

What the doctor thought / by Sir James Crichton-Browne.

Contributors

Crichton-Browne, James, 1840-1938.

Publication/Creation

London : E. Benn, 1930.

Persistent URL

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/k48ndh2w>

License and attribution

Conditions of use: it is possible this item is protected by copyright and/or related rights. You are free to use this item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s).



Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

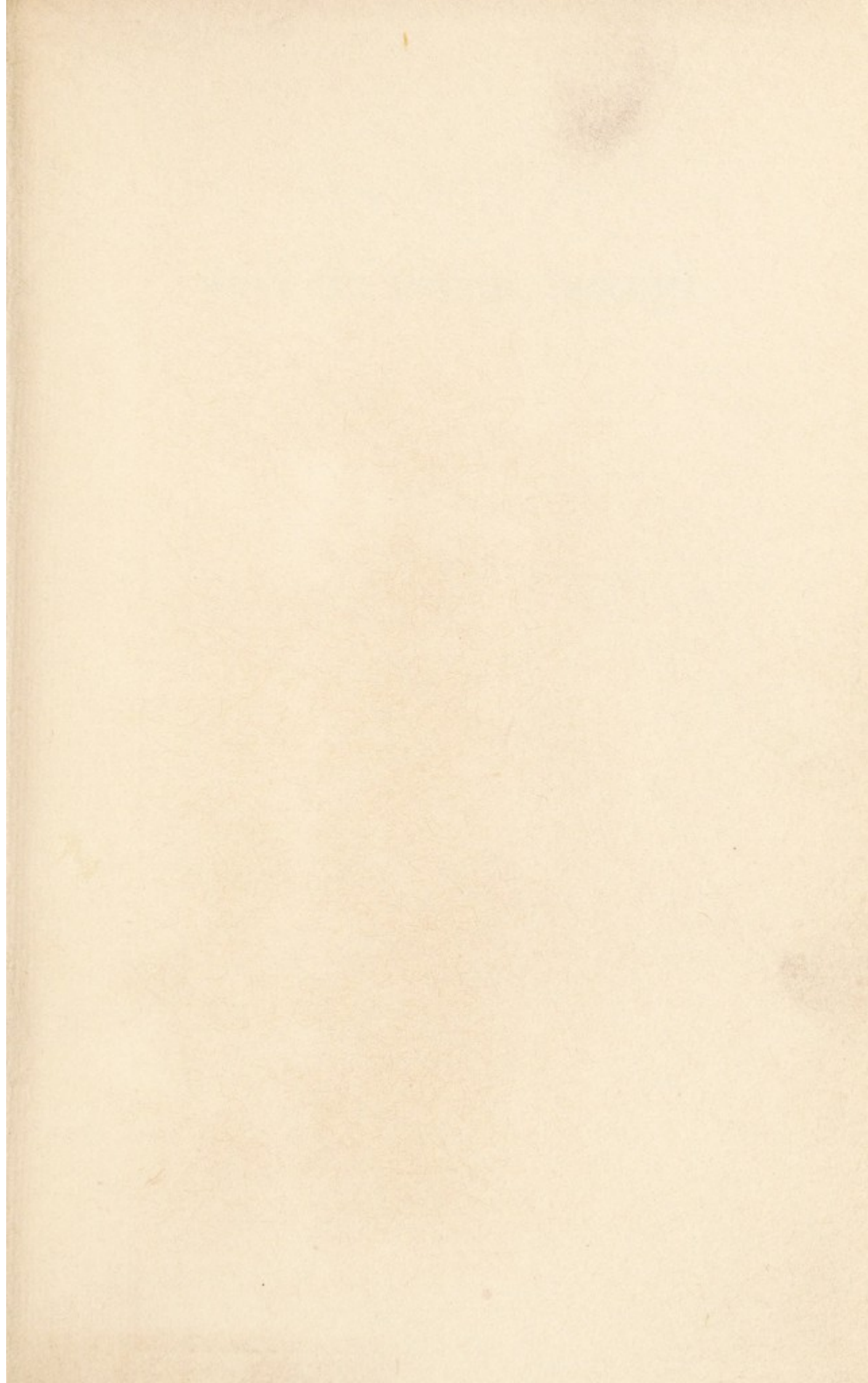



BzP (Crichton-Browne)(2)



22101522081

H. K. LEWIS & CO. LTD
136 GOWER STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Wellcome Library

<https://archive.org/details/b29825416>

WHAT THE DOCTOR THOUGHT

CANCELLED
4184

B82-4

WHAT THE DOCTOR THOUGHT

By

Sir James Crichton-Browne
M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.



LONDON
ERNEST BENN LIMITED

1930



First Published in
1930
Printed
in
Great Britain

BZP (Crichton-Browne)(2)

95400



PREFACE

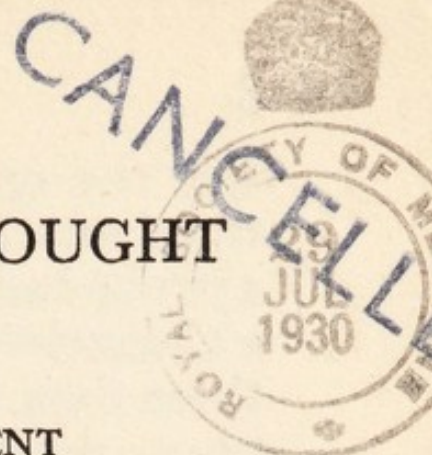
A MEDLEY ! Yes, no doubt, but life is a medley, and its " quips and cranks and wanton wiles " have interest as well as its more serious ingredients. These heterogeneous jottings, grave and gay, are a doctor's diversions, scribblements swiftly indited at halting-places on the professional highway. Some of them perhaps savour of the consulting-room, but mostly they are attempts at escape from " the daily round, the common task." Forty of them have appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, and I have to thank the editor for his permission to reproduce them. The rest are now published for the first time.

WHAT THE DOCTOR THOUGHT

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL INDICTMENT

My great-grand-uncle Andrew Balfour, younger son of Balfour of Braidwood, in the County of Edinburgh, being well educated and having engaged in business in the City of Edinburgh without marked success, resolved, in the spirit of adventure then prevalent in Scotland, to try his fortunes in the New World. Leaving behind him his young wife and child, he sailed from Greenock on the good ship *Snow George* on the 20th of May, 1773, and landed at Boston on the 18th of July. He tried what he called "merchandising" for five years, in New York and in Enfield, on the river Connecticut, but the war made profitable trading impossible, and so in 1778 he moved to North Carolina, where there was comparative tranquillity, and took possession of a plantation of nineteen hundred acres on the south side of Randolph County, at the head waters of the little river Unwar, which had been bought for him by his father from the heirs of Lord Granville. He was there joined by his sister Margaret, who brought out to him his little daughter Tibby, whose mother had died of "inflammatory fever" the year after he left Scotland.

Balfour was an able and energetic man, and soon became prominent and influential in his State. In 1779 he was elected representative of Randolph County in the Legislative Assembly, and in 1780



was the only member of that body who could translate a French document addressed to it. In 1787 he had entered the Army, and was soon made a Colonel—they seem to have been all Colonels in those days. He took part in many military operations, notably in the unfortunate expedition of General Asche into Georgia ; was taken prisoner and then rescued at Pedee, and, being a strong Whig, became very obnoxious to the Loyalists, of whom there were still many in the Carolinas. In March 1782 he obtained a few days' leave to visit his sister and child at his plantation, and while there was deliberately murdered by a band of Loyalists under the command of a Colonel Fanning. The following account of his murder, derived from Judge Murphy's report, was given by Governor Swain.

“ In one of his predatory and murderous excursions, Colonel Fanning went to the house of Andrew Balfour. Stephen Cole, one of Balfour's neighbours, hearing of his approach and apprised of his intentions, rode at full speed to Balfour's house and gave him notice of the danger that threatened him, but Balfour had scarcely stepped out of the house when he saw Fanning galloping up. Balfour ran, but one of Fanning's party, Absalom Auty, fired at him with his rifle and broke his arm. He then returned to the house and entered it, and his sister and daughter clung to him in despair. Fanning and his men forthwith entered the house, tore away the women, threw them on the floor, and held them under their feet till they shot Balfour. He fell on the floor, and Fanning, taking a pistol, shot him through the head.”

Fanning pursued his plundering career and committed several other murders, but was captured in March 1783, and immediately brought to trial at Hillsboro for the murder of Balfour. A copy of the indictment against him and an accomplice, Frederick Smith, has come into my hands, and is, I think, a curious specimen of legal phraseology in these days. Here it is :

State of North Carolina,
Hillsboro District.

Superior Court of
Law and Equity.

April term, 1783.

The Jurors for the State upon their oath present that David Fanning late of the County of Chatham, yeoman, and Frederick Smith late of the County of Cumberland, yeoman, not having the fear of God in their hearts and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, on the ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, and in the sixth year of the American Independence, with force of arms in the County of Randolph, in the district of Hillsboro, in and upon one Andrew Balfour, in the peace of God, and the said then and there being feloniously, wilfully and of their malice aforethought, did make an assault and that the said David Fanning, a certain pistol of the value of five shillings sterling, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet, which pistol he, the aforesaid David Fanning, in his right hand then and there feloniously and wilfully and of his malice aforethought did shoot and discharge ; and that the said David Fanning with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there by force of the

gunpowder shot and sent forth as aforesaid the aforesaid Andrew Balfour in and upon the head of him the said Andrew ; then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid shot discharged and sent forth feloniously wilfully and of his malice aforesaid, did strike penetrate and wound, giving to the said Andrew Balfour then and there with the leaden bullet aforesaid and as aforesaid shot discharged and sent out of the pistol by the said David in and upon the head of the said Andrew, one mortal wound of the depth of four inches and the breadth of half an inch, of which the said mortal wound the aforesaid Andrew Balfour then and there instantly died and that the aforesaid Frederick Smith, then and there feloniously wilfully and of his malice aforesaid, was present aiding helping abetting comforting assisting and maintaining the said David Fanning, the felony and murder aforesaid in the manner and form aforesaid, do say that the said David Fanning and Frederick Smith, the said Andrew Balfour, then and there in the manner aforesaid feloniously and wilfully and of their malice aforethought, did kill and murder against the peace and dignity of the said State.

ALFRED MOORE, *Attorney General.*

STATE

v.

FREDERICK SMITH

Indictment Murder

Margaret Balfour

Stephen Cole

} *Witnesses*

P. HENDERSON,

Clerk.

Sworn and Sent
A True Bill.

JOHN HOGAN,

Foreman.

Margaret Balfour, Colonel Balfour's sister, was the principal witness, and in writing afterwards to her sister-in-law she gave this account of the trial.

"The crime was proved so plainly that not one lawyer spoke one word in Fanning's favour, though he had three of them employed. My story was so affecting that the Court was willing to give me every satisfaction in their power, and, in order to do this, they broke a little through the usual course, for they had the villain tried, condemned, and hung all in the space of the Court. While the Judge was giving the Jury their charge, I heard several gentlemen of my brother's acquaintance wishing to God the Jury would not bring him in guilty, so that they might have the pleasure of putting the rascal to death with their own hands. It is an inexpressible happiness to me to know that there has not a man fallen since the beginning of the troubles who was more sincerely and generally lamented than our dear Andrew."

After the trial and dispatch of Fanning and his accomplice, Margaret Balfour, thinking that it would not be safe to return to the plantation with Tibby, took up her abode at Salisbury, N.C., and lived there comfortably on the rent of the land and the hire of the negroes. Some years later, however, when peace was fully restored, she returned to the old plantation at Betty's Creek, and died there in 1818. Tibby in 1790, when nineteen years old, married John Troy, and many of her descendants, named Troy, Drake, and Beard, still, I believe, flourish in North Carolina and the Western States.

MISS DIX

In 1854 we had a visit at Dumfries from a very grave and earnest little American woman who succeeded in effecting single-handed a material amendment in the law of Scotland. She was a professional philanthropist especially interested in lunatics, and, on making personal inquiries into their treatment in Scotland, she discovered a number of abuses. She found nothing amiss in the public chartered asylums, all of which she visited, and which were indeed far in advance of anything to be found at that time in the United States ; but she came upon some dirty, overcrowded, badly managed private asylums in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, and found that pauper lunatics boarded out were sometimes converted into white slaves and ill-used. So, after her inspection, she hurried up to London, got an interview with the Home Secretary, and so impressed him that a Royal Commission was appointed, and it was on the report of that Royal Commission that a new Lunacy Act for Scotland was passed in 1857, by which the Scottish Board of Commissioners in Lunacy was constituted. Dr. Allison and others had previously called public attention to the evils which Miss Dix denounced, and everything was ripe for a change, but Miss Dix struck in just at the proper moment and carried off all the honour. I recall her at lunch as a very lugubrious lady, who could talk of nothing but lunatics, and took but a faint interest in the Scottish dishes which my mother had had specially prepared for her delectation.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE

Just before my graduation in 1862, I spent the summer months with a medical friend in Blankshire, and had there an introduction to "Scenes of Clerical Life," which to me, coming from puritanical Scotland, were rather startling. The Rector of the parish—and the living was a rich one—was a man of wealth and aristocratic connections who went through the formal duties of his office, but did not set much store by precept or example. His irregularities ultimately aroused displeasure amongst some of the more punctilious of his parishioners, who complained to the Bishop that his behaviour in the Rectory garden with a young and good-looking housekeeper was unseemly. On the Bishop communicating with him on the subject, the Rector replied that no complaint of the kind should occur again, and proceeded to build a wall 12 feet high around the Rectory garden.

In the next parish there was a sporting parson who dressed as such, his clerical profession being indicated only by a small white neck-tie, and spent most of his time in hunting, shooting, and rabbiting, or in visits to the neighbouring town, where he played billiards. My medical friend told me he had attended morning service at his church on the Sunday after the coming of age of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, and, on going into the vestry when the service was over the parson asked him, "What did you think of that sermon? Wasn't it a fizzer? Do you know where I got it? It was yesterday's leading article in the *Daily Telegraph*."

BT

THE ROMANCE OF THE MUSIC-STOOL

1866.—A music-master in a little town I wot of, who played the organ in the parish church there, fell in love, or at any rate fixed his affections on one of his pupils, Miss M., an only daughter, a young lady of much personal charm and with very substantial prospects. He believed he had made a favourable impression, and so, after revolving the matter in his bashful mind, decided to spare her and himself embarrassment and declare his feelings by letter. He wrote to her accordingly a touching epistle, with a request that she would at once transport him with happiness or end his folly. He suggested that, if she favoured his suit and gave him ground to hope, she would be seated on the piano-stool in the drawing-room when he came to give his next lesson, but that if she rejected his addresses she would enter the drawing-room after his arrival, accompanied, as usual, by her mother or companion. With alternating hope and fear he went to Miss M.'s home when the time for the next lesson came. With irresolute fingers he pulled the bell. The door was opened, and he was ushered into the hall. So far so well. He was not contemptuously discarded. As he ascended the stairs, Eliza, the parlourmaid, turned, smiled, and nodded her head—an omen of happiness, surely. Eliza knew his secret, and wished to be the first to congratulate him. The drawing-room door was thrown open, and in he walked, and there on the music-stool facing him sat, not his inamorata, but her father, a man weighing 20 stone, huge, ponderous, and of prosaic temperament. Explanations followed.

HEROISM

The late Professor Laycock of Edinburgh was not only intellectually but morally a great man—a biological Socrates whose discourses teemed with wisdom. He suffered, while still in middle life, from disease of the knee-joint, for which amputation at the thigh became necessary. He knew he had a weak heart, and, rightly or wrongly, believed that the inhalation of chloroform would prove fatal to him. He knew also that, for the sake of his family, the prolongation of his life was of great importance, so he determined to undergo the operation without an anæsthetic. He did so, the operation being performed by Professor Spence, and he went through it—and a terrible operation it is—without uttering a murmur.

THE BIRTH OF POETRY

My friend, Dr. B., who justly prided himself on his literary as well as his professional attainments, came to spend a night with us at Crindau on his way to a holiday in the North, and was put into a bedroom next that occupied by two girls, who were also paying us a visit. Next morning these girls came down to breakfast looking very scared, and intimating that they were afraid the gentleman in the adjoining room had been very ill during the night, for they had heard him groaning and shouting, and were on the point of ringing for help when he became quiet. When Dr. B. came down immediately afterwards, I made anxious inquiries about his health, and was relieved by his assurance

that he was quite well. "Oh, I am all right," he said, "but in the earlier part of the night I did not sleep very well, so I beguiled the time by composing this little poem, which I should like to read to you."

VENABLES

1870.—I spent the week-end at Fryston—the only other guest being Mr. George Stovin Venables, Q.C., a most suave and learned old gentleman. He is a leader of the Parliamentary Bar, and is believed to be a trenchant Saturday Reviewer, but will perhaps be best remembered hereafter as the man who broke Thackeray's nose. For the lifelong disfigurement of the great novelist's nose it was really not Venables, but the backward surgery of the period, that was to blame. The injury inflicted would to-day be completely rectified, and, perhaps, an improved style of nose, according to the taste of the owner, produced. The unlucky fight in which the nose was damaged was described by Mr. Roupell, who was a master at Charterhouse at the time. "It was," he said, "a wet half-holiday, when a boy named Glossop came and asked leave for Thackeray and Venables to fight. We wanted some amusement, so we let them fight it out in the long room, with the unfortunate result to Thackeray's nose." It is significant of Thackeray's manliness and sweetness of disposition that he and Venables became firm friends.

When, in October 1807, in the Royal Institution, Davy, by aid of his big battery, effected the

electrolytic preparation of potassium and sodium, he, grave and sedate senior that he was, actually danced round the laboratory in an ecstasy of delight.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Edward Irving anticipated Christian Science, and taught that disease itself is sin and that no man with faith in God should be overcome by it. Poor man! he died, when only forty-two, of phthisis, not recognised until it had reached its last stage.

As a healthy mind flows on, many of the impurities inevitably thrown into it disappear by a process of sedimentation. But these impurities, although they sink, are not abolished. When a flood comes, they are apt to be stirred up, and reappear in the current, and hence the impurities which sometimes surprise us in a mind which we had supposed to be innocent simplicity itself when it is agitated by a freshet of mental disease.

Someone speculating on the advance of science, and especially of synthetic chemistry, said to Huxley, "The time will come when men will be made in the laboratory." "It may be so," remarked Huxley, "although I don't exactly see how it is to be done, but at any rate it would be a very unpopular process."

January 15, 1871.—Last Monday, Lord Houghton brought a party from Fryston to witness a theatrical performance by the patients and officers of the asylum, the pieces presented being the farce *Who Speaks First?* and Planché's burlesque, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*. The following prologue was composed by a patient in the asylum, distraught and deluded and yet capable of collected thought, and recited by him before the curtain rose. The Franco-German War suggested his military phraseology and turgid metaphors.

Aid to the sick and wounded—that's our plea,
The truest, boldest Red Cross Knights are we,
Who, on this ambulance, approach the van
Of fight as fierce as Forbach or Sedan.
Amongst the fallen on the field of life,
The waifs and strays that mark the course of strife,
Midst those o'erthrown by enfilading fate,
Or sorties from beleaguered passion's gate,
The shattered legions of these struggling days,
We ply our calling and our standard raise.
Ours 'tis with soothing bandages to bind
The drooping heart, the bruised and broken mind,
To calm the transports of the fevered brain,
Make laughter sparkle through the tears of pain
And waken slumb'ring Reason and her train,
'Twas Music's first the gracious part to hold,
She was the Nightingale of days of old.
The cunning harper touched the twinkling string,
And from the troubled spirit of the King
Discord departed. Anthems throbbed and pealed,
And many a time the sick in soul were healed.
And here the Drama's magic aid is sought,
To smooth the wrinkles from the front of thought.

“Burlesque,” says Fielding in *Joseph Andrews*,
“contributes to exquisite mirth and laughter, and

these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good humour and benevolence after they have been sweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind than when scoured by a tragedy or grave lecture."

In Scotland, as is well known, landowners are generally referred to, not by their patronymics, but by the names of their estates. To speak of Macpherson, Mackenzie, or Stewart would not identify a man, but Cluny, Auchskeoch, or Appin does so at once. A man in Edinburgh, having a friend from London staying with him, took him to a tea-party at the house of an old Scottish lady, and introduced him as Mr. Beaumont. "Yes," the old lady said, "but where does he leeve?" "Oh, in Piccadilly," he replied. He was much amused to hear his hostess shortly afterwards asking his friend, "Noo, Piccadilly, will ye hae anither cup o' tae?"

There is a county in Scotland that is not a county, or, rather, was not a county, because it was for centuries under the jurisdiction, not of a sheriff, but of a steward representing the King. In view of this unique distinction, Kirkcudbright is always affectionately referred to as "The Stewartry" by its natives at home and abroad. An Englishman, who had been paying a short visit there, on his

return to the South mentioned this fact as a curious illustration of the way in which spelling and phonetics are sometimes at variance with each other. "You will scarcely believe me," he said, "when I tell you that there is a county in Scotland called Kirkcudbright—K-i-r-k-c-u-d-b-r-i-g-h-t—and it is pronounced Stewartry."

RESPONSIBILITY AND DISEASE

In September 1871, Dr. Henry Maudsley asked me to visit a man, K. J. P., of respectable position, who was in Wakefield Gaol awaiting his trial on a charge of robbery, and about whom he had been consulted in London some time previously. A rest in the country had been recommended, but during that he went off, having appropriated some money belonging to his wife, and made his way to King's Cross Station, where he took a ticket for Edinburgh. He got into a compartment in which there was one other passenger, who went to sleep, but who, waking up after passing Peterborough, found that his fellow-passenger and his gold watch had both disappeared. When the train was searched at Doncaster, K. J. P. was found in another compartment, which he must have reached by walking along the footboard outside, for there were no corridor carriages in these days, and under the seat on which he was sitting was the stolen watch.

On examining K. J. P., I came to the conclusion, as had done Dr. Maudsley, that he was in the first stage of general paralysis of the insane, and so I attended his trial at Doncaster at the sessions at

the end of October to give evidence to that effect. But Dr. Wood, the surgeon to the Wakefield Gaol, took a different view of the case, and testified that, having had him under close observation for a month, he was satisfied that he was sound in mind and body. My evidence, therefore, that the healthy, intelligent-looking man in the dock was labouring under a dangerous disease of the brain, and was not fully responsible for his actions, was treated with incredulity, and there was laughter in court, in which the prisoner heartily joined when, on being asked to state the grounds on which my opinion was formed, I mentioned inequality of the pupils of the eyes, slight tremor of the tongue, and the other incipient symptoms of general paralysis. K. J. P. was, of course, convicted, and sentenced to two months imprisonment with hard labour, the Recorder taking into consideration his previous good character.

At the completion of his sentence in the end of December, K. J. P. was taken to London to see Dr. Maudsley, who recommended that he should be placed in an asylum, but the family would not hear of that, so he was taken home. From his home, in the course of a few days, he again escaped, again appropriating some money of his wife's, and again made his way to King's Cross, where, this time, he took a ticket for Manchester. He entered a compartment with two fellow-passengers, who both went to sleep, and whose watches, after the train passed Grantham, he quickly annexed. He had again tried to make his way along the foot-board, but this time fell off, and presented himself to the signal-man at Luxford Station with cuts on

his hands, face, and head, and covered with blood. The police were communicated with, and, when searched, he was found in possession of the two missing watches, and also of a false beard and moustache and a dagger nine inches in length. He was taken to Nottingham Gaol, but, while awaiting trial, showed unmistakable signs of mental derangement, and was removed to the county asylum where in due course, nine months afterwards, he died of general paralysis of the insane.

I think it certain that, had K. J. P. killed the man from whom he stole the watch on his first journey to the North, he would have been convicted of murder and executed—perhaps no great misfortune as far as he was personally concerned, for he was already a doomed man, but a terrible blow to his family and an outrage on justice, for he was assuredly under the duress of a fatal disease, and was not responsible for what he did on both the occasions on which he committed robbery.

Sir William Crookes adopted the motto, "*Ubi Crux, ibi Lux*," which was varied by Professor Dickson for the Lions' Dinner at the British Association into "*Ubi Crookes, ibi Spookes*"—a delicate allusion to Sir William's spiritualistic researches.

An Irish statesman thus delivered himself: "Sir, gazing with closed eyes upon the invisible vale of the future, I see plainly marked out the hidden footsteps of the outstretched hand."

Mr. Augustine Birrell once described a Dissenter as "a vulgar person who is always trying to stick a corpse into a graveyard that doesn't belong to him."

At a meeting at the Rotunda in Dublin the bills announced: "Ladies admitted without distinction of sex."

"The morbid thirst for notoriety," said Lord Salisbury, "is the bane of our modern civilisation."

JACOBITE RELICS

Caroline Oliphant (Lady Nairne), to whom we owe our best Jacobite songs, "Wha'll be King but Charlie," "He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel," "The Hundred Pipers," "Charlie is my darling," and "Will ye no come back again?" although born twenty-one years after the rising of '45, was reared in an atmosphere still strongly charged with Jacobitism.

Her grandmother had cut a lock from the young Prince's hair, which, with other relics—his spurs, bonnet, cockade, and crucifix—was reverently treasured in "The Auld House o' Gask."

At my wife's family place in Norfolk there is jealously preserved the suit, consisting of tartan trews, plaid, and coat and velvet bonnet, worn by Prince Charles at Culloden. These were acquired by Augustine Earle, owner of Heydon, which by

the marriage of his daughter and heiress with a Bulwer of Dalling passed to the Bulwer family. Mr. Augustine Earle served in Handysides's Regiment at Carlisle in 1730, and some years afterwards became Judge Advocate in North Britain.

In that capacity he had an opportunity of befriending an old Scottish lady in a lawsuit in which she was involved, and she, as a mark of her gratitude, gave him what she regarded as her most precious possession. Who the old lady was I have not been able to ascertain, but she probably belonged to some Inverness-shire family, as the Prince when a fugitive after Culloden would lose no time in exchanging his distinctive apparel for some disguise. Fragments of the Prince's attire when in Scotland seem to have been highly valued as relics.

Bishop Forbes left attached to his memoirs a small slip of thick blue silk cloth of a texture like sarcenet, under which was written, "The above is a piece of the Prince's garter," also a piece of the gown which he wore for four or five days when he had to disguise himself in a female dress under the name of Betty Burke. The Bishop was particularly proud of "a piece of that identical apron string which the Prince wore about him, when in female dress," received out of Mrs. Flora Macdonald's own hands upon Thursday, November 5, 1747.

My grandmother used to tell that in one Highland house the paper on which the razor was wiped when the Prince was shaved was an heirloom.

My old friend, Professor Sir Alexander Simpson, of Edinburgh, who piously added a text of Scripture to most of the documents that passed through his hands, wrote his will on a slip of notepaper, dividing his possessions equitably amongst his children and grandchildren, and the text on the will was : " See that ye fall not out by the way."

1875.—Mrs. Kirk of Drumstinshall, a fine stalwart old Scottish lady, eighty-six, and as straight as a rush and clear as a bell, told me a story of a former generation of Crosbies who possessed Kipp, a property near Drumstinshall. Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie went one New Year's day to dine with a friend, living on the opposite side of the river Urr, who was very hospitable, according to the custom of the times. They were to ride home after dinner, Mrs. Crosbie on the pillion, and had to ford the Urr. It was a fine moonlight night, and they started in good time to cross the Urr before the incoming tide would make it impassable. On arriving at his own door at Kipp, Mr. Crosbie summoned his servant, and was startled to hear him ask, " Whaur is the mistress ? " " Lord's sake, is she no a'hint me ? " exclaimed the laird. " Na, na ! " was the reply. " Then she maun hae drappit aff somewhere," said the laird. " Awa ! awa ! and look for her ; ye ken the gait we cam." A hue and cry was at once got up, and Mrs Crosbie was speedily found on the sands of Urr at the edge of the ford. The advancing tide, fringed with foam, was just purling about her lips, and she was brush-

ing it away from them with her hand, repeating, "Na ! na ! nae mair, thank ye, naether het nor could !"

WOMANLY BEAUTY

Soon after I came to London, in 1876, I was asked by Sir Thorne Thorne, then of the Local Government Board, to speak at a meeting on "Physical Education," and, in dealing with racial characteristics, in an unwary moment I repeated something that had been said to me by Lord Houghton. Lord Houghton, I told them, had said that it was all very well to expatiate on the beauty of French, Italian, and Spanish women, but the fact was that there was more true womanly beauty to be seen during an early morning walk in any street in the West End of London, engaged in cleaning down the doorsteps, than in any Court in Europe. That, of course, gave an opening to the comic papers of which they eagerly availed themselves, and a number of caricatures appeared. I recall one entitled "The Peer and the Doctor," in which Lord Houghton and I were represented walking arm and arm down the middle of a broad street, with a long vista of houses on either side, on the doorstep of each of which was a housemaid on her knees plying her vocation, and, of course, not a face visible.

A kind-hearted but exceptionally ugly woman, in opening a bazaar, began by saying, "I come here to give countenance to this assembly," on

which there was heard in the audience, *sotto voce*, the exclamation, " God forbid ! "

HONOUR AMONGST LUNATICS

1876.—A male patient of mine in the West Riding Asylum, who had been there for twenty years, labouring under the delusion that he was persecuted by spirits, and who, although hopelessly insane, must have had some conception of his mental infirmity, on one occasion asked for a private interview with me. At that interview he said, " I have just heard from my wife, who has been to see me, that my grown-up daughter is going to be married to a respectable young man, and that he has been given to understand that I am dead. Now, that isn't right. I want that young man to know that I am here, and the reason why I am here. It may save trouble afterwards." I fully agreed with the old gentleman—for old gentleman he was, although only a labouring man—and had the respectable young man brought to see me and his prospective father-in-law, and, as that respectable young man was very much in love and had no qualms on the subject of eugenics, everything was amicably and honourably arranged.

