist

The world for thee seemed aye more sunny

We loved thee better for each twist

Which streaked a soul with honey,

We shall not see thy like again

We're fallen on times most queer and quacky

And oft shall miss the healthy brain

And manly heart of brave old Blackie.

It is always a profitable thing for us to consider the lives and the work of men "who" in the words

of Ecclesiasticus "who have been renowned for their power, giving wisdom by their understanding, leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions," men, who have reflected the high beauty of Christian goodness, and who have stood forth to shew to us what lofty heights the foot of man can reach and what pure air the soul of man can breathe. While we do so, we will not forget, as Wordsworth reminds us that "greatest minds are often those of whom the noisy world hears least," that there have been many "faithful who were not famous, and who are precious as the continuity of sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness." Most of us pass away and leave no footprint on the sands of time. Our lives are but as the infinitesimal "ripple made on an immeasurable ocean by the touch on an insect's wing"; but when

Great men have been among us, hands that penned

And tongues that uttered wisdom

we lose some of God's most striking lessons if we neglect to learn the truths and the examples which they bequeath. Some men have directed the great

movements which alter the relations of Kingdoms ; some men have materially modified the physical conditions of the globe ; and some men by their inventions have given new developments to the aims and labours of mankind,—have by their works of art haunted our imagination, or by their writings enriched our thoughts. But it is not as a politician, nor as a philosopher, nor as a poet, that the name of John Stuart Blackie will be held in reverence among the generations to come. He will be remembered as a man who amid many fads and foibles, pleaded for greater toleration,—for the power of music and of song both in the national and the individual life,—and for the enhancement of life and religion by the triumph of bright, sunny cheerfulness over morbid and depressing gloom. Other features there were in his many-sided and versatile nature, and to some minds some one feature may present itself as the dominant feature, and to others another feature ; but that this lark-like joyousness of spirit—a serenity and gladness that nothing could disturb or destroy—was his great and fundamental characteristic, and that it overflowed his being in rich

exuberance, and coloured all his conceptions of nature, home, country, faith, and life, no one will venture to deny. He would have said with Mr. Browning :—

Have you found your life distasteful ?

My life did and does smack sweet ;

Was your youth of pleasure wasteful ?

Mine I saved, and hold complete.

Do your joys with age diminish ?

When mine fail me I'll complain.

Must in death your daylight finish ?

My sun sets to rise again.

And what a valuable contribution this alone is to our age, afflicted as it is with a deep unchristian sadness and anxiety ! Is it nothing that this old man, passing away at the ripe age of eighty-six years, was able, after all his experience of life to declare, to feel, and to illustrate that life itself is a luxury, and a joy ? “ Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, all ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart,” so sang the sweet Psalmist of Israel. “ Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, Rejoice. Rejoice evermore.” So spoke the great Apostle of the Gentiles, whose

life was one long suffering. No picture of Professor Blackie is more characteristic than that of his striding along the streets of his beloved Edinburgh, or breathing the pure air in some romantic Scottish glen, all the time whistling some familiar tune, or crooning a gladsome melody of Scottish song. He would have said with Carlyle "Happy is the man who sings at his work"; and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to hear some message boy cheerily whistling some national air, or indeed a song of any kind, as he passed along the streets. This perpetual lightsomeness of heart was not mere levity; it was not the boisterous gaiety of the thoughtless; it was not a mere artificial hilarity or a callous serenity which excluded all care for the wrongs of others; it was not the "laughter of fools which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." These things constitute the base and degraded, not the noble and happy soul. No; it was a joy that looked facts in the face, it was the joy of courage and of love, not of apathy or selfishness. This Scottish sage did not look at the wintry landscape of life through rose coloured windows. He whistled, and sang, and

rejoiced with a perfect knowledge of all the ills of life. He "hated pessimism and all such devilry"; because he hated everything that tended to make it more difficult to do right everything that oppressed the soul of man or confined it within narrow and unhealthy limitations, or that brought sadness to hearts which God had not made sad. Were there troubles besetting his path? He was always able to turn from the storm and tempest without to the sunshine within. He found occasions for joy and thankfulness everywhere; and so will we if we but carefully and thoughtfully examine life. Nature to him was always chanting melodious songs; it meant intensely and meant good. He was able to say:

Beautiful world
 Though bigots condemn thee,
 My tongue finds no words
 For the graces that gem thee!
 Beaming with sunny light
 Bountiful ever,
 Streaming with gay delight
 Full as a river.
 Bright world! brave world
 Let cavillers blame thee
 I bless thee and bend
 To the God who did frame thee.

He shared the profound love of Nature which manifested itself so sweetly in Goethe, the German Philosopher, in Wordsworth, the great Poet-Laureate, " who uttered nothing base," and in his great countryman and contemporary Sir Walter Scott, to whose "sunny cheerfulness, strong healthy vitality, catholic human sympathy, deep-rooted patriotism, fine pictorial eye, and rare historic furniture " he gratefully acknowledges his obligations. Nothing in the blue sky, in the still, peaceful glen, in the high rugged mountain came amiss to this "peripatetic" as he was, half in love and half in sarcasm, described. Nature was to him a true companion, speaking with a thousand voices, and was to him always the voice of God, the voice of the Eternal and the Invisible. Full of healthy vigour, exulting in field sports, active, muscular, drinking the eager mountain air, he had learned that

Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

There is scarcely a parish in Scotland, and not a single county to which he had not travelled. His poems are redolent with the mild perfume of the wild heather, and reflect the rugged grandeur of the Scottish hills, and the foaming cataract, and the sights and sounds of many a quiet rural retreat. Over Oban in Argyleshire,—over Kingussie in Badenoch,—over Inverness, and the grand old Ben Nevis,—and indeed, over the entire Highlands of Scotland, hovered the poetic spirit of the patriotic Blackie, and there, equally with “Scotia’s darling seat,” in which he enjoyed the pleasures of a happy home, did he find that joyous serenity and sprightliness of spirit which so distinguished him. Scotland was dearer to him than all the world beside,—the Scottish people and Scottish history,—the Scottish language and Scottish Institutions,—the Land of hills, of glens, of heroes, he passionately loved. He had

travelled much in Europe ; he had seen the land
“ where burning Sappho loved and sung. Where
grew the arts of war and peace. Where Delos rose
and Phœbus sprung.” He had felt a “ new life pulsating
within him when for the first time he had crossed
the silver streak of sea, and landed on the Continent
of Europe ; when he mounted the Barrier of the Alps,
and descended upon the sunny regions of the South ;
or when he passed into the silent pathways of the
frozen North, or the ancient splendours of the East,
or the teeming activity of the Virgin West. And
who can ever forget that has once felt it, the
exhilarating sense of his first glance at the eternal
snows, or his experience of the boundless liberty of
the desert, or the sublime solitude of the ocean ?”
But he reserved for the Scottish Highlands the
warmest, most fervid love of his heart,—he was the
valiant defender of, and earnest admirer of everything
Scotch. He loved Robert Burns ; although he called
him “ a poor child of whim ” yet he was,

Brother of Homer, Nature's darling child,
Best prophet of this dainty-cultured age
When men by far-sought fancies grandly spoiled,
Find Truth's fair face in thy untutored page.

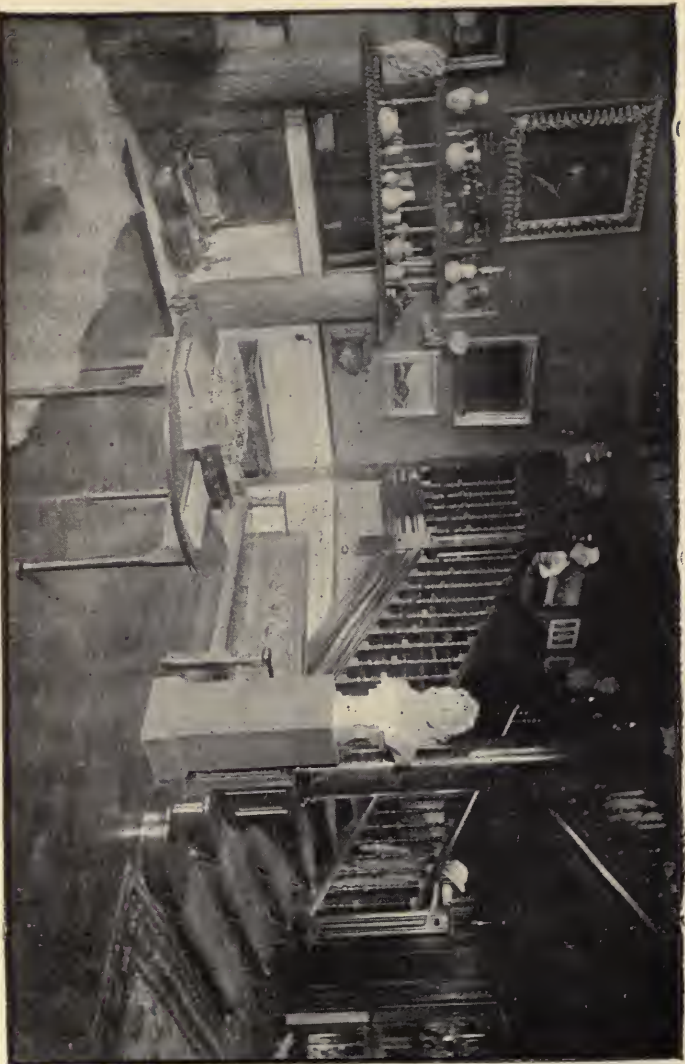
Thy homespun words let silken dames dispraise,
And book-learned wits thy ploughman phrase despise,
There lives a power in thy fresh bickering lays
That kins thee with the best that star the skies.

Thy song is like the purple-vested Ben
Rooted in granite, round whose shoulders sweep
Salubrious airs and lucid fountains leap
Joyful into the warm green-winding glen
Where rushing rivers pour their warring tide,
And grand old pine trees toss their branchy pride.

His heroes were William Wallace, and John Knox, and "Valiant Jenny Geddes." His patriotism was not limited by sect or creed. While he was a humble member of the Free Church and loved the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Walter Chalmers Smith, he entertained the most indignant feelings of his heart for the proposal to Disestablish the Church of Scotland; he said "it was one of the most vile displays of petty jealousy, sectarian conceit, and Radical levelling," that he had ever seen during a long life-time. "The Free Church" he said, "now that patronage is abolished in the Establishment, stands in need of a new reason for its separate existence, and of a new spur to keep up the hot pace of its adherents. The present Anti-Establishment

movement is a movement altogether destitute of that moral nobility which characterized the Disruption. In this new movement, democratic ambition, sectarian jealousy, and pure Scotch greed have combined to enact a part which only the political partisan and the religious crotchet-monger can look on with satisfaction. Such squabblement and babblement about petty financial and political matters magnified into an artificial importance by the name of God and the "mind of Christ" stamped upon them, and conscience, a hireling pleader, protesting loudly in favour of piety and pence, I cannot away with." John Stuart Blackie always looked at the problems of Church and State from a high patriotic and wide standpoint. He was the sworn enemy of all idolatry, of shams, of partisanship, of all narrowness and bigotry, and needless austerity and gloom. "Let there be light; let there be brightness; let there be warmth, let there be cheerfulness; let there be openness; let there be enlightenment," might be truly considered the consummate motto of his life. Away with darkness; away with mystery; away with secrets,

From a Photo by]



ENTRANCE HALL IN PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S HOUSE.

[J. & R. Amman, & Sons, Glasgow.





From a Photo by]

THE DINING ROOM.
[T. & R. Amman, & Sons, Glasgow.
Showing Portrait by Sir George Reid, presented to Professor and Mrs. Blackie, on the occasion
of their Golden Wedding.

and shadows, and melancholy. Let the bright refreshing air, and the gladdening light penetrate everywhere. Was it any wonder that he somewhat shocked the creed-bound dogmatists by his treatment of many a doctrine dear to their hearts? Was it any wonder that when he taught that, a man might consider the story of Creation in Genesis as a poem, yet not thereby forfeit his filial relationship to God, nor his discipleship of Christ; that he might regard and treat the Sabbath as a day of recreation and rest, a day for music and sketching, for easy social gatherings, for visiting Botanic Gardens and Museums of Science and Art, without ceasing to be a Christian; that he might question the personality of Satan without thereby lessening his sense of the loathsomeness of sin, or exposing himself to the horrors of endless perdition—was it any wonder that, in teaching such doctrines as these, he should encounter the fierce rage and opposition of the slavishly orthodox and the angry scorn of Pharisaic dogmatism? Far as we have now advanced towards a more Christian interpretation of the sacred records,

Let us remember that we owe it to the fact that such men as John Stuart Blackie have wrought and fought for it, in the heat and the burden of the day. Early in life he had the conviction that "religion is not a stiff, rigid affair, defiant of all change, and challenging all reason, like the Athanasian creed or the Calvinistic Confession, but a very rich garden of beautiful flowers which a thoughtful man might gather according to his own taste, and interpret according to his own fancy." "Religion" he said, "is a glowing furnace hot with moral emotion rather than a theology, bristling with stereotyped dogma and scholastic formulas." For Calvinism, with its prevailing atmosphere of gloom, he had little or no sympathy. It had too many austerities for his sunny cheerful nature. "Original sin," he said, "is nonsense—a hideous nightmare. I believe man to be a weak, a timid, an erring, and if you will, a stupid creature; but not a bad creature." Let us remember that there are many devout Christians, who in their understanding of original sin would not be prepared to go beyond the confession that man is a frail and fallen

creature ; and that, if Blackie differs from the Confession of Faith of the Westminster Divines, he does not differ so widely as many of the best saints of God have differed on equally cardinal points. When Whitefield preached in the hearing of John Wesley and proclaimed some of the worst severities of the Calvinistic Theology, John Wesley went forward to him, and indicated the immense gulf that flowed between them by the famous criticism "Your God is my Devil." Professor Blackie looked upon the doctrinal differences within the Christian Church, as belonging to the infinitely little, and altogether unwarrantable to justify schism ; but he lifted up his voice in fierce indignation against those who would promulgate the unchristian doctrine of salvation by a merely nominal discipleship which said "Lord, Lord," but did not the things which He said. On one occasion he was lecturing on his favourite theme "Scottish Nationality" ; and in one of his many digressions from the subject announced—digressions which were often caused by the utterance of a word,—and which were sometimes of more value and

interest than his thoughts on the main topic he had selected,—in one of his wanderings he touched upon the value of consistency and of the connection between faith and works. Turning round to a solemn row of clergy sitting on the platform, he told them with great emphasis, that if they “did not preach justification by the life and conduct,—justification by what a man is, and not by what he says he is, or thinks he is,—their preaching was nonsense.” Never would he divorce religion from human life nor from innocent joy, nor from glad cheerfulness. Who does not remember the fierce outburst of criticism and indignation which surrounded him, when, to the horror of Sabbatarians, he addressed the Sunday Society of our city, and choosing as his subject the “Philosophy of Love” was led to mention and then to sing, and that on a Sunday evening, one of the love-songs of Scotland? He was ridiculed and reviled for it; he received from some scribbler a hideous lampoon, representing Blackie as being borne off to the dark and dolorous regions by Mephistopheles. Did it alter his views? Not one iota. The deed may have been

done in a moment of thoughtlessness, or it might have been suggested to him by one of the audience ; but in any case, it was quite characteristic of the man. One of the acknowledged weaknesses of this good man was his utter inability to sympathise with the prejudices, however sincere and deep-rooted, of those with whom he came into contact, more especially if these militated against the natural joyousness of life. Too much was made of the incident, or it may have been the accident, of this song. After all it was due to a feeling which leaned to virtue's side ; it was not the fruit of a wicked irreverent heart. Nothing could restrain him from the manifestation of his deep, inward, abiding, spiritual joy. The songs of dear old Scotland were as dear to him as the grand old Psalms of David, and he cherished them up to the last, as containing feelings and thoughts divine.



CHAPTER I.

Early Years and Education.



MR. BLACKIE was by birth a Glasgow man. His father, the late Mr. Alex. Blackie, was a native of Kelso, and in early life entered the branch office of the Bank of Scotland there. He afterwards removed to Glasgow, where the future Professor was born—in a house in Charlotte Street, “not a very aristocratic locality,” as he once said—on 28th July, 1809.

Mr. Blackie was, it is hardly necessary to say, a Scot of the Scots, a worshipper of many things and of many men indeed, but, above all, a devotee to (see his own semi-autobiographical "Messis Vitæ")

"The land where first I drew
Sweet breath of life, and grew
Hard of foot, and fresh of hue
As the heather on the brae."

Perhaps the perfervidity of his patriotism was due to the fact that in his career he was associated with almost all districts of his native country.

John Stuart Blackie was born in the same year as Mendelssohn, Chopin, Darwin, Tennyson, Tyndall, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Gladstone—surely a circle of the most distinguished men of the century.

His earlier years cover the greater part of the period which we are wont to look upon as the Golden Age of Scottish literature. When he first saw the light, Scott had 22 years of life in him. When he went to the University, Carlyle was beginning to be a great name. He was still a young man while Thomas Campbell, James Hogg, Jeffrey, Cockburn and Chalmers were in their prime, so that his death

removes one of the few remaining links which connect our day with that of the literary giants of the first half of our century. When he was three years old, his father got a post as bank agent at Aberdeen, and there young Blackie went to what he called a well-conducted private school, where he went through "the regular processes of grammatical and other drill," though he was "never taught to use his eyes on anything but grey books." He was, however, as he adds, "a very sober, sensible, well-behaved creature," and he early acquired a mastery over Latin by dint of making a living appropriation of necessary words and idioms, and flinging them about audibly. This was a method of learning languages on which he ever afterwards insisted; and it is interesting to go with some detail into these early notices, because if ever there was a case in which the child was father of the man, Blackie's was one of them.

In Aberdeen his father opened the first branch of the Commercial Bank, and here he spent the remaining years of his life, becoming a wealthy and respected citizen of the Granite City. Mr. Blackie being in

easy circumstances his son received the best education that was then available. He studied first under the famous Dr. Melvin, and at the early age of twelve entered Marischal College, where he passed through the usual curriculum.

The step between the School and the University was not so wide then as it is to-day, and Blackie was entered at Marischal College at twelve years, no uncommon age in those days. Three years he spent there, and he came to Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott at that time was the literary lion of the metropolis. As Professor Masson put it in a recent speech, he overarched Edinburgh, and Wilson was Professor of Moral Philosophy. To these two we may attribute part at least of that romantic love of his country, its song and history, which afterwards became so deep a part of his nature. His debt to Scott he freely acknowledged. When he saw the necessity of steering clear of the besetting sin of thoughtful young men, of philosophising about life instead of actually living, "what *Deus ex machina* could have come to my aid more effective than the sunny cheerfulness, the strong

healthy vitality, the catholic human sympathy, the deep-rooted patriotism, the fine pictorial eye, and the rare historic furniture of Sir Walter Scott."

Returning to Aberdeen, he entered the Divinity Hall with the view of enrolling himself in the ministry of the Church of Scotland. But this was not to be his calling. No one will accuse the instructors of those days with leanings towards heterodoxy. "This is the way; walk in it," was then, more commonly than now, the *mot d'ordre*, yet it was while under the care of Principal Brown and Dr. Mearns that the youthful Blackie fell into what have been rather euphemistically styled "various gentle heresies." In this manner was his connection with the Divinity Hall (if not with divinity) severed, and to the end of his long life he remained alienated from some of those features of Calvinistic theology which have been denominated harsh and repulsive.

The excellent and thorough education given to him by the schools and colleges of Aberdeen, combined with his own bright genius and enthusiasm, were of immense value to him in after life ;

but, in 1829, his father proposed a still further equipment, and sent him to study on the Continent. Göttingen and Jena, Berlin and Rome, were the places of his abode, and wherever he went, with that astonishing versatility which was one of his most attractive qualities in the eyes of his countrymen, his eager aptitude for languages, and his poetic nature, he entered vivaciously into the spirit of the peoples among whom he sojourned, and received with gladness that gospel of romance and beauty which the song and legend of Germany and the manifold physical charms of Italy unfolded to his view. As proof of his linguistic ability, it is said that while in Rome he gained a prize for an essay in Italian, as to which the examiners said their reward was made with special regard to the purity of the style in which it was written. For one who was destined to be, to the extent at least of a third, a man of letters, reading was a large part of education, and on this subject he wrote a few years before his death—"Of great English writers the one that held the most powerful sway

over my early years was Wordsworth. He, in fact, along with Goethe and my other German gods, held out an effective arm to redeem me from that whirling gulf of 'fantasy and flounce' into which the violent sweep of Lord Byron's indignant muse had a tendency to plunge his admirers. From the day that I became acquainted with Wordsworth I regarded Byron only as a very sublime avatar of the Devil, and would have nothing to do with him."

Baron Bunsen was his friend, and the Professor was often heard to remark that he had acquired more knowledge of European scholarship during his association with Bunsen than from all his teachers put together. Goethe was then a blazing star in the German firmament, and over the young Scotsman he cast a spell which remained one of the potent influences of his life. To Goethe and his contemporaries in German thought he attributed the "gradual emancipation of his inner man from the uncomfortable pressure of harsh dogmatism, the artificial saintliness and unlovely severity to which the earnestness of religious sentiment in Scotland so readily inclined."

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THE DRAWING ROOM.

[T. & R. Amman, & Sons, Glasgow

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THE DINING ROOM.

Showing Portrait of Professor Blackie, by Archer, 1874.

[T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

The Continental tour was prolonged, with Bunsen as his guide, philosopher, and friend, to Italy and Rome where Blackie's ardent spirit became deeply imbued with the Italian love of beauty. In Rome, where he resided for fifteen months, he consorted principally with artists, and he then learned for the first time that he had never looked at things as they presented themselves to the eyes in their natural relations and proportions. Forthwith he set himself to take lessons in drawing, in which he says he made considerable progress. He returned home in 1832 with his head "full of pictures, statues, churches, and other beautiful objects." He even contemplated a work on æsthetical philosophy, but though he felt that his countrymen had not cultivated beauty as they ought, he judged that they were not tolerant of big books on theoretical subjects, and the projected work was allowed to drop. In afterwards looking back on these years spent abroad, he used to say that they had done more to enlarge his ideas, widen his sympathies, and purify his ideal of humanity than all the books he ever read except the Bible.



CHAPTER II.

The Professor.



ONE thing was clear from his Continental tour. It had driven all notions of The Kirk out of his head. Preaching he was destined to do in plenty, but it was of lay sermons. Being "stickit" as a minister, he turned his attention to the law, and he was called to the bar in 1834, as a member of the Faculty of Advocates. But even in the company of such men as Moncrieff, Shand, Sir William Dunbar, Erskine Murray, Hill Burton, John Inglis, and George Deas, he did not find three years' tramping of the parquetry of Parliament House more congenial to his spirit than the pro-

fession he had turned his back upon. It is not recorded that he ever held a brief, or made a motion. To-day he might have drifted into golf, or taken to addressing rural political meetings. Naturally then he drifted into literature. He paid his first tribute to the great poet philosopher of Weimar by publishing in 1834 a metrical translation of "Faust." He himself considered it a raw and juvenile production, but it had a rugged power which commended it above all others to Goethe's biographer Lewes. Since then it has been in part rewritten, and will compare well with any version in the language. This work drew him into notice. He became a contributor to *Blackwood* and other periodicals, and he devoted himself to classical studies. But he had no intention of making his life voyage "with the light armed privateer fleet of literature," and so when the Crown chair of Latin was founded at Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1841, Blackie applied for the post; and he tells us how "by a happy combination of merit in the travelling scholar, and paternal influence in a world of patronage," he was appointed. Shortly

after his appointment he married Elizabeth—daughter of the late James Wyld, of Gilston, Fife—and throughout the long years of his life the young Professor had in her a faithful and loving consort.

