St. Andrews

ST. ANDREWS is the most picturesque, as she is the most venerable, of the Scottish university towns. The mother of them all, she still sits, dignified and serene in her beautiful, grey old age, on the spot upon which she was born nearly five centuries ago. Time seems to have passed her respectfully by; restoration and improvement appear to have let her severely alone. The sites and the buildings, so long as the latter would hold together, which she knew in her youth, satisfy her now. She has not been placed upon the top of a high hill, in brand-new brick-and-mortar garments to be seen of men. Even the elsewhere all-pervading electric tram-cars do not attempt to approach her. She made, and she keeps, the ancient arch-episcopal capital of Scotland

the centre, and the seat, of Scottish learning; and she is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of a university town, pure and simple, in all the world to-day.

Even before the establishment of the University, early in the second decade of the fifteenth century, St. Andrews occupied no small space in the pages of Scottish history, from the period when tradition brought certain bones of the Apostle Andrew into her Bay, and thereby gave a name to the town, and a patron saint to Scotland. In the first half of the twelfth century, she was made a free burgh, the building of her cathedral was begun about 1160, and the castle was the palace of the Episcopal Primate of Scotland from the year 1200, until the Reformation.

The University was founded by a Bishop of St. Andrews in 1411; and it was so well founded and supported, in its modest way, that it rapidly increased in strength and in numbers, until it ultimately included three separate colleges and corporations—St. Sal-

ST. LEONARD'S COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS, ABOUT 1750.

vator's, started in 1450, St. Leonard's in 1512, St. Mary's in 1537.

In 1742, St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's were made one institution, and were called the United College. Such, in a few words, are the facts and the figures relating to St. Andrews.

The University of St. Andrews, for all that, was not very richly endowed with money; and it has had many a hard struggle with poverty. Its early professors were not paid for their teaching; and for the first few years of its existence, the University had no established home of its own. The lectures were delivered wherever place could be found; and the students, as they do now, looked out for themselves in the matter of lodging and board.

About 1430, however, according to Mr. James Maitland Anderson's History, a certain tenement situated on the south side of the South Street and called the "Pedagogy" was granted by the Bishop "to the Faculty of Arts; to the end that the regents and

masters of said Faculty may be able to hold, rule, and govern them in Schools of Arts."

Of this Pedagogy no stone, or sign of stone, so far as is now known, exists. It is supposed to have gone to pieces before St. Mary's College was built upon its ruins, a hundred years later.

St. Andrews is remarkably well supplied with bursaries, or free scholarships; although some of them are of comparatively small money value. Still they help many a youth, poor in purse, to the education which he seeks and needs. In the beginning, the bursar's life was a very hard one. Even at the end of the eighteenth century, his rooms were uncarpeted and very poorly furnished. His parlour was about nine feet square; and his bed-room, adjoining it, he had to share with another. His breakfast consisted of a pint of beer, and an oaten loaf of the meanest quality. He dined in an equally meagre way, in the common-hall. The beer was small, and tea and coffee, of course, were luxuries unknown.

Even when chimneys existed, they generally refused to draw; and the unhappy bursar was forced to keep himself warm by wearing home-knitted gloves of Shetland wool on his hands, and by wrapping about the rest of his anatomy his inevitable plaid, which served him as an overcoat by day and as a blanket by night. His heart, however, does not seem to have grown cold, or his courage to have been frost-bitten.

Each college has its own principal, or president, reigning over his own institution; although the Principal of the United College, now, is the Principal, and resident head, of the University.

The number of students at St. Andrews, as compared with the other Scottish universities, is very small, almost surprisingly small, to those who are not familiar with the history and workings of the institution. The average annual attendance of matriculated undergraduates at St. Mary's, during the last fifty years, has been estimated at thirty-one; that of the United College, one

hundred and thirty-two; making in all one hundred and sixty-three, against fifteen or twenty times that number at Glasgow or Edinburgh.

The natural, and wholesome, consequence is that teachers and taught are brought into closer personal contact with each other than in the larger sister communities; the taught benefiting, in many ways, by the association.