In 1876, when political feeling was running very high, my friend Mr. (afterwards Sir) Walter Spencer Stanhope, a staunch old Tory, had as his town house No. 77 Harley Street, while Mr. Gladstone temporarily occupied No. 73. Mrs. Stanhope, one of the sweetest and gentlest of women,

had, in the balcony of the drawing-room window, some flowers, which she tended herself and watered every evening. One evening, when doing so, a small flower-pot toppled over, and crashed into the area of the adjoining house, No. 75. It so happened that at that moment Mr. Gladstone was on the doorstep of No. 73, using his latch-key, so the next day the police called at No. 77 to inquire who it was who had thrown a flower-pot at Mr. Gladstone's head. Explanations followed, and Mr. Gladstone was satisfied that no deliberate attack had been made on his life by his Conservative neighbour's wife.

I referred at luncheon to a man who suffered from *cacoëthes scribendi*. After lunch, my little girl came and asked me, " what was that curious thing you mentioned—*cacoëthes scribendi* ? Is it a skin disease ? "

Where in the starry avenues of space,
She makes her bower, I cannot tell,
But that she lives and loves in some bright sphere
I know full well.

There is in my study—I know not how it came there ; it is very antique—a little case with a carved wooden frame and glass in front, and inside it there is a little basket holding a tastefully arranged bouquet of seaweeds, once of bright colour, but

now of faded tint. Beneath the basket are these lines :

Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we ;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of the bowers,
Then call us not weeds, we are ocean's gay flowers.

Who knocks so loud ? A little lonely Sin !
Slip through, we answer, and all hell is in.

FREDERICK LANGRIDGE

BRAIN REST

In the few discursive moments between sleeping and waking there sometimes crop up in the mind peculiarly happy thoughts and even brilliant epigrams, but it would be imperilling sleep to arouse oneself to jot them down, and they are so fugacious that not a trace of them can be recalled in the mornings.

London, while we are living in it, is sometimes oppressive and distracting, but when we are away from it, as John Sterling said, we think of it " not as full of dust, noise, and confusion, but as something silent, grand, and everlasting."

December 6, 1876.—Spinosa. The children all loved him, and for them he would bring out one of his lenses to show them insects magnified. It was

his amusement to watch insects. The sight of spiders fighting would make the tears roll down his cheeks with laughter, a trait which Dugald Stewart in his *Scottish Commonsense Philosophy* thought very decidedly indicated a tendency to insanity and accounted for his unacceptable doctrines. Spinoza died of consumption at forty-five.

“ DELUSIONS THAT DO SO EASILY BESET US ”

1877.—Dr. M., an able but highly conscientious and nervous medical practitioner, a year ago lost his wife, who had been his stay and counsellor during many years of happy married life. She had been suffering for some time from diabetes, and, under the advice of several of his medical brethren whom he had consulted, was being treated by codeia as well as dietetically. In the autumn he took her for a change to the country, where she suddenly developed diabetic coma, and in those days, when there was no insulin, rapidly sank and died. His grief and agitation were extreme, and these soon took shape in delusions. He got it into his head that he had poisoned her by giving her an overdose of codeia or by some crystals he had introduced into a gasogene from which she had drunk, and a fortnight later he was convinced that by his negligence in not taking necessary precautions she had been buried alive. So intense did his remorse become that he swallowed 40 grains of codeia, which, however, made him violently sick, so that he was none the worse. He was, of course, placed under treatment, and, when I saw him three months later, his grief had been assuaged

and the delusions had begun to fade. It was just possible, he told me, that had he stopped the codeia, his wife might have lived longer than she did ; it was just possible that the chemist might have sent the wrong crystals ; it was just possible that his wife was buried in a trance. In another three months all these possibilities were discounted, and he was able to see things as they really were. In persons of highly nervous temperament, transient delusions and morbid misgivings are not uncommon after emotional crises.

AUTOMATIC WRITING

Professor Laycock attached much importance to automatic writing and drawings as expressive of hidden mental states and cerebral reflexes, so on one occasion, after a long meeting of the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of Edinburgh, of which he was a member, he waited behind his colleagues, some forty in number, went round the table, and collected and docketed the blotting-pad of each of them. A careful study of the scribblings, scratchings, and sketches which he found on these pads proved, he alleged, very instructive, but they were not all automatic, for there were geometrical and mathematical figures and calculations on some of them, faces and caricatures of colleagues, and on one—that of Professor Blackie—was indited a verse of poetry.

WEIGHING IN

Let no one despise the puny baby of three or four pounds at birth, or expect too much of that

weighing nine or ten. Sir Isaac Newton was a frail and puny infant, whose mother declared that he could have been put in a quart pot, and so feeble that two women who were sent for medicine for him did not expect to find him alive when they returned. And yet he developed an intellect of almost superhuman capacity and lived to be eighty-five, retaining his perspicacity to the last, and presiding at a meeting of the Royal Society three weeks before his death. Laplace affirmed that Newton's *Principia* was the greatest production of the human mind, and that Newton was the greatest genius that ever existed, while Voltaire said that, if all the geniuses of the universe were assembled together, Newton would lead the band.

June, 1877.—Carlyle, accompanied by Mary Aitken, called on us at Cumberland Terrace. He was in a landau and was too feeble to leave it, so I went out and stood chatting with him while Mary Aitken went into the house to see my wife. He was all gentleness and affability, not a gruff word or impatient look, but he was frail and weary, and the partial loss of power in his right hand was perceptible. We, perhaps it was I, talked of Dumfries, and his brother John and my brother John, to whom he had been kind, and then, rejoined by his niece and nodding his head in friendly farewell, he drove away into the immensities.

In this last talk I brought a smile on Carlyle's time-beaten face by telling him that, in spite of the futility of the many kinds of medical treatment

tried in his lifelong dyspepsia, he had done much-needed justice to my profession, and recalled to him a line or two from a letter of his to Hutchison Stirling, the author of *The Secret of Hegel*: “What profession is there equal in true nobleness to medicine? He that can abolish pain, relieve his fellow-mortal from sickness, he is indisputably the usefulest of all men. He is in the right, be wrong who may! As a Lord Chancellor under one’s horsehair there might be misgivings; still more as a Lord Primate under one’s cauliflower; but if I could heal disease I should say to all men and angels without fear—‘*En Ecce!*’”

DRAWINGS OF CARLYLE

It was about this time that Mrs. Allingham succeeded in making two or three excellent water-colour drawings of Carlyle’s head, one of which I possess. It had all to be arranged surreptitiously, she told me. Mary Aitken had her conveniently planted one forenoon, with her drawing materials beside her in the sitting-room at Cheyne Row at a proper distance from the armchair by the fireside which Carlyle always occupied. In a little time he came downstairs and entered the sitting-room in his dressing-gown, and then, noticing Mrs. Allingham, he stopped abruptly, demanding “What woman is this?” and, turning, left the room. Mary Aitken, knowing her uncle’s moods, begged Mrs. Allingham not to be disconcerted, and, sure enough, in a minute or two Carlyle returned, bowed politely, and on being told that Mrs.

Allingham desired to make a little sketch of him, quietly acquiesced, took his place in his chair, and during that and a subsequent sitting was bland and, indeed, "very sweet," as Mrs. Allingham said.

A young lady, seeing that Sir Robert Ball was to lecture at the Royal Institution on "Sun Spots," said, "I really must go to hear him. I suffer so much from freckles."

"Which is the best hotel in Galway?" a friend asked Lord Morris. "There isn't one," he replied; "there are just two hotels, and when you are in the one you wish you were in the other. Better come and stay with me."

"My father only once thrashed me," said a man at a dinner-party, "and that was for telling the truth," "Well," said Sir Robert Ball, who was of the party, "from what I know of you I should say that thrashing completely reformed you."

In a sermon on the Prodigal Son, the preacher said: "I should not be surprised, my brethren, if the fond father had kept that fatted calf for many years in anticipation of his son's return."

Lord Robertson, in the House of Lords, told of a wounded soldier on one of the battlefields of America who, when addressed in the usual strain by a missionary, replied, "My friend, this is not a time for conundrums!"

JAMES MACDONALD

March 8, 1879.—I was a pall-bearer at the funeral to-day at Beckenham Churchyard of my friend James Macdonald, who in sixteen years climbed up the steep stair of journalism from an occasional writer in Aberdeen, while holding a clerkship there, to a leading post on the staff of *The Times*, and was a Providence to his family all the way. The strain of the ascent killed him in his prime. He has died suddenly in his thirty-eighth year. He was a brilliant writer. His articles sparkled, not with literary tinsel, but with intellectual percussion, were precise but fluent, learned but clear. He had a masterly grasp of French politics, which he had made a special study, and brought analytic power to bear on every subject he handled. And he was modest and gentle withal, and made many friends, his Highland blood being subdued by his liberal culture and the stern discipline he had undergone. He leaves a little gap even in big and thickset London.

1879.—Mr. Kerr, one of the ablest of our school inspectors, told me of a dinner which was held in Edinburgh some years ago, at which a number of the distinguished men of the city were present, and at which the question was asked whether there was a man at the table who could lay his hand on his heart and say he had never been tipsy. There was no response, and at last an eminent divine, who happened to be of the company, spoke up and said : “ I should like to explain why I cannot make

the affirmation required. It was twelve months after I was married, and I had to marry a young couple in the parish to which I had been recently inducted. The ceremony was in the bride's home in the evening, and there was a supper afterwards to which I was invited and stayed. My new parishioners were very cordial, and one after another insisted on pledging me. Suddenly, while this process was going on, a strange feeling came over me, and I realised that the whisky was going to my head. Of course, I withdrew at once, but when I got home to the manse I had some trouble with the latch-key, so, determined that my young wife should not see me in a humiliating condition, I went off on a brisk walk of an hour's duration, at the end of which I felt quite steady. When I got into the manse, I noticed a light under my wife's bedroom door, and feared that she was still awake, but on entering the room softly I found that she had been reading in bed and had fallen asleep, leaving the candle burning. I undressed as quickly and quietly as possible, and was getting into bed, thanking God that I had so happily escaped detection, when I heard my dear wife's sweet soft voice exclaim, 'John, dear, why are you coming to bed with your hat on?' Never since that have I been the worse for drink."

An inquest was recently held on a six-year-old child, the daughter of a sergeant at Chatham. She had been sent to buy some potatoes, and on her way back was run over and crushed by a dray. As she was being carried home, bruised and broken,

she said to the bearers, " Don't forget the potatoes ! " Sweet child ! " Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven ! "

SIR JAMES SIMPSON

1884.—A nervous and fidgety lady consulted Sir James Simpson, who prescribed for her what he told her was a new and potent remedy that he was sure would do her good. When she got home, as nervous and fidgety patients are wont to do, she became anxious about the prescription. " I was talking to him all the time he was writing it," she said ; " he told me it was a new and potent remedy. I must get him to look at it again before I have it made up " ; so back she went to Queen Street. On arriving there, the butler informed her that Sir James had been called to the country and would not be back till late at night, and, noticing her trepidation, asked what was the matter. " Oh ! " she said, " it's this prescription. Sir James wrote it in a hurry and I wanted him to look at it again." " Will you let me look at it ? " asked the butler, and, scanning it for a moment, he handed it back, saying, " Oh, mem, ye may be quite sure it's a'right ; he's been giein' them a' that the day."

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN DUMFRIES

That Sir Walter Scott several times visited the county of Dumfries as the guest of the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle is probable, and that, on at least two occasions, he sojourned in the

burgh is certain. He did so in the summer of 1807, when, with Mr. Guthrie Wright, he had an appointment to meet there the Duke of Abercorn on his way to Ireland. The Duke did not arrive for two or three days, so Sir Walter and his friends spent the time in visiting Carlaverock Castle, Sweetheart Abbey, and other ecclesiastical and baronial remains in the neighbourhood. He was writing "Marmion" at the time, but the scenes then visited must have impressed themselves deeply on his memory, for, years afterwards, some of them found their way into *Guy Mannering* and *Redgauntlet*.

On October 1, 1828, Sir Walter again visited Dumfries, this time to attend a dinner given in honour of the then Duke of Buccleuch on the occasion of his coming of age. The dinner was given in the new Assembly Rooms, George Street, and was attended by a large company of freeholders, commissioners of supply, and justices of the peace. After dinner, Sir Walter's health was drunk three times. He had to reply to the toast of "Our Great and Illustrious Visitor," shortly afterwards to that of "The Sheriff of Selkirkshire," and finally to that of "The Literature of the Country." It was in his second speech that Sir Walter most distinguished himself. "Here the worthy baronet," says the *Dumfries Journal*, "touched so playfully on a variety of topics, and excited by his wit so much merriment and good humour, that our reporter found himself quite unable to discharge his duty." Sir Walter had become even more playful when the third toast was reached. With it was also associated the name of Sir Adam Fergusson.

“ Sir Adam, on rising to return thanks,” says the reporter, “ appeared to be so overcome by the intensity of his feelings as to be unable to say anything, and was about to sit down when Sir Walter said he would say to him, as the farmer said to his servant who had a stammer in his speech, ‘ If ye canna speak, ye can sing, ye rascal ! ’ upon which Sir Adam gave, in capital style, ‘ The Laird of Cockpen.’ ”

A Frenchwoman was on her trial on the charge of attempting to poison her husband, who had recovered and appeared and gave evidence against her, after which the judge, in the French fashion, asked her what she thought of that, to which she replied : “ I am not at all satisfied with his evidence. It is a charge of poisoning, and I demand an autopsy.”

In his Christmas Lecture to Children at the Royal Institution, Sir Robert Ball said they all knew about the sunflower which follows the course of the sun all day and in the night reverses the process and goes back, so as to be ready to meet the sun on the following morning. Well, the sunflowers planted in the Arctic regions grew splendidly during the continuous light of the short Arctic summer. First they put forth their leaves and then their buds, and at last the buds opened into full blown sunflowers and turned to the sun as was their wont, and gradually moved round with it, expecting it to set as usual. But in the Arctic regions the sun in

mid-summer does not set, and so the sunflowers went round with it, and the next day the same thing was repeated, and so on, until they twisted their little heads off.

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS

I remember Dr. Robert Chambers in Edinburgh in the 'sixties of last century, and my father, who was a regular contributor to the *Encyclopaedia*, knew him well. Chambers was in the 'sixties generally believed to be the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. The book had been produced in profound secrecy in 1843, for, in those days of inexorable orthodoxy, Chambers feared that the association of his name with so rationalistic a work would be injurious to his business as a publisher. Rumour at first attributed it to Prince Albert, and then to Sir Charles Lyall, but in course of time discerning persons, mainly through its geological speculations, traced it to him. The authorship was not openly avowed until after his death, in the 1884 edition, but I think Lady Priestly was in error in saying that he never confessed the authorship to his dying day. I recollect Professor Balfour telling me that at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1860, a year after the publication of the *Origin of Species*, there was a sharp discussion on that subject, in which Chambers, although present, took no part. As they left the meeting, however, he turned to Balfour and said, "I think the *Vestiges* still holds its own," on which Balfour, challenging him, said, "And you

are the *Vestiges*," and he nodded his head. The *Vestiges* was the forerunner of *The Origin of Species*, but it was fiercely attacked by Huxley, and Darwin did scant justice to it until the 1868 edition of *The Origin of Species*, when he admitted that it had done excellent service "in removing prejudice and preparing the ground for the reception of analagous views."

But Dr. Robert Chambers had his lighter as well as his scientific side, and has revealed that during a visit to Fingask he took part in festive proceedings which the anti-*Vestiges of Creation* party in Scotland would have pronounced highly indecorous and diabolical, and which were anticipatory of Jazz and Charleston. The house-party included the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice Scott, Lord Charles Kerr, Captain Ridley, and Sir John and Lady Richardson. "We carry on very merrily," wrote Dr. Chambers to his wife. "Last night there was 'High Jinks' of the most extreme character. What would you think of a whole night of singing, dancing, and capering in all sorts of dresses, ending at about one in the morning, with three or four of them, including Lord M., roaring out the chorus of 'It's no use knocking at the door' at the top of their voices, with the gesticulations of mountebanks. I thought the young Englishman, Ridley, would have expired with laughing."

THE NEW MOON

The New Moon, or Crichton Royal Institution Literary Register still continues to make its

periodical appearance. It was founded in 1844 to give interesting occupation to the least distraught of the patients in that mental hospital. Edited and printed by them, it contained articles in prose and verse contributed by them—anonymous of course—and records of the amusements, games, and sports in which they took part.

Its very appropriate argument on its title-page consisted of the lines by Pope :

'Tis with our judgments as our watches : none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Cynthia borrow light,
Those born to judge as well as those to write.

Of lunacy or aberration of judgment, there is little or nothing to be found in the pages of the *New Moon*, only just occasionally a vein of morbid melancholy or traces of mysticism and visionary experiences reminiscent of Blake. So successful as a kind of moral treatment was the *New Moon*, that it was followed in 1845 by the *Morningside Mirror*, a leaflet published by the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, and still later by one at Murray's Royal Asylum, Perth, with the aspiring title of *Excelsior*. The older issues of these asylum magazines are of considerable interest, for they contained amongst the dross some valuable nuggets, articles and poems contributed by men of distinction, who while suffering from mental trouble or distress were temporarily secluded from the world and thus beguiled the time.

The late Duchess of Somerset (*née* Sheridan) bought some goods at a large linen-draper's store, and, finding that there had been some mistake, went back to have it rectified. "Yes, madam," the manager said, "but we must first find out who served you. Was it a gentleman with long whiskers?" "No," the duchess replied, "it was a nobleman with a bald head."

FOR THE ALBUM OF A PRETTY GIRL

She's as simple as daffadowndilly,
But she turns boys and grey-beards both silly,
And a charm dwells this frisky young lamb in
That like music of Piper of Hamelin
Draws on in a transport delicious
The lot of us merely to dish us.

Thompson of Trinity said of Jebb that such time as he could spare from the adornment of his person he devoted to the neglect of his duties.

HORRIBILIS

The last public execution of a woman in Scotland was in Dumfries in 1860, when Mary Timney, a half-witted Irishwoman, was hanged for the murder, actuated by jealousy and ill will, of a neighbour in the lonely glen in Galloway in which they both dwelt. After the woman's condemnation

a petition for a reprieve was prepared, and Mrs. McCulloch, the grandmother of Norman McKinnel, like a second Jeanie Deans, made a journey to Northumberland and obtained what was an unprecedented privilege in such a matter : a personal interview with Sir George Grey, the then Home Secretary, who was sojourning there. She presented the petition and pleaded for mercy, but without success. I suppose Lord Deas, who had tried the case, a rather stern, hard judge, had advised that the law should take its course, otherwise Sir George Grey must have yielded to Mrs. McCulloch's earnest and moving advocacy. I was a medical student at the time, home for a holiday, and, the day before the execution, met on the street the provost, Mr. James Gordon, who, thinking that I might be medically interested, told me that if I would be at his house the following morning at 7 o'clock he would take me with him into the prison. Eager for experience, even of the Chamber of Horrors type, I accepted his invitation, spent a sleepless night, and got up and dressed at 6.30 a.m., only to find that my bedroom door was locked on the outside. My sister, having got some inkling of my intention, had taken this means of preventing me from keeping my engagement, so there was nothing for it but to go back to bed, and I have been thankful ever since that I was spared what must have left an ugly scar on my memory. Of course a huge crowd assembled from town and countryside to profit by the great moral lesson provided for them at considerable cost, and the wretched woman's husband brought her young children to witness the spectacle of their mother's

taking off. Even at the risk of offending the Suffragists, with their claims for equal rights, I would say, "Let us have no more executions of women!" that is mere sentiment it may be said but sentiment is often a more powerful and righteous motive in human affairs than hard headedness.

The epitaph proposed for Sir John Vanbrugh, the eminent architect, was :

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This is an inversion of an epitaph by Martial on a young slave-girl, which has been thus translated :

Soft be the turf that shrouds her head,
For soft and delicate was she.
Lie lightly on her, earth, her tread
Was ever very light on thee.

December 11, 1876.—The brain cells are the tabernacle in which the Holy of holies is enshrined. Some regard the nucleus as the essential part, but such refinement is needless, for within the nucleus there are nucleoli composed of mollicules and atoms and electrons *ad infinitum*, and for practical purposes we must stick to the cell and regard that as the ultimate element from a biological point of view, always remembering that cell calleth unto cell, and that, as Wundt has it, "Every thought that a man thinks tingles to his finger tips."

DT

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

At the Warwick County Asylum in 1865 I examined an old pensioner whose back and shoulders were seamed with cicatrices, scars, pits, and white spots, the records of a flogging of three hundred lashes which he had received fifty years before when a young soldier, for some military offence. In the beginning of last century, fifteen hundred lashes were frequently ordered by general court martial for what we should now regard as not very heinous misdeeds. One soldier was sentenced to fifteen hundred lashes, but the sentence was reduced to a thousand, on the ground that that was the maximum which could be inflicted without endangering life. In 1812 a General Order limited the number of lashes which could be inflicted by a regimental court martial to three hundred. And these horrible atrocities were defended by just the same sort of arguments that are advanced to-day in defence of corporal punishment by our pragmatistical schoolmasters, and crusty old magistrates. There is still, unhappily, in many of us a vein of cruelty—a vestige of our savage ancestors—or a faith in the soul-saving efficacy of pain—an ecclesiastic relic—but nevertheless that fine old English institution, corporal punishment, will go by the board one of these days, greatly to the advantage of sound education and to the rehabilitation the schoolmaster also, who, as long as he struts as Carlyle represents him, “birch rod on thigh,” must, however remotely, share in the odium which has always attached to the public executioner.

MEMORY SPASMS

I was consulted by a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, who feared that he was on the verge of a serious brain disease. "I have led a very active life," he said, "but retired from business some years ago, and since then I seem to have lost control of my thoughts. I am all right and quite myself for the most part, but sometimes when I am alone there suddenly starts up in my memory, without warning or rational approach, some old, forgotten incident, the remembrance of which causes me acute distress. It is not any serious error or infraction of the Decalogue that thus pops up, but some *bêtise* or *gaucherie* or silly plunder of which I have been guilty in the past, and so poignant is the recollection that I am occasionally compelled to utter some involuntary exclamation, such as 'How could I?' 'Good heavens!' 'What a fool I am!' and, although I have never been a profane swearer, I sometimes say 'Damn.' It is particularly in the morning, when I am shaving and dressing, that these unpleasant reminiscences recur, and when they cause me to shout out, as they do now and then, my wife rushes into my dressing-room, demanding, 'What on earth is the matter?' to which I always reply, 'Oh! nothing. I was only thinking aloud,' and that elicits from her the rejoinder, 'Well, don't do it again. Keep your thoughts to yourself. It's very alarming. I thought you had a fit.' " After the usual examination, I was able to assure my patient that there was really nothing the matter with him, and that experiences like his, in various guises,

were not uncommon. When he was able to apply himself to some new interests these memory spasms, somewhat akin to a twinge of muscular cramp, abated.

BRAINLESSNESS

Sir Frederick Treves, that skilful surgeon so helpful to King Edward, told me that many years ago he had to operate on a young officer who had been kicked by his horse in the hunting-field. There was a depressed fracture of the skull, and he had to remove some bone, and, finding the brain beneath it considerably pulped, had to remove some teaspoonfuls of that also. Many years elapsed when, at a party, a gentleman came up to him and said, "I am afraid you don't recognise me." "Oh, yes, I do," Sir Frederick replied. "You are the gentleman on whom I operated after a hunting-accident long ago, but, to tell you the truth, such was the quantity of your brain I had to remove that I was almost afraid to meet you." "Oh, don't bother about that," replied his former patient. "I am the head of the Intelligence Department."

CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES

A young wife, wishing to give a pleasant surprise to her husband, a Trinity man, at breakfast on the morning of the Boat Race, went to the poulterer in quest of Cambridge sausages. "Have you any real Cambridge sausages?" she asked.

“ I am told they are the best.” “ Oh, yes, madam,” the poulterer replied ; “ here they are,” upon which the young wife gave a little start of surprise. “ Are these real Cambridge sausages ? ” she inquired. “ I thought they would be light blue.”

A candid Scotchman, congratulating a friend on his recent marriage, said, “ I wish ye weel ; and he maun excuse me for saying it, but how could ye bring yerself to marry such an awfu’ ugly woman ? ” “ Oh,” the husband replied, “ she is like the king’s daughter of the Psalmist, ‘ all glorious within.’ ” “ Then, in that case,” rejoined the candid man, “ if I was you I’d flipe her.”

JAMES SYME

James Syme was a great surgeon—great in discernment, great in execution—his judgments were quick and unerring, his operations what was called brilliant in those days—that is to say, intrepid, rapid, and precise. He is best remembered now as the father-in-law of Lord Lister, but the men who were the pupils of both of them will give Syme the palm for operative skill. He lives very vividly in the memory of the Edinburgh men of his period, in his ponderous yellow chariot on C springs, in the little consulting-room in which he adjudicated on the cases brought before him, and, above all, in the operating-theatre where, in a swallow-tailed coat and checked neck-cloth, he discoursed in a laconic but incisive way on the

measures he adopted. He was prim and reserved in manner and free from artifice of any kind, but he somehow inspired absolute confidence, and the large theatre of the Royal Infirmary was always packed to the ceiling when he lectured or operated. It was said of him that he never wasted a word or a drop of blood, and what is, I suppose, a unique fact was that his book on *The Principles of Surgery* became thinner and thinner, and terser and terser in each succeeding edition. In obscure cases, his maxim was "Wait and watch," and he thus anticipated Mr. Asquith's political dictum "Wait and See," and indeed bettered it, for watching is a more active and instructive process than mere seeing. He had, of course, his foibles. He could be testy, and he had strong personal prejudices, and one of these was against his colleague Professor (afterwards Sir) James Simpson. This led him actually to discredit chloroform for a time after its use as an anæsthetic was discovered by Simpson, and to treat with contempt Simpson's suggestion that, for arresting hæmorrhage from blood vessels, compression by needles might be substituted for the silk ligatures then in use, which were undoubted sources of septic danger. He read to his class Simpson's pamphlet on this method—*Acupressure* it was called—and then tore it up and threw it on the floor amidst tremendous applause ; the only dramatic act I suppose in which he ever indulged. When this little escapade was reported to Simpson he smiled and said, "Torn arteries don't bleed."

Syme tried London for a little as Professor of Surgery in University College, but he didn't like

it, and returned to Edinburgh, where he reigned supreme till the end of his days.

COULEUR DE ROSE

“Red, very red—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit,” was Mr. Caxton’s exclamation when introduced by Mrs. Primmins, the monthly nurse, to his first born in its cradle.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
The new-born babe salutes the morn,
But soon in teething’s fretful throes,
It wishes it had ne’er been born
Couleur de rose.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
Is girlhood’s cheek of soft vermeil,
But after forty years it shows
The sallow tint of Maréchal Niel
Couleur de rose.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
Are first love’s kisses fast and fond,
But faithful hearts in years disclose
Affections bright in hues beyond
Couleur de rose.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
The mines in which we risked our all ;
The gold pinched out, and in our woes,
We language used which you might call
Couleur de rose.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
The wine we quaffed when we were young,
Till gout its ban did interpose :
Whisky and Vichy can't be sung
Couleur de rose.

Couleur de rose, couleur de rose,
The joyous hours of sunny June,
But e'en amidst December's snows,
Gleam hearths with glowing embers strewn
Couleur de rose.

LONG LIFE

Life is to be estimated, not by its duration, but by its quality, interest, and outlook. Cardinal Newman wrote : " I believe that, although I had all the means of happiness which this life can give, yet in time I should tire of living, finding everything trite and dull and unprofitable. I believe that were it my lot to lead the long antediluvian life, and to live it without ' Thee,' I should be utterly, inconceivably wretched at the end of it. I think I should be tempted to destroy myself for very weariness and disgust. I think I should at last lose my reason and go mad if my life were prolonged long enough." No doubt it is often the prospect of a better life that makes life endurable, but apart from that there are conditions which may make even a long life on this planet enjoyable to the end. Cardinal Newman was probably somewhat restricted in his friendships, and unhappily he was

not a family man. Had he had a score of grandchildren, and three score and ten great grandchildren, all fighting their way in the world and occasionally applying to him for help ; had he had some unfinished task, however trivial on hand, some controversy still spluttering along—he would have become reconciled to extreme old age. A man should always be “ up and doing, with a heart for any fate.” Even the comfortable arm-chair by the warm fireside and the daily newspaper become wearisome in time. The scientist who, in the pride of his mechanical achievements, talks of “ cheating death altogether ” only betrays his ignorance of fundamental biological conditions.

It is not the extremely old who are querulous. They are often of a cheerful and benevolent disposition. Chambers in his life of Burns, tells us that, when considerably over ninety-six Miss Kennedy ,the sister of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, had the misfortune to fall and break her arm. Her nephew, a medical man, immediately went to her in great solicitude, thinking that such an accident at such an age must be very discomfitting. The good lady was, on the contrary, quite placid and happy. “ Isn’t it a great mercy,” she said, “ that it is not my leg, for in that case I might have been lame for life ! ”

Old age ought to be the harvest of life ; it is the mellowest season. “ Tears, idle tears ” may “ rise in the heart and gather to the eyes in thinking of the days that are no more,” but “ the happy autumn fields ” should still be there. Dotage is the

penalty of an inherited blemish or of a misspent life.

