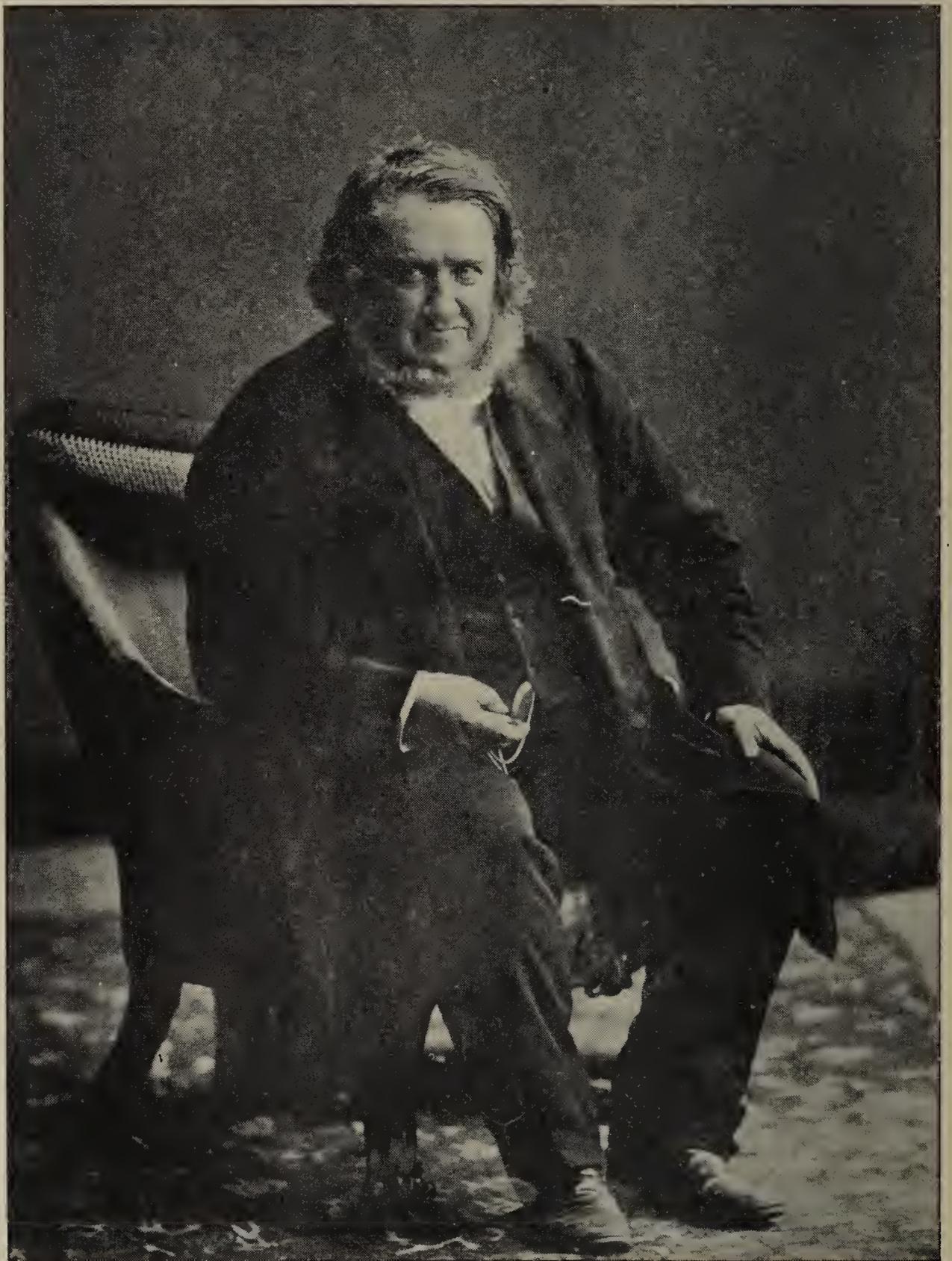


SOME
NINETEENTH CENTURY
SCOTSMEN



WILLIAM KNIGHT





Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen.—Frontispiece.

Sir JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, Bart

SOME
NINETEENTH CENTURY
SCOTSMEN

BEING
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY
WILLIAM KNIGHT

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS

Old times give gifts

Edinburgh and London
OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER

1908

PREFACE

IN the following Reminiscences of *Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen*, who have been distinguished on their country's record-roll in various ways, I am mainly a chronicler *ab extra*; neither critic, nor biographer, nor literary appraiser; only a recorder.

No attempt is made to give a full account, or complete estimate, of any one man; but merely to state facts known to myself, or supplied by trustworthy narrators, along with a few letters from those who are characterised.

The publication of such records might have been more opportune some years ago, as many of the friends of those whose deeds and words are here recorded have themselves now "joined the majority." But it may not be too late to collect them.

I include only the men whom I have known personally, and insert only what has not hitherto been said about them, except in quarters where few persons are likely to see it.

Since boyhood I have endeavoured to take character-sketches, without always writing them down. Some of these have of necessity faded away. When, however, the crypts of memory are explored, reminiscences are often found lying latent

and obscure. Things long forgotten rise clear on the inner horizon, and subsequently stand out on the threshold of consciousness. Several of those who are mentioned in these pages have had their biographies already written, some of them at considerable length; but many details have of necessity been omitted, and I have tried to recover—from sources written and oral—both anecdotes and traits of character, which a near posterity may care to know. I say “near,” because almost all biographic records are sooner or later doomed to oblivion; and it is a blessing that whatsoever is irrelevant in literary work—or useless to posterity—is soon thrown aside with unerring justice, and impartial exactitude. Whenever it has been possible I have given extracts from unpublished letters by the deceased. No living men are included.

Some of those chronicled were, and are, well-known Scotsmen: others were not recognised beyond a small circle of friends and acquaintances. This was inevitable, and without wholly endorsing the verdict that

strongest minds are those
Of whom this noisy world hears least,

it may be admitted that many of the noblest souls are least known to fame, even amongst those with whom they live.

It should be explained that facts and opinions are recorded of many from whom I differed widely, as well as of those with whom I was in sympathy.

This has been done from the belief that character-sketches of great men should be preserved, whatever their opinions may have been. It will be seen that several are included who were not "Scotsmen" born, but whose chief work was done in Scotland, and whose career is more distinctively associated with our northern than with the southern realm; Bishop Charles Wordsworth, Mr Hamilton of St Ernans, Dr Alexander Potts, Mr Cranbrook, and Archbishop Eyre are instances in point. For the same reason I am to include reminiscences of such men as Thomas Carlyle, in a subsequent volume of English *Retrospects*, because their chief work was done in England. The transfer seems reasonable, and it may bring both works into harmony.

It has fallen to me to write a "Memoir," or "Life," or "Obituary Notice" of several included in these pages; but little, or nothing, of what has already appeared in print is repeated. In the volume entitled, *Principal Shairp and his Friends*, I did not include an address delivered to the students of St Andrews after his death. It is placed in this book. In the *Memoir of John Nichol* I omitted many letters, which now find their appropriate place. In reference to Professor John Duncan a few paragraphs are quoted which appeared more than thirty years ago, but they have been out of print since *Colloquia Peripatetica* was exhausted; and in the case of Professor Veitch I have included, along with much that has not hitherto

seen the light, a few sentences from what I sent to his Memoir.

The service rendered to posterity by such a work as the "Dictionary of National Biography"—recording, in briefest compass, the career and life-work of all the great men and women of our English-speaking race—cannot be overestimated; but there are many other things, in reference to our national biographic heritage, stories of the life and conversations of the "minor men" as well as of the "immortals," which may with profit be preserved for posterity; and many a lover of English literature, and of Scottish character, may be glad to have them.

It has become clear to me, however, while writing this book, that some of the most remarkable men cannot be characterised, either by memoir, or sketch, or by their own letters. Their personality is so magnetic in its influence, and often so illusive in its outcome, that no one can reproduce it. It is sometimes,

A moment seen, then gone

from sight, while it lives to work in a subterranean sort of way. Occasionally its very charm lies in its fragmentariness. Most people have known others, unique in special ways, but whose refined intellectuality, whose moral ascendancy, and even whose erudition cannot be adequately portrayed. Mirrored with intensity at the moment of their first realisation, these things cannot be handed on to posterity because the immediate glamour was too intense. Such were

the late Lord Acton, and Mr Thomas Davidson, some things in reference to the latter of whom are recorded in this work.

These sketches are necessarily of very different lengths. In cases in which a man's biography has been written, and I knew him but slightly—as in that of Christopher North—little is said: in cases in which no memoir has been written, or is now likely to appear—as in those of Sir John Skelton, Patrick Proctor Alexander, Thomas Davidson, etc.,—the notice is longer. I do not think that I can be charged with revealing editorial secrets in reference to my “Philosophical Classics for English Readers,” by including letters from some of the contributors—such as Professor Croom Robertson—referring not only to their own work, but also to that of others.

It will be seen that many of the Scotsmen mentioned were Professors at the University of Edinburgh in Arts, Divinity, or Medicine; that some were Professors in the New College, or preachers in the metropolis; others literary men, lawyers, judges, or physicians; that some were country gentlemen, and a few private friends, little known (as already indicated) outside their own circle, but men of mark in their way. The exigences of space have necessitated the omission of many whom I would fain have included; and I give a list of them, as a later opportunity may occur for their admission. Bishop Forbes of Brechin, George Gilfillan, Dr Watson, Dr

Islay Burns (all of Dundee); Drs Norman Macleod, Pulsford, Service (all of Glasgow); the medical professors James Millar, Hughes Bennett, and Allman, with Dr Warburton Begbie, and Alexander Smith, (all of Edinburgh); Dr Macleod Campbell of Row, the late Bishop Ewing (Argyll and the Isles); Miss Boyd (Penhill, Argyshire); Professor Milligan (Aberdeen); Mr John M. Ross (Edinburgh); The Marquis of Lothian; and last, but certainly not least, the late Duke of Argyll.

I have to express my cordial thanks to those who have aided me; to Dr Joseph Bell and Sir William Turner, for their reminiscences of Edinburgh medical professors; to Alex. Taylor Innes, for his note on Lord President Inglis; to Archdeacon Aglen, Alyth, for his memorandum as to Bishop Wordsworth; to Sheriff Campbell Smith, for his recollections of Professors Ferrier and Spalding, of Patrick Alexander, and of the Scottish Judges; to Dr Steele at Florence, for his reminiscences of old Edinburgh men and days; to Professor Campbell Fraser and Miss Helen Neaves, for their characterisation of the late Principal Sir Alexander Grant; to Mr Oliphant Smeaton, for many notes as to the professors in the New College, Edinburgh; to the Rev. William Henderson, for recollections of Professors Ferrier and Spalding; to Mr Colin Philip, for his memories of Professor Baynes; to Professor Menzies, for his note on William Mackintosh; and to Mr Andrew Lang, for his kind revision of the proofs.

W. K.

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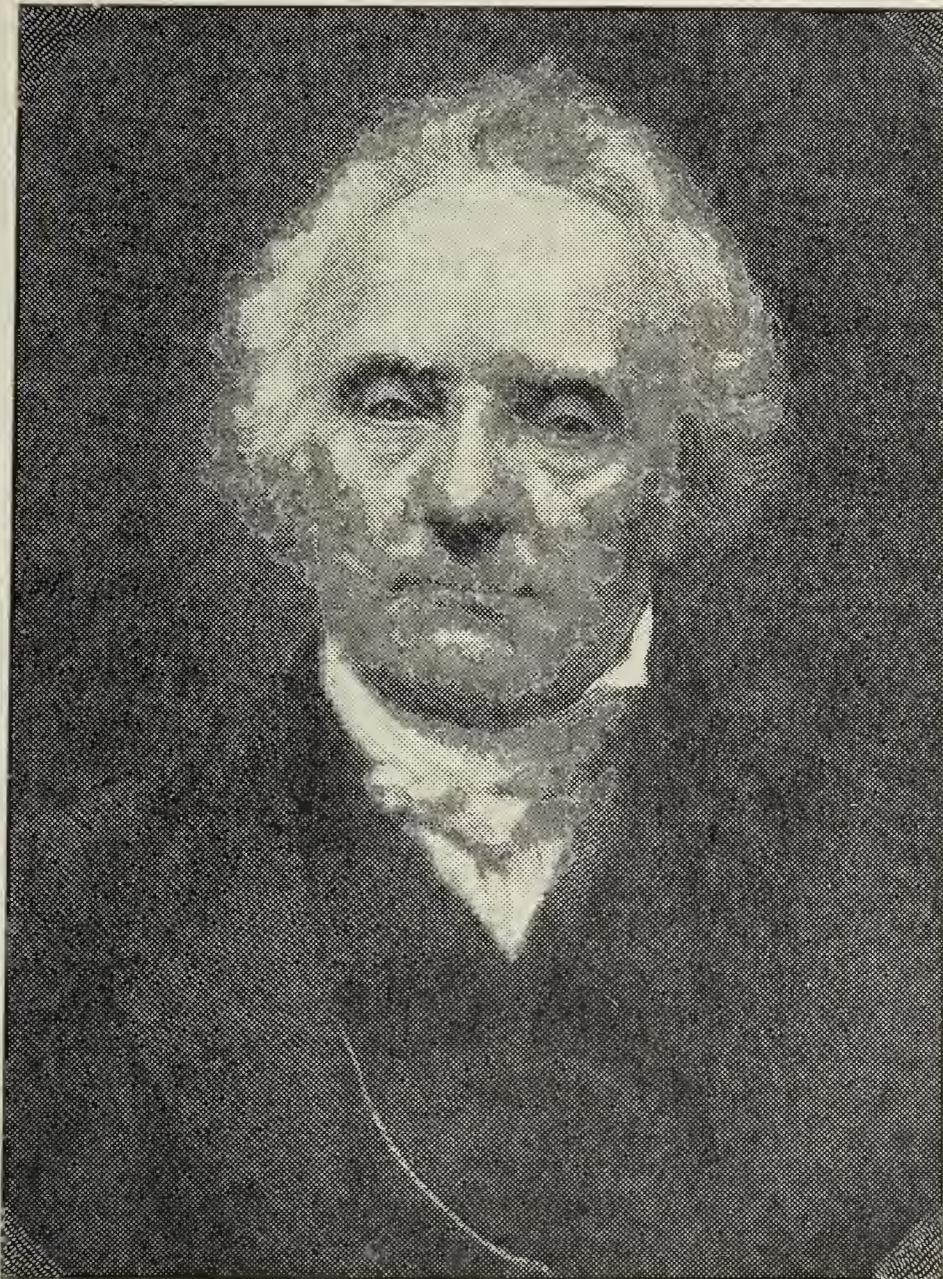
THOMAS CHALMERS

1780-1847

THOMAS CHALMERS, coming up from Anstruther in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was a student at the University of St Andrews, in its Arts course, from 1791-2 to 1794-5. He did his full share of work at the United College and St Mary's, but also took part in student frolics; a favourite one in his time being the shifting of sign-boards on the shops in the town during night. On one occasion he and his companions, pursued by an angry tradesman, had just managed to reach the shelter of his lodgings, with one of the sign-boards unscrewed from its proper shop but not fastened down above the window of any other. The tradesman clamorously demanded admission with thundering knocks at the bolted door, when the upper window of the house was opened, and the bejant called out, "An evil generation demandeth a *sign*, but no sign shall be given unto it!" The initials T. C. still are, or were till quite lately, to be seen cut on the glass of one of the windows of the room which Chalmers then occupied.

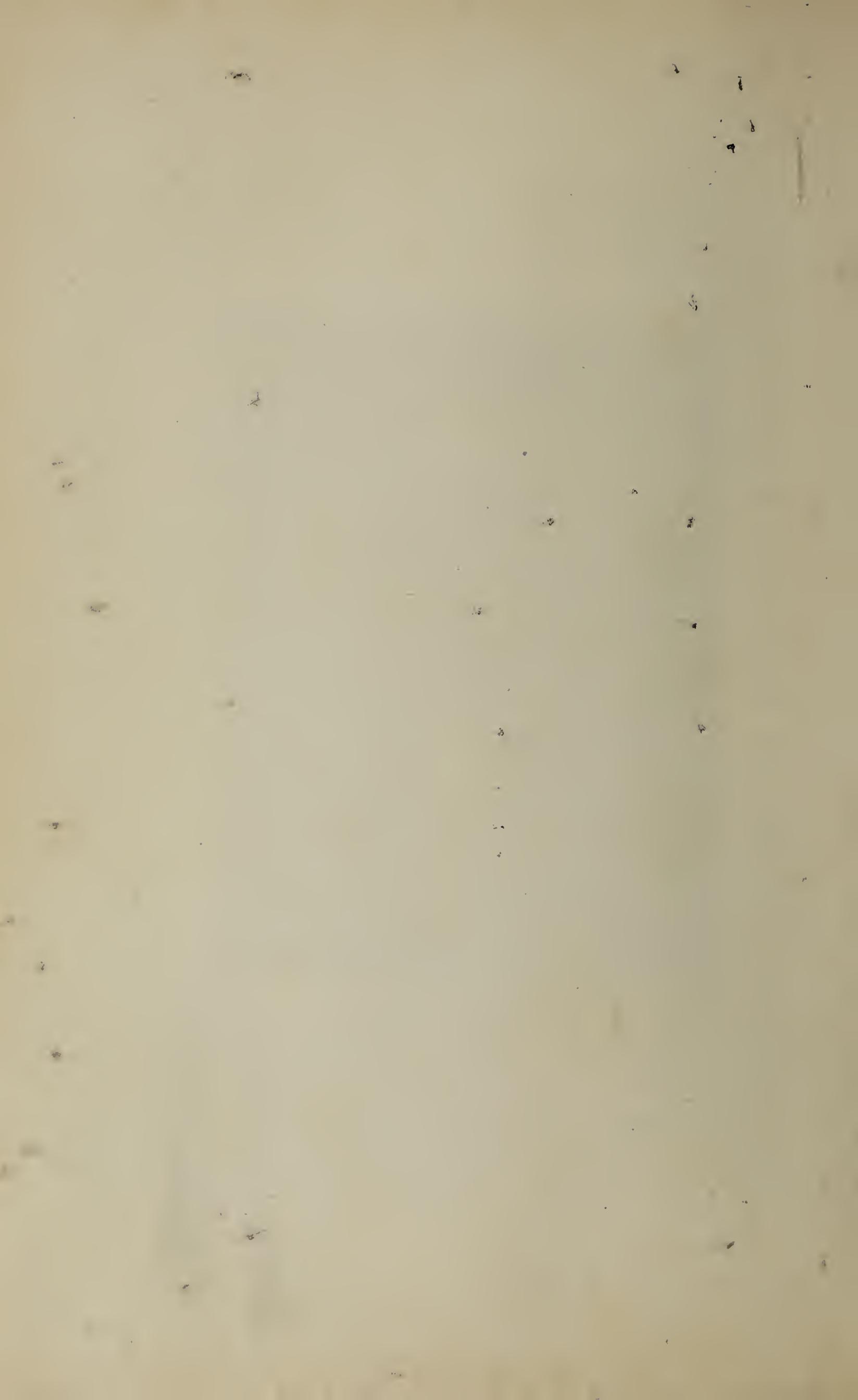
Many stories are told of the under-graduate and

professorial life of Dr Chalmers in the Chair of Moral Philosophy, although it is difficult to verify them all. One of the professorial stories is to this effect. At an oral examination he asked a student "Who was the author of the theory of population which I have been discussing?" "Julius Cæsar," was the instantaneous reply. Chalmers bent down his head, and was "beside himself" with laughter ill-concealed. He then rose, and said, "Sir, don't you think that Cæsar was rather the author of *de*-population?" Again, when he was dealing with the problem of free-will, and the "power of contrary choice," he asked a youth, "Now, sir, suppose that the Fife mail was coming in four-in-hand round the corner unobserved by you, when you were crossing South Street and wanted to go to the other side of it, what would you do? what would happen?" "I wad be dung into a jeely, sir," was the youth's reply! Submission to brute force acting from outside. There are many anecdotes afloat as to one of Chalmers' colleagues, and a good friend of his, Thomas Duncan, professor of mathematics, which are amusing although somewhat irrelevant; but one of them may be mentioned, as it is a reminiscence of days departed. The students were not at that time always respectful to their instructors, and it is said that showers of peas were sometimes thrown towards the seat of the mathematical professor when he turned to the black-board to write down his problems. Once he wheeled round and said, "Gentlemen, it's maist disrespectfu', and mair than that,



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Rev. Dr THOMAS CHALMERS



it's sair" (one of the pellets having struck his head).

Another small item, in reference to Chalmers' Edinburgh University life, is worth quoting. He was criticising his students' sermons, and he said to one of them, "Mr ——, you must cut out one half of that sermon. *It doesn't matter which half.*"

Disregarding chronology, and passing onwards some years, when boating on the Clyde with one of his daughters, their somewhat frail craft was wrecked on one of the Cumbraë islands, where Mr Wood, an Edinburgh accountant, had his summer home. Chalmers and his daughter had a narrow escape. They were drenched, though not drowned, and utterly miserable. The occupants of the house on the island had seen the disaster, and went at once to their relief. The wrecked people were taken under shelter, and their wants attended to. When they recovered and were refreshed, they were rowed in another boat to the mainland, in the course of which the daughter remarked to her father—quoting from the book of the Acts of the Apostles—"the barbarous people showed us no little kindness, for they kindled a fire, and received us, because of the wind and the rain." Some time afterwards Miss Chalmers became Mrs Wood.

It would be unsuitable for me to try to retell at this late date the story of the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, although I saw it take

place as a somewhat bewildered boy of seven years of age. It has been recorded over and over again ; and I only note the fact, so unique in the annals of that Church, that after the Lord High Commissioner had gone, in the customary way, from Holyrood to St Giles's, and thence to St Andrews' Church in George Street, Dr Welsh—the Moderator—rose, and read the protest signed by more than 400 ministers of the Establishment, laid it on the table, bowed to the representative of Royalty, and walked to the door of the Church, followed by Dr Chalmers and all the rest, more than 800 clergy and laity combined. It was a wondrous spectacle ; the scene more than dramatic in its religious intensity and ardour, solemn, sad, and yet magnificent in the whole-hearted self-sacrifice of thousands. Whatever side one may *now* take as to the merits of the great "ten years' conflict," and the subsequent partition of the Scottish Church, no patriot (and none who can appreciate self-abnegation for duty's sake) can forget or under-estimate the grandeur of that day.

It was confidently prophesied at Holyrood Palace, and in the Parliament House—so we are told—that not twenty or thirty would leave the National Establishment ; and, when more than 800 marched out of St Andrews' Church, we are also told that the cry "they come, they come," was echoed and re-echoed, as the great procession formed into order

and wended its way down to the hall at Canonmills. Enthusiasm blent with solemnity, and pathos with magnificent emotion. Verily they, "went out, not knowing whither they went." It was a sad day for Scotland's past, but a not inglorious one for its future, as we now look back upon it. It is easy for us to say, sixty years after the event, "This schism could have been prevented, and the tremendous toil of religious reconstruction in Scotland made quite unnecessary, had there been more of the spirit of reciprocity and conciliation on both sides; so that the historic alliance of Church and State in Scotland might have been preserved intact, as of old, for generations to come." But (as Professor John Duncan put it), "dubito, dubito." Besides, whatever faults may have entered into the organisation of the Free Church in its relation to the Establishment, no impartial student of the past can ignore the marvellous development of constructive religious force, devoted to the highest ends of human life, that has been evolved in the history of the Free Church of Scotland.

To return to the day of the Disruption. From a window of my grandfather's house in Brandon Street I witnessed the great procession. In the front were Chalmers and Welsh, with a long retinue of followers behind; on either side the surging crowds, uttering occasionally wild shouts of praise, the tumultuous acclaim of a congregated throng,

more inspiring to the patriotic heart than the pibroch of the armed clans going straight to battle; while the real heroes of the hour walked on, in reverential silence, swayed by emotions of terrible surrender, of magnificent self-denial, and of calm hope for the future. It was a wholly new episode in Scottish History.

Afterwards, hearing Chalmers speak in the General Assembly at Tanfield Hall, I felt, as everyone did, that he was the leading spirit and the guiding genius of this "new departure" in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland; that he was a statesman and an orator, as well as the director of a new policy, the Premier as in the cabinet-council of a Church which had no cabinet, undirected by the suffrage of the demos. We had few opportunities of meeting, but I heard much of him from my father, who was his pupil, and from Dr Hanna, his son-in-law. One learned to admire his acute intellect, the indomitable purpose of his will, his most stimulating personality, his immense social force, and the perfect naturalness of his character, more especially his detestation of all pretence. Later on, one rejoiced in, and was immensely beholden to, his *Horæ Quotidianæ*; and found these thoughts of his "quiet hours," like Pascal's *Pensées*, more useful than either his *Astronomical Discourses*, or his *Institutes of Theology*.

One of the most important things in his extra-

ecclesiastical and ante-disruption career was his speech, in 1829, in favour of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. Would that all Scots Catholics knew what they owe to Thomas Chalmers for the services he rendered to them. At a public meeting held in Edinburgh in 1829, in support of the Emancipation Bill, he was really the chief speaker, and Lord Jeffrey said afterwards that his eloquence was equal to that of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or Sheridan. But, as in so many other similar instances, it was not the subject matter of his speech that moved his audience, but the man behind the speech that captivated, entranced, and won them all.

Me judice, he was less successful as a philosopher than as an ecclesiastical leader of men, an orator, and a great religious personality in Scotland. He was, in philosophy, voluminously repetitive, full of enthusiasm, at times the consummate master of a fiery eloquence; yet always clear, trenchant, direct, facile, persuasive. His style became occasionally a torrent of words, and he left the influence of that characteristic on some of his pupils who afterwards obtained distinction in academic spheres, and who (consciously or unconsciously) copied him. But he will always be remembered in Scottish History as one of the master-spirits of his time. It may be added that the late Principal Tulloch, used to speak of him to me with almost unbounded admiration and enthusiasm, raising him, somewhat paradoxically, to a pedestal of emin-

ence, beside Bishop Butler on the one side, and Principal Robertson on the other.

Before leaving Dr Chalmers, the catholicity of his mind, the wide range of his sympathies, and his courteous readiness to listen to the views of those who differed from him, allied to an uncompromising assertion of what he believed to be right—both in opinion, and in practice—should be emphasised. His appreciation of what was being done in his time within the sister Church of England for all good causes was not, perhaps, adequately appreciated within his own communion. His recognition not only of the services of the Anglican clergy, but of the gracious work of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity is hardly known to posterity, any more than his attendance at Glasgow at a Roman Catholic School, and the enthusiasm with which its master received him, and asked him to address the children.

The break up of the old National Church of Scotland was a sorrow to him, but he saw that it was inevitable; and he did more than anyone else to mitigate its bitterness, and to lessen its estrangements. His memory is cherished as that of a great preacher and administrator, as an ecclesiastic “in whom there was no guile,” and as a patriot of the highest type; although, as a speculative thinker, he has not left his mark on the generations that have followed his. What matters it? No one can be *really* great in many departments of activity. Chalmers was one of the very greatest along

that special line in which he lived and died, and "his works do follow him."

It is specially interesting to me to remember that he visited Rydal Mount in June 1817, and had a time of "pleasant talk" with Wordsworth.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH)

1785-1854

JOHN WILSON (Christopher North) died in April 1854. He was buried on the 7th of that month, and I attended his funeral; but I had seen him once before, no longer as he used to be with his Jove-like head—or rather like that of Homer and the great Greek statue of the barbarian Chief combined — which is, like the Egyptian sphinx, so supreme an embodiment of strength, inscrutability, inexhaustible vigour, and leonine magnificence. Wilson is so well known to all the world, through the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and his other works that few things need to be recorded here about him.¹ I saw him once, as I once saw Wordsworth; without a word of speech or recognition. But I include him in this book, devoted to Nineteenth Century Scotsmen, because he was one of the most remarkable personalities in the University of Edinburgh, during the decade 1840 to 1850. My father was one of his students, and I often heard him compare Wilson and Chalmers. As already said, I

¹ The Biography written by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, chronicles everything of importance regarding him.

was present at his funeral. It has been my lot to attend the obsequies of many eminent men since he died—those of Browning, Tennyson, Gladstone, etc.—but I can now recall nothing like the weird enthusiastic sadness which was felt by everyone, at Wilson's funeral. It was a wonderful spectacle, as the procession, including professors and students, old friends from far and near, the Senators of the College of Justice, many members of the Parliament House, and of the several professions in Edinburgh, moved from the house to the grave.

Mr Alexander Taylor Innes, and others, have contributed graphic pictures of the man and his *ensemble*, to Mrs Gordon's book. All his students used to tell of his habit of turning to look out from the window of the Moral Philosophy classroom, his eye restless till it caught sight of the steeple of St Giles', or the Castle rock; and then, rolling out his magnificent periods, and only occasionally glancing at notes, written sometimes on the backs of envelopes. His lion-like head and mane, his step light as that of a stag, and his magnificent physique impressed every auditor of his lectures as much as they arrested a passing stranger in Princes Street, or the group of literary men who used to gather at Blackwood's for their "Noctes."

He once intervened in a great snowball riot of the Edinburgh students, which made the College quadrangle unapproachable for two days. The situation had become serious; and the students—through un-

skilful, not to say rough, repression—had got out of temper; just as they used to do at St Andrews, in the “Kate Kennedy” times. Kit—as he was humorously named—*i.e.* Professor Wilson, harangued the students then and there. He told them that no one enjoyed a good snowball fight more than he did, and he asked them to accompany him to Hunter’s Bog to have it out. There, knee-deep in snow—when two sides were made, and a regularly organised cannonade followed—Kit distinguished himself by his long range, and the size of his projectiles; until, tired out but in perfect good humour, the students went home, and quietly resumed their work next day.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

1788-1856

THERE can be no doubt that Sir William Hamilton was the strongest and finest intellectual force in the University of Edinburgh during his twenty years' tenure of the office of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in it. Others excelled him in many ways—in brilliancy, in scientific discovery, and above all in *elan*, the magnetic contagious force of genius—but no one surpassed him in learning, not only within his chosen line of research but beyond it in many an unfamiliar path. No one was more lucid as an expounder of first principles ; and, as a consequence, no one—in his time—laid hold of the intellect and the imagination of students in the same way. Professor Ferrier's tribute to him will be found in a subsequent page,¹ and his life-work has been chronicled by his most devoted pupil, Professor Veitch, both in his "Memoir"² and in a subsequent monograph upon him, in my "Philosophical Classics for English Readers."³

[I cannot repeat anything already said in these books. My present work is supplementary to them.]

¹ See p.

² *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.*, by John Veitch, 1869.

³ See *Hamilton*, by John Veitch, 1882.

In the year 1848, before I went to the University, my tutor at Wemyss told me of him, and spoke of his genius. The recital of what he was, and of what he had done, led me to resolve to become (if possible) one of his pupils. A notice in a newspaper that he was to be, for a few days, the guest of one of his colleagues in the summer quarters of the latter at Largo, led me to walk from Wemyss to Largo and back, on the mere chance of seeing one, whom I thought must be an educational demi-god.

Entering the University, it was easy to understand the enthusiasm with which Sir William Hamilton's students adored him. It was not his learning that roused their wonder—they could not understand either its quantity, or its quality—but the grasp of his intellect, which surrounded theirs and lifted them up at once, almost without their knowing it, to higher altitudes in the very simplest way.

When he became feebler in the "fifties," and his assistant had to read the latter half of his lecture (all of them so carefully written out for him by Lady Hamilton) the rowdy element in his class—and there is unfortunately at times a residuum of that sort in many a class—used to try to rouse the "grand old man" of the University (then half-paralysed) into a passion, chiefly that they might see his eye flashing fire upon them, and his whole face aglow with indignation. I have never seen any eyes like those of Sir William Hamilton. They recal and suggest a passage in *The Monastery* of Sir Walter

Scott, to this effect. "They sparkled, in moments of animation, with such uncommon brilliancy that it seemed as if they actually *emitted light*." That historic class-room in the University of Edinburgh is to me one of the sacred places in student-memory, all the more that I was not an enrolled student of Sir William's class. I was sent—against my own wish—from the University to study Philosophy in the Free Church College on the Mound; and, although in this volume nothing may be said of men still living, I have already expressed in many ways my debt to Professor Campbell Fraser, who initiated me into most of the questions of the Ages, and to whom I dedicated my first book which dealt with philosophical problems. During that year and the next, I often went to Hamilton's class-room; to hear his voice, and to see him in his chair. Memory also reverts to one or two visits to his home in Great King Street; to which I was invited, after being introduced to him by Veitch. Every one who was ever in it must remember the back drawing-room of that house, walled round and round with books, many of them unique and very rare: but the most remarkable thing in it was the man within the library, and the wondrous way in which he impressed so many (rightly or wrongly) that he was greater than all the authors of his multitudinous books.

While Hamilton remained, to many of us young men, the dominant intellectual influence of our lives,¹

¹ I should note that Professor Fraser had at that time published only one small volume of *Essays* while Hamilton had issued his *Discussions on Philosophy*, and his edition of *Reid*, with notes.

especially to those who knew him from afar, and remembered that wonderful eye, in which so much was revealed, and yet concealed—I saw little of him personally; and, of that little, I should not say anything now, but pass on to the inevitable close.

He died in 1856, and was buried in one of the vaults underneath St John's Church, Edinburgh. It was a great and solemn joy to be present at his funeral. I may transcribe the motto on the sepulchral stone in the vault where his remains now lie.

“In Memory of

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, BART.,

Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh,

WHO DIED 6TH MAY 1856, AGED 68 YEARS.

HIS AIM WAS

BY A PURE PHILOSOPHY TO TEACH TRUTH, NOW WE SEE THROUGH

A GLASS DARKLY, NOW WE KNOW IN PART;

HIS HOPE THAT, IN THE LIFE TO COME, HE SHOULD SEE FACE

TO FACE, AND KNOW EVEN AS ALSO HE IS KNOWN.”

Few persons ever visit that tomb, and few know the resting-place in the same cemetery of others of “the mighty dead,” Thomas De Quincey and Ferrier.

In the days of his prime Sir William's reading was, I have been told, superlatively fine; and his students were proud of him. His method was slowly to dictate paragraphs to be taken down by his audience, and then to comment on these at some

length. It may be doubted, however, whether this plan was a wise one, at least for Scottish students. It has worked well in Germany, in certain places; but the temptation is for students to take down every spoken word—either *memoriter*, or by shorthand—and to reproduce the entire course of lectures written out in full, as a marketable commodity for their successors in the class. So it was with Hamilton's lectures. I don't believe the transcribers ever thought of "parting" with their note-books when they wrote them out: but so it was. I have myself seen half-a-dozen of these MSS. The lectures of other less learned and less logical men, but who had more of the divine afflatus of genius, could not be taken down by the students, *verbatim* and *litteratim*. Hamilton's lectures, however, were also permeated with intellectual fire, and his influence over his students was sometimes electric. Passing over other tributes to him, I quote the words of a distinguished living member of the Scottish bar,¹ partly because they represent the philosopher as I knew him.

"A more touching sight than that of his appearance in the class-room" [that was in 1856] "is seldom seen. Two men helped him to his chair. He read for a time in a faltering choky voice, changed and broken from the clear, deep, steel-ringing, decisive tones of his years of strength. He handed his MS. to an assistant to read to the end of the hour, and sat still, majestically calm—not

¹ See "Writings by the way," by John Campbell Smith, 1885, p. 268.

unlike the statue of Aristotle in the Spada Palace at Rome—the remains of a strong handsome person, at once elegant and compact, with round, firm shoulders, slightly bent; head not very large, nor like a poetic dreamer's, covered with white wavy hair, not much thinned; with Grecian profile and serene forehead, fine as a woman's, rising from arching shaggy eyebrows, deep underneath which glowed piercing dark eyes, as if lit up from some far-off fire, burning in haste the gathered fuel of ages. When will the centuries present mankind with such another spectacle in Scotland?"

An unpublished appreciation of Hamilton in a letter written by his pupil-friend and assistant, Professor Thomas Spencer Baynes, two days after his death, may be quoted. Mr Baynes afterwards wrote a remarkable *éloge* of his master in the *Edinburgh Essays*. This is the first flowings of his grief: "A noble, brave-hearted, most generous, and kindly man: gifted with a piercing intellect, indomitable courage, real gentleness of heart, and a most heroic love of the truth. His wrath was righteous wrath, what seemed like harshness, only a noble genuine scorn for the low and the mean; a true and stainless knight, all honour to his name and memory.

I am more indebted to him than you would easily believe. He was a true friend. Would to God I had been with him to the last, would that I had seen him once more: but the "passed come not back." They never return to us again, but we advance to meet

them. Ah! yes—this brief interval of a too intense self-consciousness that we call life will soon be over to us all ; and then, if not before, we may hope, “ through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,” to be finally redeemed from self, the only source of evil ; and experience a love free from all languor or alloy, without fear of separation or change. For is not weakness the message of Death to us all, even that of the dying Apostle who but knew the ‘ Resurrection and the Life,’ ‘ little children love one another ’ ? and is not this the only, the ever present ‘ Life and Immortality,’ that the whole revelation of God whether ‘ written on tables of stone, or on fleshly tablets of the heart ’ brings to light.”

JOHN GOODSIR

1814-1867

THE granite obelisk in the Dean Cemetery which bears the simple inscription, "John Goodsir, Anatomist; Born March 20th, 1814, Died March 6th, 1867," marks the grave of one of the most original and laborious scientific anatomists the world has ever seen. Had health and length of days been granted him, he would have left an immense impression on scientific research; but his death at the age of fifty-three found much of his best work unfinished. This was from no fault of his except perhaps too continuous application, and too little care of his body, for a more strenuous self-denying life of work was never lived.

He had every advantage of birth. His father and grandfather were doctors in the east of Fife. Both were men of great originality and power, mental and physical. They were descended from a line of tall, strong, big-headed farmers and traders, in east Fife. They were connected by marriage with families well known in Scottish Annals. They were pious; his grandfather being a famous preacher, as well as a doctor. They had large families of sturdy boys, and healthy girls;

and they were well brought up in the good old Scottish fashion, frugal and hard-working.

John was educated at the Burgh School of Anstruther. Going to the University of St Andrews at the age of thirteen, he went through the ordinary courses of lectures, and attended also a course of Natural History by Dr M'Vicar, which stimulated his natural bent towards biological study. In 1830, while but a lad, he was apprenticed to Mr Nasmyth, the great dentist of that day, and worked with him, taking classes at the University, and in its extra-mural school. In 1835 he took charge of Nasmyth's practice during his autumnal holiday, and pulled out a tooth for Daniel O'Connell !

He was much influenced by the anatomical teaching of that extraordinary man, Dr Knox, whose splendid powers of lecturing inspired his pupils with enthusiasm, not for mere dry details, but for Biological studies. While with Knox, Goodsir made acquaintance with John Reid and William Fergusson. He was dresser to Syme, and attended Christison's lectures on *Materia Medica*, and Jameson's on Natural History. With such teachers, training such a pupil, progress was certain. He also became the intimate friend and companion of Edward Forbes, whose influence in the direction of Natural Science was an important factor in determining his future career. In 1835 he took the licence of the Royal College of Surgeons, and settled down to assist his father in general practice in Fife. There for five

years he worked, gaining reputation in surgery and pathology, and at the same time applying himself to zoological studies, to the formation of a museum, and to the publication of papers : the most notable of which was his famous Memoir on the Origin and Development of the pulps and sacs of the human teeth. The natural bent of his mind towards scientific work, and the advice of his friends, led him to come to Edinburgh in 1840, with little means and few prospects — “ a tall gaunt figure, six feet three in height, with a grave face, his broad high forehead almost concealed by dark brown hair, a long prominent nose, deep eyes, large mouth and chin, stooping shoulders and downcast visage.” So he is described when he began his struggle in Edinburgh, in a half-top flat with attics in 21 Lothian Street, rented at £17 a year. What a motley crowd in these rooms : Edward Forbes, George Day, two or three brothers Goodsir, all tall men, with a housekeeper and two lads ;—animals of all sorts, preparations wet and dry, books, pipes, caricatures, and geological specimens.

They were all very poor, very brave, and cheerful. Many of them were members of the “ Brotherhood of Friends of Truth,” with its three-fold cord of wine, love, and learning. Probably the largest income of any one of them was under £100 a year ; yet many distinguished men, from far and near, climbed that stair, to learn and impart knowledge. Goodsir was appointed to the post of Conservator to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons which he held for two

years, and in 1843 he left it for the better paid post of Curator of the University Museum (£150 a year). During this period he delivered courses of Lectures on the structure of cells, and the influence exercised by them in nutrition and secretion, and he demonstrated the function of the nucleus in the division and multiplication of cells. These observations gave a great stimulus to pathological enquiry and threw much light on the internal economy of animal organisms. They gave him so great a reputation, in addition to his studies in comparative anatomy, that the Town Council in 1846 elected him, by a substantial majority, to the Anatomical Chair of the University of Edinburgh. There he found his proper position; the chair from which for twenty-one years he was to exercise such unbounded influence on the teaching of Anatomy. He had now an assured position, a good income, and the heavy task of reorganising the teaching of Anatomy in the University. At what a lavish expenditure of energy, time, and means this was done is known to many. He grudged no money, he sacrificed his own health, he could hardly be persuaded to take a holiday. When he did go a trip to the Continent, and was asked how he enjoyed it, he answered with truth: "Oh, very much indeed; I spent six hours a day in the museum with Müller, Hyrtl, or Kölliker." This overwork soon told upon him; and, in 1850, symptoms of spinal paralysis began, which gradually sapped his fine constitution and weakened his giant frame. The exertion of

giving a course of lectures on Natural History in the summer of 1853, for his colleague Professor Jameson, brought the disease to a head; and, from that date, his life was one gallant struggle with disease.

A year's absence on the Continent, during which his class was conducted with great energy and ability by Dr John Struthers—who afterwards became Professor of Anatomy in Aberdeen—was of only temporary benefit. The paralysis of the limbs became more pronounced, and year by year his limitations increased. Nothing prevented him from doing his work. He surrounded himself with a series of excellent demonstrators, the first and greatest of whom—William Turner—became his right hand, his most loyal assistant, and his successor in the chair. When the writer of this knew Goodsir, first as a pupil and afterwards as a demonstrator, walking had become almost impossible, and even standing a labour. Well do some of us remember that awful moment, when he was demonstrating a sphenoid bone, propped up against the door in the centre of the little stage behind the table. The door must have been imperfectly closed, for it suddenly opened, and Goodsir fell backwards with a most helpless force. The brave man held on to his sphenoid, and when lifted up again merely said, waving it in the air, "Not a bone broken, gentlemen," and proceeded with his lecture. He inspired the most absolute reverence in the minds of his students, and his prosectors and

demonstrators not only revered but loved him. His great talents and industry, his simplicity and truthfulness, and the unaffected manner in which he not only bore, but triumphed over his constant martyrdom of weakness and pain, raised him to an elevated and solitary platform. When his kinsmen, friends and pupils followed him to his grave, there was only this feeling, that one of the greatest workers of the age had been cut off in the midst of his days. No notice of Goodsir would be complete without a word about two men—John Arthur, and A. B. Stirling—who were his technical assistants, and helped him in many ways. Arthur was a shrewd, long-headed business man, who ruled the students *arte non vi*. Stirling was a born naturalist, who entered with zeal into all forms of scientific investigation, a skilled injector, and the inventor of a section cutter, and to whom it was that Goodsir was wont to exclaim: “Now, Mr Stirling, let us have God’s truth in the measurements, God’s truth in everything, I live for that!”

EDWARD FORBES

1815-1854

THOUGH it is forty-eight years since the death of this most lovable man one recalls, as if it were yesterday, the immense impression made on the University by his untimely and tragic death. In May 1854 he had been elected to the post of which he had dreamed, and for which he had laboured. He had delivered a short summer course full of promise to an interested audience. He had worked during his holiday, removing his collections from London, and taking the chair of the Geological Section of the British Association at Liverpool. He returned to Edinburgh unrested, and suffering from a chill he had caught by undue exposure at a geological excursion. Feverish and ill, he insisted on lecturing to a large and enthusiastic class. Even a boy could see he was ill and unfit for work, but sheer pluck carried him through; and for four days in the second week of the session he struggled on, then told us he could not meet us till Monday. He never met us again, and died on Saturday, November 10th, 1854, in his thirty-ninth year. From his youth he had laboured to fit himself for this very chair. He was a born naturalist, had done admirable original work in many directions,

was an excellent teacher—full of enthusiasm. His friends were the finest flower of the young scientific men of the day; and he was a University man to the tips of his fingers. He had found his place in the world, had shown how splendidly he could fill it, and—then came the end. We are fortunate in possessing a pen-portrait of him by one of his chief friends, Samuel Brown, a philosopher, also dead in his prime. “Tall for his strength, slightly round-shouldered, slightly in-bent legs, but elegant, with a fine round head and long face, a broad, beautifully arched forehead; long, dim, brown hair like a woman’s, a slight moustache, no beard, long-limbed, long-fingered, lean—such was one of the most interesting of men. . . . His voice was not good; his manner not flowing—not even easy. He was not eloquent, but he said the right sort of thing in the right sort of way, and there was such an air of mastery about him, of genius and geniality and unspeakable good nature, that he won all hearts, subdued all minds, and kept all imaginations prisoners for life. . . . He was a consummate and philosophical naturalist, wider than any man alive of his kind. . . . He was much of an artist, not a little of a man of letters, something of a scholar, a humorist, the most amiable of men, a perfect gentleman, and a beautiful pard-like creature. So you have our Hyperion—gone down, alas! ere it was yet noon.”¹

¹ *North British Review*, February 1857.

His mortal remains lie in the Dean Cemetery beside those of John Goodsir and Hughes Bennett. Naturalist, Anatomist, and Physiologist—all brothers of the sacred triangle and enthusiastic votaries of Nature and Truth.

JAMES SYME

1799-1870

JAMES SYME was one of the most eminent of that remarkable group of professors, who by their original work and powers of teaching made the Edinburgh School of Medicine famous in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. The son of a Fife Laird, John Syme of Gartmore and Lochore, he was educated first at home, and afterwards in the High School of Edinburgh. He then studied Medicine and Surgery in the University and extra Mural School, took the licence of the Royal College of Surgeons at an early age, and became a Fellow of that distinguished body at twenty-three.

He began early both to teach and to do original work, first in Anatomy, the foundation, and afterwards in Surgery, the superstructure. From the first he was a surgeon and consultant. He did no medical work but lectured on Systematic Surgery, and wrote on surgical subjects. Heavily handicapped by holding no hospital appointment, such as were held by the other eminent surgeons (his seniors), he struck out a plan indicating great boldness and self-confidence. He started a hospital of his own, taking at a high rent a most suitable house of fifteen rooms, in which he had

twenty-four beds and an out-patient department. He trusted to the fees paid by his pupils and apprentices to cover most of the expense, as the public contributed very little. Four years' remarkable success in this private adventure made the Managers of the Royal Infirmary see that it was best to give him admittance to that great Institution, in which for the next thirty-six years he worked so well.

It is difficult now thirty years after his death to let the men of another generation see what manner of man Syme was, and still more difficult to make them understand why he inspired in his students and house-surgeons the most absolute belief and veneration.

A distinctly plain-looking, high-shouldered, bull-necked little man, with remarkably neat hands and feet; a pair of short legs on which he stood sturdily with feet wide apart; a broad rather expressionless face, redeemed from insignificance by a firm mouth and a pair of marvellous eyes, he certainly was in no way marked out by his appearance as a leader of men. Liston and Fergusson were marked men by their power and presence. Syme might have passed unnoticed in a crowd. When a young man he must have looked older than his years, in middle age no one could easily have told how old he was; and, when really old, he still looked middle-aged. His dress was peculiar and unvarying; possibly it had once been in fashion, but certainly not when his students knew him. A black swallow-tailed coat of the kind worn

now by waiters, and at dinner-parties, with grey trousers and a morning waistcoat of some dark colour, surmounted by a rather large and showy necktie of a blue and white, or black and white—check pattern. He rarely wore a great-coat. Quick and agile, he almost to the last ran up and down stairs with a light step.

In manner he was somewhat brusque, and to strangers very silent. He had no small-talk, or parlour tricks of any kind. This arose partly from extreme shyness, and partly from his life-long habit of never using two words if one was sufficient; and never speaking at all, if signs would get him what he wanted. Probably in this spare use of words lay the secret of his extraordinary power as a teacher. He made up his mind, with absolute certainty as to what it was he wished his students to know; and then did his best to tell it shortly, and precisely. Some teachers seem to aim at filling up the hour with words. He, were his subject to fail him—which never happened—would have preferred to sit, and look at his class in silence, rather than to talk platitudes, and so fill up the time. He always lectured sitting, leaning slightly forward, and rubbing his plump thighs with his hands. Some teachers have doubts as to theory, diagnosis, and treatment; which doubts they communicate to their hearers, with the idea of putting both sides before them, and then leaving them to choose. With Syme there was no second side. He took his own view, saw it whole, and doubt was a heresy. Such a

teacher may occasionally be wrong, but he will always be clear and consistent, and his pupils will understand him. If his teaching differed from authority and tradition so much the worse for them. The traditions of the elders, the futile commentaries on archaic texts which pad the older text-books, were all swept clean away ; and his pupils revelled in the freshness of the cleared air.

His one systematic work on the *Principles of Surgery* was shorter in its later editions than in its first, and even now little in it is obsolete, for its principles are founded on the bedrock of truth.

His great strength lay in clinical teaching. He brought the patient before his class, told us what was wrong, how we were to know it again, and he cured it, or showed us why it was incurable. Fortunate in the date of his early manhood, he found many paths of legitimate surgery absolutely untrodden. Still more fortunate he was in the prime of life, when the priceless boon of anæsthesia rendered many operative procedures hitherto impossible, both possible and easy. Hence his name is associated with many great improvements in surgical technique ; and, had he lived, he would have rejoiced in the far greater progress of his Science and Art during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Syme was not a brilliant operator. Nature had not given him the physical gifts of a Liston or a Fergusson, but he was eminently safe and successful ; from the absolute clearness with which he had settled in his

own mind what he wanted to do, and the grim determination with which he went at it till it was done. He was rarely at fault, and had seldom to change his plans ; but he wasted neither his own time, nor his patient's blood.

Very silent at an operation, his assistant had to watch his hand and eye ; and to supply what he needed, without waiting to be asked.

A good hater, he was a man of strife. In those days there were no Gallios. Men fought for their opinions. Hence many an unseemly contest about modes of treatment, or questions of Pathology. Who nowadays would calmly describe the innocent big book of a colleague as "the parent as well as the offspring of mediocrity," or criticise the pamphlet of another colleague on a quite innocent little improvement in practice, and then tear it up, *coram publico*, and drop the fragments into the box of blood-stained sawdust ? Truly there were giants in those days. But Syme was not only a controversialist. He was the kindest of masters, most loyal of friends, and most hospitable of hosts. His beautiful suburban home of Millbank lives in the memories of his house-surgeons. He loved his garden and hothouses. He liked to have his carriage well-appointed ; and for many a year his old-fashioned chariot, with hammer-cloth on the box, and footman behind, was one of two relics of the past.

His busy strenuous life was one of almost uninterrupted prosperity ; success, health, troops of friends,

many a controversy, and an occasional lawsuit, only adding zest and flavour. He was nearly seventy before he knew what it was to be really ill. He had worked hard at what was known as "the battle of the sites," made a great speech, which helped to win the day for the site he wished. A bad hemiplegia attack seized him in spring of 1869, and after temporary improvement and the resignation of his chair, another attack brought the end in June 1870. Few men had done more for the science and art of surgery. For thirty years he was the leader of the profession in Scotland; and along with his colleague and antagonist Simpson, he raised Edinburgh University Medical teaching to the height of its fame.

ROBERT CHRISTISON

1797-1882

FOR fifty-five years this distinguished professor and man of science, was one of the chief pillars of the Medical Faculty in the University of Edinburgh. Born on 18th July, 1797—surely under a fortunate star—he, almost alone among men whose lives Edinburgh medical men have watched, was from his birth, to his death on January 27th, 1882, a very incarnation of success in life. No check in his career of unvarying progress and prosperity ever seemed to cause his fortunate feet to stumble, or stand still. Self-contented and self-assertive, in a manly honest fashion, he feared neither responsibility nor opposition. Almost invariably successful in his plans, he felt he always deserved success.

Born to the purple, a son of a professor in the University, with a first-class heredity and an unexceptional environment—strong in constitution, fortunate in his teachers, in his friends, in his patrons—he passed through a happy and successful undergraduate-career, which was tempered only by attacks of fever, from which he made excellent recoveries. Wisely guided as to his studies abroad, he returned to find himself Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the age of

twenty-four. With unerring instinct he saw that in this country toxicology was little studied; he made the subject his own, and "Christison on Poisons" became a text-book, and its author an authority on Poisons. He saw that the relation of the medical man to criminal law was unsatisfactory; he soon made himself the model of what an expert witness in a criminal trial should be.

The lucrative chair of *Materia Medica* became vacant in 1834, and Christison was appointed to it. His *Dispensatory, or Commentary on the Pharmacopœias of Great Britain* was published in 1842, and for years was a standard work on the subject. For forty-five years he held his Chair with credit, if not brilliancy, and was a power in the *Senatus* and in the University Court.

Tall, lissome, and handsome, with a countenance and bearing which marked him out as a leader of men, absolutely certain in the invariable correctness of his views and opinions, he ruled weaker brethren, and fought stronger ones, with vigour and generally with success.

He commanded the respect of his class, and, if the dreariness of his subject did not always secure their attention, or fire their enthusiasm, the students had sufficient sense to be quiet, and not to interrupt the lecturer while rolling out his well-rounded sentences. High-minded, conservative, and deeply patriotic, he was a splendid citizen; at the age of sixty-two he joined the rifle volunteers, and was a most efficient

officer. He kept his magnificent physique in high training, could walk down all his compeers, and many younger men. He lived out his long life in honour and dignity, and received many tokens of respect and affection. Even he had his minor worries. Things did not always go the right way, *i.e.* his way. "Local candidates" sometimes defeated the ones he was backing. The Extra-Mural School—his favourite *bête noire*—lived and flourished; even the Corporations managed to keep their heads above water. He never had breadth of view to see beyond the apparent obvious interest of the Professoriate. He was not a man of genius, he was not much of a physician; but he was a great teacher, an eminent medical jurist, and a first-class fighting man.

JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON

1811-1870

NOT one of the great men who made the Medical Faculty of the University of Edinburgh so famous in the middle of the nineteenth century has left a name and reputation greater than that of Simpson. Alone perhaps of all men in Scotland of that generation—with the exception of Chalmers, Goodsir, and Kelvin—he had that spark of genius which is so rare, and is of such incalculable value to the race. He was born in Bathgate on the 7th of June 1811. His parents were a shrewd and worthy pair, high in character.

His father, as his gifted son was proud to relate, was a baker, and his grandfather a quarryman and day-labourer. The stock was a good one, and this special branch of it took advantage of that education at school and college which every Scottish lad can attain. By indomitable pluck and perseverance he took the M.D., Edinburgh, settled in practice there, and before he was thirty had won the coveted post of Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University.

The contest for the chair was a severe one ; against an able and experienced rival, who had already made a position, and was backed by much influence.

Simpson won the election by the sheer force of his character, and by the magnetic power he possessed of compelling men to recognise his capacity. Its patronage was in the hands of the Town Council, not a very likely body to make good selections for scientific chairs, but one which really had little reason to be ashamed of their choice. Many quaint myths, possibly founded on fact, are told of this election. One was regarding a certain great laird, who was canvassing for the opposing candidate. He gave himself away by telling Bailie Tait, a well known and wealthy baker, that Simpson was a baker's son, and surely on that ground unfit to be a professor. Simpson got the bailie's vote, and that of his intimate friend.

Once in the chair, Simpson's success was rapid. He found Obstetrics a somewhat despised art, based on mere Empiricism, and garnished with old wives' fables, and he did much to place it on a scientific foundation.

He was a successful teacher, though it was a hard task to spin out into a hundred lectures a subject which might be compressed into fifty. He struck out new paths in his teaching, brought into his course allied subjects ; and indeed made the beginning of a course of scientific Midwifery, and what was then known of Gynecology.

Fortunate in his opportunity, he was ready to welcome with enthusiasm the fascinating study of general anæsthesia then in the air ; for although he

was neither the inventor of anæsthesia, nor the discoverer of chloroform—had it not been for his promptitude, courage, and enthusiasm, the general use of anæsthesia might have been postponed for a generation. It is impossible to overestimate the value of his labours. By daring experiments on his assistants, and on himself, he demonstrated the great powers and value of chloroform.

Then commenced the great struggle to have it accepted by the profession, and the public. It is difficult to believe now that clergymen, and even some doctors, opposed its use on religious grounds; and many members of the medical profession fought against its use, especially in midwifery practice. But the public soon found out the value of anæsthesia. The Queen, and the ladies of her Court, helped to set the fashion for its use in labour. In surgery the boon was too obvious to be resisted.

There can be but few now alive who remember the tortures of the operating table in pre-anæsthetic days. The struggling patient held down to the table by straps and bandages, or by the main force of strong assistants, the shock caused by the pain, and the haste which was the one object of the surgeon, made the whole business a trial to the nerves of the surgeon, and the endurance of the patient. The horror of great darkness before the trial was nearly as bad as its realisation on the table and the memory of it afterwards. It is a commonplace in surgical knowledge that hardly one in ten of the

life-saving operations, now the common property of the profession and the race, could have been performed without anæsthesia.

By his marvellous courage and perseverance, aided by his winning tongue and ready pen, Simpson fought and won the battle of anæsthesia. In Scotland chloroform—which was always associated with his name—was the anæsthetic almost exclusively used. Patients were attracted to him from all quarters. Great ladies came to Edinburgh, so that he might save them the pangs of childbirth. His name was famous, and his reputation world wide.

Nor was his work confined to midwifery and anæsthesia. No problem escaped his inventive and inquiring mind. As a physician, though not a great authority in diagnosis, he was sanguine, and full of masculine common sense. He utilised the absolute faith with which he inspired his patients—which were chiefly women—to cure many an old chronic case of hysteria or hypochondria.

He loved to get hold of a new drug, and the myth existed that each new one got a fair trial on *all* his patients. Alas, most are forgotten, though one admiring biographer bracketed oxalate of cerium with chloroform!

He meddled with surgery, much to the horror of some of his surgical colleagues. He wrote a book on Acupressure, a new method of arresting hæmorrhage, which was to do away with ligatures, and obviate the putrefactive changes in the wound which their

use occasionally caused. The book is nearly forgotten, and its methods are never used, but it was a masterpiece of logical argument, and the methods made so far for surgical asepsis. He exposed, by statistics of amputation-results, the terrible effect on the surgical death-rate of hospital and surgical uncleanness.

There is not a doubt that Simpson's work in this direction prepared the minds of the profession to welcome the doctrines of cleanliness in surgery, which were put on a scientific basis by the researches of Pasteur and Lister.

Simpson was also in advance of his age, in his plans for stamping out zymotic disease. He invented new instruments, some rather comical. There was one called the Air-Tractor, which, on the principle of a boy's leather sucker, was to revolutionise midwifery.

His untiring brain worked on the history of medicine, epidemics, diseases of the middle ages, leper hospitals in Scotland, sculptured stones, and local legends of archæological interest. Much of his work was superficial, and possibly not of much permanent value; but all of it tended to transmit to others his own enthusiasm.

It is a difficult task to describe his personality, and to define its charm. When fifty years old, in the very zenith of his fame, and more talked about than any other man in Scotland, he was constantly at work—teaching, inventing, writing, and travelling. His

house was like an hotel, crammed with patients and their doctors, distinguished foreigners, and cranks of all kinds.

They swarmed at his meals; even his breakfast was not sacred. Everyone dropped in to luncheon, to take their chance of catching "the Professor." He would bustle in with a soft, cat-like tread. His body was that of a plump, well-clothed Silenus, his head that of a mild Jove. Soft brownish hair rarely cut, and generally dishevelled, watchful eyes, and ears that heard all the *clatter* round the table, he was more anxious to learn, and to amuse, than to take his food. His chance of a moment's peace was small, for his patients had probably come by appointment, which he had completely forgotten. How any brain could stand the excitement, or any constitution endure the racket was a marvel; and doubtless his early death at fifty-nine was due to his absolute neglect of the commonest rules of health. He was neither an athlete, nor a sportsman. He had no time to walk, and no method in eating or sleeping.