He has recently said that “the recommendations of the German learned ones” obtained for him that position, and there is no doubt that these recommendations were of themselves quite sufficient warrant for the appointment. But his election all the same caused some heart-burnings. His old master, Dr. Melvin, the foremost Latinist of the day was a candidate for the chair; and it was a grievous disappointment to the old man that he was passed over, even though he was one of the most brilliant of his own pupils who was preferred to him. Dr. Melvin, after the appointment, died of a broken heart. An incident in connection with Mr Blackie’s first professional appointment may be recalled. All the university professors were in those days bound to be members of the Established Church, and to sign the Confession of Faith on their induction. With the latter condition Blackie at first point blank

refused compliance, but a compromise was eventually effected which overcame the difficulty. As a consequence of this he was subjected to a not little unfavourable and even bitter criticism, and finally the Presbytery of Aberdeen withdrew the certificate they had granted him, on the ground that he had not signed and accepted the Confession of Faith in that unqualified manner prescribed by the Act of Parliament. This controversy did not affect Professor Blackie's personal popularity among his students, and its only effect was to make him take a prominent place in the agitation for the abolition of the Test Act, which then required the professors of the Scottish universities to be members of the Church of Scotland. Tradition says that when he received notice of the appointment he signalled the event, and astonished the neighbourhood, by making a flag of his tablecloth, and hoisting it from his window. We may have here only the beginning of a Blackie myth, but those who knew the Professor would believe he was quite capable of it.

For thirteen years he was the occupant of the

Humanity Chair in Marischal College. During the later years of his occupancy of the Aberdeen Chair he sought a new field for his versatile genius, and found it in the Greek dramatists. The result was a metrical translation of Æschylus, which, like his "Faust," bears witness, not only to his scholarship, but to his happy faculty for getting near in sympathy to an author and his subject. *Quasi Cursores* relates that "a learned Grecian," of Cambridge, after a day's communion, remarked, "He's a wonderful man, Blackie; 'tis a pity that he knows so little Greek." The same remark might more aptly have been made concerning Pope; but, even if Blackie had been a veritable Porson (which he was far from being), he could never with his lively and romantic temperament have pinned himself down to the dry and literal for the mere sake of verbal truth. His genius was creative as well as receptive, and it requires no straining of the imagination to suppose that he looked on translation with the internal questioning of the prophet in the Vision of the Valley, "Can these dry bones live?" As he himself said, "I do not translate

literally, after the fashion of most of Bohn's translators, whose system of minute and verbal accuracy, whether proceeding from pedantic affectation or tasteless stupidity, has done more harm to the just appreciation of the beauties of classical writers among the general public than the most unlicensed vagueness which so often characterised the handiwork of English translators." Contemporary opinion gave an amiable reception to the translation of Æschylus and to the other works of this period—"The Rhythmical Declamation of the Ancients," "The Study and Teaching of Languages," and a host of learned articles on philological subjects.

Of his career as a teacher in Aberdeen, where he was Professor for eleven years, there is not much recorded. Although Aberdeen was then, as now, rather noted for its classical scholarship, it was of a somewhat acrid sort, and the Professor, trained in the Continental schools, was rather inclined to regard as "weak and beggarly elements" the points which were then regarded in the Scottish Universities as of prime importance. "Poking into the dead guts of

things," he sometimes disdainfully called the system. But wider concerns were afoot. The battle of Scottish University reform had begun. Blackie, with characteristic energy, placed himself in the van of the fight and for eighteen years was untiring by pen and voice in forwarding the agitation which in 1859 resulted in that remodelled Scottish University system which has given place to that more liberal scheme of which we are still awaiting the first fruits.

Amid the clash of tongues and pens he did not forget the claims of higher learning, and alongside of verses—English, German, Latin, and Greek, the product of his lighter muse—he gave to the world one great work of fine scholarship, his translation of *Æschylus*, which he published in 1850. It was this magnificent monument of studious application and genius which distinguished him as a man of high intellectual gifts, and which at once commended him to the notice of the learned. The time was opportune. The Greek Chair at Edinburgh, previously occupied by George Dunbar, a well-known teacher in his day, became vacant in 1852, and Blackie was appointed.

This appointment was not obtained without considerable opposition and acrid controversy. Blackie's leading certificate of competence for the post was found in his translation of *Æschylus*: but it was maintained that, in spite of this proof of his knowledge of the language, and in spite also of certain philological papers he had contributed to magazines, he had not that close scholarly acquaintance with the language which qualified him to be a teacher of what he himself termed "the Greek alphabet." Thus it was argued that a much more suitable appointment would, from the standpoint of scholarship, have been that of the late William Veitch, author of "Greek Verbs, Irregular and Deflective." It will be generally admitted, however, that Edinburgh and Edinburgh academic life would not have been what they have been for a generation but for the pervading presence of John Stuart Blackie. Everybody has heard of how he discharged his duties as a professor, how he cared far more for the teaching of a wide humanity than for the teaching of Greek on a narrow philologic basis.

Henceforth he was an Edinburgh citizen. It was a grand constellation in which he then became a shining light. Hamilton, Wilson, Aytoun, Piaggi Smyth, Cosmo Innes, Robert Lee, Christison, Alison, Goodsir, Simpson, and Syme were among his colleagues, one of the goodliest fellowships of learned men of which the world holds record. And Blackie, then in the prime of life, brought his own fresh and vigorous ideas to the work of his Chair. He had that year published a pamphlet in which he had attacked the prevailing mode of pronouncing the classical Greek as an "incoherent jabber of barbarisms," and he argued with great learning in favour of changes which would bring the pronunciation nearer to that of modern Greek. With still greater emphasis he argued that Greek should be pronounced according to accent, and not according to quantity, and to those who objected that this would kill the rhythm of Homer, he replied that Homer's Hexameters were not constructed on reading principles. They were meant to be sung. These views of his were strengthened by a sojourn of several months in Greece in the

summer of 1853. He acquired then a fluent knowledge of modern Greek, and came back more than ever impressed with the fact, which he was never tired of repeating, that Greek is a living language and should be taught as such. His views on the teaching of Greek he extended to the teaching of all languages—namely, that they should be taught in association with objects, that the ear and the tongue should be trained first by the combination of simple words and sentences—that, in fact, whosoever would enter upon the learning of a language must do so as he would enter the Kingdom of Heaven—in the guise of a little child.

Of Professor Blackie as a teacher the most diverse opinions have been entertained, and it is a delicate task to sit in judgment upon them. There is the crowd who declare that they never derived any solid benefit from his teaching, and who probably know their own case best. There are those who declare that in his class they quaffed continual nectar. Perhaps the Professor was a little in advance of his day. Much as he had laboured in the cause of educational

reform, the Scottish school system was not then, and is not now, sufficiently advanced to save the Professor from the task of soulless mechanical gerund-grinding. A poet in temperament, he may have found himself in the task of teaching half-finished Scottish school boys, like Pegasus harnessed to a dray cart ; and much of that sort of work was left to the assistant. It was his desire not to cram their heads with " grammar, and such nonsense," but to teach them to sit down " and drink a cup of tea with Homer ;" and to hear him crooning over a passage from the Iliad or a chorus from Æschylus, was a joy to those who had the understanding heart. His translations from the Greek, in choice word and well-turned phrase from his vast store of English, were the wonder and the despair of the tyro. For the minutiae of textual criticism he had no stomach, but give him a word, a passage, a stray allusion which brought the poet or the philosopher to the top, and there was no more text-book for him. It might be a dissertation on the unity of the Homeric poems, or current views about myths, or the Platonic theory of the beautiful—even so far-fetched a subject as Scottish



From a Photo by]

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“THE SHRINE”—BOOKCASE.

Containing a copy of everything Professor Blackie has written.



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THE DRAWING ROOM.

song or the Hebrew Devil was not beyond the sweep of his observation. Once the Professor got on his hobby horse, the hour sped away. Searching observations, apt quotations, ransacked from all quarters, illuminated his conversation. The men who had caught the divine afflatus were in ecstasies. The unfortunate passman, cramming for a degree, groaned in spirit. It was magnificent, but it was not Greek. These were, however, the days of compulsory Greek, and there was no escape. Often there was rebellion, and the class became like a bear garden. The Professor was no disciplinarian, and his class speedily acquired the reputation of being the noisiest in the University. Affairs sometimes took a ludicrous turn. The Professor, surprised out of his usual equanimity, would stride up and down the platform, shake his fist at the offenders, call them sheep, bears, asses, dolts, blockheads, howling idiots; and, singling out the worst of the crew, would prescribe an essay on the Greek mode of conducting a public meeting. These, however, were transient breezes ruffling the surface only of his serene and happy temper. In a moment

He was calm and sunshine again. But the medium in which to collect the humours of Blackie's class would fill a volume. Some of the stories have become classical. There is an equally well-known story bearing on the alleged slimness of his mathematical acquirements which tells how he was jocularly hailed in the quadrangle by a brother Professor with the observation that parallel straight lines never meet, and how, justly incensed, he spent the class hour at the blackboard trying to refute the truth of the well-known mathematical axiom. Such stories the Professor himself never believed in, but at any rate they were reasonably well invented.





CHAPTER III.

The Author.



THREE generations of students passed under his eye during his tenure of the professorial chair, and these alone would have been sufficient to carry his fame to the ends of the earth; but outside his University work the Professor, ever busy with pen and speech, came in contact with the world at a hundred points. As the product of his lyric muse there appeared in 1851 "Lays and Legends of

Ancient Greece," in which he showed how well he had caught the spirit of Greek poetry, legend, and mythology. In 1860, in his "Lyric Poems," he showed how deftly he could turn his Latin, Greek and German to the purposes of original composition. In 1866, after twelve years of labour spent upon it, appeared his "Homer and the Iliad," a valuable contribution to scholarship, in four volumes, in which he set himself the task of endeavouring "to give such an exhibition of the great national poem of the Greeks, and the spirit of Greek life contained in it, as may place an English gentleman of culture and intelligence on an equal footing with the professional scholar." In the first volume of the work he gave an exhaustive review of Homeric literature and criticism up till that date, freely acknowledging the services of Wolf, but maintaining for himself the essential unity of the poems. There is another volume of notes, and two volumes of translation in ballad metre, executed with the object of "bringing out what is characteristic of the original" and avoiding the sins against the spirit of Greek poetry and Greek thought

into which his predecessors were constantly falling." And certainly the Professor, if he does not do full justice to Homer's mighty line, produced a scholarly and readable version. About this work, Professor Blackie tells how when he went to John Murray to get it published he "told me never to publish Greek in Scotland. He was right there." His "Musa Burschiosa," published in 1869 is a collection of University songs with something of the German spirit in them. There is a command of language, a breezy rhythm, and budding humour about them which rank them among the best of their kind. In commending them to the young men of the University he adds this characteristic advice—"If you wish to be happy in this world there are only three things that can secure you of your aim—the love of God, the love of truth, and the love of your fellow-men. And of this divine triad, the best and most natural exponent, in my estimate, is neither a sermon, nor a lecture, nor even a grand article in a Quarterly Review, but just simply a good song." This collection was followed in 1870 by a volume of "War Songs of the Germans,"

and of course he was a champion of the Germans against the French, who deserved, he thought, all the beating they got. His "Songs of Religion and Life," published in 1876, are full of the desire for the cultivation of religious reverence without sectarian dogmatism. In 1877 he published his "Wise Men of Greece," in which, in the form of dialogue, he expounded with elegant learning, and freshness of style, the philosophy of the Greek master minds.

Excepting his Highland lays and translations, and stray verses and sonnets not yet collected, these represent, for the most part, his contributions to pure literature, and they alone would claim for him a place in the Scottish roll of honour. But they represent only a part of the fruits of his superabundant energies. He lectured all over the Kingdom. He flung himself into the controversies of his time: he was nothing if not combative. He fell foul of Jeffrey and the Rev. Dr Alison in the year 1858, when he delivered a series of lectures to demolish their theory that beauty is the result of mere association. He attacked John Stuart Mill and the whole Benthamite

school on the Utilitarian philosophy. A man who believed, as he did, with Christ and the Apostle Paul that "the Kingdom of God is within you," could not assent to the view which made morality the result of external associations. He attacked Grote for his views on the Greek sophists, and Max Müller for his theory of language and his interpretation of myths. The result of his opposition to the Utilitarian philosophy was a volume, "Four Phases of Morals," which appeared in 1872, and showed that the Professor's reading in philosophy was nothing if not extensive. The Max Müller controversy resulted in a volume of philological papers, "Horæ Hellenicæ," which was published in the same year. He mixed himself up a good deal in the controversies which surrounded the Reform Bill of 1867. Liberal though he professed to be, he lectured in Manchester to the Constitutional Association, and said he to J. M. Barrie, "I fancy I astonished them."

As a Carlylian, a Wordsworthian, a Goethian—a "heather mixture" of all three—it was inevitable that he should be a conservative—with such varia-

tions as we have mentioned—in regard to fundamental theological questions. It was no doubt mainly on account of his holding views of this kind that in 1877 he published “The Natural History of Atheism: A Defence of Theism against Modern Atheistic and Agnostic Tendencies,” and in 1881 “Lay Sermons: A Series of Discourses on Important Points of Christian Doctrine and Discipline.”

These controversies attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and the papers he published in connection with them are vigorous specimens of polemics. For us at the present moment they are chiefly interesting as showing the versatile character of the man, who was equally at home penning a Greek ode, grappling with a philosophical system, or demolishing a demagogue on a public platform.

One subject on which Professor Blackie was never tired of dilating in season and out of season was the subject of education. His writings are strewn with allusions in which he shows how keenly he felt the dreariness of the system of his own schools and school-

masters. In spite of his faith in the great Aristotelian maxim that all extremes are wrong, his own remedy for the defects of our educational system will probably appear to most people curiously extreme and impracticable. His view was that nature is the great teacher, and that our schoolmasters too often shut out nature instead of helping it. Books are a means and not an end, and are only to be used to supplement observation and experiment. Education was a drawing out of the thinking faculties, and boys and girls should not be educated after the fashion of pouring beer into barrels. Let the pupil observe facts for himself; next let him classify them; then let him reason about them, and that was better than all the books in the world. Above all, he valued the imagination as an aid to healthy reason. Cultivation of the imagination was one of the most potent aids to education, and no better stimulus for the imagination could be found than in the study of national history and of the lives of great men. These views, expounded in many an article and on many a platform, were afterwards crystallised in his little volume on "Self-

Culture," full of the ripe experience and gathered wisdom of a long life, which he issued in 1874. None of his books has attained a wider popularity. It has gone through nearly a score of editions, and has been translated into ten languages.

In a lecture he delivered to the Glasgow University Dialectic Society in 1894, Professor Blackie contended that the Scotch Universities were out of harmony with the democratic spirit of the age. He held that we must have a large increase in the facilities for better work. How was this to be done? First, by paying fees of the chairs not directly to professors, but to pay them into a common University box, from which they might be apportioned in such a fashion that, while no teachers should be paid in a niggardly way, a certain percentage should be taken from the rich chairs to form new ones, and to increase the endowment of the poorer ones. Thus, if there were ten chairs, and the income from each was £1000, take £100 from each, and they would be able to endow two new ones with £500 each. This was done in Germany, he believed. Secondly, the State might

justly be called upon to contribute to the support of so important a member of its body politic as a University, and more so as the Scotch people have never got very much from England. Thirdly, a special education tax could be laid on each county, and its principal town and districts, in order to place the medical schools on such a platform as at once to raise the Universities from their present state of degradation, and make the profession of teacher the object and ambition of the youth of this country as much as the profession of the law.

His views as to the conduct of life he has perhaps never put better than in these lines—

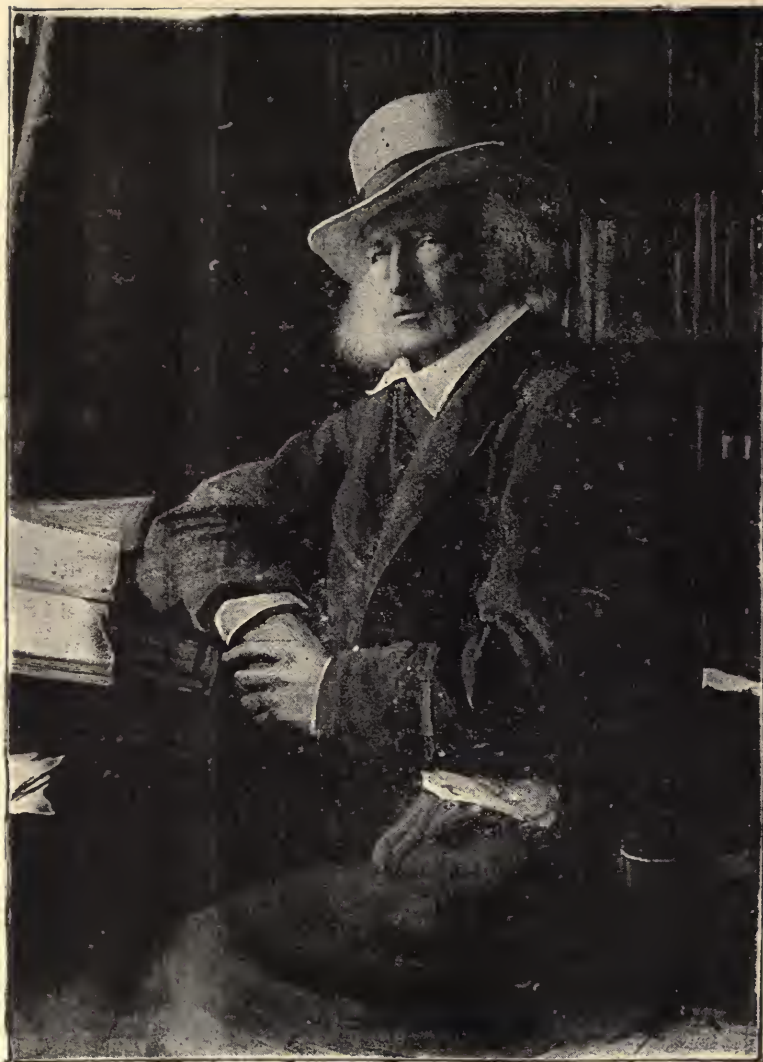
“ Live as a man, and count it treason
 To man to live divorced from reason ;
 Prove your ground and know your game,
 And ply your task with stout endeavour ;
 Nor courting praise, nor fearing blame,
 Know your own worth, and know not less
 Your neighbour's weight and worthiness ;
 And where he works well, let him do
 The work that might be spoiled by you.”

Compare this with Goethe's

“ Give others' work just share of praise,
 Not of thy own the merit raise.”

and it will be allowed that Professor Blackie has made a right guess to his own fount of inspiration. Finally, to the educational section of the Blackie literature may be assigned "What History Teaches" (in prose), published in 1886, and "Mensis Vitæ" (in verse), published in 1887.





PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN HIS STUDY.



CHAPTER IV.

Blackie and the Highlands.



FROM an early period of his life Professor Blackie took a deep and practical interest in the Highlands. It was while he was a Professor at Aberdeen, and when spending a holiday at Braemar, that his attention was first directed to the subject, and his sympathies evoked on behalf of the Highlanders. He says in

the preface to his volume on the "Land Question in the

Highlands " that the sight of the ruined houses with their green patches of what had once been cultivated land to be met with in Upper Deeside brought vividly before him the harshness and ingratitude of the system which has driven out an industrious population to make room for deer. At that time he wrote a letter to the editor of the *Times* on the subject, which attracted a good deal of attention; and he subsequently studied the land question in various parts of the Highlands, where the condition of things was very much worse than at Braemar. The result of his inquiries was given to the world in the volume to which we have just alluded, which was dedicated to Mr. John Bright, and which did much, we believe, to induce the Government to appoint the Napier Commission. In many other ways he showed his sympathy with the down-trodden Highlanders.

In the matter of the land laws, he earnestly advocated the cause of the crofter—the cause of men *versus* sheep, as he himself might have phrased it—and it will be remembered that the first Crofter Commission, known as Lord Napier's Commission, owed its

institution to his eloquent advocacy. But the most singular illustration of his erratic political temperament was that while his interest in Irish Home Rule was of a *dilettante* character—and was probably prompted by his admiration for Mr. Gladstone—he was one of the most prominent of that small band who under Mr. Charles Waddie demanded the prompt enactment of Home Rule for Scotland. The truth is that with all his cosmopolitan range, Blackie was a Scot first and a Briton afterwards. The language, the song, the customs of his native country received and kept his earliest and best affections, and he was never tired of denouncing those English importations which he believed were debasing his “mither tongue,” and turning Scotland into a mere province of the southern kingdom; and however his mental vision may have been coloured by romance, he grasped eagerly at a scheme which held fond hopes of a distinctive nationality preserved by the vigour of a self-centred life, and a capital with restored glories which should at least have the opportunity given it to resist the whirlpool suction of the great Metropolis. “Some-

place the bliss in action, some in ease." Professor Blackie was emphatically a man who found his pleasure in action, not only in the employment of his "learned leisure," but in the discharge of all the many public duties to which he was called. Frequently on the platform, sometimes even in the pulpit, he lectured and talked on a variety of subjects, but always most effectively when the kernel of his discourse touched the Highlands.

It is perhaps in the importance which he attached to the cultivation of the true spirit of nationality that we have the explanation of what was one of the great passions of his life—his love of the Highlands, of the Highland language, and the Highland people. In one of his books he gives us an interesting account of the beginnings of his Celtic enthusiasm. Like most of his countrymen, he tells us, he had been brought up under the traditions of classical schoolmasters, who directed all the ambitions of their pupils to things distant in time and space, as alone worthy of attention. The native Scottish music was never once mentioned as a subject worthy of scholastic ambition.

“Gaelic, of course, though existing quite in a vivid state a few miles up the country, in the estimation of these nice quoters of Horace and Virgil, was a barbarism as little imagined as the Umbrian and Oscan dialects could be to the polished literary gentlemen of the Augustan age in Rome.” And so he grew up in ignorance and apathy like other young gentlemen who had received a classical education. He made the usual Highland tour without taking note that there was such a thing as Gaelic in the world. But about the year 1850, in one of his “vagabond flights” through the Highland hills, he found himself quartered at Kinlochewe, on Loch Maree side, and there he “picked up his first mustard seed of the rare old language.” Happening to ask a stable boy who was holding a horse at the inn door what was the name of the animal, and being told that it was *Each*, his philological mind at once saw the resemblance of this to *Equus*. Pursuing the subject, he discovered that Gaelic was not a fortuitous combination of barbarous vocables, but an intelligible system of speech, capable of being comprehended, with reasonable

application, by persons of moderate ability. When he had acquired a certain proficiency in the language he plunged with ardour into the study of its lyric poetry, and he found in it a wealth of sentiment worthy of his beloved Greek bards themselves. Here was a new gospel for his countrymen. He set himself to break down the "middle wall of partition which fenced off the most cultivated minds in England and in the Lowlands of Scotland from the intellectual life and moral aspirations of the Highlanders." In his beautiful Highland home at Altnacraig, near Oban, where he spent most of the summer, and where his house soon became as much a show-place for the tourist as Dunolly or Fingal's Cave; in wandering the Highlands from Assynt to Ben Lomond, he found plenty of material to feed his new enthusiasm. In 1872 he published his "Lays of the Highlands and Islands," which on every page show the influence and the spell of Highland scenery, and Highland song and story. Such pieces as his "Psalm to Ben More" have the true spirit of Wordsworth. His "Lay of the Brave Cameron" echoes a splendid

patriotism. In many a touching strain he mourns the silence of the Highland glens. As his fluency in the Gaelic language increased, he set himself to make translations of the most popular lyrics. These are exquisite. Many have tried translations from the Gaelic, but none have more truly caught the spirit of the original, or clothed it in more happy phrase, than he. His rendering of Duncan Ban Macintyre's fine poem of "Ben Dorain," the greatest venatorial song he thought in any language, cannot be surpassed for the felicity with which he has caught the very difficult rhythm. One result of his industry in this new branch of learning appeared in 1876, when he published his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands." The book contained nothing which to the cultivated Highlander was not known before. Its limitations are considerable, but it was addressed to Lowlanders, and its translations from the Gaelic would alone have commanded attention. Indeed, it may be suspected whether the Professor's knowledge was ever more than a graceful accomplishment, which he bore lightly as a flower. He some-

times, during his sojourn at Oban, made his way into the public school there, and the little boys and girls, some of them fresh from the hills, understood everything he said but his Gaelic.