Long years ago I found in the album of a country inn—it was “The Three Tuns,” Durham—the following verses, which I thought it worth while to transcribe :

’Twas in this coffee-room they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat.
I lay upon the sofa flat ;
They kissed ; I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her face up every time.
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,
And they thought no one knew it.

A clergyman in the United States told how once, at a baptism, when asking the mother of the baby to name it, he was shocked to hear her answer “Lucifer.” “As a Christian minister,” he said, “I could not burden any human being with the cognomen of the enemy of mankind, so I took it upon me to ignore the mother’s nomination and christened the infant George Washington, but I was somewhat embarrassed when, after the service, the mother came to me in the vestry with tears in her eyes, and said, with an obvious lisp in her voice, “It’s a girl, sir.” The name intended was Lucy, and she had in her politeness conveyed it to me as “Lucy, sir.”

Jock Brodie—a noted character in old Dumfries, guilty of poaching and other irregularities, who

prepared for himself a burial-place in St. Michael's churchyard with a head-stone bearing the coat of arms of the Brodie family—used to go out shooting with the Rev. Charles Babbington to carry the bag. On one occasion he went to perform the same duty for Mr. Gordon of Nunbank, who had a shooting at Kirkmichael. The dog committed some fault, and Mr. Gordon said “Bad dog ! Bad dog !”—on which Jock intervened with, “Sweer at him, sir ! Sweer at him. The Rev. Mr Babbington aye sweers. Ye'll never dae ony good if ye dinna sweer !”

When interrogating a patient about his family history he spoke of his “mother once removed.” “Your mother once removed,” I said. “How is that ?” “Oh, you see, she was my mother, but she has married again.”

A LUNATIC STRIKE

My friend, Professor Carmichael McIntosh, when Medical Superintendent of the Perthshire District Asylum at Murthly, before he became Professor at St. Andrews, believing in the beneficial effects of occupation in mental disease, kept as many as possible of the male patients at work in the garden and on the farm.

One day one of the least demented of the men thus employed waited on Professor McIntosh in his office and said : “I've come to tell ye, doctor, that this winna dae ; ye've got a lot o' men employed here, and ye're payin' them nae wages—naething

but their keep. Noo, this winna dae, so I'm gow'n to hae a strike amang them, and I gie ye warnin'."

Knowing his man, Professor McIntosh said : " Weel, Donald, there's something in what you say, and I'll think it over, but in the meantime here's half a crown on account."

Gratified by the unaccustomed sight of current coin and the prospect of a supply of tobacco, Donald replied : " Weel then, doctor, that's aw richt. I'll jist keep this half-croon for mysel' and we'll say nae mair about it."

There was no strike.

Colonel Moncrieff told me that one of the newly elected M.P.s for London took his wife into dinner the other evening and said to her, " You must excuse me if I seem to receive with levity any serious remark you may make. The fact is that I have not yet been able to get rid of my election smile."

A teacher's epitaph on the Right Hon. Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbroke), introducer of payment by results :

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe ;
Where he's gone to I don't know ;
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above ;
If haply to some lower level,
I can't congratulate the devil.

Two duellists exchanged shots without effect.
" Hadn't they better shake hands now ? " asked

one of the seconds. "No need of that," replied the other. "Their hands have been shaking for the last half-hour."

TEA-BIBBING

The most confirmed tea-bibber I have encountered was the late Sir William Jenner. I recollect calling on him one forenoon about 11.30, and there was brought into his consulting-room a cup of tea and some bread and butter. "You mustn't think," he said, "that this is a late breakfast. I had a cup of tea before getting up and another at breakfast. I have this now, and I shall have another cup in the afternoon and another in the evening." The tea certainly didn't dim his intellect, for he was the most clear-headed of physicians, nor shorten his days, for he lived to eighty-three. I have always regretted that I didn't ask what particular brand or blend of tea he patronised. Sir William's tea was no doubt a delicate infusion, not the strong, harsh tannin decoction standing on the hob which old women used to indulge in when tea was very dear.

If you profess some knowledge of Burns to an out-and-out Burnsite, you are sure to be asked "What is the meaning of 'a daimen icker in a thrave'?" It means an odd ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves, but it is a catch question, and the words are archaic Scotch and are not to be found in the glossaries attached to some of the modern editions of Burns.

THE CLANSMAN

Many years ago, in a certain provincial town, on a certain occasion, I had to entertain at dinner a group of the local authorities, and I included in my invitations the editors of the local newspapers. From one of the editors I received a note saying that he would like very much to accept my invitation, but had some hesitation in doing so as he did not possess a suit of evening clothes. In reply, commiserating the straitened circumstances of the journalistic craft, I begged him never to mind about the evening clothes, and to gratify me by his presence at the dinner. He did so, and walked in at the appointed hour, resplendent in full Highland costume, kilt, plaid, brooch, sporran, and skian-dhu, shining with silver and cairngorms. He was certainly the best and most expensively dressed man in the room.

SIR ROBERT LUSH

1881.—Mr. Justice Lush, afterwards the Right Honourable Lord Justice Lush, was one of the blindest and most philanthropic of men, and I never could understand his penchant for flogging garrotters, unless it arose from his special timidity as to the perils of the streets and highways. He did not use his carriage, but generally made his way to the Law Courts by underground or omnibus. I dined with him several times at 60 Avenue Road during the progress of the Tichborne case at Bar, in which he was one of the presiding judges, but, with all his affability, he was

rigidly reticent as regarded judicial affairs, and sternly suppressed any reference to the case, which was rather hard, as it was the subject of conversation at every dinner-table at the time, and Coleridges' "Would you be surprised to hear?" was on every tongue.

Lady Lush sold her diamonds to keep going a mission in the neighbourhood of the Euston Road, in which she was interested, in some slums which have since been abolished by the Magdalen College Settlement, and she displayed one of those little bits of hidden heroisms which one comes across in the course of medical practice oftener than most folks would suppose, and that reconcile one to humanity. She discovered a little growth in her breast, and, without saying anything to anyone, she went to consult the most eminent surgeon of the day, Sir James Paget, insisting on knowing the whole truth. He confirmed her worst fears, telling her that the growth was malignant and that an immediate operation held out the only hope. But the marriage of one of her sons had been fixed for a month ahead, and all the festive preparations were in progress, and she resolved that she would cast no shadow on the happy event, and so resolutely kept her secret to herself and showed no sign of anxiety until the wedding was over. Of course, that was all wrong, for in malignant disease operations cannot come too promptly, but she believed her doom was sealed, and so it was, for she speedily succumbed to her malady.

Mr. Johnstone, a farmer in a certain parish in Galloway, was elected an elder to represent the

Presbytery at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh. Meeting him soon after his election, the laird congratulated him, and said, "You will have to take Mrs. Johnstone into Edinburgh with you." "Na, na," replied Mr. Johnstone, "that wad double the expense and halve the pleasure. Na, na, I'll gang by mysel'."

The Bishop of Winchester [Wilberforce] happened to be visiting a parish in his diocese on the 1st of January, when the Rector said to him, "I wish you would allow me to present to you an old woman of my congregation who is such a good churchwoman, and knows every festival and fast and saint's day in the calender; she would be highly gratified." "By all means," said the Bishop. So the old woman was brought up and duly presented, upon which she made her curtesy and said, "A happy circumcision to your lordship." "What?" exclaimed the Bishop. "What?" when the old woman repeated her curtesy and her salutation, "Yes! a happy circumcision to your lordship, and many of them!"

HEREDITY AT FAULT

1880.—Two brothers met at the grave of an uncle, the third in succession who, in the prime of life, had died of a terrible mental disease; and, being men of high principles, they bound themselves there by a solemn compact that they would never marry, and so pass on what they regarded as the family taint; but modern research has made it absolutely certain that the disease of which the

three uncles died was in no degree hereditary, but due entirely to a personal experience, so that the self-denying ordinance of the nephews was entirely superfluous.

Hooliganism is a state of mental rickets, due to defective moral nutriment and sunshine in early years.

When the brain has been got into full swing, it cannot be brought to a standstill all at once, but must go on swinging round and round in ever-lessening circles till it reaches the sleeping-point, and then very often it is time to get up.

BLUSHING

April 20, 1882.—Charles Darwin has passed away, and with him I have lost a friend, illustrious and kind. Recalling my delightful intercourse with him, I pick out of a sheaf of letters one showing, as indeed they all do, the scrupulous care with which his inquiries were conducted, his marvellous suggestiveness, and his generous acknowledgment of any help given to him. It was written when I was making some observations for him on blushing, a subject which he has treated in an interesting and exhaustive way in his book on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*.

“ Down Beckenham,

“ Kent, S.E.,

“ *April 18, 1871.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Your MS. is invaluable. I will correct my little discussion and give some
ET

of your evidence on the connection between the circulation of brain and skin. I have quite overlooked any statement to this effect, no doubt not seeing that it concerned me, although I have read a good deal about the vaso-motor system. I daresay the relation between intense blushing and mental disturbance appears to you obvious but I believe I have read everything published on the subject of blushing, yet have met with no allusion to this point.

“Many thanks for the remarks on your sister-in-law. As she speaks about blushing when by herself, should you object to ask whether she has ever felt a blush when by herself in the dark. I have long thought that Shakespeare was in error (though this is high treason) when he makes Juliet say to Romeo : ‘Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face, else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.’ Will you ask her whether she agrees to the following statements : that no one blushes for a fault committed when quite alone, and if not afterwards discovered or suspected by anyone. Thus, I believe that if a truthful man had been led to tell an undetected falsehood, he would bitterly repent of it, but would not blush. I can, however, well imagine that if the thought suddenly occurred to him ‘Had this or that happened I should have been detected,’ then he would probably have blushed, though at the time in solitude. When a person blushes at the thought of a past fault, is it not always at one committed in the presence of others, or afterwards known or suspected by others ? Little breaches of

etiquette, which perhaps cause more intense blushing than graver faults, imply the presence of others. Perhaps your sister-in-law will not object to give you her opinion on these points in confirmation or opposition to your own.

“ Please to glance over the enclosed MS. and return it, as I may wish to consult it. The single pencil line down the MS. is my own mark that I have used it once. My query refers to your first case at the bottom of page one. At first I thought that the unfastening the chemise and examining the chest actually caused the chest to blush ; but on reflection I presume it is more probably that the previous blushing was thus rendered more intense and consequently spread farther down the body. Can you enlighten me on this point ? You offer to send me fragmentary notes on blushing : if you can get anyone to copy them I shall be truly glad to read them, as all your remarks have been most useful to me.

“ My chapter on blushing, however, is already rather too long, so I should read your observations more for the sake of correction than of addition. When I think of all the trouble that I have caused you, my sole excuse is that I hope I may thus give to the public scraps of your knowledge : anything which I may publish from you would not, however, interfere with any more elaborate paper by yourself should your health and leisure hereafter permit you to publish.

“ You most kindly offer to look over my MS. or proof sheets on blushing. This would be an

enormous advantage to me, but my MS. will not, I believe, be ready for rather a long time, as I intend to refresh myself with some botanical work this summer.

“Many thanks for the dreadful photos of the imbeciles and for your very curious paper on psychical intoxication, which I have been particularly glad to read.

“Yours very sincerely obliged,

“CH. DARWIN.”

Blushing is generally a public performance, but I succeeded in satisfying Darwin that it may occur in solitude and in the dark, when an intensely self-conscious being recalls some *outré* word or action, or breach of etiquette, which is, as he says, most of all provocative of blushing. I am not quite sure that Shakespeare was in error, as Darwin suggests, in the case of Juliet. She does not expressly say that “the maiden blush” did not “bepaint her cheek,” and her words may mean only that “the mask of night” concealed it from Romeo’s view. The sudden discovery that Romeo had overheard her impassioned avowal of her love for him was, as Shakespeare knew, calculated above all things to mantle her cheek with the crimson of modesty and shame, and, although in the dark, she was not alone when the discovery was made.

I procured, from several highly susceptible subjects, answers to Darwin’s questions, and they were agreed that secret blushing is never induced by the remembrance of any secret fault, but only

in connection with some *faux pas* that had been witnessed by others or had become known to them. The emotions that give rise to blushing—shyness, shame, bashfulness, love of approbation, or sexual excitation—are social and not egotistic.

I explained to Darwin that the case which I described to him, and to which he refers—a case by no means unique, in which in a woman, under medical examination, blushing, at first confined to the face and ears, immediately spread over the neck and breast when the chest was exposed—was illustrative of the rapid extension, under increased emotional perturbation, of the vaso-motor paralysis in which blushing really consists. That essentially human prerogative is not under voluntary control. Blushing can neither be induced nor checked by any effort of the will, but occurs when the inhibitory action of the sympathetic nerves over the blood-vessels of certain cutaneous areas, specially responsive to emotional changes, is temporarily suspended by some conscious agitation. Its distribution and diffusion depend on the intensity of the central discharge, and on personal idiosyncrasies.

Sir Walter Scott, who missed nothing, noticed how widely the amative blush may spread. When describing in *The Pirate* the embarrassment of Brenda Troil on the entrance of Mordaunt Mertoun, he says, "The emotions of Brenda bore, externally at least, a deeper and more agitating character. Her blush extended over every part of her beautiful skin which her dress permitted to be visible, including her slender neck and the upper region of her finely formed bosom."

A lady friend of mine lives in a house in a suburb of a provincial town, overlooking the little modest retired cottage in which another worthy friend of mine, still in the prime of life, died some time ago. On the night of his death, she told me, she had gone to bed, and at eleven o'clock was awakened by strange wailing cries. She rose and threw up her window, and saw in the moonlight in the little front garden of the cottage the three youngest children of P., from eight to twelve years of age, wringing their hands, rocking their bodies, and crying piteously. As she afterwards ascertained, their father had just passed away, and they had run out of the cottage, in which the older members of the family were assembled, to give vent to their childish grief in the chilly moonlight beneath the stars, on the little green plot and amongst the shrubs where they had spent so many happy hours with him. Alas ! poor children, yet happy in being capable of poignant grief.

July 8, 1883.—John Hunter died suddenly from *angina pectoris* at St. George's Hospital, the attack having been brought on by strong but suppressed feeling on a point in which he was deeply interested. He used to say that, like other sufferers from *angina pectoris*, his life was in the hands of any person who chose to agitate his feelings. There was no nitrite of amyl in these days. John Hunter's house and museum at Earl's Court were ultimately converted into a lunatic asylum.

When Chile and Peru were disputing over the possession of Farra Pica, a really desert region, a

diplomatist described their controversy as a wrangle of two bald heads over a tortoiseshell comb.

The brain tissue may be compared to "a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

THE SCOTTISH PEASANT

Walking in the street the other day, I was accosted by a working man, neatly dressed in a shabby grey suit, with a soft hat and a slouching brim; sunburnt, with clear blue eyes and a pleasant smile. "Sir James," he said, "excuse me for stopping you, but you said in a speech some time ago that the album published by the Mechanics Institute here, at its bazaar sixty-six years ago, is worth its weight in gold. Well, I have got one of those albums, but I don't mean to sell it." "Yes," I replied, "there was a very small issue of the album, and it contained original articles by Carlyle, Francis Bermoch, Thomas Aird, Mercer, Adam, and other literary Scotsmen of the period, and is therefore valuable." "Aye! aye!" rejoined my interviewer, "I admire Carlyle. I have just been reading the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. She was a tartar. I am only a labouring man working in the nurseries here at 28s. a week, but as I dig with my spade the stubborn earth I have Bobbie Burns at my elbow, for I keep repeating his songs to mysel'. It's rather a hard lot at my time of life. I am fifty-five, but I console mysel' by remembering what Pope said: 'The proper study

of mankind is man,' and so I go on studying man." I congratulated my friend on his stoical philosophy, and we shook hands and parted.

Snowdrops ! white drooping modest flowerets that come through the stubborn ground and the chill air to reveal the invincibility of life. Then follow the perky crocuses in blazonry of purple and gold, trumpeting the spring !

Sorrow is often revealing ! We do not discover the full fragrance of the grass until the scythe has been amongst it.

Darwin never faltered in his teleology. The year before his death he wrote, " If we consider the whole universe, the mind refuses to look at it as the outcome of chance—that is, without design or purpose."

Man must take refuge in the incomprehensible. He to whom the whole universe is as plain as a pikestaff is wretched indeed.

THE FEEDING OF HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

1884.—In connection with the over-pressure question I have been inquiring into the hygiene of high schools for girls, and have come to the

conclusion that it should be strongly impressed on the parents of these girls that it is their duty to see that their daughters make a good breakfast before going to school, and are strictly limited as to home-work when they come back from school. Many high school girls trifle with breakfast. The seductive charms of slumber or the exigencies of the toilet make them a little late, and so the morning meal is hurried over—I will not say bolted in the case of young ladies—and there is a scamper to school before the stomach has had time to realise the situation. And even where there is no want of time, breakfast is sometimes neglected. Nervous, ambitious, competitive girls who have carried preparation far into evening hours, with consequent broken sleep, rise without appetite, swallow a cup of tea, the neurotic properties of which they have already discovered, but regard with aversion rolls and bacon and even eggs, and so enter on their day's work with insufficient brain-provender. Now, this is all wrong, retards educational progress, and tends to debility and neurasthenia, one of the gravest ailments of our time. There is an old adage, "No song, no supper." I would make it obligatory, "No breakfast, no schooling." An ill-nourished brain is not one from which good work can be expected, and, as regards brain work, breakfast is the most important meal of the day. There is a Scotch saying that a man who makes a good breakfast needs no certificate to moral character, and I would say that a girl who makes a bad breakfast needs medical supervision. A good, nutritious breakfast is the best foundation for a good day's work in a growing girl, and it is

not on patriotic partiality as a Scotchman, but on dietetic grounds, that I would recommend porridge and milk as a regular constituent of the morning meal. That helps to build up alike bone, brain, and muscle. But, valuable as I believe oatmeal porridge to be, I would not insist on it as necessary to educational salvation. There is no indispensable brain food. What is wanted, after all, is a good mixed diet of digestible food, and parents should not be carried away by those food fads that are so rampant amongst us.

LORD HOUGHTON

1884.—Lord Houghton dined with me last evening, and I had to meet him Du Maurier, Romanes, Woolner, Donkin, De Watteville, Sydney Hodges, Burney Yeo, Ray Lankester, and Cutler. He was in excellent form, and charmed us by his literary reminiscences. We all drank his health, private party though it was, and he made a little speech, and with tears in his eyes said : “ Let me conjure you men of science never to neglect the divine gift of imagination, the solace of life, the giver of insight, the harmoniser of discords.”

1886.—Adieu ! dear Yorkshire friend, we
think not now
Of coronet or laurel on thy brow ;
The kindest, faithfullest of friends
were thou.

ALLINGHAM.

WHISTLER

1884.—I met Whistler at dinner at Savile Clarke's. We were a small party of eight men and women. He walked into the drawing-room carrying in his left hand a slim white wand, at least seven feet long, such as we associate with a stage usher or fairy queen. He kept this rod in his hand while we remained in the drawing-room, carried it into the dining-room and leant it on the wall, behind his chair. There was no explanation of the phenomenon, nor was he particularly brilliant in conversation.

Darwin told me that he could only carry on his work in complete tranquillity. After a visit to London of a single day, it took him two days after his return to Down to settle down to his task again.

A sense of freedom conduces to mental tonicity. Duress is always accompanied by lowered vital activity.

Lord Ragleigh, our most profound physicist, tells me that he has always been a deep and prolonged sleeper, and to this he largely attributes the good health and working capacity he has enjoyed. He has, as a rule, had ten hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

EARLY TEMPERANCE

A Provost of a Scottish country town was persuaded to take the chair at a temperance meeting,

and, when the proceedings were over, he rose and said : “ Ladies and gentlemen, I must candidly confess to you that I am not a teetotaller. I take a little whisky and water every night, but, after what I have heard this evening, I may say that if I had to start life again I would begin on milk.”

ALICE LINGARD

1884.—Alice Lingard, that very beautiful and accomplished actress and charming woman, who has taken London by storm in Comyn Carr’s play, *Called Back*—a dramatised version of Hugh Conway’s novel of that name—at the Princes Theatre, carefully prepared herself for the part. I introduced her to Dr. (afterwards Sir) George Savage, of Bethlem Hospital, and he kindly allowed her to spend a couple of afternoons sitting in one of the wards there doing some fancy-work and quietly watching the traits of the lady patients around her. She picked up perfectly the weird expression of confusional insanity, and made good use of it on the stage.

July 19, 1885.—I wrote to congratulate Millais on his baronetcy, and have received the following note in reply :

“ DEAR CRICHTON-BROWNE,—Thank you for the kind things you say. I have had so much butter to-day that I am thinking of making a slide on the studio floor.

“ Yours, J. E. M.”

Memory is aided by thinking in threes, and alliteration has its uses, and therefore it was that I suggested that tuberculosis should always be considered in connection with the seed, the soil, and the surroundings.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH

1886.—Among the outstanding memories of my life are those associated with my friendship with Principal Tulloch—proud memories, for it was an honour to know that real Scottish nobleman ; sad memories too, for it was tragic to stand by and witness the decline of his lofty intellect. I was carried away by his eloquence when I heard him speak in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ; I was captivated by his condescension when, as a mere youth, I met him at dinner in Edinburgh ; and I was confirmed in my profound admiration of him at subsequent meetings in London, especially at the time when he assumed the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1879. I recall one particularly pleasant evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club at a dinner given by Dr. Lockhart Robertson. I suppose he must have seen something in me that favourably impressed him, for when overwhelmed by mental trouble in 1881 he sought me out and asked my advice.

That was not Principal Tulloch's first attack of the "blackness of darkness," as he called the melancholy from which he suffered. In 1862, when thirty-nine years of age, in the full prime of his

manhood, with his intellectual faculties at their best, and sheltered in a happy home, he developed intense irritability and impatience and fits of depression and self-humiliation, which were greatly aggravated—he was hypersensitive to criticism, like Keats and Rossetti—by some slashing attacks on his writings which appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant*. For twelve months he was sunk in the deepest misery, unrelieved by change of scene and cheerful companionship, showing to his friends a rueful countenance, and transmogrifying trifles into portents, and harmless errors into heinous wrongs. He attributed his recovery to large doses of opium prescribed by Professor (afterwards Sir James) Simpson, but anyhow, he did recover, and for six years remained practically well, with only occasional twinges of mental pain. In 1869, however, he had another distinct attack of melancholy, again lasting a year, but followed by a decade of comfort and active work. It was in June 1881 that, under stress of absorbing self-consciousness and suffering, he came to London to consult me and Dr. (afterwards Sir) Andrew Clark. His condition at this time has been fully described by Mrs. Oliphant, and was piteous in the extreme, but both Clark and I promised him an early restoration to health. By our advice he went to Torquay and placed himself under the care of Dr. Hamilton Ramsay, a skilled and sympathetic physician, who had been well known to him while holding the office of purse-bearer to the High Commissioner at the General Assembly, and carried out a course of treatment which had successful results. His letters from

Torquay were at first lugubrious enough, but gradually assumed a more cheerful tone, and in October he was able to return to Scotland, apparently as well as ever. In the end of 1885 the shadows once more fell on him, and this time there was associated with them grave bodily disorder. He again came to London, and consulted Sir Andrew Clark and me. We did our best to cheer him, but saw his daughter and felt it our duty to communicate to her our serious forebodings. We found that he was labouring under advanced disease of the kidneys. We again recommended him to join Dr. Hamilton Ramsay at Torquay, because he would find there as warm a climate as this country could afford, and constant and devoted medical supervision. He went there in the beginning of January, gradually lost strength, and passed calmly into the last shadow of all on February 13. I saw him a few days before his death, suffering greatly, but still noble and dignified.

The Queen said, in writing to his widow, she admired "his handsome, kindly face and noble presence, and had listened to his wise words breathing a lofty Christian spirit."

The Renaissance of the Scottish Church owed much to Principal Tulloch's broad-mindedness and enlightened utterances. Marvellous has been the transformation since the crusade against Dr. Robert Lee's "*Innovations in Worship*" in the early sixties of last century. Referring to the debate on these in the General Assembly, Tulloch wrote, "All the speaking was on Lee's side, but it was no matter with a set of Highland nowte who had made up their minds."

Altruism is not confined to mundane affairs ; it stretches beyond the grave. There are two kinds of longing for immortality—the selfish craving for continued personal existence, and the passionate desire for reunion with the loved ones who have gone before, and for enlarged employment in all the tender offices of affection.

Metaphors in popular use no doubt change with the times. In my young days, when the lucifer match was of recent introduction, there were frequent references to “tinder” when testy, irritable persons or inflammable conditions were referred to. Nowadays I never hear the word.

When it was customary at Oxford for the registrar to require a certain return on a slip of blue paper for presentation by the Dean to the Vice-Chancellor, one of the returns asked for : “Father : Description : Present Residence,” was filled up by an ingenuous youth as follows : “Father : Description. About 5 feet 10 inches, dark complexion, cleanshaven. Present Residence Dead.”

In Virginia and the Southern States the negroes are in the habit of placing on the graves of their children not only the toys they had played with, but the remains of the medicines they had taken during their last illness, and this must be sometimes vexatious to the local medical practitioners.

A recent visitor to Cleveland saw a large assortment of playthings on some graves, and in some cases as many as three bottles of medicine, some half full, some recently replenished. Feeding-bottles are also to be seen on the graves of infants.

Mark Pattison said that the best reward of a classical education was a fuller appreciation of Milton's poetry.

There are spiritual beliefs that have in the infinitely more reality than any intellectual convictions.

A lady at a dinner-party in London talked for a long time very volubly to the Japanese Ambassador, Baron Hayashi, and then, pulling herself up, said, "I am afraid you must think that I like to hear the sound of my own voice." To which Baron Hayashi gallantly replied, "Madame, I knew that you were fond of music."

Watson Lyell, the proprietor of the *Perth Constitutional* and the sportsman's *fidus Achates*, suffered from a severe and protracted attack of sciatica, for which physicians in this country proved in vain, so he went off to Aix-les-Bains and placed himself under the guidance of Dr. Brachet and made a rapid recovery. He was profoundly grateful for the relief afforded him : so when Dr. Brachet visited London, arranged a

large dinner-party in his honour at his house in Observatory Avenue, Campden Hill. I was one of the party, and the dinner was at 7.30, but at the appointed hour the guest of the evening did not appear. We waited till 8.30, and then proceeded to dine without him and without any news of him, for these were ante-telephonic days. When we had got through the savoury, Brachet walked in and explained that, leaving his hotel in good time in a hansom cab, he instructed the driver to take him to Observatory Avenue. He thought the journey a long one, but, knowing nothing of London, dare not interfere, and so in due course found himself at the Observatory at Greenwich, where they declined to take him in, but gave directions which ultimately enabled him to reach his proper destination. Brachet was good company, so we added to the end of the dinner what had been subtracted from the beginning.

THE QUEEN

1888.—When leaving Elliot & Fry's photographic studio to-day, I noticed a cabinet photograph of the Queen fastened on an upright pole about four feet from the floor. "Why is that portrait of the Queen fixed there?" I asked. "Oh," the manager replied, "that is for the sitters to look at while they are being photographed. We find that as a rule the face of the average British subject assumes its pleasantest expression when gazing at the features of the Queen."

Nettleship wrote the following on Colenso :

Who filled his soul with carnal pride
And made him say that Moses lied
About the little hare's inside ?
The Devil.

PROVERBS

Egyptian.—God could not be everywhere, so he made mother.

Chinese.—If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily.

A young curate is reported to have said that he liked his work very well, but never could understand the use of the laity.

Less, less of golden store be mine,
So that I may have quiet hours.
In which to train my cottage vine,
And pick the precious wayside flowers.

December 12, 1888.—Du Maurier, when dining with me last Saturday, said that, as *Punch* has a Roman Catholic editor in Burnand, the contributors, if they will not kiss the Pope's toe, must at least be careful not to tread on it.

Mrs. Oliphant said, "The line between trusting God and tempting Providence is a very narrow one."

Heine said, "Louis Blanc had such a passion for equality that he would have cut off the tall men's heads to reduce them to his own level."

Voltaire took Milton to task for using the expression "darkness visible," which was, he averred, only a pardonable liberty. But it now appears that Milton was quite correct, and that darkness is visible, and that photographs can be taken in the dark.

SUPERSENSUOUS INTIMATIONS

1889.—Even a scorner of ghosts may believe that we are sometimes rained on by influences from the supersensuous world. Revisit after long years some once familiar scene, identified with memories of one who has passed into the unseen world, in solitary musing recall the past, and suddenly, filling air and sky, a spiritual presence is revealed which appeals not to eye or ear, but thrills the whole being. No crude manifestation is vouchsafed but you are encompassed by a strange sense of solemnity. Is it one whom you had wronged who is associated with this thought? Then streams of pity and forgiveness rush in upon you and soothe your troubled heart. Is it one purely and unselfishly

loved who was your companion here? Then the old sentiments, refined and clarified, are awakened within you and exalt your nature. Green grass and umbrous river and shadowy trees are transfigured, or stars shine out for a moment with transcendent beauty, and, when you turn again to earth, you are conscious of having touched the hem of the unseen universe.