Yet he wrote papers, and attended learned societies. He was a born debater, loved a controversy at the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and his supremacy at the Obstetrical. He was a most formidable opponent in debate, was well up in details, well furnished (by his assistants) with statistics. He never lost his temper, and could demolish his opponent's arguments with the sweetest of smiles. He inspired his patients with trust and affection, and his assistants with faith

and zeal ; but he could also make his opponent hate him, with a curiously unnecessary depth of hatred.

Honours from the Universities and learned Societies of the civilised world were showered on him. His Sovereign made him a Baronet, in a day when baronetcies were not common.

In his later years Simpson's relations to religious thought and feeling underwent a remarkable change. Always a righteous, moral man, he became in the highest sense a *good* man, and his new-born or revived zeal manifested itself in a childlike faith, and the earnestness of an evangelist and an apostle. On his death-bed he was gratified by the healing of old divisions, and the renewal of old friendships. When he died on 5th May, 1870, his generation lost one of its greatest men.

WILLIAM HENDERSON

1810-1872

WILLIAM HENDERSON, son of a Sheriff-Substitute at Caithness, educated in classics at Edinburgh, and afterwards in medicine there, and at Paris Vienna and Berlin, was Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh, the chair of which he adorned for twenty-seven years. He was a real discoverer in his special department, especially in diseases of the heart and arteries. He contributed much to the knowledge of aneurism; and, in the diagnosis and treatment of fevers, he was the first in Britain to signalise and to deal with the difference between typhus and typhoid or relapsing fever.

He was eminently learned. His command of foreign languages, and his being able to follow the researches, discussions, and discoveries of French and German specialists, was of immense service to him. His somewhat sudden adoption of the principles of Homeopathy alienated from him many of his former friends, and medical colleagues; but, with scarce an exception, they regarded him as the best physician in Edinburgh in the diagnosis of disease. They sought his services to tell them what was wrong in obscure and baffling cases, although they

did not always follow his modes of cure. It should be remembered that he was one of the first in Britain to make use of the microscope in pathological study.

It would be more than irrelevant for me to speak of the controversy to which his conversion to the theory and the practice of Homeopathy gave rise, and of the consequent alienation of old and valued friends ; suffice it to say that, while Henderson sought to avoid controversy, he carried it on—when compelled to do so—with calm dignity and a right-minded sense of what he owed to truth and justice, in a matter affecting the well-being of the race, with no regard to himself or his personal interests.

His conversion to Homeopathy, which so signally altered his professional career, was due to the fact that he was asked by his *confreres* in the Medical Profession to examine thoroughly the merits of the new system. They trusted him to do this wisely, and well ; and he did it wisely, but unwell for himself ; so many of his old friends turned round against him. But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

I met him only twice. Once I called at his classroom to ask his aid for some student-society cause, having come from a similar errand to his medical colleagues, Professors Syme and Simpson. I was struck with the lofty urbanity of the man, his statuesque presence, and his dignified inquiry into the details of the cause which was advocated. He put one or two questions to me, heard my answers, and

gave his guinea (or two guineas, I forget which) to the scheme set before him.

He was a great humorist, and an admirable *raconteur*. It was on the occasion of my second meeting with him that I discovered this characteristic. A friend tells me the following good story of him.

When his colleague, Professor Traill, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* editor, one day objected to a candidate for graduation (who was a native of Ceylon) on the ground of false spelling, Traill said, "Why, he actually spelt 'Exceed' with one *E*." "Oh," replied Henderson, in a moment, "you should remember that he came from the land of the Singal-ese!" The joke saved the candidate.

I am told that his one relaxation, apart from extensive reading on all subjects, was fishing; and that he never was happier than when taking a "week-end" at *the Nest*, the house of the Edinburgh Angling Club on the Tweed near Yair; where, in the congenial society of men like the late Mr Alexander Russel of *The Scotsman*, he unbent, and bubbled over with humorous chaff.

GEORGE WILSON

1818-1859

I HAVE little to record of this most genial, accomplished, and versatile Professor of Technology, one of the illustrious trio (Goodsir, Wilson, Forbes). He was a distinguished chemist, and a great humorist. I remember one walk with him from Surgeons' Hall, where he lectured, down to the Botanical Gardens. It was a dark spring morning after a protracted drought, and rain set in till it fell in a deluge. Wilson turned to me, and said, "Ah! the turnips will be singing 'Te Deum laudamus' this morning. Don't you think that every plant and tree, from the 'lilies of the field' to the 'cedars of Lebanon,' from the 'almug tree' to the 'hyssop that springeth out of the wall,' are all able to give thanks?" I said, "It might be so. There were unconscious as well as conscious thanksgivings." He added, "What English poet was it who said, 'Each bush and tree doth know the great *I am*?' " I had been reading the *Rules and Lessons* a day or two before, and told him it was George Herbert. When we parted he said, "I need the Poets to help me, after my Science."

ROBERT LEE

1804-1868

DR ROBERT LEE, the minister of Old Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, and afterwards Professor of Biblical Criticism and Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, was in many respects a remarkable man.¹

No one did more than he did (1) for the cause of Constitutional Liberty against licence in his own Church, (2) for the improvement of Church Service, and the national development of an improved Ritual within the National Establishment, and (3) for an attempt to widen that Establishment by bringing it more fully into touch with Antiquity, while leaving room for modern expansion and development. I knew him only slightly, and cannot add much to what has been already written.

His sympathy with the wish of Colonel Dundas to have the administration of the Eucharist (as well as of Baptism) in private houses made legal in the Church, his vindication of the Protestant position of the claims of Reason against Authority, his courageous action in pleading, in his Presbytery, for the abolition of

¹ His life has been written by Robert (now Principal) Story, in two vols. 1870, and added to by Mrs Oliphant.

University Tests, and opposing the right of the Church to control the Universities by demanding assent to the Presbyterian Confession of Faith—these things are well known to those who have watched the ecclesiastical history of Scotland during the second half of the nineteenth century.

I happened, as a young student, to hear the speech, delivered to his Presbytery on March 16, 1853. Accompanied by a fellow student—both freshmen—we went together to hear the debate. Dr Lee's motion as to the abolition of Tests for University Chairs was lost, and the Conservative party won by twenty-three votes to five ; but the day was not distant when Lee's policy prevailed. In the same year (1853), the Government of Lord Aberdeen brought in, and carried, a bill through Parliament abolishing all religious tests in the lay chairs of the Universities.

I listened to Lee's great speech, in February 1859, on Innovations, in connection with the use of his own Book of Prayers for Public Worship in the Church of Greyfriars. His vindication of Law in the order of Worship (as against vague usage and custom), his proof that in practice those who opposed him did "whatsoever was right in their own eyes," his demonstration of the historic right to use a Liturgy by the practice of the Church of Scotland from its earliest days, his vindication of the practice of reading prayers (just as much as the reading of sermons), were all as effective as possible, and most stimulating to youthful auditors. The minor matters of controversy—as to standing to

sing praise, and kneeling at prayer—are now so trivial to the educated intelligence of the land that they need not be referred to; but they were ably dealt with in that speech of Dr Lee's. I do not think that I was ever admitted to a debate in any public body in which I felt the power of intellectual directness and adroitness, of forceful tact and the masterly power of marshalling evidence in due order, deftly weaving bits of history into argument, and using satire without sarcasm, as in that speech by Dr Lee.

His loyalty to the Church of Scotland, and his many-sided enthusiasm for all that was best in its historic past, were perhaps his most distinctive characteristics, allied to a rare manliness of soul, and earnestness of character. As to politics, he was a Liberal-Conservative, and a Conservative-Liberal.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

1813-1865

PROFESSOR AYTOUN was an Edinburgh advocate, and son-in-law of Christopher North. He occupied the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature, in the University for some time. He was not a stimulating teacher, although an admirable literary man. He came down from the Advocates' Library, or his Home, or his Club, at 4 P.M., when his lecture was delivered; and he was always to the students a seemingly *tired* personality. It seemed as if he had been deeply engaged in law-court business, or in the examination of documents which had taxed his ingenuity to master them; because almost every day, at an hour which the mischievous students recorded by their watches (4-45), he indulged in a most extraordinary and portentous yawn, which led to a suspension of his lecture for half a minute, quite long enough for the acute youths to cheer him, as they so often did. The late Sheriff Thoms and I were fellow students in his class, and we sat together. I well remember the sarcasms in which he and others indulged.

Nevertheless, I may add that, one day rising most magnificently to the dignity of his office when

reporting his verdict on the class-essays, he said, "Gentlemen, I find that you are all very prone to an intellectual admiration of devils. I find that almost every one of my essayists this year" [they included many afterwards distinguished in Law, Literature, and Politics], "have a most extraordinary appreciation of devils. I gave out as the subject of the essay to be written a most useful one for all of you, viz., 'A Shipwreck at Sea.' Well, gentlemen, will you believe it, the subject has so fascinated the class, that I have got one essay returned to me with one hundred and four devils in it!" There was much laughter on the benches, and also much amazement. Nay, more, the announcement led to a request for information. "Who, who, who?" said the students. The professor replied, "Well, gentlemen, four of you have brought in 'demons of the storm'; but another in describing the shipwreck has added, 'it was as if a hundred demons were all assaulting the noble ship'; so now you see I have my one hundred and four devils!"

I found Professor Aytoun most genial and sympathetic as a teacher. I remember going into his retiring-room one day at a time when I was wholly under the influence of the poetry of Wordsworth, and the prose style of such men as Thomas Browne, author of the *Hydriotaphia*, and another whose writings then fascinated me, viz. Isaac Taylor. I asked Aytoun what he thought of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* (Taylor's book). He said he

hadn't read it. I then asked him what he thought of Wordsworth. He replied, "Well, I don't really care for anything except his *Ode, Intimations of Immortality.*" His students were not much aided by his lectures on Style, etc., in which he followed in the wake of Blair; but he was always most courteous and kind to them.

I knew Aytoun so slightly that I gladly avail myself of the reminiscences of a friend, Dr Steele, now at Florence. Steele and I were contemporaries in the High School of Edinburgh; and he has since then done admirable literary work abroad, fulfilling the early promise of his life. He was an intimate with all the Edinburgh men of letters in those days.

He writes:—"Alexander Smith, *i.e.* the poet, told me that shortly after he married, and took up house in Cumberland Street, a man came to the door in the late evening, negligently attired, with a large brown paper parcel under his arm. The man was received with caution in the hall; but he turned out to be Professor Aytoun, who said he thought that, as Smith was furnishing, the contents of the parcel for which he (Aytoun) had no longer any use—his wife having died—might be of service to Smith. The said contents were a complete set of silver forks, knives, and spoons, with (I believe) other appurtenances of the dinner-table. Smith quoted that to me as a proof of 'the silky-voiced man's' goodness of heart—goodness which those who knew him superficially did not give him credit for. You must remember Aytoun's

peculiarly soft, slightly affected utterance — which earned for him Smith's *sobriquet* of 'the silky voiced man,' which soon became current in our set.

You must remember the charming story of Aytoun's courting his first wife, Emily Wilson. He called one day, found her in the drawing-room, and proposed to her. 'But I must ask papa,' she said; and tripped downstairs to the library, where the mighty Christopher was writing against time, 'chased by the printer' for the next month's *Maga*, nearly overdue. Emily told him what his young friend, Aytoun, had asked of her. Old Kit, having not a moment to spare, tore off the fly-leaf of a letter, wrote upon it 'With the compliments of the Author,' and pinned it on Emily's breast; whereupon the blushing Emily tripped back to her expectant husband!

In the *North British Review* (October 1866), there is an article on 'Peacock, Father Prout, and Aytoun' as three humorists—typifying England, Ireland, and Scotland. In it Aytoun's celebrated repartee to Thackeray is given. 'I prefer your Jeamses to your Georges!'"

PATRICK MACDOUGALL

1806-1867

OF the group of Edinburgh University Professors in the fifties, there was another transferred from the Free Church College on the Mound (as Professor Campbell Fraser was), viz., Patrick Macdougall. He succeeded Christopher North, and taught Moral Philosophy for some years. He was an eloquent, but a very discursive lecturer; and he disappointed those who came from Hamilton's, or from Fraser's class. He was neither erudite in his lectures, nor convincing in his theories; but there was a real charm about the personality of the man. He adopted the meagre associationalist theory of the Beautiful, which Alison and Lord Jeffrey had championed, and entertained his class to long discussions on this subject, which taxed their patience much; but when he asked them to come down, and talk over that and kindred problems at his house, he was the most delightful of hosts and conversationalists. We had many a long argumentative tussle in his library, when he would stand with his back to the wall, a semi-circular group of students around him, talking (after supper) well on to midnight, and illumining everything he spoke of with anecdotal fire. He prescribed the subject of "The

Philosophy of the Beautiful” for a summer prize essay at the close of the session. I competed for it, and won the prize; but alas! although Ruskin’s *Modern Painters* was assigned to me, it never reached my hands! An interesting thing may be mentioned of my dear old teacher-friend. He was a Perthshire man, from the neighbourhood of Killin: and once when talking of the latent power of the will “to carry out” (as he put it) “what the Conscience demanded,” he told me a story of his early life. He had been enabled to go to the University by the aid of a bursary. Some of his old comrades at school—partly proud, and partly jealous, of him—resolved that, when he came back at Christmas-time, they would give him a night’s entertainment, which would leave him *floored*. He went to the supper, but soon divined the plot; and he said that when they supplied him with glass after glass of aqua vitæ, he contrived first of all not to drink it, but to empty it into another tumbler on the floor. That being discovered, they *compelled* him to drink: and he said to me, “Sir, such was my indignation, *and such the force of my will*, that I drank on, till all these seasoned toppers were under the table, and I alone erect and able to go home: and I never thanked God so much for the power of a Resolute Will.” Macdougall has left no memorial behind him, except what survives in the grateful memory of many an appreciative student.

JAMES FREDERICK FERRIER

1808-1864

IN the year 1847, when a boy of eleven years of age, I was taken to St Andrews by my maternal grandfather, Dr Angus, of Aberdeen and Glasgow. He drove me from Wemyss to visit an old friend of his, William Pyper, who was then Professor of Latin in the United College. I well remember our entrance into the ancient city from the south, and my first sight of the ruined towers of its Cathedral. We drove through grass-grown streets, the place seeming then to be a veritable "City of the Dead": although its ruins, and its calm, fascinated me from the very first. We lunched with the old Professor. I can remember nothing of his talk, except that it was not conversation. He said to my grandfather, "Dr Angus, I wish you to know how our St Andrews ladies cure ham, and present it to you." I was somewhat surprised by the remark, as it was my first experience of a University city; although I had been at Edinburgh in 1842, but only as a schoolboy. The outstanding memory of that brief visit with my grandfather to St Andrews was this. After luncheon Professor Pyper took us to the Senate-room, close at

hand ; where, by happy accident, I saw, but was not of course, (being a boy) introduced to, Professors Ferrier and Spalding.

Ferrier was in his “glorious prime” ; and, although quite incapable then of forming an estimate of one so great, I rejoice that I once saw him in the flesh, and heard him speak. His was the most distinctive speculative *genius* that has adorned the philosophy of Scotland. I am indebted to many friends for their vivid reminiscences of him.¹ One writes, “Professor Ferrier never took a walk, but I used to see him, in white waistcoat and trousers, with his pale refined face, lounging on the balcony of his rooms at West Park, looking out, and—I suppose—enjoying the air. It is said that students handed in essays to Professor Ferrier with one or two pages slightly gummed together, and the pages were unopened when the essays were returned !”²

Another writes, “He was held in the highest esteem by his students. He used to come in late and went away early (as Charles Lamb used to put it³), but no one was so much a favourite with us.”

¹ I should mention, however, that most admirable accounts of Professor Ferrier will be found in the introduction to his *Philosophical Remains*, edited by Principal Sir Alexander Grant and Professor Lushington, which contains estimates of great value by his colleagues at St Andrews. A fuller and an admirable estimate is given by Miss Haldane, in a volume contributed to the “Famous Scots Series.”

² This may have been a quiet satire by the Professor, on the students who did so. Tulloch, however, told me how Ferrier used to *groan*, as he pointed to him the great piles of students’ essays, lying on the floor of his study !

³ Charles Lamb’s remark was, that he “made up for coming in (to the office) late, by going away early !”

A third writes to me, "His readings, given to illustrate his lectures, were magnificent. I remember especially his reading of Burns' *Tam o' Shanter*. The *Institutes of Metaphysics* was a class-book, and most of the students studied it thoroughly. I may tell you that Mr Gordon, the gentleman who rebuilt the house so long occupied by Mr Ferrier, had such an esteem for the Professor that he caused the room in which the *Institutes* had been composed to be retained intact, and incorporated in the new house.¹

Professor Ferrier never said a hard word to any student. The high subjects on which he discoursed seemed to have a refining influence on them.

I remember that he once took part in a public matter, being on the platform, and speaking on the subject of the meeting, but I forget the subject. It would be in 1856, or thereabouts. I heard many fathers of students in those days say that they observed the greatest improvement in their sons' mental development, after attending the two classes of Logic and Moral Philosophy. Many, in after days, used to say to me that it was only when they reached these classes that they felt they had made any progress in knowledge."

A fourth student writes, "On one occasion Ferrier had a few friends at his house, among whom were Professors Fischer and Sellar, and the tutor of his

¹ I knew Mr Gordon, but I was never able to identify that room, either during *his* occupancy of West Park, or during that of his successor, Captain Stewart.

son. In the course of conversation, Ferrier asked the tutor how his son was getting on in his studies. The reply was that he was doing fairly well in Latin, but that he was rather backward in Arithmetic; on which the father good-naturedly added, 'That proves clearly that he is my son, for, when a boy, I was very backward in Arithmetic. For instance, in the multiplication table, I could never distinguish seven times eight from eight times seven.' 'But,' put in Professor Fischer, 'Did you not see that they were the same thing?' 'Well,' replied Professor Ferrier, 'I never thought of that!!' He certainly did not agree with Bailie Nicol Jarvie in Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* that 'the multiplication table is the root of a' usefu' knowledge!'"

One of his students used to say to me in the after-days at the New College, Edinburgh, "Ferrier had only one vanity, and that was for waistcoats. He was proud of their variegated colours."

Another writes, "It was well for the students of Philosophy in my time that they had passed through Spalding's hands before they entered the class of Professor Ferrier; because he was not the man to make anyone a philosopher or a student against his will. In his method of dealing with his class, as in personal appearance and temperament, he was a great contrast to his colleague. In figure he was tall and handsome, with an exquisitely refined face, and abundant waving hair falling down from a high, broad forehead. The calm soft eyes behind his

spectacles never seemed to be looking outwards, but rather inwards in philosophic contemplation or dreamy abstraction. After the second day in his class, Spalding knew every student by name, and needed no roll before him, when he suddenly put a question to anyone. The unceremonious surname, and the quick glance, were shot at him together. On the last day of the session Ferrier seemed as little able to recognise the individual student as on the first; and oral examination was a very formal business, each man being called by the indispensable aid of the roll, and the 'Mister' prefixed, the characteristic burr never wanting; and the examination was never exacting.

“But then, what a philosopher he was! and how grandly he expounded not only his own ideal system, but also the old Greek Philosophers; and how we sometimes sat entranced, while he rolled out the most eloquent passages, and how proudly we cheered him at the close! We knew that no University in Scotland—England was not worth thinking of in such a connection—could boast of his equal: not even Germany, since Hegel passed away. He made us Platonists, for he not only expounded, but exemplified, the prince of Philosophers—Plato himself.”

Another of his students said to me many years ago, “Of all our professors we liked Ferrier the best, because he lifted us up. He used often to come into his class late: but, we were always well pleased. He gave us

as much to think about in fifteen minutes as others did in sixty."

I may add what Professor Thomas Spencer Baynes wrote on hearing of Ferrier's death in June 1864. "It took me by surprise, and was a painful shock. He had talked of coming to the south of England. He has taken a far quieter, a much shorter journey, and is better off than he could have been on any of our mortal shores. One of the noblest and most pure-hearted men I ever knew, a fine ethical intelligence, with a most gallant, tender, and courageous spirit."

Mr Andrew Lang wrote the following as his reminiscence:—"Professor Ferrier's lectures on Moral Philosophy were the most interesting and inspiring that I ever listened to either at Oxford or St Andrews. I looked on Mr Ferrier with a kind of mysterious reverence as on the last of the golden chain of great philosophers. There was I know not what of dignity, of humour, and of wisdom in his face: there was the air of the student, the vanquisher of difficulties, the discoverer of hidden knowledge in him, that I have seen in no other. His method at that time was to lecture on the History of Philosophy, and his manner was so persuasive that one believed firmly in the tenets of each school he described, till he advanced those of the next! Thus the whole historical evolution of thought went on in the mind of each of his listeners."

Sheriff Campbell Smith writes, "To the fields of Literature and Speculation Ferrier restored glimpses

of the sunshine of Paradise. Every utterance of his tended alike to disclose the beauty and penetrate the mystery of existence. The burden of this unintelligible world did not oppress him, nor did any other burden. Intellectual action probing the riddles of reason was a joy to him. He loved philosophy and poetry for their own sake, and he infected others with a kindred but not an equal passion."

Another writer has this fine comparison of the philosophical styles of Hamilton and Ferrier. "In Sir William Hamilton's pages we walk the volcano, over abrupt trap rocks and floods of lava recently molten and not yet cold: in Professor Ferrier's, we see that, among the ashes and the cinders, vines and olives have begun to grow."

I need say little myself, in praise of my most distinguished predecessor, except just this. His intense devotion to a philosophy of the idealistic type, his life-long labour in his library and with his class, his keen subtle arrowy intellect, his style so brilliant and forceful, with occasional paradox in it, his constant demand for intellectual coherency, and a regard for first principles, marked him out as one of the most stimulating University instructors of youth in the Nineteenth Century. He knew well how to use the rapier in controversy, and no better academic swordsman ever entered the lists in Scotland—not as a mediævalist crusader, but rather as a Teuton and a Greek combined. He was very different also from his predecessor Chalmers; with his fiery, although at

times, tumultuous eloquence. He had a far firmer and more incisive grasp of problems, and a much finer divination of the inner secrets of metaphysics. He spoke to all who came to hear him of the *ultimata* of human belief, in a way which they never heard before. He was the most ideal character amongst his contemporaries at St Andrews, and amongst all the academic men of his time in Scotland. His theory of "Knowing and Being" may be proved to be erroneous, or at any rate very incomplete; but its influence still remains as a potent force in the intellectual life of our country. His lectures on Greek Philosophy were still more remarkable, and "deep in the general heart" of all students of Idealism "their power survives."

There are two brief passages from Ferrier's writings which may be quoted in illustration of what has been said; one of them is his estimate of Plato, the other his tribute to Sir William Hamilton.

His eulogy of Plato is as follows:—"His pliant genius sat close to universal reality, like the sea which fits into all the sinuosities of the land. Not a shore of thought was left untouched by his murmuring lip. Over deep and over shallow he rolls on, broad, urbane, and unconcerned. To this day all philosophic truth is Plato rightly divined; all philosophic error is Plato misunderstood."¹

Of Hamilton he wrote:—"Morally and intellectually, Sir William Hamilton was among the greatest of the great. I knew him in his glorious prime, when his

¹ *Institutes of Metaphysics*, 169.

bodily frame was like a breathing intellect, and when his soul could travel, as on eagle's wings, over the tops of all the mountains of knowledge. He seemed to have entered, as it were by divine right, into the possession of all learning. He came to it like a fair inheritance, as a king comes to his throne. All the regions of literature were spread out before his view; all the avenues of science stood open at his command. A simpler and a grander nature never arose out of darkness into human life; a truer and a manlier character God never made. How plain, and yet how polished was his life in all its ways—how refined and yet how robust his intelligence in all its workings. . . . He was a giant in every field of intellectual action.”¹

There is just one thing more to add. Mrs Ferrier, daughter of Christopher North, was a very remarkable woman, and a great humorist. Many of her acute sayings “live after her.” I shall quote one about her husband. She could not understand his philosophy, and she remarked, “It makes you feel as if you were sitting upon a cloud with nothing on, a lucifer match in your hand, but with no possible way to strike it!” Mrs Ferrier also delightfully described the late Master of Balliol, Jowett, as “the little downy owl!”

¹ *Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New*, pp. 15, 16.

WILLIAM SPALDING

1808-1859

PROFESSOR SPALDING has been already referred to. He was radically unlike his more brilliant contemporary Ferrier ; but they both exercised—in their own way—an unrivalled hold, and a most quickening and stimulating influence, over the students of their time.

In reference to him I have been largely indebted to one of his students, who writes :—“ Spalding had a delicate chest, which demanded shelter from the keen winter winds that swept in from the eastern bay ; and, accordingly, his class in my year, 1855-6, went to his house (thirty-five of us), to save his coming to the University building. Though physically far from strong, there was in him no lack of mental vigour and alertness. His appearance was not distinguished. He was under the average height, his features were plain, his nose short, the upper part ungraceful, the eyes behind the spectacles small. But the bald round head was well developed, the mouth expressed firmness and decision, and the eyes looked at you with extraordinary keenness and insight. Every student felt, from the very first hour he entered his class, that *this* was not a man to be imposed upon, or trifled with. His insight into character seemed a kind of

divination. Every youth felt that these keen eyes looked through him, and read him like an open book.

“After the first week Spalding seemed to know what each student was capable of, and was able to adapt his teaching so as to make the most of it. Whatever capacity of thought or learning any dull or hitherto idle student had in him, Spalding called it forth and revealed the man to himself. If anyone wished to be taught to think clearly, or to express himself accurately, he could learn it from the Professor of Logic, both through precept and example.

“In his class-work he spared himself no pains. All his students must remember the Examination Paper in propositions and syllogisms, which he had got printed in large numbers in previous years, and had kept stored to give out to every new class, that they might exercise themselves in working them out. When the Examination day came there was a *new* paper with a long array of examples freshly invented, as if endless trouble were of no account; and while every student was stimulated to quickness of perception and expression by the marks assigned to each example wrought out, he was taught the superior value of accuracy by having every mistake corrected twice over, so that the blunderer might find his total at the end a minus quantity. Similarly, when the Professor read the descriptive essay, which was prescribed every year as an exercise in Literature, he not only took account of style and other literary qualities, but marked every error in spelling and grammar and even punctu-

ation ; so that attendance in this class was a powerful discipline in honest thought and thorough work.

“He had withal a most kind heart. If he saw that a student was in danger of going astray, Spalding took him aside by himself, without his fellow-students knowing of it, and spoke to him the kindly wise and faithful words, which were meant to guide him aright.”

It is worth recording here—as I think it is not known — that Spalding issued in 1836 a set of testimonials, as a candidate for the Professorship of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, the year in which Sir William Hamilton was elected to it. These testimonials, which I have seen, are extremely interesting. Amongst others, Lord Jeffrey wrote in his favour ; although, when the election came off, Jeffrey gave his preference (and most justly), to Hamilton. But the point worth recording is this. Before the election was made, Spalding retired in favour of Hamilton. I have seen a very interesting letter, of date January 30, 1836, in which, while retiring from the contest, Spalding anticipates that his candidature might bear fruit another day, which it did. He was a man of very general learning. He took charge of the Greek class at Aberdeen immediately after obtaining his degree. He was a distinguished mathematician and botanist. His daughter, afterwards Mrs Lawrie, wife of the Professor of Philosophy at Melbourne, was his constant literary companion and amanuensis. A very cordial, and kindly, estimate of him may be seen in Sheriff Campbell Smith's *Writings by the Way* (1885).

JAMES DAVID FORBES

1808-1869

I FIRST knew Forbes when a student of his in the fifties. He was then past his prime as a University lecturer, but he impressed us all greatly as a luminous expositor. His work, in the winter session during which I attended his class, (1854), was carried on partly by deputy, owing to his somewhat serious illness; but I met him once or twice, and afterwards had some correspondence with him. As a lecturer he was dignified, but very cold; the academic counterpart of the *Mer-de-Glace* at Chamounix. I do not think that his students ever saw much of him. He was an invalid for many years; and after he became Principal at St Andrews, I never met him. His noble countenance and well-knit frame, his resonant voice and occasionally fervid utterance, contributed to make him a distinctive figure in the Edinburgh professoriate. His lectures on the polarisation and refrangibility of non-luminous heat were extremely interesting, but somewhat difficult to follow. He was a great pedestrian, both in Scotland and in Switzerland. It should be remembered that his insistence on Examinations—in addition to the mere attendance on Lectures by the Scottish professoriate—was academically most useful at the time; and that while many think

he was too much the advocate of Science pure and simple, as against the Humanities—he was one of the most enlightened of academic adversaries. When he became Principal at St Andrews in 1859, his work was complex. He had to rearrange the College finances, according to its original charters; he had much to do in connection with the College Hall, and the restoration of the College Church. He also found time to give occasional lectures to the students.

At the University of Edinburgh—in the forties and fifties—Wilson, Hamilton and Forbes were a distinguished group. Forbes was a friend of Whewell, Agassiz, Airy, Buckland, etc.; and parts of his correspondence with these scientific men are to be found in his *Memoirs*. Those who wish to know who he was, and what he was, must turn to that volume for evidence; and for his ever memorable researches on the rate of glacial motion—as ascertained by him, while living many years near the Mer-de-Glace at Chamounix—reference must be made to other books.¹ In truth, he was so well known for these studies that he was spoken of by some of his friends as “Glacier Forbes,” to distinguish him from others of the same name.

Everyone who met him felt the singular elevation of his nature, his urbanity and justice; while he advocated, with strong persistence, what he thought most true and good.

¹ See his *Travels in the Alps of Savoy*, and his Papers on the theory of Glaciers.

JOHN DUNCAN

1796-1870

OF my old "master Parmenides" I have already written a good deal; and his *Colloquia Peripatetica* was the second volume which I ventured to issue in my youth.

During the quarter of a century which ended in 1870 there might have been seen, in the streets of Edinburgh almost daily, during the winter months, an old man of singular appearance and mien; short of stature, and spare in figure, with head usually bent, and eye that either drooped or gazed wistfully abroad, as if recognising a reality behind the illusions of sense; the expression in his face one of lonely abstraction, with lines indicative of many a struggle with the darker side of things; more like an apparition from a mediæval cloister, than a man of the Nineteenth Century. His pathetic look, and generally uncouth appearance, were sure to attract the notice of the passer-by. That man was not only a characteristic figure among the celebrities of Edinburgh, but really one of the most noticeable men of his time. He was the Professor of Hebrew in the College of the Free Church; the learned,

original, eccentric, profound, yet child-like Rabbi Duncan.

Besides, his saintly character, his quaint and curious erudition, his polyglot wisdom, and that deep guileless heart of his—so humble, and tremblingly conscientious—with the manifold intensity of his spiritual life, seemed to remove him from the category of men who are to be measured by common standards. His defects were patent enough; and he does not stand forth, even in the religious firmament, as a star of the first magnitude. As a theologian, he was rather a great possibility, than a great realisation. The work of his long life was a gigantic *torso*. And yet there was a fascination in his very incompleteness. It gave a peculiar charm to his character; a greater charm than is usually found in men of more completely balanced power.

At the age of nine he was sent to the grammar school of Aberdeen. Stumbling prematurely upon a work on Christian Evidence, the notion of Time as “an eternal present” in the mind of God, flashed upon him; and he used often to tell his friends and pupils in later years, how he then *abhorred* the man who had ridiculed that notion in his book: an early indication of a mental tendency which rapidly increased. The bent of the speculative *doctrinaire* may be seen in that youthful abhorrence. A miscellaneous reader from the first, at the age of twelve he was detected with a copy of Ariosto concealed under the bench where he sat in school. During holiday

time he herded cattle in the country. Two years later he gained a small bursary, and went to the University.

His *alma mater* did little for him. He found more to stimulate him while he wandered in the country, or on the links by the sea-shore. But his mental habits were most desultory. Systematic study was a fetter which he could not brook.

The waywardness and eccentricity of his pursuits arose, however, from a certain kingliness of spirit. That absence of mind, which has characterised many illustrious scholars, was excessive in him; and while in his later years it developed into brilliant irregularity, and a most refreshing disregard of all conventional commonplaces, it was injurious to his usefulness, as well as to his mental balance and completeness.

A queer, humorous, erratic youth—dreamy at times, intensely resolute at others—we find him dictating Latin discourses to help weaker students, and receiving in compensation the reward of a frugal tea and supper; cheerfully enduring the privations of bad food, and insufficient clothing; always ready for a dialectic sparring on the side of heterodoxy, and fond of paradoxes; as frequently absent from the prelections of his professor as present at them; a frolicsome, hilarious lad; his natural joyousness of temperament not soured by morbidity.

It was shortly after becoming a preacher in Aberdeen that he awoke to religious earnestness.

His recorded experience gives us the picture of a strong man suddenly arrested—struck down in his mid-career of linguistic study and speculative daring—by the realities of the unseen world ; and may be often quoted as a proof of the genuineness of such a process, whatever be our theory of its method or *rationale*. Had he been able to write of his own experience, as Augustine did, he would doubtless have supplied some missing links, and filled up the *lacunæ* which we so much deplore.

When Malan's saying, 'See, you have the Word of God in your mouth,' flashed through him, as he said, like a shock of electricity, it is important to note what that "great thought" was ; the seed, he tells us, of all he attained to in old age. It was this, "God meant man to know his mind." The central feature in his experience was the conviction that God was addressing him, with a Living Voice, and the immediacy of a direct appeal. His previous state was really one of indifference, owing to his pre-occupation with linguistic studies and philosophical speculations. His idea of the relation of God to the Universe, and to human souls, was that of a vast Superintendent ; not that of a divine Parent or a ceaselessly appealing Oracle. But, as the clouds parted above him, he discerned the light of the Omnipresent, and heard the voice of a Revealer.

A vacancy suddenly occurring in the Hebrew Chair of the University of Glasgow, he became a candidate for the post. His mode of application is probably

unparalleled in the annals of professorial candidature, except in that of Sir William Hamilton. Knowing no one competent to bear testimony to his efficiency, he became his own witness-bearer.

In his profession of attainments, he said, "Being placed in the somewhat untoward position of a person who feels more conscious of fitness to grant certificates, than cognisant of individuals from whom it would beseem him to receive them, I adventure to submit the following profession of acquirements in the department of Oriental Learning." Then followed a list of Rabbinical grammarians and commentators, references to Chaldean, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, and Bengali literature, and *all Hebrew*, concluding with an offer to "present himself, along with any others, for competitive examination by any man throughout the world, whether Christian or Jew."

"I have often thought," wrote one of his colleagues at Pesth, "that if our staid forms of theological training had admitted of his being turned, along with his students, at a given hour, twice a week, into the Princes Street Gardens, there to walk, talk, and discuss together in perfect freedom—content sometimes to get nothing, at other times obtaining glimpses into vistas of thought sufficient to last a lifetime—there would have been inaugurated the greatest school of theological learning in modern Europe. The admirable mixture of the logical, the ideal, and the experimental in his theology would have secured this result."

It may be questioned whether so vast a result could have been secured by such a process. But there is no doubt that it was as a peripatetic teacher that John Duncan's peculiar talent found its natural outlet; and, had the experiment been tried, a whole generation of Scottish theologians might have formed associations with these gardens, resembling those which Greek students of Wisdom once formed with the groves of the Academy. As the most Socratic Scotsman of his generation, he might have done more, by this means, to advance religious thought within his Church, than any other living influence could have effected.

The reluctance of one, who had so much to communicate to all who would listen, to embody his thoughts in writing, was remarkable; and while many causes contributed to this, his humility was not the least of them. One who knew so many books, could not be induced to add another to the pile, unless he could say something that had not already been said. But with him has perished a breathing library of wisdom.

It always seemed to me that Duncan needed a quasi-antagonist to bring out his most characteristic sayings. He had to feel that he was clearing up a labyrinth, or imparting instruction, or exposing a sophism, or meeting one who differed from him, but who was on the same track of inquiry, before his mind was stirred to full activity and productiveness.

John Duncan was essentially a modern Rabbi. He gave forth his sayings with the slow and measured emphasis of a Master to disciples. In familiar conversation it was the same as in the class-room. His thoughts naturally took an aphoristic form; and sometimes they were less utterances for others, than audible soliloquy. But brevity and sententious fullness always characterised them. The thought might penetrate to that shadowy region, where language almost breaks down in the effort (as he put it) "to say the unsayable"; but, as he condensed the thought, or rather enshrined it, in some short compact aphorism, the influence of Aristotle was apparent. And, although essentially a schoolman, the classic glow had not died away from his language, as it did from the style of Lombard and Aquinas.

He had a very distinct theological map of his own. The territory laid down on that map had a clear boundary-line, and the sceptre of Augustine ruled over it. But there were frontier lands into which he occasionally went, and he would draw no strict line of demarcation.

His knowledge of the history of human opinion, and his accumulation of out-of-the-way learning, singularly great; but this was allied—to an extent which it seldom is—with originality of insight, and power of criticism. He was in no sense burdened by his learning. The intuitional element in his nature was as highly developed as the logical; while his acuteness and penetration were balanced by an

extreme delicacy and gentleness of spirit towards those with whom he might happen to differ.

His auditors, and especially his pupils, felt that they had a curious library of wisdom before them; and although the arrangement of the folios was very miscellaneous, he had only to begin to prelect, and his hearers recognised that a Master was addressing them.

And he could never give a full statement of the opinions of other men. He once said to me, "I cannot state the opinions of any other man: I can only tell you what I thought of them, when I read them."

His own mental wanderings in diverse lands of thought fitted him to be the guide of the perplexed, not so much by giving them the solutions at which he had arrived, as by rousing their own natures to deal with the problems, alike reverently, hopefully, and patiently.

Cultivated men do not expect, or desire, an echo of their own opinions in the works of others. They value most a reverent interpretation of Truth from a point of view quite unlike their own.

And great as was his regard for the folios, Duncan looked down with something akin to disdain upon the mania for writing books. The thinkers, and those who possessed the gift of articulate speech, seemed to him mightier men than the scribes. It may be questioned if he ever felt any incitement towards authorship, or was, for one moment, the victim of

literary ambition. While there was more knowledge to be gathered, and much work to be done, and attainment was endless, why should he begin to write about matters on which he still was learning?

He was the educator of many men. His successor in the chair of Hebrew Literature at Edinburgh—himself the trainer of numerous disciples, and alas! now gone from us—has perpetuated his work in many ways.

JOHN BRUCE

1794-1880

A VERY distinctive figure in the remarkable group of Free Church leaders and preachers in Edinburgh—especially in the fifties of the nineteenth century—was Dr John Bruce of St Andrew's Church. The story of his life has been already told.¹ Only one or two things may be added to the record. During my student days I worshipped in his church, and was afterwards his assistant. There was no preacher of his day who captivated students of Philosophy so magnetically, and during these years—1852-61—there was no personal religious influence in Edinburgh more intense, profound, and spirit-stirring than his. His personality ruled and taught the lives of many in an altogether unwonted manner. Nay more, there was no *academic* influence so powerful for good of the loftiest order, so adequate at once to quicken and restrain, to stimulate, humble, and encourage. There are many now scattered over the world, in spheres of labour far separate—and some whose work in this world is over—who owed more during the years they spent at College to these Sunday mornings in St Andrew's Church than

¹ See his *Sermons, with Sketches of his Life and Ministry*, by James C. Burns (1882).

to anything else. It was not merely the influence of the man himself, his unique personality, his wonderful modesty, his graciousness of spirit allied to strength, and the quaint accessories of his genius, but also—and pre-eminently — his profound analysis of the human spirit, and his constant presentation of a set of truths, which at once humbled the auditor, and encouraged him to effort.

Perhaps the most remarkable and characteristic of all the things that fell from his lips, was his opening extempore prayer at morning-service, which week by week unfolded the heights of the Divine Nature, and the depths of the human : by joining in which many of the worshippers felt they received a more powerful influence for good, than from the sermon which followed it. I at one time tried to write down my reminiscences of these morning prayers, but gave it up as an unworthy act, and because the peculiarly subtle influence—the “virtue” which “went forth” on these occasions—vanished, in any attempt to reproduce the words. But were it possible to recover these most wonderful prayers in their entirety, they would be amongst the most valuable fragments of modern devotional literature.

His *dicta*, on the great questions of Religion and Morals, delivered at his week-day expositions of the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, were for the most part extempore, but they were amongst the most striking of his utterances.

“He could, in mental power and accomplishment,”

wrote the late Professor Davidson, “cope with the highest. He could solve the profoundest problems in Theology ; and, with a luminousness rarely equalled, he could expound them ; yet, at the same time, in the pleasantries of social and domestic life, he could sport with the child ; and in the exuberance of his own genial nature, and in the circle of his choicest friends, he could enliven them with his wit and humour, often irrepressible, and always as innocent as it was fresh and free.”

His successor in St Andrew’s Church, Mr Sandeman, writes of him, “He was, wherever he went, an overflowing fountain of innocent delight ; and his presence everywhere, by old and by young, was welcomed as a sunbeam.”

I used to visit him during autumn holidays, and recall a long walk one autumn day near Troon in Ayrshire. It was warm, though cloudy ; and light came down, in great unbroken rays, from a point in the sky behind which the sun was shining. He said, “See that majestic spectacle. Isn’t it just like the great Eye of God, piercing through the clouds which are round about us, and down upon those who are now looking on Nature and Man.”

In the way of biblical exposition and hortatory teaching combined, a youthful student of the Church could listen to nothing finer than his week-day or rather week-evening lectures on such books as those of Job and Ecclesiastes. We never heard anything finer ; and the speaker—for he did not read, but

moralised divinely—carried his audience to heights, and led them down to depths, which they had never traversed before. I used to note down his words of wisdom as to these two Books, which the disciples of other (and even of alien) Creeds would have *welcomed*, so true, and universal, and incisive they were; but I gave up the attempt to reproduce them, unless along with some estimate of the man.

The following are a few of his sayings, written down after listening to them:—

“I have ranged about the universe for a proof of God, so far as I could range it, as other people have done; but I have returned like most, empty-handed of everything but this, that He, with whose name we are named, came out from the invisible to this little earth of ours, on purpose to manifest the Father, who is not seen, and without him is unknown.”

“We can never think enough of it that so glorious and wondrous a Being should have come out of these unknown regions, just in order that we ‘might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.’”

“There is a time for division, that union may follow. The end of all things is union, first with God, and next with our fellow-men—but first there is a time for division.”

“I have been in the happiest of all hopeful and meditative moods, when the spirit speaks, as it were, mysteries with the great and mysterious Spirit of All, but ‘whether in the body or out of the body’ I sometimes cannot tell.”

“There are two classes of men who oppose our doctrine of the Kingdom: the first are the grossly worldly and sensational, who are materialised. They say, ‘Let the Kingdom be where it may, in your heart or any other, only don’t let it come near to us.’ The second are the pure idealists, who would deny the *body* of our Religion because of the *soul* of it. But these two extremes meet, just as the clear and the clay-coloured waters mix and intermingle. Now, the Kingdom I speak to you of is mundane. It is not only in this new earth, to be framed and furnished all so magnificently for the saints. It is not only for the celestials and the super-celestials who never had a body (so far as we know); nor only for those who have put off the first, but have not yet received the second body, and are now disembodied spirits; nor for the angels only; but it is also for us, *now* and *here* in these bodies of mortality. We are encompassed by a Kingdom; not the Kingdom which is in us, but a Kingdom in which we are. Why do men so look on to *the landing*, as if their sight of it should exclude their view of all the steps towards it, and of their present place within the everlasting Kingdom?”

“You can for ever count upon God; and if any being in the Universe would begrudge your repentance and return to Him, be you sure that He will not; and whatever others may tell you, that He will say, when you come back, ‘Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.’”

“Christ’s truth is that God takes as much notice of

every unit in his kingdom as if that unit was the only one He ever created."

"Ridicule and anger, much as they are blamed of men, and much as they do harm at times, are seemingly sent forth, as two of God's commissioned messengers, to do his will."

"Man reads not of forgiveness in the flowers, or in the stars, or amongst any of the creatures. Yet forgiveness is what he needs, and what he is unconsciously in search of. He can only get it from above."

"The chief, if not the only reason, as it seems to me, why our thoughts of the invisible world, and of its great inhabitants, are so faint and shadowy is that we think so little, and to so small purpose, of Him who came out from these realms of the Unseen for us men; and who has for us again returned to the very place in which our friends are being gathered, one after another. The strange notion too comes over us at times that our departed friends, if not destroyed, have yet, in dying, so lost their individuality and their likeness to what they were when with us, as to be incapable of being ever recognised by us again. They seem to have left their humanity and all that is like ourselves, as well as their mortal bodies, in the grave; as if they had vanished into the subtle air, and this keeps our thoughts restrained, and prevents them from rising to the invisible."

"Our salvation does not turn upon our having a correct creed, but upon the use we make of our creed. To constitute the five or six articles of a

creed, the hinge on which a creature's salvation is to turn, I count plain madness. It is not so."

"Some have strangely got to imagine that the sun has now ceased to have any lesson for us, and that the moon has given up her nightly teaching, because a greater than either has arisen to teach ; that the great Book of Nature has grown antiquated, as other Books do, and is now quite out of date. This is altogether false, and yet we must remember 'the glory that excelleth.'"

"Let us recall the days in which we have sat at the feet of grave and meditative men, men rich in all experience, to learn of them not only that man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards, but that he should set his house in order and prepare himself for trouble, as the very good that God hath appointed for him. We are not naturally so minded ; but, by the first stroke that comes upon us, the death of a loved friend, we are so overtaken with sorrow that we are fain to hide it. Now nothing will get us out of this, but the belief that we are the divine heirs of sorrow ; and that we ought to welcome it, as God's blessing in disguise. And, if we attain to this, there will be no surprisal, or shock, or sense of amazement at the descent upon us of any kind of grief ; and the wonder will come to be, not that we have occasional blights in summer days, but that we ever escape them. Is it not enough for the disciple to be as his Master ? It is a strange ground of consolation, that the deeper we descend into the valley of humiliation, the higher

will be our ascent hereafter. But, nothing should so nourish us to bear cheerfully the 'burden and heat of the day' as just this thought that our Master worked also in the same 'heat of the day'; and that He did so on very purpose to show us an example, and to offer us an encouragement. If we consider Him, we will learn that it is never good to have unbroken weather; and that, just as the cloudless glare of the sun would be intolerable, so it would be unnatural and bad for any of us to be without sorrow, darkness, and anxiety."

SOME FREE CHURCH PROFESSORS AND PREACHERS

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM (1808-1861)

JAMES BANNERMAN (1807-1868)

ROBERT S. CANDLISH (1807-1873)

JAMES BEGG (1808-1883)

THOMAS GUTHRIE (1803-1873)

WILLIAM HANNA (1808-1882)

GEORGE SMEATON (1814-1889)

IN addition to my teacher-friend, Dr Duncan, there were several illustrious men in the Free Church College of Edinburgh in the fifties of last century : men from whom one might differ in opinion, but from whom a vitalising influence went forth. The Principal — Dr Cunningham — was intellectually a man of singular sledge-hammer force, a great debater, although a partisan, as he admitted that he was. I think I saw his strength more in the debates at Tanfield Hall, shortly after the Disruption, than in the Free College. As a lecturer on Church History he was not illuminative. He never got beyond “Mooshim,” as he always called him : and, although exceedingly kind to his students, none were inspired by him. He was I think *facile princeps*, in the gladiatorial combats of his day ; but a moody, and at times a laconic, talker.

Dr Buchanan, in his course on "Systematic Theology," was even less successful. Some of his students used to bring down the folios of S. Thomas Aquinas, and read them while the lectures were going on, an offence which was never detected!

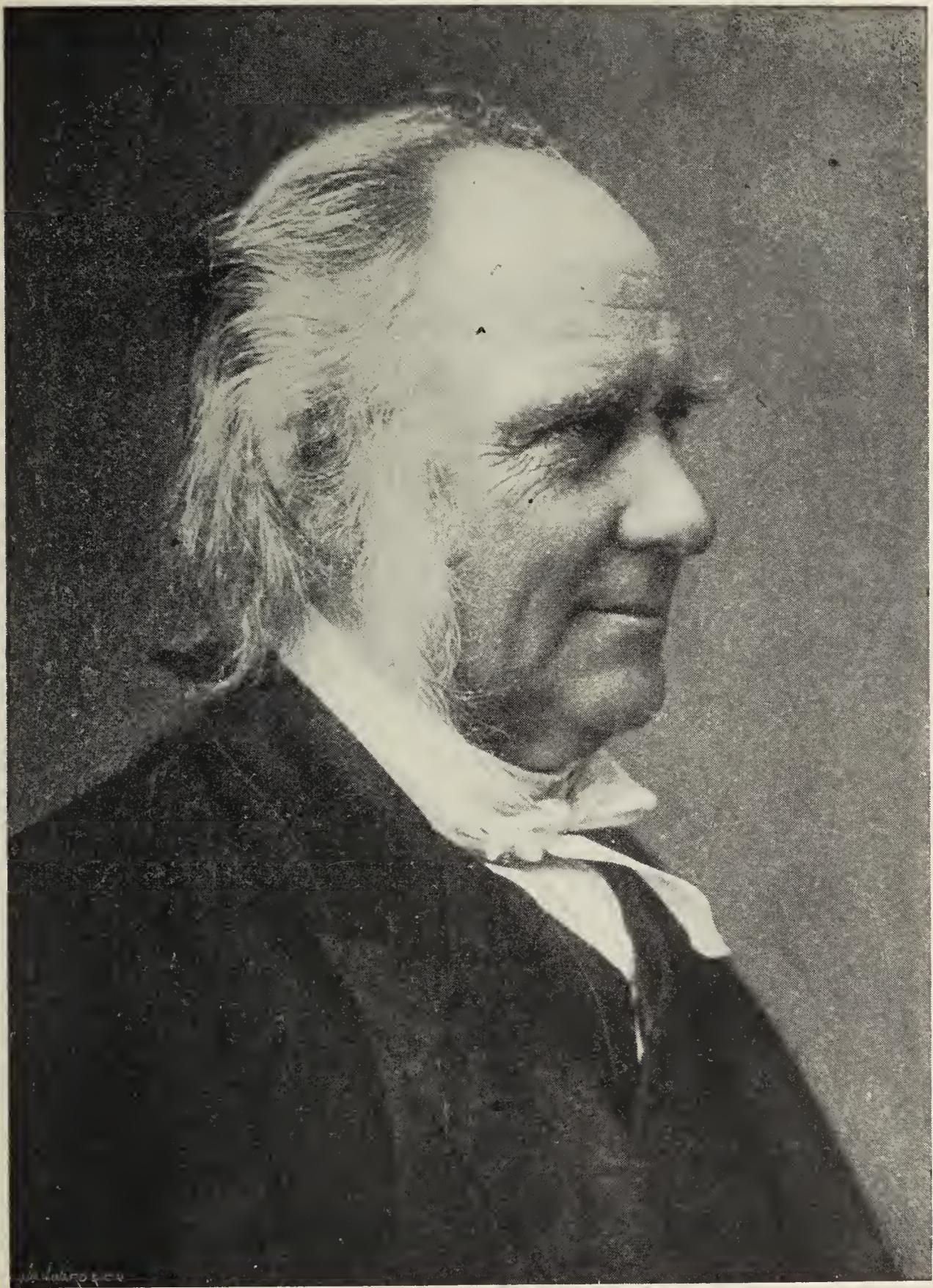
Professor Bannerman (Apologetic Theology), was a much respected teacher from his calm clear judgment, his fair-mindedness and high-mindedness, "his integrity" in every way. He had a remarkable collection of Books, an heirloom from Adam Smith, one half of whose library reached him by inheritance. He was a very kindly man at heart. He loved a jest, and hunted for one, even to the discomfiture of a luckless student. He used to invite all of them to breakfast. It used to be said that he addressed every one in the same way. "Mr —— where do you come from? what is your Presbytery? and who is your Presbytery-clerk?" He kept himself closely in touch with all the ecclesiastical procedure of his time. Then there was the genial teacher of Natural History, Professor Fleming, whom everyone liked, and whose Saturday excursions were delightful; and the New Testament Greek exegete, Dr Black. After Cunningham's death, Dr James Candlish became Principal. He was not so remarkable in that capacity, as he was in the pulpit, and on the floor of the General Assembly. As a preacher he used to sway the audiences that gathered to hear him; and it is to be remembered that the Scottish preachers of the second half of the nineteenth century were men on the topmost intellectual wave of their time, many of

them the equals—in insight, and in eloquence—to those who went to the Bar, and subsequently adorned the Bench. All the Scottish Churches then attracted the best youths, with the most varied gifts, to enter their service. It was perhaps impossible for this to last. As the ebb always succeeds the flood tide, the energies of young men in subsequent years were diverted into other channels of activity and usefulness. But it is safe to say that never, in the history of Scotland, was there such a “constellation of talent” if not of “genius,” within its Churches in all matters—religious, theological, ecclesiastical—as that which shone forth from 1843 onwards.

I knew Dr Candlish better as a preacher, than as a Principal; and for several years, I heard him almost every Sunday afternoon in winter-time in St George’s Church, Lothian Road. As a debater in Church Courts, Candlish had few rivals; perhaps Cunningham and Begg were the only ones. He was a fiery, impetuous, agile, and most dexterous swordsman in debate. As a preacher, he spoke in torrents of evangelical eloquence, and he educated many men and women at Edinburgh in these days, along the lines marked out by the hallowed traditions of the past. Many of us were so much influenced by his discourses, that we wished they could have been given to a wider public: but I think they would have failed, without the voice of the living interpreter. Candlish was a suave delightful companion, and used to unfold many optimistic theories, in the

course of his talk ; but he was neither a great thinker, nor a great ecclesiastical actor. His name leads me to speak of another of the "leaders," Robert Buchanan, who may be said to have created—and who certainly organised and developed—the "Sustentation Fund" of the Free Church of Scotland. His annual speeches in the Assembly were always listened to with interest, and his services to his Church were superlative. Next, I must mention a man from many of whose opinions I differed, and who never won me even as a foeman : a man nevertheless of great power and influence, Dr James Begg. He was a robust and stalwart antagonist of all that he disapproved of, the most redoubtable and conscientious champion of forlorn causes, a heroic defender of belated opinion. He was never afraid of being in a minority. Lord Beaconsfield once said "The man who fears to be in a minority will never be in a majority." That sentence expresses the ruling principle of Dr Begg's life. He *knew* that he was in a hopeless minority, but a knowledge of the fact only nerved him to work on behalf of the forlorn cause. He had a marvellous power of *objecting* to the decisions and opinions of his fellowmen.

Next, of Dr Guthrie, the brilliant preacher, the philanthropist, the "man of men" in electrifying the crowds who came to hear him, the founder of what was originally called by him the "Ragged Schools," (they were institutions for the education of the waifs



Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen.—Page 106.

Rev. Dr GUTHRIE

and strays of society), the most genial of hosts, and of conversationalists. I visited him once at his Highland home, Inchgrundle, above Loch Lee in Forfarshire, when on a fishing expedition. My friend and I lunched with him, and he walked down with us in the early afternoon to our boat: and I remember well how he made us walk in single file, along a narrow track in the middle of a field, where seed-corn had been sown, and was just beginning to shew itself above ground. The better to hear the Doctor's talk, my friend had wandered up to his side, when with a stentorian voice of command he said "Single file, single file, gentlemen: mind the farmer's wheat."

Then, there was that remarkable colleague of his, Dr Hanna, son-in-law and biographer of Thomas Chalmers, and author of so many delightful books, as well as for some time editor of the *North British Review*. He was a very suggestive preacher, and most of the material afterwards issued in his volumes was originally spoken in his church. The majority of the thoughtful Free Church students of Divinity in these days attended either his church, or that of Dr John Bruce: although many were

pious variers from Church to Chapel,

and would go to listen to an equally remarkable man, William Pulsford, a congregationalist minister in Albany Street. As a preacher, Pulsford's characteristics were a calm philosophic grasp of the *ultimata* of belief with disregard for their accessories, a reverent

and prescient outlook, intense moral earnestness, a clear fair vision of things divine, and a most stimulating way of presenting what were to him *credibilia*. He did much in the way of educating the undergraduate mind in Edinburgh on the perennial problems of religious belief. He was subsequently called to Glasgow, where his influence was powerful; but it was in Edinburgh that his best work was done.

To the foregoing brief estimates, I append some reminiscences which Mr Oliphant Smeaton has kindly sent me of his father, Professor Smeaton, and his colleagues, in the Free Church College of Edinburgh.

PROFESSOR SMEATON AND HIS COLLEAGUES

MY DEAR PROFESSOR KNIGHT,—You have asked me to send you a few notes regarding my father and of his colleagues, who constituted the professorial staff of the New College, Edinburgh, in the early “sixties.”

My father was born near Hume, Berwickshire, in 1814. He was a direct descendant of the famous Thomas Smeaton, the Reformer who succeeded Andrew Melville, as Principal of Glasgow University in 1580.

He was educated at the parish school of Greenlaw and then at Edinburgh University where he had a distinguished career, finally winning the special prize

of £100, offered by Dr Chalmers to the best student of his year. Characteristically a "bibliophile," he at once laid the sum out in books, securing among other things a complete edition of Migné's "Patristic Library" in seventy folio volumes, a first edition of "Calvini Opera," a fine copy of "Poli Synopsis," the famous folio "Erasmus" in five volumes, and other treasures.

This laid the foundation of a library to which he continued to add until the time of his death, and which at that time numbered considerably over fifteen thousand volumes, and was as varied as it was choice. I had the privilege of presenting it, afterwards, to the New College, where now it remains.

My father having decided to enter the Ministry of the Church of Scotland was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh as a probationer in October 1837. He was at once appointed assistant to the Rev. J. Buchanan of North Leith (afterwards his professorial colleague) and remained there for a year when he was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh to the new charge of Morningside, then a village about a mile distant from the City. There he laboured until 1840 when he was presented, by Tyndall Bruce of Falkland, to the living of that parish. For three years he worked there, surrounded by an attached people, and plunging the while into studies which were afterwards to bear a fruitful harvest. But, in 1843 the Disruption in the Church of Scotland rendered it necessary to remove from Falkland, for he had

thrown in his lot with the Non-Intrusionists. On him therefore the choice of the Church fell to proceed to Auchterarder, and reconcile the conflicting sections among the Secessionists in that historic parish. Singularly enough a few months before the Disruption there was a probability of chairs becoming vacant in the theological faculties both of Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities. Letters are still extant showing that twice he was approached asking him if he would accept the nomination to either one or other College, so distinguished even then was he in certain branches of scholarship. But, as a passage from his letters in reply states, "While profoundly sensible of the high honour thus paid me, I trust I shall not be thought ungrateful if I say that I could accept nothing, until the present anxious crisis in the Church has passed." When the crisis was over, he was no longer a member of the Church.

From 1843 to 1852 he remained in Auchterarder discharging assiduously the duties of the Free Church minister of the place, and prosecuting at the same time his own private studies. At a time when German theology and philosophy were almost unknown among theological students, he was already familiarly acquainted with all the most minute developments of philosophy from Wolf and Crusius to Fichte, Jacobi, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer and Lotze, and of theology from Bahrđt and Schleiermacher to Daub, Neander, Tholuck, Baur, Strauss, Bleek, Stier and others. To some of the

leading reviews of the day—the Eclectic, Retrospective, Foreign Quarterly, British and Foreign Evangelical, etc.—he contributed articles, distinguished by vigour of thought, and wide range of scholarship.

After nine years spent at Auchterarder the Free Church suddenly called him to enter into one of her professorial chairs, and in 1853 he was installed as Professor of Systematic and Exegetical Theology in the Aberdeen College. Here he found a sphere eminently suited to his powers. Though the number of students was small, it enabled him to exercise an individual influence over them. So great was this, that when the proposal to remove him to Edinburgh was discussed, a petition was drawn up in Aberdeen, and was speedily signed by over 500 ministers, office-bearers and members of the Church, in addition to the students, praying him to remain in the “Granite City.” In May 1857 the Chair of Exegetical Theology in the New College Edinburgh became vacant owing to the death of Professor Black. Three names were proposed, the Rev. David Brown, D.D., afterwards Principal Brown of Aberdeen: the Rev. Robert Rainy minister of the High Church Edinburgh, and the Rev. Professor Smeaton of Aberdeen. In the *Witness* of the time the full voting lists were given, from which it appears that the election of Professor Smeaton was carried by a majority of one hundred and nine over Mr Rainy, and by nineteen over Dr Brown. Professor Smeaton received votes from many of the friends of Mr Rainy who were exceedingly anxious

that the latter, then in the full tide of his successful ministry in the High Church, should not be withdrawn from that pulpit.