The scarlet gown, as bright and as conspicuous, and as scarlet, as is the scarlet coat of the British warrior, is a relic of Papal rule; and it is found only in the three pre-Reformation colleges. Seen in St. Andrews against the prevailing grey of the architecture, it is peculiarly effective. It is compulsory in certain of the class-rooms, and it is now generally worn, although not of necessity, in the streets. The St. Andrews man, like his fellows in the sister university towns, is entirely freed from College rules when he makes his exit from the College gates.

A few years ago the gown was less popular

ST. SALVATOR'S COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS, ABOUT 1750.

than it is at present. The undergraduate then was obliged to wear it on all occasions, and it was regarded as a badge of academic youth and freshness, an offensive give-away, as it were. Consequently the under-class man bought, or hired, old and worn gowns, or else he used up his new gown as speedily as possible, in order to give himself an air of age and of long experience; oblivious of the fact that even the college tailor can not make the college man.

Within a few years, what may be termed "an Annex" to St. Andrews has been founded at Dundee; but this is still too young to have created any especial literary landmarks of its own.

Another institution of learning at St. Andrews is the Madras College, founded by Dr. Andrew Bell some seventy years ago. It is a preparatory school, and a very excellent one; but it is not, in any way, under University rule. It is on the South Street, west of St. Mary's; and on the site of the Black Friars' Monastery of which nothing is

now left but a beautiful fragment of its chapel.

In this chapel, one pleasant, balmy June Sunday morning in 1559, John Knox preached his famous sermon upon the ejection of the buyers and sellers from the temple, which sermon so moved his hearers, according to tradition, that by the following Wednesday, "Before the sun went down there was never an inch of the Monastery left, but bare walls."

There were grammar schools at St. Andrews long before the establishment of the University; and not the least important of them was one supposed to be adjacent to the Grey Friars' Chapel.

St. Salvator's College is on the north side of the North Street, east of Butts Wynd. As the senior of the three, it was long known as "The Auld College," and, by its sons, it is still sometimes so called, although its class-rooms generally are new. The original buildings were described, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, as being

"dingy, and decaying, and Old-World-like, but full of interest." On the east and south sides were the ruins of the houses in which the College-bread was baked and the College-beer was brewed. On the north side were a long range of barrack-like buildings, with class-rooms for Greek and logic below; while above were sleeping-rooms for the students, out of which it is gravely affirmed that the latest occupants were forcibly driven by a ghost. It was, perhaps, the ghost of John Knox himself, whose pulpit stood in the corner of the long, bare, cold-looking common-room, on the west side of the Quadrangle. In the hall, the students dined, and, now and then, there they were preached at out of the pulpit.

The old class-rooms were swept away about fifty years ago; and new and more comfortable quarters were built upon the same sites, for the accommodation of the United College.

The chapel of St. Salvator's, better known, in these days, as the College Church,

still standing, had originally a heavy, vaulted roof of stone, which being considered dangerous, towards the close of the eighteenth century, is said to have been detached for safety's sake, in a solid mass, thereby causing destruction to the interior of the chapel in its fall.

The fine old tower still stands intact, and in it still sound the famous old bells of the now United College, "Elizabeth" of St. Leonard's, and "Kate Kennedy" of St. Salvator's.

One of the most serious of the changes made in St. Andrews by the University authorities, since the beginning of their existence, was the removal, from the calendar, of the "Day of Kate Kennedy" as an annual festival in College circles. It is said of Miss Kennedy, that she was a daughter of Bishop Kennedy, the founder of St. Salvator's; but this is questioned by some historians, on the ground that bishops, in Dr. Kennedy's time, the last half of the fifteenth century, were not permitted to

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS, ABOUT 1750.

have daughters. At any rate, the Bishop gave to the College a bell, dated 1460, which was to sound the hours, and thereby to notify the students when to enter the class-rooms, and, especially, when to leave them; and he named the bell "Katharine." The tongue of Katharine has made a pleasant noise, familiar in the ears of St. Andrews men for four hundred and fifty years now: she was a mature young woman when America was discovered, and she still is clattering, in the tower of the College Chapel; although her "Day" is gone, and despite the fact that the custodian confesses that she is cracked.