KEATS

October 30, 1889.—Shelley evidently fully believed that it was the criticism on “Endymion” in the *Quarterly Review* that killed Keats. “Poor Keats,” he says in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, “was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which I am persuaded was not written with any intention of producing the effect, to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering his existence and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery. The first effects are described to me as having resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun. He is coming to pay me a visit in Italy, but I fear that unless his mind can be kept tranquil there is little to be hoped from mere influence of climate.”

But Keats had shown signs of tuberculosis

before the review of "Endymion" appeared, and wounded feelings, even in a hypersensitive poet, will not cause hæmorrhage from a lung that is not already damaged. Shelley took a juster view of the origin of Keats's illness in a letter he wrote to him on July 20, 1820. He then said, "The consumption is a disease particularly fond of persons who write as good verses as you have done, and with the assistance of an English winter it can often indulge its selection."

The *Quarterly Review* article was not, I believe as ferocious as has been commonly believed, and Keats could scarcely have hoped to escape sharp criticism for "Endymion," which so flagrantly set at defiance the literary taste of his time. The really cruel article was in *Blackwood*.

After dining with Sir David Salomon in Grosvenor Street, he took me upstairs to his bedroom to show me an exquisite little marble cupid, with gilt bow and arrow in hand, suspended over his bed, and above it a cross-bar showing the points of the compass. The cupid, he told me, was electrically connected with a vane on the roof of the house. "I always like," he said, "to know how the wind blows before I get out of bed."

At a science examination at a school one question was: "Name the five senses and locate them." One of the answers sent in ran as follows: "The eyes are to the north of the face, the mouth to the south; the ears are east and west, and the nose is equinoctial."

THE PASTEUR ALBUM

In Pasteur's declining days, 1889, when he was practically paralysed but still of undimmed intelligence, Lady Priestly conceived the happy idea of presenting him with some simple token of the esteem and gratitude with which he was regarded in this country. He had received the Copley medal from the Royal Society but no popular recognition of his services to humanity, and so she resolved to prepare an album which should be signed by representative men and women of all classes and presented to him. The album was a wonderful success. It was signed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the former of whom wrote in it : " A ce grand Monsieur Pasteur, le bienfaiteur de la race humaine." And it became cosmopolitan rather than Britannic in character, for among the names attached to it were those of the professors of the leading universities in the United States and Canada, as well as most of those in this country. Large numbers of peers and members of the House of Commons signed it, our most distinguished artists contributed drawings, and it grew into a ponderous tribute and a work of art in two large volumes. But it was not all plain sailing, for some Antivivisectionists who were approached declined to have anything to do with it, their excuses being that they were opposed to Pasteur's practices and therefore presumably in favour of hydrophobia, that they made a point of never signing anything of the kind, and that if their wives heard of it they would give them no peace.

When the album was completed, Lady Priestly

took it to Paris, and, to the intense gratification of the invalid, presented it to him at a little meeting attended by Lord Lytton, our Ambassador in Paris, Lady Betty Balfour, Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Dr. Alan Herbert, Madame de Mussy, and others. He was much amused by a sketch by Frank Lockwood—a caricature of Sir Henry Chaplin in a muzzle, carrying out practically his views in favour of the muzzling order.

THOMAS BEWICK

Bewick is not, I am told, as much in vogue as he used to be, but I still turn with undiminished pleasure to the woodcuts of this Tyneside genius, with their wonderful technical dexterity and artistic perception. He had absorbed the spirit of the natural scenery amongst which he loved to live, and so has given us faithful interpretations of animal life, with backgrounds of luxuriant flowers and foliage. His birds seem to be alive, and flit and flutter before us, and in his tail-pieces are touches of humour and pathos. In a copy of *Æsop's Fables*, 1818, bearing on the title-page Bewick's signature and thumb-print, given to me by my good friend Alexander Macmillan, I find pasted a holograph letter from Bewick to the Lord Bishop of Bristol, in which he says : " I dare not, my lord venture upon undertaking the designs and cuts for '*Shenstone's Schoolmistress*' nor, indeed, any work of that kind at present, it being my intention first, as far as I can, to fill up the figures in my own publications, and what I may be able to undertake

afterwards I know not, but it is my intention to keep going on with something or other as long as I am able to do so, and I shall certainly not lose sight of your lordship's kind recommendation. I have taken the liberty of enclosing for your lordship a few impressions from the *Fables* cuts, to show you how they ought to have been printed."

Bewick was sixty-six when he wrote that, and lived another nine years, but *Shenstone's Schoolmistress* never came. His last book of real importance was the *Fables*.

Saint Simon, the founder of the Socialists, had at an early age a high idea of his mission in the world. When he was fifteen his valet had orders to awake him every morning with these words: "*Levez-vous, M. le Comte; vous avez de grandes choses à faire aujourd'hui.*"

Get into the child's mind betimes the sense of sublimity. Wordsworth said "the meanest flower that blows" could awaken in him "thoughts too deep for tears." "The starry heavens," said Burke, "never fail to create the idea of grandeur, and this cannot be owing to anything in the stars themselves." Kepler, as he spelt out the wonder of the stars, exclaimed, "O God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee!"

Lectures on astronomy to children—mechanical explanations of the celestial machinery—are all

very well, but children should have opportunities of gazing into the sky itself and of drinking in the sense of sublimity which the contemplation of the starry multitude affords. A survey of the star-spangled arch on a dark frosty night awakens sensibilities that might else remain dormant and that are very precious.

HISTORY AND DISEASE

How stupendous has been the part played by disease in the history of the world ! Twists and turns and back-throws have been given to human affairs, and widespread misery and havoc caused, by mad monarchs, mad mobs, and demented statesmen, and the progress of mankind and the struggles of races, have been largely determined by those great epidemic waves that have from time to time swept round the world or devastated vast areas of its surface, or by those deadly maladies that have permanently entrenched themselves in certain regions, or have made themselves everywhere at home. But for a case of cancer there might have been no great war. There can be no doubt that St. Anthony's fire was scarcely less powerful than the preaching of Peter the Hermit in inaugurating the Crusades ; that leprosy cast a paralysing gloom over Europe in the Middle Ages ; that the Black Death kept alive superstition, brought thousands of innocent victims to the stake, and was responsible for the wild, wasteful excesses of the flagellants ; that the dancing mania crippled industry over large tracts of Europe for a century,

and convulsed and enfeebled the minds of multitudes ; that the sweating sickness led to extensive religious revivals, and so to a temporary amendment of morals ; that outbreaks of cholera have given a sharp impulse to sanitary reforms, and perhaps in the long run have saved more lives than they have destroyed ; that typhus and typhoid fever have riddled armies and determined the issue of campaigns ; that tuberculosis has, from the earliest times, blighted evolutions by picking out from civilised races some of their choicest and most promising constituents ; and that malaria and yellow fever have long barred the ways to regions teeming with valuable produce to those best capable of utilising it.

Sympathy is a very variable quantity, ranging from an automatic formula to a poignant emotion. It is only when it is accompanied by the wish and the will to help that it is of the right sort.

Inebriate retreats no doubt do good work, get satisfactory results out of very unpromising material, and are a great if temporary relief to the families of those who have become an alcoholic nuisance and menace, but the administration of some of them has not, in the past, been satisfactory. I had to report on a lady of intemperate habits who had been in one for six months and had been discharged cured. She was, of course, contrite, and overflowing with gratitude for what had been done for her, but her old Irish maid whom I interviewed

said, " Auch ! not a bit of it. She's been drinking all the time." " How do you know that ? " I asked. " For sure by the look of her, and because when she went there she took with her a very fine lot of clothes, and she's brought none of them back with her."

There is no specific remedy for inebriety, let the advertisements say what they may, and late remorse will not cure a hobnail liver.

FILIAL PIETY

Two little children of a friend of mine, a boy and a girl, heard frequent references to a cousin of their father who had become an eminent Academician, and who was at the time receiving 1,000 guineas each for the portraits he painted. Laying their heads together and plucking up courage, they obtained his address and, unknown to their parents, wrote to him saying they were very anxious to have a picture of their father, and so had saved up their pocket-money and enclosed a postal order for £2, and would be glad if he would do it as soon as he could. The Academician was so much touched by their filial piety that he painted for them a magnificent portrait of their father, and returned their pocket-money with something added to it.

SIR JAMES CLARK

1889.—In the forties of last century my grandmother had a beautiful tortoiseshell cat named

Flora. When I came of an age to realise the generality of surnames I asked her if the cat had one, and she replied, with tears in her eyes, "Yes, her name is Flora Hastings. When she was a kitten I named her after a deeply injured woman." Knowing that my grandmother was fond of expatiating on the wrongs of Ann Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette, I concluded that Flora Hastings must have been some historical character who had perished on the block, and did not pursue the subject further. It was not till long years afterwards that I learned something of the story of Flora Hastings as since set forth in the *Greville Memoirs*, and I felt a special interest in it, as Sir James Clark, who was one of the central figures in that tragic incident, was an intimate friend of my father, and afterwards became personally known to me. Gross exaggerations and misrepresentations have gathered round the story, but this much seems clear—that Lady Flora Hastings, while Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent, was suspected of being pregnant. The scandal, which was widely bruited abroad, and of the truth of which there appeared to be some tangible evidence, was brought to the knowledge of the young Queen, who with perfect propriety caused it to be intimated to Lady Flora that she must not appear at Court until she had cleared herself of the imputation brought against her. A medical examination was proposed, and, whether by direction of the Queen or on the invitation of Lady Flora herself is uncertain, it was entrusted to Sir James Clark, who was Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Sir James made a grievous

mistake, but one which others equally eminent have made before him and since. He did not vindicate the character of Lady Flora, who died a few months later. We do not know exactly what took place. To us to-day it seems that the indignant denial of the lady and her family ought to have been sufficient, but a medical examination—whether by Sir James Clark alone, or in association with others is not recorded—did take place, and an erroneous opinion was arrived at.

Sir James's error was not without excuse. He had been for ten years in the Navy, where questions such as that submitted to him do not arise, and diseases of women are not encountered. Gynecology as a special branch of medical science did not exist, and the precise means of diagnosis which we now possess were unavailable.

Lady Flora Hastings's death caused much popular commotion, and was, of course, disastrous to Sir James Clark's practice, which dwindled to nothing for a time. But he was a great physician, notwithstanding this unhappy blunder. He never lost the confidence of the Queen or of the Court, where his probity and good judgment were appreciated, and before long the public again flocked to him for advice, especially in connection with those pulmonary diseases to which he had devoted special attention. He was trusted and esteemed by his profession, and held a foremost place in it in the metropolis for many years. On his retirement from practice in 1866, Bagshot Park was lent to him by the Queen, and there he resided until his death in 1870.

A few months before his death I received from Sir James the following letter :

“ I promised your father years ago that when breaking up my medical library I would ask you to do me the favour to accept a book from me. I hesitated for some time how to fix upon a work you might like, but I at last fixed on a recent and valuable work given to me by my friend John Marshall. It is one of the most complete modern works I know, and I doubt not you will often refer to it with satisfaction.”

The book referred to was Marshall's *Physiology*, and Sir James Clark was quite right as to its value, for I have often studied it with edification. It is now, of course, out of date. It does not contain the experimental investigations with which modern text-books in physiology abound, but it is far pleasanter reading than any of these, and much more comprehensive in relation to comparative physiology.

HOPE AND FAITH

It is hope and faith—which is hope raised to a higher power—that are the sustaining elements in life. The decay of hope where faith has never been attained is paralysing. This it is that is largely responsible for senile melancholia in these days. As life draws to its close there is less and less to

hope for here, and, in the absence of faith, there is a blank hereafter ; the longer and brighter the retrospect, the more chilling is the anticipation of absolute oblivion. No one faces extinction without dismay, but it is the property of faith to glow more warmly as the darkness deepens.

The late Dr. Guthrie, that eloquent preacher and devout though somewhat stiff-necked man, who took a prominent part in the establishment of Ragged Schools, used to tell that one day in Princes Street, Edinburgh, he saw a tattered little urchin begging from an old gentleman, who was obdurate and would not give him anything. But the boy was very persistent in his solicitations, and at last, trotting close up to the old gentleman and baring his arm, said, " If ye'll no gie me onything I'll stick tae ye. I'm out o' the typhus fever hospital only yesterday." Half a crown was promptly forthcoming, with an urgent, " Go away, boy ! Go away ! "

" UNSEX ME HERE "

(*Macbeth* I. v.)

An old military friend told me that in his young days in the Army he was at a station in India, where, to beguile the time, they got up some private theatricals, and having, as they believed, considerable dramatic talent amongst them, resolved to produce some scenes from *Macbeth*. A young, good-looking subaltern took the part of

Lady Macbeth, but he had very dark hair, and, as the beard grows rapidly in a hot climate and no powder was available, thought it desirable to shave between the acts. As the light in the wings was bad, he went to the centre of the stage, where it was better, to perform that operation, and, as he was engaged in it, someone inadvertently, or as a practical joke, drew up the curtain, revealing to the astonished audience "The Thane of Fife's" wife, draped for the sleep-walking scene, deftly plying the razor.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

When I first became a Chancery Visitor there were two Vice-Chancellors, at that time Vice-Chancellor Malins and Vice-Chancellor Bacon. In some proceedings before the former a dissatisfied suitor rose in the body of the court and threw at him an egg, which broke on the desk before him, upon which, with great presence of mind, Vice-Chancellor Malins remarked, "There must be some mistake; this must have been intended for my brother Bacon."

The egg-thrower was arrested and committed for contempt of court. It was then discovered that he was a citizen of the United States, and, as he obstinately refused to apologise, it was thought inexpedient to detain him indefinitely on such a charge, so I was sent to see him at Pentonville and to report on his state of mind.

I found him quite impenitent; indeed, he told me that he had thrown the egg merely as a protest

against a preliminary point given against him, and that if the final decision had been adverse he might have had to resort to more serious measures. I found him very intelligent, but with a warp in his mind, and recommended that the best course would be to allow his brother, who had come over from the United States, to take him back there, undertaking to look after him, and to see that he did not return to this country.

Just before the long vacation that recommendation was adopted, and I believe it is a fact that when the egg-thrower and his brother, accompanied by a detective, went down to Liverpool to join the Cunarder, where berths had been secured, it was found that Vice-Chancellor Malins, who was starting on a holiday trip, was to be a passenger by the same boat. The egg-thrower had to wait for the next boat, by which he went off, and, I believe, nothing more was ever heard of him.

DISAPPOINTING

In Scottish churches in former days it used to be the custom—I suppose it is so in many still—to make the collections on Sundays by means of a large metal plate mounted on a stool, over which an elder stood guard in the portico of the church. On one occasion, a gentleman entering an Edinburgh church placed a sovereign in the plate, and then, giving a little start, said to the elder, “Pardon me, you must allow me to take that back. I intended to give a shilling.” “No, sir,” the elder replied, “nothing that is put into that plate can

be taken back, and we never give change." "Oh, well," the gentleman somewhat ruefully reflected, "I will get credit for it in heaven." "No, sir," interposed the inexorable elder, "don't flatter yourself with that idea. You will get credit only for the shilling you intended to give."

The mystic and the man of science have this in common—that each in his sphere is a witness to the invisible. Each realises, beyond the world of appearances, an infinite universe of which our senses as yet reveal nothing.

The great works of the Greek sculpture were executed by artists, who had only observed outward form, but the truth and beauty of their work all our modern anatomical knowledge has not enabled us to surpass. In the age of Pericles, the nerves were not distinguished from tendinous structures and the arteries were believed to be full of air.

The masterpiece of Zeuxis as a delineator of female beauty was considered to be his Helen, in the Temple of Croton. It was painted from five maidens, the most beautiful to be found in that city, from whose combined perfections the artist was to extract the essence of consummate loveliness.

Composites are not as a rule delectable ; they have too little personality and too much comprehension.

SEX-DIFFERENTIATION

“ What was decided amongst the prehistoric protozoa cannot,” it has been well said, “ be annulled by Act of Parliament.” The essential differences between the sexes cannot be obliterated by a sweep of the pen or any amount of oratory, or even by systematic fire-raising. To essay such work is to fly in the face of evolution. Amongst unicellular organisms, the conjugating cells are exactly alike and do exactly the same work in the world, but amongst multicellular organisms they are dimorphic, and from that point onwards differentiation in structure and function goes on. With occasional aberrant variations, the sexes diverge from each other not merely in primary and secondary sexual characteristics, but in functions not directly associated with sex, as we ascend in the animal kingdom, and it is in the human species that certain sexual distinctions, bodily and mental, are most marked.

And with this divergent differentiation of the sexes have come more reciprocal dependence and higher harmony. It is no question of superiority or inferiority in one sex or the other. Each is higher ; each is lower ; together they make up the perfect whole. Separate, they are infirm ; in co-operation, they are strong. In competition they are mutually destructive. It is in the sympathetic

accord of the differentiated sexes that human progress can alone be hoped for.

He is a half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

So Shakespeare had it.

Not in sheer intellect or in muscular strength, but in some of the finest human qualities, woman must rank above man. Altruism is, more than anything else, characteristic of supreme human evolution. It is the noblest manifestation of that ethical process which, as Huxley has pointed out, has somehow, at some point, intruded, as yet inexplicably, on the cosmic process and reversed its methods, substituting self-abnegation and the preservation of the unfit for blood-stained tooth and claw and the extermination of weaklings. Well, in altruism in all its branches woman excels. It is she who, far more than man, subordinates her own interests to those of others, succours the suffering, and patiently endures a protracted martyrdom. At his best man is a philanthropist ; she is a ministering angel. " When a family is poor," says Sir Shirley Murphy, Medical Officer of the London County Council, " who is it that suffers most ? It is the woman who goes without ; often, indeed, she starves herself. She feeds her husband, she feeds her children, but she herself goes without." It is everywhere the same. The true woman lays down her life in its entirety, or bit by bit, for those she loves. Of course, there are degenerate women,

and all female education should strive to prevent degeneration and preserve intact this divine and beautiful endowment, which above all others entitles woman to reverence and love. Let us diligently strive to prevent such distressing strains upon that endowment as are involved in the circumstances to which Sir Shirley Murphy alludes. Let us keep it alive ; it is the spiritual counterpart of loveliness of face and form. How poorly does the cigarette-smoking, liqueur-sipping, fox-trotting young woman, who lives on delicacies and spends her time in her luxurious home or club, compare with the laborious wife who, in her poor tenement and faded gown, curbs her own hunger that she may nourish her brood ! But do not let us forget that the red corpuscles of the blood, number 4 millions per cubic millimetre in the blood of the woman and 5 millions in that of the male.

THE WIND

Having been brought up amongst them, on a hillside, I love to listen to the warring winds, to the rush of their invisible battalions, to the boom and roar of their artillery, and to the rattling of their small-arms as I lie snug in bed. The chief charm of the wind is that it bloweth where it listeth. When, as in Jamaica, it is turned on punctually at the same hour every evening, and blows for a fixed period, at a fixed rate, it ceases to be interesting ; it is cooling and refreshing, no doubt, but the caprice has gone out of it, and what a nuisance it is as it scatters your papers about.

PULPIT ORATORY

The Vicar of U. was a nervous and eloquent preacher, and very fond of approbation. One Sunday forenoon, after preaching, he was accosted in the church porch by W. A., a member of the congregation, who said to him, "Thank you, sir, for an excellent sermon." "Yes," the Vicar shouted to W. A., "that's very good of you to say so, but I thought you were almost stone deaf!" "So I am," W. A. replied, "I didn't hear a word of it, but I liked your gesticulations in the pulpit, and you didn't keep us too long."

Lord Lytton, when Viceroy of India, was alleged to have a habit of paying rather extravagant compliments to ladies. He was introduced, on one occasion, to the wife of an English judge in Calcutta, Mrs. Birch, and said to her: "Madam, this is the first occasion upon which I have felt inclined to kiss the rod."

A Scottish schoolmistress, teaching the class manners and politeness, said: "Now, Davie, when you meet a lady you must touch your cap, and when you meet a funeral you must take it off."

"Aye, mem," was Davie's reply, "but what am I tae dae when I meet a traction engine?"

VULGAR ERRORS

Sir Thomas Browne, whose happy lot it was to practise his profession without having to earn his

living by it, was blamed by Samuel Johnson, who had studied and edited him in his youthful days, for that ponderosity of style with which he himself infected all his contemporaries but Addison and Goldsmith, and passed on to succeeding generations of scribblers. Among the vulgar errors refuted by Browne was the practice of bestowing an ejaculatory benediction on anyone who sneezed. In my young days in Scotland, someone—generally the mother or nurse—always exclaimed, “ Bless the bairn ! ” when a juvenile was thus mildly convulsed. The same custom still, I believe, exists in some districts. It is, I understand, referred to in Homer, and has been traced in Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia. It must therefore have come from a common source, and affords an argument for the unity of mankind. It originated, no doubt, in the primitive belief resuscitated by the Christian Scientists that death and disease are not due to natural causes. The notion of old was that when a person sneezed he was being invaded by spirits, goblins, or fairies. Perhaps, too, in early times sneezing may have had a more serious pathological significance than it has now, and was the initial symptom of some widespread and fatal epidemic malady, the germs of which, as of so many maladies at the present day, made their way into the system via the nose.

Children suffering from whooping-cough in Scotland used to be carried and pushed through any hollow opening that could be found in the bole or root of a tree, and certain trees were in special repute for the cure of pertussis—the ash, I believe, holding the first place.

Mr. Duckworth tells us that in the Cotswolds at the present day it is believed that consumption may be cured by allowing small frogs to jump down the throat, that shingles are removed by grease from the church bell, and that sore eyes are relieved by bathing them in water that has run against the sun. A maid got herself confirmed three times, confirmation being regarded as an excellent remedy for rheumatism.

I confess to a momentary feeling of disappointment when I first heard that Sir William Huggins had, by his spectroscopic researches, established the substantial identity of stellar and terrestrial chemistry. It makes the universe so monotonous. Another shock came when he proved that the tails of comets are made of olefiant gas, and a perceptible shrinking of imagination took place when he demonstrated that the nebulæ are not composed of clusters of stars, but merely of incandescent vapour. We are losing variety. Everything is being reduced to atoms, and atoms to protons and electrons, perhaps all of one kind, engaged in incomprehensible gyrations.

BATHYBIUS

1890.—Bathybius should not be forgotten. He was a nine days' wonder, but has left an everlasting warning behind him ! Bathybius consisted of a soft gelatinous mud dredged from the floor of the ocean during the Challenger Expedition, which

when examined by Haeckel, was declared to be free living protoplasm, the simplest and original form of life. For a season he ruled the roost. He was baptised by Huxley "Bathybius Haecklii," and the world was assured, and, knowing no better, believed, that we had in this amorphous sheet of protein compound covering the depths of the sea, and constantly renewed by spontaneous generation, the promise and potency of all organic being. What a discovery ! Here was the real genesis at last ! But, alas ! the chemists set to work, and very soon Bathybius was exposed as an arrant impostor. Mr. Buchanan showed conclusively that there was nothing organic about him, and that he consisted of an amorphous precipitate of sulphate of lime, and crystallised in the familiar form of gypsum. How are the mighty fallen ! The putative father of mankind is mere mud after all ! Haeckel and Carl Marx were contemporaries and both profoundly mischievous men.

In 1900, when Lord Rosebery visited Wigtownshire to be made a burgess of Stranraer, he was taken by his host, Sir Herbert Maxwell, for a drive in an open landau from Newton Stewart to Kirkcudbright and back along the coast. On his return to Monreath, he was asked by one of the house-party how he had enjoyed the drive. "Exceedingly," he replied. "I have only seen one drive more beautiful than that from Newton Stewart to Kirkcudbright, and that was the drive from Kirkcudbright to Newton Stewart." Ruskin I believe, said something of the same kind about one stretch of road near Coniston.

DE BLOWITZ

Met Henri George de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of *The Times*, an odd, little, fragile man, but with an unmistakable air of distinction and self-complacency. He doesn't exactly "sway the rod of Empire," but he holds some strings, and makes the Empire jerk from time to time. He was in my presence congratulated on having bought an estate a little way out of Paris. "Ah!" he said, "I must explain that. I had a favourite little dog—my companion for many years—and as it grew old and was failing in health I resolved that when it died its remains should not be treated as the remains of dogs in Paris usually are, and so I bought this estate in order that it might have decent burial. But, alas! my action in doing so has involved me in great difficulties, for since it somehow became known all my lady friends in Paris, whenever they have lost a pet dog, have written begging me that it might be interred in my estate, which has become a *Père la Chaise des Chiens*."

CECIL RHODES

1890.—Cecil Rhodes was, I think, one of the most majestical figures in the world history of the last century. "It would almost seem," said Rider Haggard "that he was one of those men, like Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Chaka, Roosevelt, raised up by that Power of the existence of which he seems to have been dubious, to fulfil certain

designs of his own." "A born ruler of men," said Joseph Thomson, "no one who knows him properly can fail to be struck with intense admiration of the greatness of his plans and ideas; for South Africa he is simply the ideal man." Ambitious he was, but it was for the advancement of his country. He circumvented Kruger, subdued the Matabele, and added to the Empire vast territories that will enrich future generations.

Even a passing glimpse of such a man is worth preserving, and so I jotted down an extract from a letter from my son, Colonel (then Lieutenant) Crichton-Browne, who, after his expedition to Morocco and the Atlas Mountains with Joseph Thompson, being possessed by the lust of adventure, went off in 1889 to South Africa, hoping to find some of it there in the stirring times which seemed to be impending.

"On arriving at Capetown," he wrote, "I called on Sir Henry Lock, the Governor, who informed me that I had no chance of obtaining a commission in the Bechuanaland Border Police, and advised me to proceed to Kimberley at once and catch Cecil Rhodes before he came down to the meeting of Parliament, as he might perhaps find a place for me in his South African Force. I travelled to Kimberley that night, and, arriving there next day, June 8, 1889, dropped my luggage at the hotel and went at once to the club, where I was told I would find Rhodes. I sent in my name, and out of a side room came Rhodes, dressed in a brown home-spun coat and waistcoat, cashmere trousers somewhat baggy, a flannel shirt, a soft white collar with long points turned down, a bright

coloured tie, in a sailor's knot, twisted to one side, and with a very rumpled shock of hair. His appearance was rugged and uncouth, but I felt instantly that I was in the presence of a big strong man, a master spirit, who would be impressive and commanding in any attire. 'What do you want?' he said rather gruffly, coming up to me in the lounge. 'I have come to you,' I replied, 'in the hope of getting a commission in your Police.' 'Do you think you're going to get it?' he snapped. 'That depends on you, Mr. Rhodes,' I said, 'but I have here a letter from Sir Henry Lock, and six letters of introduction to you which I have brought from home.' 'I hate letters of introduction,' he rejoined, tossing the whole six which I had handed to him, unread, on a couch in the hall. 'Come and have a sherry and bitters,' which we had amongst a crowd of men at the bar, where he introduced me, to Mr. Davis, of the Wessington Diamond Mine, with whom I had another sherry and bitters. 'I am sorry I can't ask you to dinner,' added Rhodes, evidently relenting, 'for I am dining out, but there's Davis; perhaps he'll have you, and at any rate meet me at De Beers' office to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' Upon which he left us, mingling with the crowd of rough-looking men at the bar. Taking the hint, Davis gave me a cordial invitation to dinner, which I gladly accepted. After a bath, I got a Cape cart and presented myself at Davis's bungalow at the appointed hour, where, to my surprise, I found under the stoep Rhodes and another man as the guests at dinner besides myself. We had an excellent dinner, with plenty of champagne, but the three other fellows

did all the talking and I never got in a word. After the dinner was over, Rhodes walked down to the hotel with me, and asked me on the way if I had ever been on the Stock Exchange. I replied, 'No,' on which he said, 'Ah, if you had been, our conversation this evening would have been of some interest to you.' I have a sort of feeling that by not understanding what was said I may have lost a fortune.

"Punctually at nine next morning I was at the De Beers' office, where I found Rhodes talking to Dr. Harris, who was in his shirt-sleeves and examining papers. 'Perhaps,' said Rhodes, 'Mr. Crichton-Browne would like to see the diamond sorting-room'; so I was sent off with a guide to that jealously guarded chamber where the weighing and sorting of the diamonds is carried out. On my return to the office, Rhodes had gone, but Dr. Harris handed me a letter which he had left for me, which I was to read and deliver. It was addressed to Colonel Pennefather, and was in these words :

"DEAR PENNEFATHER,—Lieutenant Crichton-Browne has come out to get a commission in my Police. Give him one. If there is no vacancy, make one. Have taken rather a fancy to him.

"Yours,
"CECIL RHODES."

Before my son could present this letter, he very unexpectedly received a commission in the

Bechuanaland Border Police which he felt bound to accept, as it was an Imperial Force, and on meeting Rhodes later at Macloutsie Camp, had to explain matters to him. "Rhodes," he said, "can be very nasty, but he is, I verily believe, one of the most kind-hearted of men."

Some lines in Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral" might have been appropriately quoted at Cecil Rhodes's burial on the Matoppo Hills :

Here's the top peak, the multitude below

Live, for they can there :

This man decided not to live, but know—

Bury this man there ?

Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,

Peace let the dew send !

Lofty designs must close in like effects :

Loftily lying,

Leave him still loftier than the world suspects,

Living and dying.

SWEET PEGGY

A South African Ditty at the Matabele War Time

'Neath other stars than ours,

Amidst stranger herbs and flowers,

On the high veldt or waste karoo,

He thinks of you,

Sweet Peggy !