The professorial staff at that time consisted of Principal William Cunningham, a man of immense intellectual force and massive learning, who was also Professor of Church History; Professor James Buchanan, who held the Chair of Systematic Theology, a man, whose keen philosophic mind was at its best when showing the close connection that exists between "the best theology and the best philosophy"; Professor James Bannerman, who lectured on Apologetics and Christian Ethics, and whose services to the Church in many fields were manifold; Professor John Duncan, perhaps one of the greatest Hebraists of the Modern World, and one whom—as in the case of his colleague and successor the late Professor A. B. Davidson—all Churches delighted to honour; finally Professor George Smeaton, whose subject was the Exegesis of the New Testament. Few Churches had a stronger professorial staff than the above, and there is no cause for wonder that students flocked from many parts of the world to study at the New College. They came from America, Australia, the Cape, France, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, India, etc.

Between these professors the closest intimacy existed. They were bound together by near ties of brotherhood, and they clung together with a single-hearted affection, as rare as it was beautiful. In 1861 this pleasant fellowship was interrupted by the death

of Principal Cunningham at the early age of fifty-four. This was the first break in the chain of academic friendship which my father was called upon to face, and it was one which he never ceased to deplore. The following is an extract from one of his letters written nearly ten years after the death of the great Principal. 'No one who knew Dr Cunningham well but felt that the loss to the Free Church by his death was irreparable. His wisdom, his profound sagacity, his tactful moderation, his broad-mindedness, his statesman-like views of Church Politics were all *sui generis*. He left no successor as regards certain branches of ecclesiastical effort. Candlish, R. Buchanan, Guthrie, Rainy are all men of distinct and distinguished genius in their own fields. But Cunningham still towers in memory over them all, as in truth, next to Chalmers the representative man of the Free Church. He was one to whom Homer's phrase might fittingly be applied *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*—prince of men. As a scholar he had no rival in his own branch of learning, as an ecclesiastical statesman, he was, after Chalmers, the most sagacious the Free Church has known, as a debater he was perhaps the most convincing and powerful of his day. True at times he was liable to be carried away by the *sturm und drang* of controversy, and to say things on the spur of the moment which in calmer times his Christian charity readily deprecated; as, for example, many of the sentiments he expressed during the struggle of the 'College Extension' affair. But taken all in all, and his short-

comings set against his excellencies, he must be ranked as one of the very greatest of Scots ecclesiastics.'

The next breach in the professoriate was caused by the retirement and the death of Dr James Buchanan and Dr James Bannerman in 1868. Both were men of profound learning, thoroughly versed in their respective subjects, and well fitted to inspire the young men under their care with enthusiasm for the study of theology. With Dr Buchanan in particular my father had maintained very close relations from the time when they were associated together in Leith twenty years before, and therefore his retirement was a severe blow to him. Dr Buchanan possessed a rich and ripe mind, stored with the fruits of many years of patient study. Few men had a more intimate knowledge of what may be termed "the philosophy of theology"; and his acquaintance with all the writers on "Systematics" or "Comparative Theology" from Origen, Peter Lombard, and Thomas Aquinas, down to Schleiermacher, Strauss, and Feuerbach, and their successors was unsurpassed by any contemporary. His published works, *Faith in God and Modern Atheism Compared*, *Analogy as an Aid to Faith*, and *a Guide to Truth*, revealed a masculine intellect, with a strongly ethical, rather than a metaphysical bent, and a keen power of generalising from particulars.

Dr James Bannerman was another colleague whose death my father mourned as not only a personal loss, but a loss to the Church at large, which it could ill

sustain. Professor Bannerman, whose special subject was "Apologetics," had been minister of Ormiston before being called in 1849 to occupy a chair in the New College. He was a man of vast and varied learning not only in his own special department, but in many others. With the exception of Dr Cunningham and Professor Maclagan of Aberdeen, there was no one who had an equally wide range of acquirements as to subjects, having even distant relations to the department entrusted to him.

I never heard my father say an unkind word against those from whom he differed most, and ability in his opponents was always praised with generous appreciation. But I must admit his view of doctrinal truth made rather too little allowance for possible difficulties among thoughtful students. His criticisms on his students' work were always dictated by a desire to find out something to commend rather than to criticise. He died of *angina pectoris* in April 1889. He had completed his seventy-fifth year a week previous—and hoped to retire in the following year. He had finished thirty-six years of professorial service, and fourteen years of ministerial work—in all fifty years. *Requiescat in pace, et opera ejus eum sequuntur!*"

JOHN DOWNES

1827-1864

IN the group of undergraduates—although, in truth, they thought little of graduation in these student days—was one, John Downes, a Wigtownshire man, who towered above his fellows, a strong massive monumental man, six feet four inches in height,¹ who came of a virile farming stock, living near Portpatrick. Like so many of the best students of the time he was originally destined for the Free Church. Entering the University of Edinburgh he came under the sway of those new intellectual forces which—unlike those of the *sturm und drang* period on the Continent—were working noiselessly but powerfully; sweeping some for a time into the outer seas of agnosticism, in others shaking whatsoever could be shaken, in all developing a new earnestness, and

¹ I am tempted as I write to add a footnote as to some of the Wigtownshire and Galloway men. A friend of Downes my senior, was chaplain in the Edinburgh jail, while I was a student, and I had met him in Downes's rooms. He mentioned that there was a prisoner under sentence, a relative of whom I had once known professionally, and added that I might call and see him. I went, and knocked at the massive forbidding door of the Calton jail. When the door unlocked, I stated what I wanted; and the porter, from Wigtownshire—being satisfied, said "Walk in Sir, and I shall see what can be done." At the same time he raised his right arm. I was six feet high myself, but I walked under it easily, and found that he was a man of six feet eight, belonging to a large family, who were nearly all of the same gigantic stature.

giving fresh points of view. In Downes' case the barriers of mere intellectual tradition were very quietly surmounted; but never for a moment did he break away from those kindly and gracious restraints of moral and religious training, by which the noble peasant-mothers of the Scottish race have safeguarded their children.

Amongst his fellow-collegians, and subsequent workers in Literature, John Downes was always regarded and deferred to as our king of men. Insistent by force of character, dominant not by will but by intellect and insight, he moulded the lives of many, while he never swerved from those rules of conduct laid down to him by his pious parents. I once visited him and them in 1857, in his Wigtownshire home, and found them typical representatives of that grand class of Scottish men and women, however poor, who wish their boys to climb higher than themselves, and who toil and sacrifice much to enable them to do so, to go to a University, and (if possible) distinguish themselves in a "profession."

I did not know John Downes till he had begun independent literary work. He was very soon engaged as the sub-editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under Professor Trail. He lived in Barony Street, in a house which afterwards became to Edinburgh students a memorable one; because of the *noctes ambrosianæ*, not convivial, except from the incessant influence of nicotine, the everlasting pipes which were smoked in that once-famous "rotund chamber"

as we used to call it. Many and many an evening, or night—after the long day's literary work was done,—John Downes would welcome his friends, as many as could come, into that room, and discourse on the high themes of past philosophising, or unbend over the most recent lightsome literature. Time would fail—few alas! of those who used to gather there are now alive—to narrate the anecdotes, or give even a sample of the wit wisdom and repartee of these evenings.

Still more delightful was it for his friends to accompany him on the Saturday afternoons, which were always given up to long country walks—more especially, in my case, to Cramond, by road or shore—and there and then discuss all problems human or divine. We used to start from our favourite rendezvous, viz., the Philosophical Institution Rooms in Queen Street, about mid-day; and we walked westward by the Granton shore. Then we dined, and smoked, and sauntered out for a time; returned again to the modest Inn, and in the later hours walked home to Edinburgh, often in wonderful moonlight. The clear *dicta*, on literary and philosophical matters, given out by Downes in the course of these walks, with swift ease and unerring appositeness, were most significant. I remember one, “Carlyle tore my nature to pieces; Thackeray built it up again.” I never recorded anything in these delightful student-days—I only began that, when I had left the New College, and John Duncan was with me

at Wemyss, and I wrote down his *Colloquia Peripatetica*—else I would have had a chronicle for posterity of the familiar talk of a contemporary, *facile princeps* amongst conversationalists; so strong and knowing, so modest and so true.

No one who ever met John Downes can forget his strong intellect, his miscellaneous learning, his large heart, his vivid imagination, and his sure and certain yet cautious tread over unfamiliar ground. Were I to include Thomas Carlyle in this volume, I would speak of his kindly interest in Downes, but that I must reserve for a future volume.

I make a few extracts from his letters. In a P.S. to one, dated Aug. 14, 1858, (which need not be quoted) he wrote “Drop me a line soon, and tell me what you are studying, and what progress you are making in reconciling yourself to the Universe.” To this a too laconic reply had been sent with the four lines of Tennyson from *The Palace of Art*

I take possession of man’s mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl.
I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.

To this Downes replied on August 25th. . . . “I am somewhat concerned that you are not getting reconciled to the creeds. I cannot express sorrow, however, at your determination regarding the English Church.¹ I should like, however, to know of you

¹ This referred to a proposal, once entertained, but afterwards abandoned, to take Anglican Orders.

becoming a clergyman in some church or other, and the nearer home the better; if only you can find it suit your temper and convictions on such momentous questions. It is consolatory to reflect that "if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

In 1859, he took endless trouble to obtain a foreign tutorship for a friend, and in reference to his studies at the time on Aesthetic—he wrote "I find nothing new has been published for many years on the subject of the Beautiful. However I have no doubt you will be able to find materials in abundance by dipping into the German Ocean, especially Goethe."

Next year he became candidate for a chair of Philosophy at Aberdeen, but did not succeed in getting it. His letters on the subject were full of brightness and piquancy, and never showed chagrin or disappointment at the result. He resumed his *Encyclopædia* work with ardour.

In August 1861, he wrote ". . . To-day is the first time I have put hand to work since my return; and, as not unfrequently happens with me, the old hulk is sanded up, so that I must wait the rise of another tide before she will move an inch. Then, I hope to drive her through the water at the rate of that ever-memorable tub-shaped steamer, with the one captain and hand, which bore me once to your shores some ten years ago, in such a peculiar manner! But what could a youth of four and twenty not enjoy with Goethe's *Meister* in his pocket? I was so

hungry on books in those days that I thought—poor fool that I was—that the sky, and the water, and the land, and the people were not wonderful enough unless seen through *print*. Some men, Dickens for example, at four and twenty have their reputation made; and I question much whether he has added a whit to it since. Whatever may have been the cause why I was sent into the world, I think the *profitable speculators* have no interest in me; and hence I am rather inclined at times to suppose that the world, and all in it, was cast upon its hinges to quite a different tune from that ordinarily sung by your sleek mercantile individual. . . .”

Alexander Nicolson, in his *Memoirs of Adam Black*, wrote, “A few words of special tribute are due to his” (Downes’) “memory. A native of Portpatrick in Wigtownshire, of humble birth, he was one of those exemplary specimens of Scottish character and accomplishments, developed under great difficulties, which do honour to their native country. Big in body and in mind, combining strength and sweetness, courage and modesty, great knowledge for his years and perfect humility, he died at the age of thirty-seven, leaving the sad but proud feeling with those who knew him, that Scotland and the world had lost a man who if he had lived, would have upheld his country’s reputation, and made his own place as a leader in the world of thought. He was specially distinguished as a student in Philosophy, and contributed to

the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, besides innumerable smaller articles, 'Pantheism,' 'Scepticism,' and 'Spinoza,' which were rightly characterized by Dr John Brown, who valued him much, as 'models of strong, judicious, original, and unpretending thought'" (pp. 161-2).

JOHN TULLOCH

1823-1886

As to Principal Tulloch I can add little to what has been already said of him, except what I wrote (at her request) to our common friend, and his biographer, Mrs Oliphant. She had such a mass of material supplied to her by so many persons, that she could not utilize it all. I therefore now include the whole of what I sent to her for the *Memoir*, along with a few extracts from his many letters, and several other memoranda.

The following is my letter to Mrs Oliphant.

“EDGECLIFFE, ST ANDREWS.
Dec. 8, 1889.

“DEAR MRS OLIPHANT,

When sitting down to fulfil my promise of writing something about the late Principal Tulloch, I find the report of some words spoken to my students immediately after our friend's death. I had been lecturing in Newcastle-on-Tyne on a Sunday evening, and had to return by night mail to St Andrews to be in time for my class next day. When stepping into the train at 2 A.M., a copy of that Monday's paper was put into my hands. On opening it, the first

words that caught my eye were "Death of Principal Tulloch." Between Berwick and Edinburgh I wrote the few words which I addressed to my class in the forenoon. They were as follows."

"It is scarcely possible for us to realise the full extent of our loss. The death of Principal Tulloch is the disappearance of an altogether monumental man, one quite unique in Scotland, and in some respects in the University life of this country. Not since the death of Chalmers—a man whom he greatly honoured—has the academic and ecclesiastic career of a Scotsman so distinctive come to a close. The loss to this University, both of a teacher and an administrator, of a living influence amongst his colleagues—a wise and potent force, where wisdom and strength are needed—cannot easily be measured; but it is a loss to the other Universities as well, to the whole University system of Scotland, and to much that concerns its future. In the efforts he made to help on University Legislation and Reform, and to make that Legislation useful and fruitful, no one took a wiser or more wide-minded view. He thought and planned for the greatest good of the greatest number, and with an eye to the general weal, as well as the advantage of the Institution of which he was the head. In academic policy, he was a utilitarian in the best sense of the term, with large public ends always in view. But it is not in our Scottish University life and policy alone that he will be missed. The Church of Scotland

will feel his loss in many ways, as a preacher and an ecclesiastic, as a guide in business, and a counsellor in difficulty. His last literary paper in the *Scottish Review*, is, I think, one of the wisest statements of the case as regards his Church, not only in the present state of its affairs, but in its relation to all time. His writings, as well as his public action, have, of course, identified him closely with the Church of Scotland; but less as a controversialist, than as a constructive thinker and worker, as one who was conservative of all that is best and noblest in our national traditions, while initiating and guiding reforms. In addition to this, the loss to the country at large, beyond the University and beyond the Church, to the literary world, and to society—where he was so great a favourite—is irreparable. Many a friend in England, and far beyond it, will lament that they are never again to see that strong, radiant, genial personality, and never again to hear the heartening and familiar voice. When this old seat of learning is mentioned, whether in Scotland or in the South, I am sure that, to the vast majority of our contemporaries, the name of the late head of our own College, Principal Shairp, and that of Principal Tulloch instinctively rise up; and I do not know if, in the long history of our University, there is any one name—take it for all in all—that now stands out, or is likely in the future to stand out, more distinctively than his whose loss we are mourning to-day. His literary works—from the *Essay on*

Theism to his chief historical contribution, *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century*—form a small library by themselves; and his friends hoped that he would live to re-edit them in a series. It was the variety of his gifts that pre-eminently distinguished Principal Tulloch from other men; his grasp of principles, and of their application; his insight into many problems, and his success in handling them; his literary skill in presenting the results of study in a luminous form, and in popularising these; his knowledge of affairs, and his judicial power in administering them; as well as his sagacity in discerning the ‘signs of the times.’ Above all, we mourn—and some of us will do so as long as we live—the large, true-hearted friend, whose sympathies were so wide and deep, so catholic and generous. He was a Scotsman, yet cosmopolitan; a Scottish Churchman to the core, yet sympathetic towards all outside his own Church, and friendly to every honest worker in every good cause. Who more generous than Principal Tulloch in giving to all their due, in recognising good in those from whom he differed most widely, and awarding to them an unstinted mead of praise? It was a life of many-sided and fruitful labour that closed on Saturday, and of devotion to those interests that seemed upbound with our national welfare and stability. But with all his zeal for his University and his Church, and constantly engrossed with work in their behalf, Principal Tulloch never grudged the

interruption of his hours of study, or of writing; if he could help a friend, who solicited his aid or his advice. His habit of invariably making the best of everyone, and of construing each at his best—while he saw, and perhaps seriously censured, his faults—was another of his notable characteristics. You know that Shakespeare said

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is often interred with their bones.

Well, Principal Tulloch invariably tried to reverse that, I mean to forget the evil, and to remember only the good. He is gone from us; and, without its two Principals, St Andrews does not seem, and can never be to us, the place it was.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim with weeds.
What place remains for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

You will have received many notices *in memoriam*, of the Principal. Our common friend Professor Baynes, who probably knew him better, and enjoyed a friendlier intimacy with him than any of his colleagues, was to have written about him; but Mr Baynes has himself passed away.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summit,
And winds that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land."

It is less easy for anyone to give an adequate characterization of him, than it is for a colleague to say in what Principal Tulloch's eminence, as the

head of our University, consisted. His mere presence was striking, commanding and yet genial, at once dignified and courteous to everyone. His knowledge of University affairs—the fruit of many years' experience—and his ever ready tact in their management, were conspicuous. To be the efficient Head of a University many things are needed. Not only wide culture, but impartial sympathy with every department of intellectual labour, and with the many-sided life that goes on within a University. Appreciation of the life and work, both of professors and students, is indispensable. Rapidity and strength of judgment, clear-eyed sagacity, a swift divination of the wants of the time, and of the means of meeting them, skill and persuasiveness in advocating them, and (more especially) tact in representing the University to those around it and outside of it—all these qualities Principal Tulloch possessed in an unusual degree. In his academic policy he was a conservative liberal, and a liberal conservative. He had the prescient outlook, which forecasts of the needs of the future; with the constructive power which frames a policy, and the wisdom which advocates it prudently. It was as an administrator, that his ability was most displayed. Those who at any time were with him, in deputations to Government officials, and in waiting on members of Parliament, will remember the ready address with which he invariably stated and advocated his case. Then, in making the numerous small speeches, representing the University as its head on public occasions,

Principal Tulloch was invariably seen at his best. At social gatherings, and the happy converse of congenial friends, who can ever forget the bright sparkle, the genial humour, the contagious laughter, or the serious earnestness of his talk ?

In writing the life of his colleague, Principal Shairp, I had occasion to refer to the part which both our Principals took, in the early attempts to introduce into Dundee the leaven of University teaching and influence. As I happened to be then resident in Dundee, and convener of the committee that invited the Principals, and several Professors, to lecture in the town, I had the best means of knowing the share they both had in that work. It was to Principal Tulloch that we mainly looked for guidance in working out a scheme, for the academic relations of the two places. He was quick to perceive the advantage that would accrue to both, from a closer union of interests ; and, while loyal to St Andrews, he desired the extension of its influence in Dundee. The steps taken by our Committee, and its negotiations with the University, are stated elsewhere. The result was that Principal Tulloch delivered a course of lectures, in the Albert Hall Dundee, on certain phases of Religious Thought—Comparative Religion ; while his colleague, Principal Shairp, gave a course, which he afterwards published as *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature* ; Professor Nicholson lectured on Paleontology, Professor Heddle on Chemistry, and Professor Pettigrew on Physiology. The delivery of these five

courses of University Lectures contributed very largely to whet the appetite of the Dundee community for University teaching.

A movement had been started years before—the whole history of which will doubtless be written some day—to found a College in Dundee. Its original plan contemplated chairs in Arts, as well as in Science. By many in the community it was thought that the scheme was too extensive and ambitious, involving a waste of educational machinery, while the University of St Andrews was so near at hand ; and at a public meeting—one of the most representative ever held in Dundee—convened to consider, and if possible approve of this scheme, (which had been already drawn up, published in a pamphlet, and sent to all those who were asked to the meeting) it was virtually condemned in its original form, and a committee was appointed “to devise a scheme” for a College in Dundee. That committee entered into correspondence with eminent educationists in England and Scotland, at home and abroad. Copies of the letters received in reply are now before me. They are exceedingly interesting. The advice given in these letters, and a sudden depression of trade in Dundee, led the promoters of the original scheme to abandon it for the time. The whole idea of a Dundee College slumbered, till it was revived several years afterwards, and given practical effect to, by the munificence of Miss Baxter, and Dr Boyd Baxter, who themselves founded the present University College.

Meanwhile, in the lull of interest which followed the partial collapse of the original scheme, steps were taken in Dundee by those specially interested in the extension of University influence, to invite the authorities of St Andrews to deliver those lectures to which I have referred : and a guarantee fund was raised, to meet the expense of the scientific lectures, and to pay the lecturers. Then it was that the University, under the guidance of its Principals, but especially of Principal Tulloch, turned its attention to the best way of establishing an organic relationship between the two places.

Principal Tulloch's opinions were stated, at many different stages of the discussion, both in St Andrews and Dundee ; and when at length the Dundee College was instituted, and its organization completed, no one took a deeper interest in it than Principal Tulloch, or desired more heartily to aid its efforts. He dismissed from the first all idea of rival ends and aims. He felt of course that an infant College must prove its efficiency, before it could ask for privileges. It had to show its teaching power, before that teaching could be recognised by the University as admitting to graduation, or as in any sense on a level with the other academic teaching of the country ; but, no sooner was that done, than Principal Tulloch led the way in urging for the teaching in Dundee College the full recognition of the authorities of his own University. It is possible that some, in the younger Institution were too eager to press on, and to secure

advantages all of a sudden—privileges which even money cannot bring, and which only come to us with the slow growth of the maturing centuries—and it is also possible that some in St Andrews were a little too slow in recognising the merit of the rising Institution, and the possibilities upbound with it. But Principal Tulloch's belief in the possibility of building an academic Tay Bridge between St Andrews and Dundee, to be ultimately more desirable and valuable to the two places than the material bridge, never faltered for a moment.¹

Passing over many things to which others will allude, there is one feature of character I would like to speak of, because it was seen in both of our late Principals—widely different as they were in many respects.

I have known Principal Tulloch misconstrue a character entirely, and misunderstand the action of a friend still more completely. He was reasoned with, and the misconception pointed out; but, with that strong and almost passionate eagerness with which he took up a position and defended it, he would listen to no argument for a time. Afterwards he would *spontaneously* come, and confess that he was wrong, utterly wrong, in the view he had taken, and the opinions he had expressed; and would acknowledge his mistake, with a humility and a

¹ As I have had to tell the story of the academic relations between St Andrews and Dundee in a volume already published entitled *Early Chapters in the History of St Andrews and Dundee*, I need not here repeat details.

generousness, that were singularly beautiful. His sense of *justice* came out very conspicuously in this.

Then, as the senior Principal of our University, he was specially anxious that each of his colleagues should work out his own specialty, and “stir up any gift that was in him,” as he used to put it. He believed that each had something to do for the benefit of the body corporate: and his ambition was—as he so often expressed it—that each should recognise this, noting at the same time his own limitations; and should rejoice in the work which others were doing, but which he was not doing, and never could do. This was a subject to which he often recurred.

In the discussion which we have on hand on Scottish University Reform, in connection with our long postponed Executive Commission, all Scotland will miss his wise foresight and calm judicial-mindedness, his common sense, his urbanity, and genial human-heartedness; and, above all, his power of considering practical problems, apart from vested interests, and with a view to “the greatest good of the greatest number” in the future. But so it invariably is. Those whom we deem the very “pillars of our academic state” are taken from us, and others enter into their labour.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Tulloch was not a great letter-writer ; his function being chiefly that of an academical administrator, a lecturer, and writer on philosophical theology. Nevertheless some extracts from his letters may be included in this work, because his biographer, Mrs Oliphant, has not signalized the special features noticeable in them.

In October 1870—when I was giving a course of lectures in Dundee on *The History of Theism*—he wrote “I observed in the *Dundee Advertiser* a sketch of your first lecture. . . . I do not think myself that anything can be made of the teleological argument, or indeed that it is strictly speaking an argument at all. It is rather an *illustration*. But I should be sorry if you have given up the principle of Design. It seems to me nothing else than the idea of Personal Intelligence in action, without which Theism cannot get on at all, so far as I can see. I have worked this out more fully than in my *Theism* in an article on Comte in the *Edinburgh Review*, about two years and a half ago. Of course I have outlived much in the *Theism*, and I specially feel the crudeness of a great deal in it: but I adhere as a whole to its *line* of argument. I have never been able to recognise any real basis of the theistic idea, beyond the recognition of the twin factors of *the Human and Divine Personality*, antithetically involved. If these go, all goes. I feel as confidently as ever that this is the only philosophic basis of Theism, but I do not know that I feel as

confidently as before its *absolute* philosophic basis. Noble as are many of the ontological and cosmological theories, I agree with you in thinking that very little can be made of them.

I do not know any historical sketch of British Natural Theology, and do not think there is any worth anything. The subject attracted me years ago, in connection with the succession of Christian Apologists in the eighteenth century: but, like many other plans, has been laid aside and nearly forgotten. I shall be glad if you take it up, and write upon it.

You might be interested in Remusat's *St Anselm*, as well as in his smaller volume on *Religious Philosophy*. The latter volume I confess I thought little of. Like many in the series to which it belongs, it is little more than a popular sketch without a uniting idea, or indeed any real comprehension of the higher aspects of the subject. Remusat, like Saisset, and even Cousin, are after all more rhetoricians than thinkers. They are charming to read after groping amid German dullness, but the result is often very small.

I shall be much interested to know how your course of Lectures get on, and to see the literary fruit of them afterwards."

I had many letters from Tulloch in reference to the relations between St Andrews and Dundee, and the formation of University College, some of which I placed in the little book on the academic relations

of the two places.¹ I cannot repeat these in this book, but may insert one or two which were omitted from the local chronicle.

In October 1875, he wrote of the question of a college in Dundee, "The case is one of *solvitur ambulando*, some of us here are ready to set the scheme a-going."

In June 1876, he wrote, "St Andrews started more than ten years ago a system of Local Examinations, which only failed because the schools at that time would not support it. It is ready to do the thing over again, so soon as the schools say (as the Dundee seminaries have now said) that they are willing to use the system." . . .

In February 1876, he wrote, . . . "It would be a great matter, and would give me more pleasure than I can tell you, if Baxter² would enter into your movement. Not to speak of the money, (I would not despair of it without him), it would sweeten the business. It is so unpleasant to think of *urging on* a movement which has no other object than the good of Dundee—the promotion of its higher culture—in the face of any to whom this object has been a special consideration.

Let us hope that things will come right, and that Baxter and Watson will be gathered into the University fold, from which they are at present schismatics."

¹ *Early chapters in the History of the Relations of St Andrews and Dundee*, 1892.

² The late Dr Boyd Baxter.

I once forwarded to Tulloch a memorial prepared by those who wished the theological chairs in our National Universities opened up to the most learned and competent teachers irrespective of their individual beliefs. He replied:—

“I could only subscribe the memorandum with a qualification. I agree in all that is said as to the advantage and necessity of freeing theological study from creed-tests; but I do not agree in a great deal that is said of the *disadvantages* of the present system. Mozely and Lightfoot upon the whole—the latter especially—seem to me to treat theological questions with as much genuine freedom as the teachers in Manchester New College. There is often as much latent dogmatism in the one as in the other”; dogmatism being often not so much the result of creed-tests as of creed-training, and mental preconceptions.

Theological study I think should be free like any other study, and I would gladly subscribe any memorial for opening up this study in all our Universities. But I do not feel at liberty to subscribe to such statements as are made in this memorial, and even the memorandum as to professors who subscribe a creed being bound to reach certain conclusions and no other. A man who may have entered into an office under a yoke is not necessarily bound always to wear that yoke: and he may find that his actual work of teaching has little or nothing to do with it.

In short, there is a kind of theory about tests and their effect, underlying all the argument of the memorialists, which I not only do not agree with, but very much disagree with. It has long been familiar to me.—Yours always,

JOHN TULLOCH."

Much might be said about Tulloch's happy speeches at Senatus dinners, and at the larger ceremonials of the University, at meetings to celebrate the jubilees of his old friends (very notably one at Cupar-Angus, in honour of the reverend Dr Stevenson); and more especially of the way in which he guided and directed debate, alike in Senate and in Court, and of the charm of his talk in Society, as well as his pleasant manner on the golf-links. But over these I cannot linger, and much has been already recorded by Mrs Oliphant.

When, in 1872, he undertook the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, all his friends were delighted, Froude, Mrs Oliphant, Skelton, Baynes, etc. I have seen letters from all of them about it. It is worth recording that, as most of his friends also contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, he wrote to one of them in February 1829, "There is no reason why there should be anything but a happy rivalry between the two magazines."

I have read many of the letters which passed between Principal Tulloch and his contributors when he was editor, which the executors of these contributors have sent to me: but, interesting as they

are, I do not find that they cast much light on the character either of the writer, or the recipients. I do not therefore utilize them. The magazine had fallen down under the editorship of Mr Allingham, and Principal Tulloch was asked to take the helm, with the view of getting the old ship refitted, and sent on fresh voyages; but there is nothing so difficult (as Mr Blackmore said) "as to regain a lapsed circulation."

It is not difficult to say in what Tulloch's eminence as the head of our University consisted. His mere presence was striking, commanding, genial; at once dignified, and courteous to every one. His knowledge of University affairs (the fruit of long experience), and an ever-ready tact in their management, were conspicuous. To be a successful official head of such an Institution many things are needed. Not only wide and general culture, but an impartial sympathy with every department of intellectual labour, and all the varied life that vibrates within a University—the life both of professors and students—is even more indispensable. Rapidity and strength of judgment, a quick perception of the wants of the time and the best way of meeting them, openness to new ideas with loyalty to old ones, and more especially tact, sagacity, and wisdom, in representing the University to those outside and around it—all these qualities were possessed by Principal Tulloch in an unusual degree. In his academic policy he might be described—as so many others recorded in this volume have been—as a Conser-

vative-Liberal and a Liberal-Conservative.¹ He had the prescient outlook, the wise forecast of the needs of the future, and the constructive power which could frame a policy, and advocate it prudently. It was as an administrator that his varied ability was most signally displayed. Those who used to accompany him in deputations to Government officials, and who co-operated with him in visiting or in interviewing Members of Parliament, all remember the ready address and the persuasive power with which he invariably stated his case.

After the Principal's funeral, his son-in-law, Mr Frank Tarver of Eton College, was asked by her late Majesty Queen Victoria to go to Windsor Castle to tell her about it. He informs me that her Majesty said, "Oh, Mr Traver, what a loss!" and, seeing that I supposed she alluded to the loss the Principal's *family* had sustained, she went on to say, "I mean what a loss to Scotland."

¹ I have used this phrase in reference to Dr Robert Lee, Professor Nichol, and several others. It is specially descriptive of Tulloch.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

1819-1884

IT fell to me to write in 1888 a book entitled *Principal Shairp and his Friends*. I cannot repeat, in this volume, any of the contents of that earlier work; but there is much which was omitted from it, that may find a place in this record of Nineteenth Century Scotsmen. On the 4th of November 1885, when the class of Moral Philosophy was begun for the winter-session, I spoke to the students of our loss in the Principal's death a few weeks previously. That address was not used in his Memoir, but is now reproduced; and, lest it should seem too eulogistic, I now say that while not a great business man, he was not an academical strategist, and still less a *quidnunc*. He never tried to manipulate the proceedings of Senate, Court, or Council, as a party-manager deals with political forces. He had a very definite policy of his own, and he stuck to it. With true initiative and quiet constructiveness, he went on his own way; never waiting to see, as so many astute administrators do, what others are thinking and meaning to do, and then altering his policy to be sure of being in a majority. As a consequence, he often espoused unpopular causes, with one eye turned to the ideal, and another to the future.

The following is part of the address to students on the lessons of his life :—

“ No one occupying a position in the country, and in the world of letters, such as that which our late Principal filled, more impressed his contemporaries (and all who came into close contact with him), as a man of lofty character, and rare ideality of mind. You might differ from him in opinion, you might take another view from his, in questions of public policy ; but, underneath all difference of opinion, there was that force of character and nobility of soul, which surpass all else in this world in value. Often and often have I heard him speak of *the power of character*, as the one great transcendent force in the world, which at once excels and outlasts everything else, and I always felt how true it was of himself,

Longum iter est per præcepta,
Breve et efficax per exempla.

Then, there was the ever genial stimulus and heartening, which contact with him invariably gave,—whether he was discussing problems of Literature, or questions of Conduct. Fervent enthusiasm, and appreciative sympathy, mingled with his criticism of all men and things. Mere destructive animadversion, however brilliant—and however much it might be needed—had no attraction for him, if it did not lead to constructive work. And he *saw* excellence, in many obscure quarters, within the characters and the moral areas which his eye surveyed. Far more catholic in his sympathies than the outside world knew—because he had

very definite convictions of his own—he divined, with rapid glance, what was good in systems of Belief that differed from his own. These sympathies were wide, and included all good workers, in all good causes; while both St Andrews and Oxford were to him—as to the pupil who has commemorated them in delightful verse—*almæ matres*. Politically—although the loyal member of a party—he was in no sense a partizan. In matters ecclesiastical, he belonged to no one section of the church catholic. The high, the low, and the broad had each their merit in his eyes, while in all he saw defects if pushed to an extreme. Presbyterian and Anglican were each esteemed, just as John Henry Newman and Norman M'Leod, as Dean Stanley, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, Archbishop Tait, M'Leod Campbell, Dr Hanna, and the author of *Rab and his Friends*, were alike beloved.

But joined with this catholicity of the most genuine type there was an ideality of character and aim which were peculiarly his own. All who knew him intimately, or who ever discussed with him, or heard him discuss, the problems of universal human interest—questions of knowledge or questions of duty—felt that a 'virtue went out of him' as he spoke. His direct moral vision, and his deep enthusiasm were contagious; and stirred up less ardent natures in a wonderful manner. It was not only the fertility of his mind, and the suggestiveness of his criticism—there were many fertile minds and many suggestive critics before him, and perhaps as many amongst his

contemporaries—but it was the range of his vision and its directness, his outlook as from a mountain summit, and his constant aspiration after what was higher and better than anything already reached. In this characteristic he had few equals amongst the men of his time. He had strong sympathy, too, with pursuits which he did not follow out—with all genuine workers in science, for example—and with those sports and pastimes, in which he did not himself engage.

And no one who knew it can ever forget the extent to which he possessed that “saving gift of the nineteenth - century,” his delightful sense of humour, his appreciation of mirth in every form, except when it was coarse or low. He had a large fund of anecdote, and no one appreciated a good story more thoroughly. His countenance — picturesque at all times—was never more expressive than when lit up either by the spirit of playfulness, or relaxed by a sense of fun.

But what especially distinguished Principal Shairp amongst his contemporaries was that atmosphere of Poetry, and of poetic idealism, in which his whole being was steeped, and with which it was surrounded. It was this that made him a poet, his close contact, his living touch with Nature—animate and inanimate—with mountain sea and stream, with moorland and forest, and, above all, with the humanity that is reflected in Nature. He believed that the poet obtains a vision into the inner life of things, to which

neither the philosopher, nor the worker in science attains; and it was this contact, this living touch with Nature, in her manifoldness, that revealed the poet, even more than his volume *Kilmahoe*, or those delightful prose-essays, contributed to the *Reviews*, or his lectures from the Oxford Chair.

Then there was a feature from which all of us in St Andrews—his colleagues and students alike—may learn, viz., his self-forgetfulness, what I may even call his self-effacement. Principal Shairp never “let his right hand know what his left hand was doing.” And this came out in a variety of ways. He was most generous, for example, in recognising the merit of genuine work, in people from whom otherwise he was far apart; and he rejoiced in it for its own sake, for its *mere existence in the world*, without a shadow of self-reference. This is a somewhat rare virtue, at least amongst *littérateurs*. How often do men—otherwise notable, and even great—while speaking of others, and praising their work, prove that they have not forgotten themselves? Principal Shairp had not a spark of this infirmity. And, allied to it, there was what I may call an intellectual chivalry—the spirit of true knighthood—in all his controversial work; and these things united, and uniting as they did—enthusiasm, courtesy, insight, and self-forgetfulness—gave a very special charm to his personality.

I must also speak of his unfailing love for his University,—and especially for the United College and its students. He could not know each student per-

sonally, but he tried to know as many as possible; and he took a minute interest in the affairs of the College, as they bore upon the students, in their Bursaries, and their recreations, their studies, and their comforts. His colleagues can all testify to his frequent conversations about individual students, and the manifold ways in which he planned and worked for their welfare.

Now that he is gone, it is curious how wide the mourning is, and how deep the sorrow that we shall never see his face again. From every sphere of society, and from every part of the country, the same tribute comes, and the same lament. It is thus that one friend writes, "I send you a little sonnet, writ in love for a man, whose spirit I hope to know more intimately. I had only three conversations with Principal Shairp, but they were enough for reverence and deep regret." This is the sonnet:—

(To understand the allusions to Jura and Argyle, you must remember that the Principal died at Ormsary, in Knapdale, Cantire. The allusion to the Isis refers to his Oxford chair of poetry.)

Let Jura wail, the loud Atlantic sweep
 To Argyle's inland solitudes forlorn,
 By sound and firth let sobbing seas be borne,
 From that dark shore where song is laid asleep.
 For never gentler heart did climb the steep
 Unwavering, never holier oath was sworn
 Than his, who in his pure exalted morn
 Gave Nature's soul his innocence to keep.
 Oh, lost from human presence,—never lost

To those who felt thy heart in thy right hand,
And knew it beat in tune to all things true.
Though sad the vales of Wordsworth's Cumberland,
Though Isis weeps, Saint Andrews, Scotland too,
They feel thee present still who mourn thee most.

Another friend—one of the most eminent of our contemporary philosophers and writers, to whom this sonnet was sent—writes thus in reply: “To no writer of our time have I found myself more drawn, by deep and silent personal sympathy, than to the late Principal Shairp, though I never knew him except from what he said to all the world. Your sonnet is a worthy lament, alas! a too seasonable cry; for when more than now has the need been great for such spirits to save the sanctities of life, and to sweeten the bitterness of human passion.”

There was another rare thing, and one of even *priceless* value, in the life that has passed away from us; not perhaps so evident to those who knew it merely in an outside fashion, but very noticeable to all who were admitted to its friendship. I have already spoken of his *idealism*; but this additional feature may perhaps be best described as *Christianized Idealism*, because it was due to the way in which his poetic vision blended with religious insight. One finds idealism rampant in many youthful natures; but a man does not require to reach his fifty years before he learns that the rubs of life, contact with hard facts, disappointed hopes, and the influence of that “world,” which is

too much with us, late or soon,

almost always kills the idealism of youth. Principal Shairp, however, remained an idealist to the end. If his aspirations were sometimes "cast down," none of them were ever "destroyed." As a consequence, he touched no subject from the commonplace side of it, but always from the noble, the lofty, and the beautiful. The hardness, and even sordidness, he met with never influenced his own spirit. It remained buoyant, unworldly, ethereal, ideal,—tending always toward a noble view of things, instinctively shunning the vulgar and the worldly. His reverence, his consecration to great causes, his religious outlook—it was these things that kept him young in spirit, and adolescent even in advancing age.

I could say much about our late Principal's contributions to the Literature of his day,—especially in those books which deal with the Poets, and "the poetic interpretation of Nature"; but this is not the time or the place to do so. It is better for us to dwell upon the memory of the man himself; to recall what he was, and how he taught us, by his character and his conversation.

How well I remember my first meeting with him. I was not a University Professor then. I was one of the examiners for Degrees at St Andrews, and my duty in that capacity brought me to the city, just about this time of each year. I was introduced to him on the Links. He at once referred to Dr John Duncan, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, and I felt the charm of the

generous tribute which he bore to the merit of the old "Rabbi" (as he used to be called), which came out again and again, in so many other instances afterwards.¹

One other day I may refer to. It lives so vividly in memory. We were walking along the grassy pathway beneath the dunes, and along the links, towards Eden mouth. It was a late December afternoon; and the sun was going down in glorious light, beyond the mud flats of the estuary, and behind Clatto hill. We were speaking of Buddha, and Buddhism; and I had been telling a story of the sage Gautama, and his withdrawal from the phenomenon of sense to ecstatic inward contemplation. He stopped me; and gazed—with that *far-off* look, that was so often his—towards the sun, sinking slowly in a sky radiant with the green that sometimes mingles with the autumn gold; and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, he quoted the lines:—

Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the West,
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

And then he added (quoting from the brother-bard, who was more to him even than the sage of Highgate):—

From worlds not quickened by the sun,
A portion of this gift is won.

¹I had written the *Colloquia Peripatetica* of Dr Duncan, and Dr Brown of Aberdeen had afterwards written a formal "Memoir." Shairp referred to both books, and said, "There was need of both. It is just as it was of old. If we required both Plato and Xenophon for Socrates, there may well be a similar need with lesser men."

Come forth ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound.

There is such a thing, students, as thus keeping a young man's heart in an old man's frame, because it is kept true, and pure, and good. And that, let me tell you, is the best antidote to the tendency—so rife in our time—towards a cynic view of life, and a pessimistic view of the world—that *nil admirari* mood, which withers and desolates the character that is infected by it. I have heard our late Principal quote Wordsworth's lines *To the Cuckoo*, which are so well known, but which bear a hundred repetitions; and if I repeat the poem now, it is for the sake of the verse with which the quotation concludes, because it is so applicable to himself. [Here I only quote the last stanza.]

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

The power of reviving and re-vivifying the past, living it over again by pure inward sympathy, and the re-apprehension of what once brought such exquisite delight, is only possible to the guileless and gracious heart, that has "kept itself above all keeping," and can therefore recall its own past with a tranquil or enthusiastic joy, even while it is transcended and left behind. It was thus that Principal Shairp kept himself open to all "the sweet influences" of Nature, and was as young in soul, when past his

threescore years, as he was in the morning of his prime.

It is difficult for us to realize that his characteristic form will never again be seen in our streets, in the College quadrangle, or at Church, or in the houses of his friends. But so it is with all of us :—

We pass : the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim with weeds.
What place remains for human deeds
In endless age ? It rests with God.

No man in this city, however, and few in the country, has ever left behind him more truly

One pure image of regret.

His memory is, and will be to many of us, *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*: and that is surely the richest legacy we could receive.

I had rather live as Principal Shairp lived, and be missed as he is missed, than be the author of the profoundest system of opinion that has been given to the world in our day. But even that may be a selfish thought. Therefore, as there is no use of a eulogy of the dead, unless the living can derive some benefit from it, the conclusion to which I come is this. Since we owe a debt to our Principal, how can we repay that debt? In one way only. It is if the memory of a noble life, a bright example of devotion to duty becomes a guide, an incentive, and an inspiration in the future. In a very special sense, “he being dead, yet speaketh,” to the students of Saint Andrews and to its professoriate; and, while he

has not lived in vain for the Literature of his country, or for the world at large, he will not have presided over us in vain, if our spirits are touched to any "finer issues," from his having been the head of this College for many years."

I may include a paper on Mysticism, written by Shairp at Oxford, in October 1849, which I did not use in his Memoir.

"Mysticism is a word much used as a term of reproach. What does it mean? It is generally applied to a certain way of speaking about mental and unseen things. It is clear from the very nature of such things (if there be such) that they cannot be treated of in the precise definite language which things visible tangible measurable admit of. Men exist by their own natures and education, and the circumstances that have acted on them, of all degrees of outwardness and inwardness of mind, from the ploughman to Heraclitus. The man who has gone but one stage further into his own soul is ever in danger of seeming a mystic to the one who is but a single stage behind him, if he (the former) attempt to speak of those things that make up every step he has made inward. How shall the more inwardly experienced communicate his thoughts to him who is less so? How but by transferring language and images from their common use to an inward and more spiritual meaning? This is the only way, open to him, if he speaks of these things at all.

And yet at every step he is in danger of being

charged with mysticism, for we are all hard to believe there is any more behind what we ourselves are conscious of. But to hint at inward feelings—instincts and movements of our own spirit—to point at them by imagery taken from things without us since we can do no better—this is not mysticism in any bad sense. It was not mysticism, but a kind of inspiration which made St Patrick—while preaching in the open air—pluck a shamrock, and use it as an illustration of the Trinity.

What then is mysticism? It would be mysticism if, following up St Patrick's hint, a man were calmly to begin and reason from the appearance of the shamrock to the nature of the Trinity. In general it is mysticism when a man not feeling that the images of inward things are mere images, begins to argue from the images as if they were one in nature with, or were an *adequate* expression of, the truths they are employed to shadow forth. If finding, or thinking he finds, some threefold division in trees or plants or flowers, he were to use this as an argument for a threefold nature in God."

My last remark on Shairp is this. The whole literary world knows what he did in reference to Wordsworth. He said to me—it was in our latest talk—"I think I have done something for the memory and the interpretation of Wordsworth, but certainly not one half of what I wished to do. Will you do the other half? I know what you have done: but there is more, a very great deal more, yet to be done."

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT

1826-1884

I MET Sir Alexander Grant only occasionally, when at the metropolis for inter-University discussions on academical questions, or on the golf-links at St Andrews. His large all-round sympathetic personality must be prominent in the recollection of everyone who knew him ; involving, as it did, the vision and practical insight of the statesman, along with high literary culture. It kept him in touch with all the various elements of our complex humanity, as developed in modern civilisation ; and his genial temperament was ready to recognize the claim of *happiness* to be the natural outcome, or issue, of the harmony of this complexity.

He was thus a constant liberalizing or humanizing influence in the University, and in the city of Edinburgh.

With deep personal reverence for Religion, he was remote alike from the narrowness of merely traditional orthodoxy, and the narrowness of the scientific agnostic who treats Religion as an anachronism. I once, but only once, spoke to him of the *ultimata* of belief ; our talk being a sequel to a long conversation on Ferrier, and his attitude towards religious

thought. He then shewed himself, far more than I anticipated, an opponent of both extremes, and nevertheless an ardent upholder of the Christian faith.

His power as an academical statesman was shewn in his administrative work as Principal, when he conducted the re-organization of the University of Edinburgh, during the most prosperous years of its history, when the number of its students was doubled; and when, his influence helped to draw more than half a million of British money into its coffers.

Its tercentenary celebration was carried out under his guidance, notwithstanding failing health, and was among the most distinguished of that kind in our time, marked in all that concerned it by his powerful individuality. A life largely administrative as his was, is inadequately represented by his contributions to Literature and Philosophy, great as these were.

Of his work in India, as Director of Public Instruction in Bombay, and Principal of Elphinstone College, I cannot speak: but his literary work, in editing the Lectures on Greek Philosophy and other philosophical memoirs of his father-in-law—Professor Ferrier—and his edition of the Ethics of Aristotle with essays and notes, and his History of the University of Edinburgh, were three notable performances. The essays on Aristotle, and on Greek Philosophy generally, are unsurpassed: and although the story of the University which he adorned had been frequently told

in previous books, his may be considered an exhaustive, as well as a most admirable record.

The following reminiscences of Sir Alexander as a man, in private and in public, and as a force in Edinburgh Society ; will be read with interest. They are sent to me by Miss Helen Neaves.

“ Sir Alexander Grant’s life in Edinburgh, after his appointment to the Office of Principal of the University extended over a period of sixteen years—from November 1868 until his death in November 1884. During these years he occupied a prominent position in Edinburgh Society ; and the removal of a personality so distinguished, and so outstanding, made his death a grievous loss to the community. It was not by intellectual Supremacy alone that this distinction was achieved—there was a dignity of carriage, an urbanity of speech, which gave to his notice of those whom he met in Society the charm of a gracious personal compliment, and which made an introduction to him one of the greatest favours which could be bestowed on a stranger. One of his most marked characteristics was his power of adapting himself to persons of all ages and all degrees. However common-place, however limited in experience, his interlocutor might be, he seemed always able to find some topic of common interest, and he had the too rare gift of being a kind and sympathetic listener. His varied experiences of life both in England and India, gave his conversation an unusually wide range, as it had brought him into intimate relations with men

of letters and of affairs. He belonged to a generation of Oxford men who possessed in a special degree the power of forming and maintaining intellectual friendships ; and the years he spent there, first as a Balliol undergraduate, and afterwards as fellow and tutor of Oriel, had given him an extended experience of University life. He had much to tell of both Colleges, and of the friends who had passed out from them to play their part in the world. His Indian life had brought him the friendship of such men Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Bartle Frere, and among his literary friends the names of Tennyson and of Jowett are conspicuous.

As regards his work in connection with the University of Edinburgh, others better qualified must speak, but I may say here that the tact and urbanity which were characteristic of him socially, helped much to put that University on a more harmonious footing with the civic Authorities, than in former days. These qualities, together with his personal prestige, enabled him to carry out very successfully the task which he set himself to accomplish, viz. : the collecting of money for, and the setting on foot of the new buildings for the Medical Department of the University.

Among the educational movements which were beginning to be felt, about the time of Sir Alexander Grant's coming to Scotland, was that in connection with the higher Education of Women, then in its very earliest stage. He was too generous, and too large

mind, to have any jealousy of or dislike to the admission of women to higher educational privileges ; and he always showed great interest in the work which was then being carried on, on a comparatively small scale. He desired, however, to see the enthusiasm of the pioneers of this movement tempered by wisdom and moderation. There are still some among us who can recall an address on this subject, delivered by him in Edinburgh thirty years ago, in the autumn of 1872, in which he warned his hearers against a too rigid enforcement upon women of the methods which prevailed in the education of men. He showed at the same time a generous sympathy with the desire for better and more systematic instruction, and dwelt on the advantage to women of keen intellectual interests. The importance which he attached to this is shown by the care with which he provided for the education of his Daughters and by the watchful interest which he took in their intellectual development : There are others also, who have a grateful remembrance of the kindly encouragement which he, from the height of his own learning and scholarship, was ready to give to beginners striving laboriously to acquire a little knowledge.

In his own home, Sir Alexander Grant's social gifts made him a most pleasant host, and the attraction of his house to the large circle of his friends, as well as to the strangers who had to be entertained, was heightened by the peculiarly charming presence of Lady Grant, whose delightful conversation and sym-

pathetic sweetness are to those who loved her a cherished and sacred memory. At Elie in Fife where their summers were latterly spent, their quiet domestic life was varied by occasional social intercourse with the friends who found their way there. A visit from Dr Jowett was an event of almost annual occurrence, and Lady Grant has herself recorded in a letter which appeared in his recently published Biography, the pleasure—not unmixed with trepidation—with which these visits were regarded. Among friends so congenial and so amusing, the Master of Balliol was at his best, and much excellent conversation might be heard at the little dinners that were given in his honour. Of those who contributed to the success of those gatherings almost all have passed away, and to the survivors the thought of those far off days is fraught with sadness. Nevertheless in such remembrances, there is pleasure and gratitude, as well as regret; and to have known and appreciated even imperfectly some of the choicer spirits of the world is a great and abiding benefit.”

WILLIAM FISCHER

1813-1890

WILLIAM LEWIS FERDINAND FISCHER was born at Burg, a village near Magdeburg in Prussia, on the 3rd of May 1813.

He received his early education at Burg, where, when only eight years old, he lost his father.

At the age of twelve, he entered the "Gymnasium" at Magdeburg, and passed rapidly through all the forms, reaching the highest in as short a time as was possible.

In 1831,—when eighteen, he entered the University of Berlin, where, in addition to classics, logic, and moral and mental philosophy, he studied mathematics, physics, and astronomy; attending lectures also on chemistry and physical geography. Amongst his professors were Dovè, Hoffmann, Michelet, Encke, and Dirichlet.

The last two he always spoke of with the greatest admiration and affection.

He attended the lectures of Professor Encke, on spherical and speculative astronomy, and during the winter of 1832, when the Professor had announced a class on spherical astronomy, and no other students sent in their names, he lectured four times a week to

Fischer alone; and wished, later, to appoint him assistant at his new Observatory.

Fischer's near-sightedness however, prevented his accepting this post, and in 1836, he became tutor in an English family, then residing at Castellamare.

With them he went to Paris, and there, from 1837 to 1839, he attended the lectures of M. Lionville, member of the French Institute and Professor at the Polytechnic School at Paris.

In the words of M. Liouville, these lectures embraced "the calculation of planetary perturbations, the theory of astronomical refractions, that of heat and of electricity, and of elliptic functions."

M. Liouville adds: "Mr Fischer rendered to me and to Science a real service by undertaking, (in conjunction with Mr Armitage, his pupil) the translation of a considerable memoir by M. Jacobi, which I have inserted in the 3rd vol. of the Journal of Mathematics. . . . It was necessary that the translator should be thoroughly *au courant* with the most delicate methods of analysis; . . . Mr Fischer has completely succeeded,—the difficulties which offered have been entirely vanquished, to my great satisfaction, and to that of the public."

In 1842, Fischer matriculated at Pembroke Coll. Cambridge, and in 1845, obtained the degree of 4th Wrangler, and was afterwards elected Fellow of Clare College.

Between 1845, and 1847, he took pupils, and was at Cromer and other places with reading parties.

M. Waddington, the French Minister to England, was among these pupils.

In 1847, he was offered the post of Astronomer at the Cape Town Observatory, but declined it, and became a candidate for the chair of Natural Philosophy at the University of St Andrews, to which he was elected in the same year.

In 1855, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1857, he published an English edition of Vega's Logarithmic Tables,—an octavo volume prepared with great care.

He was transferred to the chair of Mathematics in St Andrews in 1859; and retired from the professorship in 1877, on completing his thirty years of service. He was an indefatigable student, and his attainments in *classics* were of no mean order; he was also an excellent botanist. His accuracy was proverbial. He took a great interest in politics, in which he was a Liberal-Conservative.

JOHN HAMILTON OF ST ERNANS

1798-1884

A RARELY noble spirit—in character one of the few monumental men of this generation—passed away at St Andrews in the year 1884, at the ripe age of 86. “Having served his generation, he fell on sleep.” The late Mr Hamilton of St Ernans was known for a dozen years to many in that city, mainly as the genial and courteous old gentleman, whom they met occasionally in the streets, or saw in church, or on the links. How truly,—

his eye
Had meanings in it, which it brought
From years of youth.

He was indeed one of those,—

Whom no one could have passed without remark.

But, to a wide circle all over the three Kingdoms and abroad, he was known and esteemed as one of the most suggestive of minds, one of the most inspiring of friends, one of the most elevated of characters within the range of their acquaintance. The author of numerous books, dealing with the deep questions of philosophical theology (which he always presented

in the most homely and pictorial manner), with political economy, with social problems, or the religious life; such was his exceeding modesty that none, meeting him casually, would have gathered that he had written a single sentence, far less published many volumes on the subjects which his conversation always illumined and adorned.

It has been said of others that it was the best part of a liberal education to know them; and to those who were privileged to get beneath the surface, and really to know the man, John Hamilton, of none was this truer than of him. One always felt after every interview (however casual) that "virtue had gone out of him." You might differ from him; you might disagree with him; but you felt the power of the character that lay behind every utterance, even if it chanced that you (wisely or unwisely) contested it. Broad in the best sense of intellectual breadth, because it sprang from the exceeding earnestness and strength of his character; catholic as no one who is not a thinker can ever be; simple, transparent, sincere; modest in his every utterance; quick in his recognition of good, wherever it was to be seen; generous in dealing with every phase of error, and form of frailty; but most intense, both in the presentation, and in the pursuit of his own ideal of life and action—above all, a living witness to the creed which he inculcated upon others, the memory of what he was many will carry with them to the grave. "Being dead, he yet speaketh;" and will

continue to speak to them, perhaps more powerfully now that they cannot speak to him again. Better a thousandfold such a life of saintliness, and of unselfish devotion to the good of others—whether they were the tenants of his patrimonial estates in Ireland, or the friends whose acquaintance he had made in later years—of benign and peaceful outlook, and of continual radiance, unrepining while the body became weaker, and the lamp of physical life grew dim, than that of the successful votaries of fortune, who are without the inward eye or upward look.

As a conversationalist, Mr Hamilton had the rarest gifts. He never absorbed or monopolised the listener. He was always more anxious to hear than to speak, to listen to others rather than impart his own convictions ; even although he might be listening to trivial things, while he had profound ones to unfold. And what he said was never self-confident, never arrogant or *doctrinaire*. It was always suggestive, and winsome in the very modesty of its wisdom. It was a most beautiful and touching sight to see the keen intellect shining through the growing feebleness of the frame, and acting as if independent of it. On almost the last occasion on which it was my privilege to see him, I found him busy reading a book upon and pondering the nature of Life, and the conflicting theories as to its origin and destination ; and, after a long conversation, when I had said good-bye, he hailed me again from the door of his room, “ Now, mind,

when you come next, bring me a definition of *Life*,
if any better one occurs to you." He has now

Gone into the world of light,

but how true it is of him, in the words of the author
of *Silex Scintillans*, that

His very memory is fair and bright.

ALEXANDER RUSSEL

1814-1876

ALEXANDER RUSSEL, a very remarkable personality, was editor of *The Scotsman* newspaper from 1853 to 1876. I may say that he was the prince of Scottish journalists, *nemine contradicente*, however much his contemporaries may have differed from his views. He was initiated into the political discussions of his time by many ancestral influences, and by an admirable training: but he was one of those stalwart Scots who have originated "new departures" by his sheer force of character, clear-wittedness, and indomitable energy. He might have been sent out to guide a new colony of our Empire. He was a Cecil Rhodes in Journalism. The story of his life has been told in many ways; and a delightful volume, made up chiefly from newspaper extracts on his career, was published privately at Edinburgh in 1876.

I met him mainly as an angler at Loch Leven—(I had not begun to write much for newspapers when he died, in 1876)—and I well remember one day on the historic loch, when there was—as so often is the case—a dead calm all morning, no fish stirring; but, when the afternoon breeze from the east set in,

bringing up the ozone of the North Sea to touch this inland water, all the boats were astir. I, and a friend, who had trolled all morning and caught nothing, began to fish with fly : and, drifting with the breeze, we happened to cross the path along which Mr Russel was still spinning his minnow. He rose in his boat, and denounced us with Scotsman-like energy. We at once took another tack, and did not meet Mr Russel till our late dinner at one of the Kinross hotels. He had been very successful in the afternoon, and was most courteous in his apologies for what had occurred in the morning, which was a very accidental breach of angling etiquette on our part. The evening was spent in listening to many delightful stories of the rod, and trying to return a few. Every Scottish angler is grateful to Mr Russel for his book on the Salmon ; and perhaps still more for what he did for all anglers by his articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the *Quarterly Review*, and in the columns of his own *Scotsman*.

What was perhaps most noteworthy in Mr Russel's career was the wonderful tact with which he divined the secrets of editorial work and supervision, his almost instinctive knowledge of detail, his quick insight in discarding what was irrelevant, his appreciation of new contributors who were able to write wisely and well. It is not too much to say that, in the then state of political parties, the opinion and advice of Mr Russel was as much valued as was that of recog-

nised Leaders in the Houses of Parliament. He was also remarkably rapid in his diagnosis of the work of literary men, and the achievements of scientific ones. His divining tact led him to see that a great newspaper, as an organ of opinion, should be cosmopolitan, in the best sense of the term; and the marvellous success of *The Scotsman*—which has undoubtedly become, after *The Times*, the most notable of all the organs of public opinion in Great Britain—is, to a very large extent, due to him. It was he who lifted it out of the ruts of provincialism. Strong, subtle, swift, tenacious of the past, with a ready power of appraising the present, he was able to measure his contemporaries at a glance; and to diagnose both the strong and the weak points, alike in a parliamentary oration, and in a book of the hour. His intuitive glance at the contents of a volume, which many would have required a week to review, enabled him to accomplish it in an hour. Were there any means—which unfortunately we do not possess—of differentiating the criticism of books passed by the leading organs of opinion in Great Britain, *The Scotsman* notices would stand out almost *facile princeps*, for acute prevision of merit, for fair-mindedness, and for a dexterous estimate of the results attained. All this is due to Alexander Russel's splendid initiative.

As this book is a record of Scotsmen, addressed primarily to Scotsmen, it may be confidently affirmed that there have been no reviews so informative, judicial,

and critically accurate, as those in *The Scotsman*; and nothing more need be said of Alexander Russel than this. He raised the style and tone of Journalism in Scotland—its *ethos*—to higher intellectual, moral, and political levels than were ever known before.

