race, *Chaur-Ghur* Row (lately altered to Cable Street), *Chin-Chu* Cottages, *Bombay* Street, and *Norway* Place; and an obscure thoroughfare in Shoreditch retains the enviable appellation of the *Land of Promise.* Some names of equal absurdity distinguish those accumulations of ephemeral lath and plaster, the stuccoed villas or 'bijou residences' of our suburban districts. Such are *Hephzibah* Terrace and *Tryphena* Place; the 14 *Ebenezer* Places: *Elysium* and *Paradise* Rows, repeated *ad nauseam*; *Grove-villas* Crescent and *Union* Vale; the *Acacia* Villas of Marylebone; *Belinda* and *Belitha* Villas; the 10 *Medina* Villas, and the 14 *Bellevue* Terraces. There are 12 *Broadways*, and 11 *Mount Pleasants*; 17 streets divide between them the names of *The Avenue, The Crescent*, and *The Terrace*; 23 are called *The Grove*, and 4 *The Paragon*; besides the silly affectations of *The Colonade, The Lawn, The Parade, The Cedars*, and *The Sweep.* These rural conceits, however foolish, because nearly always meaningless and inappropriate, may perhaps be excused in the country; but within the radius of the postal districts of the metropolis convenience alone should require the abolition of these bombastic symbols of the *rus in urbe.* One, at least, of the evils of an overgrown capital will be removed, when necessity demands the complete revision of our modern street-nomenclature.

ART. VII.—*Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: 1869.

THERE are few subjects of more just and keen regret in literature than the loss or absence of memorials of men who are known to have exercised a great power over their own generation. To have among us a great name and be conscious that it is nothing but a name, is a thing never realised without a touch of sadness. The blank felt by us in the absence of such a record is the measure of our obligation to him who worthily supplies it. Sometimes there are reasons only too sufficient why the world is disappointed. The lives of gifted men are not invariably clean lives. The companion who knows most about the vanished celebrity is conscious that he cannot present him to society as he was, so he is not presented at all. The world asks why but receives no answer, and the brilliant as well as the dark features in the character of the man are allowed to perish together.

It is impossible to be further from deserving such a fate than the late Sir William Hamilton. Morally and physically his nature was pure and honourable. He was peculiarly averse to courting effect in the eyes of men; he never did anything for fame or notice—anything that would leave a picture of his career or of any passages of it before the world. His life was therefore one that would have been peculiarly difficult to portray in a later generation, had no contemporary who knew him undertaken the task. Such are the considerations to be taken into account when we measure the service done to literature by this interesting volume.

The leading character in Hamilton's nature was a grand simplicity. It seemed to absorb and neutralise all affectation or angularities. These defects are often insensibly acquired by studious dreamy men, but he was as entirely free from them as the most cautious and prudent of prigs who has nothing else to think about but the respectability of his appearance in society. Anyone casually meeting him in his walks abroad, and guessing at his social position merely from his dress and manners, might have set him down as a retired capitalist, because, while perfectly well dressed, there was a simplicity in his attire, as of a man who did not require to give outward evidence of his wealth. Some people thought he must be rich because he was entirely free from the pecuniary embarrassments which afflicted more than one among his companions and neighbours. Others thought he must be poor because there was so little of display in his establishment. It seemed as if in his estimate, what a man has and how he spends it, is among the matters of domestic reserve not to be exposed to the world. His name was not paraded among patrons and profuse donors, but his contribution was always to be had when it was wanted, and in his own kind and unostentatious way he was a cheerful giver, as many an unprosperous man of merit well knew. This simplicity of character helped him materially in his grand design of subsidising all human knowledge to his use. He had for a long period of his life a group of friends around him, shifting as casualties carried away the old and accident brought the new. Many of these were much younger than himself, and all were of lower intellectual stature. But there was nothing of the pedantry of the Stoa in this group—no man saying it is mine to speak and yours to hear. It was a perfect republic of letters—a giving and taking, where indeed Hamilton got more than he gave, for nothing that anyone of the group could impart from his own little treasure of knowledge was lost to him. The young of this group—some twenty years

younger than himself, and attaching themselves to him at the time when those years made all the difference between the sage and the youth—forgot his age while feeling his superiority. He was more like a gifted contemporary to their minds and hearts. And when the fame of his achievements came, strangely as it did, not in the homage of his fellow-countrymen and townsmen but in the echoes from distant lands, the effect was like beholding the distant elevation into eminence of some schoolfellow—a

> 'Divinely gifted man,
> Whose life in small estate began,
> And on a simple village green.'

We propose hereafter to note more especially and fully some of the peculiar living minds on which he drew for the materials of thought in this kind of companionship. In the meantime let us see how it bore on the great intellectual mission falling to his lot. His companionship with his friends has a parallel in his choice of books—save that in them it might be more properly said that universality of reading was his choice. His mission was the demolition of the despotism of special schools in science and literature. To explain the object of his labours in another way, we may say that they were directed against that weakness of the human intellect that rushes into extremes of intellectual fashion as capriciously and as absolutely as the leaders in the gay world follow the shiftings of fashionable costume. Hamilton was an intellectual Luther lifting his testimony against the shifting despotism of this kind of vogue. But he found it in a more serious shape than it took in literature when he turned to science and philosophy. For example, he was keenly sensible to this peculiar defect in the profession to which he first desired to attach himself—medicine. The student acquires the belief that it is a folly and a scandal to look from the existing leaders in practice and opinion into the past; and the mind is narrowed by the submissive adoption of the absolute dictates of the leading teachers of the day.

The great idea that carried Hamilton through his conquering labours was that in the work of the human intellect there is nothing common or unclean. It was not possible, he thought, that any succession of men could ardently labour on, generation after generation, in the endeavour to solve the difficulties of the sciences of mind and matter, and yet leave no fruit of all their zealous labours. Hence was it that from the ponderous volumes of the fathers, the schoolmen, the civilians and

canonists, the early physicians and naturalists, and the monkish chroniclers, he sought to extract a knowledge of what the human intellect had done, so as to have full material for an examination of its nature and capacity.

His education and his professional projects were signally adapted to the training of his strong intellect to such a purpose. He first studied medicine—not theoretically merely but with a view to practice. Then he turned from that task to law and joined the bar, where he had fully as much professional work to do as a philosopher whose mind was elsewhere could hope to achieve. Thus he had two great avenues to a knowledge of the practical operation of theoretical creations. But a third profession might be said to be the choice of his heart—that was divinity. What sort of a pastor he would have made had he turned practically to this also it were hard to say. But he loved intensely the study of polemics, and perhaps enjoyed no literature better than the works of the two great masters, Luther and Calvin. The Dutch showed their appreciation of his genius in this shape by conferring on him the title—curious in this country as bestowed upon a layman—of Doctor in Divinity of the University of Leyden.