Upon the frontier's edge

He keeps our English pledge

Facing swart hordes, strong, brave, and true,

For home and you,

Sweet Peggy !

When camp-fire embers glow
Flameless and crumble low,
He cheers the gloom, musing the while
On your bright smile,
Sweet Peggy !

And when the far patrol,
Brings weariness of soul,
He flags not, drinking in a bit
Of letters writ
By Peggy !

Seeing the glorious dyes
Of Afric's sunset skies,
Purple and gold, he softly sighs
For pure blue eyes
Of Peggy.

When thunder volleys loud,
And from the tropic cloud
The prompt rain falls, he doth rejoice
In soft, low voice
Of Peggy.

Watching the river swift,
Swirl broad'ning on the drift,
He longs to flow down to the sea,
Round Cape, and be
Near Peggy.

The wily crocodile
He shoots in splendid style,
Making believe he was the wight
Who danced last night
With Peggy.

And from the ostrich fleet
He beats a swift retreat,
Saying, "It is your chaperon,
Let us dance on,
Sweet Peggy."

The meerkat in the brake
Stirs him, for it would make,
Could it be snared in silken net,
A pretty pet
For Peggy.

The kopje on the plain,
With boulders piled amain,
By contrast hints the cushioned ease
That best doth please
Sweet Peggy.

Among the exotic bloom,
Rich flowers without perfume,
"Better," he thinks, "than their proud dower
My wee Scotch flower,
Sweet Peggy!"

When prickly pears cause pain,
And wait-a-bits detain,
Smiling, from thorns his coat he frees.

“ These bushes tease
Like Peggy.”

On transport journeys long,
All waggons and biltong,
With glee he sings, “ My heart and hand
I have inspanned
To Peggy.”

And wheresoe'er he fare,
In sunshine's cruel glare
Or moonlight cool, this is his theme :
“ I think and dream
Of Peggy.”

Bret Harte told us he had been dining with some friends a few evenings ago, and, on going up the stair to the drawing-room, he found on the first landing a little girl. Patting her on the head, he asked, “ Well, my little dear, and what are you doing here ? ” To which she replied, “ Oh, I've just been married ! ” “ Let me congratulate you,” he said, and, going on a few steps higher up, came upon a little boy, to whom he put the same question : “ And what are you doing here ? ” To which the little boy, pointing to the little girl, replied, “ She's just been married, and I am waiting to be born.”

The heart has a long memory, and ultimately resents liberties taken with it at any time. William James, always delicate, suffered in his later years from heart-strain due to hill-climbing in his early days.

A little London theatre-going girl, asked at the Sunday school if she could give the names of two of the Creeds in the Prayer-Book, replied, "Yes, the Apollo and the Lyceum."

SCOTTISH SCONES

When Wang Tagen, the Chinese Minister in London, visited Sir Halliday Macartney in Gallo-way, various Scottish dishes were provided for his entertainment, and amongst them scones, with which he was greatly delighted, declaring them to be the most delicious food he had tasted since he entered Europe. He begged he might have some to take back to London with him, so the cook was kept up all night scone-making, and His Excellency carried off in triumph a large basketful of scones.

DRAUGHTS

In many diseases and states of ill-health, it is warmth and comfort that are wanted. This is an open-air era in which we live. Beneficent results have been obtained from the open-air treatment

of tuberculosis in all its forms and stages, and as a hygienic agent open air is indispensable, but sometimes we may have too much of it, and occasionally it becomes a craze. As an environment it is all very well, but as a localised cold draught it may be dangerous. Of nothing in my professional experience am I more satisfied than that a current of cold air impinging—even when the body is warmly clothed—on the face and head, and so on the endings of the important nerves distributed to these parts—the third pair of nerves they are called—may, by reflex action through the brain-centre of these nerves, set up a catarrhal condition of the naso-pharynx—that is to say, of the throat and mouth—and so give an opportunity to the ill-conditioned bacteria, that are always lurking in these parts, to assert themselves, and induce a general infection. Of course, there are those who are defiant of cold draughts, but, on the other hand, there are those who are peculiarly susceptible to them, those of the catarrhal, the rheumatic, and neurotic diatheses, in whom they are peculiarly liable to do mischief. A draught of the freshest of fresh air is not without its risks, but a draught of damp air, of air charged with dirty dust, as the air of large towns generally is, is especially hazardous. Open air and sunshine are a most wholesome mixture, and a sovereign remedy in certain complaints, but there are those for whom the fireside in a gently ventilated room is more suitable. There are even those for whom bed and blankets become essential. It has been found that children with rheumatic tendencies, with heart trouble, and with any indication of St. Vitus's dance, do

not do well in open-air schools. Catarrh after exposure to a cold draught should never be trifled with. I recollect an old-fashioned but sagacious Scottish doctor who, when called in and told "We have sent for you, doctor, but it is only a cold," used to ejaculate "Only a cold! Only the devil!" There is truth in the old adage that "a draught gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor."

Racing men have found that highly bred horses are susceptible to chill from draughts, and require to be protected by a hood and blanket.

"The normal body," says Dr. Fortescue Fox, "shows a certain defensive reaction to impressions of cold and damp, but there is good reason to believe that, in persons with rheumatic liability, this reaction is defective or entirely absent. The same reactions are also defective in infancy, childhood and old age. Partial nudity may be harmless or bracing in adolescence or adult life, but in childhood or advanced age it is, in a climate like ours, often killing. Anxious mothers, recognising this, sometimes overload their children with clothing, but that need not lead us to reduce, for children generally, the reasonable amount. A sense of comfort is a hygienic indication that "All's well." Let us thank heaven for our woollens.

MUSIC

All music must be traced back to its fountain in the frog, the first animal endowed with vocal cords and a mobile tongue. It appeared about the end of

the Devonian epoch. No doubt my musical friends will be shocked by the suggestion that the origin of Beethoven's Sonatas must be sought in a croak in a swamp, but there is no evading scientific facts. The fishes are silent, even under the most powerful emotional appeals. No salmon has ever been heard to protest against the rough treatment it is subjected to in being hooked, played, and landed.

We speak of "a dog's death" as the acme of shame and degradation, but have you ever watched the death by disease or poison of a favourite dog? If so, you will, I think, admit that its last moments are more touching and edifying than those of some Christians. All canine ferocity has passed away, and there remain only some of the gentler, almost human emotions—resignation, trustfulness, and gratitude. The poor panting brute is patient in its suffering, and tries to suppress the whines that its sharp pangs provoke. It glances upwards from time to time, as if mutely appealing for help and sympathy, and it licks the hand that strokes it or brings it water.

EDUCATION

There is one point, and only one, where, during life, we can actually look upon a piece of nervous tissue, and that is in the fundus of the eye, where, by means of the ophthalmoscope, we can look through the transparent media and envelope and

see the termination of a nerve that is in close proximity to the brain. The optic-disc, as that termination is called, has a redder tint in youth than in adult life, and this redder tint of course means a higher degree of vascularity, and this higher degree of vascularity, when it is not morbid, means greater functional and nutritional activity.

JOHN TYNDALL

December 15, 1893.—It fell to me to-day to pronounce at the Royal Institution the eulogium on Tyndall, who has been my kind and most complaisant friend ever since I became a member of the Institution in 1880. And such a friend! almost boyish in his sprightliness and womanly in his tenderness, but a great strong man, an evangelist of science, whose teachings altered the very spirit of his times.

Impulsive he was, no doubt, but, without impulse, learning is apt to be pedantic and science frigid. In a sordid age he was untainted by wealth-worship, and never, amidst many temptations, turned his talents to mercantile account. It was his chivalrous devotion to truth that made him combative, and his frugality that enabled him to indulge in lavish generosity.

Tyndall was wont to trace his descent from William Tyndall, one of the first English translators of the Scriptures, and the argument from heredity ought to compensate for some gaps in the genealogy which I understand exist, for the two

men, to judge from their character and work, were of the same stock and blood. William Tyndall's aim was to place an open Bible before every ploughboy ; John Tyndall's was to make another revelation accessible to all. William Tyndall was a fearless controversialist ; John Tyndall was not less so. William Tyndall's writings were remarkable for their perspicuity, simplicity, propriety of idiom and purity of style ; John Tyndall's expositions are notable for the selfsame characteristics. William Tyndall's last words were, " Lord, open the King of England's eyes ! " John Tyndall's life-long aspiration was to open the people of England's eyes to those scientific truths which he so lucidly expounded. Always earnest in manner, Tyndall became in his latter days almost vehement, as if he laboured under a pressing obligation to deliver himself of his message before his long, weary vigils ended in that profound sleep on which he has now fallen.

Tyndall's contributions to scientific research were numerous and signal. He elucidated radiant heat and light ; he cleared up our knowledge of acoustic conditions in connection with fog signalling from the coast, and routed the abiogenists by demonstrating that putrefaction is invariably due to bacteria.

What a brilliant experimentalist Tyndall was ! What a convincing teacher ! What a picturesque professor ! Of him it cannot be said, to use his own words, that he was " a streak of morning vanishing into the infinite azure of the past," for he has become a brightly shining fixed star in the firmament of science.

PARANOIA

I was sent many years ago to visit Mr. J., an alleged lunatic, and was informed that he carried a pistol and a formidable knife, so that I had better be careful—that was all the protection offered to me. Mr. J. came into the room and placed upon the table a black leather bag, which, I supposed, contained the lethal weapons, but I found him a talkative, good-natured little gentleman, cunning but easily beguiled. His costume was eccentric. He wore blue trousers and top-boots, a corduroy coat and a long overcoat with black frogs, and on his head was an opera hat. He had a patch of black plaster on his forehead, and his thumb was bandaged, owing, he said, to its having been caught in the hinge of the door of a railway carriage. He was, to the medical eye, an obvious lunatic in the early stage of paranoia, with the sort of delusions which pass for a time as reasonable beliefs. In ventilating these delusions he had been knocked about from pillar to post for some months. His delusions were of the routine descriptions. Having gone into a refreshment-room for a biscuit, he said he saw there, at an hour when it should have been shut up, three policemen drinking beer. He thought it his duty to report the matter to the Chief Commissioner of Police, and from that day, he alleged, his troubles began. The whole of the Metropolitan Police were engaged in a conspiracy against him. He was followed about and annoyed wherever he went, and signals were always being made. He consulted his brother, who told him it was a legal matter, about which he had

better see his solicitor. He saw his solicitor, who said it was so serious a charge that he must take the opinion of counsel. The opinion of counsel was that he had better place the matter before Colonel Henderson, the Chief of the Police, and Colonel Henderson referred him to the Home Secretary, and, acting on this advice, he made his way into the house in Grafton Street of the then Home Secretary, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who behaved, he said, "like a ruffian"—the fact, I believe, being that on declining to leave the house he was summarily ejected. At last medical aid was sought, and the unfortunate Mr. J. was placed under treatment, and ultimately completely recovered, and resumed a useful and successful professional career, but I have often wondered that, as he was carrying about a loaded revolver during the whole of his negotiations for protection, he did not shoot some of his supposed persecutors. Vernon Harcourt must have been for some minutes in great jeopardy.

THE OSTRICH

The Mahomedan story is as follows : "Allah passed all the creatures before him to assign to each its name and way of life. The ostrich, looking at the birds and seeing that they could fly, said to itself, 'Obviously, I am not a bird,' but when the beasts went by and it saw that they were all four-footed, it meditated and concluded, 'Plainly, I am not a beast.' And the bat found itself in the same dilemma. So Allah, when the world was finished,

seeing these two still waiting, dismissed them, telling each that, as it had chosen to cut itself off from companionship, companionless it should live. The bat he sent alone to fly by night, the ostrich to the solitariness of the desert.

There is something intrinsically beautiful in an ostrich feather. There seems to have been no time when ostrich plumes were not used as ornaments and marks of distinction. They have been the insignia of rank from the earliest Egyptian kings down to our Prince of Wales's feathers. Savages, and women of the most highly refined type, alike wear them for decorative purposes. If we look back through the ages, we see these beautiful plumes nodding over the heads of queens and princesses and potentates and costermonger brides.

In the old days some city men were so absorbed in business that they had no time for paternal obligations. Living in a suburb, they had to catch an omnibus at half-past eight, when the children were still in the nursery, and only got home to a late dinner, when the children had gone to bed. It is told of one such that his little daughter asked her mother one day : " Mother, who is that gentleman who comes and carves the beef on Sundays ? "

MODERN MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS

After delivering a lecture on tuberculosis I received the following letter from a gentleman in Wales : " Seeing you are interested in consumption, I will narrate to you a dream I had some

time ago. I seemed to be climbing a mountain, and on my right hand there was a beautiful stream, on the edge of which there were growing some curious green rushes, and a voice in the air told me that these rushes would cure consumption. I have had that dream three times, so there must be something in it. May I send you some rushes for experimental purposes ? ”

LAWSON TAIT

January 20, 1899.—Lawson Tait was a remarkable man who for many years played a prominent part in Birmingham and in his profession. He was educated at George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh—"Gingling Geordie's" noble foundation—studied medicine at the University, obtained his qualifications, and was appointed Resident Medical Officer to the Clayton Dispensary, Wakefield, where I made his acquaintance. He was a little chubby man, with a pleasant expression and luxuriant locks, and bore a strong personal resemblance to Sir James Simpson. He was really able and original, and very ambitious, but he had to start under adverse pecuniary conditions, and contracted the notion that a certain dash of eccentricity and heterodoxy would hasten his advancement in life. By a little effrontery and much real merit, for he was clever and had cultivated tastes, he pushed his way into the best society that Wakefield afforded, and became engaged to the daughter of the Mayor, a highly educated and charming woman. From Wakefield he migrated to Birmingham, and established

himself in a suburban practice there, and then came back to Wakefield to be married. The Mayor, an esteemed solicitor, who had faith in Lawson Tait's future, made the marriage a great occasion. It took place, amidst flowers and bridesmaids galore, in the beautiful parish church, now the Cathedral, and there was a wedding breakfast to which everyone of note was invited. Lawson Tait had expressly stipulated that he would have no speeches at the breakfast, but Canon Camidge, who had married him, rose and said there was a toast which, on such an occasion, no one could prohibit, and proceeded to propose the bride and bridegroom, upon which the bridegroom rose, offered his arm to the bride, and walked out of the room without uttering a word. His next step was to cross the street to the Bull Hotel and spend the time, while waiting for the carriage which was to carry the pair off on their honeymoon, in tearing up and burning all the love-letters which he had brought down with him. His conduct was really an outrage, but it was passed over as an odd trait in an unconventional man of genius.

At Birmingham, Lawson Tait made rapid progress. He moved into the centre of the town, specialised in the diseases of women, succeeded, in the face of strong opposition, in establishing the Hospital for Women, and gained a well-deserved reputation as a brilliant operator. Listerism was then in its infancy, but Lawson Tait felt he must have a plan of his own, and would not accept it, but he very scrupulously carried out a system of aseptic treatment of wounds. An American surgeon visiting Birmingham asked him how it was that he

got such wonderfully successful results in his operations when compared with other men. To which he replied, "I brush my nails, sir."

I was always on very friendly terms with Lawson Tait—he dedicated his first book to me—and on my visits to Birmingham used to expostulate with him very frankly on his divarications, but he invariably replied with a laugh, "Every heterodoxy pays well." He took up teetotalism, and soon dropped it; he became an anti-vivisector, and yet presided at a lecture given by me at King Edward's School on Ferrier's then recent experiments on the localisation of function in the brain, of the value and importance of which he spoke in the most laudatory terms. He entered the Town Council of Birmingham as an ardent supporter of Joseph Chamberlain—and finished off, after the Liberal split, as an enthusiastic Gladstonian, opposing Mr. Jesse Collings in the Bordesley division of Birmingham and being, of course, hopelessly defeated.

In the Town Council, Lawson Tait did yeoman service in sanitary affairs. In Mason's College he was appointed Professor of Gynecology, and afterwards became Bailiff and Trustee. He zealously promoted those measures which led to the establishment of the University of Birmingham.

I owed my introduction to Joseph Chamberlain to Lawson Tait, and remember being invited to meet that great man at 7 The Crescent, Lawson Tait's house. Knowing the usually profuse hospitality of our host, I was much struck by the simple, not to say meagre, nature of our repast. There were a dozen men, and we had one glass of

claret each, but, when the savoury was reached, Tait rose and said, "Gentlemen, my wife very much objects to the smell of smoking—not only in the dining-room, but in any part of the house, so, with your leave, we will adjourn to the conservatory for our cigars." Looking rather glum, we all marched down a long passage, at the end of which a fairy scene was disclosed to us in a large conservatory gay with flowers, lighted by Japanese lanterns, and with a table in the centre laden with the choicest fruits. As we seated ourselves at that table, the champagne corks began to pop merrily and rare cigars were handed round. Our good humour was restored. Lawson Tait, who was a witty and anecdotal conversationalist, gave the clue, and we spent some very pleasant hours.

Lawson Tait's fame as a gynecologist was spread abroad, and became world wide. Patients came from a distance—even from the United States and South America—to seek his assistance and advice, but as time went on he became involved in controversies and quarrels and financial difficulties, and his closing days were overshadowed and harassed, but his courage never flagged. A fortnight before his death he attended a public luncheon at Droitwich after the opening of a new railway station there, and, being unexpectedly called on for a speech, rose and said: "I came to Droitwich last evening. I was quite well. I have had a bath this morning and I am much better."

He had bought a house at Llandudno, and there he died, his ashes being, by his own wish, deposited in Gogarth's Cave, a prehistoric place of sepulture

within sound of a tempestuous sea. He was erratic, but he had a keen intellect, indomitable energy, a striking personality, and behind a combative spirit a kind heart. He did in his day good service to that department of surgery to which he devoted himself, discarding old prejudices and devising new expedients. He was no common man, and left an indelible impression on all who were brought into contact with him.

A lady on board one of the crowded Glasgow steamers on the Clyde had bothered the captain past endurance about a box which was stored amongst the other luggage, and which she wished to get at immediately. Losing his temper at last, the captain, who had been previously in command of a cargo boat, told her to "go to the Devil." Soon afterwards the steward came to him and said, "Captain, you have made a great mistake and got yourself into trouble. That lady whom you told to go to the Devil is a cousin of one of the directors, and is very indignant, and is going to report you." "Never mind," rejoined the captain, "I'll put it all right." So soon after he went up to the lady and asked, "Are you the lady I told to go to the Devil?" "Yes, I am," she said, "and I shall report you!" "Then, ma'am," said the captain, "I've come to apologise and say that you needn't go."

I was invited by a friend whom I regarded as a sound business man to invest some of my savings in a Californian vineyard which promised fabulous

profits, but, with my Scottish caution, I thought it as well before doing so to consult my old friend Mr. Robert Gordon, then managing director in London of Morgan's Bank. He disillusioned me. "A 'Frisco Banker," he wrote, "happened to be dining with me when your letter arrived, and we had a good laugh. Do you think that so promising an undertaking would have to be brought to London to be financed? There is plenty of money out there." The same day I met at the Athenæum my cousin, Professor (afterwards Sir) Isaac Bayley Balfour, the greatest British botanist of his day, and talked over the matter with him. "Californian wines," he said, "may be all very well in their way, but the choicest wines will never be produced in a country in which there is no frost." So I frosted my friend's invitation and saved my money.

BURNS'S MUSICAL ABILITY

It has been invariably denied that Burns had any musical standing or talent. Currie accepted the statement of Murdoch, Burns's schoolmaster, that he was a dull boy with an untunable voice, and that of his brother, Gilbert, that he had difficulty in distinguishing one tune from another; and all subsequent biographers have followed on these lines, and described Burns as unskilled in music or almost tune deaf. But Mr. Dick, of Newcastle, has shown that nothing could be wider of the mark. About the higher forms of the musical art, of course, he knew nothing; he had never

heard a symphony or a string quartette ; but his perception and his love of music were undeniable. In his youth he had learned the grammar of music and made some practical acquaintance with it at the rehearsals of Church psalmody, which, in his day were a part of the education of the Scottish people. He sedulously practised on the violin, and was sometimes constrained to sing in company. His letters to Thomson reveal a good practical knowledge of music and a strong critical faculty in respect of it. But, beyond all that, it was his custom to spend a considerable time in listening to the playing of tunes, that he might become familiar with their correct swing and cadence, and form an impression of their meaning ; and, having a very retentive memory and an acute ear for musical sound, combined with a passionate love of Scottish music, he succeeded in laying in a rich store of traditional airs and melodies.

At home, during his Highland tour, and on his journeys through the South of Scotland, he assiduously laid hold of rare and tattered tunes, and it was into these that he afterwards wove many of his songs. Many fugitive airs he obtained from his wife, who was a good singer, or Kirsty Flint, who took pleasure in showing off her vocal powers. The greater number of the airs to which he wrote were to be found in instrumental or dance books only, and consisted of reels and strathspeys which had never before had words. His first song was made to the favourite reel of the girl he was courting, and his last to the difficult measure of a beautiful strathspey.

Of the tunes employed by Burns that were not

dance music, many were survivors of old and forgotten songs, the words of which had withered and dropped out of them. In the ways indicated, Burns rescued from oblivion many immortal melodies of his land. Old melodies as a vehicle of song have been mostly ignored or despised by other poets. Corneille resented the commands of his Royal master to write for them, and Byron, after a trial, flatly declined to be trammelled by music. In the songs of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan poets the music was moulded to the words, but quaint old George Herbert seems to have moulded the words to the music, for he sang his own hymns to the lute or viol, and Tom Moore, who—*sed longo intervallo*—had some points of resemblance to Burns in his patriotism, his love of freedom, his independence, and the way in which, without birth or wealth, he was welcomed for a time in the highest circles, adapted his songs to old Irish minstrelsy.

“ Jack,” said one sailor to another “ what is an anthem ? ” “ Well,” the other replied, “ it’s like this. If I said to you, ‘ Bill, pass the pepper,’ that wouldn’t be an anthem, but if I said, ‘ Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill, pass the, pass the pep, pep, pep pep, pepper ! ’ that would be an anthem.”

A Lincolnshire farmer, walking home from church with his wife and ruminating on the parson’s sermon, in which the tortures of everlasting punishment by fire were enlarged on, remarked, “ It won’t do, Betty. It won’t do ! No man’s constitution could stand it.”

“ Well, my man, you’ve seen the doctor. What’s the matter with you ? ” “ Haricot beans, sir.” “ Haricot beans ! Where are they ? ” “ In my legs, sir.” “ Why, it’s varicose veins you mean ! ” “ Why, sir, that’s it.”

An old lady said she thought the moon was really much more useful than the sun, for the sun shone by day, when it wasn’t wanted, and the moon by night, when artificial lighting was really required.

HEREDITY

I had to visit X. Y. Z., a youth who had got into trouble and been saved from the legal consequences of his conduct by the discovery that he was in some degree weak-minded. In my interview with him he said, “ I suppose you know that I am of Royal blood.” “ Well,” I replied, “ I understand you are very remotely and indirectly descended from one of the mistresses of Charles the Second.” “ Yes,” he said, “ and I have been very badly brought up and led to attach too much importance to that. Do you know that until a year or two ago I always believed that we aristocrats had really blue blood, and that in common people like you the blood was red.”

The father of my college friend G. had a small property near Inverness, and became very eccentric and absent-minded. One Sunday morning a neighbour and friend, when going to church, met

him on the high road walking in the opposite direction, and, supposing that in his absent-mindedness he had made a mistake, stopped him and said, "Excuse me, Mr. G., but you are going the wrong way." "Why, sir," said Mr. G., eyeing him intently, "and hoo dae ye ken that?" "Because I suppose, Mr. G.," his friend replied, "you are going to church like me, and, if so, you will have to turn round." "Indeed," replied Mr. G., with a look of astonishment, "and dae ye mean to tell me that that superstition is going on still?" There was no more to be said, so Mr. G. "gaed his ain gait."

BARRY CORNWALL

Barry Cornwall, who had in him so much of the milk of human kindness, and who, as a Commissioner in Lunacy, was so sympathetic and understanding in his visits to asylums, paid a generous tribute to the parish doctor of his time.

I travel by day, I travel by night,
In the blistering sun and the drenching rain,
And my only pleasure, in dark and light,
Is to help the poor in pain.

The Parish Magnificos pay me—what?
Were it only the money I would not roam,
But enjoy the little that I have got,
By my own fireside at home.

But hunger and thirst and pain and woe
Entice me on. And they pay me well,
When I beat down the devil disease, you know,
It is for that my old age I sell.

The majority of doctors to-day have, I believe, under altered conditions, some of the same sacrificial professional fervour.

Luke Fildes, in his immensely popular picture, with its human touch, "The Doctor," now in the Tate Gallery, showed the doctor bestowing on a sick child in a poor cottage a concentrated attention that could not have been exceeded had his patient been a princess in a palace. He said himself of this picture: "I wanted to convey to the public something of the splendid spirit that animates the medical profession. I wanted to show that the doctor was sparing no pains because the child was poor." There has been much discussion as to who sat as the model for the doctor in this picture. The portrait is probably a composite, as Luke Fildes had many doctor friends from whom he got sittings from time to time, but it certainly presents a strong personal resemblance to the late Sir William McCormick, that skilful surgeon and very handsome North Irishman.

"*La mort sans phrase*" was Abbé Siègè's vote at the trial of King Louis. "Hang them a'" was the verdict of a jurymen, who had slept through the trial of Jean Gordon's son at Jedburgh, as he awoke suddenly when the jury were equally divided, just in time to send the accused to the gallows.

RACE AND DISEASE

Dr. Osler found that St. Vitus's dance is comparatively rare amongst mulatto children, and is scarcely ever seen in full-blooded negroes. He

collected conclusive evidence that it is rarely, if ever, seen in full-blooded Indians, and only rarely in half-breeds.

It was Baron Dowse who retorted to Sir John Duke Coleridge on the Women's Rights question that it does not follow, because some judges are old women, that all old women should be judges.

THE LONE SHIELING

In the autumn of 1901 I had a brisk controversy with Mr. Winston Churchill, in the columns of *The Times*, on "Peat Reek and Harris Tweed." In one of my letters, all of which I signed J. C.-B., I quoted that quatrain from "The Canadian Boat Song" which has touched the imagination of the exiled Scot in every quarter of the globe, and the authorship of which I ascribed to Lord Eglintoun :

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

A few days after my letter with the quotation appeared, I received the following letter from Lord Rosebery :

" Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh,
" October 24, 1901.

" MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—I don't know whether you have access to J. C.-B., but I know you are

a Burns-lover and so I want you to help me to find the exquisite quatrain, quoted by J. C.-B. as being by Lord Eglintoun. It has haunted me for twice twenty-four hours, and I have ransacked my Scot's library without success to find it under Lord Eglintoun's authorship. Has it been attributed to anyone else? Forgive me for troubling you, but perhaps you know the annoyance of hunting out evasive quotations.

“Yours truly,
“ROSEBERY.”

I answered Lord Rosebery that I had seen the verse quoted by Robert Louis Stevenson, and attributed by him to Lord Eglintoun, in whose papers it was alleged to have been found, and whose family had never repudiated the authorship. But that didn't satisfy Lord Rosebery, who could not accept the Eglintoun myth, for which it turned out that *Tait's Magazine* of 1849 was primarily responsible. He asked me to make further inquiries, which enabled me to discover and tell him that the poem originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in September 1829, in No. 46 of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* contributed by Lockhart, and stated to be by “a friend in Upper Canada.” But my inquiries further disclosed that the poem had been frequently quoted, had been declared to be a translation from the Gaelic, and had been attributed to many authors, amongst them to Lord Rosebery himself. I got no clear light on the subject until the publication in 1908 of *Literary and Historical Sketches* by

Mr. G. M. Fraser of Aberdeen. In a paper in that volume on "The Canadian Boat Song," Mr. Fraser reviewed the history of the poem in a masterly way, and made it absolutely clear that it was not of Gaelic origin, and was not composed by Lord Eglintoun, John Galt, or John Gibson Lockhart, for each of whom a strong case had been made out, but by Professor John Wilson or Christopher North. Apart from circumstantial probability, Mr. Fraser showed, by internal evidence—that is to say, by the occurrence in the song of unique words and phrases to be found also in other of Wilson's poems, produced about the same time—that it is to him and to none other that we owe this beautiful and moving composition. Knowing its moving character, I attempted in 1906, at a dinner of the London Dumfriesshire Association—an Association including at that time a large number of young business men and bank clerks from Dumfriesshire employed in London—an adaptation of its supreme verse to our county :

From the green dimpling valleys of the border,
Smoke clouds divide us and men swarm like bees,
Yet still the heart is leal, the fond recorder
Of each sweet feature of our fair Dumfries.

Fair these trim parks—these palaces are grand ;
But we are truants from our native land.

The refrain of the Canadian Boat Song is :

Fair those broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

EXERCISE

Lynch's rule that the lean should exercise *ad ruborum* and the fat *ad sudorum* might be rendered :

The lean should walk until they feel a glow,
The fat until the glow becomes a flow.

NICOTINE

I love the Lady Nicotine, but, not being a smoker, more in her white blossom and twilight fragrance than in her withered weeds and midnight fumes.

Charles Dickens said the French newspapers of his time had the date of to-morrow and the news of the day before yesterday.

MALAPROPISM

Malapropism seems to run in families. A little girl of my acquaintance was asked at the high school the other day her authority for some statement in an essay. "I found it," she said, "in the *Cleopatra*."