For educational Scotland, however, he had something better than deep Celtic erudition. He had enthusiasm and persistency; and these qualities established the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University. In the early seventies he commenced his crusade, chiefly at the instance of the late Sheriff Nicolson. He soon constituted himself the "Solicitor-General," as he put it, of the Highland people, and the Celtic Chair became his ruling passion. It even invaded the Greek class-room, and the students sometimes found their Homer or Æschylus put aside for a harangue on the language of Eden. The enthusiasm over the Celtic Chair was subject to cold fits. Subscriptions came in at times slowly enough; but the Colonies came to the rescue. A sum of £12,000 was collected, and in 1882 the Chair, over the destinies of which Professor Mackinnon now presides was established, amid the applause of the learned.

Then Professor Blackie's sentiments towards the Highland people found vent in a new direction. At the time when it was hardly respectable to be a Highland agitator, he championed the cause of the crofter. His zeal sometimes outran his discretion, and led him into extravagances. He toured in Skye during the height of the agitation, and was otherwise active in preaching the new crusade. His writings have furnished a good many texts for more recent land law reformers. He has been especially severe on the Highland clearances, which he regarded as a crime and a blunder. As one who held that cash payment could not be the sole bond of society, he maintained that it was the first duty of a landed aristocracy to cherish the local population, who were the seminary of the State; and whoever neglected this duty, and held land for the mere purpose of collecting the largest possible amount of rent in the easiest way, was a bad landlord and a worthless citizen. But his practical proposals have been a good deal outstripped both by past legislation and by the promises of Radical politicians. His opinions on

matters Highland are interestingly summed up in "Altavona," a volume of dialogues published in 1882.

The following lecture delivered in the Queen's Rooms, under the auspices of the Glasgow Sunday Society, shows the versatility of his learning and the geniality of his humour. There was a very large attendance, the hall being crowded a considerable time before the hour at which the proceedings were announced to commence. Mr. J. Shaw Maxwell presided.

Professor Blackie, who was cordially received, said that if a person were to make a full history of all the misfortunes that had fallen upon the Highlanders, partly by their own folly or the folly of their chiefs, partly by the overwhelming might of circumstances, and partly by the want of moral sympathy on the part of the Lowlanders and the trans-Tweed Southerners, the world itself would not contain the books that might be written. (Applause). The Rev. Norman Macleod in perhaps the best book ever written on the Highlands—except perhaps his

own—(Laughter)—but he was not an impartial judge of that matter—in that admirable book called “The Annals of a Highland Parish,” written with the spirit of a Celtic hero and the pen of a Highlander, said that the Highlands of Scotland were at once the best known and the least known part of Her Majesty’s dominions. He would add to that, that the Highland people were at once the best behaved and the worst treated of any people in Her Majesty’s dominions. They were shamefully ill-treated. To know the Highland people one must know their memories, their aspirations, what they were before 1745, and what they were now. When he went to the Highlands he wanted to know what the people were, and he did the first thing necessary for knowing a people—he studied their language. (Applause). He claimed to know something about the Highlanders, for he had been living among them for thirty years. To understand the Highlanders they must understand the clan system which existed prior to what he called the brilliant blunder of 1745. The virtues of that system still remained in the character of the few

Highlanders whom our commercial system had suffered to remain in their native glens. The lecturer proceeded to point out the nature and character of the clan system, what were the social virtues which it developed, what were the vices it developed, and what happened to the Highlanders when under the change of circumstances after 1745, they came under the influence of a new system altogether, to which he had given the name of the commercial system. The essential character of the clan system was that of the family. A bond of mutual love and self-esteem bound society together. Some people considered a cash payment a better bond. The only bond that could bind people together was a bond between the upper and the lower classes, and that existed under the clan system. Every man was a proprietor of the soil—(Applause)—and every man was a soldier, because, by the law of God, if a man would not stand up to defend his property sword in hand he had no right to have it. (Applause). The practice of turning the people away was not known until the commercial system and the worship of Mammon came in.

Among the virtues of the Highlanders, under the clan system, he enumerated their mutual respect and love, their respect and reverence for their superiors, and their respect for what was noble in the past. Connected with this mutual self-esteem and loyalty was the politeness of the Highlanders. They were all gentlemen. (Laughter). They were so still—those of them who had been allowed to remain, and who were not corrupted by the Lowlanders with their gold. The man who the moment he bought property in the Highlands said to the people who had been there three thousand years—(Laughter)—certainly from the time of Ossian, and that was at least a thousand years—“Go away, I don't want you now, I want the deer,” was not a gentleman. (Applause). That was the result of the absolute right of property, and of cash payment. Any man who bought property and turned away the people of whom God made him steward was not a gentleman. (Applause). Under the clan system the Highlanders were full of sagacity and intelligence. It was a modern superstition that books were required to make intelligent men. Never

had there been a better behaved people than the Highlanders. The policemen in Skye were rather glad at what was going on there just now. It was the first time they had had any employment. (Laughter). If boys in a class or in a family took a fit of behaving badly there was a cause for it. The bad conduct of the Highlanders—he did not justify standing up against the law—depend upon it, was caused by ill administration. That was as certain as any thing in the Gospel of God. The Highlanders had rather a supercharge of loyalty and obedience than an undercharge, and if they broke the law it was because laws had been used to break down their old land marches, and to take away their natural rights to the soil. (Applause). Among some of the vices connected with the clan system, he mentioned that the people were sometimes more inclined to gather round their chief rather than to gather round the banner of the monarch of the land. That tendency to local loyalty sometimes prevented them from common action for the public good. There was amongst them hatred of neighbouring clans. They had also a habit of taking things easy.

They were accused even now of being indolent and lazy. He denied that Highlanders, as a race, were so. If they were neglected by their natural heads, if they got no encouragement, then they became lazy and indolent; but was not half of Glasgow made up of Highlanders? Were the Campbells or the Mac-kinnons of this city more lazy than other people? It was not their blood that made them lazy. He believed more in formation of character than in race. Give a Highlander fair play, treat him kindly, and don't insist that he must be as smart as a London cabman all at once, and they would find that he was not essentially indolent or lazy. (Applause). After mentioning some of the measures adopted by the Government with regard to the Highlands subsequently to the rising of 1745, and which he said brought about voluntary emigration, and deprived the lairds of their local importance, the lecturer stated that two evils which had followed upon these changed circumstances were absenteeism and government by factors. In conclusion he urged that some attention should be given to this great subject. The science of

society was founded upon mutual love and respect and not upon political economy. (Applause).





CHAPTER V,

The Peripatetic Lecturer.



THE year 1882 brings us to the close of his long connection with the University; but before taking leave of him in his professorial capacity, it may be proper to mention the Hellenic Club, of which he was long the arch-priest and moving spirit.

This was a society of the inspired, who met regularly in each other's houses to cultivate the spirit-compelling language and literature of ancient Greece. It had its playful initiation and its mysteries, its neophytes and its inner circle, and Blackie was the hierophant, the crown, of all. Some of the members, to whom the University benches were but a dim memory, were per-

haps a little rusty, and occasionally the Professor brought in one or two of his promising students by way of helping them over difficulties; and when the Society passed from the feast of reason to the more mundane delights of a good supper, there was none more jovial than the Professor in praise of the language in which "Homer rolled in billows of gold, with Plato, and Peter, and Paul." The Society held at one time the *élite* of literary Edinburgh, though it is to be feared that its vitality has become impaired from lack of the true spirits to keep it up; but when the Professor and Mrs. Blackie celebrated their golden wedding a few years ago, the Hellenes were foremost in congratulation. They presented him with a golden bowl, and Dr. Walter C. Smith brought his garland of verse.

With the resignation of his Chair, Blackie became a professor of things in general. He had too active a temperament to lapse into mere mossy old age. From his house in Douglas Crescent, where he had surrounded himself with a wealth of beautiful objects, he poured forth magazine articles, letters to the *Scotsman*, ballads,

sonnets by the score. The volume on "Burns," in English Men of Letters; a volume of lay sermons, a book on the "Wisdom of Goethe," volumes on "The Scottish Highlanders," and "The Land Laws," and on the lessons of history, are evidence of his industry, and of the variety of his pursuits. The visitor who had access to his sanctum would find him there sitting, in his broad-rimmed straw hat, penning sheet after sheet of execrable handwriting, the terror of the compositor, and flinging them on the floor in most admired confusion, regardless of the fact that they would have to be picked up. He was as ready as ever for an argument, and one of his latest professorial achievements was to cross swords with Professor Jebb on the ever-fertile subject of Greek accents. Even before vacating the Chair, he had become more and more a peripatetic, lecturing from Land's End to John o' Groats, on subjects as diverse as Scottish nationality and Platonic philosophy, and flashing out into wit and wisdom in a way that dazzled his hearers. Now he invaded the southern metropolis, and pronounced an oration on the Scottish national bard. Next he visited the metropolis

of the west, and shocked the Sabbatarians by lecturing on the Love Songs of Scotland—aye and singing them too—before the Sunday Society. The unco guid raged furiously together, but the genial Professor shed their maledictions like water off a duck's back, declared that he had been casting his pearls before swine, and his reputation remained untarnished. These public exhibitions of his brought out more and more the peculiar character of the man. His method on the platform was singularly erratic. On one occasion he scandalised the ladies of Dundee, who had placed a magnificent bouquet on his reading desk, by marching up to it, poking it with his kail runt, and singing out, "Take away that bauble." Although he usually announced a subject of a lecture, when he ascended the platform neither the audience or himself was quite sure what he might come to talk about. Perhaps it might turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon; usually it was a mixture of both, and Wallace, John Knox, Jenny Geddes, Socrates, the devil, the West End snob, and Mr. Gladstone were never absent from his gallery of illustrations. When he got up to talk, he grasped his

huge kail runt—the stick of Jersey growth—without which he was never seen in public; and as he walked up and down the platform, the stick was flourished to emphasise his points. Now and then a new aspect of an idea struck him. Off he went at a tangent, and seldom or never did he come back to his starting-point. He was never tedious, and never common-place. Often he said the most nonsensical things, but it was usually with the object of attracting attention to some good thing that was to follow. He believed in conveying wisdom in the guise of frivolity. “And now,” he would say, when he had scored a point or two, “we will have a song;” and seating himself in his chair, and pounding the reading-desk or the back of another chair, he would troll out his ballad of “Jenny Geddes,” or some racy old Scotch song, with voice and gesture that were peculiarly appropriate. He was the despair of the newspaper reporter, who saw the witticisms go flashing by, and felt that if he did not get the very words—and they were not easy to gather—the peculiar sheen would go off them. And woe betide the newspaper wight whom the Professor detected at his

scribbling. He was immediately made the butt of the meeting. "Hullo, you reporter fellow," he would cry, "see you take down the sense, and never mind the nonsense." And the next time the "reporter fellow" went to a meeting of Blackie's he took care to skulk behind a pillar, or in the shelter of some friendly female bonnet. Nor did the Professor hesitate to invade even the sacred precincts of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Although a member, he seldom showed much interest in their proceedings, but when the fit was on him he once or twice penetrated into that den of scientific lions, challenged them to gainsay his views about living Greek, snapped his fingers at the council table, and, metaphorically speaking, trailed his coat before the whole society. There was a suspicion that the Professor with his lecturing proclivities, sometimes made himself a little too cheap, but who can estimate how many among the thousands whom he reached, must have been stimulated by his strong, healthy enthusiasm?

As a lecturer Professor Blackie was popular everywhere, and was a certain draw. His methods were

his own. Full of humour and brilliancy, he could, like Yorick, keep the audience in a roar, though he was wont to complain that "these reporter fellows," as he called them, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his lips, made a point of leaving out the common sense on which he prided himself and stringing together all his jokes and witticisms. On the platform he was like a caged lion, never still for a moment, flinging his arms here, there, and everywhere, and, if the need arose, emphasising a point by a resounding slap on the shoulders of one or other of those nearest him on the platform.

Among his intimates he was like a great big school-boy, full of animal spirits, and ever ready to burst forth into German student songs, or to illustrate the minstrelsy of his own revered country.

When he revisited the University, he was received with uproarious welcome; and when once at a meeting in Lauriston he announced that this was positively his last appearance, and that henceforth they would see no more of "Dear old Blackie," the announcement eclipsed the gaiety of academic circles for the space of several

days, until he turned up on a lecture platform somewhere down town.

In a lecture on Burns delivered at Glasgow in 1889 he remarked that Burns was a pious and religious man. That nation was most blessed that had a hero, said the Professor. No nation was ever great who had not a great hero, because he was of opinion that perfect equality was nonsense. In Scotland we had not only one, but half-a-dozen—Bruce, Wallace, John Knox, Peden the Prophet, Adam Smith, James Watt, Dr. Chalmers, as well as Scott and Burns. Of all the big leading men he thought the first was Robert Bruce, second Robert Burns. Had it not been for Bruce there would have been no Scotchmen living at the present moment ; we would have been simply known as a northern province of England. Burns was one of the most national men, the most patriotic of all the literary men ; with no exception—not even of John Knox. His whole character as a man was the most complete embodiment of everything that was excellent and noble in the Scottish character. He had the fire and the fervour that belongs to the Scotch.

He had a great amount of intellectual power, was a man of thought and education and of great shrewdness. Burns would not have been a true Scotchman had he not been essentially a pious and religious man. He did not mean orthodoxy by religion. He meant what was found in the nineteenth Psalm. He did not say that Burns was consistently a religious man, but he was never profane; he never sneered but was always reverential.





CHAPTER VI.

The Many Sidedness of His Character.



IN the midst of the distractions of a busy life Professor Blackie never forgot his beloved Highlands. When the railway to Oban brought in the jerry builder with his "stone and lime hideosities," the Professor shook the dust off his feet against the town, quitted it forever, and recanted all the poetry he had written about it. Then he turned his steps to Kingussie, and in Badenoch, that romantic land of mountain, glen, and wood, he felt his poetic muse stirred to fresh efforts. But Edinburgh was his home, and it is as he trod its streets in these latter days that his memory

will be fondly cherished. Picture him walking down Princes Street, with firm step and alert carriage; the figure straight as an arrow; the close black surtout falling down to the knees of his wide shepherd tartan trousers; the dark plaid loosely crossed over his shoulder, carelessly held with his left hand, while the right grasped the famous "kail runt;" the clear-cut Grecian face overshadowed by the broad-brimmed soft felt hat, from beneath which his silver white hair escaped in a flood over his shoulders; and as he passed along swinging his stick, and crooning like a bagpipe, and the most unobservant felt that here was an original.

And an original Professor Blackie was, a singular mixture of the hard-headed, metaphysical Scot and the perfervid, impulsive Celt—as he put it himself, a strange bundle of inconsistencies. To the former of these qualities we may attribute his exceeding combativeness, which made him seem all his life as if he were spoiling for an argument; but if he sometimes flung about hard words, and talked as if he thought his adversaries were awful rascals, that only arose from the intensity of his convictions, which brought

everything and everyone who differed from him into strong relief. At bottom he cherished no ill-will. "I hate no one," he says in "Altavona," "not even the coward and the liar : I only pity them." To the same Scottish temperament belonged in part his deep religious spirit. He had indeed that quality of enthusiasm which, undiluted, has often landed other men in bigotry, but from this his philosophy saved him, and equally perhaps the widening influence of his sojourn abroad. His religion was without sombre tint or narrowness. But, in spite of his affected catholicity, he was too good a Scotsman, and too great an admirer of the movement of which John Knox and Andrew Melville were leaders and Jenny Geddes was a popular embodiment, not to be after all a true Presbyterian, and perhaps if one scratched his Presbyterianism a mild form of Calvinism might be found beneath it. No one knew better than he how much of what was strong and admirable in Scottish character was due to his country's stern religious teaching ; but what he protested against was its unlovely stiffness, its grim aggressiveness. He had no wish to tie the souls of other

men to his creeds and formularies. He was intolerant only of intolerance. But the qualities which most distinguished him were those which belonged to his share of the *perjervidum ingenium Scotorum*. These constituted the real Blackie in the popular eye. These made him a poet, and in his poetry we see him at his best. He sang of what was tender and reverent in religion, of what was heroic and noble in history, of what was inspiring in nature. Above all, no quality shone out more markedly in his character than his romantic love of country. If we were to ask what more than anything else endeared him to the popular heart, there is no doubt what the answer would be. It was his overflowing patriotism that made him "loved at home, revered abroad;" and whosoever came away from hearing Blackie expatiating on Scottish nationality or Scottish song without feeling that his enthusiasm was catching, was a pitiful specimen of a Scotsman. And over everything he did Blackie cast the halo of a radiant and irrepressible cheerfulness.

With Robert Louis Stevenson this was the philosophy he acted on—"gentleness and cheerfulness, these come

before all morality. They are the perfect virtues." His cheerfulness was the outcome of his abundant physical vigour, and to the same source belonged a deal of what people called eccentricity, which was in reality his living protest against the hide-bound conventionalities which stunt individual growth. He led the most active of lives. He used to say with amiable exaggeration that there was not a hill from Maidenkirke to John o' Groat's he had not been to the top of. He believed in the sunshine and the open air. This robust healthfulness continued to the last. Of him it might almost be said that to the last his eye had not grown dim, neither had his natural strength abated.

Though the time is scarcely ripe for a precise estimate of the position which the late Professor should occupy in Scottish literature, some general observations may be allowed. As a translator he was painstaking and sympathetic, yet it is doubtful whether his "Faust," his "Æschylus," or his version of the "Iliad" have earned him a niche in the gallery of fame. As an educationist he deserves most honourable mention; the popularity of his "Self Culture," which is prac-

tical rather than theoretical, has given him that distinction. But in all probability he will be remembered, not because of his translations, or his opposition to John Stuart Mill, or his Platonic disquisitions on the beautiful, or even for his "Self Culture," but because of those poems which he wrote redolent of the heather and palpitating with the feeling of his native land. Keenly alive to all manifestations of the picturesque, he was undoubtedly at his best when throwing into spirited verse some stirring historical scene, some graphic picture from the Highlands he loved so well, or delineating some trait in the humanity which, despite his fondness for Ancient Greek and modern German, he understood better than anything else in the world. This it is which, it may be predicted, will give Blackie a lasting memorial in Scotland, whatever remembrance of him may survive in other lands. One is tempted to regret that a man so richly endowed with natural gifts as he was should so often have spent his time in what history may record as a vain beating of the air. Poetry and philosophy, politics and philology, education and religion—these were in

turn the mistresses of his energies, yet the variety of his service testifies to wonderful mental exuberance and phenomenal versatility. All he did was well done, not with profundity, not even with single-minded thoroughness, but with a dash and a brilliance which was often more effective than the keenest logic. Strictly speaking, Blackie was no logician, but, like one other who has run with him the race of life, he possessed a copious vocabulary, understood human nature, and knew aptly how to touch the chords of sentiment. As has been stated, he was no thorough going Calvinist—in the vulgar and unscientific sense. He had a vast admiration for the influence which Calvinism has had on certain aspects of Scottish life and character, but on the whole he preferred his own system—or want of system—to that which bears the *imprimatur* of Calvin and Knox. In the same way, as we have seen, his political creed is hardly capable of definition. If we take “Altavona” as our guide, we find him in ardent sympathy with the Disruption of 1843, yet in as ardent opposition to the disestablishment policy of those new leaders of the Fre_e

Church to whom has descended the office, and not the gifts, of Chalmers. "The Free Church," he affirmed, "now that patronage is abolished in the Establishment, stands in need of a new reason for its separate existence, and of a new spur to keep up the hot pace of its adherents. The present anti-Establishment movement is a movement altogether destitute of that moral nobility which characterised the Disruption. In this new movement, democratic ambition, sectarian jealousy, and pure Scotch greed have combined to enact a part which only the political partisan and the religious crochet-monger can look on with satisfaction. Such squabblement and babblement about petty financial and political matters, magnified into an artificial importance by the name of God and the 'mind of Christ' stamped upon them, and conscience, a hireling pleader, protesting loudly in favour of piety and pence, I cannot away with."

To the vast majority he was endeared by his strongly-developed patriotism, which he never could and never tried to conceal, and even his unmethodical style had for them a charm which they discovered in

no other public speaker. In his later years, at all events, the most of his discourses were mere verbal ramblings, now closely approaching and anon at a bewildering remoteness from some stated object, but the treasures of his knowledge, the airiness of his poetic fancy, the strength and piquancy of his humour, were such that none ever greatly cared whether, in his comet-like orbit, he was in aphelion or perihelion. "Mind Blackie's sense and not his nonsense," was his frequent reminder, and it was worth the trouble to open his bushel of oysters for the sake of the pearl which some of them surely contained. But no one could listen to him and preserve a critical mood. Sufficient for the hour was the entertainment thereof, and the medley of the congruous and incongruous which he poured forth was a dish seasoned with the true Attic salt, and all the more liked by his countrymen in that the seasoning was strong. In the streets, or in any public gathering, the Professor was a notable and picturesque figure, and no one was long in his company without discovering in him certain peculiarities of speech and address—amiable eccen-

tricies, they may be called—which marked him as a man who did not recognise convention, except when it was distinctly and honourably useful, and whose juvenescence of spirit sustained him above those shocks of time to which all must ultimately yield. Generous and sincere in all his aims; eager always to embrace and maintain a righteous cause; a disputant who hit hard, but never cruel, blows; a patriot whose love for the excellences of his native land did not blind him to the goodness in others; a poet who sang, as he lived, joyously; a citizen who met every civic duty more than half-way, the record of John Stuart Blackie is best closed and his character indicated in his own words:— “I hate none of God’s creatures—not even liars and cowards, and the systematic whitewashers of unclean things. It is enough that I must pity them.”

The many sidedness of his interests kept him ever young in spirit. “There is still life in me,” he said not long ago to an interviewer, and he was then engaged on an article on “The Present State of Greece from the War of 1821.” Three months before his death.

he was as active as ever in attendance on the Gifford Lectures. Such a man seemed compact of such elements as to defy dissolution. When death came one felt as if it should come suddenly. Of the enduring character of his work it is not easy to speak. We are too close to it to see it in proper perspective; but among the qualities that make for lasting fame there was one in which he was unquestionably deficient. With all his enthusiasm and persistency he lacked the great quality of concentration. It would be impossible to deny him genius, but he worked in too many fields; and they were fields in which others have worked with more application and more success. To the people of his own generation his many-sidedness made him a more interesting and picturesque figure, but it did not favour the production of work which will be monumental. His admirers must have sometimes regretted that he had no friendly Boswell to catch the pearls of wisdom as they fell from his lips. Then, like another Dr. Johnson, he might have talked himself into immortality. But whatever were the defects of his qualities, this praise will not be withheld from him,

of having been the most remarkable personality of any Scotsman of this generation.

These in brief outline are the main outward facts of the Professor's life ; but such a record gives but a faint idea of the restless intellectual activity that marked his career. His pen was never idle, nor his tongue either for that matter. His sympathies were of the broadest and most comprehensive, and there was scarcely a subject of present-day interest to the discussion of which he did not contribute. It is perhaps not too much to say that Professor Blackie was the most popular and well-known Scotsman of his day. His fervid patriotism — his ardent love of everything Scotch — combined with his perennial good humour, his high spirits, his love of fun, made him everywhere a favourite with all classes of his countrymen. The slight vein of eccentricity that was in his nature, and that in later years occasionally led him to say and do things that had better have been left unsaid or undone, was superficial merely, and never obscured the sterling qualities of the man. He was the constant advocate of all good and noble causes, and during a long life

did his best by precept and example to make the world brighter and better than he found it. And when all the "good stories" about him have been forgotten, his memory will still be cherished by his countrymen as that of one of the brightest and purest spirits of his day.

The following incident also shows the many sidedness of his character :—

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a portion, his book in his left hand.

"Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

“My boy,” said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—“my boy, you’ll forgive me that I was over-rough ? I did not know—I did not know !”