There is a tradition that when her tongue gave out, from long and constant use, some years ago, a devout student sent to the pulpit, one Sunday morning, a note asking the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted lady who had lost her voice. The preacher fell into the trap, and read the notice, to the great delight of the student body. After the repairs were finished, and Miss Kennedy

was in a condition to make herself heard as usual, another request came from the same source, asking the thanks of the congregation on behalf of a lady who had regained her voice! But by this time the Principal, with all the Town and Gown, had heard the story, and the prayer was not offered.

The undergraduates, nobody knows for how many generations, and nobody knows why, celebrated "Kate Kennedy's Day," a movable feast, generally observed on a Saturday, in a way peculiarly their own.

They formed a great procession, mounted and on foot. Kate herself was impersonated by some smooth-faced youth; Mephistopheles was in her train; and they went about the streets distributing copies of a journal called *The Annual*, which was dedicated to the Principal, and to the professors, of the United College; and was not always entirely respectful in its character. They visited the homes of all the dignitaries, where they made demonstrations of various sorts, some

of them eulogistic, others as disrespectful as was *The Annual.* And the result, at last, was absolute suppression; to the satisfaction of the Faculties, and to the regret of the students.

St. Salvator, at the outset, was what we would now consider "very select." Provision was made in its charter for the apostolic number of thirteen persons only. There was to be a Master of Theology, who was to be, also, the Provost; a licentiate, a Bachelor, four Masters of Arts, in priest's orders, and six Poor scholars. The rules were exceedingly strict, and the poor scholars, and the poor masters, would seem to have had a poor time of it. They had all of them to live within the bounds of the College, and no one was permitted to absent himself for more than thirty-one days in succession, on pain of rustication or expulsion. The six Poor scholars gradually increased their numbers (they were poor in purse, not in scholarship, it should be explained), but the new-comers were forced

not only to obey the statutes and the laws of the College in all particulars, but to maintain themselves, which was, perhaps, a more serious business. And so in the course of time, a long time as time is reckoned in the New World, St. Salvator's, having absorbed St. Leonard's, became what it now is, the main-spring of the United College, with about thirteen professors, as many lecturers, and some ten times thirteen students of the male sex; with seven times thirteen sweet-girl-undergraduates; the great majority of these, without regard to sex, seeking, and obtaining their degrees. The two colleges at St. Andrews differ in this respect from Glasgow and Edinburgh, and are more like the English and the American universities.

It will interest the American collegiate youth, perhaps, to learn that a sign at the entrance to St. Salvator's proclaims the serious fact that "No Smoking is allowed" within its precincts, and there is still an existent law printed, and posted in a con-

ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS.

spicuous place, forbidding students to carry fire-arms or knives.

Mr. Andrew Lang tells how, in his own student-days, he met a very aged man, who discoursed eloquently upon the poverty of the students of the United College when the last century was very young. The old man "had even seen one of them peeling potatoes with his razor." Although why a student, who could afford a razor, could not afford a knife, or why the student did not boil his potatoes in their own skins, neither Mr. Lang nor his informant has explained.

That sense of humour which the Scotsman is supposed to lack, but which, nevertheless is very strong in the Scotsman, was certainly fully developed in the case of Prof. Duncan of the United College. Stories about his quaint ways of dealing with his pupils would fill a volume. By old statutes, fines were imposed as punishments; and the sons of rich fathers not infrequently escaped their lectures by the payment of small sums. For the sake of convenience, Prof. Duncan

was in the habit of letting these sixpences accumulate. On one occasion, he called upon two young gentlemen in his class-room to hand out, each, five shillings then owing to the exchequer for neglect of academic duties. The first, in response, laid two half-crown silver pieces upon the regent's desk; the second, who thought he had a sense of humour exceedingly keen, handed out one hundred and twenty half-penny pieces, collected at the cost of great trouble and patience, in liquidation of his debt. Duncan immediately remitted the fine of the believer in silver payments; and swept the coppers into his capacious pocket, explaining that small change was scarce, and always useful. The joke was not on the professor!

St. Leonard's was, at the outset, a hospital built to shelter the devout pilgrims who went to St. Andrews to get some sort of benefit out of the miracle-working bones of Scotland's patron saint. After the relics lost their charm, the hospital became a nunnery for elderly females, who did not ap-

preciate its privileges, or behave altogether in a proper and respectful way. And so the nunnery was turned into a college, in 1512, and went into a better business.