"The *Cleopatra*!" exclaimed the governess.
"What is that?"

"*Chambers's Cleopatra*," replied the little girl, who really meant *Chambers's Encyclopædia*!

An uncle of this little girl told me that he had a

“chrysanthemum” when something was going to happen. He also congratulated my wife on having brought her “prodigy” to the ball.

An aunt of this little girl used to put her “ditto” upon anything she prohibited and, exclaimed: “Well! You are a clever ‘equestrian’!” when she saw her niece jump over a wall. A cousin of the little girl I refer to asked for “sal valentine.” “How very like her father that little girl is,” I said. “Yes,” my lady friend replied, “she is just her father’s prototype.”

Malapropism would seem to be a habit of mind which some persons of good education are powerless to control.

COAL

In the seventies of last century, Professor Ogden Doremus, the eminent chemist of New York, had sent to him a specimen of coal with a request that he would test and analyse it and report on its value as a fuel. When he had completed his analysis, a day was appointed for a deputation of those interested to wait on him and receive his report. “Gentlemen,” Doremus asked, “where does this coal come from?” “From an activity in the neighbourhood of Boston,” was the reply. “Then, gentlemen,” Doremus went on, “my report to you is that you should acquire that activity at any cost, fence it round, and preserve it for ever for yourselves and your descendants, for, when the great day of wrath comes, whatever else burns, this coal won’t.”

THERE ARE NO FRIENDS LIKE OLD FRIENDS

At Windermere on September 12, 1892, I received a telegram announcing the death at Weisbaden of my old—almost oldest—friend, one of the most genial and friendly of men, Dr. Aitken, of Inverness, and was moved to indite the following verses, which were afterwards set to music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and had some vogue for a time :

There are no friends like old friends,
Or low our lot or high be,
There are no friends like old friends,
Or distant they or nigh be ;
When Fortune smiles, the old friends
With happiness aglow be,
And when she frowns, they closer press
The heavier the woe be.

There are no wines like old wines,
That mellow, red, and bright be ;
In them we'll pledge the old friends
That with old smiles bedight be,
Each new day brings its new friends,
Whose words and looks all fair be ;
But true and trusty old friends,
Like old wines, past compare be.

There are no scenes like old scenes,
Where rosy lights of morn be ;
The closing flowers of even
Of half their joyance shorn be ;
Be they rich fields and woodlands,
Or barren heath and hill be,
There are no scenes like old scenes,
Where fancy's glammers still be.

There are no loves like old loves,
That round the heart entwined be,
That shelter and adorn it,
And ever sweet and kind be ;
There are no loves like old loves,
That grew when pleasures rife be,
That wintry storms have breasted,
And last will, long as life be.

There are no homes like old homes,
Where old folks frail but glad be,
To welcome and to cheer us,
When weary we and sad be ;
Shadows may shroud the old homes,
And humble they but bless'd be,
The old homes of the old folks,
Where quiet hours and rest be.

I attended my friend's burial in the picturesque cemetery of Tom-na Hurich, Inverness, and dined with the family in the evening at their house about three miles out of the town. They were to send me back in their carriage, but, when the time came, the coachman, a shaggy Highlander, positively declined to go, as in returning he would have to drive past Tom-na Hurich while alone. Another man had to be got to accompany him before he would consent to start ! It is, I believe, a Highland superstition that on the night of interment ghosts are particularly addicted to walk abroad.

Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Bishop of London, was lecturing at Walthamstow to working women on " Home Life." When the lecture was

over, Miss Gregory, daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, asked one of the women what she thought of the address. "Oh," the woman replied, "it was very good. She gave us some useful hints about home life, but she didn't tell us what she does when Mr. Creighton comes home drunk."

ALEXANDER NICOLSON

January 20, 1893.—Alexander Nicolson has died suddenly in Edinburgh, and so ends a career that promised to be brilliant throughout but that only sparkled here and there. In Edinburgh in the sixties, when he was called to the Bar after acting as assistant to Sir William Hamilton in the University, and as one of the sub-editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we all thought that his success as an advocate was assured; but, owing, it was said, to a certain Celtic erraticism in his nature, the solicitors and Writers to the Signet passed him by, and, after pacing the Parliament House for thirteen years and emitting many witty *jeux d'esprit*, he accepted the office of Sheriff-Substitute for Kirkcudbright. It was while he was secluded there that I sometimes met him, always with delight, for he was highly gifted, jovial, and companionable. He was a big man with a big heart, which was ever in the Highlands, or more particularly in the Hebrides, the glories of which he celebrated in a few exquisite lyrics, chief of which is that beginning "My heart is yearning for thee, O Skye!" He will be best kept in remembrance, however, by one ditty not Hebridean,

entitled "The British Ass," which he first sang at the dinner of the Lion Club, at the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh in 1871, twelve years after the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and which is still, I believe, sung at the annual roarings of that club. Two verses of it run as follows :

The child that knows his father
Has aye been reckoned wise,
But some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise,
If it be true that when we view
A comely lad or lass.
We find the trace of the monkey face
In the gaze of the British Ass.

The ancients, childish creatures,
Thought they derived from heaven
The god-like form and features
To mankind only given ;
But now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
And when we grin we betray our kin
To the Sires of the British Ass.

SIR CHARLES CAMERON

Sir Charles Cameron, the able, genial, and witty Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, told me of an old Irishwoman who in that city was trying to sell three little Persian kittens. She approached a priest in the street and tried to persuade him to buy them. "Ah, do have them Father," she said ; "they are dear little Roman Catholic kittens just

two days old." But she did not effect a sale, and a week later she made up to a clergyman of the then Established Church and tried her blandishments on him. "Ah, do buy them," she said; "these are dear little Protestant kittens just ten days old." "But, Biddy," the clergyman replied, "I happened to be on the street a week ago and heard you trying to sell them to Father Flanagan as dear little Roman Catholic kittens." "Och, that may be so," Biddy replied, "but they have had their eyes opened since that."

March 18, 1903.—Mr. W. Herris Maxwell told me last evening at the Dumfriesshire dinner that he had just overheard a conversation between two Irish members in the House of Commons. Mr. Robertson, the member for Dundee, who is a ponderous and prosy speaker, was addressing the House, when one Irishman said to the other, "Mr. Robertson is a very nice man, but he's dry." "Yes," replied the other, "but I like some dry things—dry champagne, for instance." "So do I," was the rejoinder, "but not dry soda water."

THOMAS JOHN MACLAGGAN

March 30, 1903.—Of all the London consulting physicians I have met, Dr. Thomas John MacLaggan stands almost foremost in my memory. He was a wonderful clinician. His dark eyes were as penetrating as röntgen rays; his questions were pointed and discerning; his quiet, resolute

manner inspired confidence. He had skill and knowledge, and unobtrusive sympathy too. He and I were undergraduates in Edinburgh together. He went on to Paris, Munich, and Vienna, and then settled in Dundee as a general practitioner. In the course of his successful practice there he was called on to attend in a serious illness a great lady, who discovered his merits, and, when she had recovered, came to him and said, "Dr. Mac-laggan, you are too good for Dundee ; you must come to London." "It is kind of you to suggest it," he replied, "but I have no connection with any hospital or medical school in London, and have not the means to wait and so to justify such an adventure." "Notwithstanding all that," his quondam patient rejoined, "you must come to London, and you will carry all before you !" Thus encouraged, he took the plunge, and, to change the metaphor, vaulted at once into a good consulting practice. He took a house in Cadogan Place, quite out of the prescribed medical consulting area, and, as he told me, in his first year made seven hundred guineas in fees. After that his success was phenomenal ; patients flocked to him, and all of them whom I have heard discuss him, from the late Princess Christian downwards, have had his praises in their mouths.

MacLaggan was not only an inspired physician, but a pioneer in medical science. He it was who in 1876 exploded the old notion that rheumatism is due to some agent generated in the body, and propounded the view of its pathology, which now holds the field, that the cause which gives rise to it is something introduced into the system from

without. To him we owe the introduction of those salicylic preparations which are now so extensively and successfully used in the treatment of disease. He was not, I think, generously treated by the leaders of his profession in London. He was a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, but was never advanced to the Fellowship as he ought to have been. The fact is, the old fogies of Pall Mall East at that time, were startled by his sudden appearance amongst them, and were suspicious of his rapid advance without the assistance of any of the usual apparatus.

Maclaggan attended Carlyle in his last years and last illness, and always spoke of him with reverence and affection. "If ever a hasty word escaped Carlyle," he said, "it was instantly followed by a kind word or look that took away the sting." On returning from his death-bed, he said to Mrs. Maclaggan, "That was the end of a great and of a good man, let the world say what it will."

A FAITHLESS MASCOT

My son, now Colonel Crichton-Browne, when sojourning in London in 1896 on leave from the Bechuanaland Border Police, to which he was seconded, was introduced to Count Tolstoy, an accomplished young Russian paying a visit to England, a nephew of the great novelist. My son was able to show the Count some little attention, and, when he was leaving on his return to South Africa, was presented by him, as a memento, with a very choice silver cigarette-case inscribed,

"H. C.-B., from Katusoff Tolstoy." This cigarette-case my son always carried about with him, but one night at the Macloutsie Camp it suddenly vanished, or, in technical terms, was "pinched." No trace of it could be found, and it was given up as lost, but some twelve months later it was forwarded to the owner through what was equivalent to the lost property office in South Africa, having been found on the body of a nigger killed in the Matabele War. Holes had been bored in it and a cord drawn through, and the nigger had worn it slung on his chest, no doubt as a charm, which, however, failed to turn one bullet aside.

GLADSTONE

Woolner told me that Gladstone, when he was giving him sittings for the bust of him which he produced, asked him, "Do you know the derivation of my name? It means the falcon of the rock, 'gled' being the Scotch for a falcon and 'stone' a rock."

"Very interesting," said Woolner, "and very appropriate, too, for I still see traces of the falcon in your features." . . . "But what I really did see," added Woolner, in telling the story, "was not the falcon, but the condor, for he had lost his hair, had a hooked nose, wore high collars like a ruff, and had at the time a rather ravenous expression."

An anxious parent wrote to his son's schoolmaster: "Don't teach my boy any more poetry;

he is going to be a grocer." But that was a sad mistake, for ideals are necessary in all callings, especially in those that are of a prosaic nature, and a youth will handle butter all the more daintily if he can sing, "Mary, call the cattle home," and be none the less accurate in the weighing of currants if familiar with "The Isles of Greece."

A schoolboy just entered in the chemistry class at school wrote home to his mother : " I think it right that you and father should know that salt is made up of two deadly poisons, but that sugar is quite harmless."

Beautiful are the long slanting lanes in the hop-fields, verdant and flecked with sunshine. The hop-plant itself always reminds me of a jester with his bells and baubles. It is instinct with jokes and joyousness, aye ! and with mischief and folly, too !

HUXLEY'S RELIGION

1896.—Shortly after Huxley's death, Lauder Brunton wrote to me : " Huxley was one of the most religiously minded men I have ever met. Mrs. Huxley told me that he was buried, by his own request, with the full burial service of the Church of England."

It is a little difficult to understand why Huxley enjoined this, for his agnosticism did not allow of

any belief in the providence of God, or in the efficacy of prayer and propitiatory sacrifice which the burial service expressly affirms. Perhaps some appreciation of the value of symbolism, and of the significance of a seemly ritual, or an affectionate deference to the feelings of those he left behind him, influenced him in his request.

No doubt Huxley was a profoundly religious man, but with all his great gifts he lacked that subtle sense which becomes perceptive of things invisible.

He never synchronised Goodness, Beauty, and Truth in a divine origin or destiny.

He it was who, in his Romanes Lecture, clearly defined the transition from the cosmic to the ethical process, but he never took the further step of the advance from the ethical to the spiritual process. He hated infidelity, but faith he never laid hold of. Emotional evidence he would not allow and for methods that were not strictly scientific he had no tolerance.

He admitted that great good had been done to the world by Christianity, but he never embraced its tenets. He helped to free it from some of its impedimenta in the shape of old world and irrational accretions and blind bigotry.

There is one exhortation in the burial service with which he would have cordially agreed: "Awake to righteousness, and sin not."

The brain is a mighty coherer attuned in its many parts for the reception of whisperings from all quarters of the universe.

A baillie of Aberdeen, dining on one occasion with the officers of the garrison there, gave the subalterns some good advice. "Young gentlemen," he said, "let me advise you to marry a puckle o' siller. I've tried baith ways. My first wife had naething, but my second wife had a puckle o' siller. They baith jawed me just the same, but the puckle o' siller has been a great consolation."

Give a dog a bad name and hang him, but give a man a good name and canonise him. How many instances has one not met of men who, having by some lucky accident gained credit or notoriety, have ever afterwards been held in the highest esteem, notwithstanding chronic stupidity and egregious blunders !

THE BURNS CENTENARY

July 22, 1896.—We celebrated yesterday the centenary of the death of Burns—an unexampled effusion of popular sentiment, gushing forth in every corner of the world, but all inevitably flowing towards Dumfries, where his ashes rest. The "Auld Claybiggin" at Ayr held the precious seed, but it was in the Mausoleum in St. Michael's Churchyard that the withered blossom was deposited.

The demonstration in Dumfries has been a memorable one, Lord Rosebery being the central figure—a memorable figure too. We have had one

who has been First Minister of the Crown ; who has led the House of Lords ; who has won the Derby ; who has written the life of Pitt and presided over the London County Council, pronouncing in our old burgh a noble eulogium on its greatest burghess, who was, as he said, once actually shunned on its streets by the local aristocracy, and even by his old friends. At the end of the centenary proceedings, Lord Rosebery said, and said it in cold blood, that it was the most interesting memorial ceremony he had ever witnessed.

Sir Robert Reid, our member and a Lord Chancellor *in posse*, had taken the Woodbank Hotel for a week, and, with Lady Reid, entertained there a small party, including Mr. Munro Fergusson of Novar (now Viscount Novar), Mr. Robinson Souttar, M.P., and Sheriff Vary Campbell to meet Lord Rosebery. The party assembled on Saturday last, and spent the waiting time in visiting Burns's house, and Ellisland, and Friars Carse, and Carlaverock Castle, and in attending service at St. Michael's Church. On Monday evening, Sir Robert Reid entertained at the Assembly Rooms the Members of the Town Councils of Dumfries and all the neighbouring burghs. It was a sumptuous dinner, but we at the top table were rather reserved, for we were all primed with our speeches and "bitterly thought of the morrow."

When I got down to breakfast next morning I found a note from Lord Rosebery enclosing an ode which he had just received from the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), with a request that he would recite it at the meeting at Dumfries.

He sent it on to me, saying that he had already a good deal too much to do and that he would be obliged if I would undertake the duty. On glancing at the ode, I realised at once that it was unrecitable, in proof of which I may quote just one verse :

And let the poor Jennies
Beware o' the pennies,
The siller and lan'
That gae them the hank'ring
And humming and cank'ring,
The peevish and jealous
And crazy auld man.

The Queen, when she wrote the ode, had not, as she explained to Lord Rosebery, her Burns by her, and so she had unfortunately come to attribute to Burns Sir Alexander Boswell's "Jenny's Bawbee," Lady Nairne's "Will ye no come back again?" and Lady Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray." After one look at the ode I hurried to the Woodbank Hotel to see Lord Rosebery, and was shown into the back parlour, from the window of which I saw, at the extreme end of the garden, a figure in shirt-sleeves pacing to and fro amongst the shrubs. When Sir Robert Reid joined me I asked who it was, and he replied that it was Lord Rosebery rehearsing his speech. "Well," I said, "I must interrupt him for a moment," and did so, and got him to read a few lines of the ode, which he had really not opened before, when he agreed with me that, fervent and loyal as it was, it could not be read, but must be amended and held over for the proceedings.

At the ceremony at the Mausoleum, where assembled all the surviving descendants of Burns down to the fourth generation, wreaths were presented from all parts of the country and quarters of the globe, one being of leaves gathered from the evergreens growing by the grave of Walt Whitman, and one from Dunedin made up entirely of indigenous New Zealand flowers frozen in a solid block of ice so that one could look down upon them as in a mirror.

In the afternoon, at the great public meeting in the Drill Hall, which holds four thousand people, we had Lord Rosebery's marvellous speech, or perhaps I should say the first half of his marvellous speech, for he spoke again on Burns at Glasgow in the evening. He spoke for thirty minutes at Dumfries, and for the same time at Glasgow, and one must read the two speeches together fully to appreciate their merits. The Dumfries speech was emotional in dealing with the death of Burns, and keenly sympathetic as to his poetical aims, but I ventured to think that he erred in affirming that Burns had produced his best, and that it was well that he died when he did. "He was done," said Lord Rosebery. Yes! he was done, as far as his body was concerned, worn out by a wasting disease, but his brain was not done, his imagination was not done, his lyrical aptitude was not done, and had he lived he might have given us songs even sweeter than those he poured forth so copiously in his last two years.

After Lord Rosebery came the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer of Boston, with an American tribute—a very fine speech, but rather too academic for a

popular audience ; and last of all I had my turn. I reminded Dr. Lorimer that his townsman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, had said he "always marvelled that strait-laced Scotland had embraced her Robert Burns without bursting her stays." The fact was, I said, that Scotland, in embracing Robert Burns, did burst her stays, and had breathed more freely ever since. Robert Burns was the counterpoise to John Knox.

Rossetti's women have all long necks, and a number of them suffer more or less from enlargement of the thyroid gland. This is very discernible in "Elizabeth Siddal," and in her case perhaps, the thyroid enlargement if she really had it, explains much. It is also clearly seen in "Beata Beatrix," in "The Marriage of St. George" (in the female head in the background) ; in "The Beloved" (in the principal figures in the centre and to the right). In "Mona Vanna" it is very marked and also in "Proserpine." In the Roman woman, a slight degree of goitre was thought to enhance beauty ; with Rossetti it seems to have been almost essential to his conception of it.

THE EARTHQUAKE

The world whirls in its weary way,
With no relief but night and day ;
Small wonder that, ordained to steer
The self-same course from year to year,
The same old round from tierce to nones,
It sometimes shudders in its bones.

THE VOLCANO

Old earth must patiently endure
The ills and wrongs she cannot cure,
That reckless o'er her flower-beds prance
And blemish her fair countenance ;
Yet, in her heart, she frets and fumes,
And shows it in volcanic spumes.

THACKERAY

I saw Thackeray once only—in 1856, when he delivered one of his lectures on “The Four Georges” in Dumfries. It was on George the Third, in the theatre there, under the auspices of the Mechanics Institute, of which my father was at that time President, and for a fee of forty guineas. The theatre was packed in every part, but a little passage on the stage was made for the lecturer, and, as he walked down it from the back of the stage, he suddenly paused, looked intently at a lady with beautiful red hair who had a seat on the stage, and warmly shook hands with her as she rose and gracefully curtsied. It was Mrs. Baird of Gartsherrie, who was there with her daughter, afterwards Mrs. Villiers of Closeburn. I suppose it was because the audience was on the *qui vive*, but the little personal incident was loudly applauded.

Edmund Yates accused Thackeray of want of heart, and he has been represented as wallowing in satire and irony. But innumerable passages in his life show that he was overflowing with human kindness, and was profusely charitable. “No

guile, no malice against any mortal. A big mass of Soul," was what Carlyle said of him. There was one side of Thackeray's life that was, of course, passed over at the time of his death and for years afterwards, but that may now, without impropriety, be alluded to, because it reveals the affectionate and devoted nature of the man. It specially appeals to me in my professional capacity. As is now well known, his wife became insane after the birth of her third child. Thackeray went for a short trip in Belgium, leaving her convalescent, but returned to find that she had sunk into a strange state of languor and mental hebetude, which gradually became more pronounced. For a time there were gleams of intelligence, but no real recovery, and amidst hopes and fears her husband himself assiduously nursed her for years. He took her to Ireland to her mother, and to Paris, where she had to be placed in a "Maison de Santé," and there he lodged close by, so that he might see her daily. A year later he took her to Germany for treatment there, and finally, when all hope had to be abandoned, he placed her under trustworthy care in England, continuing to write to her frequently, trusting that his letters might touch some healthy chord, visiting her regularly, and sitting with her for a little, even when she could not converse with him, thinking that his presence might compose her poor shattered wits. To the close of his days, when his own overwrought brain gave way, he never ceased his ministrations to her. When one remembers how often the hopelessly insane are more or less disregarded by relations and friends as the years roll on, there is something

very touching and noble in the devoted attention of the great novelist to his afflicted spouse.

"Though my marriage was a wreck," he wrote to a friend in 1832, "I would do it all over again, for behold, love is the crown and completion of all earthly good."

TO —

Scant love we gave thee here,
In quick and sentient hours,
But dead, we deck thy bier
With pageantry of flowers.

A school inspector, visiting a Church school, said to the clergyman, "You must not bother the children too much about punctuation ; after all, a comma doesn't signify." "Oh, but it does sometimes," said the clergyman. "For instance, 'The inspector says the parson is a fool.' 'The inspector, says the parson, is a fool.'"

ROMANS INDIFFERENT TO SCENERY

Mr. Hugh Macnaughten, in his *Story of Catullus*, expressed the opinion that the Romans cared little about scenery. I ventured to question this, and he wrote to me, "We know from Quintilian that they preferred a smiling level landscape by the sea to anything else. They had no feeling for their own mountains, and I believe Hadrian was the first Roman to go up Vesuvius for pleasure." Speaking about the period 60 B.C.

in Rome, Macnaughten says, "Men and women seem to have vied with each other in shamelessness in that strangely profligate age. Rome was a city seething with intrigue and discontent, where unbridled passions and adulteries were commonplace."

Two Irish judges were discussing nepotism. One said, "I hold that, *cæteris paribus*, the claims of relationship should count." "Yes," said the other, "I agree, but damn the *cæteris paribus*."

When Principal Tulloch took over the editorship of *Fraser* in 1879, meeting Mark Pattison at the Athenæum, he asked him to contribute an article. "Oh, no!" Pattison replied, "I'm getting too old. Ask some of the young fellows who can write about anything at any moment. Don't you notice how they all write in the same style, and with the same clever varnish?"

NERVES

David Livingstone, who on his travels proved so cool and intrepid under the most nerve-shaking circumstances, utterly broke down, and had to give it up, when he tried to preach his first sermon in the small chapel at Stanford Rivers, near Ongar, Essex.

AVIATION

Wings in poesy, when not angelic, are invariably associated with cupids, and love. "With love's

light wings," says Romeo, " did I o'er-perch these walls " ; but beyond that Shakespeare seems to have had some inkling of aviation as we now know it, for Salarnio, when challenged by Shylock with knowing of Jessica's flight, replied : " That's certain : I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal."

BURNS'S SNUFF-BOX

On July 12, 1894, at the close of the season, Sir James Dewar looked in at Christie's showroom in King's Street, St. James's, and noticed among other silver articles on view a rather curious-looking little silver box, which attracted his attention. On picking it up, he discovered that it had a double bottom, and, on removing the outer case, read this inscription, unmistakably in the handwriting of Robert Burns :

Presented
by my highly esteemed Patron and
Benefactor
the Earl of Glencairn
25th January, A.D. 1787.
Robt. Burns.
Remuneratio egus cum
Altissimo.

Sir James had not seen the catalogue, in which the box was correctly described as having belonged to Burns, although no mention was made of the inscription, so he went back to the sale next day,

thinking that perhaps its significance was not appreciated, but determined anyhow to acquire the relic, as he has always been a profound admirer of Burns.

The box was put up at a small figure—the intrinsic value of the silver—but the price was rapidly run up, and ultimately Sir James found that he had one competitor who went on persistently bidding against him. But Sir James was more persistent still, and the box was knocked down to him at a very large price. When the sale was over, Sir James went to the man who had been bidding against him and said, “I suppose you are a Burns worshipper like me, and are sorry to have missed the Burns box.” “Burns’s box!” the man exclaimed, “I didn’t know the box had anything to do with Burns. I have been bidding for Lord Rosebery, who very much wants the rare Carolus coin, known as the ‘Oxford Crown,’ which is set in the lid of the box, to add to his collection.”

THE OXFORD CROWN

Only eleven specimens of this coin are known to exist, and, as they were probably never put into circulation, they are in very fine condition. The dies for this coin were made by Thomas Rawlins, Chief Engraver to the King, who, when the Tower Mint was seized by the Parliament in 1642, removed to Oxford and produced this remarkably fine piece of work.

But finer than the coin in the lid is the inscription on the bottom, which carries us back to a

memorable epoch in the life of Burns—his association with Lord Glencairn, who was his best friend and patron, and whose early death, at a critical moment in his career, was an irreparable misfortune.

The box was presented to Burns on his thirtieth birthday by Lord Glencairn, whom Burns always regarded with the utmost affection and gratitude. During his lifetime he wrote to him: "Your Lordship's patronage and goodness have rescued me from obscurity, wretchedness, and exile," and in his lament on his death he dwelt on the same strain:

In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists obscure, involved me round ;
Tho' oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found ;
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air ;
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

The bridegroom may forget the bride...
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !

The snuff-box was sold with Mrs. Burns's other household goods after her death in 1834. Who bought it, or what have been its wanderings since

then, I have been unable to ascertain, but it has now, thanks to the generosity of Sir James Dewar, found a final resting-place, under the guardianship of the Dumfries Burns Club, in Burns's house, and in the room in which he died.

When in Dublin, Lord Aberdeen told me of a gentleman who, when visiting a remote part of Ireland, asked a farmer if there were many absentees there. "Absentees, sor!" the farmer replied. "Absentees! Begorra! sir, they swarm!"

Mr. Shaugnessy, K.C., then Recorder of Dublin, was showing the Countess of Aberdeen round one of the Dublin hospitals of which he was chairman. As they passed through the wards the Countess stopped at each bed and said a few cheering words to the patient; but in one bed the man had covered up his head and would not be interviewed. He grasped the sheet firmly, and would not be persuaded by the nurse to allow her to remove it.

When they got downstairs, the nurse followed them to explain the patient's strange behaviour. It appeared that a year before he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the Recorder, Mr. Shaugnessy, who after passing sentence, said "Now, never let me see your face again!"

DR. JOHNSON

In his brilliant address at the bicentenary celebration of Johnson's birth at Lichfield, Lord Rosebery said that Dr. Johnson "was born

scrofulous, half blind, and with an hereditary melancholy, not far removed from madness."

Now Johnson was undoubtedly all that, but I question whether he was born so. I am inclined to think that the scrofula came from a cow with a tuberculous udder, that the blindness was attributable to the neglect of a dirty midwife or to overstraining of the eyes at school, and that the melancholy might have been traced to toxins generated by organisms in the alimentary canal, and might have been relieved by copious draughts of buttermilk.

Johnson was great in spite of his infirmities, but he might have been greater still had they been obviated by such skilled care as he would have enjoyed had he been born now.

POPULAR ANTHROPOLOGY

Mrs. McNeillie of Castle Hill's cook told her daughter the other day that she had been a great student of Darwin. "Darwin," remarked Miss McNeillie, "alleges that we are all descended from monkeys." "Oh, no, Miss McNeillie," the cook replied, "you are quite wrong: monkeys are descended from us. They were at one time human beings, but were persecuted for their religion and contracted leprosy, and so have become what they are. If you will look at the Irish you will see they are going the same way. If there should happen to be an epidemic of leprosy in Ireland, there would soon be nothing but monkeys left."

I have had a rather curious photograph sent to

me representing Mr. Johnstone Douglas, of Comlongon Castle, and Provost Glover, of Dumfries, at a fête near the town, facing each other in their shirt-sleeves and with boxing gloves on, ready for a bout, the point being that each of the combatants is the father of thirteen children. The encounter was *pour rire*, but I understand the Provost had the best of it.

WENS

Confucius was called by his mother Kieu (or Little Hillock), because he had a hillock in front of his forehead, with which he is often represented. This was probably a wen, but no doubt his profound admirers will say that it was a frontal prominence indicative of exceptional intellectual power.

I saw a curious example recently of the tenacity of twindom in two old men in an asylum—twins, and exactly alike. They had had parallel careers, had become insane at about the same age, manifesting the same form of insanity, and when seventy years of age simultaneously developed wens on their scalps.

JOHN HAY

May 1905.—John Hay, poet, statesman, diplomatist, and philanthropist, has just died of heart failure.

He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then,
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.

That is from *The Pike Country Ballads*, which are said to have offended the fastidious and to border on the profane. Profane, indeed ! They are instinct with true piety ! Jim Bludso was the Mississippi engineer who stood by his engine, while the steamer burnt, till the last man got ashore, and then :

Bludso's soul went up aloft
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

OH, WALY, WALY

When in the depth of her despondency and ill health in March 1856, Mrs. Carlyle entered in her diary this verse :

Oh Waly, Waly, love is bonnie
A little while, when it is new ;
But when it's auld
It waxeth cauld,
And melts away like morning dew.

She added to the verse this note : " Beautiful verse, sweet and sad, like barley sugar dissolved in tears. About the morning dew, however ! I should rather say ' Goes out like candle snuff ' would be a truer simile ; only that would not suit the rhyme."

Not knowing the source of the verse, I consulted about it Sir Herbert Maxwell, who was dining with me, and who is learned beyond all men in Scottish history and literature. He thought it was

of comparatively modern origin, but next morning I received from him the following letter : “ I find, on refreshing my memory by looking up “ Waly, Waly,” that it played me false last night. It is undoubtedly an ancient ballad, for Aytoun found some stanzas of it transcribed in a MS. dated 1566. My confusion arose from the transposition of the following stanza in some editions from another and modern ballad (eighteenth century) which Aytoun printed under the title of the “ Marchioness of Douglas ” :

When cockleshells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my love prove true to me.