He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart he said, “And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen.”

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

In 1883 there was an attempt by some of his admirers in the University benches to run him for the Rectorship. But the political spirit was too strong. His opponents were Mr., now Sir George, Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. Northcote got in, and Blackie, the Independent candidate, polled only two hundred and odd votes. He took his defeat with philosophic resignation. Again, in 1885, there was some talk of running him for Parliament as the Independent candidate for the University. The Professor, it is believed, would have stood had he been

asked, but the movement did not come to anything. At that time he was a Liberal—although a somewhat eccentric one. After the split in the Liberal party, he became a less fervent supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Home Rule for Ireland did not stir his enthusiasm. The Irish, he said, were not a nation, and besides, did not deserve Home Rule; but the very fervour of his Scottish patriotism led him into that ludicrous and strangely-assorted union in which he found himself with the Scottish Home Rule Association.

The most characteristic story ever told of Blackie was mentioned by the Editor of *Good Words*, which manifests the pathetic and loving side of his character:—

Professor Blackie frequently stayed at my house when lecturing in Glasgow. He was always at his best when one had him alone. One night we were sitting up together he said in his brusque way, "Whatever other faults I have, I am free from vanity." An incredulous smile on my face roused him. "You don't believe that; give me an instance." Being

thus challenged, I said, "Why do you walk about flourishing a plaid continually?" "I'll give you the history of that, sir. When I was a poor man, and when my wife and I had our difficulties, she one day drew my attention to the thread-bare character of my surtout, and asked me to order a new one. I told her I could not afford it just then; when she went, like a noble woman, and put her own plaid-shawl on my shoulders, and I have worn a plaid ever since in memory of her loving deed!"

In 1894 Mr. Gladstone contributed an article to a Magazine entitled, "Heresy and Schism in the Modern Church," about which Professor Blackie wrote a characteristic epistle in regard to unity in the Church in words which deserve to be remembered by all loyal and true Christians.

Pitlochry, August, 16th, 1894.

Sir,—I spent an hour last Sabbath evening in reading over Mr. Gladstone's article on this subject in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The honourable gentleman is by nature and education admirably fitted for giving an authoritative deliverance

on this interesting subject. About his political views and schemes, opinions of wise men have differed widely, and will differ; but that he is a scholar, a theologian, a good Christian, and a noble-minded man—a very rare combination among our public men—no honest judge will doubt. And every such judge, I feel convinced, will have no difficulty in agreeing with me that this article is one of the ripest and most valuable fruits of his genius. As a grave old octogenarian, born in the same year with Mr. Gladstone, whom I have long had the honour to know personally, and to admire in his family and in his books, and as one who has spent now full seventy years of a life in thinking on serious subjects, I hope it will not seem out of place in me to state in your columns my entire agreement with the sentiments expressed by the learned gentleman; and I can do so, happily, quite shortly. As from my point of view the conclusions to which any sensible Christian man can come to on the subject are as concise and as certain as any two propositions in Euclid. The state of the question is simply this:—

To an historical eye there cannot be a moment's doubt that the Christian Church is at this hour, and has for some centuries been, suffering under the same disease whose disturbing presence caused St. Paul to write his First Epistle to the Corinthians. The unity of the Church, which is as essential to its moral influence as political unity is necessary for effective action in the State, was disturbed by faction. There were in Corinth envyings, jealousies, and every sort of contentious division—one man calling himself Apollos Christian, another Cephas Christian, and so forth ; so that an intelligent heathen, when passing through this ancient Liverpool and inquiring after the young Christian Church, found that no such Church existed in the place, but only a Cephas Church and an Apollos Church—a state of things which, of course, was the greatest possible hindrance to the progress of the Gospel in the Greek States, and caused the Apostle to exclaim in indignant reproof, *Is Christ divided?* Now, a man must be altogether blind not to see at a glance that this state of internal division and dissension is the very evil under which the

modern Christian Church labours from the extreme east to the extreme west of its widespread action. We have a monarchical Church in Rome under an absolute head called the Pope, an aristocratic Church in Greece and Constantinople under a Patriarch and Bishops, and a kindred Church in England under an Archbishop and Bishops, while in Scotland a democratic Church prevails—one half acknowledging the headship of the State, and the other half scorning it, with other minor varieties. These Churches, judging by their names, are divided only ecclesiastically not doctrinally—diverse in form of government or administration, not in the soul and substance of their religious teaching; practically, however, the difference of administrative form goes much deeper, for not only in Rome does the supreme spiritual ruler claim an exclusive right to interpret the divine Statute-book, and impose his interpretation on the popular conscience, but in the English Episcopal Church also there is a party known as the High Church, which holds the doctrine that the priests are the only body entitled to stamp their exposition of Scripture with the authority

of law, just as the judges in the Law Courts exist for the purpose of preventing the confusion sure to arise if every individual were allowed to stand up and turn his own private interpretation of an Act of Parliament, to an authoritative regulation for all Her Majesty's lieges. This sacerdotal principle, acted out by the ecclesiastical office-bearers, of course, though apparently only regulative, goes deeper than any mere administrative form merely as such—reaches, in fact, to the very soul of the Christian life ; for, while all are called to read the Scriptures, no one is allowed to interpret them otherwise than the priest directs ; and in this way an absolute servitude in the lay members of a Christian Church takes the place of a free service in the union of free spiritual brotherhoods. Besides these governmental differences in our modern Churches, there are also some of a distinctly doctrinal or ethical type ; as the Baptists, who hold it sinful to baptise children ; the Calvinists who give a stern prominence to divine decrees and a stern aspect to Sabbath observance ; and the Romanists, who delight in processions and shows, luxury of choral music, display of sacred images, dis-

persing of indulgences, and these variations of style in sacred matters are of inferior consequence, the one moral force which sets Church against Church with a determined hostility that only Christian love as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ can soften down, being the assumed exclusive right of interpreting the Divine oracles by the priests.

These being the main phases of the divisions which so mar and maim the action of the Christian community at the present moment, the cure, and the only cure, of the evil is simply that contained in the words of the great Apostle in the epistle quoted. Christ is not divided. Remember this. The moment you forget this you lame your own right arm, and blunt the point of your own best weapon. Your divisions, great, as they are, or rather as they seem to be, do not really affect the fundamental belief of the Christian Church, as it stands before us in the life of its Blessed Author, and in the writings of the noble brotherhood of His Apostles. Our Saviour on no occasion taught either a fixed doctrinal type of metaphysical theology, or a prescribed form of priestly ceremonies and Church

routine. His teaching was essentially ethical; ethical, not, of course, in the tone of a Professor of moral Philosophy in a modern university, or a Greek Zeno in the painted portico; but ethical, nevertheless, in the natural combination of virtue with reverence to the Supreme Sovereign of all moral relations, and ethical so characteristically, that in the express words both of the Author of our religion and of His Apostles, all faith in Him as a religious teacher is vanity, unless rooted in and growing into good works. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven" (Matt. vii. 21); and to the same effect, St. James, "Yea, a man may say: Thou hast faith, and I have works; show me Thy faith without Thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." (ii. 18.) And still more distinctly and emphatically St. Paul in the last verse of the golden chapter of the same epistle, which commenced with such an indignant denunciation of their strifes and divisions. "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." (1

Cor. xiii. 13.) And what is this charity ? Not, of course, our modern English meaning of the word, a superfluous penny thrown to a beggar, or a pious guinea subscribed to a benevolent association ; but in the large sense of the Latin *caritas* from which the English word was borrowed, and the Greek *αγάπη* of which it is altogether an inadequate translation. By *αγάπη*, the Apostle means the kindly appreciation of every member of the great human family by his brother and the ready co-operation of the members of one denomination with another for the common end of evangelic Apostleship. And this is exactly the conclusion to which Mr. Gladstone, after sixteen pages of learned dissertation, comes to in the article. The whole matter lies in a sentence, "Little children, love one another." While you bravely muster all your forces for the grand war of virtue against vice, and religion against self-worship in the world, forget minor differences, and while one may belong to the Free Church and another to the State, show by your spirit and by your deeds that the one great

article of your faith is, that you all belong to Christ.

I am, etc.,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

In Professor Blackie Scotland has lost her Grand Old Man, and a type which she will probably never replace. He was the only Scot of any eminence who, living in the Scottish capital with all its provincialism and its affectation of the English kept in his heart the true patriotism, and counted the Modern Athens still a metropolis as truly as when our Kings held court at Holyrood. He was boyish and *bizarre*, and the unthinking who know not what Attic salt is, and how great a thing it is to be free from cynicism, were apt to laugh at him with an amusing affectation of tolerance. Rather should they take pride that their century and their country produced a man with such a clean soul, such a cultured and gentlemanly spirit, such catholicity of thought and such wide human sympathy. He and his utterances, often whimsical, always genial, were the best of antidotes to the poison of London and its centralization and all that that implies.



CHAPTER VII.

The Wit.



PROFESSOR BLACKIE was well-known for his sparkling wit and the originality and striking force of his humour. Indeed, he was the wit of Scotland, and was more sought after for the geniality of his humour than his learning or eloquence. Whatever side of our national character was weak, incongruous, or wrong, received the thundering bolts of his sarcasm and wit, that we

were compelled, against our prejudices, to laugh ourselves out of our folly and national inconsistencies.

As an instrument of righteousness for reforming a nation his pithy epigrams were more powerful than a thousand sermons, and for generations to come Blackie's witticisms against snobbery, formality, bigotry, and villadom, will long live in the minds of his countrymen.

We quote the following correspondence, as not only illustrating his ready and powerful humour, but it manifests also his indomitable perseverance and herculean labour in raising funds to endow the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University.

The appeal to Mr. Colston is only one of upwards of two hundred similar appeals which the Professor sent to his friends, to induce them to subscribe :—

24 Hill Street, 29th March.

Noblesse oblige! the Frenchman says,
Which means, who stands in honour *pays* ;
And still, the more he rises, he
Must pay more tax for his degree.
So, COLSTON, you some time ago
Known but as *Bailie*, meek and low,
Now mounted high, and proud to stand
With all the learned of the land ;
In academic Court assessor,
No Principal, preacher, or professor

Can outshine you ; therefore, I say,
 'Tis plain, my dear sir, you must *pay*.
 Which means, of course, for me, you must
 Grandly fling down the shining dust,
 With Earls, and Marquises, and Dukes,
 And West End swells of lofty looks,
 And learned scholars crammed with books,
 And Judges wigged with whalebone hair,
 And kilted Thanes and ladies fair,
 All proud a patriotic part did bear
 In building up the CELTIC CHAIR !

J. S. B.

In your position of assessor you cannot subscribe less than £5 5s., nor go beyond £25 ! for £50 would be assuming the dignity of Earls, and £100 would mingle you with Dukes. The only cause of the delay in constituting the Chair is our wise caution in providing a gentlemanly salary. Ill-paid Chairs are open to robbery ; and are, in fact, a bribe to inferior men. I am, therefore, still seeking occasional subscriptions, and shall account myself honoured by your patronage—Ever your sincerely,

J. S. BLACKIE.

To this letter Bailie Colston sent the following reply :—

DEAR BLACKIE,—Your poetic ditty
 Was got by me in London city ;
 To which grand place by post it came,
 Bearing your great and honoured name.
 You make mistake. I'm not " Assessor " ;
 And therefore cannot match "*Professor.*"
 To be exact—I'm a " Curator "
 ('Mong " preachers " classed with Moderator.)
 While of that office I'm possessor,
 I do elect *you* my *assessor* ;
 And though my purse is meantime bare,
 I shall subscribe to Celtic Chair ;
 Sincc to its benefits I'm alive,
 I send you cheque for *Five pounds five.*

JAMES COLSTON.

In acknowledging the receipt of Bailie Colston's
 subscription, Professor Blackie wrote :—" You, sir,
 were the only man who gave me a reply in a some-
 what similar strain ; therefore I have done the honour
 to you which I did to none else—viz., sent you a
 poetic receipt." The receipt was as follows :—

6th April, 1881.

Received from Bailie Colston, *five*
Guineas, to keep old love alive,
 That philologic poor may thrive
 On learned honey in Celtic hive.
 Some men believe in princes ; I

Henceforth on Bailies will rely,
 With Bailie Colston in the van,
 To fork out like a gentleman,
 What he can spare,
 To memorize the Celtic Clan
 By *Celtic Chair*.

J. S. BLACKIE,
 Solicitor-General for the Highlands.

It may be doubted if his method of discharging his professorial functions was ever more faithfully photographed than in "My College Days," which is "edited" by Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson. From this book we make the following quotation, which is in itself a sort of chapter of autobiography:—

"For two sessions I sat upon the benches in the Greek class-room, and for one of these I drank in wisdom at the feet of 'dear old Blackie.' During part of my first session he was travelling in Egypt, climbing the Pyramids, and singing 'Scots wha hae' upon the top of them. On his return he treated us to a course of lectures upon that country, and to the reading of several Greek authors—*e.g.*, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Herodotus—who treat of the country and its people. For our benefit he published a memorial series of verses, in which he commemorates the Kings of Egypt and the chief points in their history. . . . The lectures on Egypt were both amusing and instructive, and thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the class, though sometimes we received the title of 'fools and babies.' . . . It was in

these days that the Professor's wit rather over-reached that of some of his students, who thought they would have some fun at the Professor's expense. A notice was posted up one morning at the door of the Greek class-room—'Professor Blackie regrets that he is unable to meet his classes this morning.' The Professor, coming up a little later, perceived that the 'c' had been struck out, and as cleverly obliterated the 'l,' so that it read—'Professor Blackie regrets that he is unable to meet his asses this morning.' After all, Blackie had rather the best of it."

Professor Blaikie, of Edinburgh, relates some very amusing incidents of his neighbour :—

Our letters were continually going to the wrong house. Usually a glance showed the mistake. While he was collecting money for the Celtic Chair, bank cheques came to me in abundance for £5, £10, £20, and even £200. Usually I was content to re-address the letters without note or comment ; but whenever he transmitted a letter to me, there was always something characteristic from his own hand. Invariably on the outside of the envelope there was his Greek text, "speaking the truth in love," which always came to me fresh and seasonable. And inside the envelope there would be a slip of paper with a characteristic message either in prose or verse :—"My dear Doppel-

ganger, or Second Self, as the Germans say—I suppose the enclosed must be meant for you ; at least, no such person has presented himself to me.” An Italian letter was transmitted with the following :—

“ Again, again, a brave Italian letter,
Not meant for me, but clearly for my better.”

A comment on the sagacity of the public ran thus :—

“ Blind eyes that blindly could mistake in me
A talking sophist for a grave D.D.!!”

Once it fell to him to receive a publisher’s cheque for work of mine.

“ Alas, alas, the right possessor
Is not the secular but spiritual professor.”





CHAPTER VIII.

Eventide.



THE Professor spent his last birthday at Tour-na-Monachan College, Pitlochry.

In honour of the occasion the workmen engaged around Tour - na - Monachan had the cottage gaily decorated. A neat device formed of gowans and laurel leaves, bearing the words "Peace

Contentment, Love for Ever," was placed over the porch, and surrounding all was a large flag. Miss Molyneuse, Tour-na-Monachan, sent the Professor rather a unique present of 85 roses, one for each year of his life. The Professor was in comparatively good health, and received many congratulatory telegrams.

The following terse quotation was among the last he ever penned, and manifests his youthful juvenescence, the versatility of his thoughts, the strength of his intellect in his old age, and his command of the Saxon language, remembering us of John Bright's force and eloquence :—

“ We ought to grow in love, or else we are growing the wrong way. We old men have no right to despise the young, and the older some of us grow the more clearly do we realise that there is more good than bad in this beautiful world. At the same time, I am always urging upon young men that this is a world of stern realities. It is disappointing sometimes to find that one's ideas don't grow so quickly as one could wish ; however, one can but sow in a good soil, and leave the rest to Providence. I am always sow-

ing ; some day I hope to reap, or, if not I, someone certainly ought to reap some day where I have sown. I am a very old man now. I am older than Gladstone. I was born five days before Tennyson, but yet you will find that I am always hard at work. I want to march into the grave ; I don't want to be carried into it, or to drop into it."

And march to it he did. The Professor was ailing for nearly a year, but his faculties were clear to the end, and his time was spent in the dictation of articles on divers subjects. Of these one was completed a day or two before the end, and another appeared in a review at the time of his death.

The illness which finally carried him off commenced in the spring of 1894, when he was taken quite suddenly with an attack of cardiac asthma. The attacks repeated themselves occasionally, but the Professor was able to go out for his usual walk every day. When he went to Pitlochry in July, accompanied by his nephew, Dr. Stodart Walker, his condition improved greatly, and amongst other functions he opened the annual exhibition of the Horticultural

Society at Pitlochry. This was the last public occasion on which he took the leading part. At Pitlochry he had a reunion with his old friend Mr. Gladstone. On returning to Edinburgh he was so much better that he overtaxed his strength again, with the result that the attacks returned. Dr. Stodart Walker called in Dr. George Balfour for consultation, with the result that enforced rest was enjoined. During the winter the Professor had no renewal of the attacks, but his strength gradually failed. He, however, rose daily, and lay on a sofa, from which at first he wrote, and latterly dictated letters and articles. He maintained his mental faculties absolutely unimpaired to almost the very end, his hearing and sight also being perfect. To the end he took an interest in all that was going on around him, and amongst the last books that he read were Froude's "Erasmus" and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the author of which was one of the last to see him. Amongst other interests which he maintained to the last was his interest in the stage, and during the winter most of the leading actors and actresses called

to see him, amongst them his old friend, Mr. Henry Irving. Grave symptoms then developed themselves, and these became intensified from day to day. Once he was heard repeating to himself some favourite passages from Burns, and he asked his nephew whether he thought the national bard lived in the hearts of the people. The weakness of old age fell on him suddenly, and during the last few days he gradually relapsed into unconsciousness and was unable to take the least nourishment, and finally died of sheer old age. Even in his last moments of consciousness his voice was cheerful, and his native vigour prolonged the struggle far beyond the time when his medical advisers expected his decease. He passed away quite peacefully in presence of Mrs. Blackie, Mrs. Stodart Waker, his sister; and his nephew, Dr. Stodart Walker.



CHAPTER IX.

The Dean Cemetery.



THE Scottish Capital paid a fitting tribute to the memory of its famous and kind-hearted old townsman, Professor John Stuart Blackie. His funeral was made a solemn public occasion by citizens of every degree, whose presence was a testimony to the wideness of his sympathies, and to the warmth and the kindness of the feelings which he had excited in men of the most diverse temperaments. The funeral service was in St. Giles' Cathedral—a peculiar-

ly appropriate scene, it may be said, for the obsequies of one of the most patriotic of Scotchmen, when it is remembered how much of the history of the country he loved has grown up under the shadow of its walls. There was much anxiety on the part of the public to be present at the service. It was to begin at one. The doors of the Cathedral were invaded at noon, and scarcely were they opened when every corner of the nave and of the transepts and the adjoining aisles was packed with people. Then the doors had to be shut, or the crowd seeking admission would have overwhelmed the officials. The chancel was reserved for representatives of public bodies. Leading citizens who came in their individual capacity had to take their chance with the multitude. The Rev. Wallace Williamson was content to be jammed against a pillar in the nave. Other well-known citizens were lost among the crowd. It was a dull day outside, and in the subdued light that streamed through the coloured windows the silent congregation had half an hour to wait before anything occurred to engage their attention. Then

the representatives of public bodies began to arrive. They entered by the west door, walked up the centre of the nave, and were shown to seats in the chancel. Mr. William Hossack, a member of the Crofters' Commission, and Mr. William Mackenzie, the secretary, were among the first to arrive. The Rev. Gavin Lang, Inverness, presented himself at the chancel steps, and it was only after some negotiation with the officials that he succeeded in securing admission as a representative of the far north. Then came the Professors and students of the New College, headed by the Rev. Professor Blaikie, the Rev. Professor Davidson, and the Rev. Professor Marcus Dods. As they entered at the west door, the organ in its softest notes began to play the Dead March in "Saul," and the moving strains, swelling to a lofty pitch, continued till all the processionists had entered the church. Following the Free Church delegation came the Edinburgh Merchants' Association, headed by Mr. Alexander Darling, the president, and Mr. W. Morrison, the secretary, Mr. Robert Cox representing the Edinburgh

Philosophical Institution, Dr. Munro, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland; Mr. Cadell of Grange, secretary of the Edinburgh Geological Society, were followed by Mr. David Deuchars, Mr. James Meikle, Mr. G. C. Stenhouse, and Mr. James Fenton, representing the Faculty of Actuaries. These had scarcely taken their places in the north aisle of the chancel, when the uprising of the entire congregation announced the arrival of the Faculty of Advocates. They passed up the nave, a long procession in wig and gown. The mace-bearers led the way. The Dean, Sir Charles Pearson, was to hold a place of honour as a pall-bearer, and the procession was led by Mr. Balfour Paul, Sheriff Comrie Thomson, Sheriff Mackay, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Taylor-Innes. Behind the advocates came representatives of the Society of Writers to the Signet, of the Society of Solicitors before the Supreme Court, and of the Society of Chartered Accountants. Professor Mackinnon, who had forsaken his academic colleagues for the moment, led in a representative company of Highlanders, who mustered in large numbers, mindful

of the warm place which the Highlands and the Highland people had held in the heart of the dead Professor. Among those were the Rev. Dr. Blair, Edinburgh ; the Rev. Dr. Maclean, Glasgow ; the Rev. W. Ross, Glasgow ; the Rev. Alexander Lee, Messrs. Malcolm M'Gregor, Gregor M'Gregor, S.S.C. ; H. B. Kirkwood, G. G. Robertson, J. Cameron, S.S.C. ; James M'Donald, W.S. ; Captain Graham, H. Carmichael, J. Murdoch, along with representatives of the following societies :—Argyll, Bute, and the Western Isles Association ; Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club ; the Sutherland Association, the Breadalbane Association, the Clan Donald Society, Clan Cameron, Clan Mackenzie, Clan Gregor, Clan Donnachaidh (Robertson), the Edinburgh University Celtic Society, the Celtic Union, the Gaelic Societies of London, Glasgow, and Inverness ; the Edinburgh Camanachd Club, the Caledonian Pipers' Club. All eyes were now attracted to the west door by the arrival of the representatives of the University. Mr. Chapman, the stalwart beadle, carrying the mace draped, and attended by two of the servitors, led the

way. The Senatus Academicus walked in front, followed by the lecturers, and the University assistants and the officials of the Students' Representative Council brought up the rear. All were in their academic robes; and the brilliant hoods of red, and green, and white, gave some touch of colour to the otherwise sombre surroundings. Sir William Muir, in the Vice-Chancellor's robes, headed the Senate; and the others of his colleagues were Professor Sir Douglas Maclagan, Calderwood, Seth, Butcher, Goodheart, Masson, Copeland, Wallace, Geikie, Baldwin Brown, Eggeling, Prothero, Macintosh, Kirkpatrick, Rankine, Wood, Bayley Balfour, Crum Brown, Simpson, Cossar Ewart, and Chiene. These had scarcely passed into the chancel when the Royal Scottish Academy were seen coming along the nave. Sir George Reid, the President was a pall-bearer, and did not accompany his brother artists, and the head of the procession was taken by Sir Arthur Mitchell, who is an honorary member of the Academy. The rest of the Academicians who attended were:— Messrs. George Hay, John Hutchison, R. Gibb, John

Smart, W. F. Vallance, Otto T. Leyde, W. D. M'Kay, D. W. Stevenson, and G. W. Johnstone, members; and Messrs. George Aikman, G. O. Reid, David Robertson, and Henry W. Kerr, associates, with Mr. James Hastings, clerk to the Academy. Sir William Muir and Sir Douglas Maclagan having accompanied their colleagues to their places, retired to the west doorway having to take their places with the pall-bearers, and the nave passage was now occupied by a procession of officials who came bearing a number of beautiful wreaths, which they deposited in front of the communion table. A deep feeling of interest was aroused by the entrance of a small group of ladies in mourning. They were the relatives of the deceased, and they were conducted to places in the chancel. Their names were—Mrs. Walker, sister; Mrs. Wyld, Miss Wyld, and Misses Janet and Grace Wyld, sisters-in-law; the Misses Lewis, nieces of Mrs. Blackie; Mrs. Lorimer, Miss Lorimer, and Miss Stodart, cousins. Sir David and Lady Chalmers, cousins, also accompanied the family party. The chancel was now pretty well filled, but

persons in various representative capacities continued to arrive. A number of officers from the Castle attended ; also representatives from the Greenock Burns Club, from the Glasgow Ruskin Society, from the Birmingham Scottish Society, on whose behalf Mr. Lawson Tait attended. Mr. Samuel Neil, the president, and Mr. Andrew Wilson, the secretary, attended on behalf of the Edinburgh Shakespeare Society, and among others worthy of mention were Viscount Dalrymple, Lord Dalkeith, Colonel Bailey, R.E., secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society ; Mr. John Findlay, Dr. George Mackay, who represented the Clan Mackay Society ; Mr. Robert Kennedy, the vocalist ; ex-Provost MacRosty, Crieff ; Mr. W. B. Blaikie, Mr. F. R. Benson, the Shakespearean actor ; and Mr. Charles Waddie, representing the Scottish Home Rule Association. The Edinburgh School Board were to have had a place in the chancel, but they seem to have got stranded on the way, and various members were seen scattered about the nave. Last of all came the imposing procession of the Edinburgh Corporation in their robes of office.