JOHN BROWN

1810-1882

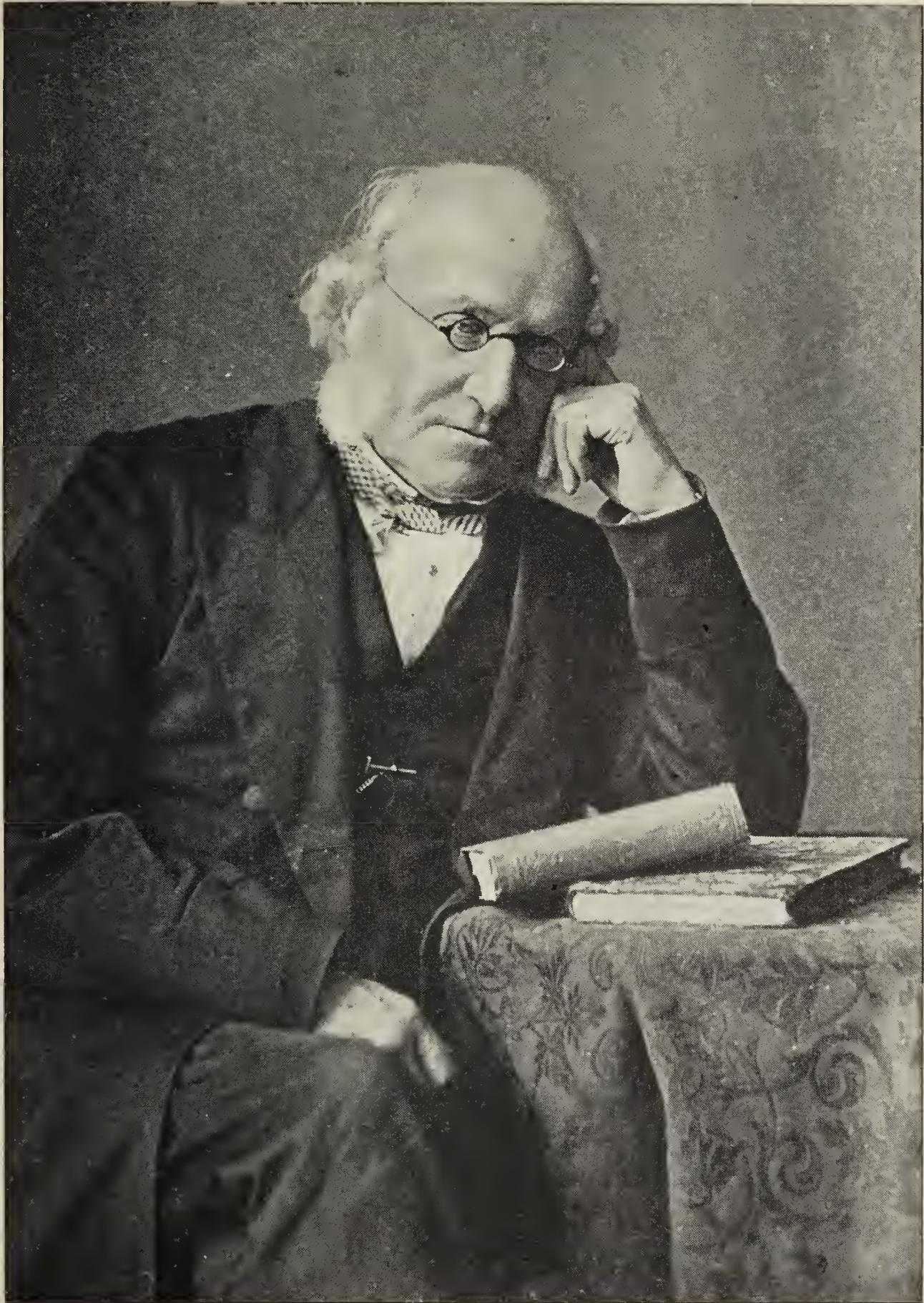
OF that good, and great, and most delightful man, John Brown—whom all his contemporary friends used to speak of, and still name and cherish, as “Rab”—it is difficult to write without exaggeration. Interviews with him, in his joyous days of humour and anecdote, leads one unconsciously to idealize the memory of them in retrospect. He was our Scottish Thackeray, and was always a most welcome guest in the literary coterie of the metropolis of Scotland, especially at those afternoon talks, in the editorial room of his publishers, Messrs Edmonstone & Douglas; where so many men, of the best brain and most interesting personality in Edinburgh used to gather; meetings which recalled, though they could not rival, the Blackwood days of yore. If Dean Ramsay, or Dr John Brown, were to be met in Mr Douglas’s sanctum, it was enough for a literary aspirant in those days; and great days they were. Much might be told of the men who used to contribute to *The North British Review* in its prime, and of their meetings in the publisher’s room. They were not *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, but they were afternoons of humour, as well as of earnest literary converse and discussion.

I wish I could reproduce Dr John Brown, as I knew him in these days ; but, I had no intellectual camera then, and I never thought of taking notes.

He told the following, as a Border farmer's prognostication of a wet day. "Th'ull be shoors, lang-tailed shoors, an rain a' 'tween, an it'l ettle tae plump ; but thu'll no be a wacht o' weet!" A very imperfect translation of this forecast may be given. "There will be showers, long-tailed showers, and rain between, and the clouds will try to plump, but there will not be a weight of wet!" Such an anticipation of the day would have deterred most pedestrians from "going out" ; but, not so, the southern farmer !

John Brown's humour was of that sparkling bubbling kind which overflowed everywhere, directed to all sorts and conditions of men, and even against his own friends in the most delightful manner. One day meeting an Aberdonian casually he said, "And how is Bain?" (referring to the distinguished Professor of Logic in our northern University) "and how is the hen-bane?" The Emeritus professor had then just recently married. The humour, and most guileless combination of the doctor and the friend, was very funny.

Another story is this. One day he met, without expecting to meet her, a beautiful girl, an accomplished pianist, and a friend of his own. He asked her to play something to him. She did so, and rendered a piece which Brown had never heard before. When it was over he said, "Delightful,



Some Nineteenth Century Scotsmen.—Page 172.

Photo J. Moffat.

Dr JOHN BROWN

but who composed it?" The girl replied, "Oh, it's only a composition by my mother." "Well," said he, "it's fine, but it's nothing to what she did when she composed you."

Occasions can be recalled, in which John Brown, Sheriff Nicolson, George Wilson, Professor Wallace, and others met in a common friend's house. The humorous stories told, the effervescence of Scottish wit, the long-drawn-out details of one anecdote which required expansion, the short incisive point of another which condensed itself into an epigram, cannot be reproduced. After one of these delightful evenings, meeting our friend in his afternoon haunt in Princes Street; he said "Do you know I never told so many stories in my life, as when we were guests at Kirkland. It was a superlative time. Did I say anything foolish? I was carried away by the very demon of story-telling."

The following are two of his letters.

"23 RUTLAND STREET,
6 June, 1862.

. . . Thanks for your note, and for the most impressive notice of this wonderful young man, in to-day's *Scotsman*. It is a great loss, 'dead ere his prime,' a baker's son in Cumberland, taking everything, getting himself wakened every morning at four by his father's journeyman. I never thanked you for the great pleasure your poems gave me. . . . How is the *sine qua non*? and how is Jowett, the *sine quo*? . . . I send you a poem by a friend of mine. There is a fine flavour

in it, a little languid ; as woman's poetry should be, unless they are wild with passion, like poor old Sappho."

" MY DEAR POET, AND ARISTARCH,

You didn't send me the *Herald*, but I got it, and read the review with admiration great ; but *materiam superabat opus*. Your review is too good, too rich for the book reviewed. It is powerful, but tiresome, and hardly justifies itself. We must squeeze out the whey next time.

You speak about Byron as the greatest poet of this century. Now, if you put Wordsworth in the last century, this may stand, though I would put in a plea for Scott ; but if you put B. above W. then I must apply to the Court of Session for an interdict against such blasphemy. The review is admirable, and more poetical in much than . . ., in which I do think there is considerable rant, and Victor-Hugoishness. I send some uncouth lines by an unknown poet. It is his first, and will probably be his last, effort. It is remarkable for the number of monosyllabic words in it, and especially in "thin thoughts" !

Yours, and Pulchra's, ever truly,

J. BROWN."

The signatures to these letters suggests John Brown's use of these delightfully descriptive phrases. "Yours and Pulchra's" was a frequent phrase, as was "Yours, and *sine qua non's*." In one he wrote, "How is

Sellar? and the Sellarettes"? in another, "Ah! when is *otia diva* for us? and how is the *placens uxor*?" In a third, "I am like a barrel with the girrs loose, yours and Pulchra's." Time would fail to quote all his incisive single-sentence criticisms, e.g. "His (. . .) book is too stodgy, and at times verbose, but full of a ponderous enthusiasm."

The following was sent by Dr John Brown to Principal Shairp.

"March 30 [1863]"

The Enterkin is not to be out for a while. Thanks for the Cry.¹ I met —— yesterday. I got from his niece, Miss Watson, some more scraps of the Ballad of the Cup of Logan Lea.

He cam' in by Mere-cleugh Head
 Wi' his spotted hounds and spaniels three,
 Then lichtet doon at Mossfennan yett
 A little below the Logan Lea.

Some say that I loe young Polmond,
 An' some say he loes na me,
 But I think I'm a match for the best o' his bluid
 Though I hadna an acre o' Logan Lea.

For woers I've had bonnie men,
 Booted and spurred as ye may see,
 A' lichten at Mossfennan yett
 A little below the Logan Lea.

Three cam' east, and three cam' wast,
 And three cam' frae the north countrie,
 The next cam' a' frae Moffat-side
 An' lichtet at the Logan Lea.

¹ Doubtless "The Cry from Craigellachie," a poem by Shairp, published in *The Scotsman*.

John Paterson eam' frae Holmes-water Head
 An' he did come to visit me,
 An' he cam' in by the Mere-cleugh Head
 Wi' his spotted hounds and spaniels three.

Graham o' Hippfield on his grey mere,
 Charlie, wi' his pistols clear,
 Young Polmond and his houndes three
 Will ne'er hae a ewe on the Logan Lea.

There were a great many more verses, but Miss Watson says the old bodies that knew and sang them are all dead. That is a fine touch about the "pistols clear" glancing in the sun. I had a delightful dinner yesterday at Mr ——'s (the otter-hunter), a simple, excellent, sweet-souled gentleman he is, with good wine—and such a refreshment in his stories after the dreary Edinburgh dinner-talk and drivel.

Yours,

J. B."

THOMAS ERSKINE (LINLATHEN)

1788-1870

THOMAS ERSKINE of Linlathen was one of the most remarkable Forfarshire men, during the second half of the nineteenth century. He had no equal amongst the county-gentlemen of Scotland in theological and philosophical culture, allied to personal graciousness, urbanity, social tact, and the power of attracting to himself the friendship of men moving in many different spheres of influence. His *Letters*¹ have been published, and an appreciative account of him has been written by the Rev. H. F. Henderson, Dundee.² Principal Shairp wrote a remarkable estimate of him in one of his *Studies*.³ His own works are manifold, and well known. It is not of his Books that I should speak, (although we used often to discuss them at Linlathen and in Edinburgh), but of his friends, and the wonderful magnetic influence which he exerted, in bringing, year by year, to that Home of happy Memories, so many men all of them variously distinguished. It was at Linlathen that I first met Carlyle, Maurice, Stanley, John M'Leod Campbell, Plumptre, Bishop Ewing, and many others.

¹ See *Letters of Thomas Erskine*, by William Hanna, 1877.

² *Erskine of Linlathen, Selections and Biography*.

³ In *Poetry and Philosophy*.

It is not difficult to explain in what the indefinite charm of Thomas Erskine's character and conversation lay. His genuineness, and unaffected nobleness, allied to wide culture; his understanding of how a knowledge of the world should minister to, help, and underprop, a religious life; his intuitive sagacity in giving to all men their appropriate place and station in the literary, social, and theological calendar; his desire to gather round him—a desire which was to a large extent fulfilled—the representatives of various creeds who were honest men, and were able to hold their own in courteous controversy when confronted with those who differed from them; his self-abnegating desire to do his very best for the district of Scotland in which his lot was cast, in matters social and religious; and his ready help in forwarding some forlorn causes; all these things made him the wonderfully distinctive personality that he was.

To the end he was a young-old-man. At the age of seventy, he said to me "I sometimes feel as if I were a boy still." This recalls Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark on the veteran Mrs Howe (still living) in a letter to Russell Lowell, "I have just been dining with Julia Ward Howe, seventy years young!"

I cannot unfold Mr Erskine's religious convictions one by one, or the phases which they assumed in his later years, when I knew him best. I can only record some casual impressions.

His belief in the Divine Fatherhood gave to his

whole life a remarkable serenity and peace. He held that we are all the objects of an infinite divine sympathy; and that the end of every experience—whether of joy or sorrow—was to develope in each human being some likeness in character to the Divine, in order that all may become ‘partakers of its nature.’ He believed that the everlasting purpose of God was to educate mankind; that human beings live truly only when they make that purpose their own, and joyfully receive the influence of the Supernatural within them; that the supreme end and aim in the government of mankind was to accomplish this result, no matter what length of time it might take, or how many obstacles had to be overcome; and, that in order to the accomplishment of this result each human being must enter into sympathy with it, and be at one with the purposes of its Originator, Director, and Lord.

It would be inexpedient to quote passages from the series of Mr Erskine’s letters, which Dr Hanna edited so well: suffice it to say that these volumes occupy a unique place in the Literature of Correspondence. The following have not been published.

To Lady Caroline Charteris.

LINLATHEN, DUNDEE,
25 *July*, 1865.

. . . “How wonderful the separation made by death! —We cannot learn from the dead what they have gone through, and what they have seen. Every one of us

must pass through that gate. The one comfort to us is that the purpose of Him who made us is certainly that we should be righteous—partakers of his own righteousness, and his own blessedness. We cannot reasonably doubt this. And if this be his desire and purpose for us all, can we believe that He will ever give it up? Impossible . . . The love of God in the spiritual is like the centre of gravity in the material world, which not only attracts all things to itself, but unites them harmoniously to each other.”

Again, to the same correspondent,

LINLATHEN,
12 *Sept.*

“It is a great pleasure, and a great spiritual help, to receive kindness from any human being. When I receive it I always think of that word of our Lord, ‘If ye being evil know how to give good gifts, how much more shall your heavenly Father,’ etc. To be kind is really to preach the gospel in the truest sense.”

In a delightful characterization of Thomas Erskine by Dean Stanley, as to “his place in the religious history of Scotland,” the following occurs; “I may refer to the exquisite grace and ease with which he passed from the earthly to the heavenly, from the humorous to the serious, from the small things of daily affection or business to the great things of the ideal world. It resembled the flight which I have seen amongst the innumerable sea-fowl in the neighbourhood of the Bass Rock, in which the wild birds dart with equal facility out into the air, or feed upon the rocks, or dive and

play in the deep waters. All three elements seem alike familiar to them. So it was with the topics of conversation over which our Friend's mind glanced to and fro."

I recall with special delight my first meeting with two men at Linlathen, viz., Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Denison Maurice; but details as to these meetings must be reserved for my *Retrospects*.

Once meeting Maurice afterwards at breakfast in Erskine's temporary home in Forres Street, Edinburgh, after the former had conducted a brief service of a couple Collects, and the Lord's Prayer, the latter took me aside and said, "To hear our friend repeat the Lord's Prayer, is finer than all sermons to me."

The following are a few characteristic sentences from one of Carlyle's letters to him, and his reply to it.

Carlyle wrote, "It is the saddest feature of old age that the old man has to see himself daily grow more lonely; reduced to commune with the inarticulate Eternities, and the loved ones now unresponsive who have preceded thither. Well, well: there is a blessedness in this too, if we take it well. There is a grandeur in it, if also an extent of sombre sadness, which is new to me; nor is hope quite wanting, nor the clear conviction that those whom we would most screen from some pain and misery are now safe and at rest. It lifts me to real kingship withal, real for the first time in this scene of things. Courage, my friend; let us endure patiently, and act piously, to the end.

Shakspeare sings pathetically somewhere,

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,

—inexpugnable, and well art *thou* ! These tones go tinkling through me sometimes, like the pious chime of far-off church bells."

In Mr Erskine's reply was the following.

"Your good and kind words are always very welcome and helpful. A purpose of goodness and kindness at the foundation of all things, and ordering all things, is the only rest for the soul of man amidst the agitations of time ; and every loving voice that reaches me bears its testimony to the existence of such a purpose and its great Purposer." . . .

The following is extracted from a notice of Mr Erskine, written in the year of his death.

At the age of four score years and two, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, near Dundee, was gathered to his fathers. A county-gentleman, of cosmopolitan sympathy—one who shunned notoriety, but whose friendship was sought, and prized, by many of the most distinguished thinkers of his time ; a man of devout and saintly character, and yet estranged, (if not outcast) from the Churches.

He was born at Edinburgh in the year 1788, and received his early education at its High School. Among his playfellows were several youths who afterwards became well-known, Lords Cockburn,

Mackenzie, Fullerton, and Rutherford. He was trained for the legal profession; and, after going through the usual classes, passed as advocate in 1810. On the death of his brother James in 1816, he came into possession of the estate of Linlathen, where, along with his mother and sisters, he shortly afterwards took up his residence, relinquishing at the same time his labours at the Scottish Bar. Had he continued to follow out the legal profession, there is little doubt that he would have risen to eminence. He was known as an eloquent speaker, and he was appreciated by a distinguished circle of friends. Some time after the death of his brother, he began to turn his attention to religious questions; and these studies gave a bent to his mind through all his after-life.

His inquiries carried him into many new fields of thought; and, it may be said, that few men in their lifetime passed through so many "phases of faith." He spent some time on the Continent, where he made many friends. Not long after his return, he published, as the first fruit of his religious thought, a work entitled, *The Internal Evidences of Revealed Religion*. This small, unpretentious, but able book, attracted much attention, and was very favourably received.

Even at this early period Thomas Erskine was of a retired and studious disposition, which was characteristic of him in later years; but he could not be said to be either a religious recluse, or a misanthropic man. He did not put himself prominently

forward on any of the questions of the day, and did not mix much in public affairs. At the same time his warmth and goodness of heart invariably led him to assist in every good work; and he was ardent in the prosecution of any scheme that had for its object the welfare of his fellow men. His temperament was grave, yet genial. He was retired, yet given to hospitality. He lived mostly on his own estate; and yet he was a frequent, and always a welcome, guest at the houses of his county-neighbours.

From the proximity of Linlathen to Broughty Ferry he had frequent opportunities of observing the educational wants of the village, and he noted its necessities, in regard to Sunday instruction for the young. He took a deep interest in the first Sunday-School formed in the village, and occasionally went to it. It was on one of these visits that he first spoke in public on religious topics. Subsequently he continued at intervals to address religious meetings, in the chapel built by Mr Haldane. At that time he was also in the habit of addressing his servants on the estate, with their families and others, in the servant's hall of Linlathen House, and so much were his addresses liked that the audiences often consisted of nearly two hundred persons.

In 1829, Mr Erskine,—along with his mother and sister,—became members of Ward Chapel Independent Congregation at Dundee, then under the ministry of Dr Russell; and it was in the two or three years following that he spent his summers in the West of

Scotland. About this period the preaching of Mr Campbell of Row began to attract attention in the religious world. Briefly stated, the doctrine to which he gave chief prominence in his discourses was that Jesus Christ died for all mankind. In those days this was looked upon as so utterly heterodox that it received the name of "the Row heresy." Campbell's preaching was productive of great benefit to many, but the heresy-hunters were on his track. Proceedings were commenced against him, and he was ultimately deposed from his parish by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland: a dark day for that Church.

Mr Erskine, who was living in the district, could not fail to have his attention directed to the teaching of Mr Campbell. Scotland, at the time, was bordering on a religious revival of an extraordinary character, which, to some extent at least, was assisted by the fearless preaching of Mr Campbell; and it was in his vicinity that those spiritual manifestations occurred, which were believed by some at that time, and by many more afterwards—both in this country, and on the Continent of Europe—to be a revival of some of the supernatural gifts of the early Church. Mr Erskine became acquainted with Mr Campbell. He watched attentively the development of the religious movement, and what he witnessed made a deep impression on his mind.

Previous to 1832 he had published an *Essay on Faith*, and shortly after his return from the west of

Scotland, he issued a small volume, on *The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel*. This was followed by *The Brazen Serpent*, a larger work, giving a fuller expression to the catholic opinions contained in his former work, and having special reference to what he had seen in the West. In the genuine character of what he there had witnessed, Mr Erskine firmly believed; although, in his *Doctrine of Election*—published several years afterwards—he withdrew his former declaration, in the following curious passage:—

“Though I no longer believe that those manifestations were the gifts of the Spirit, my doubts as to their nature have not at all arisen from any discovery or even suspicion of imposture in the individuals in whom they have appeared. On the contrary, I can bear testimony that I have not often, in the course of my life, met with men more marked by native simplicity and truth of character, as well as by godliness, than James and George M'Donald, the two first in whom I witnessed those manifestations.

The change which had been taking place in Mr Erskine's mind regarding the meaning and scope of the Gospel—partly consequent, perhaps, on his intimate acquaintance with Mr Campbell, and previous to the publication of the work just mentioned—was shared by others in Dundee, and the neighbourhood, members of Dr Russell's congregation. This caused the Rev. Dr, who was a frequent visitor at Linlathen House, much concern. The publication of the *Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel*, took

place while Mr Erskine was a member of Ward Chapel; but the divergence of religious belief which the book displayed from that held by Dr Russell—was such, that the latter—fearing that other members of his flock would be influenced by these views—felt it his duty to warn Mr Erskine that it would be better for him to withdraw from communion at Ward Chapel. It was with sincere regret that Dr Russell took this step; and it was with no less sorrowful feeling that Mr Erskine, and several other members of the congregation, about this time either left of their own accord, or were forced to do so for reasons similar to those which constrained Mr Erskine to leave. For a considerable time after leaving Dr Russell's Church, Mr Erskine may be said to have been like "the dove that was sent out from the Ark!" He found no rest for his spirit, like so many others similarly heresy-hunted.

He stood aloof for a time; but at last returned to the communion of the Episcopal Church, in which he had been brought up. He pursued his studies in his retirement, a thirst for Truth being the supreme passion of his life. He availed himself of everything that could guide him in his researches. He was a great reader, and an unceasing thinker. He had as extensive an acquaintance with theological and general Literature as perhaps any man of his time, although his secluded habits hid his many accomplishments from public view. He was, and he continued till his death to be, on the most

intimate terms with a wide circle of the chief literary men and theologians of all parties in his own country, and with not a few in Switzerland, and elsewhere on the Continent. Among these were Thomas Carlyle, (who now and then spent some time with him at Linlathen) his brother Dr John Carlyle, Merle D'Aubigne, Jowett of Balliol, Adolphe Monod, Dean Stanley, Dr John Brown, and Principals Tulloch and Shairp. It would be difficult to name all the distinguished men, with whom Mr Erskine was on friendly terms; and who recognised in him one of those unobtrusive but acute and powerful minds, who, if they do not work on Society with apparent directness, do so indirectly and effectively, by devoting themselves to solitary thought.

Between 1836 and 1844 Erskine travelled much in Germany and Switzerland. In 1848 he went to Rome, and was absent from this country for several years. But absence abroad, or in Edinburgh—where he spent much of his time, and generally passed the late autumn and the winter months—did not, in the slightest degree, interfere with his attachment to Linlathen, or diminish his benevolence to the poor of Broughty Ferry. His hands were ever ready to relieve distress, and numerous were the grateful recipients of his bounty. He took much interest in the Dundee Infirmary, was at one time a Trustee of the Harbour, and was a Justice of Peace for the County. On several occasions he wrote in the columns of the *Dundee Advertiser* on

important matters; his last letter being on the water-question, strongly recommending the people of Dundee to seek a supply from a living stream. He contributed liberally to local charities, and in 1857, subscribed £150 to the funds for providing additional opportunities at the High School for education in Art and Modern Languages.

His kindly nature was often imposed upon, and his singular simplicity and goodness occasionally laid him open to deception by those who lived by their wits. Like his friend Carlyle, he keenly felt the vanity of all sublunary things; but—as was partly the case with Carlyle—this arose, more than anything else, from the fact that his mind had traversed nearly the whole circumference of religious thought, without finding a peaceful resting-place. He used to say that his experience of life had taught him that mankind in all classes were pretty much alike; that in the higher classes there was just as much quarrelling as among the lower, only that with the former the ill-nature was veiled under good manners, while in the other it lay on the surface.

During the later years of his life, he passed much of his time at his residence, in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh. When at Linlathen, he was in the habit of going down occasionally to the Episcopal Church at Broughty Ferry. But he derived quite as much benefit from the ministrations of the clergy of the Church of Scotland as from those of the Episcopal branch of the Church, and he frequently attended the

Parish Church at Monifieth. Generally spending the summer months in the fine old mansion-house of Linlathen, which contains one of the most extensive libraries in Forfarshire, he was no recluse; but was seen occasionally in Dundee, bearing the weight of his many years with wonderful elasticity. His life, though uneventful, was characterized by a distinctive, and elevating influence. Earnest in his religious convictions, and studious in the pursuit of knowledge, he was also distinguished by a strong desire to impart to others whatsoever truth he thought important.

As an author, his works bear traces of an analytic, and a finely balanced mind. In some instances his insight was deep, his thought singularly nourishing, and his style remarkably pure, forcible, and attractive. It may be regretted that, in his later years, Mr Erskine did not, give to the world the benefit of his extensive acquirements in the higher fields of thought; but he has left us, in his early works, perhaps the best memorial which his own friends could wish to have of his noble and gentle Christian spirit.

To the foregoing I may add what was written in *The Dundee Advertiser* on the 28th of March 1870, the day of his burial. "To-day the grave will close over one, than whom Scotland had no purer name to lose—the Church on earth few nobler to part with—a man who, far from the alien or outcast of the Churches, was in inmost heart member of all: a man, though so retiring, who—had it seemed God's way for him—might have been the Montalembert of Protestant-

ism—having, with the penetration of Pascal, and the tenderness of Fénelon, the soul of a martyr. Sensitive scrupulous and upright, the mirror of whose own conscience a breath of indirectness never soiled, he was yet the humblest, most considerate, most forgiving of men. He would sooner have leapt into the gulf with Curtius, than could have conceived a lie. Friend of Chalmers, De Brogli, Carlyle, Stanley, Maurice, Alexander Scott, M'Leod Campbell, he yet hailed the beggar by the wayside as a brother. If any among us had drunk into the spirit of Jesus—or moved or helped others to drink—that one was Thomas Erskine—his daily life a breathing ministry. Surely it is in the purpose of some one, having the heart, culture, and power, not 'willingly to let this man die.' He has passed within the veil. Let us live to follow."

JAMES CRANBROOK

1818-1869

I sent the following notice of Mr Cranbrook to *The Scotsman*, June 14th, 1869.

SIR,—Your obituary column has recorded the death of the Rev. James Cranbrook, and you have mentioned the leading events in his public career since he came to Edinburgh. I feel impelled to supplement that statement by a brief note, *in memoriam* of the dead.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of Mr Cranbrook's philosophical or theological position, no one who ever came into close contact with him failed to see that he was a man of the noblest type, of remarkable power and great individuality. In intellectual stature, he was far above the majority of teachers, lay or clerical; while to a chivalrous love of truth, and a genuine loyalty to conviction, he united a humility more rare. Those who knew him best mourn his loss as the withdrawal of a power which swayed a circle comparatively small by the sheer force of intellectual candour and singleness of aim.

Unworldly, in a sense not often met with in "the religious world," few men have made such sacrifices for Truth's sake. Few have been so thoroughly mis-

understood, or have endured such unmerited obloquy; but fewer still have borne the misconstruction in such a spirit of serene patience, and elastic, unconquerable hope.

I make no reference to the special phase of philosophical opinion which he advocated. To me it matters much less what such a thinker as Mr Cranbrook held, as how he held it. Our opinions diverged on many points, but while controverting some of his, I never knew a nobler-minded antagonist, one more generous or fair in discussion, one with whom intellectual divergence could make no breach in sympathy. His large humanity was unknown to those who merely judged him by his published writings. None of these do justice to the man, though the volume entitled *Credibilia* is a remarkable fragment of Religious Literature. His very attitude of suspense, in reference to some ultimate questions, was the result, not of arrogance, but of reverence and humility, of genuine philosophic doubt, allied to that of Descartes, and Glanvil. And it is well for the many who, like myself, differed from him in the fundamental postulate of his system—and could not conceal that difference—to remember that hesitation to ascribe a personality like the human to the supreme *Causa causans*, may proceed from intellectual humility, and be close kindred to that reverence which bows before the deep mysteries of the universe. The devout aspirations of his nature, which found utterance in religious prayer, were in singular

alliance with a positivist philosophical creed. But the latter did not weaken the former, whatever may be their logical consistency. It is a noteworthy fact that while others who have forsaken dogma have also abandoned prayer, as a useless appendage of life, or as an ancient superstition, Mr Cranbrook clung to it, and glorified it to the last. His prayers, like those of Theodore Parker, were more truly a reflex of his nature than his sermons were.

To speak of the departed even yet in the language of criticism, is almost a profanation of his memory. Our loss is too recent, and the blow too keen. "He rests," he who was so lately a living power in our midst, and his "sleep is sweet." But the silent image of this seeker after truth, his patient heroism under obloquy, his humility, readier far to receive suggestions than to obtrude his own, his scorn for baseness and unreality of whatsoever type, his passionate love of fact, will dwell in our remembrance as long as memory survives. He has gone not only to "where beyond these voices there is peace," but also to where another Voice is audible and recognisable. He is emphatically "one of the simple great ones gone, for ever and ever by."

It is impossible for one who knew Mr Cranbrook in the intimacy of friendship, and yet differed widely from his philosophical creed, to speak of him (now that his career is closed), in the language in which men usually speak of the departed. But the lesson of

his life is simply told. It is that which the title of a discourse, preached in memory of him, states so well,—“Fidelity to Conviction, the true Faith.” Eminent in many things, he was pre-eminent in this, that he was faithful to the Light that was vouchsafed to him, while he sought earnestly that it should be the brightest and purest kind of light. No possible bribe could have tempted him to swerve from, or to conceal, his convictions. Hence, his path was a lonely one. We are all the victims of some bias, and few men have the courage to follow the simple guidance of the Light they receive, scorning every other consideration or impulse. Loyalty to the voice of Truth, and to the call of Duty which the sight of Truth involves, led my friend along a pathway of which the end was hidden from himself when he set out, and hence a path trodden by few. It is so true that the majority of men are impatient at the darkness of the unknown, into which the torch of Truth occasionally leads the way. They desire to see “the end from the beginning,” before they can venture to follow the guidance of the Light.

Possibly every friend Mr Cranbrook had might be able to indicate some particulars in his system of belief with which they did not agree, some steps in his public action of which they did not approve, some tendencies in his teaching which seemed to them extreme. But for the present we have nothing to do with these things. Such a thinker seldom appears amongst us ; a life so serene and tranquil is not often

seen. I never knew so luminous an intellect, or one in whom intellectual integrity was so dominant.

Recalling my intercourse with him, I remember especially one conversation in which, while hesitating to follow me in ascribing a will and personality like our own to the First Cause of the Universe, he did so with a sorrowful earnestness and reverential humility;—saying that for him there was no light as to the characteristics of the ultimate Force which reveals itself in the world beyond its phenomenal manifestations. He did so pointing from his window to the hill which overlooks the city where he taught, and asked what parallel I found between the power that slept within that hill—the latent force conserved there—and the movements of our human personality? and whether there was not more reverence and humility in abstaining from the parallel, and drawing no inference at all, while we silently adored that Power. I have no heart to narrate the conversation that ensued, or to state the grounds of our difference, which took further shape in a correspondence which was cut short by his death. I refer to it now merely to indicate what seemed to me one root of his philosophical creed, and of his attitude towards the common theistic faith. It arose from the felt impotence of our faculties to transcend the limits of phenomena. He felt profoundly with Sir William Hamilton, that ‘the highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.’ His doctrine was em-

phatically one 'professing relative knowledge, but confessing absolute ignorance.' And if the recognition of human ignorance be, in the words of Sir W. Hamilton, 'not only our highest, but our one true knowledge, and its first fruit be *humility*,' it was pre-eminently true in his case that 'consummated science was positively humble.' That 'we see through a glass darkly,' was to him, as to the disciples of a different philosophy, 'the best of all philosophical lessons.' . . .

I well recollect how, in our earliest interview, one of those features of character which led to his final separation from the Churches manifested itself. He spoke of the difference between himself and other teachers. I said that "surely any who had reached a defined conclusion on the ultimate questions of human knowledge might hold it esoterically, might retain it undivulged, might descend with the Truth *veiled* from the heights where they found it: and in the spirit of accommodation, mingling with those who had thought less profoundly or less clearly, were able to teach them how *gradually to ascend*, to use their own faculties, and by slow degrees to reach views loftier or more comprehensive. He replied that such a course was impossible to him. He must, if true to himself, speak out the entire truth as it was revealed to him, without reserve; and present it to all, on peril of a compromise of his honesty, with as much clearness as he saw it himself. But he greatly respected those who were able to act otherwise. He did not

desire (as pseudo-liberals often desire) that all men should think as he did, or teach as he taught. But he always sought to find out the rationale of their position, and how they were able to vindicate their procedure to themselves.

Would that, amid the complaisant repose of self-satisfied belief, we had here and there throughout the churches men of Mr Cranbrook's nobleness ;—courageous enough to follow him in simple loyalty to the light of evidence,—humble enough to confess how little they actually *know* of the transcendent Object of their Faith and Reverence,—and ready to relinquish the comforts and the friendships men usually prize, rather than be unfaithful to conviction.”

I supplement the above, written by me in 1869 when Mr Cranbrook died, by a few addenda. The combination of things not always seen in unison, viz. profound enthusiasm for religious life and work, and the boldest freedom of thought, was in him a unique possession. To these he added the charm of a gracious and benign individuality. I do not think that his book entitled *Credibilia* has been adequately appraised or appreciated. Its salient criticism, its incisive grasp of the *ultimata* of belief, its intense fervour and profoundly hopeful outlook, are monumental characteristics in a book, which “fell almost still-born from the press” (to quote Hume's well-known saying), but which is weighted with mature wisdom and consummate insight.

He was brought into a religious controversy, which

became acute in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, that viz. on the subject of prayer. The centre point of his contention was this, that we may ask the Highest and the Holiest to aid us within the arcana of our own personalities; but that to petition for a change in the Order of Nature, or for displacement of that realm of law "set up from the beginning" is not only futile, but blasphemous. I was accidentally involved in a controversy on this subject with our late University Chancellor, the Duke of Argyll; a controversy which wounded neither of us, although I do not quite know who was left "master of the field." I maintained—in an article contributed to *The Contemporary Review* entitled "The functions of Prayer in the economy of the Universe," that human prayer was relevant, when it sought assistance, or change, or fresh direction, within the sphere of character; but that it was useless, abortive, and even irreverent, when it presumed to ask a change in cosmic processes, or any alteration of the laws of Nature on man's behalf. The Duke replied to me, in an article contributed to the next number of *The Contemporary*, entitled "The two Spheres, are they two?" I answered in the following issue, entitling my rejoinder "The two Spheres, they *are* two." I do not think our Chancellor liked it; but, when we next met at Argyll Lodge in London, he was most pleasant, and our future relationships were very kindly. I would not revert to this old and now forgotten controversy were it not to quote

and endorse what Mr Cranbrook said about it. He wrote, "What I want to pray for is not that God would put forth his finger, and miraculously stop a plague—for I am sure that such a prayer would be breath spent in vain—but that He would give me, his feeble and ignorant child, and give all his children, grace to strengthen our understandings and our wills that we may more successfully study the processes of Nature, in order to learn the conditions of health, and more fully conform ourselves to these conditions."

Mr Wise, who is re-issuing a volume of Mr Cranbrook's, has most opportunely called attention to what Dr Thomas Chalmers, the founder of the Free Church of Scotland, wrote in former days on this perennial subject. Chalmers said, "We admit that never in our whole lives have we witnessed, as the effect of man's prayer, any infringement made on the known laws of the Universe. . . . We admit that by no importunity from the voice of faith, have we seen an arrest laid on the ascertained courses, whether of the material or mental Economy, or a single fulfilment of any sort, brought about in contravention either to the known properties of any substance or to the known principles of any established succession in the history of Nature."

Mr Cranbrook withdrew from the Congregational denomination in 1866, when he saw that antagonism to his views had arisen, and that further friction was inevitable. He made an effort to start a new com-

munity of religious-minded men and women, who wished to combine intellectual freedom with a devout and earnest life. "Public worship without superstition" was what he wished to see realized. When he began his brief career as an independent religious lecturer, he addressed his audience from the well-known sentence, "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." The most notable public event in connection with his later years was his obtaining the aid of Mr Huxley, who came down to Edinburgh, and gave his lecture (afterwards famous) on "The physical basis of life" in the place, and to the audience amongst whom, Mr Cranbrook had started his experiment. There have been many similar experiments due to the same formative causes. The "fellowship of the new life," the "Ethical Societies," and "Religious unions" of the present day are amongst the number; and a history of them, the record of their aims and a chronicle of what they have done, would be useful to posterity.

Cranbrook's work as an isolated teacher at Edinburgh was instructive, alike in its success and its failure. He felt throughout that he had a message to deliver to his contemporaries, and he never stopped to consider how it would be received. It was for him to say what he believed and felt; and he did not calculate, or care, whether it would be welcomed or ignored.

I happen to have a complete MS. copy of all the prayers he made use of in his lecture-hall:

and they are remarkable in many ways. It was noteworthy that an agnostic of the Huxley type should prize, as well as use, the medium of explicit oral utterances, along with his silent recognition of the Infinite, and leave behind him an anthology of worship linked so closely to the speculations of his *Credibilia*. He wrote thus, "I have no negative to give to the assertion that the whole Universe is supernatural, not only in its total existence, but in every movement of its single atoms. God! the Supernatural! Ah! yes; my deepest emotions are aroused by the words. But, when I have said this, I will not allow myself to be hoodwinked by a juggle of words, which connote nothing but mystery, and the Unknowable."

His experiment failed. Depending on the energy of a single mind, it had no root of endurance; but many a seeker after truth, and many a devout worshipper, owed much to it while it lasted.

ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE

1831-1899

PROFESSOR BRUCE, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, was not an ordinary Scot. He was one of those strong men of fearless intellect and deep conviction, of enthusiasm perfervid because the outcome of a noble devotion to duty, straightforward, with a will that went like an arrow to its mark, scholarly, original, generous, disinterested, faithful to every duty, and earnest in the discharge of the humblest of them; a man pre-eminently of "sweet reasonableness," with a guileless soul, and possessed of a radiant sunny humour, which at times bubbled over amongst his friends in inexpressible glee. By his death a great blank was made in the ranks of the Free Church Professoriate, and yet of all his contemporaries he would least have wished his friends to sorrow over him. He did his work, and did it well; he sowed seed, which is even now bearing fruit; he has entered into rest, and his works follow him.

One of the self-made men of Scotland, he came of that sterling stock from which so many robust spirits have sprung.

A virtuous household, though exceeding poor,
Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God ; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

All of his friends will recall, and some will doubtless chronicle, delightful stories of him during his College days and his subsequent clerical life. It was a sad sorrow to them all to hear of the fatal illness, so nobly borne by the sufferer ; but, now that all is over, and while his memory is still green and a singularly bright image in retrospect, it may not be inappropriate for one—who knew him well for nearly half a century—to record some things of the former days.

In the Free Church College Societies in the fifties of last century he was one of the most ardent and enthusiastic spirits, and one of the very ablest debaters. At that time, while his mind owed allegiance to many masters, and he had come strongly under the influence of Sir William Hamilton, Thomas Carlyle's was perhaps the most dominant intellectual force that swayed him. There was a small esoteric circle, however, that used to meet in the rooms of a fellow-student—afterwards the sub-editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—where high debates on great questions were prolonged often to the midnight hours, which did as much perhaps for the intellectual development of its members as the more formal Societies of the University or the

lectures of the College Teachers. It used to gather about a large "round table" in a well-known house in Edinburgh; and the philosophical questions of belief and responsibility, of the duty and the destiny of man, took precedence—amongst that genial youthful band—over all literary topics. On one occasion the fate of the more illustrious heathen was discussed, and the wonderful and imperishable goodness of Socrates was enlarged upon. "Omnipotence could do anything," said one. "It couldn't do anything unjust," rejoined another. "It couldn't condemn a good man," said a third. "Yes, it could," remarked a fourth, "if it didn't approve of his goodness." The contest waxed keen, as tobacco smoke filled the room, and the interlocutors were scarcely visible. At last Bruce rose, and, coming across the floor, through the yielding clouds of smoke, and brought his fist down on the table with a thud, with the words, "I say, D——, God *couldn't* damn Socrates." There was not much more controversy on the subject! This was in the days of his intellectual unrest, when all the things "most surely believed" before seemed turned topsy-turvy, and he was in serious mental trouble. In almost every strong life a period of unsettlement is passed through; but, if the doubt is of that kind that conquers itself, faith re-arises, and shows itself to be of the asbestos type. Of this kind was Bruce's student-doubt and his subsequent manhood-faith; and so he passed through the fire unscorched.

Shortly after becoming a Free Church licentiate he was assistant at Lochwinnoch. He had a profoundly earnest religious spirit, but could not abide what he thought was fictitious or sentimental piety. He absolutely abhorred all ill-balanced and irrational "revivalism." A lay preacher, Mr Brownlow North, was addressing large audiences in the district. Mr Bruce attended one, and listened, with ill-suppressed annoyance, to the discourse. At the close he was asked to engage in prayer, which he did, and said—"Oh, God, bless Brownlow North. Thou hast given him great zeal, give him also some wisdom, for Christ's sake, Amen"; and he then sat down. When called to be minister of the Free Church at Cardross his real student days were only beginning. It was a small charge, and he had ample leisure not only for the study of Theology, but of Literature. He read much Greek, particularly the three great dramatists; and one of his studies on Euripides—subsequently delivered as a lecture—was an admirable critical appreciation. He read through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, remarking to me—when on a visit to him in that Clydesdale home—that "it was more fascinating to him than any romance could be." It was at Cardross that he laid the basis of his distinctive power, both as a theological thinker and a preacher, and a very remarkable power it was. He was not an eloquent orator, but he had a wonderful gift of insight into great problems, and a power of making them luminous. He had also a

singular insight into character, and a special faculty for bringing truth to bear directly upon life. He was not a smooth-tongued preacher of peace, but he used—and often had occasion to use—the rapier; and, in all controversial matters, his sword cut clean down to the roots of things. In addition to this he had a wonderful power of vivid illustration. His early work on *The Training of the Twelve* is full of this characteristic. In its preface he spoke, I think, of his own felt need of new subjects of discourse, “because the old pastures were all nibbled bare.” In his conversation, and in his utterances from the pulpit—even more than in his books—one felt the freshening of the sea breeze. This was a notable characteristic of the man, and of his influence.

When he went to Broughty Ferry his preaching power deepened and broadened. Almost every hearer felt benefited, and that is to say uplifted, by his teaching. He was a delightful member of the “Angus Theological Club,” founded in these days for the discussion of the deeper questions of the hour, and the more important ones of all time. In this Club no one did more to enliven debate, or to interest and instruct his fellow-members, than he did. At other times some of them used to take long country walks with him. On one occasion the writer went with him to Kilmany, in Fife. Bruce, who, as a member of his Presbytery, was then engaged in a small ecclesiastical debate, was in the greatest of spirits. He spoke on a score of questions; being the most

radiant, humorous, and blithe of talkers. He discussed his own Church Leaders acutely, but with no touch of bitterness. He spoke of Renan, Martineau, Maurice, and others; then reverted to his own (our own) College days; then to Dr Chalmers, to whose early home we were going. He had a profound admiration for Chalmers, the great leader of the Free Church of 1843, who had begun his ministry in the small Parish Church of Kilmany. As it was the first time he had been there, the sight of the little church with its belfry, and the thought of all that had taken place in the village during the brief incumbency of that great man, moved him intensely. Both mentally and physically he was "all alive." When close beside the church, looking up to the bell, that had been sounded so often to summon the country folk to hear Chalmers preach, he exclaimed, "I would like to go and ring that bell!" Whether he did it, or not, need not now be told.

When he entered into theological and philosophical controversy it was always with genuine appreciation, and usually with some originality and vividness. He was profoundly interested in the worship of his own branch of the Church catholic, and in the improvement of its hymnal, to which he contributed much, as well as to the larger Hymnary for the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. His knowledge of music was considerable, and he possessed a distinct musical faculty. As he grew older he lost, as was perhaps not unnatural, some of the sparkling

humour and vivacity of former days, but there was in these later ones—in alliance with a mellowing appreciation of certain views of truth which he had not always esteemed so highly—a regret for some of the impatience and irritation of past controversy, and also for one or two rash judgments on his contemporaries, which he subsequently “set aside.”

His scorn for every form of unreality, and his abhorrence of views and practices which were the outcome of worldliness, or of a mere passing “fashion,” moulded all his later, as they had influenced his earlier, work. While his convictions as to the central truths of Christianity grew stronger, his attitude to outsiders—to the “proselytes of the gate,” or “to all those at sea”—became mellow and gentler. He never yielded to panic, as to “the coming of the Kingdom of God” in this world; and, as to the expediency of adopting authoritative panaceas for the cure of this or that tendency, or towards those who worked and taught in directions with which he did not sympathise, he preferred to wait in silence, and to see what Providence would bring about. No minister of the Free Church of Scotland ever understood more clearly than he did, that every destructive movement precedes, and must precede, a reconstructive one; and that if, in the individual life, we must “die that we may live”; so, too, in the public, the social, and the ecclesiastical life of the world, we must be content to part with much, that more may continue with us. He well knew the significance

of the great saying about “the removing of those things that are shaken, that those which cannot be shaken may remain.” He was both a Liberal and a Conservative in theology; but he understood full well that

He is the true conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away.

He was no ecclesiastic diplomat, but a bright and a high-souled religious man, a deep and true and earnest thinker, one of “nature’s noblemen”; and, if the Church which mourns him is the poorer for his loss, not only the Scottish ecclesiastical world, but that vaster realm of religious men which his thoughts have reached, will have the rich and rare inheritance, both of the work he did, and of the seed he sowed.
Frater, ave, atque vale.

I could quote many letters from Bruce addressed to myself, in reference to his temporary trouble—due to the cloud within the Free Church of Scotland, after he became a professor in its western College—but I do not think it wise to do so; any more than to revive the memory of earlier differences of opinion, as to controversy in which I was myself engaged, and in which he did not agree with me, but which ended peacefully. He wrote to me, in January 1882, after receiving a letter thanking him for his courage in resisting ecclesiastical forces inimical to “the liberty of prophesying” in his own Church by Robertson Smith, and more especially by himself.

“I am delighted to have a letter from you of all

men expressing sympathy with my recent utterances on Church Problems within my own Communion. I never forget our old days . . . It cost me an effort to make up my mind to confront the strong *animus* against such a reasonable and reverent way of thinking. But I believe that many people were awaiting for some such utterance as we had the other day. I spoke under constraint of conscience, for the state of matters in our Church has been a growing burden to my spirit.

I think we will be able ere long to break the power of ecclesiasticism, with which our Church has been cursed. You would note our victory over —— on instrumental music. That was a surprise to many, and not least to Dr ——. I see —— is moving for liberty. He is nothing in himself, but he always acts in correspondence with leaders; and it means that they will not show fight.

The struggle for a freer, yet a believing, position is exhilarating; and I feel that I have not lived in vain. . . .”

When I was lecturing at the University of Chicago, some four years ago, I found that Bruce who had been doing similar work before me had been a *persona gratissima*, with our American friend, Principal Harper: and the stories I heard of him, during his two visits to Chicago, were delightful. *E.g.* he found that one of Principal Harper's boys was working with difficulty at his Greek, for examinations imminent: and so he proposed that they two should rise at six A.M. and

read Greek together, to help this undergraduate boy.

The Reverend Dr Donald, the successor of Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston, sends me the following.

“TRINITY CHURCH, IN THE CITY OF BOSTON.

DEAR PROFESSOR KNIGHT,

When Dr Alexander Balmain Bruce was delivering lectures before the students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, he came down one evening to the rectory of the Church of the Ascension, of which I was then the rector, full of an enthusiasm he could not repress. He had just heard Phillips Brooks preach. He said ‘I went to hear him at his brother’s church on Sunday morning. He entered the church, a fine specimen of vigorous manhood. I was greatly pleased with the celerity with which he despatched the service. He went into the pulpit, and gave out his text, which was not a striking one; but, as he proceeded, I soon lost myself in wonder and admiration. On my return to my host’s house, I said to him, “I shall not go to hear Dr B. at the Presbyterian Church: I am to go back and hear that man Brooks;” and I went back. The man had grown bigger, and the sermon bigger, and the crowd bigger, and my enthusiasm bigger. I was so carried away by him that I once more returned to my host and said, “I cannot go to Brooklyn with you this evening to hear Dr C.: I must go down to St George’s

Church to hear that man Brooks again"; and I went down, and the great church was packed, and the sermon was greater than either of the two previous ones. I never heard anything like it.'

I asked him how Phillips Brooks compared with the great British preachers.

'Well,' he replied, 'it is in this way: our great preachers take into the pulpit a big bucketful of the water of life, and by muscular force distribute its contents over the congregation. Now and then it fails to reach the back-seats. But this man is just a great water-main, attached to the inexhaustible reservoir of God's grace and truth; and, by a heavenly gravitation, it simply rushed from him, and deluged the whole congregation.'

He reverted to this experience, again and again throughout the evening."

ALEXANDER POTTS

1834-1889

IT is difficult to write anything of the first headmaster of Fettes College which would interest those who did not know him personally. There were few incidents in his life, which was quiet and unobtrusive. He did not write much, but he taught most efficiently. Some men write better things than they ever disclose by their speech or their personality. Others unfold a richer life, and wield a vaster power, than their words ever convey. Dr Potts belonged to the latter class. He never went to public meetings, or Headmasters' conferences. He disliked controversy, and never sought to establish a system in education. He had a passionate love for principles, and was most fertile in ideas; although he did not work anything out. Perhaps he lacked the requisite patience for this. He was full of philosophic thought, without much interest in the philosophers. Plato was his chief favourite, but he preferred suggestions to developed thought. He was most fertile-minded, in starting even brilliant suggestions; but he constantly left unnoticed, or ignored, the objections that might be advanced against them. He proved a most inspiring teacher, but it was chiefly by giving to others

glimpses of truth, and bringing in humour, as well as pathos into the disclosure. His was a striking physique, tall, erect, with keen eye, and rich-clear-toned resonant voice.

He often spoke to his friends about the future of Fettes College, and when its ideal—largely that of Lord President Inglis, wrought out by the Headmaster — was threatened by those who wished it brought into line with the existing Edinburgh “hospitals,” his anxiety was great. His belief in the value of a classical education was based not so much on a love for the dead languages themselves, as on the discipline of the faculties, and the general mental equipment which familiarity with the ancient world gives. He laid great stress on the abiding lessons of history, and advocated a close study of the great virtues of human character as seen in the surviving masterpieces of Literature.

In speaking of the teaching to be conveyed to boys at school, he reiterated what Principal Shairp used to emphasize so strongly, viz. that character is the main thing for the outfit of life, not mental prowess ascendancy or subtilty, but the discharge of duty and the influence of high example. He abhorred all vague platitudes, however accurate they might be. His scholarship was illumined by a gracious sense of the fitness of things, intellectual, moral, and literary. He was equally felicitous in dealing with the great classics, and with Shakespeare and Browning: and always bright, luminous, and strong. Amongst our

modern poets he was most of all drawn to, and at home with, Browning. He had a remarkable way of impressing his individuality on others. His high ideal of work and duty, his sense of the solemnity of the issues of conduct, his knowledge of the way in which character tells upon intellect, as well as intellect on character—all these were well-known to his friends, and they are abundantly seen in the sermons he delivered in the chapel of Fettes school.

In conversations with him at the Lodge, or in country quarters, one was struck first of all with his profound interest in school-work, and in the development of that particular School of which he was the Head. However it may have begun, conversation always came round to his own professional work; and, while it was clear that one great aim of his life was to turn out good scholars, it was equally evident that it was more distinctively his aim to turn out good men. His farewell message to the school embodied, in the most concise and pathetic phrase, the whole lesson of his own life; viz., that it is *character* that tells in the long run—alike with the boy and with the man—not talent, or the accident of fortune, but moral goodness, and the heroic discharge of duty.

The success of Fettes College, in filling up a gap in the educational system of Scotland, has no doubt been greatly due to the enlightened wisdom of the original Trustees who founded it, and to the action of the staff who worked under the late Head-master;

but there can be no doubt that it was also due to the personality of Dr Potts. All who came in contact with him on public occasions, or in the cricket and football field, or when walking with him in the grounds of the place he loved so well—must have felt that there was a magnetic influence which emanated from him, and told alike on his staff, on the boys, on strangers, and on the parents of his pupils. In his educational policy he was not so unfortunate as to escape criticism; but, in the development of his ideals he was consistent from first to last. He had a quiet tenacity of purpose which was most stimulating to others, the effect of which has been already seen in the lives of some of his pupils. There are many who cannot think of Fettes dissociated from him; and it is certain that the name of the College, and of its first Head-master will be indissolubly linked together in the history of the higher Education of Scotland, and the effort to provide for it a great Public School of the same type, and organized on the same lines, as the historic Schools of England.

Dr Potts had also a true insight into many of the realms of Art, Music, Painting, and Architecture.

His "Last Message to the Boys of Fettes College," spoken from his death-bed, has been already referred to, but it may be quoted in full.

"I wish particularly to offer to all the boys at Fettes College, especially to those who have been here for any time, my grateful acknowledgment of

their loyalty, affection, and generous appreciation of me. I wish, as a dying man, to record that loving-kindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; that firm faith in God is the sole firm stay in mortal life; that all others but Christ are illusory; and that Duty is the one and sole thing worth living for."

I give three extracts from Dr Pott's letters, without mentioning dates. He had a curious habit of stating the day of the month, but never mentioning the year.

"Have you read . . . last criticisms. He is vicious on Byron beyond measure, and most unjust. That B. was morally defective, with a satanic dash in him, we all know; but to deny him genius and melody seems rank nonsense. It is false to say that his best things are political, due to his hate of the Georgian era. He had a love of freedom, and an admiration of the heroic, which covers a heap of faults, and will make his name live for ever. Browning is heavy on him, but more just than . . .

Swathing darkness self with brightness
Till putridity looked flame.

However I thank . . . for having turned me to Crabbe again, and his incomparable Ruth."

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"I hope you will not think me presumptuous in offering some minor criticisms on your book. I believe you are in error in saying, p. 164, that the equality of the interior angles of a triangle to two right angles is involved in the conception of a Δ . In

point of fact it is a recondite property of the Δ , which it is greatly to the credit of any one to have discovered and proved. The equality *inter se* of the radii of a \odot is involved in the conception of a \odot , (as you and I hold,) or contained in the definition, as J. S. Mill would say.

Further, on same page, you say "it is admitted" that analytical judgments are *a priori*, and cite the mathematical sciences in proof. This is only I think in part true. Huxley would I am sure say he did not admit it. Mill certainly denies it strongly. My idea of a \odot he would say is not innate, but derived from the daily contemplation of wheels. That two straight lines, not parallel, will meet if produced, is a deduction from observing floors, ceilings, books, and so on. I parted from Mill's Logic in my twenty-third year on this very point. It was at war with my beloved Plato, and I felt that the admission would pull the moon down on my head.

Just below I venture to offer a grammatical criticism. Should not "both with Hume and his successors" be either "both with Hume and with his successors," (*et in hoc et in illo*,) or "with both Hume and his successors."

Page 164. "Mathematical Sciences" is a little vague. It is true, I believe, of Geometry. Is it also true of Algebra?" . . .

"I believe (how good *δεύτεραι φροντίδες* are!) that you are right about the Δ . You led me for the benefit of my little girl, who is doing Euclid with me, to cut

a Δ up, and put the thing to a practical proof. Also 1·47. 1·47 is said to have been demonstrated by Pythagoras, which would seem to intimate that the strange property had been surmised. What could have suggested it? It is not obvious to the eye, and is not easy to prove with paper sections, and the Greeks used apparently to “describere in pulvere” their figures. My *obiter dicta* are probably of no value.

By the way you use *nolens volens* plur. Is that all right in usage? I dare say it is, but I should pedantically write *nolentes volentes* if I were using we.”

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JOHN NICHOL

1833-1894

IT fell to me to write a *Memoir* of John Nichol, which was published in the year 1896. From it much was omitted which may find a place in the present volume. He was a remarkable letter-writer, and there is unfortunately little of his correspondence in the *Memoir*. Some fragments of it gathered from letters, many of them alas! undated, will be now given; but the prospectus of the "New Speculative Society," which Nichol prepared and sent out, after consultation with one or two friends, may precede them. Written in June 1867, it was as follows:—

“THE NEW SPECULATIVE SOCIETY

Several Gentlemen of various professions in Scotland, having been led to form the design of organising, under the above name, a Society for the free discussion of questions connected with mental and social Philosophy, and historical and scientific Criticism, request the advice and co-operation of those who consider that such a Society might be of service in forwarding the growth of liberal sentiments among our educated classes.

It is believed that in the contest between those who aim after widening, and those who desire to restrict the range of free thought in this country, the former are placed at a serious disadvantage by their isolation. In practical politics, where the interests apparently at stake are patent to multitudes, one united

mass meets another on a fair field. In speculative matters each separate liberal finds himself opposed to well-organised bodies, which in their corporate capacity are ready to adopt, and able in concert to enforce, measures for the suppression of opinions with which they disagree. But whatever may be the individual divergencies among independent thinkers there are some points on which, with few exceptions, they too are at one. It is reasonable to suppose that a closer and more frequent contact might bring about a better understanding among them, and while tending by the interchange of ideas to correct their errors, would—by an assurance of sympathy—do something to strengthen and encourage those who are doubtful of their ability to stand alone.

With those objects in view the projectors of the Society desire to suggest the following conditions of its establishment:—

1. That the Society have for its avowed aim to promote and countenance freedom of Thought, Opinion, and Criticism on all speculative matters.

2. That it consist of a certain number of Members who, however differing in their definite religious or political creeds, agree in their desire to discuss all questions on rational grounds, and are animated by hostility to all forms of active intolerance.

“The Scheme thus indicated would at least have the advantage of establishing a Literary Club on a broad basis, which would bring together some of the more studious and reflective minds of our leading cities; but the promoters are convinced that, if countenanced by names of sufficient weight, and supported by sufficient zeal, it might have other and even more important results.”

When he sent me the prospectus Nichol wrote, “I am trying to reorganize an old Oxford Society into a similar association in England. Mr Jowett and Mr Mill (to whom I spoke about it) both cordially approve of the scheme.” Some account of the “New

Speculative Society," and its work will be found in Nichol's *Memoir*. Before giving extracts from his letters, I insert a contribution toward an estimate of his character, kindly sent to me by our common friend, Mr Donald Crawford.

"Nichol had natural gifts far beyond the common, and corresponding attainments; for his industry was indefatigable. He had all his life an ardent spirit, moving on a high plane, in pursuit of high ideals. The crosses of life, the hard lessons of experience could never quench it. That enthusiasm, and the extreme simplicity of his character, were among his most attractive and distinctive qualities. He was entirely truthful both in mind and heart. There was no false note in his composition.

Like all men he had foibles, and any description which left them out would not be lifelike. They almost disappeared in his later years; and there was never anything to detract from his worth, or the reality of his mental powers. He was not free from the innocent vanity, which is said to be even more often found in authors and artists than other people; and a kindred weight, which he did not easily lay aside, was the excessive self-consciousness—which in his time used often to haunt the Scottish student—especially when, as in Nichol's case, the open-air part of his education had been neglected. I have said innocent with reason, for he was wholly free from self-seeking, and specially generous in recognising merit in others. These weaknesses of temperament

made him too sensitive, and I think during a part of his life led him to descry enmity, when there was—at the worst—indifference; and to assume an attitude of pugnacity, which he was well able to support, but which was foreign to the sweetness of his blood. If he was quick to see offence, he was equally ready to forget and forgive it, but the smallest kindness he never forgot.