It was perhaps a little unlucky that, not knowing who my neighbour, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, was, I should have selected *The Unspeakable Scot* as a topic, that work being chiefly composed of unmeasured and unmannerly abuse of that particular gentleman.

Sir Edwin Arnold, speaking at the New York Press Club, said that “ a successful Pressman in these days must have the constitution and hide of a rhinoceros and a hair-trigger brain.”

The typists of to-day have a comparatively easy time. In former days men trained for law copying had to undergo, as boys, an apprenticeship of five

years to the trade, and many after that training had difficulty in earning a bare living.

June 1, 1906.—Swan, an excellent man, and the father of a highly valued member of my father's household, was long farm-man at Barnbarroch, which became the property of Sir Robert Reid, afterwards Lord Loreburn. Speaking about his master to me, Swan said, "Oh, Sir Robert is a grand man. On ordinary occasions he never used to speak to me, but, whenever there was a death in the family, he would come to me and say, 'John, there's a cord for you.' And I took that as a great compliment. Oh, he's a grand man."

The wife of a general, calling at the private wards of St. Thomas's Hospital to see a relation who had undergone an operation, asked the Sister in charge if she might call again to see the patient at nine o'clock next morning. "That is not a visiting hour, as you know very well," replied the Sister. "What is your husband?" "My husband is a soldier," said the lady. "I thought so," remarked the Sister. "The military are the most undisciplined class we know, the Navy are a little better, but give me a Kennington shopkeeper."

Mr. Ferguson, of Pitfour, for many years member of Parliament for Aberdeen, used to say that he had heard in the House of Commons many speeches which changed his opinions, but never one that changed his vote.

Some men do their scientific work slowly and continuously while life lasts. Others accomplish it in sudden bursts. Sir J. J. Thomson says that all Benjamin Franklin's memorable scientific work was done in six years.

Much vice, many mental disorders and diseases, arise out of a deficiency of the psycho-vitamins : (a) family affection ; (b) moral principles ; and (c) religious belief.

OSCAR BROWNING

Once, as I sat reading a newspaper in the morning-room at the Athenæum, Oscar Browning came up to me and said : " How extraordinary ! I was just thinking of you, and looked up and there you are ! Can it have been that I had seen you unconsciously as you entered the room ? No, I think not, for experiences of that kind have happened to me many times. I was visiting at Hatfield some time ago, and was shown up to the long bedroom. As I entered at the door of the room a voice seemed to say to me—not an audible voice, but a mental voice—' If you will go up to that photograph album lying on the table at the far end of the room you will find your own photograph there.' I did open the album and there, sure enough, on the very page at which I opened it was my photograph. I had never been in that room or seen that album before, and had no reason to believe that Lord Salisbury had my portrait."

CLERK MAXWELL

Clerk Maxwell was a teleologist, and clearly accepted design in the universe. There was in him a mystic awareness akin to that of Faraday. "I have been thinking," he said, "how very gently I have been dealt with. I have never had a violent shove in all my life." But, however gradually, he underwent conversion and passed from a state in which the world had no meaning to one in which it was full of purpose. "Long ago," he wrote, "I felt like a peasant in a country overrun with soldiers, and saw nothing but carnage and danger. Since then I have learned at least that some soldiers in the field are noble and that all are summoned there for a cause." His spiritual sensibility was never stifled by his physical researches. His work has affected the imagination of all other workers in the same field, all of whom speak of him with reverence and affection. Einstein would place him first in his trinity of great men: Newton, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell.

POETIC INSPIRATION

It would be interesting if our poets would tell us exactly when, where, and how their choicest pieces came into their heads. Lord Houghton said he composed "I Wandered by the Brookside," his delightful lyric on an Irish jaunting-car, driving to Edgeworthstown to visit Maria Edgeworth. Did the jolting set his brain cells vibrating? A line or two came into his head somehow, and he composed

the whole piece almost without thinking of it, and it seemed to him to have not the least value.

THE MCEWAN HALL

The magnificent Hall of the University of Edinburgh, which cost £115,000, was built by Mr. William McEwan, who made his fortune as a brewer. Its origin was thus celebrated in verse, reminiscent of "Kubla Khan," by a student :

In Edina did McEwan
A stately College Hall decree,
Where Ale, the malted river, ran
Through throttles measureless to man
Down to a senseless sea.

LORD MORRIS

Someone said to Lord Morris that Mr. Gladstone was a heaven-born genius. "Then let us hope," remarked Lord Morris, a staunch old Tory, "that it will be a long time before heaven is again in an interesting condition."

My old and valued friend, Dr. P. W. Latham, Downing, Professor of Medicine at Cambridge, writes to me : "I came upon a highly qualified medical assistant the other day who had prescribed a gargle for an infant two months old."

LAUGHTER

Laughter is the motor reflex of some affinitive impression conveyed by the eye, the ear, or sensory

nerves to the appropriate centre, or aroused by some reminiscence of impressions thus previously received. It is incongruity that is the essential element in the impression or reminiscence. Mere happiness that induces a smile may be regarded as an incongruity in this troublesome world.

Laughing hyenas do not laugh when they are said to do so, but some monkeys laugh when they are tickled, and that seems to be the only joke which they are capable of understanding. The laughter of the cat is purring, and a dog laughs with its tail. Tickling is also provocative of laughter in sensitive human beings, especially in the young, with their spontaneity of expression and lack of inhibitory discipline. All hearty laughter is significant of a sense of humour, but a sardonic smile with a special curl of the lip is the accompaniment of wit. The weak-minded are often incontinent of laughter. The consciousness that laughter should be suppressed, as in circumstances of special solemnity, may in those of unstable nervous temperament set it a-going. Nitrous oxide, which Humphry Davy called laughing gas, may produce peals of merriment, but that is a spurious and mechanical performance, and not the genuine article. Herbert Spencer described laughter as an overflow of surplus nerve energy. Children laugh because they are very much alive, and grown people out of a gush of temporarily heightened vitality. Laughter, when there is not too much of it, is exhilarating to those who do not participate in it. It is the heralding of health and enjoyment. The theatre or music-hall is its hot-bed ; one rarely hears it in a hospital ward. There is, of

course, a gamut of laughter, from the faintest chuckle to the boisterous roar—and it may even end in tears. It begins with slight raising of the head, closing of the eyelids, and drawing outwards and upwards of the lips, and an inspiration followed by short rhythmic explosive expiratory movements, with more or less of the laryngeal tattoo. The movements are always the same, but no two people laugh alike. A pretty woman is at her prettiest when she laughs gently, and displays a perfect set of teeth, but giggling or aborted laughter is peculiarly objectionable. Sufferers have laughed when on the rack, but that was delirium.

SIR JAMES ANDERSON

I long enjoyed the friendship of Sir James Anderson, who, in command of the *Great Eastern*, with Lord Kelvin, stretched the first cord of that network of oceanic cables that now enmeshes the world. He was a brave, broad-minded, straightforward seaman, a far-seeing imperialist, and a benefactor who gave a start in life to many poor boys. His voyagings had made him familiar with many countries, and brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, so he was a delightful companion and racy conversationalist, bluff in manner but always good-natured. After the *Great Eastern* success he was associated with Sir John Pender in the formation of several telegraph Companies, and, having earned a competency, proceeded to build for himself a modest

home near his native Dumfries. The house was built on a site acquired from Lord Herries on a ridge beyond Glencaple, commanding a magnificent view of the estuary of the Nith, the Solway, and the far-off Cumberland coastline and hills. In laying out the grounds around the house, which he named Kirkcomel Lee, in remembrance of a ballad that had charmed his boyhood, he had constructed on the highest point a quarter-deck of green sward, on which were fixed a mast and flag-staff, and here on summer evenings he would pace to and fro, telescope in hand, occasionally catching a glimpse of a distant sail and recalling perilous watches in the old Cunarder days.

Greatly attached to the children of his only son, Mr. Kenneth Anderson, he built close to Kirkcomel Lee some cottages, which he named Kenneth Bank, in which he hoped they would always spend their holidays and be near him. But one Easter Mrs. Kenneth Anderson took the children to Swanage, where the eldest boy caught diphtheria, died, and was buried, and after that she told her father-in-law that she found no joy in Kenneth Bank, and that her heart was in Swanage, and would ever be there. Realising the situation, Sir James, without saying anything to anyone, went to Swanage, bought the best house he could find there, and presented it to her, thus sacrificing what he had hoped would bring him much happiness in his old age.

It was *Midshipman Easy* that sent Sir James to sea, as it has many other boys. He used to tell that his first boat, made of iron and costing one pound, was named the *Harpy*, and that after he

won a race with it in a regatta on the Nith it was all up with the printing trade, to which he was apprenticed. He forthwith ran away and went to sea.

What an interesting volume of Cunarder recollections he could have compiled—births and deaths and marriages, and tragic and comic incidents, and talks with noted men of all countries in his Atlantic crossings !

MARITAL DIFFICULTIES

A husband, confiding in his clergyman, told him that he had not spoken to his wife for two years. "Not spoken to her for two years !" the clergyman exclaimed. "That is a very sad state of matters. How has it come about ?" "Well, the fact is," the husband replied, "I haven't liked to interrupt her."

A schoolgirl required to write an essay of 250 words on a motor-car did so as follows : "My uncle bought a motor-car and took me for a drive in the country. It broke down at a hill. Uncle tried to make it go, but could not, although he spoiled a new suit of clothes in getting under it. That is 40 words. The other 210 words are what uncle said as we walked back to town, but they are not fit to write down."

An Irishman, in proposing, at a public dinner, prosperity to a hospital in which he was interested, said that, like most other institutions, it had had its

ups and downs, but unfortunately in its case the downs had been in the ascendant.

ALAN MACFADYEN

March 10, 1906.—Biological science has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Alan Macfadyen, who has fallen to his scientific zeal, having accidentally infected himself with typhoid and Malta fever.

He did invaluable work on virulent disease-causing microbes, and was on the track of further investigations in cellular pathology, which in his hands—for he was singularly ingenious and resourceful—would, in all likelihood, have yielded important practical results.

I was associated with Macfadyen and Sir James Dewar in some experiments in 1899 and 1900 on the influence of low temperatures on bacterial life. Thermophilic bacteria he had shown could live at a temperature of 140° C.—that is, 40° above boiling-point—and it seemed desirable to test bacterial resistance to cold. A typical series of bacteria were employed, possessing varying degrees of resistance to external agents, ranging from the highly susceptible *Spirillum* of Asiatic cholera to the obdurate spores of the *Bacillus Anthracis*. They were first simultaneously exposed to the temperature of liquid air (about -190° C.) for twenty-four hours, and in no instance could any impairment of the vitality of the organisms be detected as regards their growth or functional activities. Very striking were the results obtained

in the case of phosphorescent bacteria, which emit light, produced by some chemical process of intracellular oxidation. We got these in a test-tube emitting light by which we could read our watches in a dark room. They were then cooled down in liquid air, and became non-luminous, but on being thawed the luminosity returned with undiminished brightness. Organisms subjected to the temperature of liquid air for seven days immediately, when warmed, renewed their life processes. Subsequently organisms were submitted to the temperature of liquid hydrogen (about -250° C.), and only 21° C. above absolute zero, a temperature at which, according to our present conceptions, the entire range of chemical and physical activities cease, and again the results were nil. Like the monks and friars of Rheims under the Lord Cardinal's curse, these organisms were "not a penny the worse" for their hyperborean ordeal. In summing up these experiments, Macfadyen made one remark, the full significance of which has not yet, I think, been sufficiently appreciated. "The fact," he said, "that life can continue to exist under such conditions affords new ground for reflection as to whether, after all, life is dependent for its continuance on chemical reactions." Mark that, ye devout materialists!

Macfadyen gave the world assurance of a man of science, patient, clear-headed, penetrating, and was a delightful companion, for he had a broad acquaintance with good literature, English and German, and a truly friendly disposition. The Lister Institute owes him much for his tending of it in its early days.

SIR HALLIDAY MACARTNEY

June, 1906.—My kinsman and old and valued friend, Sir Halliday Macartney, has passed away. I visited him at his home of retirement at Kenbank Dalry last Easter, and we lived over again many interesting hours in London after his return from China in 1876. He was then Counsellor to the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, and was often at our house in Regent's Park. When he came to dinner, he always brought with him his handsome Chinese servant, Alli, who, standing behind his chair in gorgeous Chinese apparel, was an ornament to the party, and became a great favourite in the servants' hall, although he could not speak a word of English.

Recalling a number of old friends who had joined the majority, "Longevity boards?" I queried.

"Yes," replied Macartney, "quite right, 'longevity boards' is the correct translation of the Chinese name for coffins. Very expressive are some of these Chinese names. The name of the wife,—or, rather, of one of the wives—of one of the Ministers in London, literally translated, comes out, 'The Tottering Lilly of Fascination,' in allusion to her personal charms and greatly deformed feet."

Macartney did his life-work and was content, but those who knew him best believe that his services received but a niggardly acknowledgment. He played a conspicuous part in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion, founded the first arsenal in China, and had a unique knowledge of the Chinese language and literature. But he was

reserved and unobtrusive, with no talent for self-advertisement. Had he possessed that, LL.D.s and the freedom of boroughs would have been showered on him.

LORD JOHN MANNERS

1906.—The Seventh Duke of Rutland has been enrolled in the celestial peerage, for an everlasting peer he was, a man of genuine nobility of nature. For ten years, when Lord John Manners, he was our kind and considerate next-door neighbour in Cumberland Terrace. Tall and singularly handsome, courtly and courteous, loyal and patriotic, gentle and generous, simple and unostentatious he was ; to my thinking, all that an English noble and statesman ought to be. He was, I have no doubt, the heart and soul of the Young England Party, with no selfish aims, but bent on mitigating the flagrant evils which in “ the hungry forties ” he saw around him, and on bettering the condition of the country. His passion for the past was not indiscriminating, and there was surely much in the community of class interests in the past that in these disjointed times was worth reviving.

It has been alleged again and again that, after the publication of the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, the Young England Party, headed by Lord John Manners, sought an interview with Carlyle to ask his guidance, and received from him only eloquent objurgations to get things mended, without any practical hint how to proceed in the matter. Mr. David Alec Wilson, who can account for every

minute of Carlyle's life, tells me that this is a myth, and that no such interview ever took place.

Lord John was deeply religious and a good Churchman, and he and I, in Christ's Church Albany Street—as they have it in Scotland—"sat under" the Rev. Mr. Festing, whom most wisely he made Bishop of St. Albans, for, although Lord Salisbury's was the voice that spake it, his was the whisper that suggested it.

Lyon Playfair came to dine with me one evening in 1886, and, on entering the drawing-room, said, "I met an old friend in scarlet at your door."

"Friend in scarlet!" I exclaimed. "I am expecting a military friend, but I had no idea he would come in uniform."

"Oh, it isn't a military friend," replied Lyon Playfair, "but a pillar post I am referring to—the identical pillar post box that stood before my door in Queensbury Place when I was Postmaster General, and that is now doing service to my successor in office, Lord John Manners. It ought to be a great convenience to you all, as it is cleared more frequently than the ordinary pillar posts."

PRINTER'S ERRORS

It is said that on the first proof of Byron's great poem the title was rendered as :

The Child of Harrow's Pilgrimage

and that the line

See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire

got converted into

See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.

In order to prevent sophistication, it was enacted in one of the United States that all preserved foods should, on the bottle, can, or cover, bear a label setting forth in detail all their constituents. One firm immediately complied with this requirement by issuing "Our Celebrated Raspberry Jam" labelled thus "Composed entirely of glucose, hay seeds, and a little harmless aniline dye."

THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY

The Commissioners used to hunt in couples, a lawyer and a doctor together, and very thoroughly did they pursue their official chase. When I was Director of the West Riding Asylum, they gave three days to its inspection, seeing every patient and listening patiently to every plaint and quibble. The work of inspection was, of course, chiefly medical, but the legal commissioners always became deeply interested in it from the medical point of view ; indeed, some of them in time came to believe that they had attained to medical skill and insight, and ventured on diagnosis. I recollect that John Forster was particularly inquisitive about the diseases from which the patients who came before him were suffering, and thought himself an expert in the detection of general paralysis of the insane, that then mysterious and inevitably fatal malady. He would intently scrutinise a patient's face—looking no doubt, for inequality of the pupils and tremor of the muscles—and then turn to me and say, "Another case of

general paralysis." He was as often wrong as right, but made some good guesses.

But legal Commissioners sometimes supposed themselves capable of recognising bodily as well as mental diseases, and made strange blunders accordingly. A legal colleague of mine reported that a lady whom he had visited in the country "was suffering from Addison's disease of the kidneys, with characteristic bronzing of the skin." The master, of course, called for a medical report, and I was sent to see her, and was able to allay any apprehension of Addison's disease and remove the bronzing of the skin by means of soap and water. I found she had not been washed for twelve months.

On another occasion this same colleague reported that a patient was suffering from "meningitis of the leg."

I had been delivering a lecture on tuberculosis, and a few days after, on visiting a private asylum, one of the patients handed me the following lines :

Nature, it seems, resolved to kill us,
Has got a tubercle bacillus ;
A remedy—no doubt the right one—
Has been suggested by Sir Crichton :
Sunshine, pure air and food and water
Provide ! and give the foe no quarter ;
Thus may you the bacillus muzzle,
But how to get them is the puzzle.

My friend C., a clear-headed engineer officer who has held several high public appointments,

tells me, " I too, like Socrates and Clerk Maxwell, have a demon, and he is very useful to me now that my memory is not as good as it was. When, as often happens, I cannot recall a proper name, I summon that demon and say to him, ' I have lost that name. Look sharp and find it for me ' ; and then, sure enough, in ten minutes up it pops."

I mentioned this to two friends—one of them Mrs. Holman Hunt, who permits me to mention her name—who without invoking the aid of a demon have exactly the same experience. When some proper name has escaped them, they say, they just turn away and think of something else, quite sure that it will recur to them in due course, and the curious fact is that they both affirm that it takes just ten minutes for the name to arrive. What has been going on in the brain in that ten minutes ?

I too have a demon, but he has a mischievous disposition, and is constantly engaged in whisking away any paper I may lay down on my writing-table. I lay it down and, hey presto ! it is gone, and it takes me about ten minutes to find it amongst my other papers !

IAN MACLAREN

1907.—Ian Maclaren, whom I met in Liverpool, told us this story which he has, I believe, since incorporated in *The Bonnie Briar Bush* : " A Scottish minister, having preached a long sermon from the text in Matthew xxv. 32 on the division

of the sheep from the goats, finished off as follows :
' And now, my brethren, I would exhort each one of you, when you return home from this service, to retire to your chamber, and, after engaging in prayer, to ask yourself this solemn question :
" Am I a goat ? " ' ' ' "

Ian Maclaren was a beloved pastor, an eloquent preacher, and in literature a fine and racy representative of what is derisively called the " Kail Yard School." I wish we had more of the honest " Kail Yard " in place of much of the unwholesome and questionable fribble of the hour.

Religion has been the best friend and worst enemy of art, its patron and its persecutor. In its steady glow it has stimulated and encouraged the growth of art, while in its fanatical outbursts it has checked its development and destroyed some of its best products. Many of our noblest pictures have been altar-pieces, but, excited by the preaching of Savonarola, many of the Florentine artists brought their most precious works to be burnt, like heretics, in the Piazza Granduca. Under Cromwell's puritanical rule, pencil, brush, and chisel were stayed in England, and, through the exhortations of John Knox, Scotland lost her finest architectural monuments.

It is the great god Electricity that is to be worshipped henceforth : he has an ikon in every household.

July 6, 1907.—At a dinner given by Sir Andrew Noble at the Athenæum last evening, at which Lord Kelvin, Sir William Huggins, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir James Dewar, and I were present, there were handed round with dessert little brown metallic balls, which, when struck with a knife, gave off a shower of brilliant sparks. They are, I believe, composed of cerium and 70 per cent. iron. We had quite a display of fireworks!

November 6, 1907.—Breakfasted this morning with Lord Avebury at 6 St. James's Square. There were eighteen of us, and it was very pleasant, but there was no general conversation, none of the sallies of wit which used to flash out at Lord Houghton's breakfasts in Brook Street. I sat between Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Sandeman. Lord Balfour told me that when Sir Andrew Macdonald, a purely self-made man—all the more credit to him—was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he had to propose his (Lord Balfour's) health, and referred to him as "*for-tee-tur in re* with the *sau-vee-tur in modo*." Someone speaking later said the eulogium was excellent both in quality and quantity.

Sir Andrew and Lady Macdonald, who had also risen from the ranks, were dining with Lord Stormont Darling, who, being rather nice about his wines, and just to have something to say, asked Lady Macdonald if she liked the champagne. "Oo aye," she replied, "it's vera nice, but it's no ilka stomach that can stand they sour wines."

THE VERNACULAR

In the case of Thomson, Burns had not only to work gratuitously, but had to defend his compositions against the generally destructive alterations proposed by that audacious editor. Thomson went so far as to exhort Burns to abandon the Scottish vernacular and write English verses, because, he said, English was becoming more and more the language of Scotland and young people were taught to consider their native tongue vulgar. Happily, Burns resisted all temptations to become a Cockney, and continued to use mainly his own expressive mother tongue, thus saving it from any imputation of vulgarity for evermore. He polished it, enriched it, and made it classical. But it is a hundred and twenty years since Thomson gave that advice to Burns, and it is to be feared that since then English has become more and more current in Scotland, while broad Scotch has come to be regarded more and more as a sign of bad breeding. It must be admitted that in this big Empire of ours every boy and girl should learn to speak English pure and undefiled, but, in addition to that, every Scottish boy and girl should be able to speak, and speak prettily, the language of Burns. Local dialects and provincial inflections should, of course, be avoided. The special accent of Glasgow or Dundee, if at all pronounced, is a drawback, but genuine Lowland Scotch—the Scotch of Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire, the Scotch that Burns spoke and wrote in—is soft and mellifluous, and ought to be in the heart and available on the tongue and lips of all Scottish men and

women. And so for the most part it has been hitherto, for, however artificial or Anglified we Scottish men may become in our ordinary conversation, whenever our feelings are touched, or whenever we are deeply moved, we throw English aside and fall back upon our native Doric. I put in a plea for broad Scotch, because there is a tendency to taboo it and regard it as bad form amongst the rising generation. I am not sure that many young Scotchmen can now speak Scotch in all its pith and purity, or know their Burns as they ought to do. I had the curiosity the other day to examine a reading text-book in a secondary school in an important town in the Burns country. The poetical extracts in that book have been selected for their literary and historical interest and educational value, and are intended to form the taste and improve the style of the pupils. They are upwards of sixty in number, and are taken from various sources—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, and Longfellow—and there is amongst them only one piece from Burns, and that is “My heart’s in the Highlands,” a song which does not contain one Scottish word, and is by no means characteristic of Burns. Might not Burns Clubs, such as that which rescued from destruction the Auld Brig of Ayr, that venerable structure, offer prizes in schools for proficiency in selected portions of Burns and for tasteful and sympathetic singing of his songs?

“Scots Wha Hae” is a national anthem, but there is another of Burns’s songs that is distinctively Scottish and that has become a world hymn

—"Auld Lang Syne" is the most popular and widely disseminated social song in the Anglo-Saxon language. In Scotland it speedily supplanted the old jovial benediction of "Gude night, and joy be wi' you a'," and this, without religious sanction like the "Old Hundredth" or official imprimatur like "God Save the King," by virtue of its simplicity and emotional tone, and the appeal it makes to the amity that lurks in every human heart, has become cosmopolitan. It is now the recognised dismissory song of festive gatherings of our race, wherever they may be, and is sung with as much unction in London as in Aberdeen.

THE LADIES

At the dinner of the Border Counties Association I was unexpectedly called on to propose the toast of "The Ladies" coupled with the name of Mrs. Harold J. Tennant, and happily remembered an ancient Sanskrit text that was brought to light by the *Spectator* long years ago, and which I was able to recall almost verbatim. "In the beginning," says that ancient text, which is called 'The Digest of the Moon,' 'in the beginning, Twashtri—that is, the Creator—when He came to the making of woman, found that He had exhausted all His raw materials in the manufacture of man, and had no solid elements left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, He proceeded as follows: He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils,

and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the fierceness of the tiger, and the glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the cooing of doves, and, mixing all these well together, He made woman and gave her to man. But after one week man came to Twashtri and said, "Lord, this creature Thou hast given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly and teases me past endurance, and she requires constant attention and takes up all my time, and cries about nothing and is very idle, and so I have come to give her back to Thee again." So Twashtri said, "Very well," and He took her back. But after another week man came to Twashtri again and said, "I find that my life is very lonely since I gave Thee back that creature Thou madest for me. I remember now she used to dance and sing to me, and look out at the corner of her eye at me, and cling to me, and her laughter was music, and she was very beautiful to look at, so give her back to me again." So Twashtri said, "Very well," and He gave woman back to man again. Then, after only three days, man came back to Twashtri and said, "Lord, I know not how it is, but after all I have come to the conclusion that this creature is more of a trouble than a pleasure

to me, so please take her back." But Twashtri was angry, and said, " Out on you ! Be off ! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can." Then man said, " But I cannot live with her," and Twashtri replied, " Neither can you live without her." And from that hour man has been finding out more and more that he cannot live without her.' We here fully realise that we cannot live without her, even at a public dinner, and hence the welcome we give to Mrs. Tennant and the other ladies."

FRANCIS BACON

October 17, 1908.—I have been privileged to be a guest to-day at a luncheon—an assembly it is called—at Gray's Inn, to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the election of Francis Bacon as treasurer of that body. There was a goodly luncheon in the venerable hall, a goodly company, and a goodly speech by the then treasurer, Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., M.P. (now Lord Merrivale). Mr. Duke dealt chiefly and eloquently with the connection of Bacon with Gray's Inn, where for twenty-five years he was a student, a barrister, and a bencher, where he lived till he reached the top of his profession, and where he sought refuge in his adversity. Mr. Duke linked Bacon with Plato, had some very effective passing digs at Macaulay, and reminded us of his, Bacon's, saying that " Themis will have no bedfellow," and of Prince Charles's prognostication, when Bacon was

in the depth of disgrace, "This man will not go out in a snuff!" He has certainly not gone out in a snuff, but has remained "a burning and a shining light" to this day. Of course, his foibles—for he had foibles—were lightly passed over, while a just tribute was paid to the far-reaching and beneficent influence of his philosophy. Mr. Duke, I think justly, attributed Bacon's literary popularity to his essays, and referred especially to the one "Of Gardens" in connection with his genius and care in enclosing and laying out the gardens at Gray's Inn, which remained, as Charles Lamb has told us, for two hundred years a delight to the people of London. "God Almighty first planted a Garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of Human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the Spirit of Man."

"The subject on which I think he [Tennyson] is most ready to converse," wrote Jowett, "sometimes over a pipe, is, (what do you think?) a future state, of which he always talks with a passionate conviction."

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Masefield says: "Death opens unknown doors;
it is most grand to die."

Some of our great poets have certainly supplied us with glimpses of the after-life more enticing than those of the Apocalypse.

Man has only one inalienable right, and that is to die ; all else is privilege.

Matter is indestructible ; energy is indestructible. Is it conceivable that the spirit of man, more subtle and real than either of these, and in a sense itself creative, is subject to annihilation ? There is in most men an intuitive conviction of the continuance of conscious life.

CORONETS AND CLOGS

Some time ago I was a guest at the wedding of the son of a very rich manufacturer with a lady of very blue blood, who had two uncles, peers of the realm, and extensive aristocratic connections. I was in the rear of the congregation, and so had an opportunity, during the hymns, of making some anthropological observations. The conclusions I arrived at were that the coronets to the left were taller and had rather longer noses than the clogs to the right, but that the latter displayed more sturdiness and vigour. Professor Laycock used to say that our old nobility had been saved from extinction by the occasional infusion of the blood of a dairymaid or actress on the one hand and of a footman or curate in the other. In these days the infusion of

the actress blood has become more copious, but the footman has been supplanted by the chauffeur.

HUXLEY AND STAGE FRIGHT

Huxley was Fullerian Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy at the Royal Institution for two terms of three years each, from 1855 to 1858 and from 1865 to 1869, delivering twelve lectures annually. He was the most clear, self-possessed, and delightful of lecturers, and yet he told me he never entered the theatre in Albemarle Street to begin his lecture without a transient but distressing sinking and sickly feeling. Thirteen years elapsed, and he came to hear Dewar deliver a Friday evening discourse on "Liquid Air." After it was over he said to me, "I have had a strange experience. I came to listen to Sir James and knew I should have nothing to say, but the moment I entered the theatre the old sinking, sickly feeling came over me again."

Huxley, when in his prime, once said to me, "I have had a large experience as an after-dinner speaker, and am supposed to be not bad at it, but even now, whenever, on attending a public dinner, I am told I shall be asked to speak, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth"

The true witching hour is not, I think, at twilight, but at the dawn. Let any healthy man, after a refreshing night's sleep and a cup of tea, lie on his back in his bed, in complete quiescence,

mind adrift, thinking of nothing, watching through the window-pane the gradient light, and there will come to him new insight ; the most brilliant ideas of which he is capable, inspirations and happy turns of expression. By the morbid man that witching hour is to be avoided, for it is then that melancholy and gloomy forebodings are at their worst.