They were accompanied by the sword and mace bearers, the halberdiers in their quaint costumes, with the swords, maces, and halberdiers heavily draped. The Lord Provost was one of the pall-bearers, and the procession passed along the nave in the following order:—Bailies Macpherson, Kinloch Anderson, Sloan, and Pollard; Dean of Guild Miller, Treasurer M'Crae, and Councillors Douglas Hay, Scott, Brown, Murray, Auldjo Jamieson, Gibson, Waterston, Sir J. A. Russell, Cranston, and M'Laren; Mr. Hunter, Town-clerk; and Mr. Adam, City Chamberlain. Sir Thomas Clark and Mr. Skinner, the late Town-clerk, also associated themselves with the members of the Corporation. When the Corporation had been conducted to their seats at the head of the chancel there was a few minutes' pause. The pipe-major and one of the pipers of the Royal Highlanders in full regimentals entered and took their stand on the steps of the chancel rails, and then a minute or two after one, the entire congregation rose to their feet as they saw the coffin borne in at the west door. It was preceded by the Cathedral

clergy and the officiants—the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, the Rev. Professor Flint, the Rev. Professor Story, Moderator of the Church of Scotland General Assembly, and the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith. The coffin, borne aloft on the shoulders of six men, was of unpolished oak, brass-mounted, and bearing the inscription :—“ John Stuart Blackie. Born July 28th, 1809 ; died March 2nd, 1895.” It was covered on the top with a tweed plaid, the gift of Skyewomen to the Professor when he was collecting for the Celtic Chair, and over this drapery were laid half-a-dozen wreaths—one at the head from Lord Rosebery, and at the foot wreaths from Henry Irving and the servants of the house ; and between these three wreaths of heather from Dr. Stodart Walker, Miss M’Hardy, and Mrs. Anderson Watt. Behind the coffin walked the chief mourners, Dr Stodart Walker, and Mr. A. Watt Blackie (nephews), and after them the pall-bearers—Lord Provost M’Donald, attended by Mr. Russell, the city officer ; Sir William Muir, Principal of the Edinburgh

University ; Sir William Geddes, Principal of Aberdeen University ; Sir George Reid, *P.R.S.A.* ; Professor Sir Douglas Maclagan, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh ; Sir Charles Pearson, *Q.C.*, *M.P.*, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates ; Professor A. W. Kennedy and Mr. Lockhart Mackay, nephews of the deceased. The Rev. Dr. Scott, St. George's, followed in the rear. The Lord Provost was in his robes of scarlet and ermine, and the University and other dignitaries wore also their official robes. At the entrance of the coffin the service commenced. The organ ceased, and the choir began the hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe," and sang until the procession had reached the head of the chancel and the coffin was laid down in front of the communion table. Then the voice of Dr. Walter C. Smith in subdued tones was wafted along the aisles as he read the passages beginning "I am the resurrection and the Life." The choir chanted the prose Psalm xc., "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place," and Professor Flint read the Scripture lesson 1. Corinthians xv., beginning at the twentieth verse

—“ But now is Christ risen from the dead.” Then followed the lovely hymn, “ Now the labourer’s task is o’er,” beautifully sung by the choir, the most impressive portion of the service. Dr. Cameron Lees, in earnest tones that penetrated to the remotest corner of the Cathedral, engaged in prayer, thankfully acknowledging the cheerfulness, the loving and the reverent spirit of the departed Professor. Dr. Stainer’s anthem, “ What are these that are arrayed in white robes ?” was rendered in a fine devotional spirit by the choir, and the brief but impressive service, lasting little more than half an hour, was brought to a close by the Rev. Professor Story pronouncing the benediction. The procession of mourners and pall-bearers was re-formed, and the coffin was slowly borne back down the chancel. And here came in one of the most characteristic touches in the ceremony. As the coffin reached the chancel steps the pipers struck up “ The Land o’ the Leal,” and with their wailing notes echoing through aisles and clerestory, they preceded it down the nave to the door of the Cathedral. The representative

bodies passed out in order the reverse to that in which they had entered, and the procession was again marshalled without the Cathedral.

Great as was the assemblage in the Cathedral, it was small when set against the thousands who gathered outside the Cathedral and along the streets to see the remains of the genial old Professor borne to their last resting-place. No more striking testimony could have been given to the popularity of Professor Blackie, and to the interest and regret which his decease had awakened in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, than the spontaneous tribute paid to his memory upon the streets of Edinburgh. It was a raw, drizzling spring day, but despite the weather the route along which the funeral passed was for nearly a couple of hours lined with spectators drawn from all classes of society. Being the dinner hour the crowd was greatly swelled by artisans ; and by those who witnessed it, the funeral, with its imposing dimensions and impressive and picturesque adjuncts, will long be remembered. Parliament Square began to wear a bustling aspect shortly after twelve o'clock.

The number of people who desired to get into the church to take part in the funeral service was large and before half-past twelve it was found necessary to close the doors of the Cathedral. Outside the church a great crowd of spectators gathered. They extended five or six deep from the north door, right up the High Street to St. Giles Street, and across the High Street to the County Buildings, where there was a great concentration of the people both on the porch and stairs, and also in front of the railings. These found food for speculation in the arrival at the door of the church at one o'clock of the coffin strapped upon an open funeral car drawn by four black horses. For pall there was a grey tartan plaid, and on the top of it were wreaths of flowers and purple heather. After the coffin was carried inside the church, the people waited patiently in the cold until the service inside was ended. The crowd after one o'clock rapidly augmented, but the square was without difficulty kept clear by a staff of constables under the charge of Superintendent Bain. Chief Constable Henderson was also present directing

the arrangements. A small group of Highlanders, for the most part dressed in tweed jackets and kilts of varied tartans, formed near the door of the Cathedral, and attracted some notice. One personage, in full kilt suit, with a feather stuck in his bonnet a foot and a half high, looked like the veritable "Fairshon" of whom the Professor used to sing. They turned out to be the officials of the Caledonian Pipers' Club and the Heather Club, who on negotiating with Superintendent Bain, were assigned a place at the head of the procession. An even more conspicuous group were the regimental pipers of the Black Watch, who were to play a dirge on the way to the grave. It was about a quarter to two o'clock when the wail of the bagpipes playing the funeral procession down the central corridor of the church was heard outside. The doors were thrown open, and two pipers appeared playing "The Land o' the Leal"; and standing one on each side of the door they continued their wailing melody until the coffin had been carried out of the church and again placed upon the car. Hardly a man in the crowd was to be

seen who did not uncover his head while this was being done. Wreaths were brought out of the church and piled around the coffin until little of its grim lines could be seen for beautiful flowers. As the people came out of the church they were marshalled in the following order in front of the car :—

- The Caledonian Piper Society.
- The Heather Club.
- The Greenock Burns Club.
- The Ross-shire Society.
- The Philosophical Institution.
- The School Board.
- The Free Church College.
- The Royal College of Physicians.
- The Royal Scottish Academy.
- The Faculty of Advocates.
- The University Professors.
- The Students' Representative Council.
- The Lord Provost.

The University Professors and officials of the 'Students' Representative Council were by far the most noticeable part of the procession—wearing, as they did, their academic robes with different coloured hoods and their "mortar-board" caps. Mr. Chapman, the

bedellus, also in a robe and special hat, was an imposing figure at their head. The other representatives of public bodies were, for the most part, in their "inky coats of solemn black," though many of them, on account of the cold, wore topcoats of lighter hue. The Magistrates and Council did not officially go to the graveyard. The Lord Provost, however, who wore his official robes, was in the procession. All being in readiness, the Black Watch pipers, who had been placed immediately in front of the funeral car, struck up "The Land o' the Leal," and the procession started from Parliament Square about five minutes from two o'clock. Behind the car, walking, were the two nephews of the deceased; then came the Principals of the Edinburgh and Aberdeen Universities in their robes of office; and after them about thirty or forty private friends. The end of the procession was composed of private carriages, among others present being those of Major Wyld, Mr. Geddes, Douglas Crescent; General Furlong, Dr. Balfour, Walker Street; Sir Charles Pearson, Bart.; Sir Thomas Clark, Mr. W. Blackwood, publisher; and Miss Horn, Canaan Park.

The route was by St. Giles Street, the Mound, and Princes Street; and both in St. Giles Street and in the Mound the crowd was so great that nothing more than bare room was left for the procession to pass. All the men uncovered their heads as the car came alongside of them. It was generally considered that the pipers playing Scottish music was a most suitable accompaniment to the funeral of so hearty a Scot: and that if the Professor had been consulted, he could have wished nothing better than to be borne to the grave to the sound of a dirge on the pipes. The flowers were admired by the ladies in the crowd, though not so much, perhaps, as the heather upon the coffin, which was also regarded as an adjunct that could not well have been dispensed with. All along Princes Street the same keen interest in the *cortege* was manifested by thousands of people, who lined the two sides of the thoroughfare, and established themselves in especial strength at the ends of the lateral streets and at the west end of the principal thoroughfare. No funeral for many years past has drawn out so great a crowd, which did not stop at the West End, but was

continued right on to the cemetery. The pipers played almost without intermission along the whole route, the tunes being "The Land o' the Leal," "The Flowers of the Forest, and "Lochaber no More."

The last resting-place of John Stuart Blackie is situated at the north-west corner of the Dean Cemetery, only a few yards directly west from the spot where lie the remains of Mr. Alexander Russell, the late editor of the *Scotsman*. During the interment the gates of the cemetery were closed to the general public, yet as the afternoon advanced special admission was given to a good many ladies and gentlemen, the former predominating in the company, who viewed with mournful interest the ivy-lined grave. It was fully half-past two o'clock before the melancholy strains of the bagpipes were at Belford Bridge, where a large gathering of citizens waited the arrival of the cortege. Entering the burial-ground by this gate, the sad procession slowly wended its way round the southern, eastern, and northern sides of the cemetery, the pipers meanwhile playing "Lochaber No More." A halt was

called when the front portion of the *cortege* reached the grave, the processionists immediately passing to either side of and lining the thoroughfare, and thus allowing the car to go forward. The ceremony at the grave was short but impressive. The wreaths that covered the coffin were removed, and on the latter being placed in position over the grave the pall-bearers took their places, whereupon the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith engaged in prayer as follows :—

“ O God, our Father in Heaven, it is with sad, sorrowing hearts that we lay all that can perish of our beloved friend in the grave, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. Sad and sorrowful as this day is, yet it is not unmixed with much that gladdens us, turning sorrow into sweetness. We give Thee thanks, O God, that we ever knew him. We give Thee thanks for all the sweet fellowship we had together; for the sweetness of his hearty counsel, which remains as perfume and as ointment with us. We give Thee thanks for his varied and manifold labour during his manhood—labours carried on to the last of a long life; and we

give Thee thanks for the Christian faith, for the sweet meekness, for the tranquil hopefulness of his last days among us. Bless the Lord, O our souls. And O God, grant that, as we remember these things, and remember all the pureness, the unworldliness, the simplicity, and the sincerity of this faithful man, we may be lifted up to walk in his footsteps, to follow him in his faith. One day we trust to find these broken bonds knit up before Thee in heaven, where there is no more parting, and where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. God bless those dear to him. Lord grant that she whom he has left alone may not be alone, may be never alone, and may be never without Thee. May God sustain and comfort her in this day of bereavement. Hear us for Jesus' sake, amen." The coffin was afterwards lowered into the grave, on which was subsequently placed the floral tributes to the memory of this illustrious Scotsman.

Tributes

to the

Memory and Greatness

of

Prof. John Stuart Blackie:

by

Eminent Writers.



Tribute by Rev. John G. Duncan.



HAVE no time to speak of him as a Professor, or teacher, nor of the Celtic Chair, which he founded after years of persevering toil, in the University of Edinburgh. But may we not learn of him that it is in the combination of an intense human love, a brave bright, imperturbable cheerfulness, and a deep reverential spirit, that all true heroism consists? While the genial Professor was unable to maintain a perfect discipline in his class, none of all those who

sat at his feet will ever forget the first impression of earnestness and devoutness with which he secured their silence and sympathy when he opened his morning class with the Lord's Prayer in Greek. Nor will the most forgetful fail to remember the philological asides, and the explosive sallies of wit and wisdom with which he interlarded his lectures on Herodotus, or Socrates, or Diodorus Siculus. How beautiful it was, too, to read on the corner of the envelope of his letters the familiar Greek words asking the reader "to speak the truth in love," and "let brotherly love continue"! Even when Professor Blackie indulged in sarcasm it was never of a venomous kind. It was intended to heal not to wound. It was "gentle satire kin to charity."

We shall never see again "the good white head which all men knew," the refined Grecian face so manly and pure, the features so delicately chiselled, the lithe form with plaid artistically thrown across the chest, the wide forehead ploughed deep with furrows, the pale cheek down which long lines of shadow slope, which years and curious thought and

suffering give ; the pathetic, small, twinkling eyes which spoke compassion from afar, and the strong mixture of humour, playfulness, and tender sympathy which breathed from those thin lips.

His attitude towards a cardinal doctrine has been thus expressed :—“ Original sin is nonsense—a hideous nightmare. I believe man to be a weak, a timid, an erring, and, if you will, a stupid creature, but not a bad creature.” And if, in the face of such a declaration, he believed in “ irresistible grace, election, and perseverance to the end,” it was belief “ with a difference ”—a belief refined and spiritualized beyond the bounds of dogmatic theology by a generous humanity which may have been illogical, but was excusable by reason of its breadth, sincerity, and kindliness. In his view, so far as we can gather, no system of theology could confine the eternal, and so in matters touching the unseen he was content to preserve a gentleness of judgment which did not uniformly characterise him in other spheres.

If we can judge from the more recent expression of his views, he got safely over election and per-

severance of saints, but original sin stopped the way. Original weakness he did concede, but not the total corruption of our whole nature. As he grew older he broadened into a kind of benevolent catholicity, tolerant of all men and all creeds, but as far removed from the mere "tawdry mummeries of Ritualism" as from the inflexible dogmas of the "sermon-hunting, theological Scot." Love and reverence were the dominant features of his Christianity.

II

To those whose minds have been trained in fault-finding, and whose eyes are keen to discover, and it may be, to magnify the spots in the sun the very best and noblest life will afford abundant opportunities for adverse criticism. "In that fierce light which beats upon a throne" and in that glare of publicity which surrounds the lives of those who are raised even the smallest degree above their contemporaries, it is an exceptional privilege when the voices of envy or malice are hushed in silence. How often has history shown us good men—men conspicuous for their saintliness and purity—made during their whole career the very butts of slander and abuse? The very brightness of the shield of Innocence which many men bear through life would sometimes seem to be a special attraction for throwers of mud, and Hatred can call imagination to her aid when a public man is to be spoken or written about. Professor Blackie had his own share of worthy and unworthy criticism: but whatever estimate of him may be made, whether as Poet,

Professor, Philosopher, or Patriot, there has been but one unanimous verdict of him as a man. He has left behind him the glory of an unsullied name. People will remember, and smile over many a quaint and curious story, will recall many a fictitious anecdote, brimful of characteristic humour, recorded in this or that paper or periodical; but Blackie will be remembered as the good man still, with many a noble feature of heroic manhood. We do not ascribe to him a faultless perfection, nor immunity from error, nor the absence of ordinary failings; but he had high and generous qualities, he had patriotic aims; the general tone and tenor of his life has always been towards righteousness, goodness, and charity. His faults were superficial, and always pardonable. His good qualities were deep and beautiful. His affections were set on "things above" the littlenesses and pettinesses of life, above the shadows which most men pursue even to death.

He loved the high ideals of manhood and womanhood, just as he loved the keen mountain air, and the beauty of Scottish scenery. He believed in the spirit

of progress and renewal. Nothing could daunt his invincible faith in the triumph of what was best. He had all the mystic charm and bright sunny optimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson ; and while he felt the power and in many particulars sympathised with the sturdy imaginative genius and courage of Thomas Carlyle, he repudiated with every fibre of his nature, the needlessly dark and despairing views of the destiny of man as held by the sage of Chelsea. He would not accept the terrible theory that "our whole existence and history are but a floating speck on an illimitable ocean borne this way and that by its deep swelling tides. A region of doubt hovers ever in the background." Men were not "as soldiers fighting ignorantly at midnight in a foreign land." He saw the wickedness which in great cities flaunts itself before our eyes with such accumulative force ; but notwithstanding all, his faith was unshaken, his hopefulness unmoved. He would have said with Browning : "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world." Easy indeed, it is to find in "ruined earth and sinful man" more than enough to give colourable grounds for the most

sweeping estimate of a pessimistic philosophy ; but are not those the truer patriots and philosophers, the truer benefactors of the race, the nobler and more heroic men who not only find life full of joy, but also can trace and discover the joys hid within sorrow, and the light shining in darkness. And this was the grand contribution given by John Stuart Blackie, both in his best writings and his own happy life, to our age and generation. His life, indeed, was one long triumph, a pæan of victory over despair and darkness and sundry kinds of difficulty. He had that combination of earnestness and cheerfulness, of love and reverence, of exalted character and sympathetic tenderness, which marks the true Christian hero. He was the living illustration of his own words :

“ I will sing a song of heroes,
Crowned with manhood's diadem,
Men that lift us when we love them
Into nobler life with them.

I will sing a song of heroes
To their God-sent mission true,
From the ruin of the old times
Grandly forth to shape the new.

Men that like a strong-winded zephyr
 Come with freshness and with power,
 Bracing fearful hearts to grapple
 With the problem of the hour.

Men whose prophet voice of warning
 Stirs the dull and spurs the slow,
 Till the big heart of a people
 Swells with helpful overflow."

He was a strong man : strong in true faith, in hope, in love, in indomitable pluck and perseverance. What a labour was involved in the foundation of the Celtic Chair in his loved University ! What difficulties must have beset his path ! It was very far from being an intensely popular cause ; there was much prejudice and ignorance to overcome ; there was the difficulty born of avarice and indifference ; there was the familiar cry : " What need is there to found a chair to maintain a dying language, to establish a merely antiquarian, if not, an antiquated study, perpetuating an interest in a literature, scanty, unprogressive, and barbarous ? " He had to combat with these altogether mistaken views of the Celtic Language and Literature. He deserved and commanded success. He faced every difficulty in the

spirit of the words "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." I remember how on one occasion in the Greek Class-Room at Edinburgh University he was speaking to the undergraduates on the virtue of endurance and perseverance. It was one of those golden "asides" in which after a brief study of some Greek author, he ascended in thought to the high level of the moral and spiritual life. Placing on the blackboard a rude sketch of a mountain range of which the peaks towered one above another into the blue sky, he told the students of his having set out one day to climb to the top of the highest summit. After a long walk and much effort he succeeded in gaining the top of the nearest and the lowest. To his surprise, however, he found that the highest peak was still a long way off, and that he could not possibly reach it before sunset. Did he abandon the proposal? or did he toil "upwards in the night?" "To give up the attempt," he said, "was not Blackie's way." He arose early the next morning and seizing his walking stick, he traversed the road he had travelled the day before,

climbed to the summit of the second peak and in the full splendour of the sunshine mounted to the topmost crest with a shout of triumph. It was thus also that he met the difficulties of his life. That persevering ascent to the mountain top might be the summary and the symbol of his career, of his life, and teaching. In the valleys are cold and darkness and shadows and unwholesome vapours, but high on the Highland hills we can breathe the pure fresh air, and bathe ourselves in the healing gladdening sunshine. In the easier and lower schools of thought, in systems of philosophy and religion most in harmony with our fallen nature, and more agreeable to our baser instincts there is danger, and darkness, and lurking evil things, possibly destruction and death, but in the nobler, loftier schools there is health and peace, a something that strengthens, and gives "grandeur to the beatings of the heart." Could anything be healthier than the following rules of conduct which the Professor addresses to young men ?

"Let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

We live in a real and a solid and a truthful world.

In such a world only truth in the long run can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kind, which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth, and a strong soil of reality.

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Let that text be enough.

Never forget St. Paul's sentence, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' This is the steam of the social machine. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous, the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

Do one thing well ; ' be a whole man,' as Chanellor Thurlow said. ' To one thing at a time.' Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing : do it and be done with it.

Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember ; and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally, if you have it ; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud ; but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

Above all things avoid fault-finding, and a habit of criticism. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this : pray for the bad : pity the weak : enjoy the good : and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the divine symphony of the universe."

Would that every young man would engrave these wise words on his heart, as by a pen of iron on the living rock. In manliness, not in mannishness; in being always greater than the greatest position they may attain; in remembering that a more important matter than what a man has, is, what a man is; in diligence, in faithfulness, in humility and truthfulness, and charity, in thoroughness, and promptitude, let every young man work and live, and he will thereby attain the supreme height of manhood, and the true success which satisfies. That is the sum of the Professor's moral teaching on the conduct of life. It is "Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom and with all thy getting get understanding."

But

"Whoso to wisdom's top would rise, must know
To bear a sneer from prudent wits below,
Who see his starting point with blinking eyes,
But not his goal far 'mid the starry skies."

God had been very good to him. His was a life whose day was golden to its close. Storms and tempests blew upon him but not with such a fierceness as they have beaten on others. Trouble and

heaviness afflicted him ; but what an inestimable blessing he had in an almost unbroken health, in the prosperity which attended his efforts; in having no enemies : in having troops of friends, a name beloved and honoured ; a deathbed surrounded by loving faces and brightened by a sublime faith and a peaceful resignation.

“ Calm on the bosom of thy God
 Fair spirit rest thee now,
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow grave beneath ;
 Soul to its home on high,
 They who have seen thy faith in death
 No more may fear to die.”





Tribute by A. H. S. from "Life and Work."



ONE of the most widely known of Scotsmen has lately passed away from among us in our Scottish Capital, in whose streets his figure has been for long familiar to so many, and will for long be missed. That figure, with its light buoyant step, and the Scottish plaid wrapped round it, has always seemed to us expressive of the inner man—of the strange mixture of Scot and Greek that he was—the plaid, of course, denoting the Scot, while the springing step seemed to express that youthful spirit, that joy of life, so characteristic of the early Greeks.