Sir William had a hobby as every good man has, the bad supplying its place with a vice. It was his felicity that his hobby squared admirably with the graver purpose of his life. He was a book collector, or bibliomaniac as it is scornfully called. But to few of the victims of that malady has it been given to show so much method in their madness. He was rapacious as a gatherer of volumes, and when he had them he nursed them tenderly, refreshing their bindings with his own hand and discovering unguents for giving them strength and comeliness. But none of this was thrown away; every book he had came within the universality of his purpose. Many a time does the victim of this weakness impose on himself with the delusion, and endeavour also, but in vain, to impose it upon his wife, that the countless volumes brought home one after another in interminable array are necessary for his enlightened studies. But here the justification was so sound and true, and so obvious as not to be worth putting in words. Yet collect as he might, the literary treasures available to anyone of moderate fortune would have been far too meagre a feast for his intellectual appetite. He had continually to go beyond his own shelves to the College Library or the nobler collection in the Advocates' Library, and he hunted out with ravenous avidity any rare morsels of literature not within these stores, which any private friend might happily be able to

supply him with. In the common mind there is a notion that a life spent in ceaseless research of this kind is a life spent in dreary hard work. There could not be a more utter mistake. It is the most delightful of all lives—a life in which the business of the man is also his ruling pleasure. The excitement that draws the sportsman to the chase—even that of the gambler at the table—is as nothing in comparison. It carries with it only the one sad penalty, that, worthy and beautiful as it is, these too absorbing attractions tempt some men to indulge in it to excess—and so it was with Hamilton.

The notion leading people to the belief that such a life is dull and laborious is the absurd one that the great scholars—the men who 'know everything'—pursue their researches by solemnly reading through book after book from beginning to end, after the fashion of the devotees of the circulating libraries. Natural sagacity, strengthened by practice, gives powers for abbreviating and facilitating such work, as in all other work where high skill is called to bear upon it. There are certain classes of books—as those of the civilians, the chroniclers, and the old divines—where a great amount of repetition is a standard practice or etiquette. The skill of the investigator enables him to overleap the conventional commonplaces and alight on the morsels of originality he is in search of. The practice of an extensive and successful literary searcher may be compared to that of the head of the police in a large town. He does not know every inhabitant in it by headmark, but he has an organisation for immediately finding and producing any one of them who may be wanted.

The stores thus collected were placed by Hamilton in the custody of a signally retentive memory. As we may afterwards have to see, their varied and naturally discordant nature, and the enormous bulk of the whole, was a severe trial on his power of organising. Method, and a capacity for the completion of the outline of any branch of knowledge, were the faculties least readily at his disposal for the accomplishment of his great designs. When he set about arranging and grouping, crowds of things rushed in upon each other too fast for him to find the right place for each. Memory, however, always did its part: and thus it happened that when the matter in hand was by its nature of a limited character, every element necessary to create and to adorn it was ready at hand. This made him so much an object of wonder to those who gathered about him in casual acquaintance long before his name was known abroad. It would sometimes happen that one of a fraternity engaged in ransacking into some small remote corner

of human knowledge, if he alluded in the pride of his heart to some discovery he believed himself to have made, would be surprised to find how far one not free of his particular intellectual guild had already penetrated its inner mysteries. If Hamilton found that the special adept knew something unknown to himself—that a real discovery had been made—he would seize upon it with unfailing sagacity. The end was that the discoverer beheld his poor ewe lamb swept into the vast sheepfold of the aggrandising monopolist. None of these triumphs were accomplished for display. They all belonged to a kindly interchange of knowledge. He did not talk to mixed company. Of that he saw so little that it would perhaps be difficult to find any man now alive who had met him at any dinner-table but his own, where he had occasionally a pleasant easy circle. The tradition is that when he happened to be among strangers he kept silence. At all events, the conversations in which he drank in and poured forth knowledge were among his intimates, or, according to the expressive old Scotch term, his cronies.

Yet in these critical and inquisitive conversations there was an aim far higher than that of social chat. He had a craving to know all that the special devotees of any science or doctrine knew, and also to know all that they believed. It was the fundamental principle of his philosophy that nothing was to be taken for granted—nothing to be believed or disbelieved but on trial. There are many who concur in this as a general principle, but they find that life is not long enough for the testing of everything. We can get through but a small item of science in this way, therefore let us test the remainder by deputy—that is to say, let us take the established opinions. The difference between Hamilton and men of this class was in the extent of the field worked out by himself. If it was not a complete system physical and metaphysical, it went further than any other, on account of the principle of abstract toleration on which it was conducted, and the great powers and untiring perseverance of the conductor. He knew that investigations into opinions and beliefs that seemed to the ordinary wise man too preposterous to deserve a thought, may nevertheless repay the investigator. He counted it very unsafe to treat any opinion, especially any one professing to contain a truth within it, as naught, unless it be first weighed in the balance and found wanting. When this result is reached, and it is found that the whole is a fallacy, there is yet gained for the service of psychological science the special exposure of this fallacy, heresy, superstition, or whatever else it might be called.

Hamilton's dealing with phrenology before taking up a position antagonistic to its claim as a science was a signal example of this spirit. The 'physiological and anatomical inquiries' on which he was to rest his conclusions 'continued,' we are told, 'for many years subsequent to 1826, and 'extended to points which Sir William had not originally in- 'tended to embrace, such as the weight and various relative 'proportions of the brain in man and animals under varying 'circumstances.' The results of his inquiries were published at different times in Dr. Monro's 'Anatomy of the Brain' (1831), in the 'Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal' (1850), and in the 'Medical Times' (1845). On the subject of the cerebellum and the brain generally, his researches were most careful and extended:—

'It was certain discoveries,' he tells us, 'which I made in regard to the laws of development and the functions of this organ [the cerebellum], and the desire of establishing these by an induction from as many of the species as possible of the animal kingdom, that led me into a more extensive inquiry than has hitherto been instituted by any professional physiologist. . . . My tables extend to above 1,000 brains of above 50 species of animals accurately weighed by a delicate balance.' To this Professor Veitch adds that 'he conducted his numerous experiments with his own hand—sawing open skulls—dissecting and testing the weight of brain.' (Pp. 116, 117.)

After all this he had surely in some measure achieved the right to speak as his accomplished friend Mr. George Moir says he did.

'So tolerant was Sir William of all opinions that I may say phrenology was the only doctrine he could not tolerate. He had studied it with care and mastered very completely the anatomy of the brain. . . . The result was, he had come to look on phrenology as a mischievous humbug.' (P. 116.)

To mesmerism, too, and its collateral phenomena he gave an experimental trial. 'Before,' he said, 'you set aside the science 'of the mesmerist, you ought to read the evidence in its favour 'given by all the greatest medical authorities in Germany.'

'Sir William had no doubt,' says a friend, 'of the power of mesmerism in nervous temperaments to produce sleep and other cognate phenomena; but he utterly disbelieved *clairvoyance*; and when Mr. Colquhoun used to bring forward instances to that effect, he would remind him of the story of the 1,000*l.* bank note which had been lying sealed up for years ready to be delivered to any clairvoyant who, without opening the envelope, should read its contents.' (P. 118.)

This comprehensive method of inquiry brought him deep into the literature of witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, alchemy,

astrology, and all the old superstitious sciences of which there are, we suppose, no living devotees. His converse with men notorious for the entertainment of opinions denounced by a large portion of their fellows, or engaged in the pursuit of inquiries deemed utterly delusive, sometimes subjected him to remarks akin to the suspicion attached to those who keep miscellaneous and not always decorous company. It would be said at one time that surely Hamilton was going to Rome, so much trafficking had he with Popish priests and Jesuit fathers. At another time he was surely bitten with nonintrusionism, for evidently he had fallen into the hands of Chalmers and Welsh. Then, again, there was an alarm that he had gone off with the clairvoyants and animal magnetisers, for was it not true that he and John Colquhoun, the high-priest of these mysteries, were inseparable companions? These conferences with men, each deeply conversant with his own sphere of thought or knowledge, were a feature so conspicuous in the method of Hamilton's working out his conclusions, that it may be well to note the external conditions attending on them while these can be remembered, for the story is getting old.