At the time of the coalition with St. Salvator's, St. Leonard's was the richer institution; but St. Salvator's was in better physical condition, and it was accepted as the home of the Union. The buildings of St. Leonard's lying on the south side of the South Street, between the Pends and what is known now as Abbey Street, were, long ago, deserted by the University, and neglected by the town, and the fine old chapel was permitted to go to ruin. But a picturesque ruin it is. "Picturesque" is what Mr. Polonias would have termed a "vile phrase," but like "moblèd queen" it "is good," and no other word seems to fit St. Andrews so well.

In the eastern part of old St. Leonard's, Sir David Brewster lived for twenty-three years. He remodelled the front, preserving, as far as was possible, the ancient aspect and

form. The western part, in later years, was the home of Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair.

These two buildings were formerly occupied by the professors and students, each having a room to himself, facing on the wooden galleries, reached by outside staircases only. Mr. Hay Fleming quotes, from an inventory of 1544, the contents of one of the best of these chambers, supposed to have been occupied by the Principal himself. The furniture consisted, in part, of the following articles—the spelling of the list being modernised, and the words, as far as possible, put into present-day English. In the first room were two standard beds; the far side of oak, the near side of the fruits of fir. Item: One feather bed, and one white plaid of four ells, and one covering, woven o'er with images—probably a patchwork, or "crazy, quilt." Item: another old bed, filled with straws, and one covering of green. Item: a stool of elm, with another chair of little price, etc.

Fifty years later, we read that there was

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in every chamber one board; and that one form pertained thereto; that there were "glassen windows," and that the most part of all the chambers was ceiled above; and the floors beneath laid with boards. Among the vessels were two silver pieces, one mazer, with common cups and stoups, three dozen silver spoons, one silver salt-fat, a water basin, and an iron chimney fixed in the hall. In the kitchen was an iron chimney, with such vessels as were necessary therein; with fixed boards, and almeries. All this was, no doubt, caviare to the general student in the matter of comfort and luxury; the ordinary man faring not nearly so well. Outside stairs may still be seen on some of the more ancient houses in the town; and there are still standard, or four-posted, beds, and stools of elm, and common stoups which are also beds, with posts; and almeries, which are presses, or cupboards for the reception of domestic utensils; and mazers, which are drinking-cups; and boards, which are tables.

The allowance of food, in the early days, Mr. Lang tells us, was four ounces of bread at breakfast and supper; eight ounces at dinner. On "flesh-days" they had broth and a dish of meat; on "meagre-days" they had fish. The gates were opened at five A.M. in summer, at six A.M. in winter. They were shut at eight P.M. in winter, at nine P.M. in summer. No woman was admitted, except one, a laundress, who must be over fifty years of age.

The students had to wear cap and gown in the city. No gaudy head-coverings were permitted; their hair could not be long enough to hide their ears. They were not allowed to give private suppers in the College; and continued absence from chapel was punished by expulsion. These and other equally stringent rules were established in 1544.

At St. Leonard's the staff of professors was larger than that at St. Salvator's, and the students a little more numerous. But the rules and regulations were equally strict

and severe. Until the Reformation it was a purely monastic institution. The applicants for admission presented themselves, on bended knees, before the Principal; and begged to be received into the House "for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ." The age limit was between fifteen and twenty. Religious observances, naturally, received a large share of attention. The poor young scholars were permitted to speak in Latin only. Bread and beer were the ordinary bill of fare, with now and then a bit of fish, or flesh, or kail thrown into the pot.

The students did their own house-work, and they did the cooking, in turn; they were forbidden to go to the town on any sort of pleasure bent; forbidden to meet together at nights; forbidden to play football, or to carry knives. They might indulge in light amusements on the links once a week, but always under the eyes of the masters; and only once a week. If they required other out-door exercise, they were allowed to hoe the weeds in the garden. In-door exercise,

consisting of dusting, scrubbing, sweeping, and general cleaning, was considered all that was necessary to develop their muscles. It was not what modern college men would consider a wild life, even after Scotland freed itself from Papal rule, and had an established Church of its own.