It was his joyousness and gaiety of mood that always struck one first on making Professor Blackie's acquaintance. I remember how much I myself was struck with it at the first meeting: of the "Hellenic" Club at which I had the good fortune to be present. It was not so much during the course of the evening, when the influence of cheerful society and gay talk might be supposed to account for it, that the Professor's light-heartedness impressed me, as on the following morning. The meeting had been held in his house in Douglas Crescent, and as I lived some distance out of town, Mrs. Blackie had been kind enough to ask me to stay over night. That is some years ago; but even then Professor Blackie was well over seventy; and great was my surprise to hear him moving about the house, and whistling snatches of song like a healthy, light-hearted boy, before I had yet left my room! During breakfast, too, there was the same gay talk as the evening before, interspersed with quotations.

from Homer, or Sophocles, or Robbie Burns, and very often from the New Testament, and interrupted frequently by snatches of song, or by sudden movements about the room, or even in and out of it. To some people this apparent joyousness of mood seemed so unnatural in one born under the grey sky and amid the chill east winds of this "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," that they were apt to regard it as something assumed—a mere external mannerism. But this was not so; that bright talk and gay song and laughter were the spontaneous bubbling up of a perennial fountain of youth, whose source was in the very heart of the man.

Most people who are particularly lively and vivacious in society are apt to sink very low at times, and I remember thinking that there must be a dark side to Professor Blackie's gaiety, that he, too, must suffer from "the effects of humour," which, as Shakespeare tells us, "sometime hath his hour with every man." And just as the brightest light casts the darkest

shadow, I used to think that Professor Blackie's "dark hour" must be darker than other men's. Once I ventured to hint something of this sort to Mrs. Blackie ; but she assured me that it was not so, that the "Pro." was never in low spirits, but always bright, gay, and restless, as we saw him in society.

In strange contrast with this boyish light-heartedness was his reverence for the stern morality of the Scottish faith, and for that severe moralist St. Paul. No song was better known to the members of the "Hellenic" Club than that one, composed by himself, in which he sang the praises of "Plato and Peter and Paul." Another favourite song of his, and one which showed something of the Scotch side of his character, was the well-known song on the subject of Jenny Geddes. Few people, I suppose, among the many large audiences that received with shouts of laughter and applause his comical rendering of the song, and the energetic gesture and movement with which he

usually accompanied it—few people ever gave him credit for any serious idea in it. Yet I have myself heard him, after a more than usually boisterous rendering of it, gravely discuss the historical circumstances with which Jenny Geddes was associated, in a way that showed how deeply he sympathised with the Scottish Covenanters, and how true a Scot he was in his love of independence and his respect for conscience.

But it was ever his way to wrap up the solid grain of his wisdom in light chaff of jest and drollery, and many people never saw more than the chaff. This habit, there can be no doubt, helped to increase his popularity, but it was possibly at the cost of his real usefulness. It sprang from what was weakest in him—from a sort of feminine element in the character of the man. Like the typical woman—of fiction, at least, if not of fact—he was too eager to gain the approval and affection of those around him, too anxious, perhaps, to attract notice, too ready to

adopt means by which to dazzle or startle.

But when we have said that, we have said the worst; and we almost feel as if we required forgiveness for having said so much in these early days of our loss. Surely towards him, of all people, we ought to exercise that virtue which, both in speech and in practice, he most honoured—charity. The motto with which his correspondents became so familiar on the envelopes he addressed to them, was not chosen at random, but expressed what in his innermost heart he held to be the deepest moral wisdom, and what in his daily life he tried to live up to. It is usually translated, “To speak the truth in love”; but, as Blackie himself would point out, the first word means more than to *speak* the truth, it means to *live* the truth, to *be* the truth. To live the truth in love! What higher moral aim could one set before oneself than that? And that Professor Blackie sought to live in harmony with his favourite motto, no one who knew him at all well could

doubt. In the course of several years' acquaintance with him, I have never once heard him speak maliciously or unkindly of any one, while few indeed were the meetings of the Hellenic club at which we did not hear from him some half-jesting, half-serious exhortation to "brotherly love," or some energetic, mock-heroic denunciation of slander, evil-speaking, or spite. I remember with what satisfaction he would point out that our English word for the embodiment of all evil—namely, *devil*—is derived from the Greek word *diabolos* which means *slandorous, backbiting*.

In harmony with this trait in his character was the position which he took up on the question of the Disestablishment of our Scottish Church. Though not, I think, a member of the Established Church himself, he regarded the Disestablishment controversy as a proof of a want of "brotherly love" which ought to exist between the different sections of the Church of Christ. I remember that, at one meeting of the

Hellenic, as, on entering the room, he passed the chair of a member of the club who happened to belong to the Free Church, he dropped on his lap a copy of a letter on the Disestablishment question written by himself. "There!" he said, in his half-laughing way; "some of you Free Church people would be the better of reading that." Then in spirited and characteristic language, which I regret I cannot literally recall, he denounced the grudge and jealousy, which, he said, was at the root of the Disestablishment movement. Why could not the Scottish Churches, which all professed to preach the religion of love, each hold by her own principles, and leave the others in peace? He ended, of course, with a joke and a laugh, and a playful shake of the shoulder of the person he was addressing.

I have said nothing of Professor Blackie's published works. As the space allowed me is limited, I have thought it better to confine myself to a sketch of the man as I knew him. But

I should like to point out how faithfully his writings represent the character of the man. His Greek translations show how well he had caught the *spirit* of ancient Greece, and made it his own. The *spirit* of an author, or of a passage, was what he always tried to reach; and, if he succeeded in reaching it, he was apt to be a little indifferent as to how many grammatical obstacles he tripped over or trampled under foot. His was not the slow, painstaking, logical intellect, that reaches its conclusions by gradual steps, but the quick vivid intuition, to which truth is sometimes revealed in sudden flashes of inspiration. He was apt to undervalue the accurate scholarship of our English Universities, and to regard it as mere verbal pedantry. If ever he came near to deserving his own rebuke for a want of charity, it was when he would descant contemptuously on "these fine Oxford scholars" with their "verbal" scholarship.

This is a mere sketch, and the character of Professor Blackie was one which would be

worthy of a careful study. He was a unique personality, a man whose like we can hardly look to see again. As I have hinted, he had his faults; and these unlike the faults of most men, were on the surface, and were seen and pointed out by many who never looked below the surface to find his virtues. Yet these were more numerous than his faults; and “the greatest of these *was* charity.”





Tribute by Emma Molyneux-

Peace by the quiet dead,
Peace by the warrior's bed
 Vigil is keeping ;
Here is the end of strife,
Here is the gate of life,
 Hushed be our weeping,

Bravely the fight he fought,
Strongly the truth he sought,
 Through all opposing—
Lay the sword by him now,
Victory had crowned his brow
 Ere the day's closing.

Victor through faith and love,
Now with the blest above,
 Saved by believing ;
He too has heard the word,
"Share with thy chosen Lord
 Joy past conceiving."

God, whom he loved and knew,
Led him life's battles through,
 Strengthening, defending.
Strong in the Master's name,
Safely His servant came
 Unto this ending.

In the land loved the best
Let him be laid to rest,
 Far from our grieving,
Till the great mustering day
Shows in their bright array
 All the believing.

Take now the standard grand
Dropped from his dying hand,
 Plant it still higher—
Thus as each faithful soul
Reaches the promised goal,
 Others draw nigher.

Freedom and truth and love,
Set these all aims above,
 In hope unfailing ;
This was his battle-cry,
Thus may we live and die,
 Like him prevailing !

March 2, 1895.



*By the Rev. Wm. Ross; from the
"Christian Union."*



PROFESSOR BLACKIE, whose death took place on Saturday forenoon, at his own house, in Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, was for the last 30 years one of our prominent Scotsmen. He had been in failing though not feeble health for some time back. The illness which terminated fatally on Saturday, had gradually increased in intensity for nearly twelve months. He was in the 86th year of his age and his active mind was unclouded almost to the very last moment. Weakness and failure of the heart's action were the immediate cause of death.

Professor Blackie was certainly one of the notable characters of the latter half of this century. He was proud of his birthplace—"Charlotte Street," in the City of Glasgow. He was born July 28th, in the year 1809. His father was a banker in Aberdeen, and the son had abundant facilities for devoting himself, without anxiety to whatever pursuit suited his taste. He was a born traveller, and the erratic life of the tourist fitted him well. He received his education at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and was one of the best classical scholars of his day. It is said that before he was 20 he came under deep religious impressions, the effects of which never left him. His father thinking his seriousness arose from philosophic doubt, is said to have suggested a tour on the Continent, specially in Germany. Whatever strength this gave to his natural tendency to philosophize, it did not relieve his difficulties. He himself always felt that philosophy could not take the place of the cross. Mr. Barrie says

truly that his was a very zig-zag life, and that a traveller pursuing such a line, is longer in reaching the end of his journey, than one who moves straight on. Berlin, Gottingen, Rome and Greece were embraced in his Continental tour. On his return to Scotland he studied law and was called to the Scottish Bar. In 1841 he was elected to the Chair of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a position which he held with credit for 11 years. Towards the close of his occupancy of the Chair of Humanity, he wrote and spoke constantly on behalf of University Reform, and there can be no doubt that to him more than to any one man is due the organization of the line of action which has culminated in the recent change in our University system.

While yet the Town Council of Edinburgh had a determining voice in the election of Professors in the University, he was translated from Aberdeen to Edinburgh to occupy the Greek Chair. This position he resigned in 1882 after having discharged the duties for 30 years.

AS A TEACHER

he was not quite successful. He lacked dignity, weight, and firmness, and consequently there were frequent outbursts of feeling and disorder in his classes. His theory of teaching and some of his methods were well fitted to attain their end, but in his hands they were not in the highest degree successful. Students who naturally took to their studies, and persevered therein, attained proficiency and eminence, the mass were not helped to mastery. This was partly the effect of the Scottish system and partly of the teacher. There was a lack of the drill, discipline and perseverance, which are indispensable to mastery. His natural habit of wandering brought foreign elements even into the class exercises, and his eccentricities failed to secure him the undivided interest so necessary in a large class. Still it must be acknowledged that he turned out many eminent pupils, and was loved and admired by many of his disciples. He was kindly, genial and hospitable in private, and many found in

him a life-long friend. He was very apt to make mistakes and to receive readily wrong impressions. One day he asked a student to hold his book in his left hand, that he might have his right free to take notes or do whatever might be necessary. To this request the student made no reply and did not change his book from his right hand in which he held it firmly. Again and again he called in stentorian tones for obedience to his will. At last from the front bench came the information that the student had no left hand the limb having been severed at the wrist by an accident. The Professor at once, humbly and nobly apologised to the student and to the class.

AS A POET AND LITERATEUR

Professor Blackie occupied a much higher position than he did as a teacher. He had naturally a large gift of language and expression, and his generous disposition led him to make a free use of it. His imagination and large constructiveness led to his utterances taking the poetic mould. His translation of Homer and

some of his Highland lays will probably outlast all his other poetic effusions. It would be wrong to say of him, as was said of a great American, "He would have lived longer had he died sooner," but it might be said with truth, that much of what he wrote would have been better had there been less of it.

AS A PATRIOT

he is entitled to a foremost place. He was a natural worshipper of the heroic. Hence he presented the somewhat singular combination of intense sympathy and admiration for the Covenanters and the Highland crofters. "Scotland for ever," roused his entire nature and sometimes made him surpass himself. The Apostle Paul, John Knox, Richard Cameron, and the Kildonan Crofter, found in him their warmest admirer and companion in tribulation. He was a Reformer within certain well defined limits. He did not understand the law of self-denial, in its highest form, but up to that point he was powerful and strong, in defence of the weak. Beyond that point he,

was naturally conservative, He was withal a hero himself, and was never slow to take up a position that was far from approving itself to others. At times it seemed as if his character lacked in certain directions the element of veneration. This led him to do erratic and strange things, alike in the crowded city and lonely outer Hebrides. In the former he sang a Scotch ditty, and in the other he climbed the mountain top on the Sabbath day, instead of joining in the worship of the sanctuary according to Scottish ideas. As a public man, he was a law unto himself. He was the humble servant of the Sunday Society and Burns' Club, as well as the admiring disciple of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, Dr. Walter C. Smith, and Dr. Alex. Whyte. He knew good preaching and valued it. He held, that rightly used, it was probably the greatest moving and moulding force of the ages. Good preaching, he said, should have orderly thought, suitable bodily action, and fervour or fire. He was not slow to let the preacher have his mind.

On one occasion, when on a visit to his brother-in-law, (Dr. Kennedy, of London) at Aberfeldy, he went to hear one of his former pupils in the Rev. D. R. Clarke's Church. To his great delight he found him preaching in Gaelic. At the close of the service he went into the vestry and said, "That's what I call *preaching*. You should be set free to go over Scotland, and specially through the Highlands, to shew what preaching should be." At another time he happened to enter a church where an eminent preacher, who devoted his strength to the forenoon and evening services, and in the afternoon trusted himself to suggestions from the context and former thinking on related passages. Entering the vestry at the end of the service, he speedily gave the preacher his impression, "That was very good hash, very good hash indeed," and passed out again. As a public man his sympathies were with the weak and suffering. He could stand any amount of banter, criticism, or scorn in their defence. The land question in the Highlands

probably owes more to him than to any other, with the exception of Mr. John Murdoch.





*Professor Masson's tribute in opening the
Class for English Literature in Edinburgh
University.*

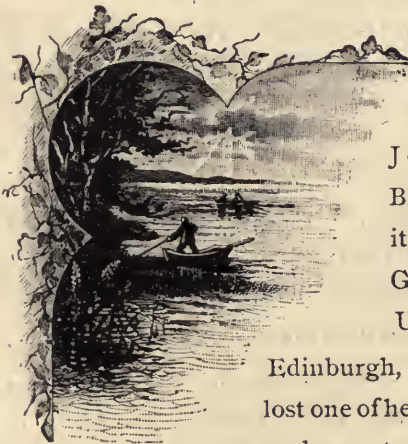


PROFESSOR MASSON said that since they had last met there had passed away a man who, for the last twenty years of his unusually long life, had been the best known and most picturesque figure in all Edinburgh, a conspicuous Scotsman, and the chief representative Scotsman from a distance. One of his boyish recollections was hearing Blackie "plead" on circuit in a Justiciary Court. There never was a man in Scotland before, or perhaps anywhere

else in the world before, precisely like Professor Blackie. Genuinely Scottish at the core, his characteristics in some respects were not according to ordinary Scottish expectations. His fundamental characteristic from first to last was a sunny lightsomeness of temperament, a lark-like joyousness, an imperturbable cheerfulness that one hardly recognised in the Scottish character, at all events in the Lowland Scottish. And how he stood up courageously for what he thought the right. What an equipment he had from the first of fixed ideas, definite conclusions of his own, on certain main points. In the advocacy of some of his ideas he accomplished what no other man could accomplish. Who but Professor Blackie could have founded the Celtic Chair? There was in Professor Blackie an almost child-like innocence of heart; he had a seraphic kind of goodness; no mean or low thought ever harboured in his breast. He was in all respects from first to last, in thought as in speech, a thorough gentleman.



By T. Cannan Newall, B.A.



BY the demise of John Stuart Blackie, Emeritus Professor of Greek, in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland has lost one of her noblest sons, and most distinguished patriots, a loss deeply and widely felt, and in,

many respects a blank, not likely to be soon, if ever, filled up.

Scotland, in the future, as in the past, is little likely to lack her quota of distinguished men, and literary celebrities in particular. It is hard to imagine a period, when we shall not have our Aytouns and Hamiltons, and Wilsons and Jeffreys, and even our Chalmers, should necessity arise, but it almost baffles the imagination to picture another Blackie, unique, erratic, eccentric, yet amiably so, a thoroughly typical Scot, a most characteristic patriot, in every sense of the word.

“A man so varied that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

The late Professor Blackie was born in Charlotte St., Glasgow, in the year 1809. His father, a bank agent, having obtained a similar appointment in Aberdeen removed thither in 1812, three years after the birth of his son. In the latter city, he was sent to a private school, where, as he says, he went through the “regular processes of grammatical and other drill,” though “never taught to use his eyes on anything but grey

books." He adds that he was "a very sober, sensible, well-behaved creature," and soon acquired a mastery over Latin, "by dint of making a living appropriation of necessary words and idioms, and flinging them about audibly."

This was a favourite idea of his in regard to the learning of languages, and one, which he never omitted any opportunity of airing.

At the age of twelve, Blackie commenced his studies in Marischal College, Aberdeen, evidently with the view of becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland. At the end of three years he left Aberdeen for Edinburgh, then in the zenith of its literary glory. Sir Walter Scott was its literary lion, and Professor Wilson the occupant of the Chair of Moral Philosophy. There is little doubt that from these two, he derived much of his inspiration, for that romantic love of his country, its historical associations and song, which he never failed to manifest.

Take his own words in reference to Sir Walter,
 "What *Deus ex machina* could have come to my

aid more effective than the sunny cheerfulness, the strong healthy vitality, the Catholic human sympathy, the deep-rooted patriotism, the fine pictorial eye, and the rare historic furniture of Sir Walter Scott."

He appears to have returned to Aberdeen for the purpose of studying divinity. There he committed the fatal error of beginning to think for himself, an error fatal to every young student of divinity. Calvinism with its "grim severities of daminary dogmatism," could find no favour in Blackie's eyes. The doctrine of original sin as propounded therein, was a stumbling block to him; the total corruption of man's whole nature, was too strong a morsel for his mental digestion.

In 1829, when he had completed his College career, his father he said put £100 in his pocket, and packed him off to the Continent, where no doubt the continuation of his studies, exercised an important influence over his future life. In Germany, at Göttingen and at Berlin, he pursued his studies, acquiring a masterly knowledge

of the German language and literature, which was afterwards so markedly displayed.

He justly acknowledges his deep debt of gratitude to his friend Bunsen, frequently remarking that "he had acquired more knowledge of European scholarship during his association with Bunsen, than from all his teachers put together." He appreciated in the highest degree the benefits of the very complete course of study in the German Universities, in which the detestable practice of "cramming" was comparatively unknown, and missed no opportunity of advising Scottish students to finish their education there. When present at the inaugural lecture of Mr. Prothero, as Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, he was called upon by the students, as soon as he was observed, to make a speech. In the course of his remarks, he strongly condemned the narrowness of Scottish education and expressed a hope that not a few of their fathers would do, as his had done, and pack them off to Germany. From Berlin, accompanied by

Bunsen, he next proceeded to Rome, where he resided for fifteen months, and "made considerable progress in drawing," returning home in 1832 with his head "full of pictures, statues, churches and other beautiful objects." To Goethe, who was at that time a star of the first magnitude, and his contemporaries in German thought, he attributed the "gradual emancipation of his inner man from the uncomfortable pressure of harsh dogmatism, the artificial saintliness and unlovely severity, to which the earnestness of religious sentiment in Scotland so readily inclined." The expressions here used, when carefully analysed, are strikingly significant. As a general conclusion, in referring to his tour and residence on the Continent, he used to say that these years had done more to enlarge his ideas, widen his sympathies, and purify his ideal of humanity, than all the books he ever read, except the Bible.

If ever Blackie did entertain really serious thoughts of entering the church, these had by this time entirely vanished, and henceforth in the

ranks of the "*Stickit Ministers*" must. Professor Blackie be enshrined.

He returned to Scotland in 1832 very much Germanised, wrote many articles on German literature and education, also completed a metrical translation of *Faust* published in 1834, the same year in which he was admitted to the Scottish Bar, as a member of the Faculty of Advocates.

Letters, however, he preferred to Law, and in 1841 he was appointed Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was said to be highly popular, in that position, but from the first protested against the terribly elementary work, which Scottish Professors were then called on to perform. Here also his schemes for the reform of the Scottish Universities began to germinate, and developed year by year, until at length he had the satisfaction of witnessing their realization.

In 1850 he published a translation of *Æschylus*, in which the majestic periods of the grand old

dramatist, were magnificently rendered, and which at once attracted the most favourable notice of the learned. This fine scholarly work could not have been produced at a period more conducive to the success of the author, for soon after, in 1852, by the death of the well-known Professor George Dunbar, the Greek Chair in Edinburgh fell vacant, and Professor Blackie received the appointment. He himself often told his students to ingratiate themselves into the favour of ladies, if they wished to be successful, that during his candidature for the Edinburgh chair, he had endeavoured by all possible means to secure the influence of the Councillors' wives, (the Town Council being then Patrons of most of the chairs) and succeeded in getting them to take an interest in him, and insure his success. Possibly he had to thank both the ladies and his version of *Æschylus*.

Now we can picture his position, surrounded by a literary *Cordon*, whose equal the world never perhaps saw. Hamilton, Aytoun, Wilson, Piazzì

Smyth, Cosmo Innes, Robert Lee, Christison, Alison, Goodsir, Simpson and Syme, all now his colleagues—a splendid fraternity.

Professor Blackie was a most versatile and prolific writer. The results of his mental activity were duly communicated to the world without. Fortunate 'tis so, for without his *Æschylus* and “Homer and the Iliad,” the learned world would have been poorer, and for most of his works, mankind generally owe him a debt of gratitude at least. In 1851 he published his “Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece.” His keen appreciation of the spirit of Greek poetry and mythology, is evinced therein in a remarkable degree.

In 1852 the translation of *Æschylus*, already noticed. In 1860 “Lyric Poems” appeared.

In 1866 “Homer and the Iliad,” in 4 volumes, was given to the world, after 12 years' labour, in order to present “such an exhibition of the great national poem of the Greeks and of the spirit of Greek life contained in it, as might place the English gentleman of culture and intelligence—

in regard at least to the great distinctive points of Homeric poetry—on an equal platform with the professional scholar,” and “that this platform is possible even for those who do not read Greek, the analogy of our Christian Religion and of the English Scriptures shows clearly enough.”

In the preliminary dissertations, in which he discusses and reviews previous literature and criticism, in reference to Homer's grand production, there is displayed an amount of research and industry, such as is rarely witnessed. The Professor had caught the spirit of Greek religion, and its predominating and permeating influence throughout the writings of the incomparable poet; and there is every reason for concluding that “Homer and the Iliad” will yet be more appreciated, than it has hitherto been.

“War Songs of the Germans,” and a Collection of University Songs, next issued from his pen, 1869-1870. In a preface to the latter commending them to the students, he says, “If you wish to be happy in this world there are only

three things which can secure you of your aim—the love of God, the love of truth, and the love of your fellow-men. And of this divine triad the best and most natural exponent, in my estimate, is neither a sermon, nor a lecture, nor even a grand article in a Quarterly Review, but just simply a good song.” “Songs of Religion and Life,” followed in 1876, in which he strongly advocates the cultivation of “religious reverence without sectarian dogmatism.” About 1874 a little volume on “Self Culture” appeared, which has been translated into some fifteen different languages, “One thing is needful,” he says, “The fountain of all the nobler morality is moral inspiration from within and the feeder of this fountain is God.” Then he dilates on the moral torpor of such men as Lord Byron, Walter Savage Landor and the first Napoleon, men whose lives were comparative failures, chiefly for want of a little kindly culture of unselfishness. “Lays of the Highlands and Islands,” “Altavona,” “Language and Literature of the:

Scottish Highlands," followed. In "Altayona," a volume of dialogues on Highland matters, 1882, he writes,—"I hate no one, not even the coward and the liar; I only pity them."

Blackie is seen at his best in his poetry. "He sang of what was tender and reverent in religion, of what was heroic and noble in history, of what was inspiring in nature." His overflowing patriotism, his romantic love of country and his fervid enthusiasm, were alike conspicuous. He hated "pessimism and all such devilry." Eccentric he was, withal, his eccentricities were amiable not of the unpardonable sort. They were rather his living protest against the hide-bound conventionalities which stunt individual growth. We know how he once shocked our Glasgow Sabbatarians by lecturing on a Sunday evening before the Sunday Society on the Love Songs of Scotland, and winded up by singing "Kelvin Grove." I was highly amused next Sunday to hear a budding divine, now a country parish minister, dilating on this Sabbath dese-

eration, and characterising his utterances, as only the "babblings of a silly old man." Poor *young* man! I felt a sincere pity for him. . . Most certainly the Professor's writings were to him an unknown quantity. At the same time, some of his nonsensical platform utterances presented a striking contrast to the scholarly and erudite productions which issued from his study. The Professor on the platform, and the Professor in his study could barely be identified.