In the year 1844 Sir William was stricken with paralysis. His fine intellect recovered itself, and, in the opinion of the best judges, remained unimpaired. But there was a sad and touching change in his aspect and his ways. Besides the prostration of the muscular power of a man very strong and active, the deep fire as of a devouring inward intelligence had gone from the eye, and the firm tension had left the lip. Yet much of what he has left to the world came from him after this calamity. One may suppose that he had said to himself, the time for these restless untiring researches after knowledge is over; let the fruits of it all be gathered in ere it be too late. His old friends assembled round him in his own house, cheering him with reminiscences of the old topics of discussion, but he was no longer the same restless aggressor on the domain of other men's thoughts and acquisitions. What has now to be told therefore must be understood to refer to the earlier period of his life.

A Frenchman devoted by taste and habit to the theatre could much more easily live without that stimulant than Sir William could have lived away from all great libraries. He would have perhaps preferred his lot to be cast in the neighbourhood of the Bodleian, but it was a fair compromise with fate to have at his disposal the Advocates' Library. This is the third in size among British libraries, the British Museum being the first and the Bodleian the second. Then,

although it is at the service of every literary investigator who can apply its resources to use, to the members of the Faculty of Advocates, of whom Sir William was one, it is their private library as if they were members of a club. The right of a possessor was of infinite consequence to Hamilton, for in the vehemence of his researches, he would have found it hard to bear with the formalities and delays absolutely necessary in the use of any public consulting library, such as that under Pannizzi's dome in the British Museum.

But even the Advocates' Library was subject to a weakness common to all such institutions. It was not available during all the twenty-four hours of the day. In fact it was closed some ten hours or so earlier than the time when the philosopher closed his researches. There was a borrowing privilege, but it only extended to twenty volumes a man—a mere mockery. However there was a joyous period for Sir William. He was for some years one of the curators of the library, and it was a courtesy to those who took the duties of a curator not to limit the number of books they might take to their own homes. There are marvellous stories about the number of volumes in the great restoration following the close of his term of office, and it is remembered that the volumes were conveyed back to their proper place of rest in a waggon.

It is natural when a group of men come daily together, that one should occupy a chief place in the eyes of the others, and become in some measure their leader. This was a position readily conceded to Walter Scott when he was a frequent visitor and writer there. To him Jeffrey, some fifteen years Hamilton's senior, might naturally have succeeded. He was not a voracious reader however, and he professed enjoying his literature in the select library of his own Tusculum. Hamilton very soon became the master. He held the place indeed by virtue of the power of knowledge. Every other frequenter of the library consulted him in difficulties and got a ready solution of them. It was currently said that he was acquainted with every book in the immense collection, and when the young ambitious student struggling with the difficulties of some tough inquiry sat for a time at the feet of Gamaliel, he came away with a crowd of new ideas, strengthened and supported by a list of books and a commentary on their respective bearing on the matter he had in hand.

Mr. Carlyle, in the reminiscences cited by Mr. Veitch, says:—

'I cannot recollect when I first came to speak with him, which must have been by accident and his own voluntary favour on some slight occasion, probably in the Advocates' Library, which was my

principal or almost sole literary resource (lasting thanks to *it* alone of Scottish institutions) in those distracted, forgetful, and grimly-forbidding years.' (P. 122.)

In fact this library was Hamilton's club, and having followed him into it, and seen him established at its head, it may not be amiss to look in upon the group generally gathered round him; in seeing them about him we see a large part of Hamilton's social life. In sketching these his companions and disciples, it is proposed to deal only with those who are dead—by far the larger portion of those who were Hamilton's friends at this period of his career. There is the more inducement to dwell a little on this group, as the place where they met has, like those who frequented it, suffered changes as time has passed over it. In the Advocates' Library of that day there was an impressive and at the same time very pleasurable sense of academic seclusion. In the Parliamentary Committee whose report had the effect of adding Pannizzi's dome and reading-room to the British Museum, Carlyle gave in evidence this brief but genial recollection of the Advocates' Library. He had there followed his investigations in 'a room larger than the 'one we sit in at the British Museum; and there were not 'more than twenty people in it, each sitting in an alcove as 'large as the window here; all in profound silence; a large thick 'turkey carpet on the floor.' The scene thus drawn has since been sadly changed. While there were places for silent study, there were others for scholarly talk. The talk now predominates, and is not of the old kind. By some odd fatality, the library has become an auxiliary building to the Courts of Law, and a sort of house of call to those frequenting them. What a library will become when it is the place where client and agent consult together about their business in court, and witnesses are examined and disposed of till wanted, and clerks occupy the tables that were set for students, is easily conceived. The excuse for the calamitous collapse of a noble institution is that it has grown too great for the means of its owners, and they cannot afford to keep it in decent order. Let us leave the unpleasing topic, and go back thirty years to the group of scholars and thinkers in which Hamilton was the leading spirit.

The first to be introduced shall be George Brodie, the historian. His 'History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration,' came forth in four octavo volumes in the year 1822. A deservedly eulogistic review in this Journal justly characterised it as 'the most 'valuable contribution to the constitutional history of our 'country that has appeared since the commencement of our

'labours.'* In an appreciation of Brodie's claims to consideration, it was almost as necessary to recall this authorship to those about him while he lived as to the public at large now, since his eccentricities, and especially his egregious demonstrations of vanity, in a manner dissociated his personal from his literary history. The intercourse between the two men, always of course gravitating towards the objects of the historian's special studies, was of the most pleasant and genial kind. It was made so, however, by conditions that do not always tend to the pleasant and genial. There was no shadow of possible rivalry between them to disturb Brodie's self-complacency. Nothing could be farther from his thoughts than the possibility that his literary triumphs could ever be rivalled by the bookish baronet who had taken to the pursuit of letters instead of yielding to the natural instincts of his order in beating covers and following the hounds. From Brodie's comfortable point of view, he was himself the benignant patron, the other the docile disciple. When they talked together, this might indeed have seemed their relation to any casual observer who failed to notice the faint curl of good-humoured sarcasm on Hamilton's expressive lip as he received the sententious precepts of the master delivered with the solemnity due to their importance.

Other and smaller men were less magnanimous and delicate in dealing with the historian. There were excuses for them, for it was indeed difficult to resist the grotesque influence of his domineering egotism. Among those who have enjoyed Lockhart's Life of Scott, some may remember the stories about 'the Stove School' in the Parliament House. There the students in the library occasionally met in friendly chat the idlers at the bar waiting for business; and the group was occasionally joined by some advocate in great practice, taking a hand in the light repartee peculiar to the spot as a relaxation from the hot and hard work of forensic debate. The little groups of wits there assembled were remorseless in their own harmless kind of warfare, and Brodie's propensity to gravitate himself towards them much resembled the suicidal circles of the moth round the candle. Among their chief enjoyments, one was to feed his appetite for applause and flattery to the full extent of his large digestive powers. One of his enjoyments or recreations lay in pulling all contemporary occupants of the Temple of Fame out of their niches, and as a counterpart to this one of the enjoyments of the Stove School was to incite Brodie to pull all the others out, so as to leave

* Edin. Rev. p. 92, March 1824.

himself in sole possession. His vanity was fed with rumours that some juvenile attender of the stove was ambitious of playing Boswell to him, and was taking down from time to time accurate reports of all that dropped from his lips in that genial region. Hamilton was often present at these scenes, but he took no part in them. Perhaps he felt that there was something like treachery in making game of the man who had just let out to him those curious items of information about the terms of the writ for levying ship-money, or the debate in the Westminster Assembly on the lay eldership. But though Hamilton took no part in the sport, he could not help looking on with his grave and slightly sarcastic smile, as if the psychological experiment were not one that he himself would feel it agreeable to make, yet since it was made by others, he might as well observe the phenomena as they passed under his eye.