He was indifferent to the ordinary rewards of success in life, though never improvident. Possibly in youth, and beyond youth, he had dreams of a niche in the temple of the Muses much higher than he attained to. If it was so, he bore the disappointment with manly cheerfulness, and he found solace in the consciousness of hard work well done, in his home, the attachment of his friends, and the high estimation of a wide literary circle.”

As to Nichol's *attitude* in Philosophy I claim him as an eclectic, of the same type as that which I have always advocated and represented. He was idealist and realist in one. He saw good everywhere lying in fragments, and tried to unite the scattered units. As an Oxford tutor at Balliol he used to lecture in far past years on Greek Philosophy. These lectures I have seen. They are eclectic from first to last. He wrote to me, at a date in the fifties, of a common friend; and described him as “a politician and political economist of the school of Carlyle, if being like myself ‘nullius addictus jurare in verba,’ he can be said to belong to any school.”

I should also mention his intense interest in one problem of Political Economy, viz. that of International Tariffs, and the *via media* between Free Trade and Protection, in a wise scheme of Reciprocity. His uncle, Mr Tullis of Rothes in Fife—a remarkable man, and a political economist of rare insight—had discussed the subject with him frequently, and had himself written on it. It may not be inexpedient to reproduce (lest they should be lost to posterity) some of the *Reciprocity Rhymes*, which were written by “several hands,” Mr Tullis’s and Nichol’s being the most important.

INTRODUCTORY

“Free Trade means Trade freed not from those necessary duties which are raised for revenue, but Trade freed from all duties which arise from an ignorant jealousy of other countries, or from an equally foolish impression that it is our interest to foster unnatural productions in our country. This I apprehend to be the true meaning of Free Trade. My Lords, are not the duties now proposed to be repealed essential to the revenue, and can we consider the substitute suggested, namely, a heavy Income Tax, as less objectionable? Every one of the duties proposed to be abolished in consequence of this treaty might be retained without any violation of the principles of Free Trade.”—*Speech of Lord Overstone, on 15th March 1860, against the French Treaty.*

Free Trade *with* all the world we wanted,
 Free Trade *to* all the world we granted ;
 True Free Trade thus we hoped to gain—
 We’ve waited eighteen years in vain,
 Till now, at last, we’ve come to see
 That true Free Trade can never be
 Divorced from Reciprocity.

THREE READINGS

“The subjects of every State ought to contribute towards the support of the Government in proportion to the revenue which they respectively

enjoy under the protection of the State.”—*Adam Smith, adopted by John Stuart Mill.*

“Protect us from the world,” our fathers said,
 And kept us hedged with ultra-stringent laws ;
 “Protect no one alone,” is true Free Trade,
 Be every nation’s skill it’s saving clause ;
 But the late rules, by reckless statesmen made,
 Protect the world from us, and serve the foreign cause.

TABLE TURNING

“I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation indeed not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.”—*Adam Smith.*

“Heads I win, tails you lose,”
 Was the ancient, selfish sin ;
 But can philanthropy excuse—
 “Tails I lose, heads you win.”

THE MILL DAMS

“A country cannot be expected to renounce the power of taxing foreigners, unless foreigners will in return practise towards it the same forbearance. The only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities, is to impose corresponding duties on theirs.”—*John Stuart Mill.*

John, Peter, Jonathan, and Jeames,
 Had several mills on several streams,
 While each, despite his neighbour’s weal,
 Kept building dams to turn his wheel ;
 Till John, with sentiment aglow,
 Proposes “Let the rivers flow
 As Nature bids, and lose or win.”
 “Amen,” they cried, “do you begin.”
 So, in a swoop his dykes were down,
 In drought or flood by field and town
 The rivers ran ; he looked to see
 The promised reciprocity.

But Peter, Jonathan, and Jeames,
 Whose mills were further down the streams,
 Dammed cent. per cent. up. John above
 Found that his gains were only "love."

THE BOOMERANG

"Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap its *selle*,¹
 And falls on the other side."—*Macbeth*, Act 1, sc. 7.

Be patient, lordlings, while that I
 Narrate a tale of history,
 In doggerel verse and halting rhyme—
 So much admired in this new time—
 Which, be they bad or be they good,
 Reveres old saws half understood.
 It was in England's latter days
 Of discontent and many a craze,
 When WEG and Bright went hand in hand
 To slur the glories of our land,
 As gilded gauds of knaves and fools
 Untaught by philanthropic rules,
 That WEG, more famed for cutting down
 The ancient props of Church and Crown,
 Than building bulwarks of the State—
 In which he only would be great—
 Proclaimed on housetops he had found
 A new-formed weapon fast and sound,
 With which, by his strong muscles hurled,
 The nation might defy the world.
 This engine, curved as to embrace,
 Within its scope the human race,
 Which in strange fashion he had made,
 Was irresponsible *Free Trade*.
 It was his boast that he alone
 Of statesmen did the weapon own,
 And, cheering on with three times three
 The dregs of our democracy,
 He roared and shouted, leapt and flang,
 And cast in air his *Boomerang*.

¹ Selle, Old English for saddle.

I give some extracts from Nichol's letters to me, not included in his *Memoir*. The best of them are not suited for publication, because they criticised men still living; but all his letters were full of vitality and sparkle, at times epigrammatic and humorous, always incisive and forceful.

“Aug. 1867.

“The humanitarianism of Buddha is a most striking anticipation of one part of Christianity: but the fatherhood of God seems to me the main argument for the brotherhood of the race. Denying the former there is something to be said for the Greek exclusiveness.”

Again

“GLENBURN HOUSE, ROTHESAY.

“I don't know if you have ever been here, but you will recognise, the address of one of those Hydro-pathic Institutions, which I was wont to call Lunatic Asylums, as a signal of distress!”

Replying to an urgent letter in reference to the delay in having his book on *Bacon* for my “Philosophical Classics for English Readers” for press, he wrote, ‘I shall come to you, when it is being printed. Sooner, I should feel like Macbeth meeting Banquo's Ghost. ‘Oh! never say *I* didn't do it!’ I do not know whether to wish Spinoza¹ to rush in as a shield, or to congratulate myself if I am not absolutely the last.”

¹ Principal Caird's book on that subject in the same series.

Oct. 1884.

“I have treated of no great man—whether Byron, or Burns, or Carlyle—without feeling at the end of my work that I had left a record more complete or more true than any before it. But no one man can fight against a world of critics and bigots, together banded against him : and were I a person of property, I would shake the dust of the whole yelling island from my feet, and die as Jacques Bonhomme, or Hans Sachs, quietly in some corner of the Pyrenees, or the Thuringer Wald.”

He wrote of Wordsworth as, “at his best, the greatest English poet of the century, but not the most *interesting* piper through which the Empyrean has chosen to blow its messages to earth.”¹

He wrote, (in May 1885,) that his chief reason for becoming a candidate for the Oxford chair of English Literature was that he might escape from Glasgow, and be nearer London, on a literary vantage ground. He was both an intense enthusiast, and a vehement (though not a querulous) hater in politics: and the staunchest of Unionists. He used to describe Mr Goschen as “the rock of the Union.” With restless burning energy, *perfervid* always, with dauntless enthusiasm for what he believed to be right, and untiring devotion to unpopular causes if they were opposed by the clamour of an ignorant democracy, he came to think that he was misconstrued in quarters where he was really admired. But enough of this.

¹ I never could succeed in persuading Nichol to write a paper on this poet for our “Wordsworth Society” gatherings.

“ I have read almost all that I find written about Bacon, as well as his own work of every kind ; but the mill was obstinately slow in grinding the grain.”

1887.

“ My own experience is generally misery in the first writing of a Book that has to deal with facts—it is like paving—and then, something like enjoyment in *re-writing*, which is like polishing the stones.”

“ . . . As ‘ better canna be,’ I must be satisfied to meet you, according to your proposal, on Tuesday at one o’clock, although the tryst is in the ‘ Sma Glen,’ which looks very like an encounter at the ‘ Braes o’ Yarrow.’ I can only promise to come unarmed, although I have my revolver here, and I know that you (as a deerstalker) have your rifle at hand. It is just possible I may not come alone ; but the ‘ fause knight’s friends ’ will be represented only by my wife and daughters, who (if weather permits) will accompany me. . . .”

July 1887.

“ I was wondering how the race would run between the lives of Wordsworth and Bacon, but I cannot keep up with you at the rate of twelve hours a day. There is no use telling you that, at our time of life, work under high pressure *won’t do*. About half of

the time *you* spend on work is all I can do : but considering that I started on my work for you, and have now nothing else to do but to compose and finish the details, I think I can promise its completion by next year."

1887.

The following is inserted only to shew the strain of Nichol's political sympathies. I cannot publish his humorous allusions, most delightful from a literary point of view, on Mr Gladstone.

September 1887.

"I am glad you are going with the safe shield of political friends and supporters to that Irish land.—I have said, for twenty years, that the first step to reform Ireland is Tennyson's

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them."

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1888.

"Mr . . . says that 'Dillon is like Christ.' To which I can only answer that, if Christ was like Dillon, the Jews did right."

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1890.

"His death"—that of James Brown (Paisley)—"breaks my last link to the pristine days, when he and I fought for Tennyson and Carlyle, for our Rectors, Brown was not an original thinker, and he had not enough *vis vivida* to be an incisive or

decisive writer; but he was a large hearted genial fellow, and a genuine humorist."

As he and I had a large experience of examination work—both in Universities and Colleges, and for public Institutions—and had each collected many extraordinary answers to questions set, it occurred to me to issue a trivial *parergon*, giving specimens. I proposed that it should be called "The Goose-Dubs," taking the title from what is well known in Glasgow. He cordially agreed to contribute, only adding, "Your title is good, and pointed; but might it not cause the geese to quack adversely? What do you say to an alternation in Latin, to follow your own suggestion, *Ludibriæ Academicæ*."

In January 1890 he wrote "All London to-day should be erecting temples to the great God Thaw. Long life to him, and more power, who uncloses our long sealed lips, and the utterances of our frozen brains."

Again

Jan. 7, 1901.

"These constant funerals remind me of a remark in one of Webster's and Ford's plays; to the effect that at the close there were not enough people left to live on the stage to decently bury the dead!

We are walking in the twilight in a thinned land, and should keep close together. There are few left."

LONDON, *January* 1901.

“I have come here ten years too late. A decade ago, I could have fought. I think I shall end by returning to the Country, whether in England, Scotland, or France; and thence writing some anonymous work that I shall strain every nerve to make both interesting and honest.”

February 1901.

“My experience of publishers has been that some are stupid and honest, as . . . , some stupid and dishonest, as . . . , or cleverish and dishonest, as . . . Others over-sharp but careless of anything but money: so I have not fared very well at their hands.”

March 1891.

. . . “Mrs —— finely remarked in answer to my saying that ‘a life-long association made its end harder,’ ‘Yet there is less time left to live alone’; and, doubtless, when people dear to me die in advanced age; the blow is somewhat blunted by anticipation.”

. . . “The reason why most people cry out for more evidence is that at the bottom of their hearts they don’t believe so much. They cut themselves with knives before the altar to distract themselves from the misery of their secret Atheism. Do you remember a fine passage in Carlyle to the same effect. ‘My friend, if thou hast ever come really to believe

in God, thou wilt find the burning up of the whole world a very small matter.' Christianity is the effort of the soul to break the ice of the Aristotelian God. Science and outward fact ally themselves to Aristotle, the whole heart to Christ. Which is the conqueror? That is the problem; and about it squeak and gibber bats and owls." . . .

When asked to fill up a line in a circular bearing on himself, and to enter his "important friendships," he replied, "I decline to fill up that line, as I think that to talk of private friendship with distinguished people is a vile Yankee ostentation."

In the same letter he replied to some criticisms on his sonnet to Thomas Carlyle, and proposed a new reading of an ambiguous phrase, of which however he did not make use. For

"With iron scourge of coward compromise."¹

he proposed

"With scourge and scorn of coward compromise."

He adds, "I once had some interesting correspondence with Landor. He, Shelley, and Byron are the three writers of this century for whom I feel most affection." Referring to his book on Byron for the "English Men of Letters" series, he says, "I was checked and baited at every step for making Byron too much of a hero, and being inclined to pay too little attention to the demands of British Philistines."

¹ See *The Death of Themistocles, and other Poems*, p. 160.

So far back as 1881, he wrote (what he did not, however, carry out, in the generosity of his nature)¹ ‘I now find it absolutely necessary to state that I can write no more newspaper reviews. I have been, for twenty years, wasting half my leisure on them ; and I now find no escape but by laying down a rigid rule.’ Again, and in the same letter, “I wonder if Pulsky is still alive. He used to dine with us regularly during Kossuth’s residence with my Father, but put up in Town. Pulsky was in talk a sort of Murat to the Napoleon of thought, and did ‘skirmishing’ very fairly.” Again he wrote of Kossuth as “the greatest man I ever knew.”

After *Hannibal* appeared, he wrote, “I shall follow it with a volume of Miscellaneous Verses, scattered work of fifteen years—many of them published ten years ago ; and then proceed to what I mean to be my main work in Verse, viz., a satire on the Old Classic Life. I have been planning this for ten years. *Hannibal* was sketched twenty years ago with my father. I promised him to write it. Hence the dedication.”

When he had to leave a temporary home in the University precincts, and was in great doubts about another, he wrote, “The claimant divided men into ‘those with money and no brains, and those with

¹ He lived to write the very best obituary notice of our friend, William Sellar, in the *Glasgow Herald*. See pp. 268-70.

brains and no money.' Another division is, into 'those with houses and no children, and with children and no houses.' "

"I made a long speech, splenetic though I trust not rash, the reception of which recalled to me old days; *i.e.* as I warmed to the theme, denunciation of canting Catiline and the young man in a hurry. I felt like the old hunting hack that hearing the bay of hounds carried the cab and its contents over the hedge. . . . I wish they had reported my synopsis of the opposition, headed by 'a recreant Voltarian and a life-long Jesuit.' It all went down simply because I was in good voice, and there was 'a famine in the land.' " . . .

"When you first mentioned the Series,¹ I offered to take *Bacon*. It would be much safer for me than any other subject. I have a distinct theory on the subject of his philosophy, and some knowledge of physics to help me, which could give no offence. I would of course criticise the man as a whole; in his life, logic, and literature."

"I am not sure that I have made plain what I mean by my sympathy with Mill's theology—a subject on which I should like to talk or write to you, at length and freely. There are two conclusions at which I have arrived, fairly if not finally. If there is any immortality intelligible, *i.e. which can be a motive*

¹ *Philosophical Classics for English Readers.*

to us now, it must be through transmigration. If there is a Being ruling the universe, and having consciousness of the individual creatures in it, he is either morally indifferent or imperfectly potent. An omnipotent beneficence is flatly contradicted by the facts of the Universe any how. Mill has not wrought this out, as he might have done : even he being afraid that it would bring him to grapple publicly with problems of which he was rather shy, but he has indicated his opinions in all the papers published after his death. . . .”

.
1881.

“The ‘Bacon’ cannot be properly smoked till next summer. This one has passed for me rather miserably in Hallé, a God-forsaken place, where half the people move about with bandages round their eyes and ears, and the streets are nearly perpendicular, with unpaved stones.”

.
1882.

“I am too tired to drive a ball” (referring to golf) “over a barrow ; but I trust to pick up some strength, when I cease to be driven by you, my kindest yet most inexorable editor.”

.
1883.

“Thank Heaven I have now finished and annotated the work you have assigned to me. It ought to suffice.

One side of this spacious old House¹ opens on the road; hence I have it at a reasonable rent. The other, with my study, looks over the garden to the Hills, and my neighbour has convinced me that there is still some humanity in the world by killing—on my behalf—his cock!”

The following extracts from letters written to Nichol by an old student, and a very distinguished man, may interest many. The first of them was written shortly after the delivery of a speech in the City Hall of Glasgow, in February 1887, which touched on many things. The extracts I give illustrate the devotion of his students, and reflect the influence which they received from him.

The first is dated, 23rd February 1887.

“Will you allow an old pupil of yours to express his enthusiastic admiration of the speech you delivered on Tuesday night?”

When I was in your class, a young man of twenty, I had that hazy but heated love for Radical notions, which is a sort of fermentation of youthful blood, and probably I imagined that your ideas on political subjects were as democratic as my own. It may perhaps be a fond delusion, the offspring of conceit, but I cannot help thinking that the youthful Radical makes the best Conservative. And that for many reasons. A youth's Radical propensities are due mostly to a love of liberty and hatred of oppression; but as he grows

¹ At Crieff.

older he finds that not liberty but obedience is what the Demos demands, and that no tyranny is so galling as that of an irresponsible aggregate, strong and insolent in virtue of their numerical superiority, and subject to no laws of inherited chivalry. He comes to see that our constitution precludes royal tyranny, but provides no safeguard against democratic oppression. He perceives that liberty is now threatened by Parliament, and that a Gladstone is as dangerous as a Laud or a Strafford. Then again, the youthful Radical sympathises with the poor and the oppressed, and thinks the world out of joint because Dives has his purple and fine linen, and Lazarus lies in his rags. His heart is pained, his mind confused; but as he grows older and studies the manners of his Radical friends, he finds that the poor are to be relieved not by generous assistance and natural beneficence, but by the robbery of the rich. The poverty and misery are only to be shifted, that is all. 'Dives, you have had your good things, make way for Lazarus!' He finds that Radicalism does not mean love for humanity as he supposed, but hatred of the rich and the cultured. He finds that these little men have all their little Bills for putting things right, that they are empirics with their quack nostrums, who disdain natural curative and alleviatory measures, and who would make sweet charity helpless by picking her pocket. Then again, he finds that Radicals love every country as well as their own, and would be quite at home on the banks of the Seine if they knew a word of French.

He is sickened at the baseness and the muddy turpitude of men who denounce their country, and would obliterate the tombs of our great and glorious ancestors, and wring their hands over the misgovernment of England — the England that fought for European liberty, and emancipated her slaves. He finds that a flatulent orator with whom self-will has become a monomania is a friend of the most tyrannic government on earth, and bows down to the autocrat of the Knout and the Siberian mines.

And he finds the Radicals singing pæans to this man! He finds Radicals sympathising with the ruthless Jacobins of every Irish village, condoning their crimes and whitewashing their felony. No wonder he turns away from the new Radicalism in disgust. His generous feelings which prompted him to be a Radical, now make him turn to the party which contains almost all the patriotism and chivalry left, which has a true love of well-ordered liberty, which will not tolerate lawless oppression of the individual by a caucus, or a jacobinical club.

His enthusiasm for liberty becomes balanced by as fervent an enthusiasm for order, for discipline, for duty. His heart thrills at the divine words, addressed to Duty,

‘Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.’

For, as he grows older, he sees so many of his companions who have been ruined by the want of personal restraint, by unruly impulses, and caprice become a

rule of conduct. He is not so confident of himself, liberty has become a heavy responsibility, he finds his chief happiness in doing his duty. Then he has lost his youthful admiration of words, phrases, and fine rhetoric.

How delightful it has been to me to read your speech, so terse, so admirably expressed, with the true attic salt sparkling on the surface, and to feel at the same time that I could join with heart and soul in every sentiment. You will then perhaps understand why I have ventured to write to you. I have not lost all my youthful enthusiasm, and certainly I remember as well as if it were yesterday the charming and profitable hours I spent in your class-room."

The second is dated 29 March, 1889. In it the writer says,

"29 March '89.

"I thoroughly agree with you in dreading the democratising of the University Constitution. *παῦροι οἱ ἀγαθοί*. And there is no presumption like that of ignorance. Still less do I subscribe to the axiom which passes current nowadays, namely, that we should teach people how to govern by investing them with the responsibility of governing. I think, as Phocion so well put it, that there are too many generals and too few soldiers. How few accept willingly the noble and soldierly joy of obeying orders! And yet all our *real* progress is based on silent and unquestioning obedience to the best

Leaders. Christianity has ceased to be the power it once was, because criticism has superseded action. The greatest social problem is to secure a rational and intelligent obedience equal to that of the uncomplaining builders of the Pyramids. Then perchance we would raise nobler structures. But radicalism in adopting French methods has adopted French characteristics; and is too vain, too conceited, too vapouring to obey.

I am inclined to think that we gain as much as we lose by philosophic doubt. Our nature vibrates most keenly to the mysterious. I do not envy those who are theologically cocksure. Carlyle is right with his Immensities and Silences. It is no mere trick of phrase, no *πλαττόθρατ*; it is deeply, solemnly, mysteriously true.

To creep out of the glare of orthodoxy into the mystic twilight, and the 'verdurous glooms' of the wildering forest, where there are many paths but no highway, is refreshing and exalting."

The following are from Nichol himself.

"August 1891.

"I write more slowly than ever, being older and weaker; and I cannot get on at all, if I allow myself in the course of my work to be seriously interrupted by another. It is not the time that a *πάρεργον* takes; but it throws me off the track on which, if I do not keep ruthlessly, I shall never get to the end!"

January 1893.

To

“I would (were I in your place) live in a cottage, rather than be pestered with uncongenial work. *Wrestling* is for our children. It is for me, and you, to rest.”

September, 1893.

“My last days at Bognor were so noisy, a troupe of Italian musicians having settled next door, that I cut them shorter by running off for a trip with a friend to the Isle of Wight. We went almost right round it, and I made my first acquaintance with Freshwater and the western shores of the Undercliff. Niton is like the Mediterranean about Monte Carlo. On my return to Bognor, I gave a lecture on Tennyson, well attended in face of the competition of a comic opera and a troupe of comic singers: and, next day, we flitted back to this wonderfully silent city. When I ask where to get *quiet* in August and September, they tell me in London.”

1894.

“I am certain that no man ever had such a wife as mine, and I doubt if anyone ever had such a friend as you have proved to be. I am now almost utterly alone.”

John Nichol was very sensitive to criticism, and suffered much from its “sharp-shooters,” as he called them. In truth they were unjust to him. He wrote, in 1891, “I have for the last month been so much surrounded as it were by the growls of the bear, and the corresponding whine of his mocking bird,

that I feel as if I had narrowly escaped Bedlam." He became occasionally soured in spirit toward the grand ancestral place, which in earlier days he used to rejoice in ; e.g. he wrote "I came back from a visit to Oxford, now the shores of the Styx." Yet again, "Tyndall exaggerates Carlyle's greatness. Always remember that I was, when a young man, a thorough-going worshipper. Now, my knee-joints have grown very stiff." Again, "I doubt if Thomas was at all less confident than Milton that there was a promise of permanence in everything he wrote." Yet again, "I have been reading over, after many years, Mill's *Liberty*, and am startled by the close likeness of his view of the supremacy of the individual to Carlyle's, side by side with the difference of their conclusions. Mill was my guide and philosopher for a time, after the Carlyle fever. . . . The papers bring me the news of the death of my best man-friend, Benjamin Jowett, and also of Crosscey of Birmingham, who played with me in *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon* thirty-five years ago."

After his wife's death, and when the circle of his friends had narrowed around him, Nichol lost a good deal (as was inevitable) of his former interest in life's problems. Time had removed from him most of that which could brighten existence, and his own restless spirit seemed eager to be gone. Mrs Nichol was a very remarkable woman, the very prop and stay of her husband's inner life. When she died, he sent me

just the following “*Finis Angeli*. I don’t wish to live any longer.—J. N.” And I well remember his quoting to me the last time I saw him,

I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

At last, after life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well ; and perhaps he sees some things,

With larger other eyes than ours.

The following sonnet was written by his pupil and friend, C. M. Aikman.

IN MEMORIAM, JOHN NICHOL.

O fiery heart, now still for evermore !
O keen and active brain now lulled to rest,
Too fiercely burned life’s fire within thy breast,
Too large thy spirit for the flesh it wore.
O well-loved voice, that thrilled all to the core,
Who heard its wondrous tones, so rich and sweet,
Now hushed in death ! Ah ! we shall never meet
Those flashing eyes through which there seemed to pour
The ever-changing passions of the mind.
Inspiring teacher of the poet’s art,
Thyself a poet ; critic, who could’st see—
What lesser men thro’ blindness fail to find—
The thoughts that dwell within the poet’s heart,
The truths that rule the world and make us free.

JOHN VEITCH

1829-1894

I FIRST saw John Veitch in the winter of 1852, when a student at the University of Edinburgh, and also at the College of the Free Church in that city, where Classics and Philosophy were taught to those who intended afterwards to study Divinity. A prejudice existed at that time in certain Free Church circles as to the influence which might be exerted on the minds of those who meant to enter the ministry of that Church by some of the professors in the national University; and, although the young Free Church aspirants were allowed to learn Greek at the University from Professor Blackie,—then just installed,—and Mathematics from Professor Kelland, they were not encouraged to take Latin from Professor Pillans, and still less Logic and Metaphysic from Sir William Hamilton, or Moral Philosophy from John Wilson (Christopher North); while even the lectures on Natural History by Professor Jamieson were thought to be useless! A chair was established in the Free Church College, with a view of exhibiting Science as contributory to Theology, or at least as a rampart of orthodox defence. A classical lectureship was also established under the care of the Rev. John Miller—

an admirable teacher, of whom many humorous anecdotes survive, but whose sterling merits as a tutor have never been adequately recorded. A Chair of Logic and Metaphysics was founded and the Rev. A. Campbell Fraser of Cramond was elected professor, and a corresponding Chair of Ethics was instituted, and filled by Patrick Macdougall, a man of great originality and power. Admirable work was done at the New College by these three men, Fraser, Macdougall, and Miller; and the two former were subsequently elected to the respective Chairs of Logic and Metaphysics, and of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Many students who thought of entering the ministry of the Free Church followed the somewhat erratic lines laid down by its supreme Court, but Veitch went through the ordinary Arts curriculum of the University of Edinburgh. He was specially successful in the class of Logic and Metaphysics, and was regarded by all his fellow students as the most distinguished pupil that Sir William Hamilton ever had. They looked up to him much in the same way that the young *élèves* at the college of La Fleche looked up to the boy-philosopher Descartes, who soon left them to found the modern philosophy of Europe.

To one who has survived these early years, and lived through their manifold vicissitudes, it is pleasant to recall the grateful hero-worship with which every one used then to regard their philosophical comrades, as well as the teachers of their youth. If it be true—as I think it is—that Veitch was never regarded

by his students as Hamilton used to be, it was probably owing more to a change in the *zeit-geist*, in the academic spirit of the time, than to anything else. Many impartial observers think that the old enthusiasm for a teacher and a leader—even if slightly paradoxical—has vanished. But such enthusiasm is surely much better than cynicism in any of its phases.

One of my student reminiscences of Veitch is a small episode in parliamentary canvassing! In 1856, I went with him to call on some of the electorate, and urge the claims of T. B. Macaulay, for the representation of Edinburgh in the House of Commons. We failed, and Mr Adam Black was elected.

During his student years Veitch translated Descartes *Discours de la Méthode* into English, which was published with a masterly "Introduction"¹ by Messrs Sutherland & Knox, Edinburgh, in 1854. Veitch proceeded thereafter, without graduating at the University, to the study of Theology at the College of the Free Church. He was one—and by far the most original—of a brilliant group of students, who had been attracted both to the University and to the study of Philosophy, by the great man whose name was one of power and of singularly magnetic influence at Edinburgh in the middle of the nineteenth century, his life-long master Sir William Hamilton. An earlier group of theologically-minded students of Philosophy at Edinburgh, had also been inspired and moulded by

¹ It was followed by a translation of the *Meditationes de prima Philosophia*.

Hamilton in many ways. It included emeritus-Professor Campbell Fraser, and the late Principal Cairns; but the group of 1852—etc., was a larger one, and was more varied in character. Many of them became famous—so far as provincial reputation extends, at least,—in various ways. Amongst them were John Downes, Alexander Nicolson, John Wilson, Alexander Bruce, James MacGregor, Gavin Carlyle, and John Stevenson. The first four are memorialized in these pages. These were perhaps the best known; although there were many others almost equally eminent, then and afterwards, in Literature, Science, Art, and Theology. Amongst them all John Veitch and John Downes were *facile princeps*. The divining instinct of the Scottish student was perhaps as finely developed, and as keenly exercised, in its diagnosis of merit, at that time, as ever before or after; and this came out, not only in the way in which the best essayist was appraised, when he read his papers in the class-room, but also (and more especially) in the verdict passed upon his work in the Debating Societies of the University.

There was one Society in particular, of which most of those named were members, viz. “The Metaphysical and Ethical,” which met at the New College on the Mound; although there were others at the University—such as the “Dialectic” and the “Diagnostic”—which many undergraduates joined. There was also a New College Society called “The Exegetical,” of which some classical scholars, who intended

to be clergymen, became members. I had not joined that Society; but remember attending one of its meetings—attracted by the mere signature on the notice-board calling it, “J. V. Secy.” I cannot remember the subject of the essay, or the name of the essayist, except that it was on some problem connected with the Pauline Epistles. I went to the meeting, and remember to this day the keen eye and the clear speech of the secretary, his firm incisive manner, and the way in which he—merely a young theological student—guided the whole work of the Society.

By this time every Edinburgh University man knew Veitch's position, as the representative-pupil and friend of Sir William Hamilton. They also knew of his work as Hamilton's assistant. They used to hear him read part of each of his master's lectures, after his first paralytic stroke; but no doubt it was mainly in “the Metaphysical and Ethical Society” that Veitch's power, as an undergraduate, came out. Every Edinburgh student interested in Philosophy joined that Society, as a matter of course; and he usually felt that he owed more to the essays there read, and discussions carried on, than to any other academical influence, excepting the personality of Hamilton.

It is to be hoped that materials exist for the compilation of a history of that Society. No more interesting record of work done by philosophically-minded undergraduates in Scotland, during the latter

half of the nineteenth century, could be found; and Veitch was its chief, its representative leader. The Society which met—during these delightful and ever-to-be-remembered years—at the New College on the Mound, afterwards migrated to the University, when Professor Campbell Fraser became Hamilton's successor in the Logic Chair, and Professor Macdougall succeeded "Christopher North" in the Chair of Moral Philosophy. The diploma of Honorary Membership in that Society, which was rarely conferred, and could only be obtained by one who had risen from the position of Secretary to that of President through some intermediate stages, was much more prized by students than the possession of a Master of Arts diploma. It is well known that the Scottish M.A. degree had, at that period, sunk so low—being granted in some subjects without examination, and after a few minutes conversation—that it was despised by all the best students of the time. Few of the friends of Veitch already mentioned thought of taking it, and certainly *he* did not aspire to such an honour! But when, in 1858, a Scottish Universities' Commission raised the Master of Arts Degree to a position of real academic value, it was thought desirable that one or two of those, who had scorned to take it under the old conditions, should now receive it *honoris causa*. Few were admitted, and only those who had gone through the full Edinburgh University course. I think there were only four, viz. John Veitch, John Downes, James Sime, and George

Wilson. Veitch was thus Master of Arts *honoris causa*, and no honour was ever more justly conferred.

In the Metaphysical and Ethical Society his essays were singularly clear-cut, luminous, and full of force; while his speeches were the most logical and exact of any I heard delivered. They may not have shewn that strong grasp of first principles, and that wonderful reserve of power, which characterised all that came from the lips and pen of John Downes; but in nimble-wittedness Veitch was unrivalled, and all his work in that Society was carried out on the lines so admirably laid down in the Introduction to his translation of Descartes' *Discourse on Method*.

It was soon apparent to him, and to his fellow-students, that his special life-work was not to be within the Church; not from any disinclination to it—quite the reverse—but because he felt that his powers and aptitudes pointed to a different sphere of labour. To the end of his life he retained the keenest interest in theological problems, and in all the great religious movements of his day; and his trenchant discussion of several of them, when on a visit at St Andrews in the spring of 1894 (the year of his death), was as powerful and arrowy as it used to be more than forty years before. I can never forget how he then dealt with the questions which few philosophers will ever face in colloquial discussion with their fellows, viz. those of Theism and Immortality. But as the pupil of Hamilton, on whom the mantle of his Master had fallen, it became clear to him that

he would find a fitter sphere for his energies in contributing to the Philosophy of his Country, than by entering the clerical profession. To his friends it was apparent that he would, sooner or later, be called to fill a Philosophical Chair in one of the Universities; and so it was. Sir William Hamilton's tenure of the Logic Chair at Edinburgh ended in 1856; and, Professor Campbell Fraser succeeding him, Veitch acted as his assistant for some time. The important work of editing Sir William's lectures on "Logic and Metaphysics," was now entrusted to his best student, with the assistance and collaboration of Dean Mansel. This was a work of great labour, and it cost the editors some years of toil; the erudition displayed in the foot-notes to the four volumes being more like what is found in German Histories of Philosophy than in English ones. The lectures were published in 1859 and 1860. He followed the issue of his Master's Lectures by an admirable biography of him; and he subsequently contributed a volume to the series of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," dealing with Hamilton, both as a man and as a philosopher.

In 1860 the Logic Chair at St Andrews became vacant, by the death of Professor Spalding, and Veitch was appointed to it. During the four years in which he held office at St Andrews, he did excellent work, his colleagues being men of great distinction, including Ferrier, Tulloch, Shairp, Sellar, and Forbes. English Literature was a subject then taught from his Chair, as well as Logic and Metaphysics; and this led

Veitch to a fresh study of the poetry and romance of his own and other countries. Spending much of each summer in his native district of the Scottish Borderland, his love of Nature and of Travel grew stronger year by year; while his knowledge of Philosophy at the same time widened and deepened. During these four years I often crossed from Forfarshire to spend a day with him at St Andrews; and what his earlier friends felt, when meeting him at this time was the growth of a historic sense, and antiquarian interest. Amongst all his colleagues Shairp's influence was at this time probably the most powerful; and the friendship between these two men was intense. The appreciative estimate which Veitch wrote for Shairp's Memoir in 1888 was one of the most interesting of the tributes paid to a former colleague.

I do not trace the story of his academic life through its several stages. I speak only of what I personally knew of it. In 1864 he was translated to the Chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. I heard his opening address on "the Study of Philosophy" in the Old College there. It was a fine specimen of intellectual vigour and speculative acumen. He soon became a book-hunter in his own department, and amassed an admirable philosophical library. Consulting him from time to time, I always found his knowledge of books very wide, yet accurate in detail; and he was invariably ready to communicate any information he possessed. John Veitch grudged no labour to help other people. This characteristic came out alike

in his class-room, his library, and in the country. One of his shorter books, dealing with Lucretius and the Atomic Theory should be noted, because it contains a very acute appraisal and exposure of materialism. And although it is to anticipate his work chronologically, I may now say that, in the department of Formal Logic, his *Institutes* are valuable, and that his book on *Knowing and Being* is a still more important contribution to one of the outstanding controversies of the ages.

It was in these early Glasgow years, that his intense love of the Scottish Border-land deepened, and bore fruit; that his poetic vision matured, that his love of books increased, while his devotion to Philosophy—especially to that type of it which Hamilton had championed (although he was not a slavish disciple) grew stronger, and his patriotic feelings became more pronounced; while his hatred of all artificiality, and his love of everything true and beautiful and good, defined itself in many ways. Veitch was a devoted Scotsman, and although perhaps he did not always give its due to other types of character and nationality, (for he was no cosmopolite), all felt that the native strength of his own character had its symbol in the granite hills, and that one of the appropriate mottoes of his life was the *nemo me impune lacessit* of the Scottish thistle.¹

¹ I remember, on one occasion when visiting him at "The Loaning," Peebles, and walking up the avenue—planted on either side by magnificent Scottish thistles—remarking to a fellow-guest (the Reverend William Welsh of Mossfennan) that these were characteristic. He replied, "'Nemo me, nemo me.' It is Veitch all over."

When Veitch was writing his *Hamilton*, for my Series of "Philosophical Classics," we had (as was inevitable) long correspondence as to details. I may quote a sentence or two from his letters. When the volume appeared he wrote, "I trust this little book may help the cause of accurate historical representation." But, as an illustration of character, I may also quote from one of the letters as to his book, in its passage through the press; all the more that Veitch's is a typical illustration of what occurred in the case of half a dozen of the writers for the Series when they wished to *expand* their volumes beyond the limits which had been laid down, desiring indefinite elasticity, and the abandonment of the self-imposed limits which they had endorsed, when they agreed to be contributors.

July, 1882.

" . . . I must leave room for Relativity and the Conditioned, the kernel of the whole business. I have cut that down to the barest skeleton, and now send it to you. If necessary I shall sacrifice the whole of chapter vi. for it. This kind of work is not to my stomach. I had no idea of the narrow limits within which I had to work when I began, or of the size of page, etc. Fraser has 234 for his *Berkeley*. I surely cannot be put off with less. I do not wish to take an extreme position, if I can help it; but I cannot put my name to a book of which I should be ashamed. Better chuck the print into the Tweed, and be done with it. . . ."

There is one small humorous incident in connection with John Veitch which I should not omit, because minor details should not be ignored in the record of any man's professional life. The Logic class-room in the University of Glasgow is immediately above that of the Professor of Greek. Whenever Veitch gave a poetical quotation the students (as they are too apt to do on such occasions) indiscriminately applauded. On one occasion, when the poet quoted was sympathized with, and the quotation an amply relevant one, the applause was so long and continuous that it not only interfered with the work of the class in the room underneath, but made it impossible for the professor's voice to be heard. At length some bits of plaster were shaken from the roof of the Greek class-room, and fell on the desk of the lecturer. When the noise of the logicians subsided the professor of Greek quietly remarked, "I am afraid that the premises of the professor of Logic don't quite warrant his conclusion!"

While a philosopher *par excellence*, it was in the border-land between Philosophy and Poetry, with History thrown in between that Veitch's most important work was done. He was a poetical philosopher, and a philosophical poet; and no one, amongst our nineteenth century men, had a deeper insight into the co-relations of the two departments. His three volumes—Hillside Rhymes, The Tweed, and Merlin—raised him to a place of his own in the list of our minor poets. His poetic work was indigenously and unborrowed, although he was influenced more by Wordsworth

than by any of our earlier, or more recent poets. At the last meeting of the Wordsworth Society, held at Westminster Abbey, he read an appreciative essay on the Theism of Wordsworth, in which much of his mature thinking was embodied. In two delightful volumes—to which he gave a somewhat unfortunate title, viz. *The feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry*,—his dominant idealism, and his recognition of the close relation of the two spheres of Mind and Matter, or Man and Nature,—with their profound correspondences, and reciprocal influences—come out more notably still. His theistic belief was deep: and its basis was laid both in the human soul, and in the external world co-ordinated and responsive to it.

But his work on the History and Poetry of the Scottish Border is perhaps the one by which he will be best known to posterity; for in that department of literary work he stood alone and supreme. No one has known the Border Country better, or loved it more: and to walk with him in it was an experience never to be forgotten. I well remember once reading to him an unpublished poem of Wordsworth's, while resting at Manor Head, after a long walk in the district, and how soon he passed from it to speak of the spirit, the traditions, and the charm of his own Border land. It was the manifold heroic story of Scottish life in that district, and the way in which Nature had moulded the character of the people, that awoke in him the deepest responsive emotion. The greatest pleasure to him in life was found in

those solitary wanderings amongst the hills. In them he found the serenest companionship, and sympathy; and I think that, with his intense love for the Scottish Border, his interest in its ballads and its history, as well as his appreciation of its special *genius loci*, he will be found to have done more for the district than anyone except Walter Scott; and he certainly did much to re-create, and re-vivify the interest which Sir Walter started.

As already remarked no one who ever enjoyed it could forget a long country walk with Veitch, whether amongst the northern or southern border hills, his intense love of the moorlands and the streams, and of the silence as well as of the voices of Nature. They touched him to the quick, and led him on to talk of, and to quote much from, the poets. He was at his very best, on occasions such as these. We once traced out part of the old Raiders Road, while his conversation on the history of the Borderland was all illumined by poetic fire. One felt more thoroughly than ever before how the constant warfare waged in these glens had made life eventful, and full of pathos as well as of stirring incident; how the people had been reared in the sterner virtues of independence, pride, and courage; how the peculiar type of border chivalry had been evolved, with a fine sense of honour in the background; how the very thieving of the people had been done openly, and not considered wrong; and how the wild revenges of the dalesmen had been deemed right, and even

honourable. In the course of such a walk, one learnt more of the past history of the district than could be obtained by poring over many a printed volume.

Veitch had a wonderful power of impressing himself on the minds and characters of others. His strong individuality was felt, even when men differed widely from him, and were intellectually moving in other grooves and spheres. His students speak of him with enthusiasm as a University Professor.

On his last visit to St Andrews, when he came to address the Philosophical Society, we arranged to visit Flodden Field together in the autumn ; but, when that time came, he, alas ! had passed away. The vivid manner in which, in our last long conversation, he described the battle-field of Flodden, the English bowmen fixing down each Scottish soldier as he crossed the morass, the blundering strategy which was the chief cause of the disaster, etc., etc., was as powerful a bit of descriptive speech as anything I ever heard. It recalled Thomas Carlyle at his very best.

No one who was present can ever forget the day of his burial ; and how, when all that was mortal was lowered into that grave—lined with the heather blooms and the bluebells of his country-side, the voice of the Tweed—the river he loved so well—brought to some of us that sad September day one of the messages contained in Wordsworth's *Ode, Intimations of Immortality*.

I owe the following appraisal of Veitch to a favourite

pupil-friend of his, Professor Wenley of Ann Arbor College, America.

“The most striking thing about Veitch in his academic relations was the influence he exercised over the students. When they were in his classes, he had very little hold over them. His persistent critical style repelled us all, and I often spoke to him of it in his last years, but he had grown too old in it to change. Nevertheless, when men had left the college, they always began to feel his power. I imagine that the difficulties of ordinary life, in which they then became involved, brought to them a keen appreciation of his strong practical sense. As a result of this, they continually resorted to him for advice—sometimes for pecuniary help, which was often given, although he said nothing of this to anybody. They seemed to feel—and they were right in this—that he was no mere thinking machine, but a very human personality, who could sympathise with their difficulties, and who, as he had fought his own fight, knew how to give them support. Another thing which attracted them in these circumstances was his definiteness. There was no beating about the bush; but an approach to the question on hand without any concealment, and in a plain-spoken manner. He never paltered, but was invariably straightforward; and, once his foot was down, he was a disagreeable opponent. If I may be allowed to add one matter of personal opinion, I should like to say that I think it a thousand pities that he ever left St Andrews.

Had he remained there, he would have had his Literature work along with his Philosophy during practically the entire period of his incumbency. This would have been a tonic to him I feel certain. He would also have been saved from that attitude of endless protest against another school, which was forced upon him at Glasgow, and grew to be a second nature, immensely—as I think—to his detriment. He never did what he might have done, mainly on this account. He was isolated, too, and had little opportunity of keeping in touch with modern advances through the clash of mind with mind. The reaction against Hegelianism came too late to be fully known to him, and to the last he remained in an attitude of protest. I do not think that the circumstances in which he found himself made him unhappy; far from it. But he allowed himself to be in a continuous state of what might be termed righteous indignation, which prevented him from seeing what was going on all around him. He could not bring himself to see that the Hegelian domination was the necessary prelude for something else. This was because he forced himself back upon an exploded standpoint as the most ready foothold from which to strike at the style of thinking to which he objected. The man was immensely greater than his work; and few understood this, because he seemed to his opponents to make such a personal matter of all his criticisms. But, even at the worst, there never was a man who understood the Scotch student so thoroughly,

and few who more justly appreciated the office of the Scottish Universities. Above all, he never finessed over things. It is part of his influence that he did not; and some of us learned much from him in this respect. This is what the Scot abroad owes his influence to; this it is which makes him at once respected and sought. That the Scot at home in some cases does not appreciate the fact is possibly not to be wondered at. But Veitch was the one man of all his contemporaries who knew it, and lived the doctrine out. His word was ever as good as his bond."

WILLIAM YOUNG SELLAR

1825-1890

WILLIAM SELLAR, Professor of Greek at St Andrews, and afterwards of Latin at Edinburgh, was one of my later acquaintances in the Scottish Academic circle; but, we knew so many men in common, that intimacy soon ripened into friendship. When I was writing the Life of Principal Shairp, he helped me much. It is perhaps worth recording that he wrote in April 1888, "When I was an undergraduate, A. H. Clough, the two Arnolds, Walrond, and Shairp, formed a kind of quinque-lateral, though Shairp was more cosmopolitan in his associations. . . ." He added, "Lord Justice Bowen is with us now. I shewed him what I have written about Shairp's Oxford time for you, and I am glad to say he likes it. He knew Shairp, and was a great friend of Matthew Arnold." Some months earlier he wrote, "It is quite as you say, that the man" (Shairp) "was something rarer and finer, than either his writing or his teaching—admirable as these were: and it will be a great gain if you can give the real likeness of the man. There are not many such at any time in the world. He impressed himself equally on Englishmen

and on Scotchmen, on men of the highest culture and on poor students.”

Again he wrote,

“I have no doubt of this that if a biography of a man is to be written, either some member of the family should do it, undertaking all responsibility,—and then it is apt to be a mere eulogy, and a picture with all the characteristics that most struck the world omitted—or that, after the biographer has been carefully selected, his judgment as to what should be said, and what omitted, should be *final*. . . .”

I am all the better for my ‘two rounds,’¹ and my very pleasant time with you. It always seems to me that you are particularly fortunate socially in St Andrews, in addition to the glorious privilege of the Links. We cannot secure such social gatherings here, as you seem to be able to provide at a moment’s notice: and I sometimes wonder whatever tempted me to forsake Greek and golf at St Andrews for Latin—and not leisure—at Edinburgh. I suppose it was the universal temptation. . . .”

Referring to John Nichol’s *Hannibal*,

“I don’t yet know it so well as I shall do in the peaceful summer leisure, but I already know that it is one of the very few volumes of poetry that have appeared since I passed the age when I could read all poetry with undiscerning enthusiasm, that I shall care often to

¹ At golf.

recur to. I don't know what it may be to younger readers, but to older ones like myself, I should think one of its greatest attractions is that it is not the work of an idle poet, with nothing else to do than to coddle his poetical fancies, and fit them to unintelligible words, and still more unintelligible tropes, but the record of the most impressive and poetical moments in an otherwise vigorous and active not to say combative life, and that so much of the poetry wells out of the hard rock of the most impressive public experience of our time. Skelton says that many of the poems remind him of Clough. Though no single poem recalled to me any one of his, yet I think I understand what he means. I find in them what I find in Clough, and in a good deal of Arnold, what makes them alone among recent poets (of course at a long interval after Tennyson and Browning), always interesting to me; viz. the power of re-awakening, and giving definite form to, those vague thoughts and sentiments that used to stir one's soul in the early Oxford days. I believe that the dreams and speculations of the Oxford of that time were much more fitted to make a man feel he had, or might have had, a soul, than the definite atheism and æstheticism, and the eternal examination-grind of the Oxford of the present day. I like much all the personal Sonnets, *e.g.* those on Lushington, Jowett, and many others."

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As the previous extract refers to John Nichol, I

may add to it an extract from a letter addressed to Nichol after his *Byron* appeared.

“ I have been reading your *Byron*, with very great interest, and entire concurrence. It is, as I expected it would be, one of the very best of the Series. I don't know anywhere so just and life-like an estimate of Byron, as a man and a poet. You neither reprove him, apologise for him, or (as some of the Oxford school would do) fall down before him in worshipful adoration; but paint him as he was, leaving the reader to like or dislike him as his nature dictates. I like him, as a man, better than Burns. I think he had more heart, at least to men: and his passions were less cruel in their results to women. He had also a much stronger will; although, as you say, he had less reverence and less sincerity. . . . I wish you had written the book on Shelley. Of all the greater stars of that time, Shelley is the most enigmatic, the most difficult to form a true judgment of, both as man and poet. I think the four greatest, in their different ways, of the second great era of English literature were undoubtedly Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron. Perhaps Shelley would have been as great as any of them if he had lived; and, in some ways, he seems more of a poet pure and simple than the others. But the other four stand out distinctly in their real strength, and their real limitations; and Shelley seems lost to us in a haze of moonshine, and of vague possibilities.

I am still at the weary task of ‘adding and altering many times, till all be ripe and rotten,’ in my old

book. I had no idea how 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' it was, to take up a task which you had done with pleasure some twenty years ago. One understands the subject better, but cannot revive the old feeling for it. I think that, when I have satisfied my conscience with this, I shall leave the 'young to contend,' while I, as one of the old, survey from outside the field of literary criticism."

I should add that few literary men escaped more completely from the snare of cynicism than Sellar did. In all his bright and many-sided talk there was no depreciating tone, except when dealing with base conduct. Appreciation, and sympathy with all excellence, were the dominant notes of his character. He was only sinister when he had to use his left hand to castigate one whom he regarded as malevolent; but even then he was the most chivalrous of foemen.

As the obituary notice of him by Professor John Nichol was the latest, and perhaps the most generous, tribute which the latter ever paid to a friend, I quote some sentences from it, and add others sent to me direct by Nichol. He spoke of our friend's success at Oxford as showing "the power of unpretentious culture and modest grace to disarm the common jealousies of which he himself had never a tinge; a rare type of an eloquent expositor not of the words only, as is the fashion of mere dry philology, but of the matter of the great Roman classics.

As a teacher, Sellar from all his Chairs held sway

over the minds of his students by the unquestioned accuracy of a man as far from a pedant as it is possible for a rigorous scholar to be, and by his keen and far-ranging sympathies he was in an almost unique degree a *reliable* critic. The same persistent fairness, in judging of books or men, marked alike his conversation and his essays—a fairness almost provoking to those whose breath is aggression or paradox. Sellar's whole public and private career was marked by the tempered enthusiasm of a refined sanity, and by a comprehensive tolerance that stretched out hands of recognition and welcome to Carlyle as to Catullus."

In a subsequent letter he wrote:—"I should like to see a really good discussion of the thesis, whether the value of Literature is altogether independent of the personality of the writer and of the ethical content of the work. . . . I resent the dogma arrogantly laid down in the present day, and only questioned by the Philistines! that the province of *Æsthetics* is entirely apart from that of *Ethics*—of course, no one supposes that they are identical, or that the latter is merely a dependence on the former. The really great writers—*Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Thucydides*, *Lucretius*, *Virgil*, *Tacitus*, *Dante*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, *Goethe*—impress you by the greatness of their personality, and the greatest writings of the great ages have an ethical content without which they would lose half their value. I don't, of course, mean a conscious moral purpose." Sellar's letters to his private friends, in kindly interchange of thought, in honest canvas,

or sincere argument, written *currente calamo*, with a fluency rarely combined with so much wealth of thought, were so suggestive, so rich in phrase, so fine in flavour, so true to the great canons of art and life, that their recipients will find it hard to burn any of them. The same criticism applies to his everyday speech, bright and varied, somewhat rapid as the whirr of an ever active mind, but never egotistical dogmatic or overbearing, ever ready for sensible contradiction—even for unsensible—never rude, and to persuasion open as the day.

No man ever lived more careless of surface popularity, whether attained by surface optimism or by surface pessimism. Sellar judged all sorts and conditions of men and their manners on broad grounds, never standing apart from them in the 'impotence of self-esteem'; and, as far as consistent with his *rôle* of a comparatively retired scholar, mingling in affairs. Naturally charitable to excess, even to charlatans, he pursued them, when finally detected, with a proper zeal. Of his ethics it may be said that they were, as his whole nature was, utterly unobtrusive, averse to any approach even to the half-pedantry of the pulpit, but 'true to the cardinal points of heaven and home.' He was in all things true to the core, and held in little favour even those dangerous concessions known as 'white lies.' Of his politics, as a very liberal Conservative or very conservative Liberal, this is not the place to write, but he always (with the reserves due to political opponents and social friends) said

exactly what he thought; and, could be—when his geniality was overcome by treachery, public or private—as good a hater as Dr Johnson could have wished to meet.

In July 1888, Sellar wrote from Campiglio, in South Tyrol, in reference to his estimate of J. C. Shairp, which is given in *Principal Shairp and his Friends*. “I entirely agree with you that the literary criticism, in the paper I wrote, ought to be left out. It is no part of my personal reminiscences, and could have been written equally well by one who had no personal knowledge of him. In fact I feel sure that my appreciation of him as a prose critic, and my confidence that he would be recognized as a true and original poet—as one who had given a more complete and true expression to the spirit of Scottish natural scenery and Scottish traditions than any one in recent years—would have been less guarded and more outspoken, if I had only known him in his writings. But I always have a strong feeling against anything that might look like “puffing,” and I a little distrust my own judgment of the writing of any one I have known very intimately. Still I was aware that I had expressed myself too guardedly, and with less confidence than I really feel. . . . I think there has been no purer, or truer, critic of great poets in recent times. I have always greatly regretted that he was not asked to write on Scott, for the English Men of Letters Series. There was no man living at the time who could have done it with such knowledge

and sympathy. Hutton, who did it, was in no way in sympathy with his subject,—and Scott's therefore, instead of being—as it ought to have been—the best of these biographies, is about the worst. There must have been much that was painful to Shairp in writing Burns's life, and he felt this more deeply than most other men would have felt it, because he had both a stronger sympathy with what was good in Burns, and a stronger feeling of condemnation of what was bad ; but no one could have shewn a truer and finer appreciation of the truer and happier side of Burns's genius. . . .”

THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES

1823-1887

OF my late colleague, Thomas Spencer Baynes, I have the brightest memories. His early work, the *Analytic of Logical Forms*, his admirable characterization of his teacher-friend, Sir William Hamilton, in the *Edinburgh Essays* of 1857, his appraisals of Shakespeare, and his monumental work in connection with the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, are known to all literary men. His noble qualities of head and heart were familiar to a more limited circle ; but there never was a better University colleague, or a truer and stauncher friend. He had a chivalrous love of the right, and there was not a spark of envy, or jealousy, in his whole nature. He gave an ever generous and even radiant colouring to every new thing done, or any enterprise attempted by those who were his fellow-workers and associates, aiding them by manifold counsel. The late Principal Tulloch had, I know, a higher regard for his judgment on practical matters than for that of any other of his colleagues. John Skelton's appreciation of him is to be found in his published books, and will be seen in these pages later on. What I wish chiefly to record here is his uniform urbanity, his cheery

welcome of a friend—to talk over congenial matters, or to try to solve any *un*-congenial practical problem—even when he was suffering pain, and had to treat himself as an invalid. He always seemed to me to possess what the somewhat antiquated psychologists named the “boni-form faculty” in perfection; and he invariably tried to find out what he could do for his friends in the concrete, rather than pursue the vague phantom of “doing good in the abstract” to those of whom he knew nothing, or who petitioned him for aid.

Portions of many of his letters to Sir John Skelton—a friend of forty years standing—are published in *The Table Talk of Shirley*, (1895). Lady Skelton has kindly sent me the originals, and from these I make one or two unpublished extracts. So much in Baynes’ letters refer to Skelton’s own work, that the latter could not put it in his book. It is included here.

“Aug. 14, 1854.

“*Firmilian* was published last week. In the May number of Blackwood there was a capital article by Aytoun, professing to be a review of a tragedy with this title, written by a Mr J. Percy Jones, and printed for private circulation. In reality the article was a satire on the *Festus* and *Balder* style of drama; not forgetting, in the colouring and style, Alexander Smith. It was very well done, in Aytoun’s best manner; and so pleased was he with it himself that he has finished the tragedy, of which some four or

five scenes were given in Blackwood, and published it in a separate form. The whole drama is good, but the original scenes are still the best. The preface in its grave almost sublime self-complacency is exquisite."

"*Feb.* 26, 1855.¹

[Every epoch of real mental activity is worth looking into, and among many epochs that of Scholasticism is not the least interesting. It was in fact the feudal system established in the domain of thought, the Scholastic doctors being the Great Barons, with Aristotle at their head as the Suzerain, or supreme lord]—monks, priests, etc., of various degrees, being knights and squires, and all laymen serfs. Every man held his tenement of doctrine and patch of notions from Somebody above, and all of the first Lord. There was scarce a square inch of allodial ground in the whole domain—all was copyhold. However the great Barons have had their day. . . . [I have cut out for myself a wider course of investigation—the critical study of Early English, History, Language, and Literature]. I have already in time past done something in this way, but not to much definite purpose, having in my reading been curious rather than critical—following stray lives for their individual strangeness or beauty, rather than tracing carefully out the 'organic filaments.' This latter is to be my work now, and of course all previous reading will come in, and turn

¹ What is within brackets has been already printed.

to use. . . . When do you go to see . . . ; and where is that delectable spot that would have made Noah satisfied with his birth, even after the waters had subsided?”

May 7th.

“As to work, I have done little since I wrote you last. *Alfred*¹ I put a little into shape, and then on the shelf. I don't consider him, however, as by any means finally shelved, for I must confess your suggestion about a “History of Alfred” fell in very much with my own feeling on the subject. I do not give up the hope of being able to write such a history, giving a picture of the times as full in form and colour as I could make it—the materials used in such a picture being reserved for a Blue-book, to be entitled ‘A Report of the State of the Kingdom of Wessex, morally, socially, economically, politically, philosophically and religiously considered’; or for a voluminous History, ‘The Rise and Progress together with the Decline and Fall of the Anglo-Saxon Empire.’ Perhaps, however, after all it would be better to spare posterity; and, as Carlyle would say, remorselessly shovel over such materials into the dust-bin of the Universe. . . .”

“June 16, 1855.

“ . . . I see Maurice has just published a threepenny pamphlet on ‘Administrative Reform, as applied to Working Men's Colleges or Associations,’ which I shall get at once. You will

¹ A paper on *Alfred and Guthorn*, read to the Archæological Society at Taunton, and published in a local newspaper.

also have noticed probably that a Working Men's College has been established at Cambridge, and I hear that several good fellows—University men—are giving themselves to the working of it very heartily. I hope you do not lose sight of your notion of doing something of the kind in Edinburgh. . . .”

“Oct. 15, 1855.

“I have latterly followed you a good deal in imagination, fancying you away in the north getting health, looking on the ‘grey sea’ by day, and hearing its alternate moan and roar in dream-music of the night; punctually on the moors by the 12th, assisting at the massacre of the innocents; and indulging afterwards in the lettered repose of pipe and periodical, or the æsthetic activity of tabor and dance. . . . But the post is more satisfactory than imagination, facts better than fancies; and your short note was far more welcome and refreshing than my dreams.”

“May 3, 1856.

“ . . . In the new *Frazer*, I see ‘Sketches on the North Coast, No. II.’ How delightful they are. The mere account of the birds, interesting as I find it to be, is not half the attraction. The great charm is that you make Natural History a part of Human History. That seems to me the secret of their peculiar power.”

A letter from Baynes to his friend Skelton on Sir William Hamilton, written on May 9, 1856,

when he heard of the death of the latter, is inserted in the chapter on Sir William (see pp. 32-33). There was a rush of candidates for the vacant chair, and Baynes himself entered the field. On May 14th he wrote to Skelton, "God knows I never entered on anything with a heavier heart, and that even success itself is by no means the pearl of great price in my eyes—almost a questionable blessing indeed: but we must fight for it as though it was the great end of life, for all that. . . ."

"July 3rd, 1856.

" . . . You are probably at this moment in the Outer or Inner House, making or opposing or defending some motion or other—or, peradventure, in the crypt below you meditate with the monks of old, the mystics and moralists of human and divine life. Around me the men are writing and reading the papers exactly as they did this time last year. However *we* change things go on precisely as usual, the face of the world is still the same, the morning comes up 'the old bright way,' and 'the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be.'"

On New Year's Eve 1856, he wrote from London, ". . . You know my plan, I think, to work here at Literature till I can get some appointment, which I still hope to do by and bye. I quite agree with you that Edinburgh is not the place for a man without a profession, or with Literature only as a profession. . . ."

Feb. 5th, 1857.