The chapel of St. Leonard's was a fine one in its day, with an interesting history; and what time and decay have left of it, is well worth looking at now. It is not visible from the South Street. But a few steps will lead one to an iron gateway through which the ruins may be inspected. The name St. Leonard's is now perpetuated in the modern St. Leonard's School for Girls.

St. Mary's, the youngest of the colleges occupies the oldest site; for, as has been seen, it followed the original Pedagogy, on the South Street's south side.

Its class-rooms are few and limited in space; but they are comfortable enough, and large enough to hold the thirty odd men who gather in them to listen to the

MADRAS COLLEGE AND BLACK FRIAR'S MONASTERY, ST. ANDREWS.

lectures of the Principal and of his fellow professors.

St. Mary's was restricted to the teaching of divinity early in its career; and a Divinity School it still remains. Its Principal is styled the "Very Reverend," and the letters D.D. follow the names of its three other professors. It has been a nourishing mother to so many eminent theologians that the most complete and comprehensive of the local guide-books to St. Andrews declares itself as being too short of space even to mention their names, with the single exception of the name of Hamilton, which, at one period, was so frequent as to stand almost alone. Archbishop Hamilton completed the buildings. Out of the fifteen students who entered in 1552, five were Hamiltons; and there were five Hamiltons among the nine professors on the list in 1569.

This will remind American readers of the Alexanders at Princeton, and of the Adamses in the University which is on the banks of the River Charles.

St. Mary's is no longer a residential college. But when the students and their teachers both occupied the buildings, two earnest professors—neither of them called Hamilton, by the way—used, unconsciously, to play the comedy of *Box and Cox*. They were in complete sympathy, in many ways, although very unlike in their habits. We are told how Rutherford, Professor of Divinity, began his work so early in the morning, and how Wood, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, sat up so late at night over his books, that, not infrequently, they met, and exchanged ideas, at the rising of the sun; the one on his way to his study, the other on his way to his bed.

The College of St. Mary's was based upon that of Paris, from which come its customs of the election of the Rector, the division of the students into what are called "nations," the institution of Faculties, and the granting of degrees.

The University Library, just east of St. Mary's, on the south side of the South

Street, and nearly opposite the Town Church, is now common to both institutions. Until the end of the eighteenth century, each college had its own collection of books, and its own room in which to hold them; neither room nor collection being large or extensive.

Shortly after the birth of James Sixth, Queen Mary executed a series of letters testamentary in which she disposed of her treasures, leaving certain volumes, in Greek and in Latin, to the University of St. Andrews. Like most of her subsequent plans, however, this one went very much "aglee." And it was left to her son, after he ascended the English throne, to form a nucleus of the library. Many of his donations, generally theological in character, are said to be still preserved. The original building faces the South Street; a new building of later date, forming an "L," lies behind it. In the hall of the latter, all the University ceremonies of graduation, and the like, now take place.

At the back of St. Mary's, entirely con-

cealed from the adjacent thoroughfares, and not seen of men, except of the favoured few, are grand old gardens, which are believed to be the earliest cultivated grounds in all Scotland; for in St. Andrews, according to tradition, first began the development of Scottish soil, as well as of Scottish intellect.

At the end of the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the eighteenth, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, the feeling of Town against Gown was very strong. The inhabitants had a great aversion to learning, and to learnèd men. No burgess, or citizen, had ever been a scholar, not one had ever given a penny for the support of the University, and some of the riots were "fearful"—the word being Mr. Lang's own. The Town once brought cannon to the College gates to blow them down; and one Townsman drew a whinger, or large sword, on Dr. Skene within the precincts themselves. On the other hand, Gown conceived a spirited scheme of burning down the city.

St. Andrews at that period could not have

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been altogether an attractive spot. There were no shops for the purchase of necessary commodities. Food was very expensive. The drinking-water was polluted by dirty clothes, dead fish, and other microbic horrors; the air was thin and piercing; pestilence was common; and the acquirement of learning was, naturally, a very serious business. But times have changed for the better in St. Andrews, as the centuries have rolled on.