Another member of the group—John Riddell—had a far stronger hold on Hamilton's affections. They were fast friends though the two were signally unlike. Riddell was a great peerage and pedigree lawyer. He had rather drifted into this lucrative position by his peculiar genius than sought it as a profession. He was a man of general acquirements, and used to profess himself ambitious of a wider range of studies than those for which he was distinguished; but genealogy had over him the hold acquired upon some intellects by the higher mathematics. However much he strove to balance his mind upon the greater events of history, it would rush into the groove of some pedigree, leading to the distant and obscure recesses of family history. He was the terror of men who had a vague claim to be well descended. Many a brilliant but unsubstantial pedigree was torn to shreds and scattered by his rude handling. He was a formidable champion in these contests, and sometimes a dangerous one. He loved his art better than his trade, and might discover indelible blots on the escutcheon he was employed to blazon. He worked like a brother for Hamilton, and did him yeoman's service in securing his baronetcy, and proving his descent from the renowned covenanting leader, Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston. As the two stood frequently in deep conference, the bystander could not help noticing the contrast between him and the sinewy limbs and finely chiselled features of the philosopher. It seemed to be a hard task for the genealogist to keep his sprawling limbs in subordination, and one half of his face appeared to be on bad terms with the other. His style, as will be found in several volumes—not of a popular kind, though dealing greatly with the materials out of which romances are constructed—

was as chaotic as his appearance. To those who could *unriddle* him, as people naturally put it, there were valuable solutions to be found; nor was his style without some value in its very badness, since one of his books was recommended to a teacher of composition as containing a complete collection of examples of every form of depravity of which the English language is susceptible.

Another valued member of the literary republic working along with Hamilton in his favourite corner, and interchanging many confidences with him, was Dr. Thomas McCrie, the biographer of Knox and Melville. He had a knowledge deep-seated and infinitely valuable to his all-engrossing companion. No one was so well acquainted as he with the affluent collection hidden in the far recesses of the library, of manuscripts and pamphlets on the history of Scottish ecclesiastical affairs chiefly collected by Robert Wodrow, the laborious chronicler of the sufferings of the Covenanters. Hallam, though not personally acquainted with McCrie, gave his character in a brief and happy touch: 'It is impossible to think without respect of 'this most powerful writer, before whom there are few living 'controversialists that would not tremble; but his Presbyterian 'Hildebrandism is a little remarkable in this age.* He presented the two rarely united characters of devotion to his own peculiar sect and thorough honesty in telling the history of events in ecclesiastical history materially connected with its character and fortunes. To be sure, he did not tell all the things about the Presbyterians that writers like Robert Southey or Alban Butler might have delighted to relate: this was not in human nature; but what he did say was true and profound as to the facts, whatever we may think of the man's opinions. His strong prejudices took the curious direction of finding ingenious palliatives. It would have delighted him beyond measure had he anticipated what is now believed, that the early reformers were not so guilty of the destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings as even their friends used to believe. But as the charge stood, he pleased himself with the notion that, after all, the ruins were more picturesque than the complete buildings would have been.

We are told in this memoir of Hamilton that—

'Of his Scottish theological contemporaries he spoke in the warmest terms of Dr. McCrie, who he held had kept Calvinism free from the necessitarianism of Dr. Chalmers, though he admired Chalmers also, and stood with him as a colleague in kindly relations. Dr. John

* Constitutional History, vol. iii. p. 421.

Brown he praised for his learning and devotion to Biblical study, and took some interest in the controversy in which he was engaged in regard to the extent of the Atonement; but he seemed to doubt whether the question was solvable, or whether anything had been added to the earliest Calvinism by the debates of centuries on this point.' (Pp. 272, 273.)

Dr. John Brown was the representative of a race distinguished through several generations for theological learning. It did good service also in literature, and in this it is worthily represented at the present day. These two men, McCrie and Brown, were typical of a peculiarity in Scotland. The Dissenter holds a higher position there than he holds in England. In fact he does not admit himself to be a dissenter from the Church; he maintains that he holds by the old standards of the Church, whence those in charge of the Establishment have permitted it to drift. The Establishment had no two names to match with these—the one in ecclesiastical history, the other in theology—and they were ministers of the secession, a body somewhat unjustly charged with narrow learning and wide fanaticism. The time approached when Chalmers was no longer to be the colleague of Hamilton as a professor in the University; he too became a Dissenter in 1843. There was another secession minister, a zealous worker in the library, where he had many a philological contest with Hamilton. This was John Jamieson, the author of the four quarto volumes known as 'The Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language,' a book teeming with curious learning.

Another of the cronies was Thomas Thomson, the great record antiquary, and the founder of an archæological school. Those who know nothing of him otherwise may possibly remember his frequent appearanee in the life of Scott, who, talking of some historical difficulties, called them 'such things as who knows anything about but Thomas Thomson.' Had he done nothing else, it was something for a man to have contributed to the intellectual stores both of Scott and Hamilton; and indeed it was in teaching others, and showing them the way to work out archæological difficulties, that he performed his chief services. His great resources seemed to be locked up by an insuperable indolence, and the use of the pen was exceedingly odious to him.

These were all men from whom a man greedy of all human knowledge could draw substantial material. Another, who brought his contribution from a totally different quarter in the mental world, was James Semple. His intellect was constructed out of German transcendentalism, and decorated with

becoming touches of the classical. He proved his fidelity to his creed by the tough work of translating the 'Critik der 'reinen Vernunft' into English.* Hume, Kant, and Hamilton were the three names that filled his conversation. Some one, astonished at a remark by him showing ignorance of Shakspeare, asked if he really had not read the works of the greatest of dramatists? No—he hadn't and he wouldn't; he believed it would be a great waste of time. To the amazement—somewhat to the consternation, of his friends, he appeared in the capacity of editor of a long-established newspaper. His concern with it was a pecuniary speculation, and showed how much vitality such an undertaking has. There was always something to satisfy miscellaneous readers, although the editor wrote on the quantification of the Predicate or Bifurcate Analysis instead of Free Trade and the Navigation Laws. When asked if he was prepared to support the ballot, he said he would read over again what Cicero said about it, and so make up his mind. He had studied and passed much of his life in Germany. Whatever else he may have brought from that country, he did not bring his deportment and habits. He was exquisitely fastidious in his costume and social habits, and his thin delicate features and general manner had a thorough air of breeding and culture. Yet his name was associated with some strange tales of Burschen saturnalia. Soon after his book was published, he was made a judge in one of the West India Islands, where he died about 1840. There was for a short time some wonder whether Semple would so far come forth like a man of this world as to act the judge anywhere, and then he was forgotten.

We must not omit from this group the author of 'Isis Re- 'velata,' John Colquhoun—that high-priest of the animal magnetic school, already referred to.† He had his own peculiar chair in the library, and on his approach it was vacated by any chance occupant. There he sat ready to receive all comers. Immovable as the sphinx, it was written on his broad serene face that the terrors of reason and ridicule would sweep by him in vain—that it was not in the power of things existing in this world to move him from his peculiar faith. He too became a

* Religion within the Bounds of Pure Reason, translated out of the original German by Immanuel Kant. By J. W. Semple, Advocate. 1838.