How then about the Professor in his class room? So far as this is concerned, opinions vary very much. We almost feel a reluctance to admit that there is a pretty general consensus of opinion not particularly favourable to him in this aspect. Had he confined himself more to the subject in hand, his success as a teacher would in all probability have been assured, but his erratic mode of jumping from one theme to another detracted in no small degree from the successful conduct of his class. Generally speaking, his best students talk of him with

unqualified praise,—this is almost invariably the case, however, and goes to prove little. We seldom hear a dunce eulogising his teacher. If in the class-room his success was not conspicuous, it seems mainly attributable to the loose system of discipline, which he tolerated. Possibly he had too little of the “dominie” in his composition to enforce order, and any assumed or affected dignity, was a cloak which John Stuart Blackie disdained to don. Dignity he seemed to regard in much the same light, as Sir John Falstaff is feigned to have regarded honour. “Who hath it?” “He that died o’ Wednesday.” It admits of no dispute, that where there is want of discipline, there is want of teaching. The imagination can paint an amusing scene, in which the Professor is dashing about fuming, raging, hurling his choice vocables at the ringleaders of the disorder, singling out a few unhappy victims, then all of a sudden resuming his wonted quiet, preparatory to some grand ascent of Mount Olympus, or an elaborate disquisition on the beauties of Gaelic.

If Professor Blackie had been an Oxford or Cambridge *don*, it is almost certain, that his works would have occupied the highest place in classical literature. In reality, he had little sympathy with the mere niceties, and to him uninteresting minutiae of Greek construction. The spirit, not the letter, was his Alpha and his Omega, and to purpose, too.

+ The Professor was a staunch, but not bigoted Presbyterian, as far removed on the one hand, from frigid dogmatism as from the "tawdry mummeries of ritualism," on the other. He attended the ministrations of Dr. Walter C. Smith, with whose cultured and highly poetical nature, he must have experienced a strong feeling of kinship. Often he might be seen, too, wending his way to St. Cuthbert's to hear his friend Dr. Macgregor.

He had little sympathy with creeds and confessions. A broad, enlightened, benevolent catholicity, tolerant of every thing, but intolerance was the characteristic of his religion in his

later days. A man of great geniality and breadth of sentiment, he lived not in theology nor ecclesiasticism, but in the hearts and minds of those who knew him best.

With these *addenda* strikingly characteristic of "Dear old Blackie," we must bring this to a close.

Professor Blackie's last public appearance was at Pitlochry, at the opening of the Horticultural Society's Show. There he met his old friend Mr. Gladstone. He made the remark that "three great men were born in 1809, Blackie, Gladstone and Tennyson." To this delightfully amiable little bit of egoism, the grand old parliamentary hand, with a significant twinkle in his eye, replied, "Ah! not Tennyson, he does not belong to our set, we are too noisy for him."

On one occasion, when going to visit Carlyle at Chelsea, Carlyle espied some strange looking figure, swaggering along, flourishing something in the shape of a stick, coming dancing up the front steps, and humming an old ditty. He at

once told his servant to order "that idiot out of the way." Imagine his surprise to hear Professor Blackie announced.





*Tribute by Arthur Warren from "The
Woman at Home."—Vol. II., 1894.*

(By Permission.)



PROFESSOR BLACKIE is the most picturesque figure in Edinburgh, and, as some say, the greatest man in Scotland. He is the "grand old man" of that northern kingdom. He is packed with knowledge and overflowing with music and vigorous life and merry spirits. If he were not so merry and so musical, you might call him Scotland incarnate. His character is as noble as any that his hardy nation has produced, and the most original. It is a many-sided character, too, showing the scholar, the poet, the philosopher,

the student, the teacher, the public orator, the political writer, the lover of classics, the most strenuous believer in modern progress. Professor Blackie is young at eighty-five, and full of the enjoyment of life. It is one of his odd habits to wear indoors a wide-brimmed hat, but it is assumed that to this beneficent shade is due the fact that his eyesight remains perfect and has never required glasses. You can see him almost any day, striding along from Douglas Crescent to Princes Street, or back again, hale as an athlete, hearty as a young hunter. I encountered him one day beating eastward against a half-gale, his cloud of white hair tossing about his head and flapping up against his big-brimmed, soft black hat; his cheeks rosy with the winter wind, and his kind eyes dancing with the delight he takes in his favourite walking exercise. It was hard to believe that he was in his eighty-fifth year. I told him I had come across a book in which it was said that he loves to play the *role* of peripatetic philosopher. How he laughed!

“Do they say that of me? Ho, ho, ho!” And then he trolled a “Hi-ti-rumty-tum,” snatching an air, as his habit is, from some half-forgotten song, winding up with a mutter of Greek, looking the while as if he were a prophet apostrophising the gods. “Don’t mind the confusion of tongues,” he added. “Greek, Latin, Gaelic, English—it’s all the same to me. I borrow the phrase that comes readiest for the thought. But Greek is the great language.”

He has been in love with Greek for more than sixty years; he taught it during half that time; he knows it as well as he knows English; he reads Greek newspapers; he has the best Greek library in the kingdom; and I daresay he dreams in Greek. He had been extolling the master-tongue and all things Greek with so much zeal that I said, “You talk as if in spirit you were more a Greek than a Scotsman.”

“Not that”—he half sang the words. “Oh, bonny Scotland for me! A man should stick to the land where God put him.”

I was delighted one morning in Glasgow when I received a note from Professor Blackie asking me to take luncheon with him when I should come to Edinburgh. On the lower left-hand corner of the envelope the dear man had inscribed his favourite motto in clear Greek text:

“Speak the truth in love.”

Just as Greek tumbles naturally from his tongue in all conversation, so does it fall to a corner of every envelope that he addresses. There may have been adjuration in the message. But who that knows Professor Blackie can speak of him with other accents than those of love? I had anticipated much delight from my visit to No. 9 Douglas Crescent, and I was not disappointed. But while I paused for an instant in the hall, I heard with some dismay the sounds of what appeared to be animated conversation in an adjoining room. I had been expecting to find the Professor alone, and the prospect of a luncheon party damped my ardour not a little. But the maid conducted me to the dining-room, and

there sat the Scottish sage in solitary state declaiming some text unintelligible to my rude hearing.

What a picture he made sitting there in the strong light! I shall never forget it. I was not prepared to encounter so odd an apparition, and for a moment I knew not whether to laugh or to say some serious thing. It was desperately hard to be grave, and I have no recollection of what I said at the beginning of the encounter. It was probably a meteorological platitude. In a big chair, with his left arm resting on the white cover of the dining-table, sat a tall old man, with a great, strong, clear-cut, smooth-shaven face—like one of the traditional gods of his favourite lore, yet in no other respect resembling the mythological at that instant. For his head was crowned with one of the last efforts of modernity, a huge straw hat of the fine “Panama” sort (or was it “Leghorn”?); and his body was lost somewhere in the embraces of a blue dressing-gown which came to his heels;

and his waist was wound about with yards of red silk sash, the ends of which sprawled to the floor. He did not rise, but he bent forward and stretched out his right hand and gave mine a hearty grip.

“Punctual,” said he. “Sharp to the minute. Came over by the eleven train, eh? An hour and five minutes on the rail. Wonderful how we live now! Glasgow to Edinburgh and return, ninety-six miles, for seven-and-six, first-class; the quickest travelling in the world, and the cheapest. That’s the effect of competition. Fol-de-rol-de-rol-de-ri. Progress, progress. I believe in it. I’m a marching man. There’s no such thing as standing still; you go forward or fall back. Do you mind ringing the bell? I am keeping bachelor’s hall to-day. Mrs. Blackie is out of town, but we will try to be comfortable.”

The bell tinkled, the luncheon was served, and, while we ate, the Professor talked, burst into snatches of melody, rippled in Greek, alternating with thunderous German, laughed—

and wore his hat! "My wife won't let me carve," he said, as he thrust a blade into the chicken and apostrophised a joint. "Never mind—hey nonny, hi nonny—come off, old boy! There, the sweeter the meat, the nearer the bone. Statesmen have carved empires more easily."

The last remark was tempting. I did not resist.

"I believe that you do not agree with your old friend Mr. Gladstone about a certain imperial measure?"

"No; nor about Greek."

"But you are still friends nevertheless?"

"Oh, yes. As for discussion, we began that when we first met, and we've been discussing ever since. Dear me, how long ago that was! Forty years. We met at Dean Ramsay's house. Gladstone was a splendid man to disagree with even then."

It seemed to me that the names of nearly all the great men of England, Scotland, and Germany rolled from the Professor's tongue. I

asked if he would give an anecdote or two of some of them.

“No,” he replied. I don't live in the past. Some people can write and tell that sort of thing with grace. I can't.”

Professor Blackie is not what the anecdote-mongers call a “conversationalist.” He does not converse; he explodes. His talk is volcanic. There comes an eruption of short sentences blazing with the philosophy of life. There is a kindly glow in it all, and the eruption subsides quickly with a gentle troll of song.

I well remember the explosion that followed some reference to education. The table shook under a smiting hand, and these words were shot at me:

“We are teaching our young men everything except this: to teach themselves, and to look the Lord Jesus Christ in the face!”

One of Professor Blackie's latest books opens with these words: “Of all the chances that can befall a young man at his first start in the race

of life, the greatest unquestionably is to be brought into contact, and, if possible, to enter into familiar relations, with a truly great man. For this is to know what manhood means, and a manly life, not by grave precept, or wise proverb, or ideal picture ; but to see the ideal in complete equipment and compact in reality before you, as undeniably and as efficiently as the sun that sheds light from the sky, or the mountain that showers waters into the glen." Great influences were cast on the Grand Old Scotsman's life from the time when he was a lad of tender years. If there were time and space to fully trace in these pages his long career, we should see this fact fully borne out by testimony.





Tribute of the Ruskin Society of Glasgow.



AT a meeting of the Ruskin Society of Glasgow, the following resolution was adopt-

ed, on the motion of Mr. Charles Taylor, seconded by Mr.

Jas. G. Borland :—“ That we, the members of the Ruskin Society of Glasgow, record our sense of the deep loss our Scottish literature and life have sustained in the death of Professor John Stuart Blackie ; that the secretary be instructed to re-

cord this in the minutes of the society's proceedings, and that a copy of these minutes be forwarded to the relatives of the late Professor." Mr. William Jolly, H.M.I.S., and Mr. Wm. Martin, honorary president and president, were appointed to represent the society at Professor Blackie's funeral.





“Punch’s” Tribute.

Thou brave old Scot! And art thou gone ?

How much of light with thee’s departed
Philosopher—yet full of fun,

Great humorist—yet human-hearted ;

A Caledonian— yet not dour,

A scholar—yet not dry-as-dusty ;

A pietest—yet never sour !

O, stout and tender, true and trusty
Octogenarian optimist,

The world to thee seemed aye more sunny.

We loved thee better for each twist

Which streaked a soul with honey,

We shall not see *thy* like again !

We’ve fallen on times most queer and quacky,
And oft shall miss the healthy brain

And manly heart of brave old BLACKIE.



Tribute from "The Strand Magazine."

Vol. III., 1892.

(By Permission.)



THERE is probably no name better known in the world of literature and learning, and certainly no figure more familiar in the streets of the Scotch capital, than John Stuart Blackie. There is always much combined curiosity and speculation regarding the life and habits of the man who has won fame within the limits of his own room and the surroundings of his family circle. It is from a distinctly homely point of view that I would talk about Professor Blackie. I spent some time with him in Edin-

burgh, and the sum and total of his characteristics seemed to be the personification of refined culture, hearty and honest opinion, and unadulterated merriment. He will quote Plato one moment, dilate on the severity of the Scottish Sabbath the next, and then with lightning rapidity burst into singing an old Scotch ballad that set one's heart beating considerably above the regulation rate. He shook hands with me, and then commenced to sing. He told me of his career, and sandwiched between his anecdotes snatches of song and pithy quotations ; and so it went on all through the day. If he is worried for a sentence, or troubled for a rhyme, he walks about the room humming. "I am a motive animal," he says. Sometimes he will sit down at the piano in the drawing-room at night, and the music tempts the Muse. Again, when rhymes are rare, he will make an excursion into the heart of some glorious glen, or try the mountain path, and on his return he brings a poem with him, which is immediately transferred to paper. And this, be

it remembered, is the doings of one of the fathers of Scotland, who will enter upon his eighty-third birthday in July.

I found him sitting at his table in one of his studies. The table is just by the window looking into the garden. He wore a long blue coat, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a red silk sash. He had on a very broad linen collar, with a long black cravat, loosely tied, negligently hanging down. On his head was a fine broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, an excellent assistance to the retention of good sight; he has never worn a pair of spectacles in his life. Strange to say, too, until the morning of my visit, he has needed no medical advice for over thirty years. He is patriarchal in appearance, with classical features, and long pure white hair which reaches to his shoulders. He has all the vitality of a young man. A trip alone to Constantinople at the age of eighty-two is a good record. He attributes his robust health to the fact that he has always worked and lived, read

and thought, on a system. He rises at 7.30 and breakfasts. The morning is occupied in work and correspondence. The open air claims him every day for two hours before dinner, and Morpheus for an hour after the mid-day meal. No hard work after nine. Unless he has a lecture or other engagement, the evening finds him playing a game of backgammon with his wife, and he opens the door of his bed-room as the clock is chiming twelve. System governs every hour of the day, and two unapproachable mottoes guide every moment of his life. You cannot receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He puts it in the corner of every envelope he finds about the place, his servants' included. "Adopt it," he says, "and it will revolutionize society in the twinkling of an eye." His motto is, "Speak the truth in love" (Ephes. iv. 15), and he points out that the Greek verb means *acting* as well as speaking. The second

motto is, "All noble things are difficult to do."

A cosy chair was pointed out to me by the fire, and I sat down and listened.

"I was born at Glasgow in July, 1809," said Professor Blackie, walking about the room, "and at the age of three went to Aberdeen. My father was a Border man, a Kelso lad, and was the first agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, where it started in 1811. I went to school at Aberdeen—Aberdonians have produced the best Latin scholars in Scotland. I have to admit to being twice flogged by my father. One chastising was for telling a lie. My aunt insisted on pouring down my throat some broth which I did not like. I didn't go to school, but went and sulkily hid myself. I said that I had been to school I was flogged. The second occasion was for calling a servant girl names. I was flogged for that, and quite right: too.

"As a boy I was always antagonistic to school fights—pugilism had no fascination for me. I

well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied; 'but I'll knock you down,' and immediately did it with great applause. I went to college at twelve. I won a scholarship there for Latin, but as the gift was intended for poor people I resigned it. My principal pastime in those days was golf, which we used to play on the Aberdeen links. I remained at college until I was fifteen, when I went to Edinburgh, where I was for two years attending a special class under Professor John Wilson;" and in those days, Professor Blackie told me, he was working out his moral life. This disturbed his studies, as he gave his whole thoughts to devotional meditation. When it came to the distribution of prizes John Wilson told him that he could not give him one, for he had only written a single essay, although it was a remarkably good one. On learning this young Blackie burst into tears.

"At the age of twenty," he continued, "I went to Germany and on to Rome, where I de-

voted myself to the study of the languages. Here, too, I met many of the world's greatest men. And so the days passed by until once more I returned to the old country, and in 1834 was called to the Scottish Bar. But I was not a success, and I really used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee."

In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, a woman of great culture and rare kindness. She has been a wifely help to her husband for nearly fifty years, for the morning of their golden wedding will dawn in April. Even to-day when her husband writes her a letter, he calls her "Oke," a Greek word which means "swift." It was a happy quartette at the luncheon table—Professor Blackie and his wife, Dr. Stodart Walker and myself. The Professor's milk was in a glass, keeping warm by the fire, but to-day—to-day, owing to the presence of "visitors,"—port wine was substituted for the creamy fluid.

Such was his repast, with a little Scotch home-made ginger-bread. Delicious!

A word is whispered across the table—
“Carlyle.”

“I knew Carlyle intimately,” Professor Blackie said, responding to the whispered name “but I was not one of his out-and-out worshippers at all. His work was to rouse the world; but I was wide awake, and required no rousing. I thought him somewhat despotic and tyrannical; though, mark you, he possessed extraordinary pictorial power, and was a good Scotchman. I admired his genius, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He was hard-hearted and hated sinners. He called here once just when the great noise was going on about the convicts being underfed. He began talking about them. ‘Puir fellows! puir fellows!’ he said, ‘give them brown soup and a footstool, and kick them to the devil!’

“Carlyle was a great talker, and he would talk, talk, talk, and never give one a chance to

contradict his assertions. I have a habit—one of many years' standing—of going up to London once every year. I do it now. I always called on Carlyle at Chelsea, generally on Sunday evenings. One night I contrived, by starting as soon as I got into the room, to open the conversation, and went on from topic to topic, till they mounted to a dozen; but to none of my themes would my stout old friend give an assenting reply. At last in desperation I shouted out, 'Very well, I think you've come to "The Everlasting No," so you and I can't agree.' Off I went, but we remained good friends for all that.

"One night I shook him—yes, shook him. His poor wife used to sit there and never speak. I was in his room on this particular Sunday, and his wife particularly wanted to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I got up, took hold of him, and giving him a good shaking, cried, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!'; but for all that he wouldn't."

Poor Mrs. Carlyle! She suffered from heart

disease. Even when she heard that her husband had made his successful oration as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University she fainted. The circumstances surrounding her death, too, are both painful and tragic. Whilst out in her carriage her little pet dog contrived to get out and was run over. The coachman drove on and on, until at last, receiving no orders, he looked in at the carriage. Whether it was the shock or not will never be known, but his mistress lay there dead.

Carlyle lies buried with his own people at Ecclefechan, whilst his wife rests by the side of her father at Haddington.





*Extract from the
"English Illustrated Magazine,"
August, 1894.*



THE days are long past when Edinburgh had a distinctive literary character of its own. In a literary, as well as in a political and social sense, it has suffered from the prevalent "Londonisation," and although its great University and its Courts of Session prevent it from sinking into the category of a mere provincial town, yet the days are only historic when there was a distinct and important characteristic to be found in anything or anybody hailing from "the cold grey metropolis of the North." The days of Hume and Adam Smith, of "the Wizard of the North," "the Gentle

Shepherd," "the Ettrick Shepherd," "the Man of Feeling," of Lockhart, Dugald Stuart and Sir William Hamilton, of John Wilson, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Jeffrey, and the sledge-hammer critics of old "Maga" of the *Edinburgh Review*, are bordering on ancient history, or at least are only in part as sweet memories to the oldest of us. It may safely, though paradoxically, be said that the Scottish literary world resides in London somewhere between Hampstead and St. John's Wood on the one hand and Lincoln's Inn Fields on the other. One does not forget that within the narrower circles of academic life there are still names to be conjured with in science and in arts. One does not forget Tait and Rutherford, and Turner, Geikie, Butcher, and Flint. Yet in the more catholic and human fields of general literature we may count the prominent Scottish literary men who reside in Edinburgh on the fingers of one hand—David Masson, John Skelton, Walter C. Smith, Alexander Anderson, and John Stuart Blackie; and this indeed is but

a poor turn-out for Edinburgh, when we remember that the republic of letters includes such Scots as Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Buchanan, William Black, Andrew Lang, George MacDonald, J. M. Barrie, William Sharp, and S. R. Crockett.

When I arrived in Edinburgh to make my morning call on the "Grand Old Man" of Scotland it was a beautiful spring day, and although the wind was orthodox enough to come from the east—Edinburgh has been called "too east-windy and too west-endy"—it was with the greatest enjoyment that I made my way west along Princes Street—that queen of European streets. To my left the castle stood out against the clear, cloudless blue sky, like some mighty giant sleeping, and stretching east from its slopes the grand old town—"mine own romantic town," as Scott called it—looked down with a very historical visage on the more modern beauties of the gardens below, and away to the Forth and the hills of Fife in the North, a peep

of which I caught as I passed the several streets running north from Princes Street. Ruskin especially loved these openings in Princes Street. Professor Blackie told me later, for he said, "When I come to them I can look from the works of man to the works of God."

I was not long in reaching Douglas Crescent—a handsome crescent in the extreme west of the city, commanding an almost uninterrupted view of the valley of the water of Leith, of Corstorphine Hill, of the Forth, and on clear days of the Lomonds of Fife. The Professor had written that I was not to come too early, as the regulation of his life was that the morning was to be kept sacred to the mysteries of his studies, so that it was approaching noon when I entered the picturesque hall of his house at No. 9 Douglas Crescent. In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, little changed from what I knew her ten years ago, looking by her remarkably erect bearing more like a woman of sixty than one between seventy

and eighty; and soon we were joined by the Professor, who came in singing, and although I saw the footmarks of that cruel crow Time had not spared him, yet no one would imagine that this erect and youthful-looking figure, carrying a still more youthful heart, was the body of a man in his eighty-fifth year. 1809—What memories that takes us back to! and this striking Scot with his marvellous *foie de vive*, his energy, dramatic often in its intensity, and his remarkable sympathy with the newer movements, was born then in the same year with Mendelssohn, Chopin, Darwin, Tennyson, Holmes, and Gladstone.

After a long conversation, which we haven't time to mention here, the question was asked: You have written a life of Burns? "Yes," he answered "I was asked to do it, and at first I refused, for I can never do work to order. I have never done it. But then I thought a little, and I said to myself there are two kinds of persons who may write that

life. First, the blind hero-worshipper, who will write a useless blatant kind of work, and then another much worse person who will play the self-righteous moralist with Burns, and probably look at him through his own myopic lenses. I felt that I understood Burns, and consented, feeling that I could find the medium course. How I succeeded it is not for me to judge."

"There is an essentially noble man," said the Professor pointing to a picture of Gladstone, "He and I are old friends, and although we have often disagreed on politics, and the Hebrew devil, and other subjects, yet I always admire the nobility and uprightness of the man."

"There's John Murray. I remember him telling me when I went to see him about my *Homer*, never to publish Greek in Scotland. He was right there; publishers occasionally say wise things, you know," said the Professor laughing.

We are back in the study, and I ask him

what has been the most successful of his books.

“Successful? Well, it depends in what way you mean. If you mean with regard to sale, certainly *Self-Culture*, which I wrote as a holiday amusement twenty years ago, and which has gone through twenty-five large British editions, and has been translated into ten foreign languages. Of my philological works *The Hæra Hellenicæ*, and *Wise men of Greece*, and my *Homer and the Iliad*, contain some of my best work; while in poetry *The Wise men of Greece* and *The Lays of the Highlands and Islands* seem to have pleased; but these things don't trouble me much. But I have talked enough,” said the Professor; “let us go down to lunch, and you can tell me something new of your great world in London. I have hosts of good friends there, but most of the friends of my earlier days are of course dead, Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Sir Henry Holland, Lewes, Stanley, Tom Taylor, and others.”

“He's better than most of them,” he said to

Mrs. Blackie as we entered the dining-room
“ He hasn’t asked me to tell him stories, nor has
he asked me what I eat to lunch, nor do I think
he has taken notes of the furniture.”



Tribute by James Colville.

A white-haired Sage whose soul has passed
Away with frost's unkindly blast ;

His free-born glance was quick to brave
The blows to truth that bigots gave,
As breeze that flecks the soulless wave
In windy weather.

He loved to sing the homespun lilt,
Or hymn the fields where blood was spilt
For Freedom's cause in plaid and kilt
On blooming heather.

He culled the flowers of Plato's page,
And lived again that Grecian age

With flash the while of nimble wit,
That touched the heart it kindly hit,
And tale of boyish glee to fit
Our budding youth ;

For fervid Scot and sager Greek
Were in that step on mountain peak,
Or lonely Highland glen to seek
The pure-eyed Truth.

A patriot picturesque and keen,

He knew what Scotland's past had been,
And gloried in his country's pride,
When border knight went forth to ride,
Or Cameron fell on bleak hillside,
That hero preacher.

He mixed with academic lore,
And eloquence in boundless store,
And pathos of the cottar's door—

A noble teacher.



Tribute by the Rev. Alexander Webster.