St. Andrews has, of course, its Students' Union like the other universities; its students' clubs and societies; and its provision for the education of women, who wear caps and scarlet gowns exactly like those of the men; a certain professor declaring that sometimes it is difficult to tell the lads from the lassies, except by their boots!

One of the earliest of the sons of St. Andrews was William Dunbar, whose name is said to have been entered on the register of St. Salvator's College in 1475, when he is supposed to have been in his fifteenth, or

sixteenth, year. He received the degree of B.A. in 1477, according to the same register, and that of M.A. in 1479.

Scott called him "the darling of the Scottish Muses"; but the Scottish Muses paid very little attention to their darling for at least a couple of centuries. He seems to have been possessed of a certain amount of contemporary reputation, nevertheless, for his *Golden Targe* and his *Two Marriet Wemen and the Wedo* were printed in 1508, among the very earliest productions of the press of his native country. A "targe" would appear to have been what we call a "target," and a "wedo" in early Scotch was, no doubt, a woman who had been "marriet" and had had the misfortune to lose her husband by death. But until Allan Ramsay revived some of his poems, in 1724, Dunbar was entirely neglected and forgotten.

Very little concerning the youth of Gavin Douglas, one of the most eminent of the early Scottish poets, has been handed down to us. It is not even known, positively,

where his education was commenced or finished, although it is conceded that he studied in Paris; and certain later authorities claim to have discovered that he was a scholar at St. Andrews from 1489 to 1491. If this be true, St. Andrews has every reason to be proud of him. He is said to have felt the pangs of love, to have overcome them bravely, which was right and proper in a man who was later to become a Bishop of the Church of Rome, and to have written a translation of Ovid's *Remedy of Love* before he was twenty-five. All this, of course, was after his college days. In 1513, he put into Scottish verse the *Æneid*, which is believed to be the earliest translation of any ancient classic into any British tongue. No doubt it would be a greater difficulty now to the modern student of the generally accepted British tongue than would be the original transcript of Virgil himself.

Gavin's *Palace of Honour*, if it ever fell into the hands of John Bunyan, in Bedford Jail, or elsewhere, which is not improbable,

may have suggested the more familiar, but still more than half-forgotten *Pilgrim's Progress*. There is a marked resemblance in the structure of the two works. Each of them is the narrative of a dream; in each, the hero, conducted by spiritual beings, is journeying, through many difficulties, towards a better land. In each, the journey ends in a place of celestial happiness; and in each, there is a spot of eternal and over-heated discomfort, luckily avoided on the road. All this, however, is given here as mere hearsay, by one who is willing to confess that he has never read *The Palace of Honour*, and who is ashamed to own that he has not read *The Pilgrim's Progress* since the days of his own youth; but who is ready to render to St. Andrews the credit of having at least inspired the immortal allegory of Bunyan.

Whether James Crichton, familiarly known for nearly three centuries and a half as "The Admirable Crichton," was as phenomenally admirable in a physical and in an intellectual way as tradition has painted him, it is not

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an easy matter, at the end of all these years, to determine. A good deal of the quality of fable and of exaggeration seems to have been mixed with the pigments put, with a very heavy brush, upon the canvases of the unconscious romancers who have portrayed him. And one celebrated painter in a famous historical picture represents the wonderfully precocious youth as listening to a sermon preached by John Knox a year before the youth is supposed to have been brought into the world. Which, if it be true, would go to prove that the "Admirable" young Scotsman must have been precocious indeed.

He was born in Perthshire, in 1560, or thereabouts, and at an early age he went to St. Salvator's College in St. Andrews. The progress he made in his studies is said to have been astonishing. He took his degree of B.A. when he was twelve; his degree of M.A. two years later; and for general proficiency, he ranked third in his class. Before he was twenty, according to his

biographers, he was a master of the sciences; and he was able to speak, correctly and fluently, ten different languages. He possessed, also, all the accomplishments befitting a gentleman of his time. He was an adept in drawing, in painting, in riding, in fencing, in singing, and in playing upon musical instruments of all the then known descriptions. He possessed, in addition, a face and form of unusual beauty and symmetry; and he was unequalled in every performance requiring activity, agility, and strength. We are gravely told by a writer otherwise reliable in his statements and temperate in his language, that "he [Crichton] would spring (in fencing) at one bound the space of twenty or twenty-four feet in closing with his antagonist; and he combined to a perfect science in the use of the sword such strength and dexterity that none could rival him." It makes one almost dizzy to read of what he knew and of what he could do, before his nourishing mothers, at St. Salvator's had completed their polishing of

him; and had sent him off on his travels. He finished his career at the end of a couple of years, according to tradition, in a street brawl in an Italian city, after he had killed the best swordsman of the land in a duel, and had confounded the Solons of the University of Padua in his disputations upon their interpretations of Aristotle. It is not to be wondered at that St. Andrews is proud of him to this day.