† Isis Revelata, an Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Animal Magnetism By John Colquhoun, F.R.S.E. Two vols. 1836.

judge as sheriff of Dumbartonshire. Nobody asserted that his peculiar opinions had any pernicious influence on the administration of justice in that county, though there was some jesting on the influence they might have. It happened that a 'medium,' living some hundreds of miles from London, had, by his faculty of clairvoyance, seen Madame Tussaud's exhibition. It was suggested that the owner of the celebrated mob of wax statuary should bring an action for the regulation shilling, and get the verdict of a British jury on the question—did or did not this adept see what he said he saw? However small the sum immediately at issue, a large interest was at stake; for if this faculty were to spread, what would become of the investments of the whole world of showmen? The 'stove' discussed this point, and it was thought that the interest of such an inquiry would be much enhanced if it could be brought before Colquhoun.

That this man was a scholar and a profound investigator was matter of infinite satisfaction to Hamilton. He was, as we have seen, deeply interested in the phenomena—whatever they might be—that gave rise to all the wild nonsense floating in the atmosphere of public rumour. Over the ignorant quacks who lead popular delusions he would not have condescended to gain a triumph. If he let himself plunge into discussion on high matters, it was only when he could enjoy

> 'The fierce joy that warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.'

He could draw at will on Kircher, Paracelsus, Delrio, Van Helmot, Cardan, Wecker, Godelman, Polydore Virgil, and the host who dealt in magnets, sympathies, and alchemies. In these he found all the new doctrines anticipated, but in an exaggerated shape, well suited for making them ridiculous. He knew well however that this sort of grotesqueness is not so available in a foreign tongue as when it is clad in the simple vernacular in which the sober business of life is transacted. It was his good fortune to find a little volume, the work of a Scotsman, a certain Christopher Irvine of Bonshaw, an army-surgeon under Monk, where all he could desire was done to his hand.* Treating it as a digest of doctrines accepted by the

* Medicina Magnetica; or, the rare and wonderful art of curing by sympathy, laid open in aphorisms, proved in conclusions, and digested into an easy method drawn from both; wherein the connection of the causes and effects of these strange operations are more fully considered than heretofore; all cleared and confirmed by pithy reasons, true experiments, and pleasant relations. By C. de Irvingio, Chirurgo-Medicine in the Army. 1656.

adepts of the day, Hamilton deemed this a masterly performance; and he pointed out how others, whose works are better known, were under unacknowledged obligations to its author. It is certainly a condensation of all that is wild, monstrous, and abominable in the doctrines of 'transplantation 'of diseases,' 'the lamp of life,' 'the powder of sympathy,' the 'weapon salve,' and 'the magic egg,' whereunto 'the blood 'warm as it floweth from the arm being put, is to be suffered 'to stand a little; then the whole which remains in each egg 'is to be shut up after the same manner as before it was at 'the other end, and let it dry. Then two or three of these 'eggs full of the sick man's blood, and thus shut up, are to be 'put under a hen that bringeth forth young ones, either with 'other eggs that are to be hatched, or with eggs full of other 'sick men's blood.' (P. 98.)

Sir William thought it probable that Butler might have found in this book the story about the 'supplemental noses' of Tagliacozzi, so powerfully told in a passage unfortunately unquotable in Hudibras. After telling the story from Van Helmot how the ingrafted nose dropped off on the death of its original owner in the flesh, Irvine says:—

'The like I have heard from a Doctòr of Physic, a friend of mine, who did swear deeply that himself was an eye-witness of it. Is not all our doctrine here confirmed clearer than the light? Was not the inscitious nose as animated at the first, so still informed with the soul of the porter? Neither had it any from the man whose nose now it was made but only nourishment; the power of the assimilation which it hath from its proper form—it took it not from him but from the porter of whom it was yet truly a part, and who dying the nose became a dead nose, and did immediately tend to corruption. But who doth not here see most openly and evidently a concatenation? otherwise how could the nose of one that was at Bologna inform the nose of one that was at Brussels but by means of a concatenation? Our assertion therefore is confirmed by true and undoubted experience; from whence as from a plenteous spring divers rivulets do flow. Hence arose that glorious miracle of nature whereby a man may at a distance and in an instant open his mind to his friend though they be ten thousand miles asunder, by means of a little blood, flesh, and spirit—a secret not to be revealed to the unworthy multitude. Hence that lamp of life which at any distance showeth by its light the disposition of the body, and by its voluntary going out the death of the body whence it was taken.' (P. 31.)

Such were the passages cited by Hamilton to show that the stories of marvellous physical and psychological phenomena so rife twenty-five years ago were not new, and that they were better performed and better told by them of old time.

To return to our group. Two of the youngest of its members, James Ferrier and William Spalding, have now for several years been asleep with their elders. They were both afterwards associated in another group as professors at St. Andrews. Ferrier was of them all the one whose mind was closest in alliance with Hamilton's; and the fruit of their interchange of thought is in the possession of the world in his published works. The testimony to his deep feeling at the crisis of his master's paralytic attack, is touchingly told in this volume. His name stands in the midst of a literary family alliance—the nephew of Miss Ferrier the novelist, the son-in-law of Professor Wilson. Had he lived a little longer, he would have seen himself father-in-law to the Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Spalding Hamilton's relations were peculiar and interesting. Though more than twenty years lay between them, the name of William Spalding came up with that of Hamilton as an aspirant to the chair of logic in 1836. Confident, and justly so, of his capacity to teach the science, he had entered the lists before it was known that Hamilton was prepared to accept the office. It was one of Jeffrey's countless acts of kindness to keep the two friends from disagreement about the matter. By his advice the younger man, following a common custom of the day, was to let his name remain in the list, that it might become known as that of one desirous of a professorship in the literary department of the universities. The chair of rhetoric, better adapted to the tenor of his studies, afterwards fell to him. Hamilton was no indiscriminate distributor of the fallacious kind of writing called 'testimonials;' but on this occasion he volunteered his testimony to the young man whose name had been weighed with his, saying, among other laudations, 'Of his honourable sentiments—of his assi-'duity in the performance of any duty he may incur—of his 'ardour in the pursuit of knowledge—of his high standard of 'excellence—and of his modest estimate of his own acquire-'ments—I can speak strongly.' Spalding was one of those who were attached to the service of this Review before their names had attained publicity. His earliest contribution,* on the Early English Dramatists, in 1841, was hailed at once as coming from a new and strong hand. A great career seemed opening to him, but there was a worm at the root. Suffering for years from an organic disease, it seemed to be impressed on him that it would be a better investment of his remaining powers to train

* Edin. Rev., April 1841, p. 209, article on 'Beaumont and Fletcher 'and their Contemporaries.'

others in the capacity for literary achievements than to continue the pursuit himself. That occupation, generally so utterly detested by gifted minds—the teacher's, he loved to excess; and he left a body of pupils to carry into another generation his ardent pursuit of knowledge, and his skilful method of dealing with it when acquired.