AS one of his old students at Aberdeen, he could testify that he had got more good from Professor Blackie in the form of inspiration and stimulus to think than from any other Professor. While in the northern metropolis, he was much the same prominent figure in the general community as he came to be afterwards in the wider sphere of Edinburgh, with more fully developed powers. The circle of his activity and fame had gone on widening

out until he was heard of, far and near, as the best representative Scotsman of his time. He was an able scholar, better acquainted with the spirit than with the letter; a highly-gifted lecturer upon all sorts of subjects, for all classes of people, from the Fellows of the Royal Society downwards; a voluminous and versatile author, than whom few in Great Britain could write more terse, vigorous, and racy English; a fluent and inexhaustible conversationalist, who knew how to make table-talk both profitable and pleasant; an enthusiastic lover of song, more especially of Scottish song, and having a musical voice that could render with telling effect either his own verses or those of others. Between his private and public life there was no contradiction. It was in St. David's Church that he first appeared as a lay preacher on a Sunday evening. His views on the Sunday question indicated at once his broad church sympathies, the catholicity of his religion, and his entire freedom from the bondage of creeds and conventionalism.



Tribute by Dr. Whyte.



IN John Stuart Blackie's death our city has lost its most picturesque citizen and one of its wisest and best men. I shall always put Professor Blackie beside his own Socrates in the exquisite Symposium. Like Socrates, "he was not unlike those Athenian busts of Silenus which had pipes and flutes in their mouths; but open them, and there was always the image of a god within." The grotesque and motley outside was but a mask to hide from common eyes the wisdom and the goodness and the beauty that dwelt within. An ignorant or an inexperienced person, as Alcibiades said, might be disposed to laugh at Socrates, but he who had eyes to see deeper, saw behind all his

banter and all his fooling a wisdom and a beauty and a goodness little short of divine. "Be not deceived by Socrates, Agathon, be not a fool in your estimate of my master Socrates, for he is no fool!" And so might we have said of our friend. How often have I said to myself, after hearing the soundest sense, the deepest and the most apt and pertinent truth, and the most sweet and loving wisdom fall from my friend, how often have I said, "Can this be the same man who was disporting on that platform amid such loud laughter last night?" till the Silenus mask, and the god within, came again to my mind. "They who did not know our Socrates intimately and lovingly did not know him at all." I have often said to myself; but one occasion will always dwell in my memory and my heart. One afternoon I stumbled in on Dr. Wyld and the Professor sitting together, the one over a cup of tea and the other over a glass of wine, and I shall never forget the dialogue of ripest wisdom and Christian love that went on between the old philosopher and

the old scholar that afternoon. Somehow that fine picture dwells in my heart with a peculiar impressiveness and beauty. They are drinking it new to-day with Him to whom they were that day so like in my eyes. The Professor's death has recalled to me a Silenus-like speech he once made to me after a long and warm debate we had had together. "If you have the writing of my epitaph, I know what it will be," he said; "it will be this, 'Here lies a man who had every virtue but a sense of sin.'" Could Socrates himself have said it better?





Tribute by the "Glasgow Herald,"



THE PROFESSOR, the name by which everybody knew him, may not have been what we generally understand by the term a great man. History will not set him in the first rank of intellect, or give him a place as an epoch-maker. But he was, as he might have phrased it himself, a splendid fellow—a unique personage, a character, a marked personality in appearance, speech, style. From the beginning to the end of his long life—he was born in Glasgow in 1809—he was a constantly active entity, putting forth his energies and exercising his influence in the spheres of learning, education, politics, theology, literature, poetry. He was of that kind of men who can assert themselves, and with effect, in many departments of life.

Prominent in his nature were the features of geniality, friendliness, brotherhood. He was a grand human man, if the expression may be allowed. He had a great heart, and perhaps the impersonal object around which its affections most twined was his country.

John Stuart Blackie may have a meed of fame for certain of his writings alike in prose and verse—for some of his books are well worth reading—but what posterity will chiefly cherish his memory for, will be the fact that he was a great Scotsman. Scotland to him was in all her aspects “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.” It may be said that he had about him too much of the *perferviãum ingenium*; but it was the very excess in him of that element which largely exalted him above his fellows. The Professor was the last prominent Scottish Nationalist. His name always recalls that of Fletcher of Saltoun. Everything Scottish he loved. But at the same time he was not a narrow bigot, but entertained a rational and large admiration

and love of England and the Union. He was a proper sort of patriot—teaching us that, while duly appreciating our position in the United Kingdom, we must not forget that we are Scots. Peace and honour to his name! In all reverence it may be said, “He was a man, take him for all in all, we may not look upon his like again.”





Dr. MacGregor's Pulpit Reference.



IF any evidence was needed of the remarkable hold which John Stuart Blackie had on the hearts of his countrymen, that evidence was afforded on Wednesday last. Even Edinburgh has rarely witnessed a more impressive spectacle. It had almost the dignity of an historical event. All that was best in our city, and in every section of our citizens, followed him to the grave. There were Scotsmen there in spirit from every corner of the world, paying the last tribute of respect to the most popular Scotsman of his time. He had fought hard and long for the Highlander, and,

like a Highland warrior, he was borne to his rest with the plaid for a pall, and the pibroch, as his body moved from St. Giles', sounding the "Land o' the Leal," that land on which his loyal soul had entered. Not being able to be present at his funeral, I should like to lay one little stone on his cairn. His story has already been admirably told and lovingly read all over Scotland and all over the earth. I do not need to add anything to what has already appeared in our leading newspaper. Through the twenty-seven years I have been in Edinburgh, I have had the honour of knowing Professor Blackie, and the acquaintance gradually deepened into a warm personal friendship. Among the regrets with which life is full not the least is this, that I never kept a note of the many conversations I have had with him; and not even on the platform did he say things more worthy of preservation than he did in ordinary talk. He always talked to purpose. I believe that all who knew him intimately will agree with me when I say that what stands most

prominently out in their recollections of him was his uniqueness, aloneness, unlikeness to any other man. It was not that he had characteristics that were peculiar to him, as every strong nature has, but that while in many ways intensely human, there was hardly a feature of his character which was quite like that of others. In this marvellously distinct individuality lay no small portion of his power and his charm, of the love which he won from the thousands and the dislike from the tens. Not only could he say and do what nobody else could, but he rarely, if ever outside his books, did say or do exactly what other people would. It was impossible that such a man should not now and then be misunderstood and misjudged. They who knew him, knew that in all his peculiarities and eccentricities he was as innocent, as natural, as unconventional, as simple as a child ; and all through life, on till the end, as open, honest, guileless, and fearless. What in others would have been affectation was sheer simplicity with him. That

I believe to be the key to his character. Under the light airiness of his manner, the sometimes seeming levity, there was sound sense, solid wisdom, sterling worth, and unaffected goodness. It is not for me to say here what Blackie was as a prophet of patriotism and a preacher of righteousness to the age he lived in. The man who loves Scotland must love him. Edinburgh and the world, now that he is gone, will miss more than his picturesque and familiar figure. It will miss the man who did his best, and did it unweariedly, to remind his countrymen of what they are beginning to forget, that Scotland is not yet exactly the most northern province of England, and that she has still something of her own that might be worth the keeping, and among them the letter "r." It will miss the man who could speak and preach to a Scottish audience as no man could in his time, who never spared himself in the advocacy of what he believed to be a righteous cause, in smiting hollow shams wherever he found them, in defending the weak

against the strong, and in preaching peace to the warring churches, apparently in vain. Only a man of exceptional vigour could at this time of life have, with impunity, gone through the fatigue of lecturing as he did in every corner of the country, and in every state of the weather. It will miss the ready and incisive but kindly pen as well as the eloquent tongue. Had he written nothing but "Self-Culture" he would not have lived in vain. It would be difficult to find in all literature a better book to put into the hands of a young man. What I would specially speak of in this place was the profoundly religious nature of the man. I remember the late Dr. Duff, of Indian fame, telling me on the Meadow Walk a story which I shall never forget. It was infinitely to his credit, and confirmed what I have heard from other sources, that in his youth he came under deep religious impressions, and that in his earlier as in his later years, at home and abroad, he was habitually governed in all his actions by strong religious principle. In this as

in other things the child was father of the man. He sometimes said and did things which his warmest friends did not approve; but of one thing they were perfectly sure, that they were dictated by the purest and loftiest motives. When taken to task, I heard him say, "I never do anything for which I cannot go down on my knees." In season and out of season he preached the great apostolic injunction, "to speak the truth in love." These words in Greek were written in the left corner of the envelope of almost every letter, varied sometimes with the words "Love is the fulfilling of the law." These words filled his soul and guided his conduct. No one ever heard from his lips a harsh, bitter, or unkind word of any human being, or a word unworthy of a Christian gentleman. In speech as in life he was absolutely pure. I have seen the shadow pass over his face if an unkind word about another, or a word remotely approaching license, was uttered in his hearing. You will search in vain for a single line which, as a dying

man, he would regret. And his religion was just that which Scotland needs—a bright and cheery one, with no gloom, or harshness, or narrowness, or bigotry, or intolerance in it. More, I believe, from trust in God, and long and steady self-culture than from natural temperance, he was one of the happiest and cheeriest of human beings. He seems to have made the cultivation of cheerfulness a business—I had almost said a serious business. We lived some time together in one of the most pleasant of Highland homes on one of the finest of West Highland lochs. His room was next to mine. He sang the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. I never knew a man who more habitually carried out the apostle's injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." His whole life was a song. He sang to himself all day wherever he was, on the road or in the tramway car. He sang, like the birds, because he could not help it. Long ago, when I did not know him so well, he came into my room singing.

“Sit down,” I said, “my friend, and I will diagnose you; up in the heights to-day, down in the depths to-morrow.” “No,” he said, “never in the depths, never in the depths.” And whatever the explanation may be, I believe that was true. I can see him now walking along the shores of the loch with a Gaelic book and dictionary in his hand labouring, and successfully, to acquire knowledge of a tongue whose pronunciation it was impossible for him as it would have been for any man of his years accurately to catch. Broad and catholic in all his views, he was by conviction a staunch Presbyterian. Over and over again, even in his later years, I have heard him quote the familiar passages in the New Testament which, in his opinion, deprived of all Scriptural warrant the exclusive claims of Episcopacy to be a divine institution. It is little wonder that to a man of his wide culture, his kindly nature, and his love of peace, ecclesiastic and especially Presbyterian divisions were utterly abhorrent, as was also what he regarded as the

unwarrantable attack upon the Church of Scotland. In one of the last letters I had from him he said, "I want a ministerial visit." These ministerial visits—alas! too few—were to me a delight and an education. The growing frailty of the body had no weakening effect upon the mind. One of the pictures burned on my memory will be that of the old man with the high bred face, shadowed by the broad-brimmed straw hat, in a loose robe girdled with a red sash, sitting in his armchair by the fireside, his accomplished and noble partner of more than fifty years beside him, who took up the pen for him, when he could use it no more, and wrote his last article for him. The brain seemed as busy as it ever was, and busy about the best things, the intellect as sharp, the memory as retentive, and the talk as rich and as racy and as full of epigram, mellowed but not saddened by the shadow, as when he said, "The last days of life are not the best." He was full of gratitude for God's abounding mercies to him through a long and happy

life. He wrote down in his day-book, he told, me, every night a selected verse from the Greek New Testament and tried to live up to it the next day. Like all pious souls he dearly loved the Psalms of David, and spoke of them with great beauty, naming those which he liked best. His last words to me were these, "I have been studying Luther and I now know why he made so much of faith and so little of works. Because works are outward things done to order, but faith is an inner thing that springs from the hearts and is the root of all." He died in the faith and the hope of a Christian, looking for acceptance at the hands of God to Christ's infinite merits alone. During the days which immediately preceded the end his friends sang to him from time to time the Psalms he loved, and at his own request especially the 23rd Psalm. He became unconscious on the evening of Friday, 1st March. The last words which fell from his lips were, "The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns, but mind the Psalter first." What I

saw and heard will always be remembered by me as the peaceful end of the beautiful old age, of the well-ordered life of a strong, good Christian man; the answer to an unspoken prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His."

To the last, his mind was full of his favourite subject of teaching Greek colloquially as you would a modern tongue. On New Year's Day I had a letter from him, in terms similar to those he had often used before, saying:—"As a scholar and a practical man I have long been convinced that our present method of teaching languages, especially Latin and Greek, is radically wrong, and that there would be a great gain and glory to the stout old Church of Scotland, both as regards theological learning and intellectual power, if it would take the lead in a movement in this direction." I saw him next day, when he spoke to me earnestly about the Greek Travelling Scholarship, and twice said to me that I was to make it known as his last wish that the Scholar-

ship should be established on a solid foundation, his wife telling me what he himself meant to do for it. He specially mentioned in connection with it the names of Professor Cowan, of Aberdeen, and the Rev. Dr. Nicol, of Tolbooth Parish. This is the first public opportunity which I have had of complying with my friend's desire; there could be no more appropriate occasion for doing so than at the divine service the Sunday after his burial. I am quite sure that the Scottish people will regard the wish of this great Scotsman as sacred, and that a generous response will be made to the appeal for the means of giving practical shape to a proposal so useful, and which lay so near his heart. No more fitting monument could be raised to the memory of the man whom Scotland loved than one or more Travelling Greek Scholarships bearing the name of John Stuart Blackie.



*Tribute by Alexander Anderson,
(Surfaceman), from "The People's Friend."*

Last of the Scots his country knew so well,
And loved and honoured, ripe and full of years
He slips into his rest, amid our tears
As still we stand, nor care to say farewell.
True heart that beat full stroke to the rich spell
Of Scottish song, and all that most endears
The loyal heart to heart to make them peers,
Takes newer strength beneath the passing knell.
Sleep thou in kindly soil, as best beseems
A Scot ; thou hast no other wish to crave.
Far happier thou than he* who dreamt his dreams,
Then passed to where the dreams and shadows flee.
He sleeps afar, where day and night the sea
Circles and moans beneath his mountain grave.

* Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE grave has closed over John
Stuart Blackie, and we may
draw near—nay, stand beside it, and
with bared head, whisper—*Ultimus*
Scotorum—for he was a Scot from

his heart to his finger tips. Every fibre of him rung true to his country and his people. All the finer instincts of patriotism met in him, and were blended by his own striking individuality. The poetry, songs, and music of his country ran like fire through his veins, and he never struck his flag, but stood up loyally for Scotland for what she was and is. Many and sharp were the criticisms he flung out against his near neighbour, John Bull, but they never ended with a sting, rather with a genial smile and a merry twinkle of the eye that turned them into half-compliments—for his was the kindest of hearts, and no malice ever lurked in his sympathetic bosom.

It has been the privilege of the present writer to spend many a pleasant evening with the Professor, and to listen to the charm of his talk in his own drawing-room in Douglas Crescent. He was usually dressed in a velvet jacket, with a red sash round the waist, broad-brimmed straw hat tilted a little backward. Thus equipped he would walk up and down, pouring forth his

rich stores of philosophy and airy wisdom. His talk embraced a very wide range, for he had complete command of all ancient and modern literatures. Sometimes his *bête noire* was Goethe though he professed himself a great, though not a blind, admirer of the German poet, whom Heine, if we remember rightly, styled, "The Great Heathen No. Two." His moods at all times were varied and discursive, for his mind was the most active of all the men I ever knew. He would break off from a monologue on Plato to hum a Scotch song, or perhaps to sing his own stirring song of "Jenny Geddes," with an energy and fire and suitable accompaniment which was delightful to see. I remember one evening saying to him that he never wrote a more stirring little poem than "The Lay of the Brave Cameron," whereupon he recited the poem with the fire of 25, and I still vividly recollect the high patriotic light in his eyes when he came to the following verse—

“ Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current ;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men push’d on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of their stuff
Where the Cameron men were wanted.”

Another fine sidelight thrown in upon the Professor was when the members of the Hellenic Club met in his own drawing-room to read together Æschylus, Plato, or whatever Greek author had been chosen for the session’s reading. I was present, I think, at one of the very last of the symposiums held at Douglas Crescent. The Professor was then getting very feeble, but the old spirit within him was unflagging, and his talk was as bright and vivacious as ever. There was a strong turnout of members, and the sad thought struck me that they, like myself, had come thinking that in the nature of things it might be the last time we should meet the Professor in such circumstances. It was the last time. The

play selected for that evening was the "Prometheus Vincit" of Æschylus, each member reading so many lines till the number fixed upon had been read. All this was duly accomplished under a little running fire of criticism and comment from the Professor himself and from other members who could trust their Greek. The Professor was the life and soul of such meetings, and when his turn came to read, every now and then he would roll out a line of the original, declaring at the same time that he liked Greek. That was the last time I saw him. When I called again he was too feeble and ill to see any one. But my last recollection of him is a very pleasant one. Seated in his own drawing-room, surrounded by his friends, and, though very frail, still talking on his favourite subjects with his usual liveliness, and now and then the rich sound of the Greek of Æschylus on his lips. Surely a very pleasant picture to look back upon and to keep fresh in one's memory "There is no grave" says

Thoreau, "in the churchyard for our friends."

As I have dwelt to some extent on the last time I saw the Professor, I may be permitted in a few sentences to mention my first interview. A good many years ago I, along with some English railway friends, had a little trip to Oban, and when there I met Mrs. MacKellar, the Highland poetess, and as she knew the Professor well, she proposed that we should both call. He was then spending the summer vacation at Alt-na-Craig, which is finely situated on the rising ground and overlooking Oban and its beautiful bay. My friend had just rung the bell, when all at once a picturesque figure came round the corner. This I thought must be the Professor, and he it was. He had the familiar sash round his waist, the plantation straw hat, and an axe over his shoulder. After the formalities had been gone through by my friend, he turned round with a smile and said—"Oh, I know about you; you are the poet of steam," and then alluding to the axe, "You see I have

just been imitating my friend Mr. Gladstone.” With this joke on his lips we went in, and having spent a very pleasant half-hour we left.

It is astonishing to look over the list of books he wrote and published, and to note what a wide field his literary activity traversed. It is a far cry from his translation of Goethe’s “Faust,” published in 1834, to his last volume, “Christianity and the Ideal of Humanity,” published in 1893, by David Douglas, of Edinburgh. Between these two dates lies a range of industry and research all the more surprising when one considers that till a few years ago he still had his duties as Greek Professor in the University of Edinburgh to attend to. But he was methodical, and his teeming brain never knew what it was to get dulled. A Scotch song sung by or to him was stimulant enough to put him into proper trim for his work. Nothing was stale to him, for he had the rare faculty of interesting himself on everything that was around him:—Scottish

Song, Homer, The Crofters, Modern Greek, History, Biography, Poetry, &c., &c., nothing came wrong to him; but all was seized and eventually put into shape for the profit of others as well as himself. His little book on "Self Culture" was, he told me, the most successful of all his many volumes—a book that has been translated into many languages—a fact which the author used to mention with pardonable pride. Indeed, his life was one long activity, and no one was a better example of Goethe's maxim (I think it was Goethe), that the end of life is an action, than the Professor. Up to the very last his fertile pen was busy, and his article on "Erasmus," which appeared in No. 1312 of this miscellany, was dictated by him—his hand probably being too shaky, or the fatigue of writing too great. He was to have contributed a third paper on Martin Luther, and thus completed what he regarded as a most interesting historical triad—Sarpi, Erasmus, Luther—but the hand of death has stilled for ever the fertile and virile pen.

He has also left unfinished a short series of papers on "The Philosophy of Life by an Octogenarian," which were to have appeared in the *Friend* this year, but the Editor, I understand, holds only the M.S., of the opening paper of the series. It was always a pleasure to him to write for the *People's Friend*, and he often spoke to me about the generous way in which the proprietors treated him. From what he said I could guess that editors of more important *Monthlies* and *Quarterlies* sometimes forgot in the pride of their high station to remember that the labourer was worthy of his hire. But he was never bitter at all this; only gave a shrug of the shoulders, a look, and smile, and passed on to other matters. He was very generous, and was always willing to be helpful in any way, either by giving a lecture towards the aid of some charity, or by his pen, which was ever ready to advocate the cause of right. He was like the old knight-errant, ready to lay lance in rest to redress a wrong; fearless in a high degree, and careless

as to what was said so long as the issue was for truth and justice. He was made of that stuff out of which the leaders of "forlorn hopes" are fashioned.





Tribute from the "Leisure Hour."



BLACKIE had the happy power of abstracting himself from the present and the visible, and of revelling in remembered or ideal brightness and beauty.

In the grey Edinburgh streets, when the dull vapours shut out the view of the mountain and the Forth, one could still see by his rapt eye that "his heart was in the Highlands," or on the sunny hills of Greece. He enjoyed a singularly restful home life, and, little as one might imagine it, he was regular and methodical in his habits. Always an early riser, during his later years he habitually worked all the morning, then took two hours for walking,

dined, and gave an hour to that "after-dinner nap" which is said to be so invaluable for brain-workers. After nine o'clock, work and study were tabooed; and he generally resorted to a quiet game of backgammon, always retiring to rest before midnight. He maintained keen and active interests in every matter on lines which he understood and cared for. When he was a man of 80 years of age he counted it no trouble to write a letter of praise and good counsel to a lad (Lewis Morrison Grant) who had published a poem which pleased him. The "good counsel" is not exactly what everybody might have expected from Blackie, for he expressly warned the youth that "genius without sense is only a brilliant blunder." In this same connection it is singular that one who spent an hour or two in his society 15 years ago finds that, of all his brilliant talk, the one phrase which cleaves to the memory is, "A sober dove is worth more than an intoxicated eagle"—the last word pronounced as the French "aigle."



*Tribute by J. M. Barrie, from
"The British Weekly."*



L A T E L Y
I was
told that
Blackie — one
does not say

Mr. Cromwell—is no longer Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. What nonsense some people talk. As if Blackie were not part of the building. In his class one day he spoke touchingly of the time when he would have to join Socrates in the Elysian fields. A student cheered—no one knows why. "It won't be for some time yet," added John Stuart.

Blackie takes his ease at home in a dressing-gown and straw hat. This shows that his plaid

really does come off. "My occupation nowadays," he said to me recently, "is business, blethers, bothers, beggars, and backgammon." He has also started a profession of going to public meetings, and hurrying home to write letters to the newspapers about them. When the editor shakes the manuscript a sonnet falls out. I think I remember the Professor's saying that he had never made five shillings by his verses. To my mind they are worth more than that.

Though he has explained them frequently, there is still confusion about Blackie's politics. At Manchester they thought he was a Tory, and invited him to address them on that understanding. "I fancy I astonished them," the Professor said to me. This is quite possible. Then he was mistaken for a Liberal.

A year or two ago Mr. Gladstone, when at Dalmeny, pointed out that he had the advantage over Blackie in being of both Highland and Lowland extraction. The Professor, however, is as Scotch as the thistle on his native hills, and

Mr. Gladstone, quite justifiably considers him the most outstanding of living Scotsmen. Blackie is not quite sure himself. Not long ago I heard him read a preface to a life of Mr. Gladstone that was being printed at Smyrna in modern Greek. He told his readers to remember that Mr. Gladstone was a great scholar and an upright statesman. They would find it easy to do this if they first remembered that he was Scottish.

* * * * *

He has been one of the most conspicuous figures in Scotland, and when all is said and done it must be admitted that his influence was healthy and bracing, and that he honourably gained a high place in the affection and esteem of his fellow-countrymen. It is not surprising that many who knew little of him should complain that he was a harlequin. It is a great testimony to the essential strength and soundness of his nature that his eccentricities did not seriously weaken him. As Dr. Kennedy, of



Dingwall, said in a fine speech in the Free Church General Assembly: "His kind heart could not but sympathise with us, knowing that so many of us are oppressed and poor." For the Celts and for the Celtic language he did a great work, and there are few men who are surer of being held in honourable and kindly memory than the blithe, brave spirit now at last gone from us.

His sunny, joyous nature did not harbour bitterness, and we can scarcely suppose that he left a single enemy behind him. There was about him to the last something of the freshness of the hills, and the dew, and the rain. He came among men like a breeze. A good teacher of Greek he could never have been, but in various ways, and especially by his words, so often full of light and fire, he diffused influence.

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