The Library of the British Museum is said to contain the only complete set of his printed works.

Robert Aytoun, Court Poet to James Sixth of Scotland and First of England, was considered by Charles First of Great Britain to be worthy of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. He entered St. Leonard's College, in St. Andrews, in 1584, receiving his degree of M.A. in 1588, when he was eighteen years of age. Ben Jonson loved him, Dryden admired his verse, and Burns paraphrased his *Inconstancy Reproved* in the dialect of his (Burns's) own time; the

last-named poet declaring that he thought he "improved the simplicity of the sentiment by giving the words in a Scot's dress."

The poem, in Burns's version, opens with the line:

"I do confess thou art sae fair,"

and it is generally conceded, by the admirers of both poets, that the words were better clad by the original versifier, although certain authorities doubt that Aytoun had anything at all to do with their composition. Burns himself, on the other hand, never seems to have believed that Aytoun was the author of *Auld Lang Syne;* although it has been asserted that he it was who first asked the tuneful and touching question: "Should old acquaintance be forgot?"

As is usual in the meagre biographies of the men of his time, very little is set down concerning what Aytoun did at College.

Zachary Boyd, author of *Flowers of Zion* and *The Last Battell of the Soule*, was at St. Andrews from 1603 to 1607, when he took

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his degree of M. A. But he is more intimately associated with Glasgow University under the head of which he is treated at some length.

Adam Ferguson, the friend of Home and Hume, of Hugh Blair and of Adam Smith, entered the University of St. Andrews in 1739, when he was fifteen years of age. He stood at the head of his class, during his first term, winning one of four bursaries in the Latin examinations and thereby obtaining free board at the College table during the rest of his career there. As Greek was rarely taught in the elementary schools of that period, Ferguson before his going to St. Andrews seems to have been entirely ignorant of the dead language in question. But he devoted himself assiduously to its study; and it is said that he was able to construe his Homer in the course of a few months, even setting to himself the task of preparing a hundred lines of the *Iliad* every day, during his vacations. The rest of his attendance at College was devoted to the

attainment of a knowledge of logic, mathematics, ethics, and metaphysics.

Robert Fergusson, whom Robert Burns once called "his elder brother in misfortune, by far his elder brother in the muses," was the son of a tradesman in Aberdeen; and he was originally intended for the Church. He was fortunate enough, when he was thirteen, to obtain a bursary at St. Andrews, endowed by a certain Mr. Fergusson, for the benefit of young men bearing his own name. Robert's classic attainments were respectable, we are told; but he always expressed a decided contempt for the austere branches of scholastic and scientific knowledge. He was distinguished among his fellow students, for vivacity and humour; and he soon began to exhibit a certain amount of poetic talent upon local and occasional subjects; his verse being marked by a playful sarcasm which made him popular with his classmates, and not unknown to his instructors.

One of his early undergraduate poems,

still preserved, is an elegy upon a professor of mathematics then lately deceased, of whom he said, among other things, that

" By numbers, too, he could divine
That three times three just made up nine
But now he 's dead! "

One of Fergusson's playful undergraduate habits was to put his occasional paternal remittance into a small bag, and to hang it by a string, out of his window but out of the reach of passers-by, for a day or two. This was to exhibit his pure exultation at having money to spend, a seemingly rare experience with him.

His pranks at college were many, and sometimes original. Once during an afternoon's walk, he stopped, for refreshment, at a cottage where lay sick of a fever a member of the family. Fergusson pretended to be a doctor, went through all the formalities of feeling the pulse, examining the temperature critically, and prescribing a mild remedy; doing no harm to the patient thereby, and,

perhaps, by the pseudo physician's cheerfulness, doing the patient some good. On another occasion he arose, gravely, in church, and asked the congregation to remember in prayer, by name, one of his classmates, then present, as "a young man of whom, from the sudden effect of inebriety, there appeared to be but small hope of recovery."