All the members of Sir William's circle were not so free from what are termed the irregularities of genius as those who have been one by one presented to the reader. We have seen how signally exact he was himself in conforming to all the proprieties of a respectable and decorous life. Men who act thus, even if they be good-hearted men, and not of the kind who will go to the other side when their neighbour has fallen among thieves, yet generally have a reluctance to rub shoulders with persons less punctilious than themselves. With Hamilton it was far otherwise. He had great tenderness for unlucky men of learning or genius, even though their evil star was of their own selecting. His conduct to them was like a substantial and terrestrial imitation of that capacity in the saint of old to exceed his proper quota of righteousness, and by works of supererogation endow others with some claim to salvation. Carlyle speaks in his contribution to this memoir of meeting at his house, as did many others, an erratic Edinburgh notability of the day, James Brown, Doctor of Laws. He was a member of the bar; but whether he had experienced the pleasurable crisis of even a first fee is doubtful. His soaring mind bound to the details of the law, would have been about as incongruous an object of contemplation as Pegasus in cart harness. Yet the inevitable pressure to which so much of our current literature is due, brought forth from him a great amount of work. He was assistant-editor of the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The chief drudgery of this vast conglomerate of science and literature fell to his hand; and when so occupied the Advocates' Library seemed not complete without him. He required supervision, for his imagination was apt to be riotous, and to realise in himself the hero of impossibilities. Though he never was far from Edinburgh, he is said to have clinched some statements about the Battle of Alexandria by saying he was present and held the dying Abercromby in his arms. His chief studies lay in a field congenial to such a mind—Egyptian hieroglyphics. But he had many accomplishments, and once in a freak wrote a pamphlet in French. He was a good-hearted kindly man, but not gifted with the power of pecuniary accumulation. Of him it might be said, with Gibbon, that his purse was open but seldom full. He was irascible—the hero

of a hundred social fights. Hamilton either had no occasion to quarrel with him, or would not, and was ever his firm friend and counsellor.

Another of Hamilton's weaker brethren, Thomas de Quincy, performed his escapades more conspicuously in the eyes of the world. To this wayward wandering child of genius Hamilton was ever a refuge and a rock of defence. As to De Quincy himself, however, there was so little of the ordinary human clay in his composition, that it was difficult to find any form of ordinary material kindliness to which he could be rendered susceptible. But he had children. They had lost their mother; and their father was far too distant a wanderer in dream-land to see and know what they needed in the years when the human creature's need is greatest. Lady Hamilton joined her husband in the good work: she became the stay and counsellor of the helpless young ones, and gave them as much of the service of a mother as circumstances permitted. There was a reward in finding that the children had much of the ability and none of the waywardness of their parent.

Sir William's kindness smiled long and steadily on one of the assistants of the library, whose life and character were not much less picturesque than De Quincy's. He was an Icelander, with the name of Thorlesen Gudmanson Repp. His conferences with Hamilton were on Sagas, the Eddas, and other matters of Scandinavian lore; but he was also in some measure a classical scholar, and he had many accomplishments, especially as a linguist. As an assistant librarian, having to make himself 'generally useful,' he was to some extent at the call of the individual members of the bar. In this way he might have been said to have four hundred masters, not all of them at all times thoroughly considerate. He was a delicate-looking man with a pale, complacent, and gentle face. His domestic life was as pure and pleasant as his countenance. But this prepossessing exterior was cursed with a temper as capricious and unruly as ever was committed to the charge of a tenement of clay. As one of Hamilton's most intimate friends remarked, he was like his own snow-covered volcano, Hecla—cold without, but fiery hot within. His attitude towards his employers, figuratively speaking, was as one who in the midst of a mob pulls off his coat and calls on the bystanders to come on—one at a time. If they did not come he would march up to them, and deal hither and thither among them a blow in the face, receiving or not receiving a return, according to the temper of the assailed. Among his gifts was a power of cutting sarcasm, and though he had little sagacity

for other and safer purposes, he had an almost infallible instinct for the discovery of a flaw in any history or character. He dealt his shafts impartially to friend or foe; but the friend being the nearer at hand got the larger share of the wounds. On Hamilton his assaults would fall as harmless and unnoticed as arrows on the rhinoceros. It was not however to be expected that any amount of genius or learning could palliate such things to the mass of the sufferers—men of high social position, most of them holding dignified offices. The influential men of the faculty naturally determined to be rid of him. He was popular however among the younger men; they had not suffered much from him; in fact, he would not have thought them game worth stooping to; and they rather enjoyed than resented the stings inflicted on their pompous seniors. The cause of the young men having the spirit of generosity on its side, Hamilton took it up as keenly as the youngest of them, and led the faction called by Henry Cockburn 'the *Rep*tiles' against the great body of the men of his own standing. It was a long, hard contest; and the Scandinavian was not removed without a compromise in the shape of a small provision for his family.

The relations of Hamilton with the Icelander's superior, called by eminence 'the Doctor,' were also close, but of a totally different kind. David Irving, LL.D., was a solid scholar of the strictest school of legitimate scholarship. He stooped to the acceptance of very little contemporary literature, and of none of the light, or what he would have called the frivolous order. This was rather too well known to the younger members of the bar, who used to torment him by desiring his critical estimate of the works of Charles Dickens, and others condemned in the eye of the legitimately learned by their acceptance into popular favour. He is known as the author of several meritorious biographical works, a History of Scotish Poetry (it would disturb his last sleep if we printed it Scottish), and a Treatise On the Civil Law. Every page of them, in the pompously balanced sentences, and the solemn citation of authorities legitimately erudite, recalls the man as he was in the flesh. A worthy man, and correct in his daily life, his outward deportment passed beyond the decorous and transgressed on the sublime or pompous. He had a large, naturally dignified figure, never seen by the vulgar world save in black small clothes. He wore an expansive hat, and in all respects was as close a model of a bishop as a layman could with propriety make himself. His slow, solemn step, pacing through the corridors, completed the air of academic repose

peculiar to the institution where he held rule. There was a long war between him and the philosopher. Hamilton was a good hater, but the Doctor was a better. They had been intimate at one time. The Doctor, indeed, owed his appointment to the man he fell out with. The ostensible cause of quarrel was chiefly about the poor assistant just mentioned. But in reality there was an antagonism in nature and habits between the two men. Both were in some respects afflicted with the frailty of bibliomania; but the one, as we have seen, had it with omnivorous symptoms; in the other it broke out in the fastidious and restrictive shape. The Doctor loved fine bindings, tall copies, perfect purity from stains of ink or marks of use, and, in short, all those luxuries and refinements in the library which are inconsistent with a promiscuous use of books. It was his instinct, therefore, to guard the books in his possession from the hands of their owners rather than to make arrangements for facilitating the use of them. This was a rather incompatible peculiarity in a library where some four hundred comers considered the books as their common property, to be applied to their personal use. This incompatibility gave the Doctor many a pang, and none caused nearly so many of these as Hamilton. Let us picture a pile of volumes raised like a Parisian barricade. They lie of all sizes and shapes, jumbled with each other in all the relations termed by the geologists 'unconformable stratification.' Some are open, with their faces on the floor. Tiny Elziviers are stuck as marks into folio Stephenses, so as to make their backs strain alarmingly under the weight of superincumbent volumes. Perhaps a poker, as the easiest available mark, has been stuck between the pages of some big canonist. When the Doctor passed such a bulwark, with two fierce eyes glaring on him from the recess, there came a slight colour in his pale face, and a faint tremor over the lip. He knew the danger incurred by standing between an impatient philosopher and that exceedingly rare commentary by Occam on the first book of the Sentences—then, if propelled by a vigorous arm, one of these peaceful folios of the early fathers of the church might become a very formidable missile.