[“ I am very glad you like the Essay on Sir William.¹] It is less complete, and more diffuse, than I intended ; and had there been the least time for revision I should have at once condensed and expanded it. In particular I was sorry to leave out a sketch of Sir William in private life, which was in part prepared, and would I think have been interesting.² Nevertheless I am glad that something is done to illustrate his influence as a teacher. What remains to be added can appear hereafter. Parts of your Essay I had already heard, but I have read the whole with great delight. In the way of criticism the reply to Hallam and Halliwell in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is capital, as also the side glances at Skelton,³ whom I was very glad to find coming in for a word of true recognition. The reply to Kingsley is perfect—the calm insight of that last part being in most happy contrast to his blindly fierce one sidedness. But for myself, I must say that I most thoroughly enjoy those pictures of old England and old English life—so bright and full, so intensely real, yet so picturesque. I think you should work out that whole century in the same style, and make a volume of it. The ground is still unbroken, notwithstanding all that has been done. That combination of the power of analysis, the quick eye for vital details, and

¹ His paper on Sir William Hamilton in the *Edinburgh Essays*.

² See the *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton* by Professor Veitch.

³ John Skelton, 1460-1529.

the strong imagination that bids the dry bones live, being so rare. . . .”

It is worthy of note that in December 1859 he wrote a letter recommending Alexander Bain (afterwards Professor Bain of Aberdeen) for the Logic Chair at St Andrews, which he himself ultimately adorned. He had got to know Bain, as a colleague in London; and while differing from him in many ways, described him to one of the electors as “a hard-headed student of Psychology, who knows his own side of the subject well.” Professor Veitch was elected.

In another letter he said, “Have you taken much interest in the Mansel-Maurice polemic? It is exciting a good deal of attention up here, of which I am glad. For such a question to excite real interest and general attention is at least a good sign. I met MacDonald¹ the other day, (*Within and Without*). He is a fine fellow, full of delicacy and enthusiasm, and as simple as a child.”

“OWEN’S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, *July 19, 1860.*”

“I am down here for a few days, conducting a local examination for the London University. Manchester however is not very interesting on the surface, whatever it may be below. The buildings are so heavy, the chimneys so numerous, the daylight so dim, the dialect so broad, and the workpeople so unwashed. But there is a great deal of stir and

¹ George MacDonald, novelist and poet.

energy too. You are conscious that much is going on, and you feel at the same time that the mineral and mechanical power is triumphant. Coal is the genius of the place, and colours everything. Even the river, the Irwell, that eighty years ago flowed between green meadows and smiling corn-fields, is now as black as ink. Yet, according to Stephenson, coal is only embalmed sunlight. . . .”

Nov. 9, 1861.

“I have just seen *At the Seaside*, by Shirley, advertised. The title is simple, and signalizes what is a most essential and characteristic feature of the Essays—the presence seen, or felt, or invisible, of the all-embracing, all-subduing, the bright and mournful sea. I almost always feel the sea in your writing, even when you have nothing whatever to do with it,—in the saline spray of wit, the many-twinkling smile of humour, the dashing wave of sarcasm, or—most frequently of all—in the tide of deep and solemn thought that, rising for a moment over the pigmy castles built by noisy urchins on the sand, lapses again, and leaves the broad margin in silence and at peace. . . .”

Perhaps the best thing one can say of Baynes is to quote the words written by his friend Skelton, after the end came. “He was no speculative recluse; he liked to mix with his fellows; he was keenly interested in politics; his appreciation of excellence of any kind, especially of a joke, was prompt and decisive; and he combined an almost feminine delicacy of sympathy with the most perfect manliness; and

(when principle was involved) a courage as resolute, as it was modest and undemonstrative."

An old student-friend, Mr Colin Philip—artist, and son of the famous painter of Spanish pictures, whom his fellow-artists used to call "Philip of Spain"—has sent me some memoranda referring to the days when he was a St Andrews student, and lived in Professor Baynes' house. I select the following, and I know that Mr Philip approves of some changes being made on his record.

"It is difficult to write about Thomas Spencer Baynes, except in terms which may appear to those who did not know him excessive eulogy. All who did know him agree that it is almost impossible to over-estimate the beauty of his character. Essentially a strong man intellectually, his great fixity of purpose enabled him—when in ill-health, and under many trials—to carry out the labour of editing the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, along with the work of his classes. Taking his character as a whole, I should say that its leading feature was a deeply sympathetic nature, by means of which he gained a quick insight into the lives of those with whom he was brought into contact, and over whom he obtained a lasting influence. Even in times of severest trial, (I was an inmate of his house in one of the worst periods) he never betrayed a lack of sympathy for the troubles or aspirations of others, small as these were when compared with his own; and it was only by the quiet gravity of his own

demeanour that one knew he suffered. He was a very witty man, and possessed a quiet humour, which enabled him to deal with situations in his class (and elsewhere) with a kindly but firm hand. His conversation, whether in private or in society, was always interesting. It shewed great play of fancy, with remarkable power of illustration; and, quite unlike many another St Andrews talker, he never monopolised conversation: but invariably drew out the best from those with whom he talked. Many will feel that his greatest characteristic was his lasting influence for good over the young men with whom he came directly into contact.

I first saw Baynes in the autumn of 1873. My guardian had arranged that I should become an inmate of his house, while attending lectures at the University of St Andrews for two or three years. It was with not a little trepidation that I faced the ordeal of meeting 'a Professor at Home'; but, from the first moment I saw him, he put me completely at ease. I felt in touch with him at once. After the first few days, he seemed to know all about me; and, while encouraging what he thought best, he very gently checked some crudities of manner, etc. I have a hobby as to Mountains, and like other hobbyists, I can talk to any extent about them. Shortly after my arrival at St Andrews, I was asked to meet some fellow-students in a Professor's house at dinner. Unfortunately for our host and his other guests, but very fortunately for me, (as the event

proved) he had several pictures of the Highlands of Scotland hanging in his dining-room. This set me off in talk, and I fear I gave them more than they wanted on the subject of hills. This came to Baynes's ears; and, next day at lunch he turned to me with a kindly smile, and said, 'By the bye, Colin, it's a very good thing to have a hobby—particularly such a one as you have—but I don't think that I would talk about it quite as much as you did last night. You see other people seldom take so great an interest in our hobbies as we do, and it might bore them.'

No man could be sterner, or more incisive, when he thought the occasion required it, especially if he detected humbug, or discourtesy. A few instances which occurred in his class-room may be of interest. Once, one of the students was carrying on a *sotto voce* conversation during lecture—which must have been deeply interesting to him—as he failed to notice that Baynes had ceased to lecture. Then suddenly realizing that *his* voice was the only one making itself heard in the room, he stopped and looked very foolish. Baynes then said, 'Mr H. having finished, I shall resume.'

One of his methods in the English Literature Class was to take a play of Shakespeare, and read one act. He had a beautiful voice for reading; and great dramatic power, which he never allowed to run away with him. I have a lively recollection of these readings. He would explain the construction of the play.

In one scene in *Macbeth*, when Duncan arrives before the castle, he characterized the lines beginning,

This castle hath a pleasant seat, etc.,

as brought in to be a contrast to the prevailing gloom. When the students' turn came to read—which some did very well—these lines fell to a Mr ——, who rose with a face of preternatural gloom; and, in a deep bass voice and with funereal manner, he proceeded to read the lines. During the performance, Bayne's face was a study. He was both amused and nettled; and, —as he felt that all his careful explanations had, so far as Mr —— went, been thrown away—he said, 'Mr —— have you ever been employed as a mute at a funeral, or anything in that line? You have succeeded in turning the only really cheerful passage in the play into the dreariest.'

At the induction of the Lord Rector (it was Dean Stanley in my time) the students as a whole behaved well, but they were very rough before proceedings commenced, and during the entrance of the Lord Rector and the Professors they threw handfuls of peas about, using pea-shooters freely. I regret to say I did as the rest did during the procession, and threw a handful of peas some of which struck Baynes. I saw that he saw me, and I never shall forget the look of pain in his kindly face. He never alluded to it afterwards, but I felt it more than if he had.

The following is told to illustrate the regard in

which he was held by the students. Having occasion to point out to one attending the Logic class that he was not getting on so well as was desirable, he said, 'I am afraid, Mr ——, that you don't care for the Logic class.' 'Well, sir,' answered Mr ——, 'to tell you the truth the only thing I like about the class is the Professor.' It was impossible to be angry with such an answer.

Though always anxious for me to go to church, he was no believer in mere ceremony. He encouraged me to think for myself, with a due regard to essentials. I can only recollect one occasion when he interfered to direct my religious ideas. I had engaged a tutor with whom to read some scientific subject, I cannot recall what. He called me into his room, and said, 'By the way, I want to say a few words to you about your new tutor. He is an excellent fellow, and very well read; but he is a little too dogmatic as a free-thinker. I know that you are too well grounded in the essentials of your faith to let him or anything else interfere with it.' These few words had more effect than if he had preached to me on the subject."

The following estimate of Baynes was written by me in 1887, when his posthumous book of *Shakespeare Studies* appeared.

"The volume of *Shakspeare Studies and other Essays*, by Professor Baynes, of St Andrews, was a vivid memorial—all too slight—of a remarkable man, who was a rare force amongst the recent philosophical

teachers and literary critics in North Britain. The story of his life is briefly but sympathetically unfolded by his late colleague, Professor Lewis Campbell; and although a more exhaustive book—bearing on all that Professor Baynes accomplished in his varied career—was in course of preparation, it is possible that this volume will be the latest authentic record of his work. Mr Campbell has done justice to his friend in the introductory notice, which is written with grace, and is the outcome of deep personal regard. It leaves little to be added by any other friend; although, had the memorial volume just referred to been carried out, something might have been told of brilliant gatherings in congenial homes, when Baynes's varied knowledge, and more especially his humour, lit up the evening with flashes which survive in memory, and made the times and places where he was one of the most delightful of guests new experiences to his friends. Few were familiar with him in the inner circle of friendship; but those who were—many of whom have now themselves passed away—could have contributed much to a biography of one of the best of men.

When appointed to the chair of Logic and Rhetoric at St Andrews Mr Baynes was a pronounced, though not an ardent, Hamiltonian. He had been reared within the precincts of that philosophical school, and was one of its most distinguished pupils. He followed the main lines of the teaching of his master and founder, reverting—both in his psychology and metaphysic—to Reid and Dugald Stewart, as their speculative doctrines

were modified, but not greatly altered, by the learning and insight of Sir William. But Baynes was never a slavish disciple of Hamilton. His wide literary knowledge, and varied culture, made it almost impossible that he should be so. What he was most in sympathy with—during the years of his philosophic novitiate—was the clear vision and the strong common-sense of the school, its vigorous grasp of principles, and its uncompromising attack on what he regarded (rightly or wrongly) as philosophically erroneous. At the same time, and from the very first, he appreciated a much higher type of idealism than that which existed within the traditional limits of the Scottish school of realist psychology. Hence what may be called his original philosophical inheritance was both expanded and added to; and while he remained to the end a Hamiltonian, his sympathies turned (more than those of his great teacher did) to Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Mill amongst ourselves, and to Spinoza (and especially to Kant) amongst the Germans. He called no man master, and consulted no oracle in speculation except the Delphic one; but I should say that he looked to Kant and to Hamilton with especial philosophical regard. Mr Baynes was an active member of “The New Speculative Society” of Scotland, and a most welcome contributor to it.

The New Speculative was composed of Scottish University Principals and Professors, of Barristers, Clergymen, and others, who desired that the ultimate questions of human knowledge should be freely dis-

cussed on philosophical grounds. It met once a month during the winter session. Some of the papers first read to the Society were afterwards published in Reviews, or in volumes of Essays, and the discussions which followed the reading of the papers were always interesting, and sometimes very stimulating. Originally one Society, it was—to suit the convenience of its members—afterwards divided into three sections, which met at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St Andrews. The St Andrews branch was the most vigorous, and lived longest. Baynes's knowledge of the literature of Philosophy made anything he said in the course of debate valuable both to the essayist and to the Society. Clearness and force of statement, a genial width of view, the entire absence of partisan discipleship or *doctrinaire* assertion, a keen appreciation of any fresh way of stating an old truth, the quick detection of flaws in an argument—combined with a humorous delight in exposing fallacies, sympathy with progressive views, and an abhorrence of all pretence—these features were conspicuous in his contributions to the "New Speculative." I should add that he made a most admirable chairman of a meeting. He was a very ready speaker—skilful, racy, fluent, humorous—never dull in debate, and he had an instinctive sense of what was relevant to the topic in hand. The length of the vacation at the Scottish Universities made it possible for him not only to continue some of his old journalistic and other work, but to extend still further his literary enterprise.

The volume of *Shakspeare Studies* presents Professor Baynes at his best, and on his most characteristic side. Many of his old students would gladly hail the reproduction of his class lectures on logic, psychology, and metaphysics; but if these are not to see the light, they will be all the more thankful for this memorial of a man whom students and colleagues, citizens of St Andrews and friends from a distance, alike esteemed. It is one of the most inspiring studies on Shakspeare ever published. It is learned, and very suggestive; and, amongst the scores of commentators on the world's great dramatist, Mr Baynes's name will descend to posterity as one of the justest and most incisive critics amongst all recent writers who have endeavoured to weigh the merits of the great dramatist in an impartial critical balance.

THOMAS JACKSON

1797-1878

PROFESSOR THOMAS JACKSON held the chair of Theology first in St Mary's College, St Andrews (1836-51), and afterwards the same chair at Glasgow (1851-1874). On his retiring from professorial life he returned to St Andrews, and settled in one of those old houses in South Street, with a long, narrow garden, a delightful retreat at the farther end of which is a pleasant summer-house, with a walled-in-room, in which were a table, chair, etc.

His aim in coming back to St Andrews in old age was to write a book which would settle all the outstanding controversies of the ages, not only in Theology but in Philosophy, and bring discordant Scots together in unity; although he had never till then written anything for publication. He used to retire day by day, dressed in the solemn suit of the ecclesiastic, to this garden-sanctum; where, on the table were daily placed a large folio ream of spotless paper, quill pens, and a bottle of ink. Day by day, or rather morning by morning, he was seen to enter, and after some hours of meditative retirement, and absorbed reverie, to return to his house. He found that he had, in colloquial parlance, "hard nuts to crack."

He wrote, and he destroyed his writing. He went forward, and he went back: but every morning there was the fresh white folio spread open before him, and the renewed attempt to grapple with the problems of the ages. At last the delightful old man was unable to continue his peregrination: and, after a short illness, was "gathered to his fathers." Some one afterwards went down to the summer-house, where so many hours of studious leisure, and "strenuous idleness," had been spent. One sheet was found on which were written the words—which were his contribution to the questions of all time,

Theology is everything,
And everything is Theology.

These two golden phrases were all that he ever left.

A picturesque figure in the streets of the City he seemed a sixteenth-century man, who carried—in his whole mien and bearing—the lament that he had been born in degenerate days. He was a mystic of the highest order, and one of the kindest of men.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH

1806-1892

WHEN I went to St Andrews as a University professor in 1876, there were three monumental men resident in it, who stood out above all their fellow-citizens and contemporaries, men who are seldom to be met with anywhere. They were Principals Tulloch and Shairp, and Bishop Wordsworth. Of the two former I have already written.

Of a type quite as distinguished, and in its own way as unique, was Bishop Charles Wordsworth. He filled a large place in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland in his time, and he will be remembered by posterity as the advocate of an ideal as yet unrealized—and which may never be made real in the particular way in which he desired it to be wrought out—but which is possibly more useful to posterity, in its unrealized suggestiveness, than some of the unions more easily brought about. His efforts, in season and out of season, by speech and pamphlet, to bridge over the chasms which separate men ecclesiastically, and thus to help towards the unity of Christendom,—efforts carried on throughout his long career, undaunted by opposition, and pursued with a rare tenacity of purpose—are now bearing fruit in many lives,

which are unconscious of their debt, or of its source.

A common admiration for his uncle was our first and strongest bond of sympathy. He often talked of the Poet; and the nephew's reminiscences, although scanty, were extremely interesting; more so, I think, than those of his brother, the Bishop of Lincoln. In many as yet unpublished letters of the Poet, and of his sister Dorothy, there are delightful allusions to the three nephews, Charles, Christopher, and John, all of them distinguished in different ways. The family at Rydal Mount was proud of its nephews, and rejoiced in their varied successes.

Charles Wordsworth's interests were chiefly theological and ecclesiastical. His appreciation of the classic writers of Greece and Rome was keen to the very last; and his own success as a writer of Latin verse was great. His translation of *The Christian Year*, and of other hymns and verses of various kinds, into classical Latinity was remarkable. Few men could write a better epigram. None could put an inscription, or a dedicatory line, into more felicitous form. He kept up his reading of the Classics for recreation's sake to the last year of his life. I remember going into his library at Bishopshall one afternoon, and finding him reclining after lunch on a couch smoking a cigarette, with Horace in his hand, but not reading only repeating the Odes to himself — the Book being in readiness should his memory fail him. I had interrupted him, in his

delightful excursion, or soliloquy. He rose, and said, "Well, I have committed Horace to memory three times over. I think the last has been the best: and I believe I could now quote to you any Ode you like to name, from the beginning to the end, without a serious blunder!" When he went from St Andrews to visit any remote part of his far scattered diocese, he usually took a Greek or Latin classic with him for railway reading, in preference to any book of the day, or magazine of the hour.

I may record one instance of his scholarly accuracy and sleuth-hound-like keenness in tracking a quotation to its source. He wrote to me, one Sunday evening, "Where in my uncle's poems is that sentence,

unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

In answer I directed him to the passage in *The Excursion*, Book IV., "Despondency Corrected," and to the note appended in reference to Lady Winchelsea and Seneca. He was determined to find the exact words of Seneca, from which Lady Winchelsea first, and his uncle afterwards, had borrowed. I had myself searched through the *De Beneficiis* in vain to find it: and, when next calling on the Bishop, I found that he had gone over the entire works of Seneca, making notes (which he sent me) as he went along, for the sole purpose of finding out the source of this fine sentence in his uncle's poem.

There was a most genuine modesty in his learning. He never obtruded what he knew. His high ideal of scholarly work prevented him from ever being the pedant, which some scholars without an ideal—or who forget the Socratic maxim “all that I know is that I know nothing”—occasionally become. He could not help knowing that his own scholarship was superior to that of most of the men he met; but there was not the slightest taint of vanity associated with it. His unquestionable sense of ignorance—though mingling with an undoubted *souppçon* of self-conscious power—subdued a tendency which might, in a less religious man, have degenerated into egoism.

He rejoiced to speak of his youthful days at Harrow and at Oxford and of his young manhood at Winchester; but, as a chronicler of his own past, he never made himself the centre of his reminiscences. Furthermore, there was not in all his manysided conversation a single acid word, or stinging remark, or bitter allusion to any of his contemporaries. Of few indeed, who have given their reminiscences of past years to their own time, can this be said in the same emphatic way in which it can be affirmed of Bishop Wordsworth.

I recall many delightful walks with him from Bishopshall, out by the Crail road, till we came to a spot (which was our usual turning-point)—whence St Andrews—with its towers and spires lying below, and the further Sidlaws, and more distant Grampians seen over it—looks perhaps its very best. He used,

in these walks, to refer to many questions speculative, critical, biblical, practical; and the magnetism of his personality used then to come out in peripatetic talk more remarkably even than in private conversation in his own home.

In social life however, and at social gatherings, he had few equals. Until the last few years of his life, when the infirmities of age prevented him from dining out, there was no more delightful guest in St Andrews; and, when the three men whom I have called "monumental" (Tulloch, Shairp and himself), happened to be together at a dinner-table, the talk was invariably fresh, and delightfully stimulating. His courtesy to every one was a noteworthy feature, recalling the high-toned manners of the old-world aristocracy. He was no monopolist in talk; although I am informed that on a certain occasion when one who was accustomed to engross conversation, and delighted in nothing so much as to listen to his own voice— impatiently exclaimed "How can one talk, when there is so much conversation going on"? the Bishop indulged in a long delightful monologue, and did not give the society-talker a single chance of speech during the whole evening. In reference to social life, it should not be forgotten that the Bishop, like his uncle the poet, was a keen whist-player. His skill as a cricketer, and oarsman, has often been recorded. He played in the first University cricket match, and rowed in the first boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, winning in both of them. He used also to be

an excellent skater, but in later years his chief enjoyment was a rubber. There was only one man in St Andrews who could ever induce me to go out after dinner to play whist, and that man was Bishop Wordsworth. When we founded a Shakespeare Society at St Andrews it was delightful to find our octogenarian Bishop, not only joining it with several members of his family, but attending its meetings, and taking part in the readings. He thus revived the youthful practice of his Harrow days. One of his latest literary works was an edition of Shakespeare's Historical Plays published in three volumes in 1883.

The Bishop's catholicity was seen in many ways; and his generous interest in others (as well as the trouble which he took in their behalf) was shewn by his ready response to requests made to him by the University Students of St Andrews; addressing their academical societies on such subjects as "Cicero," and preaching to them more than once in St Salvator's Church. He even offered most generously, when he was eighty years of age, to assist a Professor in conducting a short daily morning-service for the students of the United College in their own Chapel, although it involved leaving his house between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning. The dignity, graciousness, and tenderness of the Bishop came out nowhere perhaps so prominently as in the Confirmation Service. When catechumens have been confirmed by him, I have known some persons—strangers to those then brought into the fellowship of the Church Catholic—

affected, as they have seldom been in their lives, by the solemn grandeur of the ceremonial, as conducted by him.

Returning to his influence as a Diocesan and a preacher. As Diocesan it is noteworthy that he not only did not assume, but censured the assumption of, the title of "Lord Bishop" by the Prelates of the Scottish Episcopate. Over and over again he expostulated with his ecclesiastical friends on the subject, and he once said to an intimate friend that the *illegality* of the assumption of necessity exposed the Church, to which he belonged and desired to serve, to opprobrium in our northern land. He always signed himself "Charles Wordsworth, Bp." I have scores of letters from him thus signed, but to have written "Charles, St Andrews," would have been abhorrent to him. Then, as a preacher, there were many who used to listen to his voice, when conducting the Church Service, or addressing the worshippers at St Andrews, who were helped by him in a way in which the words of a preacher—and even the ideas which his words convey—seldom influence character. The finest of all tests of the value of a sermon is the way in which it leads the hearers to forget the speaker, and realize the truth to which they are directed. In hearing Bishop Wordsworth speak one always saw that he felt he was but the herald of truths to which he gave expression; and that above all things the message was not *his*. Often it was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" of human thought and feel-

ing, but he was always the *κῆρυξ*; that, and nothing more. Few preachers of our time have had the same power of carrying their hearers away from themselves, and of deepening the sense of their relation to the Unseen. His auditors might differ from him widely, on matters of opinion or of policy: but these differences did not come in as an artificial barrier to fellowship, or prevent detachment from the seen and temporal, leaving the spirit free, as Coleridge put it,

To worship the Invisible alone.

In this it has sometimes seemed to me that we find a radical difference which distinguishes the greatest of the Catholic preachers, and those of the Protestant Churches; perhaps an inevitable difference. The Catholic does not think of the effect he is producing. He is simply a herald, or message-bearer; and, having delivered his message, he is silent and retires. But most of the great Protestant preachers have an eye to their audience, and seem alternately elated or depressed by the effect which they have succeeded in producing. If this be so, Bishop Wordsworth was in the line of that great ecclesiastical succession from the prophets of Israel to the Early Church Fathers, through the preachers of the Middle Age, from St Francis and Savonarola, down to Bishop Andrewes, and to Wesley, —men who uttered the Truth as it revealed itself to them, and had no reflex thought of themselves, or of the effect of their utterances as it bore on what they could individually accomplish.

One thing more. Charles Wordsworth was one of the most resolute and determined, and at the same time one of the very humblest of men. It may be doubted whether of any Scottish ecclesiastic it may with more truth be said that his "gentleness made him great."

Archdeacon Aglen has supplied me with the following reminiscences.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.—TRAITS.

1. *The scholar habit.*—He had hardly got inside my house on his first visit, when he rushed into my study to see if I had a particular edition of some book—I think Gibbon—in which he wished to verify a note.

I recall the expression of surprised horror with which he heard of some false quantities which had been perpetrated by some persons of whom we were once talking.

2. *Always a boy, and always an athlete.*—On one of his visits I had a pupil with me who being lame was obliged to hop into the room. The Bishop rushed to him. "Can you hop? I won a hop race once. Let's have one now," and immediately the race took place. I think the Bishop won.

3. *Love of precision, joined to a dislike of conventional sentimentalism.*—I often noticed the former in relation to rubrics. The Bishop could not thole the slightest deviation. He once took me to task for

allowing my congregation to repeat the General Thanksgiving as a response. I defended the practice by reference to the Thanksgiving in Baptism, where though there is no rubrical direction, the intention of the Church is indicated by the words ending the Brief Exhortation that precedes it. "Let us faithfully and devoutly give thanks and say." But he would not accept the explanation. Only with his kindly smile he said "I suppose this will make no difference to you."

The latter trait came out in his treatment of hymns. The sentimentality of so many in use among us annoyed him, and especially if unreal or manifestly unsuited to the time and people. He wished us to disuse at Confirmations the hymn beginning "Onward Christian Soldiers" as unsuitable when a lot of girls were confirmed. I reminded him that in baptizing a girl we prayed she might continue Christ's faithful *soldier* and servant, but he was not convinced, though he gave way with a sigh.

He strongly objected to singing in The Evening Hymn "The toils of day are over," before the sermon when he had to preach. *His* toils, he said, were not over!

A line which especially roused his ire was "Rise to all eternity," in "Jesus, Lover of my soul." He defied us to find any sense in it.

4. *Labours for Reunion of the Churches.*—What I used to notice in the charges he delivered about it was the steady broadening of view. The spirit of course

was always tolerant, and one became conscious that this spirit was gradually leading to surrender of point after point of intellectual positions at first strongly held, till at last he could not only admit that Episcopacy was of the *bene esse* not the *esse* of a Church, but allow that Presbyterian ministers might on union be admitted without re-ordination, which of course granted the validity of sacraments administered by them.

5. *Foibles*.—Bishop Wordsworth, more than anyone else I ever met, seemed to put himself at the centre of everything going on, social, political, religious, so that he gave the impression of looking at everything in reference to himself. I used to compare him in my mind to Cicero, but the Bishop had an excuse for his vanity (if that is the right word) absent from the Roman orator. A career that had begun most brilliantly was suddenly closed, as it seemed, by Wordsworth's acceptance of life and work in Scotland. What I mean is that he could not but expect, what everyone expected for him, that his friends—and especially Gladstone—would, after a time, recall him to England, and grant him a see there. The years went on, and the recall never came, and then the Scotch Bishop tried in every way to magnify his office, and took every occasion publicly to call attention to his work.

And yet I believe he was humble-minded. He never pretended to gifts he did not possess, and in his copy of Andrewes' Devotions, which he used in private, and which was given to me by the family

at his death, I find both in the beginning and end petitions in his own handwriting, for humility and freedom from vain glory. And I believe he had what the really vain man never has, a sympathetic appreciation of excellence in others.

In the *Historical Notes relating to the Episcopal Congregation at St Andrews from the time of the Revolution to the present day* (1896), by T. T. Oliphant, the burial of Bishop Wordsworth in the Cathedral is thus described.

“It was suggested that his remains should be laid beside those of his predecessor within the sanctuary of St Ninian’s Cathedral,” (at Perth,) “but when it became known that some years before, when the burial ground here was enlarged, the Bishop had chosen his resting-place in the new part, the idea was abandoned; and he sleeps almost under the shadow of all that is left of the magnificent Cathedral where so many of the early Bishops of St Andrews are interred. . . .

Soon after two P.M. the procession left the church, and slowly moved up Queen Street, and along South Street, and then followed a sight which will never be forgotten by those who took part in it. Since one of the western spires of the Cathedral suddenly fell sometime in the seventeenth century, narrowly missing a funeral party which had just passed through the great doorway, that route had been avoided, and the northern pathway, clear of the ruins altogether, has been taken. But on this occasion it was thought

especially fitting that a Bishop of St Andrews should be borne in solemn pageant through the once grand building; and, as the white-robed choir and clergy slowly paced up the roofless nave, and passed out close to where the high altar stood of old, visions of the past seemed to fill the air, and a bright hope flashed in many hearts that perhaps some day, in the not very distant future, the awful havoc of the sixteenth century would be undone, and that not only here but throughout Scotland the stately Houses of God, built by our pious forefathers, would be restored."

A remark may be made—in supplement to one in the preface to this book—in reference to the inclusion of an Englishman, who was a Scottish Bishop, in a book dealing with XIX Century Scotsmen. I believe it was Mr Max O'Rell who said that while we speak of the "British Empire," "British Statesmen," "British Soldiers," and so on, we never speak of a "British Bishop." Now if the expression could be validly used in reference to anyone it would be a true description of Charles Wordsworth. He was a cosmopolitan Bishop, if there ever was one.

PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER

1824-1886

PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER was a son of the Professor of Greek at St Andrews. He wished to be a soldier ; and, as a friend puts it, “ he looked the part of Mars as well as felt it, and the literature of battle and adventure was his favourite perusal all along ” ; but he was sent at first to tread the pathways of commerce, for which he had no relish. While living in Glasgow, and trying in vain to become a man of business, he used to contribute fugitive pieces to the *Weekly Citizen*. He then took up the study of metaphysics ; and, as a disciple of Hamilton, wrote some excellent things. In his *Moral Causation* he defended his master against John Stuart Mill, with much acuteness. Mill took no notice of his critical rejoinder, although it was one of the ablest written : and Alexander began a further reply to Mill’s defence of himself. But—and the story is tragic, as well as honourable to Alexander—while finishing the papers, which his friends who read them considered the best that he had written, he heard of Mill’s death ; and at once tore up the MS., because he could not transgress against the rule, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

It was a pity that Alexander based his literary work

so much on that of Carlyle. He even mimicked the style of the sage of Chelsea so well that he deceived the public by it, many thinking that one of his most trenchant diatribes came from Carlyle himself. In 1866 he published a book entitled *Mill and Carlyle*, but it was not quite equal to his *Moral Causation*. He was constitutionally opposed to what he deemed the vagaries of the Hegelian philosophy. Mr Hutcheson Stirling had published his *Secret of Hegel*, and Alexander said "why should any fellow of *his* class have any secrets to keep? Time is short, and for Heaven's sake, during its brief tenure, let us all be as explicit as we can." When asked at another time, what he thought of the book, he replied, "Well its author has managed to conceal the secret." He did not care for any philosopher after Hamilton, and he read none of them. Not to speak of German or French writers, his breadth of view was so contracted that he never read Herbert Spencer.

Latterly, all his interests were literary, not speculative; and he looked at, and dealt with, philosophical problems through a literary medium, which was often a satirical one. *Sauertig* by *Smelfungus* was an admirable bit of work, praised by Swinburne as one of the few masterly satires in the English language. As one of his friends puts it, "Better than any of Alexander's writings it contains evidence of the many-sidedness of his mental resource. Its agile repartee, rollicking humour, and icy cynicism, together with its sub-current of scarcely veiled humanity and piety,

will long preserve it fresh in the spontaneous and manly literature of the time."

Alexander's poetic work was of high order, especially his sonnets. I preface the quotation of one or two of them by the words of the friend already referred to, "Take this sonnet, of gentle magnificence, when sleep had grown to be precious for its heartless caprice. Its wail is notable, if only for the reason that it is that of a youth scarcely out of his teens in 1842."

Come to me now ! O come ! benignest Sleep !
 And fold me up as evening doth a flower,
 From my vain self, and vain things which have power
 Upon my soul, to make me smile or weep.
 And when thou comest, Oh ! like death be deep—
 No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,
 More than may come to him that in his grave
 Is heedless of the night-winds how they sweep.
 I have not in me half that cause of sorrow,
 Which is in thousands who must not complain ;
 And yet this moment if it could be mine
 To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign
 All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
 I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.

Three other sonnets, and three fragments may follow this one.

On a Drowned Friend.

Let not the waters keep their hapless dead
 Hither and hither hurled, we know not where—
 To keep alive the clinging sense of care,
 And haunt a few poor hearts with hope and dread,
 May kindest mould enwrap thy youthful head,
 That none may ever mourn thy timeless lot
 Without the solace of one quiet spot
 When Love hath laid thee to thy lonely bed.

Let Earth's most pleasant green above thee wave!
 That so, when Time which steals away our woes,
 Hath reconciled the sigh, and dried the tear,
 The sad yet sweet and gentle thoughts of those
 To whom in life thou wast so very dear
 May sleep like quiet sunbeams on thy grave.

Bannockburn.

Five hundred years since the same peaceful sky
 Which bends above these peaceful fields, and sees
 The corn about the scattered villages
 Mellowing, as fruited Autumn ripens nigh,
 Saw here the blaze of Arms, and heard the cry
 Of mighty Nations, like a sound of seas,
 Go thundering hourly up, by proud degrees,
 To the full roar of Scotland's victory.

Yet still that Shout the gifted sense may hear ;
 Yea ! while one Scottish foot shall tread this ground,
 Each wandering air that stirs and whispers near,
 Each swelling hill and conscious Mountain round
 Shall keep for the imaginative ear
 Triumphant echoes of the immortal Sound.

Sonnet.

Oh ! think not then when most my cheek doth wear
 The shade which seems of grief, that grief is mine ;
 But rather think, how visions nigh Divine,
 May oftenest lurk beneath a brow of care ;
 Not oftener doth the wan lip of Despair
 Torture its fixed sadness to a smile
 Than these have show of sorrow, who the while
 A dream of heaven do yet within them bear
 Give to your chosen mirth its giddiest scope,
 Ye nothing know of joy serene and vast
 And boundless, or delight as I am skilled
 In time of saddest-seeming thought to build,
 From strivings of a scarcely conscious hope
 And unforgotten fragments of the Past.

Dirge.

Lay her sweet i' the earth—
 No flower which breath of the next Spring
 Calls from the bare turf above her,
 Is half so fresh, so pure a thing ;
 Her life was all an innocent mirth,
 Then sweetest, being over.
 Death hath taken but to save.
 Swift her maid-mates hither, strew
 Over her virgin grave
 Flowers, not yew.
 Here no painful heart be throbbing !
 No voice go out in wildered sobbing !
 No idle eye drop here
 The profanation of a tear !
 Only—if 't must be so—a sigh,
 Yet more for Love than misery.

May Morning.

Now the birth-morning of the May
 Brings in the hours, when i' the olden time
 The heart of Love kept holiday
 And not to love was crime.

When Time ran gladly back to bring
 To men whose spirits toiled in hates and fear
 A genuine instinct of the Spring,
 And glimpses of the golden year.

A True Story for Children. Grand-dad.

We bless you, bless you, little babes !
 We bless your coming hither ;
 Not happier your young lives to grow
 Than our old age to wither.

We bless you, little Gus, and Flo !
 We bless your coming hither ;
 Oh ! grow, and grow, and happier grow,
 Whilst we as happy wither.

His friend, Mr Hodgson, writes, "Unique in many ways, he was unlike other men in the possession of a tender grace that was always concealing itself, or when at work was moving about in chosen obscurity. His universal pity fastened its preference on the weak, the unfortunate, and the young. It cannot be said that he did anything like what he ought to have done; but about that too there was the usual attending jest—the life-standing apology for his living at all. 'Enough of fools,' he used to remark, 'are at work writing already, without my joining the number, as not unlikely to prove that I am the biggest of the lot.' And so, the best of his years went by with never a stroke done, though urged to do much by many who were troubled that he was allowing to lie fallow what they were aware were the patrician qualities of his character. As he was altogether incapable of stimulus by flattery—as much of that went but a small way with him—this sterile torpor of his habits was invincible alike to praise and blame."

One friend writes to me, "The *δῖος* *Αλέξανδρος* of his College days, he was always of splendid physique, with the air of a Castilian hidalgo, tempered by the sweetest of smiles that ever lighted up a human countenance. He once told me his life had been a failure, because he could never enter on the career he aspired to, that of a soldier. Those were the days of purchase in the Army, and such a commission as he wanted was beyond his father's means. After graduation, as a commercial traveller at Glasgow, he

gave more time to the *noctes cenæque deorum*—at which Hugh MacDonald, James Hedderwick, and Alexander Smith used to meet—than to business. In 1861 he came to Edinburgh, and there I first met him in the house of Alexander Smith. Besides his rare literary taste and culture he was fond of intellectual and moral discussion, and made me his debtor for many a luminous and soul-satisfying view of controverted subjects in Poetry, Prose-fiction, Philosophy, and even in Law. He could with equal power produce a Wordsworthian sonnet, a passionate lyric *à la* Poe, (or even Shelley), or a delicately analytic interpretation of a picture, or a searching criticism of Carlyle or of Mill. His published writings give but a faint impression of his mental versatility. His sketch of Alexander Smith prefixed to the *Last Leaves* of his friend contains some of his best thinking and style. He launched Robert Buchanan, on his literary career.”

Another friend writes, of his life in Glasgow, and afterwards. “We often sat together in the evenings and read Shakespeare, with whose plays and poems he was unusually familiar, and in which he often unearthed a meaning and beauty which I had failed fully to discern. I retain an abiding impression of my admiration for him in his early manhood, his splendid physique, his noble tone and bearing, his courteous, or (if circumstances called for it) contemptuous addresses, the critical insight and vigorous utterance of a prince amongst men, who—but for an

unfortunate and reluctant entrance upon an uncongenial career—would have risen to a lofty and permanent place amongst those who have shed lustre on Scottish Letters and Philosophy.”

I knew him well as an angler, and there was none keener on Loch Leven. I need not chronicle anything of our sport, but mention just this, which was told me by our common friend, Sheriff Nicolson of Skye, also mentioned in this volume. Alexander had been fishing in Loch Leven one Saturday; and, returning to Edinburgh late at night got so far as Granton by the Burntisland ferry, to find that the last train to the city had left. He turned into a Hotel, and on Sunday Morning walked up to his rooms in Pitt Street, with rod in hand and his basket on his back. When he reached Warriston Crescent, where Nicolson lived, he met his friend going out to Church, about half past ten. “God bless me!” said Nicolson, “You, Pat. Alexander, on this Sabbath day, walking up the streets of Edinburgh as an angler! What does this mean?” Alexander told him of his missing the train on Saturday night. But Nicolson replied, “God bless me! this is the blessed Sabbath morning.” Alexander said, “Look into my creel,” which Nicolson did. He added, “Now, I am going to leave all these Loch Leven trout at your house, for you and your sisters, as an atonement and peace-offering.”

Another little incident I may record. When the terrible Tay-bridge disaster took place on the 28th

of December 1879, the letter-bags in the train were carried, with some of the debris of the old unsubstantial structure, out into the German Ocean. In one of the bags was a letter addressed to Principal Tulloch, and another to myself. I had crossed the bridge by the last train before it fell, and it was then “prancing,” to quote the words used in the *Dundee Advertiser* next morning; but both of these letters to the Principal and myself were recovered from the mail-bags—which were picked up far out beyond Broughty Ferry—and delivered, the one to Tulloch little damaged, the one to myself undecipherable. The envelope to Tulloch enclosed a sonnet from Pat. Alexander.

Sheriff Campbell Smith writes, “No man of my acquaintance ever wrote such a miscellany of clever things. His power of ridicule I have never found equalled, and it found food for its fire in every literary field. Shakespeare was the only author I never heard him speak of with disrespect. He discovered revelations of the Unseen in Shakespeare, and almost all possible philosophy. All his work was that of a highly cultivated and most ingenious mind for which an adequate vocation had not been provided.”

He acted as Examiner in Philosophy at St Andrews, and was delighted with the honour done to him by that appointment. He also sat in the Court of Justiciary, in behalf of the *Courant*, at Dr Pritchard’s murder trial. I again quote from the

record sent me by his friend Hodgson. "He was there to make pen-and-ink sketches, as he pleased, of the prominent people in the daily assembly, and that he did with such accuracy of stroke that he was called upon, for God's sake, to stop them before the work of the trial was half through! The unhappy victims of his quizzing stare were limned with such faultless ease, and roseate tint of flesh, as to render further business with them impossible as subscribers to the paper, if the 'wullie-waucht' of merciless portrayal went on. The stopping of the sketching, or the going on with it, was all the same to him, as equally unimportant among the waggings of the world." Alexander's Sonnet on Death "grew," says Mr Hodgson, "out of a close companionship he had with an ivory mask of the dead face of Dante, which lay among his pipes and tobacco ashes on the mantel-piece of his 'diggins' in Pitt Street, a souvenir of Alexander Smith the author of a *Life Drama*, which he much cherished." This is the Sonnet.

Death.

Death! I have heard thee in the summer noon
 Mix thy weird whisper with the breath of flowers:
 And I have heard thee oft in jocund hours,
 Speak in the festal tones of music boon—
 Not seldom thou art with me late and soon,
 Whether the waves of life are dancing bright,
 Or, dead to joy of thought, and sound, and sight,
 My world lies all distraught and out of tune.

But most—in lone, drear hours of undelight,
 When Sleep consents not to be child of choice,

And shuddering at its own dread stillness, Night,
Hung like a pall of choky dampness round,
Makes Silence' self to counterfeit a sound—
Methinks it is thine own authentic voice.

Another fragment of his verse may fitly close this notice of Alexander.

His ears are shut from happy sound ;
His eyes are softly sealed ;
The oft-trod old familiar ground,
The hill, the wood, the field ;
This path which well he loved that runs
Far up the shining river,
Through all the course of summer-time
He treads no more for ever.

WILLIAM MACKINTOSH

1823-1894

DR WILLIAM MACKINTOSH was minister of the parish of Buchanan which, while it extends almost from end to end of Lochlomond on its eastern side, is scantily populated, and makes little show in ecclesiastical statistics. He was a man of mark in an unusual way, combining as he did great cultivation and knowledge of the world with a strong speculative turn, and a shrinking modesty which inclined him to defer to the judgment of others who were younger and less able than himself, and kept him from claiming that place in the Church to which his talents naturally entitled him.

He had travelled in his student days when travel was more of an achievement than it is now, and spoke with enthusiasm of the pleasure his travels had brought him. Among its fruits was a knowledge of German theology, which while it did not mould his preaching, had a profound influence on his mind. He heard Baur lecture at Tübingen, and corresponded in later days with Baur's successor, Weiszäcker; and was thus in a position theologically to which few Scottish ministers attain, and which provided him with an intellectual interest of unflinching vitality. It has been thought in Scotland, and is commonly thought still,

that it is better for a minister not to know much of German theology, since if he does it will unfit him for dealing in a practical way with the religion of plain people. That certainly was not the case with Dr Mackintosh. He was a model parish minister, with nothing showy in his ministrations, but discharging every duty with a simple earnestness which drew to him the esteem and reverence of all. He was the true friend of his people; he preached very simple practical sermons to them, knew them well in their homes, and was consulted by them on all sorts of concerns. By the nobility and gentry of his parish and neighbourhood he was much valued as a man of cultivation, who met them frankly, and had plenty to tell them. He was an excellent farmer, and managed a large glebe so as not to lose by it, a thing few ministers can compass. His wife, who alas! has now followed him to the other world, was a woman of great ability, and had much social power; so that the manse of Buchanan was, to an extent not often reached, the centre of the parish, regarded by those of all ranks as the house of a friend, and itself distributing light and warmth over the neighbourhood.

But William Mackintosh was most at home among his books, and with his own thoughts. He never gave up cultivating German theology, and was known to speak of Baur as his favourite author. But the system of thought which in the course of his ministry grew up in his mind was not drawn only from books. He was a man who really thought for himself. In his

walks about his parish he meditated on the deeper wants of religion, both on its devotional and on its metaphysical side. The questions which engaged his mind were on the one side akin to those treated by Thomas Erskine of Linlathen in his essay on God's education of man, and on the other were those suggested by the advance of physical science, with its postulates of the conservation of energy and the unchanging order of the universe. He would point out a spot on the road, at which what he considered a discovery in thought had reached him : and from all this there came in due time published writings, which were of a different order from the sermons he preached on Sundays, and which have made his name known to students of theology both in this, and in other countries.

What he tried to do in his writings was to present Christianity in such a way that those whose habits of thought forbid them to believe in miracle may yet accept it as their Religion. He was in keen sympathy with the scientific spirit, as it was disclosed twenty years ago ; and he thought that the dilemma it presented with regard to miracle was a real and substantial one, calling for fresh treatment on the side of Christian thought. Rightly or wrongly he believed Christianity to be capable of statement, and explanation, without miracle ; and he anticipated serious danger to the Christian faith if this was not recognized, and allowed for. He believed the substantial part of Christianity to be contained in its moral teaching, and in its doctrine of the relation of man to God

as his Father, who seeks his good in and through the causal nexus of things, with which He never interferes. To place this idea before the world was the object of his writings. They consist of two discourses contributed to the volume of *Scotch Sermons*, which were published in the year 1880; and a book entitled *The Natural History of the Christian Religion*, published in the year 1894. The sermons did not attract so much attention as did others in the volume, but they were among the weightiest contributions it contained. In his book of 1894 Dr Mackintosh gave the fruit of his German reading, in a critical treatment of the Literature and History of the New Testament, which has met with a wide recognition, both in this country and in Germany; and which not only shows an unusual amount of knowledge of the subject, but contains many original and striking views. In it he maintains that the doctrine of Jesus is, in spite of its admixture with local and temporary Jewish features, *the perfect Religion*, soon changed however into ponderous metaphysical, and traditional dogma.

He resigned his parish soon after the publication of this book, and his death occurred about a year after his resignation. He has left to his friends a very impressive example of some of the greatest virtues.

I should refer to his knowledge and appreciation of Art. If not unerring, as no man's judgment ever is, his critical opinion on the chief masterpieces of ancient sculpture and mediæval painting was always felicitous and suggestive.

The Rev. James Ballingall of Rhynd Parish writes this of him :—

“ On Tuesday of last week, in the quiet churchyard of Buchanan, was interred all that could die of Dr William Mackintosh, and in front of the door by which he had so often entered to expound to his people the pure religion of Christ, the drooping branches of the limes now weep over his grave. His funeral sermon was preached in the Parish Church on Sunday by the Rev. Joseph Mitchell, minister of Mauchline, and the occasion fitly suggests a few further thoughts on his memory.

It is not too much to say that never was a minister more beloved by his people while among them than was William Mackintosh, and never surely was one more deeply mourned on being taken to his last resting-place. For forty-five years had he struggled to represent to them by his life and character that ideal which he had found in the teachings of his Great Master, nor had he struggled in vain ; for forty-five years, Sunday after Sunday, he had preached to them of the truths which are eternal, and striven to inculcate the precepts which make for righteousness, nor had he striven in vain. What mattered it to them that in the course of these long years his meditations had carried him at some points beyond and away from the historical faith? They had never heard from his lips an unkind word. His life had been all gentleness. His influence for good among them had been subtle and insinuating. His weekly sermons,

always listened to with wrapt attention, had acted upon them half unconsciously as the strains of sweet music soothe the troubled spirit ; his very presence in the parish had been in itself a benediction ; so that to them it appeared only that the faith which had passed through the crucible of such a mind must necessarily have emerged the purer. And why should it not be so ? To our finite minds religion at the best affords but a glimpse of the eternal purposes of God ; the religious process must be an appreciation, it is worthless if it be not so. Some there are so cultured, so refined, that in going through the process they can and must discard all that is merely symbolical, and essay the naked citadel of abstract truth. Their souls can find satisfaction in nothing else. But to the most of men, who are not experts in working out the problems of religion, it is more easily grasped, ay, and carries with it more real truth, when presented through the medium of a concrete and sensuous embodiment. For all alike, in the words of Robert Browning,

The prize is in the process ; knowledge means
The oft renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to have.

So felt perhaps the people of Buchanan when comparing their own attitude towards the faith of their fathers with that taken up by their departed minister. Nor was Dr Mackintosh himself the man to thrust his own beliefs, however conscientiously arrived at, dogmatically or intolerantly upon others. Though his

studies had comparatively early led him to doubt the literal accuracy of much of the Scriptural narratives, and latterly in his unremitting search after truth he had felt constrained to reject many articles of the Church's creed in favour of a code of beliefs more in accord, as he thought, with the canons of science, yet he was too keenly alive to the fallibility of his own unaided reason ever to dogmatise on such subjects. He had, moreover, very profound convictions as to what Mr Herbert Spencer has called 'the relativity of all knowledge,' and he studiously avoided in his pulpit sermons saying anything that might shake the traditional faith of his hearers by suggesting another which for them might be far less true. When, therefore, after his retiral from the ministry, the fruit of his mature deliberations was at length given to the world in *The Natural History of Christianity*—a book published, as he himself says in the preface 'not without a trembling sense of responsibility'—the strictures freely passed upon the author and his work in ecclesiastical, if not in devoutly religious circles found no response among those who had known him best. For them he remained as he had ever been—the figure of an earnest Christian seeking truth according to his lights.

'I am astonished,' said one who found Robertson of Brighton reading the works of Channing; 'I am astonished that you should read the books of such a man; you know he denies the divinity of our Lord.' 'Denies his divinity!' exclaimed Robertson; 'why,

he *adores* Him.' And might not this be said too of him of whom we write! To do his will; to pass his life as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye; not merely to say, Lord, Lord, but to do the things that He commanded—such was the aim that Dr Mackintosh steadfastly kept before him. For him, as for Robertson, the divinity of Christ was discovered in the perfection of his humanity.

In sense beyond that dreamed of men
Who dogmas yield and fight o'er creeds,
We hail Him Lord e'en now as then—
He is our Leader; for He leads."

The Rev. Joseph Mitchell said of him,

“ He had ever a modest and humble spirit; he ever shrank from publicity and from letting his good deeds be known. He was content to efface himself if only the good were done. His kindly and gracious presence, his wise and faithful counsel, his ready hand and sympathetic heart, which so long blessed the parish of Buchanan, will not soon be forgotten. And his life was also a life of devotion to truth. His thoughts welled up out of the depths of his own experience, and it was by humble, faithful, earnest effort that he reached the ground of his faith. He believed that Truth is the greatest power upon the earth, and that sooner or later it must conquer and prevail; and, trusting to the light that shone upon him from above, ‘ he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision,’ but, shaking off the trammels of custom and tradition, he

followed bravely and unflinchingly where the vision seemed to lead.

He was in the highest and truest sense a deeply religious man : he believed in the infinite wisdom and the eternal goodness of God, and he was content to leave his life to be moulded and guided by Him. From him in a manner the veil of mystery had been taken away, and he lived and moved continually as in the presence of God. His life was no distorted fragment ; it was all rounded and complete. He had finished the work which was given him to do—no broken column need be erected on his grave !”

ROBERT WALLACE

1831-1899

ROBERT WALLACE was one of the striking personalities of the Edinburgh group of literary-minded men in his time. He was an intimate personal friend, while minister of Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh, then Professor of Church History in the University, subsequently editor of *The Scotsman*, and afterwards M.P. for the City of Edinburgh. It is difficult to speak of him without some reservations, as well as enthusiasm; but his satire, when he was editor of *The Scotsman*, was wonderful. His comments on myself and others, when we were endeavouring in the seventies of last century, to extend the influence of our old University, in obedience to the instructions of its Senatus,—by giving lectures in some English towns, and explaining what the northern University could do for young men from the south,—were foolishly satirical; and, to his article in *The Scotsman*, Principal Tulloch replied very energetically.¹

Robert Wallace was a wonderful debater, abler in my judgment than all the other men of his time in the “General Assembly” of the Scottish Church. I could

¹ I may add that our University effort in 1877 to explain the advantage of University Education at St Andrews resulted in a vast increase of English students for many years to come.

tell many humorous stories of his speeches in the House, but forbear. He was still more remarkable, and successful, as a Professor in the University, where his friends wished that he had continued his career to its end. His lectures were, I understand, very learned, clear, succinct, and adequate every way. He was the most impartial and sympathetic and ingenuous of men. When my frequent guest in these old days, we discussed many problems together; and he was always fairminded, genuine, and true. I regretted his abandonment of University work; when, on the death of the former editor of *The Scotsman*, he was asked to be his successor. I tried to induce him to remain in the peaceful University fold, as Edinburgh has (to its honour) always been; but he wished to be wholly free from ecclesiastical fetters, and would not listen to advice. I wish that his Lectures to the students could yet be recovered and published.

GEORGE CROOM ROBERTSON

1842-1892

THE University of Aberdeen has perhaps had the honour of educating more men who have afterwards become distinguished in Scottish Philosophy than any of her sisters ; and the directing spirit of that northern school of learning in matters philosophical—Professor Bain—whatever one may think of his system and its outcome, has the indisputable honour of having trained many a student to become an expositor and teacher of Philosophy along both ancient and modern lines, whether they agreed with him or not. Amongst these George Croom Robertson held a foremost place.

I preface what I have to say of him as a fellow-worker in Philosophy by some extracts from a paper contributed by a common friend—once his pupil, as Miss Catherine Foley, now Mrs Rhys-Davids—to the Journal so ably edited by Robertson for many years, viz. *Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy*. Mrs Rhys-Davids writes,

“I speak as one who only came to know Croom Robertson in recent years, when he had nearly accomplished a term of respite between two attacks of the malady which finally carried him off. His exposition

of ethical hedonism,—it was the middle of the session,—was tinged with the gloom of it. ‘Why look ahead,’ he asked, ‘to pleasure as a neutral object? It is sufficient to be wanting riddance of pain. We can resolve to do without positive pleasure, but we cannot live with pain and discomfort. . . . Such are the hard conditions of life, that much of our action is to avoid pain, and no calculus is necessary *here*.’ . . . It was not often indeed that he looked other than jaded and ‘driven’ when he entered his classroom, promptly closed the window next him, or else drew on with swift dexterity his black silk skullcap, and took his seat. . . . Placing in front of him a minute *porte-feuille* of notes—which he never consulted—he would commence, gazing side-ways up at the sky, in a high-pitched, weary, distant voice, the words dropping from him clear and rhythmic, but with detachment and indifference. This at least was his usual way while he recapitulated ‘last day’s’ lecture, often clothing his previously expounded arguments in an entirely fresh dress. To take the first instance I find, after setting forth the nature of ethical philosophy and its connexion with logic and æsthetics, he opened thus, the week after: ‘The fact that we *can* distinguish these three regulative bodies of doctrine,—mutually independent,—mutually unresolvable,—exhaustive, is to be regarded as a decisive argument for the tripartite division of mind. In psychology it is often hard to isolate the three and secure independence for them, but we can distinguish well enough

that Intellection in the end has to be made True, Conation in the end has to be made Good, Feeling has to be raised to the grade of the Beautiful. And we cannot add thereto. The summary is exhaustive.'

But this apathetic phase was short-lived. Energy either grew upon him as he broke fresh ground, or blazed up suddenly, but it never failed to respond to the mute demand in the eyes that were attentive, to the need in those that looked carelessly, and to hold us in the sleepest hour of the students' day, wakeful, spell-bound. . . . His own illustrations bear me out in part. 'You might say that, whereas I was silent for one moment, and speaking the next, here was action going out, but no afferent stimulus. In a better example we might see this, but just then I had before me the sight of your expectant faces.' . . . Careful as he was to impose none of his own strong convictions as dogmas, no words can adequately convey the intense earnestness of manner and speech with which he sought to carry the listening intelligence up to commanding standpoints. . . . It is not possible by fragmentary citations to reproduce the intense fervour with which all asseverations were put forth, infusing the driest arguments with the character of things beautiful. Leaning often far over the table as though he would project his own insight into his *parvulos trahendos*, he seemed to be wrestling with the ignorance, or callousness, or false views in each several mind, his glance for the most part directed

just over the heads of the class, yet apparently cognisant of each student's mental progress. Inattention was as difficult as interruption: when once a student broke a momentary pause by putting a question, the professor, as though unaware, resumed his argument forthwith, and talked through questioner and question more fervently than ever. I hasten to add that the more usual mode of hearing questions from the chair at the end of the lecture was not merely permitted. "You will be failing in a *positive duty* if you omit to bring me any difficulties. But let me advise you to write them down: half and more of your difficulties will vanish when once you have put them into definite form." . . .

Let it not be supposed that this fervid manner beat out earnest and emphatic monition and assertion incessantly. It would have failed in effect. He never laughed, he could not really be said to smile, *ex cathedra*; but touches of humour, like rays of frosty sunshine, not seldom lit up the less crucial phases. . . .

Wherever and whenever his voice was raised to instruct, his utterances were invariably characterised by a severe and concentrated eloquence—an eloquence which clothed every thought in purest English, which never ran away with him, which rigorously abstained from analogy and metaphor, and yet, impelled by full conversance with its matter, repeated each point in a double or triple paraphrase of words—securing a maximum of clearness, and allowing each following mind to overtake and take it in. At the same time there was

no lack of illustration, and that of the simplest and next to hand. . . .

There was not much excuse for a student of average abilities and application who failed to make headway at the feet of Croom Robertson. His expositions were so artistically disposed that it was comparatively easy to set down in notes without much pressure, not only the substance of what he said, but often the form as well. There was an entire absence of verbiage. The lecture never broke down into a talk; the sentences were terse, pithy, polished. But on the other hand he never hurried, nor even once introduced unfamiliar terms without carefully leading up to and determining them, while every point was reiterated with strenuous emphasis. What remained of the Scottish accent, which in his earlier London days he had been at much pains to smooth down, only served with its varied pitch, incisive accents, and rhythmic cadences to throw his emphases into higher relief. . . .

Mindful of 'the notable and deplorable state of psychological and philosophical terminology,' his own choice of nomenclature was, it need hardly be said, a model of studied selection, applied with unswerving consistency, and, when occasion arose, justified in detail. Instances are not far to seek in memory. He would not admit the *philosophical* study of the ideals of truth, goodness, and beauty into the category of the sciences, reserving under the latter head purely phenomenological inquiries. . . .

From beginning to end his course was one long

lesson how to attain Truth under the aspect of consistency, which includes both formal and material agreement. To this end he made his exposition, in each branch of his subject, a continuous and thorough-going application of the definitions with which he set out, so that the whole complex of notions fell apart and re-disposed itself around a fundamental axis of thought. . . .

Without a thorough grounding in the science of Psychology he would have no one stir a step in the systematic study of Philosophy. Kant—and many another illustrious thinker—had, by wrong procedure, built on sand. . . . On the other hand, many British philosophers had stayed so long over their Psychology that they never got to Philosophy at all ; or, if they did, they spoilt their scientific analyses with it, not distinguishing what they were about. . . .

It is not possible in the scope of a memoir to do justice to an influence which quickened many lives for their life-time ; nor, in any way, duly to appraise the resultant tendency of that influence in different personalities. In its intensely critical methods, whether these were applied to ordinary subjective experience, current theories, or work sent in by students,—in which literary style and method were even more severely tested than matter,—it would, I believe, be of the nature of a highly regulative, often of an inhibitive, force, more effective for the fluent and self-confident, than for the self-critical and diffident. . . . The indubitable and lasting benefit

of his teaching was the insight it afforded into the working of a fine, profound judgment when confronting, and co-ordinating in its perspective, the complex *continua* of thought and life, so presented that the methods of that working were handed over as a heritage to the listener to be assimilated and applied in his or her own case."

Mrs Rhys-Davids writes to me "I only compiled that little notice of him as a teacher, on a sudden impulse to supplement—in a vein of almost passionate gratitude—the dry bones of Professor Bain's Memoir in *Mind*."

An event occurred in Croom Robertson's life, which was an honour to him but which produced temporary dismay in some philosophical circles ; viz. his election to the Chair of Philosophy in University College, London over Dr James Martineau. It would be useless and fruitless to enter now on the causes which led to that preference. I only wish to signalize the facts, which will be made more prominent in another volume, (1) that Martineau never cherished any grievance, and (2) that probably better work was done by both men, because of the slight temporary hitch that occurred.

As an examiner in Philosophy at the London University, Croom Robertson did superlative work. I succeeded him for some ten years, and I constantly found evidence not only of the wonderful tuition of his students in psychology, metaphysics, and ethics, but also of what he had done to make them independent thinkers.

When I organized the series of Books entitled *Philosophical Classics for English Readers*, the volume on Hobbes was assigned to Mr Robertson. I knew that he would do it well; and he devoted himself, with unremitting care, to an almost exhaustive study of the still remaining sources of our knowledge of Hobbes, both as a man and a philosopher. The book speaks for itself.

A friend writes to me, "To students, so far as I could see while hospitable and kindly, he hedged himself really behind a great reticence and aloofness. I fancy he had a horror of idle questions, and the pert levity of immature knowledge. I have met, and stayed with other students at his house, but never saw him 'drawn out' at all. We were all a little afraid of frosty kindness. He was a trifle too Olympian for us to get near him. If only he had had a few children romping about his knees, and growing up with questioning minds around him, he might better have understood us, our weaknesses and our wants. He was always keen to help, but did not always understand how to do so."