In 1767, Fergusson was expelled from college for engaging in a free-fight about some academical regulation; but he was taken back upon promise of better behaviour. He left college at the end of four years, when the term of his bursary expired. He is hardly a fair example of the average St. Andrews man; and his conduct is not to be emulated or endorsed.

In one of his early poems, written during his student days, Fergusson sang the praises of haggis, skait, sheep's-head, and sowens as the proper ingredients for a real good dinner. He was fond of singing of the charms of beer-drinking in the janitor's lodge; and about all he did, in St. Andrews,

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was to make verses, to drink ale and whisky, and to amuse himself generally, in a way equally discreditable.

His own habits of inebriety were not sudden, but chronic. He drank himself into an insane asylum in Edinburgh; and there he died, just as he had reached the age of twenty-four.

Burns confessed that *The Cotter's Saturday Night* was inspired by *The Farmer's Ingle* of Fergusson. He recovered and restored Fergusson's neglected, and almost forgotten, grave in the Canongate churchyard, in Edinburgh, and he caused a suitable monument to be erected at its head.

One of the most distinguished of St. Andrews men, and a man most emphatically a St. Andrews man, was Dr. Andrew Bell. He was born in the grand old scholarly town on the east coast of Fife. He was educated in her University, and he founded her Madras College, which is a noble monument to any person.

His father was a barber-surgeon, living

and practising his dual art in the South Street, on the east side of, and adjoining, the Parish Church.

Bell's name is found in the matriculation list of the United College, under the date of 1769. He is known to have been the youngest student in the mathematical class, and he obtained the first prize in mathematics when he was sufficiently juvenile to be called, affectionately, and familiarly, "Little Andrew." Even in those days he eked out his scanty resources by private teaching, having among his pupils a number of his fellows who were several years his senior in age. He used to say of himself, that he never refused to teach anything; for he was always able, by nightly study, to "cram" himself sufficiently for the next day's lessons; storing his own mind with valuable information as he went along.

Andrew Bell was crammed and loaded with the stuff of which students and scholars are usually made. And there is no record of his ever having turned his attention par-

THOMAS CHALMERS.

ticularly to football or to athletics generally, which do not always make scholars and students.

Thomas Chalmers began his college course at St. Andrews at the mature age of eleven. The Rev. Mr. Miller, who was his classmate, and intimate, there, says that he was, during the first year or two, volatile, boyish (naturally), and idle in his habits, devoting himself to football, and particularly to hand-ball, at which he was very dexterous. It was not until the third session, 1793–94, that he began to show signs of intellectual development or anything like a disposition towards serious study. In the autumn of 1795, when he was fifteen, he was enrolled as a student of divinity; in 1802, he became assistant Professor of Mathematics, and in 1823, Professor of Moral Philosophy. In one of his earlier lectures, during this latter course, he is reported as objecting to certain indecorum and obstreperousness of conduct upon the part of his students, and especially to the introduction of a certain noisy stranger

who "added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within those walls was monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that dog," Dr. Chalmers concluded, "was a great breach of all academic propriety." It is not recorded whose dog it was, or upon what subject the dog raised his voice. But no dog, who amounted to anything, ever barked at Thomas Chalmers.

Sir David Brewster, a graduate of Edinburgh University, became Principal of the United College at St. Andrews in 1838, and retained the position for nearly a quarter of a century, living as has been shown, in the precincts of Old St. Leonard's. He took an active part in what was called "The Disruption" Movement; and he was one of the founders of the Free Kirk. This, naturally, was an exceedingly unpopular step in the eyes of the University authorities, and an attempt was made, by the Established Church Presbytery of St. Andrews, to eject.

him from his chair. Public opinion, according to his daughter, and biographer, was upon his side; and after months of attack and defence, the case, in 1845, was finally "quashed," to use his own words. In 1860, he resigned the position to accept the Principalship of Edinburgh, his Alma Mater.