This collection was virtually enlarged to Sir William by the library of the writers to the Signet in the same range of buildings. The Advocates' Library is the heterogeneous growth of two centuries, deriving its nurture from various quarters. In its smaller brother, the volumes purchased at a late period were more closely selected for a body of general readers, and sometimes contained books which had not come within the

wider but less systematic range of the other. It was in the custody of his friend Macvey Napier until the year 1847, when it passed into the hands of his other friend, David Laing, well known as an antiquary and an adept in bibliography. In addition to these was the library of the University. Thus, no where else in Britain could a voracious devourer of books be so fortunate unless he set up his tabernacle under the shadow of the Bodleian. Edinburgh, too, is especially rich in private collections. In these he would pounce with the sagacity of the trained detective officer on anything likely to serve any of his multifarious inquiries. In justice to him, however, it must be said that he was a liberal lender, especially to those whom he thought capable of using more books than they could get access to. It was understood that at his death his library was found to have suffered from the unpunctuality of borrowers and his own carelessness in watching his wandering treasures.

We have now seen the way in which he collected his intellectual raw materials—let us look at the fashion in which he put them to use. This was the weak stage in the process of his teaching. The impulse to collect was ever so strong in him, that he could not stop and take to the functions of arranging and uttering. This part he would never perform without a pressure, and a strong pressure, from without. The first to apply this was Macvey Napier, the editor of this Review. He was one of those men known to possess great powers, who disappoint the world by not appearing to use them. The only book he published was a small volume on Bacon's works. It was his maxim to cultivate other intellects towards the rendering of a harvest, rather than to give forth fruit from his own. He had adopted the high maxim that the journal he conducted should not be a mere trading apparatus for the supply of attractive reading, but should do more substantial things for the promotion of high science and original literature. He fixed on Hamilton as one capable of aiding greatly in this pursuit, and persevered until he succeeded in his arduous undertaking. Let us hear the biographer tell the story:—

'He accordingly applied to his friend Hamilton for a philosophical article, to appear in the first number of the "Review" under his editorship. The subject suggested was the introductory book of the "Cours "de Philosophie" of M. Cousin, then in the midst of a very brilliant career as Professor in the Faculty of Letters at Paris, and the head of the new philosophical movement in France which, inspired from Scotland, had begun early in the century under the auspices of Degerando and Laromiguière, and been sustained by Royer Collard and Jouffroy. Sir William, as he tells us, personally felt averse from the task. "I

"was not unaware," he says, "that a discussion of the leading doctrine
" of the book would prove unintelligible not only to 'the general reader,'
" but, with few exceptions, to our British metaphysicians at large.
" But, moreover, I was still farther disinclined to the undertaking, be-
" cause it would behove me to come forward in overt opposition to a
" certain theory, which, however powerfully advocated, I felt altogether
" unable to admit; whilst its author, M. Cousin, was a philosopher for
" whose genius and character I already had the warmest admiration—
" an admiration which every succeeding year has only augmented,
" justified, and confirmed. . . . Mr. Napier, however, was resolute; it
" was the first number of the 'Review' under his direction; and the
" criticism was hastily written." Such was the origin of the afterwards famous essay on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned—the first of a series of contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' which, for force and keenness of dialectic, depth of thought, and extent of learning, have not in this century been surpassed, if equalled, by any writings on the subjects to which they refer. Mr. Napier showed both enlightenment and firmness in encouraging the author of those articles to their composition; and when, some seven years afterwards, their merits began to be recognised even in this country, and testimonies came in from men of high name on the Continent—where from the first they were duly appreciated —the courageous editor had his reward. "I confess," he says, writing to Sir William in 1836, "that I have a sort of selfish joy in this
" splendid approbation of those papers which I have been instrumental
" in drawing forth from you, and for the doing of which I have been
" blamed by those who should have known better what a journal like
" the 'Edinburgh Review' owes to science and the world."' (Pp. 146, 147.)

Victor Cousin himself conceived an enthusiastic admiration for his critic, and in some sense his antagonist, which he never failed to express with his wonted eloquence, and a literary friendship sprang up between them (though we think they never met) of which proofs are to be found in the highly interesting letters of Cousin, contained in this volume. It was by Cousin's influence that Hamilton was elected a Corresponding Member of the French Institute.

With larger efforts, the process of extraction was of course more difficult. He began his edition of Reid in 1837. It was to be the simplest affair in the world; the original text to be accompanied with a few explanatory notes as it passed through the press. But the explanatory notes enlarged into treatises. The publisher and his personal friends urged him towards completion. They were successful in making him rapidly accumulate his pile of manuscript; but with every quire of paper he seemed to be getting farther from the end instead of approaching it. To give an appearance of something being done, the text was printed with the shorter notes, the longer

being reserved as an appendix. But when year after year passed without the appendix appearing, the publisher abandoned his part of the project. The matter printed had to be removed from his premises, and there was no other place where it could conveniently be stowed away save the drawing-room in Great King Street. It is a kind of trial which few of the ladies who have attained a high character for gentleness and patience have ever endured, to have the loose sheets of some ten or twelve hundred copies of a large book piled in the drawing-room. The deposit was only to be temporary, of course; but it lasted for years. In 1846 the work was, through some especial stimulant or other, brought into the light of day; but it was imperfect, stopping in the middle of a sentence.

Before the Church of Scotland broke up by the formation of the Free Church in 1843, he had seen that there were errors in the historical facts on which the party who were threatening to secede founded their views. It was his intention to state these in a pamphlet, proving to them that they were about to commit martyrdom in pure mistake. There was a curious simplicity in the idea that clergymen who had resolved to act under existing ecclesiastical impulses, would be convinced by any amount of evidence that they had mistaken the foundation of the opinions held by them. The exhortation, however, did not appear until just after what Chalmers called 'the disruption' had been accomplished. There was much jocularity at the time about the heavy responsibility of being unpunctual in giving a warning that might have saved three hundred men from ruin; and it was compared to the conduct of the pointsman who neglects to hoist the danger signal before the coming collision.

The story of the edition of Reid was repeated in the 'Discussions on Philosophy,'—the reprinting of his contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' The more he did the more appeared to be yet to do. Lady Hamilton, writing to her son in the summer of 1849, says:—

'Your papa still works indefatigably at the old subject, but I don't see much progress made towards the completion of the work. If I could only see any prospect of his ever finishing his intended book I would work night and day to get it off hands. He says it is to be completed this summer; but so long as he has the volumes or Luther's works beside him, he will go on translating and adding to his materials till he will disgust himself with the whole subject, and be distracted with such an overwhelming quantity of matter as he will not know how to get arranged.' (P. 324.)