I should refer to the wonderful comradeship between Croom Robertson and his wife. I saw them often in their delightful home. They read together, such books as Darwin's *Life*, and *The Golden Bough*. Mrs Robertson played classical music to him, when alone; and they were inseparable. It was evident that he could not long survive her loss. He was a keen politician. Although a strong liberal, he never forgave Gladstone's

action on the Home Rule Bill. Like a true Scot keen without ascerbity, it was said by him emphatically (although genially) "I shall never forgive Gladstone. *He has compelled me* to vote for a man whom I despise, viz. the leader of the Opposition."

He lived frugally. His table was good, without any luxuries. His only exercise was walking. He never smoked. "What do you do then," a friend asked, "when you quarrel with your wife?" "I *fume*," was the prompt reply.

Out of a score of letters, from Croom Robertson, I select parts of only one or two for publication. They refer chiefly to Hobbes, and the series to which it belongs.

"1st July 1879.

Flint has been so extremely kind in offering to stand aside for me" (it was at first proposed that he should take the volume on Hobbes,) "that I wish I could make him the appropriate return of taking up some other modern thinkers; more particularly as I gather from your letter that it may no longer be possible for him to get Butler, whom he thought of as an alternative. As regards other thinkers too, I might well be content with the large choice you have given me. But after due reflection, I am sorry to have to come to the conclusion that I cannot now undertake to write the kind of book you want upon any other philosopher than Hobbes; while upon him, I have the notion that I could write with a greater command of

materials than perhaps anyone else has, or could easily acquire.

. . . Have you thought of Coleridge? He ought not, I think, to be overlooked even in the first set—
. . . I am glad to hear your favourable opinion of *Mind*; but I wish, for my own sake, that it was not so largely written by outsiders. The Scotch professors, who are more in the thick of philosophical work than any other men in the country have made hardly any use of the journal (Bain of course excepted). I wish they would all join in, and help to make it truly representative of all the different kinds of philosophical activity in the country. . . .”

Referring to a request which reached him from the editor of a rival series of “Philosophical Classics” that he should contribute a volume on the History of Philosophy, he wrote to me

“December 2, 1879.

. . . The only kind of co-operative History of Philosophy I consider effective would be one written by three or four men agreed in principles, and sure of one another; and that in default of such a co-operative scheme—which I should prefer to any attempt by one man to cover an impossible extent of ground—I see no way of beginning the work in this country but yours, viz. to get a Series of Books on the best thinkers written independently of one another.

I tell the editor that in my judgment it would be better to wait for the result of your experiment before

trying another. I hope you may be able to stop the rival venture.

About my *Hobbes* I am in sore difficulty to say exactly when it can be finished. I shall work off this month my article for Baynes; and, having everything again fresh in my mind, wish nothing better than that I could write the book off straight; but my lectures take up a great deal of time, so does *Mind*, and what time is left is but too little for my previous engagement to write that manual of Psychology (tough job as it proves in the doing). . . .”

“August 12, 1881.

No one who has not tried could believe what difficulty there is in bringing into readable and intelligible order—especially within short compass—the multifarious pursuits of the man. It is not only philosophy that has to be thought of in Hobbes, or it is a philosophy that will include all science within it, not to speak of politics. I have not been kept back by nothing all this time. . . .”

“14th April 1882.

. . . The toughest part of Hobbes, as I am trying to work it out, lies in the middle part (about two-sixths of the whole book) which follows on the earlier chapters, mainly biographical. I have not yet been able to satisfy myself with the exposition of the system—which is what comes thus in the middle—so as to make it readable while not superficial, including (as it has to include) so much reference to mathe-

matical and physical principles, as well as to matters more strictly philosophical. You would indeed hardly believe how much I have puzzled over this part during the last months, without being able to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. . . .”

“11th September 1885.

. . . With the last two chapters I have made a good deal of way, but you can understand how peculiarly troublesome they are, especially ‘Anti-Hobbes’; and how impossible it was to finish them, away from the British Museum, or books of reference. . . . What I have written does not come near to what I would have liked to make it, and could have made it under other circumstances. The mistake was, thinking to get Hobbes, whom no one before has ever worked *wholly* over, into the limits of the series. As to the disproportionate size of chapter vii., ‘Conflict,’—though I must to some extent allow the justice of your criticism—you will see that it is not so great, when the whole length of chapter vi., from p. 74, is taken into account. If I have shortened ‘Man’ and ‘Society,’ it was not so much to get room for new philosophical matter like ‘Conflict,’ as for other parts of the Philosophy that are much less known than Hobbes’ doctrine as to ‘Man’ is.

I have found in the Royal Society’s rooms a picture of Hobbes, aged, not unlike the one given by Molesworth, or that which you describe as being at Eastnor Castle in Lord Somers’s collection. It is

most interesting, and previously unknown, representing him as he was about the age of forty, as I guess. I have got permission from the Royal Society to have this photographed, and hope the result may not be quite unsatisfactory. The background is unfortunately very dark, while the face itself does not stand out very well. . . .”

WILLIAM MINTO

1845-1893

IT fell to me to edit some posthumous Lectures by William Minto, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen on *the Literature of the Georgian Era* in the year 1894, and to preface them by a brief, "biographical introduction." A few passages may be extracted from the latter, and some letters of importance added. I never knew any man with whom recognized differences counted for less, so far as personal esteem was concerned. Indeed, our differences enhanced my regard for him every time we met.

He was not only the most chivalrous of intellectual opponents, but the most appreciative; and he had the rare gift of presenting to those who differed from him the very doctrine from which they dissented, and the kernel of the position from which they stood aloof, in a non-controversial and attractive manner.

There never was a more genial, generous, or upright man than Professor Minto. He never alluded to the points on which men differed from him in reference to *ultimata*, as expressed in their published writings; and, so far as friendly intercourse was concerned, these differences were as though they were not. He instinctively met every one on his own

level, sympathetically appreciating truth and excellence wherever he found them. This characteristic came out most notably in his comments on those who had misconstrued, and even opposed him. I never heard him say an unkind word of any opponent.

The first occasion on which we met was at a University Extension Conference, which was being held in Glasgow, and to which those representatives of the four Scottish Universities who had interested themselves in the work, as organisers or secretaries, &c., were invited. There was one person in the room whom I did not know; and he seemed to know no one present from Edinburgh, Glasgow, or St Andrews. But observing this silent man, with a noticeable countenance, sitting in the background and in a corner of the room, I went up to him, and asked him what University he represented. As soon as he had introduced himself, he was asked to help in the organisation of a comprehensive plan of University Extension for Scotland at large. Aberdeen had, up to that time, taken no active part in the movement; and Professor Minto was the first to interest himself in it, which he did with much ardour, offering many important suggestions. He came to St Andrews, to discuss that and other things with me, and soon became an intimate friend.

I can never forget the days he spent at Edgecliffe, and my repeated visits to him afterwards at Aberdeen, our talks on Philosophy and Literature—far into

the summer night and even early morning—in his house at Westfield Terrace, our golf-matches on the Links, and social intercourse with friends at the Club, or in his most genial home.

It was not the least merit in Professor Minto's career that, while a man of letters *par excellence*—and for many years diverted from Philosophy to Literature by his work as a Journalist, and a critic of men and public measures—he succeeded, during his tenure of it, in making the Aberdeen Chair, with its dual claims, quite as distinguished in the department of Philosophy as in that of Literature. All students bear witness to this. His book on *Logic, Inductive and Deductive*, is as original and bright as that of any writer on the subject in Great Britain, during the last quarter of a century. In all probability his previous life as a journalist not only confirmed that rare capacity for work which distinguished him as an undergraduate, but fitted him for popularising an abstruse subject, and keeping his exposition of it free from the technicalities which have so often disfigured the treatment of Logic. The fact that he had been no mean power in the literary circles of the south gave a special weight to what he said from his academic chair; and while the bejants of the north found that they had before them, in the English Literature class, a Teacher, of whose achievements amongst his contemporaries it might be truly said—(although *he* would never have said it, nor thought it)—*pars magna fui*, the students of Philosophy found

that they were being taught by an original mind, and not by a mere expositor of school Logic.

A wonderful critic of his *Logic* has complained of its "laxity of reference to Greek writers and to modern," and has added that the editor should have supplied a bibliography, and index, and notes, and references, etc. He has even doubted whether it should ever have had a place in such a Series! But it has a value of its own, which has already made it useful in University and College class-rooms, both in our country and in America, being one of the freshest and most stimulating books which our British philosophical literature has produced for many years.

As a contribution to logical science, its Introduction will probably be welcomed generations hence, by students of the subject, when dry-as-dust logicians are forgotten. To be taught how to escape from illusion and fallacy of every kind, so as to get into the light of reality, is no small gain to students of evidence; and there can be little doubt that Professor Minto's book—a reflection of the work done by him, in the Logic class-room of Aberdeen, for thirteen years—will be found one of the best handbooks, introductory to the study of Philosophy, for those who cannot resort to a University, and for whose assistance these manuals were originally designed.

In Philosophy, Minto was singularly open to light from every quarter. I often told him that he was more eclectic than I was. When discussing the ideal and the real in Philosophy or in Art, he always proved

himself one of the most fair-minded of men, a reconciler of differences, and as ready to recognize merit from the most opposite quarters as any disciple of the school of *a priori* thought.

The range of his knowledge and culture was almost encyclopædic, as was that of his friend and rival, Robertson Smith; so that, like the late Professor Trail of Edinburgh—editor of the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—he was probably the only man in the University who could have been trusted on an emergency to conduct the class of any one of his colleagues who might be accidentally laid aside from duty.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that, when it was finally determined to separate the subjects of Logic and Literature in the University of Aberdeen, a memorial was addressed to Professor Minto, signed by 350 of his former pupils, asking him to accept the Chalmers Chair of English Literature.

His lectures on *The Literature of the Georgian Era* which were printed from Professor Minto's own MSS., are a very inadequate index of the extent of his knowledge, or his critical insight into the more delicate problems which arise in the study of English Literature; but, as he meant to recast them with a view to publication, they are sent forth in the belief that they contain literary judgments which he would himself have ratified, in any subsequent work. At the same time, there are numerous articles of William Minto's, I should not say buried, but—for the mass of readers—

lost, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *The Nineteenth Century*, and other magazines, which, in their critical vision, their wise insight, and felicitous appraisal of authors little known (or at least little read), are greatly superior to those put together in this volume for the first time. There are papers on Wordsworth, and other magnates in our great English hierarchy, which will be found as valuable to posterity as the critical notices of any of our modern reviewers. In addition, there are numerous Introductory Lectures delivered to his class,—such as those on “The English Language,” on “The Usefulness of Plodding,” on “Industry”; and others delivered to Literary Societies in the north, that on “K., B., and Q.,” or three new novelists—(they were Kipling, Barrie, and Quiller-Couch),—which would adorn another volume of his remains.

As Minto's knowledge was not derived from secondary sources, his criticism was invariably at first hand. Many were struck by his knowledge of out-of-the-way authors. He could quote *The Day's Estival* as readily as he showed his knowledge of the writings of Thomas, ex Albiis. These delightful days at Aberdeen, when—after a round of the Links—we used to watch the fleet of boats going out from the harbour to the herring fishing, and talk of Metaphysics or of Literature, vividly recall to me how glad Minto was to be ultimately relieved from what became—to a temperament like his—the drudgery of editorship. I nevertheless believe that his training in

the editorial chair, and his varied literary work in London, developed his unique fitness for the work he did at the University. It prevented him from ever being pedantic. It gave simplicity, piquancy, and diversity to his style ; and to it is greatly owing the fact that, in all his subsequent expositions of the abstruser matters of Philosophy, he was untechnical, and even vernacular.

I had a good deal of correspondence with Minto, in reference to his *Logic*. There is not much to be reproduced from that correspondence, but one or two extracts may be given.

“Dec. 25, 1889.¹

. . . I have been turning the subject over in my mind at all odd intervals, and trying to map out such a system as would come within the limits. I think I see my way to it, if your plan would allow of separate Books of Deductive and Inductive Logic. [I give the ordinary names ; but, for myself, prefer to call the one the Logic of Consistency, and the other the Logic of Rational Belief, thinking it better to name the departments by their ends, rather than by parts of their machinery.]

Of course one consideration that a professor must take into account in publishing a System is that he deprives his Lectures of their freshness for the students, and is thus apt to lose an essential means of keeping hold of their attention. I have considered

¹ This first letter is specially interesting, as it shows his earliest ideas of the volume.

this, but I think I see my way to meet it, by leaving a good deal for the lecturer to fill in, and by giving references which would enable a solitary student or general reader to verify the positions in the book for himself.

I don't think that Mill was happy in his connection of scientific method with the old Logic, or in the function he assigned to the experimental methods, which I take to be essentially methods of observation.

I would attempt an entirely new systematization of the material, (including the principles of historical evidence as well as the experimental methods,) putting the Newtonian method of Hypothesis in a more prominent position, and rearranging what is generally given under the Logic of Probability, (of course in its main processes.)

Definition and Classification I think I should treat in connection with Consistency in Logic, giving modern developments from the so-called "Predicables."

One feature of the Logic all throughout would be to treat it as a Practical Science; not denying that it may be otherwise viewed, but trying what can be made of it as a Science having for its aim the prevention of fallacy. The fallacies to which men are liable in the application of general knowledge, transmitted by words, would determine the province and the subdivision of the first part. . . .

I would depart considerably from the received mode of treating the subject, but I think I can give good reasons; and I would endeavour, by holding fast

to the historical purposes of the line of Logicians from Aristotle downwards, and by insisting on historical definitions of terms, to reduce the present Babel to some clearness of speech. God forbid that I should add to the present confusion of Terms and Methods, by introducing anything not historically and evolutionally justifiable. . . .”

Again.

“ Feb. 1, 1892.

. . . The *Logic* alas ! proves so tough a job, and so interconnected that I fear it will be some time before I can safely have anything set up. I have tried it experimentally on the *corpora vilia* of my class [with no disrespect to them, but rather to their honour]; and I have made notes which I shall proceed to redact, so soon as the session is over. I positively must finish it, in the course of the summer ; but it is the arrangement of the opening that still gives me trouble, although the start is really simplified, by taking (as you have suggested) the Inductive and Deductive together.

The *Laws of Thought as Thought* bother me still, but I think I can place them in connection with the doctrine of Opposition, out of which they historically grew. Can you help me, as to this ? . . .”

Again.

“ Feb. 16, 1890.

. . . “ I have read with much interest your article on Curricula for the Scottish M.A. degree ; and I am

glad that you so strenuously defend General Culture against a too exclusive scientific course. I think we should make a stand for the traditional Scottish University *basis*, (Logic, Latin, Mathematics.) A Scottish degree without Philosophy in some shape would be not a Scotch degree. The only details on which I would (off hand) differ from you are that I would make History and Political Economy obligatory on all aspirants to a University degree (whether M.A. or B.Sc.) as being indispensable elements of general culture.

Further, here in Aberdeen at least, I should be inclined to give no special science degree that did not require as a qualification the elements of general culture, and would practically provide for Science by making it one of the alternative roads to the M.A.”

THOMAS DAVIDSON

1840-1900

THOMAS DAVIDSON was a distinguished Scotsman, but also a cosmopolitan ; great amongst the remarkable men who lived through the latter half of the nineteenth century, and a philosopher *par excellence*. He has been spoken of, by one who knew him well, as within the circle of the twelve most learned men in the world. His knowledge was encyclopædic, and his culture almost universal. A great linguist, his knowledge of Philosophy in all its branches was amazing. He was one of the distinguished students of the subject which the University of Aberdeen sent out during the last quarter of the nineteenth century—numerous as they have been, Professors Croom Robertson and Minto included—but he was so humble and altruistic that very few of his friends and acquaintances knew what treasures were stored within his brain and heart. More than any of the nineteenth century thinkers known to fame, he lived and toiled for other people ; and, from first to last, had no thought of himself. His modesty and generosity were monumental features of an outstanding personality. It might have been thought that, after finishing his undergraduate career, he would obtain and pursue the vocation of a Univer-

sity teacher of Philosophy; but the paths available to him were few, and crowded. No vacancy occurred which tempted him to become a candidate for a Scottish University chair.

Besides, in these years he was rejoicing in his newly found freedom as a teacher; and he was, from first to last, a peripatetic, an intellectual free-lance stimulating many minds in many lands, while waiting for the possibilities of future and larger work. He deeply loved and profoundly honoured the Mediæval Universities of Europe—those cradles and nurseries of Learning founded in the so-called, dark ages—but he had little sympathy with a belated Mediævalism, stationary, crystalized, and dominating the western ideals of progress. He thought that the students of some of our Universities—no less than these Institutions themselves—were occasionally indifferent to new light, and progressive leading; and so, he became a wanderer—like many of the ancient scholars—traveling from country to country in Europe. His modern instincts, however, drew him chiefly to America, where he did an almost unparalleled work at St Louis, in the Adirondacks, in New York, and in Canada. His intellectual and social ambition was to find a set of men and women who would be bound together in the freemasonry of a common thirst for the Knowledge which leads to useful Work and fruitful Life. And he succeeded—when all the errant elements in his career are eliminated—in inaugurating a “new fellowship” of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; more useful

and enduring than the two Societies which he joined—viz., “the Fabian,” and that of “the New Life”—and he did this from altruistic motives. Like Socrates, he never cared about rewards for instruction.

Also like Socrates, he had “many scholars, but no school,” with entrance examinations and well-fenced traditional avenues to success. His was an educative, rather than an academic, ideal. As an intellectual missionary, his aim was *to get at the truth of things, with a view to the regeneration of Society*. The elimination of error was to lead on to, and to ensure, the eradication of evil from human life; and in these directions he has sown seed, in the minds and hearts of many who now mourn his loss. His unique advocacy of the Philosophy of Religion, his defence of dualism against the monistic system of Spinoza, his glorification of Individualism—dualistic, yet socialistic—were notable amongst other efforts of his countrymen. But, as already said, he was a born wanderer. You met him, talked with him, were inspired by him; and next day you found that he had fled! He was like Browning’s *Waring*, or the “one true poet whom he knew;” also, like Matthew Arnold’s *Scholar Gipsy*. He felt—as very few have ever done—that he was matriculated as a continuous student in the great peripatetic University of the World. He took up Philosophy after Philosophy; but, although he did not endorse any, he never dropped one. He assimilated the teaching of each, and passed on; but, above all things, he wished to make his speculative

knowledge fruitful for subsequent work, and a stimulus to good fellowship and *camaraderie*. He was the last to think of himself as an "angel of light;" but he was, without quite knowing it, an instinctively inspiring personality in every circle into which he came. His reputation, now that he has gone, will be this. He has left the memory of a mediævalist panoplied in the guise of a nineteenth century crusader. He lived to revivify some of the ideals of the Middle Age. He was an intellectual cosmopolite, as well as a teacher of those definite ethical truths to which our modern world has attained. Caring nothing for what is ordinarily considered "success," he went on his way rejoicing, if possible to conquer; but careless whether he succeeded or failed, if only he *taught*.

I have not many letters from Thomas Davidson to reproduce; but as he was one of the most enthusiastic and generous *collaborateurs*, in my projected scheme for a Series of Books treating of "Philosophy in its National Developments"—which unfortunately came to naught, after being fully arranged, from a single slight accidental cause* — and, as he was to have written for me two volumes on the "Philosophy of the Middle Ages," I may make one or two quotations from his letters on the subject.

* The cause was this, Professor Max Müller insisted that the American issue of his book should be through the particular firm, which had always published his works across the Atlantic; while my English publisher had arranged with another firm in the United States, and neither would give way, without a law-suit. The English publishers would not go on without Max Müller's book, while he insisted that none but Messrs Scribner should issue it in the States.

So far back as 1882, he wrote from Rome about Rosmini. This was after his really great book on that philosopher had been issued. He said, "Could you not find a place for Rosmini in your 'Philosophical Classic Series' (for the Series is yours, as I well know, by original formation and subsequent construction.) If you could, it would bring the system of Rosmini within the reach of a wider public than can be done by any means I can now think of. Will you, at your leisure, tell me what you think of the suggestion?"

I should like also to make another. I have, for many years, been working up Heraclitus (see my article on him in Johnson's *Encyclopædia*), and I would be very glad if you could give my work on him a place in your series. It is considerably advanced, and could be ready for the press in six months. I have also collected materials for a work on Parmenides, whose fragments I translated (in hexameter), and published many years ago, in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. . . ."

Davidson intended to make his book on Mediæval Philosophy, as he told me more than once, the great work of his life; tracing its derivation back to Arabic, as well as to Greek sources. He did not live to complete it. I gave him two volumes for it, instead of one, in the series of which it was to form a part (a privilege which could be conceded to no one else) because he convinced me of the vast extent of the field he had traversed, and of the enormous amount of material he had amassed, which would

be needed to explain the origin and development of Mediævalism. He went one season to the East, for the special purpose of working up this great subject.

He wrote, on February 13, 1898, "I have been hoping to tell you when my first volume would be finished. I am not sure that I can do so even now. . . . But I am in a position to resume work on my *History of Mediæval Thought*, which I have arranged to write for you. The earlier portion is so difficult to put into shape, that I cannot say definitely when it will be finished. I wish I could show you how difficult the task which I have undertaken for you is, and how important are its bearings on all modern thought. . . . The truth is that the history of Mediæval Thought has never been written in any intelligible way, and I am trying to do that thing. It requires patience, both on your part, and on mine. . . ."

The bibliography of Davidson's published books and magazine-articles extends to nearly one hundred contributions and, (in addition to their being so voluminous), they are more varied and encyclopædic than those of most modern philosophers—some of their very titles are more suggestive than other treatises—while the as yet unpublished MSS., left by him to his literary executor amount to one hundred and sixty seven. It may not be inexpedient that a list of these should be published now, since nothing has been as yet arranged in reference, either to a

biography of the man, or a complete issue of his works. I place both lists in an appendix, (see pp. 448-456). The former has been supplied to me by a friend, and his fellow-worker, the Hon. T. Harris, head of the United States Educational bureau: the latter by Professor Bakewell of California, Mr Davidson's literary executor.

A brief statement of the chief events in Davidson's career is added to the foregoing characterization of him.

He was born in 1840 in the parish of Old Deer, at Drinies, a croft situated a little to the north of the coach stables of Pitfour, now attached to the farm of Toux. After the death of his grandfather the family removed to the village of Fetterangus, about a mile distant, where his widowed mother, with her two daughters, occupied a house. Davidson's mother, Mary Warrender, and her sister Margaret, toiled industriously to support their aged mother and themselves, with a laudable pride—now less common—in order to be independent of public charity or parochial aid. In fine weather Mary wrought at outdoor labour, chiefly on the home farm of Pitfour, assisting in Spring by gathering weeds, hoeing turnips, shearing sheep, at the latter of which she was an adept, being able to shear forty to fifty a day. In harvest she gathered the corn cut by a reaper with his scythe, and in winter was often employed lifting turnips for the cattle, or other homely agricultural work. On bad days she plied her needle or knitting pins in

untiring assiduity, and always managed to keep the household clean and tidy.

When a boy Thomas Davidson was of a blonde complexion, with hair inclining to yellow, hazel eyes, and an open smiling face. Being of a lively and happy disposition he was a general favourite with young and old, docile, and a great reader. His mother was desirous that her boys—she had two, Thomas, and another younger by two years, who afterwards became a well known man, John Morrison Davidson, barrister-at-law, political and social journalist—should receive a good education, and be brought up to be pious and reverent.

The first school that Thomas attended was the Girls' School in the village of Fetterangus, taught by Elizabeth Grant, under whom the boy made rapid progress. When about ten years of age he was sent to the parish school of Old Deer, then presided over by Mr Robert Wilson, who soon saw that there was the making of a scholar in the lad.¹ The number of pupils who attended the parish schools of those days varied considerably in summer and in winter. Whilst the summer attendance at the Old Deer school was about 80, in winter there were from 125 to 130 pupils on the roll. As one man single-handed was unable to do anything like justice to such a number—especially if any were learning the higher branches—he was obliged to have recourse to a practice commonly

¹ Mr Wilson still lives, and flourishes; and it is from him that I have received these facts as to Davidson's boyhood.

adopted by parish schoolmasters in those days, viz. the employment of monitors to assist in teaching the junior classes for a part of the day. Young Davidson was thus employed; and from his knowledge and good-humour, he soon became a favourite alike with pupils and teacher.

As time went on, and the lad advanced in learning, more time was needed for his school-work. The master then took him to board in his house, and helped him in his studies for a couple of hours each evening, in payment for his teaching work through the day. Young Davidson was exceedingly fortunate in his landlady, Mrs Wilson, a person of unobtrusive piety, common-sense, and kindness of heart, who treated him in all respects as one of her sons. While the master taught him Latin Greek and Mathematics, his wife initiated him in French, so that he was soon able to read that language with ease.

At the age of sixteen he left Deer School, (Oct. 1856,) to attend the Bursary Competition at King's College, Aberdeen; and came out sixth in the list of honours, gaining a scholarship of £15 a year for four years. At the end of his first session he took the second prize in Greek, and carried off the Simpson Greek prize of £70 at the close of his curriculum. In his second year, he took the first prize in Senior Greek; and Principal Geddes, then Professor of Greek, spoke of him one day in his class as the best linguist he had ever met. In his fourth year he was second in Senior Humanity and fourth in Logic and

in Moral Philosophy. Towards the end of his college course he became acquainted with a youth, James Macdonell, at that time a young exciseman at Old Deer, afterwards a brilliant literary man, sub-editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, leader-writer in *The Times*, and latterly the Paris correspondent of that Journal. Macdonell also wrote fascinating and extremely able articles in *The North British Review*. The two friends, Davidson and Macdonell, exercised a strong mutual influence, to the intellectual benefit of both.

Davidson graduated in 1860, carrying off as indicated the Simpson Greek prize. That same year—after three months' absence, when he taught in a boys' school at Oundle, Northamptonshire, he went back to Aberdeen as Rector of the Old Town Grammar School, and session-clerk of Old Machar Parish. These posts (or rather this post, for they were joined together) he held for about three years. The school did not flourish under him, and he disliked the work of registering births, deaths, and marriages! He therefore resigned in August 1863, "in consequence," he said, "of having received a situation, requiring my immediate presence in England." This was at Tunbridge Wells, where he taught; but nothing authentic can be gathered of these days.

It was virtually a farewell to Aberdeen; although he revisited the Granite City two years later (1865) with Dr Theodore Benn, again in 1870, and finally in 1882. After resigning the Aberdeen Grammar School, and finding that he could do no better at

Tunbridge Wells, Davidson went to Canada. He taught at Toronto, went thence to St Louis, U.S.A., and afterwards to Boston; where he met with Longfellow, and lived next door to him. Through Longfellow's influence he was appointed to an Examinership at Harvard University. He also occasionally became travelling tutor to young American lads, with whom he made a tour in Europe. He spent a year in Greece, chiefly at Athens, where he was introduced to several Greek professors, as well as to Dr Schliemann, the topographer and German explorer, from whom he received a bit of ancient ware, found by the excavator in Agamemnon's tomb at Mycenæ, which he facetiously called Clytemnestra's teapot.

From Athens he went to Naples, *via* Brindisi, where he and his friend were entertained by the U.S. ambassador. Thence he proceeded to Rome, where he was introduced by a pious American Catholic lady to his Holiness the Pope, and had an hour's conversation with him in Latin in the Vatican garden, an honour rarely granted to any except most intimate friends. He also spent a year in the north of Italy, while writing *The Philosophical System of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati*. On his return journey from Europe to America he sailed from Naples. A U.S.A. battleship was in the bay, and the ambassador inviting the officers to an evening party, included Davidson and his friend; also (through Davidson's introduction) a Glasgow professor, who came, to Davidson's horror and disgust, in thick-soled walking shoes! How

strange to look back on the days when Davidson himself lived in a clay 'biggin,' with earthen floor in both the *butt* and the *ben* !

In America he did great work, among congenial comrades, in the Concord Summer School of Philosophy. His name as a teacher of Philosophy in America will be chiefly associated with the Summer School which he started in the Adirondacks, where "plain living and high thinking" went hand in hand : also with his Lectures to working men in New York. Details as to these have been printed by his pupil-friend, Professor Bakewell, and should not be repeated by me. In conclusion, I again direct attention to the bibliography of his writings, and his unpublished MSS., which will be found in the appendix to this volume.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

1827-1893

ALEXANDER NICOLSON was one of Sir William Hamilton's distinguished students ; an ally, friend, and comrade of Professors Veitch, Calderwood, and others. He acted as assistant to Hamilton, and for several years read the latter half of his daily lecture for him.

First tutored privately in Skye, where he was born at Usabost in 1827, he went up to the University of Edinburgh and graduated in Arts, after the usual four years curriculum of study. He then began the pursuit of theology at the Free Church College, but gave it up when he realized that he was not suited for ecclesiastical life. He turned to literary work, and did something for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (the 8th edition), when under the editorship of John Downes. He also wrote for the *Edinburgh Guardian*, and was for a short time editor of the *Daily Express*. His literary work was, however, of a somewhat desultory and fitful character. It was never sustained at the high level along which he might have worked, had his constitution been more robust, his temperament more agile, and his love of continuous labour greater. In the year 1857 he edited a volume of *Edinburgh Essays*, which came out as a sequel to the *Oxford Essays*

and *Cambridge Essays*, and contained some brilliant writing by brilliant men. Four of those who are mentioned in this work, Thomas Spencer Baynes, John Skelton, George Wilson, and Andrew Wilson wrote in it.

Nicolson turned from theological to legal study, and was admitted a member of the faculty of Advocates in the year 1860. In this, however, as in his earlier line of effort, his success was small. He continued to combine literary with legal work, and while a briefless barrister he employed himself, first in reporting for, and afterwards in editing, the *Scottish Jurist*. This paper had a brief life, while he had practically no work as an advocate. After five blank years in the Parliament House, he accepted the post of Assistant Commissioner on the Scottish Education Commission; and, as his knowledge of Gaelic was thorough, he "visited," (as he tells us), "nearly all the Western Isles, and inspected their schools." He was afterwards made one of the Commissioners to examine the question of the Scottish Crofters. This led him to revisit the islands which he loved so well: and he was much more at home when sitting by the fireside in the smoky cabins of the Hebridean people, than when walking the floor of the Parliament House, at Edinburgh. But while interesting himself in the people, and their ways, he took no initiative in suggesting legislative reforms. He was more taken up with the characteristic features of the peasantry, and the picturesque scenery of the west, than bent

on getting hold of some means of remedying the grievances which he saw.

In 1872, as progress at the bar was obviously closed to him, he accepted the office of Sheriff-substitute, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The area of his work was afterwards enlarged by the annexation of Wigtownshire, which increased his salary but added much to the labour from which he shrank. His life in the south of Scotland was isolated, and the duties of his office somewhat dull; and so, temperamentally indolent from the first, he became increasingly sluggish in action. His happiest hours were those when, official work being relaxed, he came up on brief visits to the metropolis. He then saw his friends, and entered into their varied literary interests as of old. But I would describe him as almost from first to last an intellectual loiterer. He once altered Goethe's famous lines in *Wilhelm Meister* to me thus

For to give room for loitering was it
That the world was made so nice.

On another occasion in a letter, excusing his dilatoriness in a trifling matter, he said that for a fortnight his head had been as the psalmist wished someone's else to be "like unto a wheel." He was the first to propose the establishment of a Celtic Chair within the University. In this, as in other matters, he merely started the idea; but took no practical steps to realize it. When the Sheriff-Substituteship at Greenock became vacant it was offered to, and accepted by him.

His friends thought that the bustling industry of a large town, its more varied companionships, and the larger demands upon him in its local court, would stir him up; but most of the legal questions which he had now to decide were such as he had never faced before; and soon there was a great congestion of business in the court. Old college friends, then in business in the west of Scotland, put cases into his hands for decision, to help a somewhat stranded man, but all to no effect; and so soon as he had completed the years of necessary service—in the two courts where he had administered justice—entitling him to a pension, he retired from legal work, and returned to Edinburgh. There he spent pleasant days in the old circle within which he was so much esteemed. He wrote occasional verses, and could always sing a humorous song; but the time had passed for original or sustained literary work. He published a *Collection of Gaelic Proverbs*, and assisted in a new edition of *The Bible* in Gaelic. He also contributed at intervals to Dr Macleod's *Good Words*, and wrote *Memoirs of Adam Black*, the publisher.

Perhaps his name will be chiefly associated with the island of Skye, which he loved so well; and in which he lived continually in thought and sympathy, when he could not visit it. He was in his boyhood, and younger manhood, a good climber and cragsman. A peak in the Coolin range is named after him. In that island of his birth he loved to wander meditatively, and to write songs as he was inspired. He wrote "I

would rather be remembered as the composer of one good song, than as the writer of many respectable but superfluous books." And so, his war-song, *Agus O, Mhórag*, thrills the Celtic Highlander as none other does. It is a glorious recital of the deeds of heroism by the clansmen of the North. But finer as a poem is his shorter and simpler lyric on Skye, with which this notice of him may conclude.

SKYE.

MY heart is yearning for thee, O Skye !

Dearest of islands !

There first the sunshine gladdened my eye,

On the sea sparkling ;

There doth the dust of my dear ones lie,

In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden and green fields to me,

Here in the Lowlands ;

Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn-tree,

Snowy with fragrance :

But oh for a breath of the great North Sea,

Girdling the mountains !

Good is the smell of the brine that laves

Black rock and skerry,

Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves,

Down in the green depths,

And round the craggy bluff, pierced with caves,

Seagulls are screaming.

Where the sun sinks beyond Hunish Head,

Swimming in glory,

As he goes down to his ocean bed

Studded with islands,

Flushing the Coolin with royal red,

Would I were sailing.

Many a hearth round that friendly shore
Giveth warm welcome ;
Charms still are there, as in days of yore,
More than of mountains ;
But hearths and faces are seen no more,
Once of the brightest.

Many a poor black cottage is there,
Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
Rises to Heaven.

Kind were the voices I used to hear
Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother tongue old and dear,
Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
Or plaintive singing.

Great were the marvellous stories told
Of Ossian's heroes,
Giants, and witches, and young men bold,
Seeking adventures,
Winning kings' daughters and guarded gold
Only with valour.

Reared in those dwellings have brave ones been ;
Brave ones are still there.
Forth from their darkness on Sunday I've seen
Coming pure linen,
And, like the linen, the souls were clean
Of them that wore it.

See that thou kindly use them, O man !
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure !
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people !

Blessings be with ye, both now and aye,
Dear human creatures !
Yours is the love that no gold can buy
Nor time can wither.
Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye !
Dearest of islands !

ANDREW WILSON

1831-1881

ANDREW WILSON, son of a famous Indian Missionary, was one of a small group of Edinburgh *literati* in the fifties and sixties. He was a literary man of distinction and a wanderer in many lands. He was for a time at Tübingen in Germany, then at Florence—where he saw much of the Brownings at Casa Guidi. He went to India later, where he took charge of *The Bombay Times* for a while. Returning to England, he became a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and published a volume of *Wayside Songs*. He was one of the best of the contributors to *Edinburgh Essays* of 1857 ; writing for it a paper entitled *Infanti Perduti*, which led to much subsequent discussion. In 1860, he went to China, and edited *The Chinese Mail* for three years, being brought into close relations with General Gordon, and wrote—partly from Gordon's Journal—the account of that distinguished hero, in his book *The Ever Victorious Army*. He went also to Japan ; and, returning to India, crossed the Himalayas : writing, as a record of his work, *The Abode of Snow*. Once, speaking to him of that book and its remarkable achievements, I asked if all that he had recorded was to be accepted as *bona-fide* fact. (I was then a member of "The Alpine Club," and knew something

of hill-climbing over rock, snow, and ice.) He replied "The half has not been told you." Then I said, "Tell it me now." He replied, "I was going along a steep slope of the Himalayas, with precipices of unknown depth on the one side, and a vast cliff on the other. We were going on very slowly and carefully when my mule suddenly turned somersault. I was happily caught upon a bush, and my shikari was also saved. I asked him, "Where is the mule?" "Oh Sahib," he replied, "your mule has gone down three days' journey!"

Wilson was editor for a time of a local paper, published at Berwick-on-Tweed. His landlady noted that he did not go to Church; and, being a religious woman, she came into his room one Saturday and said, "Mr Wilson I see you don't go to Church. Perhaps it is because you don't know if there is one of your denomination in Berwick. Tell me what's your belief?" Wilson replied, "I'm a Buddhist." The landlady, getting the word written down, went away at once to Dr Cairns, the much esteemed U.P. minister of Berwick-on-Tweed. She said she "had a lodger, a varra guid and quiet and cevil mon; but he didna belong tae ony Scotch 'body.' He said he was"—handing the paper—(read that) "a Buddhist. Is there ony kirk o' that kind here?" Dr Cairns smiled benignantly, and told her not to trouble herself. Her lodger would do very well, if he was an honest man.

I had many pleasant interviews with Wilson, in the Lake Country of England. Once he came over to

Armboth at Thirlmere, where a Society formed for recreation, viz. "The Informal," was holding its annual meeting. I had been giving a lecture at Keswick, to its Literary and Philosophical Society, on Wordsworth; and saw, to my surprise, Andrew Wilson in the audience. After the Bishop of Carlisle had closed the proceedings, I crossed the room at once, to lay hold of him; and—as "The Informal" was started for the purpose of summer holiday for busy professional men, for fishing, mountain climbing, and above all for story-telling in the evenings—I asked him to be the guest of our Society, and drive out with us some six miles to Armboth house. He came, and of all the anecdotes told at our gatherings for a dozen of years none were racier, and none better given, than Wilson's were. Most of the members of that happy club have now "joined the majority," but I am sure they would have all agreed that our Armboth meeting was the most delightful we ever had. I have heard Daniel Macnee, John Brown, and many another Scottish story-teller of our time scatter their wit *ad libitum*; but I never listened to anything better than Andrew Wilson's anecdotes.

He did a great deal of work for the Blackwoods, and I well remember a night spent with him at Howtown on Ullswater, when he was living in retirement, but receiving boxes of books for review and writing continually for the Magazine. I reached him by steamer when his day's work was done. We dined, and then walked out in a glorious twilight deepening

into dark ; while the owls were hooting from the opposite (western) side of Ullswater, and the stars came out one by one, and then by thousands overhead. He pointed one out to me, and said, "My fate is bound up with that star." I did not know till then that he believed in astrology. In this respect he was like the late Lord Bute. Wilson died at Howtown.

JAMES DODDS

1813-1874

MR DODDS was a remarkable man in many respects. His life has been written by a relative.¹ He lived in his own sphere, and troubled himself little with anything outside its circle. He was a friend of Thomas Carlyle, of Leigh Hunt, and of Kossuth, and talked much of them. One of Carlyle's letters to him was noteworthy, and the sage of Chelsea told me of his admiration for him. It was based mainly on Dodds's sympathy with, and appreciation of, the Covenanters. In his animated conversation he made these men live over again in the portrayal of their character. I once heard him describe Renwick, with wonderfully vivid touches; but Renwick did not bulk so largely in his mind as others of the Covenanting heroes.

He had a great appreciation of lost causes, and of those which he thought were full of life though out of fashion. A many-sided man, he had "in his time played many parts." He had sympathy with the Stage, with the Church, with Education, with Literature, with Law, with public work, and private practice.

He was a strolling player, then a teacher, next a lawyer's clerk, and finally a parliamentary solicitor.

¹ See *Memoir of James Dodds*, prefixed to his *Lays of the Covenanters*, by the Rev. James Dodds, Dunbar.

He was somewhat of an orator, and always the enthusiastic advocate of great causes, a heroic hero-worshipper, and a genial appreciator of merit in men and in causes with which he did not wholly sympathize.

As to his theological position, he told me of his admiration for Chalmers, Gordon, Thomson, and all the leaders of the religious thought of Scotland in their time. In the correspondence between Thomas Carlyle and Mr Dodds, the former speaks of London as "an immeasurable treadmill"; and to Dodds's cousin he afterwards wrote, "there is no madder section of human business now weltering under the sun than that of Periodical Literature in England at this day."

James Dodds published a biographical study of Dr Thomas Chalmers, but he will be chiefly remembered as a Scottish patriot, who wrote and lectured on the Covenanters, and who helped to secure the erection of the Wallace Monument at Stirling. His *Lays of the Covenanters* has given him a not undistinguished place amongst the minor writers of Scottish verse, and they will be read for many a day by those who are in sympathy with the men and the movement which they record. I may quote, in concluding this brief notice of a distinguished Scotsman, what Wordsworth said of the Covenanters in the first book of *The Excursion*.

Eagerly he read, and read again
The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs,
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.

GEORGE WILSON

1836-1893

GEORGE WILSON'S was a very distinctive personality amongst the Edinburgh men of the century. This was not always obvious, for to the ordinary observer his manner was less genial than that of many of his contemporaries. Underneath that manner, however, there was a combination of rare qualities,—both of head and heart,—which made him unique amongst his friends.

We first met as fellow-collegians in the class of Natural Philosophy then taught by Professor James Forbes. Neither of us was specially devoted to the study of Experimental Physics; but I well remember the keen intelligence of the face of the student, beside whom I sat by accident on the first day of that winter session. During the same winter session Wilson was a devoted student of Philosophy under Sir William Hamilton. We met every week at "The Metaphysical and Ethical Society," where a band of young enthusiasts used to assemble to read essays on philosophical subjects, and criticise each other's performances, or engage in prolonged debate over speculative problems. Wilson was a favourite pupil of Hamilton's and was first prizeman in his class, elected to that much coveted place of honour by the suffrages of his fellow students. But although he

came very strongly, at an early stage of his mental growth, under Hamilton's influence, and looked up to him as to an intellectual "king of men"—for Hamilton's learning, insight, and character magnetised us all—he was never a slavish disciple. His mind was too alert, his sympathy too catholic, for partizanship; and the debates in the "Metaphysical and Ethical Society" may have done as much for his intellectual development as was done by the academic prelections of the great professor of Logic.

It is difficult now-a-days to convey to the ordinary Scottish student any idea of the influence which Hamilton wielded, both in his class-room and out of it, over young men hungering for speculative Truth, and trying to find, and verify it. The spell of a master-mind was perhaps never more strongly felt within the last century. But the small brotherhood, which gathered in the New College of Edinburgh, were even more ardent in their love and pursuit of Philosophy, than the *alumni* enrolled at the University. At their weekly meetings, essays were read and criticised; and debates, on prearranged subjects, were carried on, often till near midnight; and sometimes prolonged afterwards (in smaller groups of two or three) by moonlight in the Meadows, or even on Arthur's Seat. I have a vivid remembrance of one debate in the Society on the nature of Perception, the controversy between the idealists and realists. It was ended, and Wilson and I set out together to our respective homes. We resumed the debate in the

walk along Princes Street, to his house. When we reached it, he said "I'll walk on with you, we must continue this"; and when we reached my house, I said "I'll return with you, there's more to be said": and so, to and fro we walked, between our respective homes several times, till far into the night, but *not* (I think) "in endless mazes lost." These were the joyous hours of youth, which seemed to herald the dawn of a new day to each of us.

The chief ambition of those who joined that "Metaphysical and Ethical Society" was to rise through the various stages of membership, from simple enrolment first to the office of Secretary, then to become Vice-president, next to be President, and finally to receive the Diploma of Honorary Membership which was granted to very few. Although it was mentioned in the chapter on John Veitch I may repeat that in these days the M.A. degree of the University had no academic value. It was conferred practically without examination, and often after only a few minutes' conversation between the teacher and the taught. All the distinguished students of Philosophy in that Edinburgh group—such as the late Professors Veitch and Bruce, Professor Henry Laurie, Mr Downes, George Wilson, and others, would not stoop to graduate. (It is scarcely necessary to add that the academic value of the degree is *now* completely changed.) They received instead the coveted distinction of the Honorary Diploma of the Metaphysical and Ethical Society. Many, and

varied, and very vivid—as recalled through the dim mist of years—are the memories of that Society; and no essays read to it were abler than Wilson's, no speeches in debate more powerful. They were never eloquent, seldom ready, not always fluent, at times supersubtle; but, for incisive grasp, for trenchant logic, for hitting the nail on the head in a philosophical argument, and for occasional humorous repartee, they excelled (*me judice*) those of every other member. Even Veitch's were not so clear and luminously direct, and they were occasionally repetitive. The one result of these essays and debates was that all Wilson's friends looked forward to his becoming a teacher of Philosophy in Scotland at no distant date.

During the winter session which followed, in the class of Moral Philosophy under Professor Macdougall, Wilson was *facile princeps*. We used to take many walks during the week, and longer ones on Saturdays, to Cramond and elsewhere, discussing the perennial problems, which seemed to become more magnetically fresh the longer they were contemplated by us, and more fascinating even when they were seen to be insoluble. What chiefly moulded him at this time, after the writings of the philosophers of the ideal school, was the greater poets—especially Shakespeare, Goethe, and Wordsworth. Music too had its influence, especially that of Beethoven, and Art in all its aspects; while the teaching of Dr John Bruce on Sundays, exerted an equally potent spell. All these

things, “worked together for good ;” but in the case of no student of our time did the development of character go hand in hand with intellectual culture in the same way as it did with Wilson.

Our friendship was strengthened during the summer vacations. In 1856—his father having purchased the property of Aucheneden in Dumbartonshire—I spent a fortnight of the autumn with him there. He was engaged in writing a competitive essay on “Indian Philosophy,” prescribed by Dr John Muir, the founder of the Sanskrit chair at Edinburgh, for which he obtained the prize. He spent part of each forenoon in a Lodge at the end of one of the avenue-approaches to the House, about a mile distant from it, reading Indian Philosophy, and writing an account of it, and a commentary on it. In the afternoons, we walked, or read the poets. *Aurora Leigh* had recently appeared, and *Maud*, the year before; and these poems,—as well as *The White Doe of Rylstone*, and the *Lyrical Ballads* and *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection* of Wordsworth—appealed to him quite as strongly as the philosophy of Plato, or the Vedas did. I remember walking with him one day to “The Whangy,” a rocky crag on one of the highest parts of the Dumbartonshire moor, whence we had a magnificent view of Loch Lomond in the distant west, and there we read the poets. I read *Michael*, and repeated *The Fountain*, and *Three years she grew in sun and shower*. He had brought a Coleridge with him, and

selected the *Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouin*. I had neither read, nor heard it read before. Wilson had a clear, sonorous, and tenderly pathetic voice; and his reading of poetry was "most musical, most melancholy." I can never forget the deep feeling, the pathos, the cadence, the intensity of that reading. When it was ended we sate a long while in silence, looking towards the west.

About this time he took up his residence at West Hurlet House, near Barrhead; and there, for many years, his life was devoted to business. He was not so absorbed by it, however, that he could not find leisure for further study. On the contrary he read much, and wrote a good deal, though not for the press. He occasionally lectured to his work-people. One address, on *Work and Money*, was afterwards published, and was a most admirable commentary on the sentence in *Aurora Leigh*,

Work, work, work,
'Tis better than what you work to get.

At this time he took an active part in the formation and development of a small literary and social club, the membership of which consisted chiefly of friends living in Glasgow and Paisley. They met at each other's houses in rotation, for the reading of papers, the discussion of subjects, and for social intercourse. After the paper was read, and the debate ended, the evening was spent socially: and many an anecdote and humorous Scotch story were told.

Wilson's clear judgment on all questions was

further developed at this time by his study of the legal aspects of some of them. He would have made an excellent lawyer, and would have done even better on the bench, than at the bar. Critical insight, keen acumen, and perfect fairmindedness were dominant features in his life work from first to last.

All throughout his career as a business man, he was called to put things right that had gone wrong, especially the affairs of other people. So much was this an element in his life that one of his friends used to describe him as the "repairer of wrecks": and his kindness in helping others, in assisting them with advice and guidance, was unbounded. While engrossed with business he found leisure for a sympathetic study of literature at Murrayfield. The poetry, the life, and the genius of Burns was his chief interest in these years. His maternal grandfather, Mr Peter Hill, having been Burns' publisher and intimate friend, many of the poet's unpublished letters came into his possession, as well as the MSS. of some of his lyrics: and he took a special interest in the edition of the works of Burns which was brought out under the care of Mr Scott Douglas. He himself had made a very minute study of the poet's career, correcting many errors that had crept into every previous attempt to deal with the chronology of his writings, and his travels. Even of Scott Douglas's work he used to say to me, "It must be all done over again." He visited most of the localities in Scotland from Doon to Stonehaven associated with the bard, making one

literary pilgrimage to the Mauchlin district with the late Professor John Nichol of Glasgow. His interest in the poet of Grasmere and Rydal—although in later years he was less of a Wordsworthian—was unabated. He joined “The Wordsworth Society,” and was its honorary Treasurer. Several meetings of our Committee were held in his house at Murrayfield.

The way in which he dealt with the great problems of the ages, in the private conversations of his later years, was notably different from that which he followed in our student days. He was equally fearless, but more reticent. He turned from many of the mysteries of belief and of life, not because he had lost interest in them, but because he thought a final solution impossible, and a complete one unnecessary.

His keen intellect, the width of his sympathy, his deep humility, his kindly heart, the loyalty of his friendship, his sense of humour, and his religious spirit—these are the characteristics which have made his memory so bright, and fresh, and green. Of the priceless legacy of friendship no one in our time has bequeathed a richer and more unsullied memory to those whom he blessed by it than George Wilson did.

JOHN SKELTON

1831-1897

JOHN SKELTON, the only son of an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, was born in 1831. His father was appointed Sheriff Substitute of Aberdeenshire in 1841, and the family moved to Sandford House on the Buchan coast. In 1842, he went to school, at the Madras College, St Andrews; and entered the Edinburgh University, in 1846. There in 1850 he was second in Professor Wilson (Christopher North's) class of Moral Philosophy, John Veitch (afterwards Professor Veitch) being first, and Henry (afterwards Professor) Calderwood third. He was a distinguished student of Rhetoric and English Literature. Law studies occupied him till 1854, when he was admitted a member of the Scottish Bar. While at the University he wrote much for the *Guardian*, on political and literary questions under the *nom de plume* of "Shirley." The spring and summer of 1854 were spent in travel on the Continent (France and Italy). From this year onwards he wrote much in *Fraser's Magazine*, and in 1862 his *Nugæ Criticæ* were published. Then followed *Thalatta* (1863), *A Campaigner at Home* (1865), *Spring Songs* (1865); in which year he became a candidate for the chair of English

Literature at Edinburgh, his candidature being supported by tributes from Thackeray, Ferrier, Aytoun, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Tulloch, Baynes, Lord Neaves, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

In 1867 he married Miss Laurie, daughter of Professor Laurie of Glasgow. In the same year he was offered two different law-chairs in the western University. These he declined, and in 1868 was appointed Secretary to the Board of Supervision at Edinburgh. He began to write in *Blackwood's Magazine* about 1870; and in 1875 he issued *Mary Stuart (a Defence) and other Papers*. In 1876 the Blackwoods published for him his *Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, selected and arranged*, and in 1878 his *Essays and Romances*. In the same year the University of Edinburgh gave him its Doctorate of Laws. In 1880 the Lord Rector of St Andrews, Sir Theodore Martin, appointed him as his assessor in the University Court, and the Messrs Longman issued his *Crookit Meg*. Three years later his *Essays in History and Biography*, and *Essays by Shirley* appeared; and, in 1887, he was made C.B. Next year, his important historical work *Maitland of Lethington* appeared. In 1890 his *Introduction to the Stuart Relics* was written, and his *Handbook to Public Health*. Two years later he was elected to the Chairmanship of the Board of Supervision; and when, in 1894 that Board became the Local Government Board of Scotland, he was made Vice-President and Chairman. His *Mary Stuart (Goupil)*

appeared in 1893, and the *Table Talk of Shirley*, first series in 1894, and the second in 1896. He resigned the Chairmanship of the Board in March 1897, was made K.C.B. in June, and died in July of the same year. His *Charles I.* (Goupil) was a posthumous publication of 1898.

In writing to Miss Chalmers, sister of James Hay Chalmers, on the 7th of May 1867, Skelton said "I never knew anyone whose whole character so much impressed me with the idea of utter unselfishness. He was so helpful, so hopeful, so eagerly kindly, so active in all his sympathies that one was apt too often to forget with what a frail body they were connected. He was almost the only man of whom I could say, from all that I have seen and known of him, 'He never thought of himself.' I know what your feelings must be from what I have felt myself since I heard of his death. Even yet I cannot always bring myself to realize that he is gone, and every now and again I feel myself unconsciously referring to what his opinion of such and such a matter would be — until one remembers suddenly that such appeal is here no longer possible.

I looked upon him as my truest friend, the man of all others on whom I could most rely. I am happy to think that he felt in some degree the same feeling for me, and it is a great comfort to me to remember the three or four days he spent with me at Sandford last autumn, for I think they were the happiest we ever spent together; and his animation,

his kindness and thoughtfulness endeared him to all who met with him there. . . .”

From Skelton's letters to his great friend, J. A. Froude, so few of which have been preserved, I extract the following. The first refers to Froude's *Carlyle*.

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“31st October 1884.

. . . . There can be no doubt about it. It is a very grand and beautiful book. Such a revelation of a human soul, and of all the deepest and saddest thoughts about its conditions and prospects in this strangest of all possible worlds, I don't suppose has ever before been 'put in words'; for it gives wonderful expression to the forlorn moods, which even the most commonplace of human tomtits, on its frail insecure perch between two abysses, must sometimes experience. The essential *devoutness* of Carlyle's mind comes out remarkably. I remember Martin telling me that Carlyle was even as Swift was. I wonder if that counted for much in this curious companionship.

From the literary point of view you have done nothing better—nay I should say, so good—as these volumes. Everyone here is charmed with them. . . . has utterly neglected household duties for two days, in consequence of them!

I read the last pages first; as, from our talk last summer, I was a little frightened about what you were going to say: but it is all right, and beautiful;

and no injustice is done to Scotland. . . . As a political sermon I am heartily delighted, and at one with it; but as against this Devil's dance of Democracy, with —— as piper in chief, it will do no good whatever. We are given over to the Furies, and the Gods have plainly washed their hands of us. . . .”

“December 16, 1885.”

. . . *Oceana* is delightful reading. You never did anything brighter, or more vigorous. . . . There is no sign of age in the book, and we can't afford to name more than *one* G. O. M. It is too expensive a luxury. Apart from everything else the book is a fine plea for Imperial Unity; and, as such, will I hope tell at present. . . . Edinburgh is now almost at our avenue gate, and we have a railway station within half a mile: yet the Glen is still wonderfully silent and secluded. . . .”

To Dr James Brown, of Paisley, he wrote,

“June 12, 1890.

. . . My idea of happiness is to look out on the Atlantic, and the merest glimpse of the Coolins is as good as a glass (more or less) of Talisker, or Long John, if you have ever heard of such questionable people!

To his friend Huxley he wrote,

“October 6, 1894.

. . . The Eversley edition of your works is a magnificent gift, which I shall value all my life;

and for which I send you, across the Border, my warmest thanks. . . . Its arrival at this time, when I am grieving for Froude, reminds me of the pleasant days when you and he used to be in Scotland together. He and you looked at the world through very different spectacles; but I think in substance you were at one. 'Tell the truth, and shame the Devil' (or whoever now represents the evil one), would do as a motto for both your books. My close intimacy with Froude has lasted for five and thirty years; and now it seems as if it must—in the meantime at least—come to an end. His children write me that they have no hope, and I fear the close is not far off. All this makes me very sad: and I have hardly learned to enter upon the new duties which the Government have been pleased to lay upon me. . . ."

Part of a letter to Principal Story of the University of Glasgow (then Professor Story), written on the 3rd of March 1893, may be quoted, because of its disclosure of possibilities declined. It refers to the post of Historiographer for Scotland.

"My own feeling is that the Historiographer should be a man who has devoted his life to Historical Research, and not a mere amateur who has filled up the idle moments of an otherwise busy life by looking into the contemporary papers of a strictly limited period. . . ."

Dr Norman Walker, late F.C. minister of Dysart, was a friend of Skelton in his early years; and,

from a paper which he has written, I extract the following.

“When I knew Skelton first, he was a bright, kindly, cheerful youth, who looked at the world a good deal in its humorous aspects. He had been brought up at no great distance from the Bullers of Buchan, his father (who was one of the Sheriffs of Aberdeen) occupying a pleasant house some miles from Peterhead. He delighted in the country and its pursuits—botany, fishing, and shooting—and, as his *Nugæ Criticæ*, and his article in ‘The Campaigner at Home,’ *Among the Wild Fowl*, shew, he never lost his love for the sea-side.

He was an immense admirer of Dickens, and of his picturesque descriptions of men and things; but by and bye there was developed in him a lively interest in Poetry. He came to have a great admiration for Longfellow, to whom he wrote an appreciative letter, and received in return a gratifying reply. It was his first contact with that Guild of Men of Letters in which he afterwards found himself so much at home. In course of time he was attracted to political and historical subjects, becoming a strong Conservative.

His college friends, E. S. Dallas and Spencer Baynes, undertook together the conduct of a literary paper, *The Edinburgh Guardian*; and it was in the pages of this periodical that Skelton first regularly wrote. Contributing afterwards to *Frazer’s Magazine*, and *Blackwood*, his way of putting things had a strong resemblance to that of Christopher North. In both

there was the same love of Nature, the same insight into character, the same kindly ironical humour, and the same vivid description.

For a profession he chose the Bar ; and, at the outset of his career, he met with a quite extraordinary amount of success. Briefs came to him in such number that there seemed every probability of his achieving distinction as an advocate. The Lord Justice General Inglis wrote of Mr Skelton thus : “ He does very well at the Bar. He can make a *very* clear statement, and he always shows that he has studied his case thoroughly.” In his articles in *The Edinburgh Guardian* on “ Things in General,” he had written enthusiastically, and in a somewhat original way of Disraeli and his policy. What he said was brought under the notice of that statesman. An opportunity soon afterwards occurred of expressing his gratitude in a substantial form. Two vacancies occurred, the filling up of which was in his gift, viz. that of a Law Professorship in the University of Glasgow, and that of the Secretaryship of the Board of Supervision in Scotland. Skelton was offered his choice of either of them, and selected the latter. It allowed him to remain in Edinburgh ; and, during all the remainder of his life, he found a home in a beautiful retreat near the City, the Hermitage of Braid.

Skelton was one of those men who “ shew themselves friendly,” and who in consequence have many friends. His Table Talk tells with how many men of

mark he was on terms of intimacy. Although in life our paths diverged, I always thought of him, as one of my truest and most faithful friends."

The following is part of a letter written by Skelton in 1879, to a young author.

"I have read your novel with much interest—but I think it ought to be more interesting than it is, looking to the excellence of the writing and the individuality of many of the characters. The story is to my mind too prolonged, and there is no central figure in the piece. Then there is another point in regard to which I think you might easily be more effective. I mean that when you have worked up to a most effective situation, you stop too abruptly—on the very brink of something most interesting you turn aside. These are precisely the situations that must be grappled with, and it is out of these that the novelist should extract his strongest and best effects. If, when you have got hold of a strong emotion you would not be afraid of handling it, but grasp it firmly until you have extracted all that it can yield, and if beyond this you will select a single simple situation, I am sure that you are quite capable of really doing something very good."

Sir John Cheyne writes :

"I was a member of the Board of Supervision during the last eight years of its existence; and, in that capacity, was brought into close association with Sir John Skelton, as first the Secretary and latterly the Chairman of the Board. I had abundant oppor-

tunity of judging of his administrative capacity, which was of a very high order. It is probably the case that his heart was really in the literary pursuits, by which he made himself such a distinguished name ; but it is equally true (as I can testify) that he never allowed these pursuits to interfere with his official work, in which he felt so deep an interest, and in the discharge of which he was always most zealous and conscientious, and sometimes perhaps over-anxious. That he had a profound knowledge of everything connected with the Poor Law, and Public Health Administration, goes without saying ; and his opinion upon any difficult question always carried great weight at the Board. Add to this that he was the pleasantest and most delightful of colleagues, and I will readily be believed when I say that I am proud to have been associated with him, and to have enjoyed his friendship."

I met Skelton only at Principal Tulloch's (when he came across to St Andrews, as Sir Theodore Martin's assessor in our University Court) and afterwards at the Hermitage of Braid. His great social power impressed me. He was a brilliant and a very suggestive talker, leading conversation with humorous dexterity, but never dominating it. He had the art of drawing out what was best in those with whom he was in sympathy : and, when not in sympathy, there was no sarcasm. He simply clung—like the limpet to its rock—and said nothing. I have heard, and can well believe it, of his fortitude and patience in a long though gradual and most trying illness. No .

murmuring, or impatient-word ever crossed his lips ; and he fulfilled his public and his private duties faithfully to the very end. There was as much light and shade in his, as in most lives. He thoroughly enjoyed the brightness, and emerged from the shadows chastened and strengthened.

SIR ROBERT LAMBERT PLAYFAIR

1828-1899

SIR LAMBERT PLAYFAIR belonged to a family very intimately associated with St Andrews, where he was born in 1828. His grandfather was Principal of the United College more than a century ago. His uncle, Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, was that famous St Andrews Provost with whose name so many restorations and improvements in the old city are associated. His elder brother, the late Baron Playfair, a distinguished chemist, and member in succession of both houses of Parliament, deserves special notice. All who used to meet him in the House of Commons on Deputation work when he was Chairman of Committees have a vivid memory of his kindness, urbanity, and insight. Sir Lambert began life as a soldier, and was in the Royal Engineers at Aden in the fifties; but the diplomatic service attracted him in these years, and he combined the duties of Acting Political Resident at Aden. In 1862 he was transferred to Zanzibar as Political Agent, and in 1863 was made Consul there. Retiring from the army in 1867, as Lieutenant-Colonel, he was made Consul-General at Algiers, where for nearly nineteen years he did admirable service, not only as consul for the whole Algerian

territory, but also as an author on the topography and antiquities of many places on the Mediterranean littoral. No one who ever travelled with him on the Mediterranean can fail to remember the width and accuracy of his knowledge, and the charm of those Lectures which he used to deliver on board ship. He edited several of Murray's famous Handbooks to the Mediterranean. In *Chambers's Journal* will be found some delightful "reminiscences" of his former days, and of his relatives and friends: also of his experiences in Somaliland and Abyssinia. His knowledge of Palestine was extensive and thorough. He took a very keen interest in the controversy as to the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and was an uncompromising opponent of General Gordon's theory, agreeing with Herr Schicle, Sir Charles Warren, and Canon MacColl in their conclusive advocacy of the traditional site. As this was an interesting part of Sir Lambert's work, and gives a good illustration of his methods of discussion, an extract from an unpublished fragment which he wrote shortly before his death may be included in this notice of him.

"Before giving an account of this Church in which, for fifteen and a half centuries the almost universal tradition of Christendom has placed the Tomb of Christ, it will be well to pass rapidly in review some of the chief arguments in favour of its authenticity.

In 70 A.D. the city was destroyed by Titus, and, with the exception of three towers on Sion, altogether destroyed. After this the policy of the Roman

was to obliterate every trace of it. The Christians however were not expelled, they retired, first to Pella and subsequently to Cæsarea. The city was rebuilt by Hadrian in 132 A.D., and named after him *Ælia Capitolinus*. A few Christian houses and a church existed at that time in the vicinity of the Cœnaculum; indeed a Christian Church of some kind had never been absent for more than a few years, probably not more than two, since Christianity began.

Hadrian erected a temple to Venus on the site of our Lord's tomb; his intention being to *desecrate*, not necessarily to *destroy* the shrine. During all the time of the Roman rule Christians continued to be found at Jerusalem, though they only lived there on sufferance.

It is hardly credible that they were ignorant of the exact position of the sacred spot. Then St Jerome was at Bethlehem, he must have known it; so must Cyril of Jerusalem, who established the site of the Cœnaculum. Numerous Christian writers attest the fact that the sepulchre was covered up with earth, when the temple of Venus was erected over it, thus the very means which Hadrian took to desecrate the Sepulchre must have been the means of perpetuating its memory.

From the death of St John in A.D. 103 till the foundation of the present Church by Justinian in 323, is a gap of only two hundred and twenty years; and the succession of Bishops given by Eusebius, beginning with St James the Just, the Lord's brother,

extends below that date. It is impossible that they should have lost all recollection of the spot in so short a time.

Exception has been taken to the present form and condition of the Sepulchre. This is not difficult to explain; when Hadrian erected his temple over the shrine reared by the Christians, he probably levelled the top of the rock so as to form a flat surface for his work; when this temple was destroyed by Constantine, the shrine which Hadrian had desecrated was found below, and apparently more of the rock was cut away to erect the present Church. It is maintained that below the present marble the rock itself exists; it would be rash to deny its existence because we cannot see it.

The great number of chapels and oratories within the walls of the building, sometimes puzzle and distress visitors, who take it for granted that they all indicate the traditional sites of the events which they commemorate. Sometimes they may, but they generally mean that to those on pilgrimages, especially to the Russians, the spot is marked to show that such and such an event took place near; and that the pilgrim can there make his devotions, and with real sincerity of heart give himself up to the influences which these sacred localities awaken.

Here we cannot avoid noticing an attempt which has been made of late years to throw doubts on the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and Golgotha, and to

locate them on a hill west of Jeremiah's Grotto, called in Arabic *Heidhemizeh*, a corruption of the Arabic word for Jeremiah.

The arguments in favour of these two sites are very much strained. We have not space to go into the subject: the new Sepulchre appears on a par with Lourdes, and shows how recklessly sites can be manufactured on evidence that will not bear critical investigation.

The theory was started by a German in 1845, and was never heard of, by any sane student of the question until General Gordon went to Jerusalem, and Condor lent it his support, but even the latter, though advocating Golgotha, did not believe in the tomb. The matter was evidently taken up to discountenance Superstition at the Holy Sepulchre.

A description of the Church could hardly be considered complete without some account of the so-called Miracle of the *Holy fire*, on Easter eve of every year. The Greek Patriarch, or his representative enters the Holy Sepulchre at the prescribed time; every lamp in the Church is put out, except one; and, after an interval of Service, a light is put forth through an oval aperture in the wall. A violent struggle takes place amongst the excited multitude in the Rotunda to light their tapers at it. The Symbolism is that all the light in the Church of Christ comes from the Sepulchre of his Resurrection.

It would be better, worthier and wiser of a great Church, if the idea of a miracle were officially dis-

avowed and its Symbolism explained. They dare not do this on account of the pilgrim. The practice now existing is a grievous reproach against the Greek Church. There is scarcely a priest, from the Patriarch downwards, who does not admit that no miracle is professed to be worked.

Originally all Churches partook in the ceremony. One by one they have all fallen away, except the Greeks.”

I first met Sir Lambert during a Mediterranean cruise, and no one was more pleasant than he was. Learned, courteous, instructive to every one, most affable in talk, ready to give out to any novice the stores of his vast consular experience—he was the most agreeable of fellow-passengers. I have never travelled the seas of Europe or America—and it is on ocean-cruises perhaps that character is most readily disclosed—and found a more delightful travelling companion than Playfair was, from first to last. His private kindnesses were continuous.

When he came to live and to die, at St Andrews, he was loved by everyone. He wished to enter my class room, as a student of Philosophy; and I had to interdict him! Of his memorable literary articles, written in old age, I need say nothing. They were sent to *Chambers's Journal*, and are of great interest to posterity. It is to be hoped that they will yet be published in book-form. They relate to his discovery of the Aden reservoirs, the administration of patriarchal justice there, and the occupation of Perim by

the British, while he tells for the first time correctly how the French were there forestalled and outwitted. Other three instalments relate to his official life at Zanzibar, perhaps the most romantic of the series, when he was the unwilling confidant of the Sultan's sister, who married a white man afterwards killed in the Franco-German war, escaped to Europe, and resided for some time in Berlin, from whence her last letter to him was written in 1884. Three further instalments of these *Reminiscences* relate to his life in Somaliland, Algeria, and Abyssinia. Colonel, afterwards Sir James, Outram was the first political resident at Aden, and this is what Outram wrote to the secretary of Lord Elphinstone regarding Playfair:—

“On his Lordship's intimation that I should be allowed to choose my own assistant, I mentioned the name of Lieutenant Playfair as particularly well qualified for the office, having known him in Egypt, and had many opportunities of seeing how he conducted himself with natives, as well as of forming a judgment of his abilities. He is the man of all others of my acquaintance I could most readily trust for the efficient performance of the duties devolving on my assistant.”

Sir Lambert contemplated the issue of the Diaries of Travel, written by his grandfather, the Principal of the University. In the notable family of the St Andrews Playfairs, he holds a highly honoured place.

PETER GUTHRIE TAIT

1831-1901

I WOULD not presume to speak of so distinguished a man as Professor Tait, who achieved so great a success in the department of Natural Philosophy, had he not spent almost every summer of his life after becoming a Professor at Edinburgh, in the University city of St Andrews. I knew him as a summer resident, and as a golfer. His son—the late Lieutenant Frederick Tait, who died in defence of his country in South Africa, and who was perhaps the most distinguished amateur golfer who ever played the game—was well known to everyone on the St Andrews links. His achievements have been recorded fully and ably.¹ Lord Kelvin has sent me his *éloge* on his friend Tait, to be reproduced in any way I desire. It was an obituary notice in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. As these *Transactions* were probably not “seen by the majority” I make a few extracts.

“In 1860 he was elected to succeed Forbes as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It was then that I became acquainted with him, and we quickly resolved to join in writing

¹ See *Life, Letters, and Golfing Diary*, by John L. Low.

a book on Natural Philosophy. I found him full of enthusiasm for science. Nothing else worth living for, he said ; with heart-felt sincerity I believe, though his life belied the saying, as no one ever was more thorough in public duty or more devoted to family and friends. His two years as 'don' of Peterhouse and six of professorial gravity in Belfast had not wholly polished down the rough gaiety, nor dulled in the slightest degree the cheerful humour, of his student days ; and this was a large factor in the success of our alliance for heavy work, in which we persevered for eighteen years. 'A merry heart goes all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.' The making of the first part of 'T and T' was treated as a perpetual joke, in respect to the irksome details of interchange of drafts for "copy," amendments in type, and final corrections of proofs. Of necessity it was largely carried on by post. Even the postman laughed when he delivered one of our missives, about the size of a postage stamp, out of a pocket handkerchief in which he had tied it, to make sure of not dropping it on the way.

His loss will be felt in the Society, not only as an active participator in its scientific work, but also as a wise counsellor and guide. It has been put on record that 'the Council always felt that in his hands the affairs of the Society were safe, that nothing would be forgotten, and that everything that ought to be done would be brought before it at the right time and in the right way.' In words that have already been used by the Council, I desire now to say on the part, not

only of the Council, but of all who have known Tait personally, and of a largely wider circle of scientific men who know his works,—‘ We all feel that a great man has been removed ; a man great in intellect, and in the power of using it, and in clearness of vision and purity of purpose, and therefore great in his influence, always for good, on his fellowmen ; we feel that we have lost a strong and true friend.’

After enjoying eighteen years’ joint work with Tait on our book, twenty-three years without this tie have given me undiminished pleasure in all my intercourse with him. I cannot say that our meetings were never unruffled. We had keen differences (much more frequent agreements) on every conceivable subject,—quaternions, energy, the daily news, politics, *quicquid agunt homines*, etc., etc. We never agreed to differ, always fought it out. But it was almost as great a pleasure to fight with Tait as to agree with him. His death is a loss to me which cannot, as long as I live, be replaced.”

As to his life at St Andrews I have only a few things to record. He was so devoted to our great game that he was known to take five rounds of the Links in a single day. He might be seen at early morn, by travellers in the first train to Leuchars, when most of the golfers were still asleep, taking his earliest round. He was the cheeriest, and most delightful, talker in the Royal and Ancient Club ; and, one thing more be noted, although a good hater of what he thought should be anathematized, he never indulged

in diatribes socially. He was invariably sympathetic to all whom he met, whatever his opinions of them were. He was always intent on bringing his knowledge of Natural Philosophy to bear upon his one favourite game. I remember when he thought he had devised a new kind of approach-cleek, or iron, cut (in a miraculous manner) with small intersecting lines, he brought it down, and shewed it to the captain of the club at the autumn meeting, and explained in what he thought its excellence consisted.

In my own experience, I have only one slight thing to say. When I was writing *Lord Monboddo, and some of his Contemporaries*, I asked Professor Tait to glance over the proof sheets of Monboddo's very ingenious, but quite erroneous, criticism of Newton's Laws of Motion, in a long letter addressed by him to Samuel Horsley. He returned them to me with the word "Bosh," written down against half-a-dozen paragraphs! It was characteristic, even when not convincing.

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE

1847-1900

LORD BUTE was Rector of St Andrews University for six years, and during that time was intimately associated with its fortunes. It is not for me to tell the story of any part of his earlier life, which was one of manifold distinction; and even in reference to the St Andrews period, I confine myself to a few points, in keeping with what has been indicated in the preface to this book.

He regarded his election to the Rectorship as the most notable event in his life, and no one can doubt that his primary aim, in accepting the office and discharging its duties, was to benefit the University of St Andrews, to recover its prestige, to restore its "waste places," and to bring back (without the errors of modern "restoration") the ancestral glories of the city. No doubt he also wished to restore, if possible, the Roman worship. He could not do less. But that was not his primary aim. He "took pleasure in her stones, and favoured the dust thereof." He agreed with John Webster,

I do love these ancient Ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon a reverend History.

He was able to look on the history of the Scotland he loved so well, with a singularly "detached" mind; and to appreciate much in men and in movements with which he did not agree, especially if they were religious ones. Admiring his most generous aims and proposals when he first came amongst us, I ultimately differed from his academic policy, so far as Dundee was concerned. I think he was right in what he aimed at in St Andrews, but wrong in what he deprecated at Dundee. That was because his academic ideals were mediaeval. It could not be otherwise. He seemed at times to think that modern Science was hostile to the best interests of the race. His belief in astrology and palmistry was in curious alliance with an appreciation of the classical languages, as the best avenues of culture; and there is no doubt that he was himself an excellent scholar. As a member of the Scottish Universities Commission, he was in a minority of one, in wishing Greek retained as obligatory for the M.A. degree; and after coming to St Andrews, he endowed a lectureship in Modern Greek for a certain number of years. Apart from his knowledge of languages, his acquaintance with the facts of history and historical movements was remarkable.

He followed out a new line of policy as Lord Rector. In none of the Scottish Universities had the Rector (while the official head of the Court) felt it either necessary or expedient to attend all its meetings, till Lord Bute's time. Attendance involved frequent long

journeys and very considerable expense. Even Scotsmen living in Scotland, Scottish Peers, and other comparatively wealthy men, did not do this. They came only once as a rule, gave an address, and departed. Lord Bute attended all the meetings of the Court—which in coming even from Mountstewart involved two nights' absence—in pursuance of his academic policy, to safeguard the interests of the University, as he understood them. In consequence of this, the Vice-Chancellor and Principal (who always presides at Court meetings in the absence of the Rector) had for six years a necessarily subordinate position at St Andrews, the chairman having both a deliberative and a casting vote.

That he was kind to the students every one knows. He helped their Union. He sometimes paid their fees. He wished to get them a *campus*, (as the American colleges call it), a playing-field where all university and inter-university sports could be carried on. I am sure that had the students homologated Lord Bute's academic policy, had they welcomed the transference of Blairs College from Aberdeen to St Andrews, he would have given very large donations to the University. He did so, until there was a reaction against his policy. Had the College come south, there would probably have been more Roman Catholic than Protestant students, and that would have ensured a Catholic Rector in perpetuity. That consideration doubtless influenced the students. But it should be recorded that even towards the close of his

time as Rector, he generously gave £20,000 to make medical teaching permanent at St Andrews. With medical teaching his sympathies were keen. The Roman Church has always welcomed the curing of disease, and its prevention. There could be no heresy in medicine, whatever might be latent in the sciences. Since the medical was the strongest branch of the teaching given in the Dundee College, many regretted this as a permanent duplication of chairs within the University. Time only will tell whether the gift was as wise, as it was certainly generous. It was of course gratefully received. It is worthy of note that Lord Bute had almost always a majority in the University Court, but that his policy was approved by only a minority in the *Senatus Academicus*.

I had something to do with the controversy as to the transference of Blairs College, as I had been a visitor at that College, had heard its teaching, and seen its students; and knew the wishes of its head, Canon Chisholm, now Bishop of Aberdeen. I also happened to know a good many of the former students of Blairs, now priests of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland and abroad, and they were all opposed to its transfer. I was asked to formulate my views as an outsider, and I advocated the rebuilding of part, and the addition of other parts of the old College on the existing site, and a union with the University of Aberdeen for graduation purposes. The question came before the Bishops of Scotland, and was ultimately referred to the Vatican, which decided against the transfer.

It is every way inexpedient to disinter a buried controversy. It is a far pleasanter thing to recall walks with Lord Bute at St Andrews, out to Drumcarro Hill, occasional visits to St John's Lodge Regent's Park London, and conversations at these times and places. We had long discussions about the philosophical and ecclesiastical position of Giordano Bruno, of Pascal and the Post-Royalists, about the Gallican Liberties, about Dollinger and the new Catholic movement, St John Mivart's position, the historical and racial affinity between Scotland and Italy, the Gallic blood in each, about his hope for a reunited Christendom by the gradual assimilation of the Catholic verities, and the adoption of Roman practices by the present "outlanders" from its fold. He was reverently hopeful, but not sanguine.

Occasionally on the Sundays when at St John's Lodge, we wandered in the Zoo, or stopped in the Park to listen for a few minutes to one or other of the numerous stray preachers in it. I was particularly glad to take him one day to see Miss Anna Swanwick, whom I knew he would appreciate as a Greek scholar, although she was a Unitarian. Miss Swanwick was a member of the Pfeiffer Trust, formed to administer the large estate of Mrs Pfeiffer, for the education of women, and she was greatly interested in St Andrews receiving a grant from it, in aid of a women-student's Hall of Residence at the University. Lord Bute was of course also interested in this, and we called on her partly to talk of it; but I afterwards found that it

was her knowledge of Greek, Italian, and German, her wonderful culture, and singular graciousness of spirit that chiefly interested him. He went frequently afterwards to Cumberland Terrace to see Miss Swanwick, and took Lady Bute with him. On my last visit to her house, Miss Swanwick told me that Lord and Lady Bute called almost every Sunday afternoon.

ARCHBISHOP EYRE

1817-1902

“THE most Reverend Charles Eyre, Count of the Lateran, and Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, was not only a prince of the Roman Church, but a ‘prince among men’; and far beyond the Archdiocese in which he laboured there are multitudes who deeply mourn his loss.”

These words were written when the Archbishop died. Born to the purple, like Thomas Aquinas he became an ecclesiastic by choice, and spent a life of saintliness and devoted labour amongst the poor, and one of high scholarship and administrative toil within his diocese. He lived to see his golden jubilee as an ecclesiastic. During the time of the Irish famine, when so many of the stricken poor came over to England and Scotland, he toiled as few did amongst the immigrants to Tyneside, and fell a victim to the famine-fever that was raging. He recovered, but had to seek work and rest together in a country district for six years. On regaining his health he returned for twelve years to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and became Vicar-General of the diocese. He would have succeeded to the mitre then, had not the Pope—Pius IX.—chosen him because of his rare adminis-

trative power as Administrator-Apostolic for Scotland, and he settled in Glasgow in 1868. In 1878 he received the pallium at Rome, and returned to Glasgow as Archbishop of the diocese of the West of Scotland.

He was a power within the Roman Catholic Church for more than half a century. From his knowledge and fluent command of the Latin tongue, he was chosen, at the age of eighteen, to defend certain theses on Moral Philosophy and Natural Science in that language, "against all comers." His labours in Glasgow and around it were very various. At New Kilpatrick he built, at his own expense a College for the teaching of youths studying for the priesthood. It cost over £40,000. He also generously helped the foundation and endowment of a Franciscan School for young men, near his residence at Kelvinside. He founded the League of the Cross, in the interests of abstinence, which has now a membership of over 30,000. He wrote much on religious and archæological subjects. Personally he was venerated, and beloved, by all who were privileged to know him; and, within his own community, he was regarded as "the grandest of chief pastors in Scotland." There is little doubt that, had he lived, he would have been raised to the cardinalate, and no worthier son of the Church he served so well could have been included within its sacred College.

Archbishop Eyre, in his mingled grace and strength, his urbanity and charitableness, as well as

his appreciation of good in communions outside his own, resembled two other dignitaries of the Roman Church, viz. the late Cardinal Newman, and the still active Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, U.S.A.; both distinguished for their rare graciousness and courtesy, and for as earnest a desire to do justice to those outside their own circle as to those within it. There was a combined ease and majesty in the conversation of Archbishop Eyre, simplicity and nobility allied. His serenity of soul, the calmness of his speech and demeanour, shewed where his life was anchored. After leaving him the lines of Keble recurred to memory again and yet again—

There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chime ;
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily task with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

I add three lines from Father Faber's Preface to his *Poems*, (1856).

I marvel not in these loose drifting times
 If anchored spirits in their blythest motion,
 Dip to their anchors veiled within the ocean.

THOMAS TRUMAN OLIPHANT

1839-1892

IN reference to Thomas Truman Oliphant it is needless to give biographic details. The representative of an old Perthshire family, which traces its genealogy back to 1130 the few events in his career are his serving in our Army in India, his return to Scotland, his settling in St Andrews, and his long residence there in his historic home (Queen Mary's), his devotion to the Scottish Episcopal Church and to all her interests, his work in the Town Council of St Andrews, and in the Committee of Management of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and more especially his unremitting assiduous toil, for St Leonard's and St Katherine's School for Girls in St Andrews. But, as so often occurs, the *man* was far greater—more interesting and delightful—than the events in his career. In what follows the tributes borne to him by many will reflect the lustre of his character, and the charm of his personality, in which enthusiasm courtesy and humour were blended, in the happiest manner, with solid strength and great humility. It was his “gentleness that made him great.” For many years he was my chief friend in St Andrews, and I therefore leave it to others to record his out-

standing merits. Like all men who have accomplished much, he thought that he had done nothing worth recording.

His eldest son, Stuart, has sent me some notes about his father's work. His second son, who perished in China, while defending Imperial interests there, was a good student in my class.

Oliphant's favourite mottoes were two, the first the one on his own crest, viz. *Altiora peto*; and the second *Noblesse oblige*. They embody the ideals after which he strove throughout his life. His success, as a lay-adviser and administrator within his own Church, as the indefatigable secretary and adviser of St Leonard's School for Girls, and in various other capacities, was due to the conscientious thoroughness which characterized everything he did. He would not do anything, unless he could do it well; and although he was a first-class golfer in his earlier life, he gave up the game almost entirely when he found that he could no longer maintain his old standard.

Although domiciled in Fife for nearly thirty years, he always regarded himself as a Perthshire man; keeping up his connection with that county, and being as well known and respected there as in Fife. He parted with the estate of Rossie (to which he succeeded) and severed most of his other ties with Perthshire in the eighties, just prior to the great fall in land values.

His affection for St Andrews, and its antiquities,

grew stronger year by year. It was evidenced by his expressed wish to be buried there, and to have the last words of sepulture said over him within the precincts of its Cathedral, rather than in his family ground at Forgardenny. His latest active effort was strenuously to oppose (which he did successfully) the projected act of vandalism in destroying—under the pretence of renovating—the fine old ruin of St Leonard's chapel.

One of the most prominent features of his character was his adaptability as a companion and adviser. He was a guide to many of the humblest, as well as the highest, of those who had the privilege of calling him friend. "All sorts and conditions of men" went to him, with their troubles, which at once became his own; although he had his individual share to face in the course of his life. Many an old and bed-ridden caddie, or poor fisherman in St Andrews, has blessed him—as much for his cheery weekly visit, and 'crack,' as for the more material help, invariably forthcoming in cases of real need. One poor St Andrews lad, given up as a hopeless invalid twenty years ago, owes his recovery, and subsequent position as a golf-professional in a leading English club, in large measure to him. He has been known, in his office as a Justice of the Peace, to fine a man for keeping a dog without a licence; and yet to get him allowed time to raise the fine and costs—the former trifling, the latter heavy—and then to lend him the wherewithal to pay. If he knew that a small deserving shopkeeper had

difficulty in making ends meet, he at once went out of his way to assist him, in a quite unostentatious manner.

With an exceptional fund of general information, which made him a delightful companion to all who got to know him, his chief intellectual interests were Antiquities, Heraldry, Genealogies, and Statistics of all sorts. He revelled in what he called "playing with figures." He used to abstract every account, or statistic, connected with himself, his family, St Leonard's School, or his church work. Here too I may mention that he was one of the very few known to me who considered it his duty to give a tithe of his income to promote the well-being of the Church to which he belonged.

In reference to the work he did, during many years as Secretary to the St Andrews School for Girls, I insert part of a Minute of the Council of the School, written after his death, and add to it a letter which the present Headmistress, Miss Grant, has sent to me. There are few things, in connection with my work in St Andrews, which rejoiced me more than that, when he left St Andrews and went to the Channel Islands for a time—saying sorrowfully on his departure that he might not return—I urged him to come back; and before I gave up, (as I was compelled to do by pressure of University work), my membership as one of the Council of that School, I proposed at one of our meetings that he should be asked to become our Secretary, which motion was

carried, *nemine contradicente*. The result has more than justified the proposal.

The following is an extract from the minute of the Council of the School, "It is not too much to say that the excellent equipment of these Institutions" [St Leonard's and St Katherine's Schools] "the admirable state of the finances, (which he left in the most perfect order), are mainly due to the prudence, sagacity, and sound knowledge of affairs, which Mr Oliphant brought to bear on the duties of his office; while to his unfailing courtesy and forbearance are no less due the maintenance of pleasant relations with the parents of girls, and the harmony which has prevailed among all engaged in the work of the schools. Never discouraged, never over-sanguine, ever fertile in suggesting new developments, he was the trusted adviser of the Council in all its duties."

Miss Grant, the Headmistress, writes

. . . "For several years I had the privilege of daily intercourse with Mr Oliphant—intercourse in which business was blended with discussion of both public and private matters—and as I look back over those years I see that the impression which was formed after the first slight acquaintance was only deepened and strengthened by time, as I realised that what was so attractive and winning in his manner was the outcome of his real, inner nature.

No one who met Mr Oliphant in any relation, social or official, could fail to be struck by the courtesy of his bearing—courtesy that helped one to understand

the true meaning of the word chivalry ; and this, one soon came to learn, was the natural outward expression of his true kindness of heart. I do not think I ever met anyone with such a genius for kindness, and I could give innumerable instances of his thoughtful consideration for, and acts of kindness to, those connected with the school—mistresses, girls, and servants ;—acts of kindness often so great just because they were so small. Nothing was a trouble to him if it was to help other people, and the extraordinary variety of his knowledge, his capacity for business, and the clearness and soundness of his judgment made him the valued helper to whom everyone turned, in every sort of difficulty, sure of ready sympathy and wise counsel.

And hand in hand with Mr Oliphant's unflinching courtesy went his unflagging sense of duty. To those who worked with him it was a constant stimulus to be associated with one who never allowed private matters to interfere with business, who in times of heavy sorrow and anxiety was nevertheless ready to attend to the minutest detail of his work, who through seasons of failing health and pain and weariness still gave his full thought and care to answering the calls of duty. Of the solid work that Mr Oliphant did for St Leonard's School—the many improvements that were suggested by his forethought, and carried out under his careful supervision—the skilful conduct of financial matters—I need not speak, for they are recorded elsewhere, nor is it for me to sum up the varied work he

did outside the school. We of St Leonard's knew him and loved him and trusted him as a real friend, as a Christian in thought and word and deed, as one whose outer life shone with the reflected light of the inner, and we most truly mourn his loss."

He was a great Jacobite, and very proud of his historic house—Queen Mary's—where the Scottish Queen once lived, and of the Stuart relics which he collected there. He was never tired of shewing them to any one who was interested in Scotland's history, and more especially in the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty.

He had, as already noted, a very keen sense of humour; and kept, in the crypts of memory, many delightful anecdotes. He used to quote humorous poetry *ad libitum*, more especially the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, and much of Tom Hood.

He will be remembered not only as a golfer, but as a writer on golf. I need not refer to his very conservative opposition to the proposed abolition of stimies, but his memory should be cherished as one of the most delightful golfing companions ever known. He was the best of men on the green, because he knew "when to be silent, and when to speak."

He had none of the eccentricities, or fads, of many players. He never bored a comrade (or an opponent) with a record of past successes, or multitudinous excuses for bad play in the present; and he was never *dourly* silent, because of an accidental turn

of bad play. He was never elated by the success which was usually his, nor cast down by the defeat which seldom overtook him; while his reminiscences of old days, and of old St Andrews golfers were always delightful to his friends. More than two decades ago several St Andrews residents, whose sons played golf as well as their fathers, arranged what we called "family matches," *i.e.* father and son playing against father and son; and although they were all most pleasant, none stand out now so prominently in retrospect as the Oliphant matches. His anecdotes of old St Andrews matches, his deft criticism of contemporary players, his shrewd diagnosis of the follies of some of them, his unstinted and enthusiastic praise of the style of others, and his invariable good-humour (whether victorious or defeated,) made him almost the most coveted player on the Links. In 1894 he and I published a joint volume entitled *Stories and Rhymes of Golf, etc.* It was a sequel to two smaller ones, which had been issued in previous years. Many of the "stories" in this third volume, are from his pen, and they were revised and re-written by himself. I do not think that—while we have now thousands of scientific golf players—any one ever appreciated the *humour* of the game more than he did.

His son writes to me that, in later years, his recreations, besides golf, were walking, and hill-climbing; the latter always with a barometer, to shew the exact number of feet climbed, and a map to fix down to

names and figures every inch of the ground he had traversed, and the views which he had obtained. . . . His still later recreations, however, were almost wholly connected with his desk. He prided himself (with justice) on his letter-writing.

To give a true estimate of his character, I should add that he—like all strong men—wished to see his views, his policy, his ideals, realized whether in Church, or School, or Civic Administration. It could not be said of him, as of Abraham Lincoln, in Russell Lowell's great Ode,

He loved his charge, but never loved to lead.

He was most eager to see his purposes carried out, and definitely realized.

Very few were aware that he was an admirable writer of English prose. This was seen in his letter to the Scottish newspapers (May 15, 1893), on the question of a National Episcopate; and, more especially, in his carefully and accurately detailed book, on *The Episcopal Congregation of St Andrews*.

I have already mentioned his extreme urbanity and suavity. It came out not only on the Links, and at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, but more especially in his delightful St Andrews home, Queen Mary's. He was the pleasantest of guests, as well as of hosts. In a long walk with him, in those Highlands which he loved so well, his store of anecdote, and his fund of exuberant humour, were ever captivating to his friends.

As churchmen we differed in many ways. He knew

it, but it made no difference to our friendship. I think I may say that very few men, who have lived in St Andrews during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, have had a larger, or a more devoted, circle of personal friends.

JOHN INGLIS

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE SCOTTISH COURT OF
SESSION

1810-1891

LORD PRESIDENT INGLIS was the chief legal ornament of the Scottish bench, since the days of Lord Stair. His intellect was subtile and strong. As a legal metaphysician he rose above his contemporaries, and in the combination of those qualities which go to make a great Judge he stood alone. He impressed all who knew him, and those who heard him plead or deliver a judgment, as a man with a vast reserve of power.

He was early introduced into a large and ever increasing business. A dexterous advocate, and a wise adviser, he soon attracted to himself a vast *clientèle*. He was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, when quite a young man. Easy of access as a counsel, and plain and simple in all his tastes, he acquired and retained the friendship of many professional men, who were able to advance his interests in the earlier stages of his career. In its later stages he became independent of all extraneous support, and was a tower of strength to his clients on whatever side his advocacy was enlisted. He was counsel in many famous cases, but that which retained his name

in popular memory was his defence of Madeleine Smith, where he pre-eminently distinguished himself, and succeeded in obtaining from the jury a verdict of "not proven." As a judge, he soon impressed upon his colleagues the weight and superiority of his judgments. His opinions are more often referred to even now than those of any other judge, living or dead. He died in harness, hard-working, assiduous and devoted to the end of his life.

He often visited St Andrews, to which he came for rest, and golf. He once said that he "found two things at St Andrews as he never found them anywhere else, viz., health and happiness." He was a delightful partner, and an equally pleasant foeman on the green. A match with him against such players as Mr Whyte Melville, or any of his colleagues on the bench, was memorable in many ways; because, however keen the sport, and eager the desire to win, the game never monopolized him, excluding congenial talk on other themes, as it does with many players. Nevertheless in golf, as in all things else, he knew "when to keep silence, and when to speak." A small incident may be recorded. We were at the Club for an afternoon match; and after some desultory talk went to the entrance door to proceed to the teeing-ground. I drew the door open, and retired, expecting that the Lord President would go out at once. He paused and bowed, indicating that I should go on. I went, and as soon as we had passed the entrance door he said, 'Do you know the story of Lord Stair, the

British ambassador to France about the year 1715. He was leaving a room with the monarch Louis XV, who bowed. The minister went out, whereupon the King remarked to another who was within 'the first gentleman in Europe.'

The following stanzas were written by Sheriff Alexander Nicolson on Lord President M'Neil (Colonsay). They are so descriptive of Lord President Inglis that they may be quoted.

A goodly sight it was to see
 The balance of his thought,
 Now swaying this way and now that,
 As *pro* and *con* he brought,
 And laid them in the well-poised scales,
 Till as they equal seem,
 The final grains of common sense
 And justice turn the beam.

No thought of shining ever moved
 His large and manly mind,
 That with a noble negligence
 Threw showy arts behind ;
 Yet none in few or fitter words
 Choice thoughts could better clothe,
 Loving the substance more than form,
 He won and mastered both.

Fair-mindedness and strict impartiality were also distinguishing features in Lord President Inglis, as will be seen in the record of his life. It is a truism to say that no great Judge is, or can be, a partizan. His very office removes him from the sphere and the taint of partizanship. Although appointed by the political party which happens to be in power, and

trained from early manhood to take a side, uphold, and defend it, he puts (or should put) party aside, when raised to the bench; and that John Inglis did. As a son of the Manse—his father being a distinguished leader in the Church of Scotland—he was early initiated into all that is best in the clerical and ecclesiastical life of his country. Trained at the University of Glasgow under Sandford, he went south to Balliol as a Snell Exhibitioner, and was at Oxford when Gladstone and Selborne were there. It is not for me to trace his subsequent career. I heard his speech in the famous Madeleine Smith trial, but it was not until he became Lord President that I knew him: and in his dignified office as head of the Scottish Court, *primus inter pares*, every one was struck by his strong intellectual grasp of each question he had to consider.

His name will be remembered in connection with the work of two Royal Commissions appointed to deal with the Universities of Scotland. The bill which he dexterously carried through Parliament, when Lord Advocate in 1858, and his subsequent labour on the Commission then established—although only pioneer movements—were unquestionably the *fons et origo* of all subsequent developments in Scottish University legislation. They gave a forward impulse to the work of the University of Edinburgh in particular. In 1885 the number of students attending that University was more than twice what it had been in 1868. In examining the witnesses in

the second Commission—of which he had charge, and was chairman—all who gave evidence were struck by the ease and skill with which he put aside irrelevance; and, by reiterated cross-examination, brought out the salient points in the testimony which each could advance. The four blue-books which contain the mass of evidence which was given, as to the state and the wants of our Universities, before the last Executive Commission was appointed, will be interesting to future students of their history, quite as much from the questions put, as from the answers received: and there is no doubt that the formative hand in the legislation which followed was that of the Lord President.

His few public speeches were invariably apt, and illuminating. Those at the Edinburgh Crimean Banquet, at the Tercentenary of the University, and at the opening of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, were felicitous in the extreme.

Mr Alexander Taylor Innes, Advocate, writes, "You are giving recollections of John Inglis. I hope you will not forget that, to some extent, he must have been the original of Weir of Hermiston. Of course the historical original was Braxfield, that 'formidable blacksmith' on the bench a hundred years ago. But when Robert Louis Stevenson (as I remember him) walked the Parliament House, the only man who could have resuscitated in his imagination the visage of that ancient ruffian was the stately and courteous President. Far away in Samoa, the

author fell in love with his own creation, Hermiston ; and had the book been completed, he would have still more idealised him. But in real life he had held that the head of our Court in the Seventies was 'the greatest man in Scotland' ; a man who in external aspect impressed both Stevenson and his brethren as (in the words of one of the cleverest of them)

'The rhadamanthine, adamantine Inglis.'

So, when years after he drew the 'adamantine Adam' Weir, he made him a parishioner of 'that beautiful church of Glencorse in the Pentlands, three miles from his father's country house at Swanston,' for the 'adamantine Inglis' was 'Lord Glencorse,' taking his title, as so many of our judges do, from his lairdship there. Stevenson indeed *called* the parish Hermiston, but he did not trouble to alter the real name of the minister. One Sunday he went over there from Swanston and found in the pulpit 'old Mr Torrance, over eighty, and a relic of times forgotten, with his black thread gloves and mild old face. One of the nicest parts of it was to see John Inglis, the greatest man in Scotland, our Lord Justice-General, and the only born lawyer I ever heard, listening to the piping old body, as though it had been all a revelation, grave and respectful.'

When in future years readers of Stevenson's *Hermiston* come to the Parliament House of Edinburgh to see the portrait of Braxfield by Raeburn, they should turn to the left before they depart, and look

also at the portrait of Inglis by Reid. Only thus do they get the two halves of Adam Weir. In the Raeburn it is difficult to find the intellectual power and despotic will of the Braxfield, either of history or of the novel. Stevenson himself in describing it could only note the 'tart, racy, humorous look, nose like a cudgel . . . lower part of the face sensual and incredulous . . . eyes with a half youthful, half frosty, twinkle.' That is the after-dinner judge, with nothing of Rhadamanthus in him. But look at Inglis! It is the face of a man who despises popularity from the heart—who on the whole would rather not have it. He dwells alone, in a realm of intellectual energy, but with a thundercloud brooding over it so habitually, that the inward menace has moulded the features almost into a scowl. On canvass, he is more Braxfield than Braxfield himself—wanting indeed the 'grin of ineffable sagacity' and the wealth of Falstaffian humour, but fearless in himself, he remains even on the wall 'formidable to all around.' ”

CHARLES NEAVES

JUDGE

1800-1877

IN addition to being an accomplished judge, and highly cultivated man, Lord Neaves was one of the greatest humorists on the bench. He excelled as a writer of verse, and his stanzas on Lord Monboddo are characteristically good. He had great social power; and was always delightful when, as a circuit court judge, the day's work done, he met a few members of the provincial bar—and others in the towns or cities where his courts were held—at the dinner-parties which he gave. He laid aside the manner of the judge, and assumed the *rôle* of the old fashioned courtly gentleman and man of letters combined, rejoicing to give and take in familiar talk on congenial themes. No one could tell a better story, or give it with more piquancy. He was ready and resourceful in conversation, and all were impressed by the singular lucidity of his statements, while they perceived the accuracy of his reasoning powers, with the clear and cogent force of his well-balanced judgment.

He was Lord Rector of the University of St Andrews during the years 1872-1874, when he de-

livered a remarkable address to the students. When walking on that occasion in the procession along the narrow passage to the dais, before the ceremonial and the address began, the exuberant youths (as their custom was) discharged handfuls of peas on the slowly moving cavalcade. The Rector turned round before he reached his rostrum and said to Principal Tulloch, "This is just a peas-alley"! When listening to his address on that occasion, I thought he might be described as "a man of cheerful yesterdays, and confident to-morrows."

But he was perhaps seen at his best when on a visit at a country-house in autumn. I recall one such delightful visit at Megginch in the Carse of Gowrie, where the late Deans of Westminster (Stanley) and of Salisbury (Boyle) were fellow guests with him for a few days. We drove to some historic spots associated with Jacobite days. We visited places made famous by Scott, in his *Fair Maid of Perth*. We went to Methven Castle, to see the delightful place and the people there: and although Principal Shairp joined us one evening, all the brilliance of the conversation was due to Stanley and to Lord Neaves. We had anecdote and repartee, historic reminiscences, political criticism, deft literary gossip, and humorous stories, in an unabating stream of cultivated talk. Sir Walter's novels were dilated upon with rare delight. All agreed that he was the greatest writer of fiction and romance that the world had produced, and that—along with Burns—he was the most dis-

tinguished of literary Scotsmen ; while as a man, he towered above all our lesser writers in prose or verse. The great biographies of the English speaking race were discussed ; and while Stanley gave the primacy to Boswell's *Johnston* and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Lord Neaves reminded him that there was a third, the life of Arnold of Rugby, which was a model biography alike for what it said, and for what it omitted to record. Autobiographies were referred to, Augustine's *Confessiones*, Benvenuto Cellini's *Life*, Descartes's *Method*, Peppy's *Diary*, Goethe's *Warheit und Dichtung*, Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, and his *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Dean Boyle, and our genial host were content to listen rather than to speak, and even Principal Shairp (except when *The Prelude* was referred to) ; while the two nimble-witted conversationists of ready memory carried us from point to point of the compass, in brilliant flashes of criticism, of repartee, and of appraisal. In these happy hours we all saw what Tennyson meant by

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
 From household fountains never dry ;
 The critic clearness of an eye,
 That saw through all the Muses' walk ;

Sagacious intellect, and force
 To seize and throw the doubts of man ;
 Impassion'd logic, which outran
 The hearer in its fiery course.

It was in Edinburgh, however, that Lord Neaves

was chiefly known, and his power distinctly felt. As one of the few survivors of the band of men who had known, and been connected with, the literary life of Edinburgh's more famous days, he came in his later years to be a central figure in the society of the town. The three-quarters of the Nineteenth Century over which his life extended, was a period in which great and striking changes had taken place; and his retentive memory, and keen power of observation, made him an interesting *raconteur* of all he had seen and heard. Although his professional life kept him almost entirely in Edinburgh, he knew a great many people beyond it, and had an intense admiration for, and interest in, men of letters and learning. While continuously devoted to the work of an arduous profession, he regarded almost with envy those who could give all their energies to classical and theological studies, which were for him only the employment of his leisure hours. To those who knew him well, and who realized the physical delicacy with which, from youth upwards, he had to contend, it was indeed a matter of wonder that he could accomplish so much reading, and acquire so many languages. This could only have been done by one who had an ardent love of learning, and the temperament of a scholar. From the days when, as a young man at the Bar, he devoted his Sunday afternoons to the study of Greek with a few congenial friends, and when he took advantage of the presence of some

Italian refugees in Edinburgh to acquire a knowledge of their language, he never lost an opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge, and his sociable and genial temperament gave him an equal pleasure in imparting it. Any book of interest which he had happened to read in his library suggested topics of conversation with those who chanced to dine with him; and he invariably brought treasures both old and new out of his well-stored memory. There were few things which gave him more pleasure in his summer holidays than to induce his daughters, and any young visitor staying in the house, to read German or Italian with him; and he was always ready to discourse on the delights of Literature—on Burns and Wordsworth—or on Paley's Life and Theology, to Young Men's Institutes in country towns.

With all this there was nothing of the prig or the pedant in him. Much as he loved to impart knowledge, his conversation was never didactic. From any tendency to "bookishness," he was guarded by his love of society and of intercourse with his fellow-men, as well as by his keen sense of humour. He talked to amuse and interest his hearers, not to impress or overpower them, and his excellent stories were generally drawn from the simple and homely side of life. As his learning was free from the taint of pedantry, so his wit and humour were unspoilt by bitterness or personal satire. With his keen sense of the ludicrous, and his scorn of the pretentious

and sanctimonious, there was no sting in what he wrote or said, and he was a man who made no enemies. In his younger days, the keen militant Toryism, which flung a gibe at "the Bill with the franchise so low," and which inspired the political verses which were eagerly looked for at the Carlton, did not prevent him from numbering many leading Whigs amongst his friends. In later years his circle included people of various views and opinions, and he was never happier than when he had gathered some of these under his roof. His hospitality was freely extended to strangers who came to Edinburgh, and as a director of the Philosophical Institution, it was to him a duty as well as a pleasure to invite some of the distinguished men who came to lecture in connection with it. He was generally to be found at the meetings of the Archæological Institute, of the British Association, and of the now extinct Social Science Association, throughout the country ; and when such meetings happened to be held in Edinburgh he was always anxious to promote their success, and to show hospitality to the Members. On one such occasion—the Meeting of the British Association in 1871 — an enthusiastic Frenchman rushed up to demand a "photographie" of one whom he described as "Juge, savant, poëte, et surtout gai, comme un Français."

Much as he enjoyed such occasions, there was nothing of the "lion-hunter" in his nature, and he was as ready to make himself agreeable to the plain

and homely people with whom his profession brought him into contact, as to any literary or judicial celebrity. The Municipal Authorities of some little circuit town were in his eyes honoured guests, to be treated to the best of wine and of conversation, and he had the first qualification of a good host, that of being a kindly and interested listener. This gift made him very popular with women, and he had a genuine pleasure in their society. Long before it was the fashion to talk of the higher Education of Women, he took their capacity and power of entering into intellectual subjects for granted, and gave them of his best, both in the way of instruction and of conversation. In the late sixties, when the movement for the University teaching of women was started, he regarded it with interest and approval. As one of the managers of the Royal Infirmary he had to deal with the difficult question of the admission of the first little band of medical Women to the privileges of clinical study there, and that also he dealt with in a spirit of kindly sympathy, and was free from the intolerant hostility with which so many men at that time regarded it.

Lord Neaves never allowed either delicate health, or absorption in work and study, to make him neglect his duties as a citizen. He was one of the promoters of the United Industrial School, in which the religious difficulties connected with the education of Protestant and Catholic children were most fairly and judiciously dealt with; and he was for some years president of

the Heriot-Watt Institution. Though a strong Conservative, he was a strenuous believer in, and promoter of, Education ; and, with an intense dislike of anything like religious intolerance, he was utterly opposed to the modern fetish of Secularism. The cant of unbelief was as obnoxious to him as that of religious profession ; and Sir Alexander Grant, in the obituary notice which he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in February 1877, has recorded the *sæva indignatio* with which on one occasion Lord Neaves met and rebuked the scoffs of an Italian atheist.

Those who were brought into contact with him either in work or social intercourse were always struck with his fairness of mind, and innate love of justice. These qualities—especially when combined with geniality, and warmth of heart—are not too common ; and to the few now remaining who knew him in the intimacy of private life, and who recall no petty resentment, no harsh or acrimonious judgments, only pleasant and kindly memories remain.

ANDREW RUTHERFURD CLARK

JUDGE

1828-1899

ANDREW RUTHERFURD CLARK passed at the Scottish bar very shortly after attaining the age of twenty-one. Two years had scarcely elapsed before he was appointed Advocate-Depute, a rapidity of promotion which has once or twice been paralleled, but is not likely to be often repeated. His good fortune was no doubt partly due to the partiality of his uncle, the then Lord Advocate—afterwards Lord Rutherford — whom the nephew regarded with almost more than filial affection, and for whose memory he cherished a feeling of veneration which can scarcely be exaggerated. Lord Rutherford's confidence in his nephew proved well-founded. In a short time Mr Clark was in a large and increasing practice. He gave up "writing" with much diffidence and trepidation, a few years after the late Lord President Inglis was appointed to fill the chair of the Second Division. But the result was beyond doubt. Mr Clark as a senior was even greater than Mr Clark as a junior. A very cursory perusal of the reports will satisfy the reader that he was engaged in practically every case of first-rate importance from

the date of the beginning of the third series of Session cases. He became Solicitor - General, when Lord Young was appointed Lord Advocate; and in 1874 he received the highest compliment which the Faculty of Advocates can bestow, being elected Dean. In the following year he accepted, with great reluctance, the offer of a seat on the Bench. His practice was vast, and he loved the life of a busy advocate. But he was working himself to death; the doctor's recommendation was imperative; and from the autumn of 1875 down to the date of his death he never once set foot on the boards of the Outer House.

While at the Bar, he excelled in every detail of his profession. He was an extremely hard worker; and combined a profound knowledge of case-law, with a thorough grasp of the principles which the cases illustrate. He was especially good as an examiner, and a cross-examiner; and his proficiency in this important branch of his art made him look, in later years, with little favour upon the more lengthy and diffuse methods of some modern lawyers. He strongly objected to the practice of making a witness repeat his whole story from beginning to end in cross; and he would compare the manner of some younger practitioners in an examination-in-chief to the baptismal service of the Church of Scotland, in which, after putting a variety of questions to the parent, the minister winds up by saying, "You believe all these things, do you not?" He was the

best cross-examiner of his day—acute, rapid, tenacious, full of *verve*, without *élan*. He had a remarkable memory, which retained more varied stories than that of any notable lawyer of our time. Lord Neaves perhaps came next to him in power of memory. He commanded the confidence of agents, in a very high degree; and they, for their part, found him a most “satisfactory” counsel. No adjective could be more complimentary. Not being a master of sham-pathos, he was perhaps less successful in the defence of criminals than in other departments. Nevertheless he was an admirable counsel with a jury.

When raised to the Bench, he at first scarcely realised the high expectations which were formed of him; but, from the very beginning his opinions were recognised as having high authority, and as being entitled to the greatest consideration, just as the opinions of Lord Corehouse and Lord Fullerton in an earlier generation carried, and have continued to carry peculiar weight. The truth is that his “full-dress” opinions, both in the Outer House and in the Division, are models of what a judicial exposition of the law ought to be. No better examples of Lord Rutherford Clark at his best could be found than his opinions in the cases of the *National Bank v. the Union Bank*, [13 R. 380;] *Sandeman v. Scottish Property, &c., Building Society*, [10 R. 614;] and *Cassels v. Lamb*, [12 R. 722.] For lucidity and compression they are unrivalled. The scheme of their arrangement is beyond

praise ; the process of logical reasoning exempt from the possibility of cavil. The legal propositions are enunciated in short sentences of nervous English, which often contain more legal matter than a whole paragraph in the judgments of the House of Lords, which affirmed his views. The last great opinion which he wrote was in the case of *Moubray's Trustees v. Moubray*, [22 R. 801,] and it expounds certain aspects of the law of entail with masterly clearness and precision. Though not the greatest, he may justly be said to have been the most exact, lawyer of his time in Scotland.

Lord Rutherford Clark, though Solicitor-General for Scotland in Mr Gladstone's first Administration, never took an active part in politics. He never stood for Parliament, he was no stump orator. His views were of the old Whig cast ; the views of Jeffrey, of Cockburn, and of Rutherford. A London evening paper discovered that he was an ardent supporter of Mr Gladstone to the end. Nothing could be further from the truth. Down to 1886, he had been in the habit of thinking Mr Gladstone the wisest and best of men (the touch of characteristic exaggeration is his own), but to say that he detested the policy upon which the larger portion of the Liberal party was then persuaded to embark is not to over-state the case. To the very end, his interest in public affairs continued unabated. He was thoroughly well up in the Dreyfus affair. He viewed the present crisis in the Transvaal with the gravest apprehension. He con-

sidered that the saving element in English political life was the active share taken in it by the aristocracy and well-to-do classes. His forecasts were never sanguine; and he thought that, but for the marvellous development of charitable activity and enterprise during her present Majesty's reign, an English Revolution, not dissimilar to the French, might have had to be chronicled. As a lawyer, his opinions were decidedly, though rationally, conservative. He thought the doctrine of "vesting, subject to defeasance" an unwarrantable innovation upon the law of Scotland, and indeed considered it little better than nonsense. He maintained strongly that the Procurator-Fiscal was the officer of the Sheriff, and that the Crown should have nothing to do with his appointment or dismissal.

Though he passed to the Bar unusually young, Lord Rutherford Clark was remarkably well read in Literature, of which he ever retained an enthusiastic appreciation. He was one of the very few men who kept up their classics to the end. Without affecting to be a profound scholar, he read his Homer, his Aristophanes, and his Lucian, "like a gentleman" as Macaulay has it. These three were perhaps his favourite authors among the ancients. Of the moderns, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Burns, and Byron were thoroughly familiar to him; and with Dickens—or at least with "Pickwick"—he was well acquainted. But the one author whom his soul loved was Scott. He never tired of expatiating on Sir

Walter's excellences, both as a man and as a writer. Every page of the Waverley Novels was dear to him, though he naturally preferred those which deal with Scottish life and character. Andrew Fairservice, Nicol Jarvie, Saunders Fairford, Peter Peebles, Bartoline Saddletree, Duncan MacWheeble were ever in his mouth. Often on the Bench he addressed a question to counsel containing an allusion to Scott's writings. Great was his pleasure when the allusion was taken up, great his disappointment when it was calmly ignored. The latter was, alas, the more frequent result. His acquaintance with the French classical drama was also extensive, and the performances of M. Coquelin in Edinburgh afforded him the keenest enjoyment.

Lord Rutherford Clark was, however, the reverse of a man absorbed in his books, and in nothing else. He took an interest in everything, in nothing more than in field sports and games. For one who handled a gun but seldom, he was an excellent shot, though fishing was his favourite recreation. He also found amusement in golf and whist, to both of which he was devoted. Of the latter he was a sound player, though a poor card-holder. In the former he was so proficient that, had the exigencies of professional life permitted, he might—as a young man—have been in the very first rank of players. As it was, he went round St Andrews links on his sixty-fifth birthday in 89, taking 20 to the last three holes, a performance for the first fifteen which speaks for itself. Sometimes, at St Andrews he would talk dexterously of the

Classics in the course of a round, making quotations, and asking opinions, without in the least degree disturbing the play, or putting opponent or partner off their game. Once only when discussing at the high hole the use of symbol by Plato, and maintaining that the allegory of the Cave in the Phædo was not his best, he proceeded to quote a passage from the Republic just after playing his tee shot, he so disturbed the equilibrium of his opponent's mind, that the latter lost the next hole. The Judge laughed at the rejoinder 'When you want to win at golf, quote Greek to your enemy.' He was, perhaps, the last player at Musselburgh who played in a tall hat. Conservative as he was, he ultimately adopted a more suitable head-gear. He was a great admirer of Mr Fred. Tait as a golfer. At cricket, Mr Asher was one of the bats whom he most cared to watch. In Park's recent match against Vardon at North Berwick he acted as a steward, and followed both rounds. He had little doubt which of the two was the better player.

Perhaps his most striking characteristics were a certain simplicity, and an intense dislike of ill-founded pretension. He disliked pretension to learning, and never enjoyed the society of those who, because they had no practice at the Bar, chose to think that they had a European reputation. He disliked pretension to rank, above all he disliked the people who pretend to be better than their neighbours. When he came across pretentious people, he was not disinclined to humour them in their weak-

ness, and to lead them on to greater extravagances. It was one of his favourite stories how he once non-plussed a pompous dullard who had been prating at "the fireplace" of the beauties of Homer, by asking him whence the "Odyssey" got its name, seeing that the name of the hero was Ulysses?

An anecdote is related of him as junior counsel. He was pleading before Lord Mackenzie, and desired to put in some minute. Lord Mackenzie objected; Rutherford Clark insisted. At last the judge, wearied out with the counsel's importunity, said "In God's name, Mr Clark, put it in." "No, my lord," replied Clark, "I'll put it in in the name of the Pursuer."

He possessed that wonderful secret which alone makes old age desirable—the secret of keeping in touch with fresh and youthful minds. Thus with more than one member of the Bar, by many years his junior, he was on terms as closely resembling those of intimate friendship as it is possible for the relationship between an old man and a young to be. His death will be deplored, and his memory will long be green on the golf course, and in places where men meet for intercourse and innocent recreation; but nowhere will the recollection of Lord Rutherford Clark be more tenderly cherished than in the once familiar scenes of the Parliament House.

APPENDIX A

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS DAVIDSON'S WORKS¹

I. BOOKS

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¹ I should state that these two lists (1) of Books and articles, and (2) of MSS. are printed from type-written copies, sent to me from America. I have no doubt that they were accurate transcripts of the originals, and I do not presume to make any corrections.

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- Trendelenburg on Hegel's System (tr.), vol. 5, p. 349.
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APPENDIX B

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9. Dante.
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13. Greek Education up to Aristotle.
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17. Savonarola.
18. Is the Homeric Cycle of Legends Greek?
19. The Present State of Thought.
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22. In Memoriam.
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- 28-36. The Bearing of Ancient Thought upon Modern Social Problems. (Ten Lectures.)
- 37-43. Seven Lectures. (On the History of Hebrew Prophetism and Greek Philosophy.)
44. The Affiliation of the Sciences.
45. School Exhibitions.
46. The Education of Girls.
47. Life Education.
48. (Education of the Young. Use of Music.)
49. (Self Reliance.)
50. Practical Reform.
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52. (Hegel and Rosmini.)
53. Meum and Tuum.
54. Are there Synthetic Judgments a priori?
55. Aristotle's Problem.
56. Individuality.
57. The Ultimate Creed.
58. Sentimentality.
59. Acceptance.
60. Detachment.
61. The Missing Social Link.
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67. Social Remedies in the Light of History.
68. The Nature and Cause of our Social Difficulties.
69. Idols of the Theatre.
70. Some False Assumptions of Present Reformers.

71. The Future of Classical Study.
72. "Ad tres familiares."
73. (Protection and Free Trade.)
74. Words, Thoughts and Things.
75. The Methods of Progress.
76. Art and Fact. (Off-print from the Western.)
77. The Philosophy of Words. (Review of Garlanda.)
78. Animal and Man.
79. Social and Economic Equality.
- 80-83. Athens, Ancient and Modern. (Four Lectures.)
- 84-89. Modern Greece. (Six Lectures.)
90. Greek Sculpture. (Notes for Six Stereopticon Lectures.)
- 91-97. Philology. (Seven Lectures.)
- 98-101. The History and Grammar of the English Language.
(Four Lectures.)
102. Ontology.
103. Olympia.
104. Shakespeare's World and its Limitations.
105. Divine Love.
106. The Immortality of the Human Soul.
107. Education.
108. Free Education.
109. Transfiguration.
110. The Practical Duties following upon the Spiritual View
of Life.
111. Reading with a View to Culture and Insight.
112. (On the Nibelungenlied.) (First page missing.)
113. The Educational Problem.
114. The Educational Problems which the Nineteenth Century
hands over to the Twentieth.
115. The Problems set by the Nineteenth Century to the
Twentieth.
 - I. The Philosophic and Religious Problems.
116. II. The Economic Question.
117. Religion and Science.
118. The Significance of Art.
119. New Life.
120. The Life of the Spirit.
121. Inner Moral Life.
122. The Function of a Church.

123. Faith as a Faculty of the Human Mind.
- 124-28. Five Lectures on great Greek Moralists.
 - I. Antecedents of Greek Ethics.
 - II. Socrates and Intuitional Ethics.
 - III. Plato and Ideal Ethics.
 - IV. Aristotle and Institutional Ethics.
 - v. Comparison and Conclusion.
129. The Irony of Plato.
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 132. Aristotle on Tragedy.
 133. Aristotle's Poetics.
 134. Prometheus.
 135. The Oresteia. Agamemnon.
 136. Choephorea and the Two Electras.
 137. Retribution. (The Laocoon Group.)
 138. The Other World in Homer.
 139. Art in Homer.
 140. Women in Greece.
 141. Rosmini's Philosophy.
 142. Savonarola.
 143. Dante's Place in History.
 144. Love as God's Method of Action. (According to the Divine Comedy.)
 145. Virgil and Beatrice as Guides.
 146. Ibn Gebirol and the Cabbalah.
 147. What is Death?
 148. The Fellowship of the New Life.
 149. (The New Life and the Old.)
 150. (Life.)
 151. (Liberty.)
 152. (The Pursuit of Happiness.)
 153. (The Educational Ideal—A Criticism of Modern Institutions of Learning.)
 154. ("Sacred Diseases.").
 155. Scotch Ballads. (Badly mutilated.)
- 156-61. Goethe's Faust. (Latest Series.) (Lecture III. (§ 159) not found.)
 162. Four Great Religious Poems.
 163. (Mediæval Philosophy. Introduction, Notes and fragments.)

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which Mr Davidson made.)
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Davidson, 1861, &c.)
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Had there been room, I would have given a list of all the Memoirs, Lives, or Biographical Sketches, of the men who are recorded in this volume, along with a catalogue of their principal works; but it has been found impossible to include such lists in the present edition.