This passage brings us to one of the most beautiful and in-

teresting points in a noble history. It is right that the world should know—as those nearer at hand did—how much the world owes to Lady Hamilton for putting it in possession of the services of her great husband. Instead of being a tale too often told, it is a tale too often omitted, to let us know what the man of peculiar gifts sometimes owes, in rendering them available, to the faithful partner of his days—to the encouraging, the assisting, and the directing wife. The services rendered by Lady Hamilton to her husband, and consequently to the world, remind us of those rendered under very similar circumstances by the late Mrs. Austin to John Austin, the great jurist. It was by her care that the fragmentary and incomplete writings of her husband on jurisprudence became accessible and intelligible to the public; and we are in truth indebted to these two ladies for the preservation of the most profound and abstruse discussions of law and metaphysics which have appeared in Britain in our time. Perhaps there never was a better picture than the following of such an one who, in the language of Scripture, was 'a crown unto her 'husband;' there certainly never was a truer portrait:—

'From the first, Lady Hamilton's devotion to her husband's interests was untiring, and her identification with his work complete. Her rare practical ability was her husband's never-failing ally. This was shown in a power of guidance and counsel, in the womanly tact which can thread its way through difficulties where mere intelligence is baffled, and in the extent to which she relieved her husband of the practical concerns that would, as a matter of course, have fallen to him, but for the details of which he lacked patience and capacity. To the labour involved in this and in the ordinary duties of her position, which she admirably fulfilled, was added the nearly constant work of amanuensis to her husband; for there was hardly, even from the first, anything of importance that Sir William wrote that had not also to be copied by Lady Hamilton. The number of pages in her handwriting—filled with abstruse metaphysical matter, original and quoted, and bristling with propositional and syllogistic formulæ—that are still preserved, is perfectly marvellous. Everything that was sent to the press, and all the courses of lectures, were written by her either to dictation or from a copy. This work she did in the truest spirit of love and devotion. She had a power, moreover, of keeping her husband up to what he had to do. She contended wisely against a sort of energetic indolence which characterised him, and which, while he was always labouring, made him apt to put aside the task actually before him, sometimes diverted by subjects of inquiry suggested in the course of study on the matter in hand, sometimes discouraged by the difficulty of reducing to order the immense mass of materials which he had accumulated in connexion with it. Then her resolute and cheerful disposition sustained and refreshed him, and never more so than when,

during the last twelve years of his life, his bodily strength was broken, and his spirit, though languid, yet ceased not from mental toil.' (P. 136.)

We find how heroically the lady drew upon these qualities at a period when it was a matter of critical moment that her husband should get the work before him completed. When Sir William was appointed in 1836 to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, the appointment to that, as to other chairs, was in the hands of the Municipal Corporation of Edinburgh. Whatever peculiar capacities for the selection might be possessed by this body, they were not connected with a knowledge of the literature of logic and metaphysics. There is a story about the celebrated mathematician known as Sir James Ivory, that, when he was in his obscure early days a teacher in the burgh school of Dundee, one of the baillies of that town having paid a visit of inspection to his class-room when Ivory was teaching the elements of geometry out of the first book of Euclid, reported that he 'had thought Jamie 'Ivory had been appointed to teach mathematics, and he was 'just no farther on than the A B C.' The notions of Edinburgh town councillors on logic and metaphysics were on a parallel scale. In one of their reports on the duties of the chair cited by Mr. Veitch, they referred to the higher metaphysics as 'an abstruse subject, not generally considered as of 'any great or paramount utility' (p. 245). Yet the men were generally honest and earnest, and they made many excellent selections—this among the number. It seemed to be that their utter ignorance of the proper qualifications made them abandon the attempt to work out a conclusion for themselves, and that their natural sagacity as tradesmen enabled them to see who stood highest in the opinion of the most eminent men of the day—just as the same sagacity enabled them to decide whether some new and unknown correspondent offering to deal was a good man on 'Change.

Their selection was the more creditable that Hamilton had in some measure ruffled their civic dignity. It is often a rule with those having the patronage of any part of the public service that they must see a candidate before they appoint him. For policemen, messengers, domestics, and such persons, it is no doubt a proper regulation. Perhaps it may go as far into the intellectual field as the selection of parish schoolmasters. But that it should apply to men renowned enough to be appointed the teachers in a seat of learning known all over the civilised world, was at least indecorous. Sir William resolutely refused to submit to this ordeal, and so not only vindicated his own

dignity, but set a good precedent. That, after all this, he was elected, was creditable to the town council of the time—his great name carried all before it.

At home, however, and to the circle close round him, there was a lion in the path. His lectures might be like his books—a ceaseless piling up of materials never to show a tendency towards completeness. On the other hand, people whispered that he was an impracticable visionary who never could teach a class. All this was rendered the more alarming when he suggested that it might be as well to pass over a session that he might mature his lectures. It was seen by all his friends that this must not be. But the person who settled that it should not be was the laborious and devoted wife; and here is the picture of how she triumphed:—

'This first course of lectures was composed during the currency of the session of five months. He gave three lectures a-week, and each lecture was, as a rule, written on the night preceding its delivery. The lecture-hour was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the lecturer seldom went to bed before five or six in the morning. He was generally roused about ten or eleven, and then hurried off to the College, portfolio under arm, at a swinging pace. Frequently, notwithstanding the late hour of going to bed, he had to be up before nine o'clock, in time to attend the Teind Court. All through the session Lady Hamilton sat up with her husband each night until near the grey dawn of the winter morning. Sir William wrote the pages of the lecture on rough sheets, and his wife, sitting in an adjoining room, copied them as he got them ready. On some occasions the subject of the lecture would prove less easily managed than on others, and then Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o'clock of a morning, while his faithful but wearied amanuensis had fallen asleep on a sofa. Sometimes the finishing touch to the lecture was left to be given just before the class-hour.' (Pp. 206, 207.)

Before parting company with this book, it is due both to the author and the public to say that it is full of matter to be read with interest and profit. It is rare indeed that the life of a man whose path through study and philosophy has not been disturbed by moral convulsions—who has committed no murder or forgery, and has fallen into no picturesque difficulties—can yet be made so full of life and motion. This is from the continued close attention to the man's restless and energetic intellectual life. There generally remain but a few dreary concluding pages when the biographer brings his hero to a paralytic stroke. But here the interest becomes heightened in the battle given by the strong intellect to the destroying physical agency. In the infinitely curious account of the case by Dr. Douglas Maclagan, we find the patient recalling his old

medical knowledge to make clinical comments on the diagnosis of his malady :—

'The difficulty of articulation, of which he was painfully conscious, had evidently been uppermost in his mind, and upon this subject he began to question me, or rather to discourse to me on the occasion referred to. He spoke of the views of Sir Charles Bell and other modern physiologists, and referred to a paper in the transactions of one of the older scientific academies—Belgian according to my recollection —in which was enumerated the connexion of the ninth pair of nerves with the movements of the tongue—a subject on which he had himself written.' (P. 380.)

Under conditions apt to prostrate the mind as well as the body, and to make even strong men lean on others, especially on their medical friends, the old spirit breaks out against 'the 'medical faculty in general as strongly marked by the spirit of 'caste, the majority of adult members being almost inaccessible 'to new ideas.' On a statement by the missionary Henry Martin, that medicine was not practised in Judæa in the time of Christ, we have the comment:—

'This was an incredibly ignorant statement, as the Gospel abounds with medicine and physicians. The woman with the issue of blood, for example, who had spent her substance on the doctors without any good result, "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was "nothing bettered but rather grew worse;" a satire on the faculty of medicine as true now as it was then.' (Pp. 316, 321.)

All this matter is very skilfully and successfully managed by Professor Veitch. He does not obtrude himself either in egotism or moralising; and he says just enough about others to give grouping and background to his picture, and bring out his hero as the prevailing figure. For our own part, it will be seen that we have made no attempt here to convey a notion of what Hamilton has done for psychological philosophy. A paper larger than the present would be necessary even as a mere introduction to his system. The man himself, and his place among other men, have been the sole objects of the present notice. Less is personally known of him by the world than of any of the great thinkers of this age, for though educated at Oxford, his life was spent as a recluse in Edinburgh; and we have thought it fitting that this journal, which had the honour of publishing some of the most remarkable productions of his genius, should bear this testimony to his virtues and to his wisdom.