On the announcement of the liquefaction of hydrogen, telegrams of congratulation poured in on Sir James Dewar from scientific men in all parts of Europe and America. I was shown a sheaf of these, and amongst them was one from Mendelleff, of St. Petersburg, which had been slightly altered in transmission. It read : “ Cordial congratulations on liquefaction of gudgeon.”

LADY PRIESTLY

Lady Priestly was an impressive and fascinating woman, with the *aplomb* and *dignité dans les manières* of *une grande dame* and the couthiness of an accomplished Scotchwoman of the finest type : she always retained a *soupçon* of her Edinburgh accent. But, notwithstanding her unique qualities she was, as she used to say, “strangely duplicated.” She was one of twins, and she and her sister were so exactly alike that the one had to wear a coral necklace from the hour of her birth to distinguish her from the other. As they grew up the resemblance between them did not diminish

for, after Lady Priestly's marriage, a gallant captain, who was very much in love with her twin sister mistook her for that twin sister at a reception at Lady Glasgow's, and could only with the utmost difficulty, and by the testimony of several witnesses be persuaded that he was wrong. In late years, when that sister had passed away and Lady Priestly's hair had become a beautiful silver grey, she encountered in London Society Mrs. Goschen, the very stately and beautiful wife of Mr. Alexander Goschen, who might have personated her successfully anywhere. They had a perplexing similitude, and at the Royal Institution, which they both frequented, were often mistaken for each other.

In the seventies, and nineties of the last century the Priestlys' house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, was the gathering-ground of all sorts of people, notable in science, literature, art, and politics. Lady Priestly had been brought up in a keen intellectual atmosphere in her father's house in Edinburgh, was a genuine help-mate to her husband (the best-looking physician in London) in his scientific pursuits, and was at the same time a graceful and tactful hostess. I recall pleasant little dinners, big receptions, balls, at Hertford Street, all admirably mixed and manœuvred. I particularly recall one little dinner at which I sat next Humphry Ward, on the evening after the day on which Gladstone had boomed *Robert Elsemere*. Humphry Ward was generally rather glum, but he was beaming that evening.

But Lady Priestly was not a mere Society hostess. Her dinner-parties and routs had always

a motive and a purpose behind them, and were designed, not merely to give pleasure to those who were privileged to take part in them, but to promote one or other of those benevolent objects in which she was always actively interested. There was no woman of her time in London who did better social work, and it was always a marvel to me how, while bestowing unremitting motherly care on a large family, she was able to give so helpful a hand to so many philanthropic projects. She studied the art of motherhood at a time when it was regarded as a rule of thumb handed down from the sisterhood of Sarah Gamp. Regulating her own household and rearing her children with the most scrupulous hygienic precautions, she applied herself to the care of children generally, and was associated with Dr. West in the foundation of the Sick Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Its nucleus was a humble home in an old-fashioned house, with spacious rooms and a broad oak staircase, that had once been the residence of Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician of the days of Queen Anne. Lady Priestly was an official visitor of that home, and gave much time to its superintendence. Her experience there opened her eyes to the mischief done by the neglect of children when their mothers are industrially employed, and she was instrumental in opening a crèche—almost, I should think, the first in London—and rejoiced in a roomful of little day-boarders. Her experience again in the hospital and crèche convinced her of the evils of ignorance and of the need of instruction in those days when there was no compulsory education, and so she gathered the convalescent

children into little classes and taught them nursery rhymes—a very important branch of education—and simple little lessons in reading and arithmetic. Lady Priestly was an early apostle of child salvage, and a shining light in the dark ages of elementary pediatrics.

In 1867, Lady Priestly discovered that, with the exception of smallpox, all manner of infectious diseases were received into the general wards of our hospitals, while in the surgical wards there was often an accumulation of open wounds creating what was called a traumatic atmosphere. In many of the London hospitals the nurses had to scrub the floors, but at King's College Hospital, to which her husband had become attached, the convalescent patients were required to get up at four in the morning to perform that office. At King's the principal surgical ward, in charge of Sir William Fergusson, was above the post mortem room, and the maternity ward, at the top of the building, had opening into it a lift from the basement, with an opening on every floor, up which food, coal, and other necessities were sent. Lady Priestly was helpful in introducing a better state of things. It was at a breakfast at Hertford Street in 1877 that Lister was persuaded to set aside his scruples and come to London, and thus afford a stimulus to the Metropolitan hospitals, some of which sadly needed the adoption of his methods.

Realising that outside our hospitals hygienic reforms were urgently called for, Lady Priestly threw herself heartily into propaganda work, and was one of the founders of the National Health Society, which, under the auspices of the Princess

Christian and the pilotage of Miss Fay Lankester, has done such an excellent work in the education of health visitors and in the dissemination of sound doctrine.

Had Lady Priestly lived until to-day, she would have been a typical woman member of Parliament. Her goodly presence, her winning manner, her ample knowledge, her earnest spirit, would have ensured attention to legislative measures affecting those domestic matters in which women are most interested, and about which they are best informed, while she would never have wandered into topics with which they are not fully competent to deal.

ARTHUR WILLIAM A'BECKETT

January 16, 1909.—By a sad accident, the fun of my old friend Arthur a'Beckett has been quenched for ever. He was the most genial and inveterate of jesters ; you could never maintain your gravity in his presence. He rollicked in laughter, and was the cause of infinite mirth in others during the quarter of a century in which he was on the staff of *Punch*. There was some friction (what it was I never understood) in his taking off from *Punch*, but he was very indignant, and resolved to put *Punch's* nose out of joint by means of another comic paper, and so devised and started *John Bull*, on the title-page of which there was a jovial free-flowing representation of our national representative. I was at the inaugural dinner of *John Bull*, and very John Bullish it was. We had oxtail soup, and beef steak, and plum pudding, and

flagons of ale, and churchwarden pipes. I sat between Lindley Sambourne and Mr. Ronald McNeill (now Lord Cushendun), and we found the repast more conducive to a sense of repletion than to a flow of soul. But *Punch's* nose proved obstinate, and *John Bull* collapsed in a couple of years, the patronymic passing to another periodical of a very different complexion. I first met a'Beckett at his marriage-feast in Cavendish Square in 1876. He married a daughter of Dr. Forbes Winslow, who was then the most prominent consulting physician in mental diseases in London, and I met him many times afterwards in connection with the affairs of Flower House Asylum, in the management of which he was associated with Dr. Charles Mercier, the most clear-headed and logical of medical psychologists. a'Beckett was a good fellow, whose high spirits and ready wit made for him many friends in the War Office, the Post Office, at the Bar, and in journalism, through all of which he passed.

Mr. C. C. had a large estate in Ireland, from which, in the troublous times, he received no rents for several years running. At length, his patience exhausted, he directed his agent to issue summonses all round. A few days later one of the oldest tenants waited on him and asked: "Is yer honour displeased wi' me, that you are traiting me like this?" "Traiting you like this?" said Mr. C. C. "What do you mean?" "Why," the man replied, "every tenant on the estate but me has got a summons. Why haven't I got one?"

The fact was that the agent, in making out the list for the summonses, had accidentally omitted that tenant's name.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, a certain Mayor of Leeds, at a Bachelors' Ball in the Town Hall, was asked by a gentleman whether the Mayoress was dancing, and, if so, if he would favour him with an introduction. "No," the Mayor replied, "the Mayoress is not dancing, but there are two young ladies she is shampooing, and who dance, and I'll be happy to introduce you to one of them."

PERIPHHRASIS

Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't!"—got rendered in a provincial newspaper into "the memorable monosyllabic anti-matrimonial monition of the Democritus of Fleet Street."

July 13, 1910.—At the dinner of the Debating Society of Gray's Inn at the Café Royal a very clever youth proposed the guests, coupled with my name and that of the German Ambassador. Of me he said, "I see his address is the Royal Courts of Justice, and it is probably his study of the judges there that has enabled him to write an illuminating work on *Dreamy Mental States*."

While the census was being taken at Holloway's Asylum at Virginia Water, my patient, Mrs. R., was asked how old she was. "I don't know," she replied. "When were you born?" "I wasn't born at all. I was won in a raffle."

November 24, 1910.—At the *Encyclopædia Britannica* dinner last evening, Professor (now Sir Alfred) Ewing told me of a Scotch boy at the Osborne Entrance Examination (Professor Ewing was one of the examiners) who, when asked if he knew anything about the battle of Flodden, replied that he did not. "Why, don't you know about the battle of Flodden," the examiner said, "where the English beat the Scotch?" "If they did," the boy replied, "it must have been very exceptional." "Well," the examiner went on, "if you don't know about the battle of Flodden, what do you know about Solomon?" "He was very fond of natural history," was the boy's answer. "How do you know that?" "Because he had in his house three hundred porcupines."

W. S. GILBERT

Dr. M'Lane Hamilton tells me that W. S. Gilbert, whom he knew very well in New York at the time he was producing *Pinafore* there, was always very kind to the chorus girls, who are sometimes badly bullied when they are stupid. One day a little chorus girl came up to him with tears in her eyes, and said, "Oh, Mr. Gilbert, what

do you think that girl over there said about me? She said that I was no better than I should be," to which Gilbert replied, "You are, my dear—you know you are," and, with this ambiguous assurance, the girl dried her eyes and went smilingly back to her place in the rear rank of the chorus.

Mrs. M. tells me that her old farm servant said to her recently, "The extravagance nooadays is fearsome; that young lad that's after the dairy-maid has gi'en her a box o' chocolates that cost ten shillings, and I did a' my courtship on twopence worth o' conversation lozenges."

FACIAL CONTORTIONS

Among the whims and follies that have successively risen into popularity in our country and then passed away there appears to have been, at one time, amongst the humbler classes a singular fashion of grinning. The third volume of the *Spectator* gives a very amusing account of this elegant rage, and informs us that grinning clubs were established in different parts of the country, grinning matches arranged, and grinning prizes awarded to the winners.

Among the competitors in this modern Olympic game were some who seem to have been endowed with a peculiar genius for the art, and in one instance the prize fell to a cobbler, who discovered so much accomplishment and excited so much applause that a hard-hearted young woman, whom

he had wooed in vain for five years before, immediately gave him her hand and was married to him the week following. Let us hope that she never repented, or, at any rate, was able to grin and abide.

I remember, when a very young boy, witnessing an odd performance which consisted entirely of grinning or facial contortions. I was permitted to attend for a short time the wedding festivities of a nursemaid who had been for some years in my mother's service. These consisted in a high tea, with a running accompaniment of whisky, and a dance in the barn of a flour mill, where whisky continued to flow in augmented streams. The dance was made up of reels, reels, reels, nothing but reels, between which, however, were interspersed a few songs—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and "Rory o' More"—and a performance of facial contortions, a pantomimic representation of what takes place when a fly lights on the nose of a sleeping man.

The performer was seated on a chair, and a ring was formed round him. He closed his eyes and pretended to go to sleep, and then one of the bystanders made a buzzing noise like that of a blue-bottle on the wing. Suddenly the noise ceased, and then the man on the chair began to twitch his features. His mouth was drawn to one side at first slowly, and then in repeated rapid jerks; his cheeks were blown out, and from the corner of his mouth came gusts of breath to blow the fly away. Then came wrinklins of the forehead, tremblings of the eyelids, and irregular agitation of all the muscles of the face, and finally he sprang up,

making wild clutches with his hands as if to catch the offending fly. The spectators watched intently, and laughed uproariously at his grimaces.

An encore was demanded, and then another series of extraordinary facial contortions was gone through on the assumption that his face was being tickled with a straw by a playful companion. The man was a highly-trained facial gymnast, and possessed an extraordinary power over his facial musculature. In old Dutch paintings, hideous but ludicrous contortions of the face and body are sometimes to be seen.

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT

The effects of the various positions and movements of the muscles of the body upon states of mind have not been studied as they deserve to be. That attitudes and postures exercise distinctive influences on the mind is evident from the manipulations of the mesmerists, and by the testimony of actors who tell us that it becomes difficult to assume the attitude indicative of any passion without feeling some faint mental suggestion of the emotion expressed. We cannot throw ourselves into the posture assumed when violently hitting an opponent without some slight reverberation of the combative instinct, neither can we assume the shrinking position of the terrified without a transient sense of dread. The attitudes of the female dancers of the Gades described by Martial and Juvenal, and those of the Egyptian singing-girls, called Ghawazee, exerted an influence on the

passions not only of the spectators, but of the performers themselves. Some dances consist of movements calculated to excite an amorous, others a martial spirit. The latter are the chief favourites of barbarians, the former of more polished races, and, without attempting any analysis of the civilised dances of the day, one may safely say that a number of them have erotic tendencies. We must recall that Byron, even Byron, unconditionally reprobated the introduction of the waltz into England. Again, among the ancients and among Orientals to-day the value of forms, not merely in expressing, but engendering feeling was, and is, fully recognised. The prostrations in religious worship, the genuflections when a subject approaches his sovereign or chief, which the unthinking might regard as mere idle ceremonies, have a deep psychological significance. The centres in the brain that originate voluntary movements are also participant in emotions. Not a muscular fibre contracts without a cerebral intimation of its movement.

When she stood up for dancing her steps were so complete
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet.

ALLINGHAM.

ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

September, 1911.—At the quinqucentenary celebration at St. Andrews University, where we were so sumptuously entertained, the toast list at the dinner was tremendous, three or four men being put up to reply to every toast. So it went on till

12.30 a.m., when many of the tables were deserted, but I thought it only courteous to sit it out. Sir William Turner was called on to reply for the University of Edinburgh, and made a very admirable but rather long speech. After him came Sir G. A. Smith, the Principal of Aberdeen, to reply for his University, but he merely stood up and, pointing to Turner, said, "Them's my sentiments," a speech which was voted, by those of us who survived, as excellent, although not academic.

I was the guest, during the celebration, of Mrs. Pettigrew, the widow of my dear friend Professor Pettigrew, at Swallowgale, the house he built, and so named in commemoration of his studies on flight, and in honour of his favourite bird. My fellow-guests were another dear friend, Dr. Robert Farquharson, a Liberal M.P. but a conservative human being, and Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces. The latter never missed his early morning dip in the sea, and one morning was caught by a photographer, standing on the edge of a rock, in the nude, with arms extended, about to dive. A copy of the photograph was afterwards duly delivered, with the legend printed beneath it, "And this is a bishop."

1912.—Joseph Lister, M.B., F.R.C.S., was elected a Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh on February 3, 1854. That must have been soon after his arrival in the North, and it was in the Royal Medical Society that I made his acquaintance in 1859. He was not then one of the regular attendants of the Society's meetings, but

he was always specially summoned to compose any difficulty that had arisen.

I was Lister's pupil at the old Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh in 1860, and I fancy my only surviving fellow-student of that time is Robert Bannatyne Finlay (afterwards Viscount Finlay and now alas ! no more !), who told me that he was so much impressed by the teaching of Lister and Syme that had he adhered to the medical profession instead of lapsing into law, he would have devoted himself to surgery.

When Lister came to London in 1877, he and I were near neighbours, so we often met, and I always leant on him in surgical concerns. My daughter is proud to remember to-day that her tonsils were removed by Sir Joseph Lister, and, whenever a Chancery patient needed surgical aid, I sought his advice. I remember, too, many sharp argumentative tussles in defence of his methods with Sir William Savory and other stiff-necked London surgeons, who poured derision on them, until the laugh was turned against them.

LISTER'S MAGNANIMITY

I remember at this time what I regarded as a striking example of Lister's magnanimity. My son, a boy of about twelve complained about a small growth on the septum of the nose, and I took him to see Lister, who, after examining it, said, "Yes, it ought to be removed." He fixed a certain morning for the operation, and I engaged a nurse and made all the necessary preparations. At the

appointed hour he arrived, accompanied by Rickman Godlee, but when the boy was on the operating table he made another examination, and then, after standing reflecting for a few minutes, he said, "No operation is necessary. I believe the growth will disappear of itself in time, or, at any rate, give no trouble," and so, replacing his instruments in his bag, he left us all rejoicing—all except the patient, who felt chagrined at being deprived of the distinction of undergoing a surgical operation. Lister was quite right, and the growth gave no trouble afterwards.

At this time an enterprising lady journalist was making a practice of calling on eminent physicians and surgeons, consulting them about some fictitious malady, and making a racy article out of the interview. One morning she made her way by appointment into Lister's consulting-room, and began to describe some symptoms which she had learnt by rote from a text-book. Lister at once perceived that she was an impostor, and calmly said to her, "You are the lady interviewer, are you not? I have nothing to say to you." She plied him with questions and rattled on, but he never opened his lips, but, rising politely, bowed her out of the room and went so far as to bow her out of the front door. The lady interviewer however was not to be balked of her prey. She wrote a lengthy description of her visit to the great surgeon, doing justice to his personal charm but regretting that he was so taciturn and that his dining-room furniture was so shabby.

Sir Watson Cheyne tells us that Dr. John Brown, of *Rab and His Friend*, when proposing the toast

of the bride and bridegroom at the marriage of Mr. Joseph Lister (afterwards Lord Lister) to Miss Syme, referred to an illness which that lady had had when a little child, in which she had lain unconscious for several days. He spoke as follows : " Lister is one who will, I believe, rise to the very top of his profession, and as for Agnes, she was once in heaven for three or four days when she was a very little child, and she has been an angel ever since."

" It is your proud office," said Lord Lister, in his graduation address, " to tend the fleshy tenement of the immortal spirit, and your path of duty if rightly followed, will be guided by unfettered truth and love unfeigned."

DELTA

David Macbeth Moir (Delta) died in 1851 in Dumfries, where he had come to consult my father and to visit his old friend Thomas Aird.

He is said to have been unduly eulogised by the *Blackwood* coterie, but at the time of his death he enjoyed wide popularity and the friendship of almost all the most distinguished men of his time, and now, in eighty years, he has been pushed out of remembrance by a group of poets of a more aggressive type than he.

In Scotland his name is kept alive by his novel *Mansie Wauch*.

Soon after his death a newspaper paragraph announced that he was Queen Victoria's favourite poet.

I asked A. C. Benson about this, and he said Queen Victoria had no favourite poet. "She dipped into the works of many poets, but never expressed a decided preference for anyone. Probably Delta's poems of the domestic affections appealed to her, but I have not found any record of partiality for his works."

COINCIDENTAL TELEPATHY

When dozing in the drawing-room the other evening after dinner, and seeing my wife reading a book, I said to her suddenly and without anything to lead up to it: "Why do you never play patience now? In former days you used occasionally to indulge in a game." On which she said, "That's very odd, for at the moment you asked that question I was reading in this book—Compton Mackenzie's *Poor Relations*—these words: 'Old Mrs. Touchwood had acquired from some caller a new game of patience, which kept her gently simmering in the lamplight every evening.'"

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE

The late Sir Archibald Geikie, that eminent geologist and genial and jocular soul, told me that on one occasion at an evening party in Edinburgh one of the Scottish judges—I believe it was Lord Rutherford Clark, who was getting just a little obese—came up to him and said, "Sir Archibald, I want to consult you about a geological problem

that has puzzled me a good deal. How is it that all the hills in Scotland with which I am acquainted have become higher and steeper than they were in the days of my youth ? Perhaps you can throw some light on this curious upheaval ? ”

At a meeting of the Leeds University Agricultural Society a student gave an instance of the conservatism of an old Yorkshire farmer. The student was explaining to him about artificial manures, but the farmer would hear nothing in favour of such modern innovations. “ Muck is muck,” he said, “ and those that uses owt else is goin’ agin Providence.” There is a Scottish proverb which runs, “ The midden is the mither o’ the meal kist.”

LOVE-MAKING IN ROXBURGHSHIRE

Jock farm-hind to Jennie farm-bondager :
“ Didna I come to see ye last Monday ? ” “ Aye.”
“ Didna I come to see ye on Tuesday ? ” “ Aye.”
“ Didna I come to see ye on Wednesday ? ”
“ Aye.” “ Didna I come to see ye on Thursday ? ”
“ Aye.” “ Didna I come to see ye on Friday ? ”
“ Aye.” “ And is this no Saturday and here I am again ? ” “ Aye.” “ Weel, dae ye no begin to smell a rat ? ”

Lord Shaw (now Lord Craigmyle) told me that a stern Presbyterian of the Covenanting type once had it put to him, “ What do you really think of

the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Moor ? ” “ Weel,” he replied, “ I winna say mair than this—that he was weel awa’.”

It is told that the Archbishop of York (now Archbishop of Canterbury), when Bishop of Stepney, was showing a number of factory girls from the East End over St. Paul’s Cathedral and explaining to them its historical and architectural interests, and in their peregrinations two girls lagged far behind the others, so the bishop went back to them, and, putting his hand on the shoulder of one, said : “ Don’t linger ; come along with the others,” upon which the girl gave him a benign smile, and, turning to her companion, said : “ Oh, Liz, ain’t he free ? ”

At the Quater-centenary Dinner of Peterhouse, Cambridge, at which I was privileged to be present, the speeches were exceptionally numerous and long, and at one o’clock in the morning Sir Frederick Bramwell was called upon to propose “ Applied Science.” “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ the only applied science I can think of as appropriate at this hour is the application of the lucifer match to the bedroom candle.” He sat down, and Lowell, the United States Minister, who was sitting opposite him, threw him across the table his menu card, on which he had inscribed these lines :

O ! dear Sir Frederick ; would that we could catch
Your happy humour, and so prove your match.

An English professor gave a lecture on Omar Khayyám at Chicago, and, when it was over, an American citizen came up and congratulated him cordially on his lecture. Naturally pleased, the lecturer asked the American citizen what point in the lecture had more particularly interested him. The answer was : " Well, sir, I now for the first time understand the difference between Omar Khayyám and Hunyadi Janos."

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK

'Tis true you say,
Yuletide is for the young ;
The old, with falt'ring tongue,
Greet its array.

The mistletoe,
Kiss raining on our girls,
Is strung with death-pale pearls,
To widowed woe.

Holly appears,
Glossy to deck the dance
To boys, to age its glance
Glistens with tears.

The Yule log's blaze
On chubby cheeks beams bright,
Wrinkles it tints with light
Of other days.

And Christmas fare,
That makes babes blithe and bold,
Dyspepsy brings the old,
And mickle care.

Quaint Christmas Eve,
The children's tiptoe time,
Bids those who've passed their prime
Look back and grieve.

But tenfold sad
Would Christmas be to eld,
Were merry revels quelled
Of lass and lad.

And little mirth
Would it on young folks shed,
If old folks went to bed
At frolic's birth.

For twilight grey
And rosy dawn both lend
Each other charms, and blend
In perfect day.

'Tis in the flow
Of hope and memory we
Take heart to live and be
In this dull show.

Long may't abide,
That careworn faces smile
On quip and wanton wile
At Christmastide.

LORD HOUGHTON'S BREAKFASTS

Lord Houghton's breakfasts in Brook Street were a social feature of London in the sixties and seventies of last century. He brought together at them, in the cool of the morning, men of light and leading in all walks of life, and, in his generous hospitality, sometimes mixed up with these a few second-rate notorieties of the hour. At one of these breakfasts, in the course of conversation, one of the guests asked aloud, "I wonder if that man"—naming an interesting murderer—"was executed at Newgate this morning. There was a rumour of a reprieve last evening." Upon which Miss Milnes, Lord Houghton's aunt, a lady of the old school, who did not fully approve of the miscellaneous character of the company assembled on these occasions, intervened and said, "You may be sure he was executed. Had he not been, he would have been here to breakfast."

At the Church Congress at Southampton a Colonial bishop, deploring the ignorance of our people of our Colonies and Dependencies, said that a poor woman from the East End of London was being shown round the Zoological Gardens, and, when they came to the kangaroo, it was pointed out to her as a Western Australian, upon

which, with a distressed look, she exclaimed :
“ Good heavens ! my daughter has married a
Western Australian ! ”

LAKELAND

Again we are told of improvement and road-making that involves hillside cutting in Westmorland and Cumberland. But why cannot they leave Lakeland alone ? It is our best English landscape gallery, an inspirer of wholesome æsthetical sentiment, a casket of precious memories, and a restorative sanatorium for shattered nerves. To hew and hack at it on any pretext is to mar its divine dream, to inflict a national wrong and a blight on posterity. It is no place for hot haste. The motor-car should thread it reverently. It is to the pedestrian that it yields its ineffable charm. We should leave it alone, therefore, to adorn itself in fresh beauty year after year, and to mellow and mellow as the centuries roll on.

Strained of all its worries and misfortunes, life would be unendurable. It would cloy by its lusciousness, or weary by its insipidity.

Evolution is really a continuous revelation and variation, a perpetual miracle. “ The flowers,” said Carlyle, “ are eyes looking out upon us from an inner sea of beauty.” May not the great man be a flash of illumination from an unsearchable firmament of wisdom ?

Sir James Cantlie told me that in his time in China, when a young man misbehaved himself, even after he had left school, his schoolmaster was held responsible for his conduct, and was punished by fine, imprisonment, or banishment, proportioned to the transgression of his pupil. Such a system of payment by results would give a fillip to ethical teaching in this country, but might be inconvenient in depriving us of the services of the head masters of some of our great schools, who would always be undergoing penal discipline.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

January 12, 1914.—Had a chat with Sir Ernest Shackleton to-day about his proposed Antarctic expedition—a bold, unflinching man, and an optimist, as all world-adventurers must be ; it is the pessimists who squat in snug corners. He is shrewd, vigorous, emphatic, and expects, he tells me, to finish his work in nine months, leaving in August and returning in the following April. It speaks well for him that most of the men who were with him on his previous expedition have applied to be allowed to go with him again. He has had telegrams from these men from Newfoundland and India, and several of Scott's men have also volunteered. He means to succeed, and will unless "unmerciful disaster" blocks the way.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

In September 1914, Sir William and Lady Watson (then Mr. and Mrs. Watson) paid us a

short visit at Crindau, and I drove them to see Carlaverock Castle, that noble baronial ruin, and then on to the Ruthwell Cross, that beautiful monument of the eighth century. The Rev. J. L. Dinwiddie, the minister of Ruthwell, kindly showed us the Cross, which is now happily enclosed in the church, and, learning who Sir William was, brought out his visitors' book to obtain his signature.

In turning over its leaves, he pointed to two names entered on July 15, 1911, which he thought would interest us. They were those of Prince Henry of Prussia and of General Sir James Murray Grierson, whose sudden death during the early months of the war was such a misfortune to our country. But Prince Henry and General Grierson had come to Ruthwell, not to see the Cross, but to trace out, if possible, the genealogy of the general. He had, it appeared, been for some time attached to the British Embassy in Berlin, and had found favour in the eyes of the Kaiser, who had offered to bestow on him some highly distinguished Prussian order—the qualification for which was proof of four generations of gentle birth.

General Grierson knew that his forebears had lived in Ruthwell, and hoped to find there some record of them. This, with the aid of Mr. Dinwiddie, he succeeded in doing, on a tombstone over the grave of his grandfather, who was a carpenter in the parish.

Further than that he could not go. One wonders what brought Prince Henry to Ruthwell with General Grierson. Perhaps he came as a friend or as an official witness, but perhaps he improved the

occasion by making a few topographical notes during the days they spent at Comlongon Castle as the guests of Mr. Johnstone Douglas. At any rate, early in the war a German gunboat came up the Solway and shelled Whitehaven.

As a memento of his visit to Crindau, Sir William Watson sent me the following beautiful pictorial and patriotic sonnet :

Around your northern home where never cease,
The ebb and flow of Nith, whose waters glide
Rich with their memories of the Muse ; whose tide,
In haunts of moorfowl and the wandering fleece,
Down to Carlaverock, beyond old Dumfries,
To Solway brings its dowry, like a bride ;
There do the Lowland mothers mourn with pride
The Lowland sons, whom War hath lapped in Peace.
But you—be glad, be uplifted seeing that what
Was great aforetime still disdains to fade ;
The spirit perfervid of the heroic Scot,
The fire unlulled, and hardly in earth allayed,
The ancient native prowess unforgot ;
Valour undrooped and manhood undecayed.

Throughout the agonies of the war Sir William Watson, in proud and moving measures, maintained the righteousness of our country's cause, and helped to stiffen our sinews in the fight.

SWIMMING

Swimming is assuredly the most useful of man's physical acquirements, useful in its refreshing, health-giving, nerve-bracing, life-saving aspects, and also as an exhilarating sport.

In connection with the history of swimming, two great and romantic events always stand out prominent and memorable—the nocturnal performance of Leander in the Hellespont—perhaps somewhat mythical—and the indubitable and daring feat of Lord Byron in swimming the same straits, although crippled in one leg.

But there was another great swimming achievement that is worthy of remembrance but seems to be forgotten, and that was the swim accomplished by that great American statesman, diplomatist, and man of science, Benjamin Franklyn. It was in 1726 that, being on the bank of the Thames at Chelsea one afternoon, and being challenged by a friend, he stripped, dived into the river, and swam to the steps of London Bridge. Franklin's swimming feats in London at that time won him a considerable reputation, and he received, he has told us, a tempting offer to remain in London as a teacher of swimming, an offer which he said he might have accepted had it been sooner made. We may be thankful that it was not sooner made, for Franklin's services in instructing the youth of London in breast and back and side stroke would scarcely have compensated for the part he played in the War of Independence, for his contributions to literature, and for his scientific discoveries. It was he who gave us the lightning conductor, and by his kite tapped the clouds of their electricity.

Franklin's swim recalls a story of my undergraduate days. Professor Sellars, the Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, when lecturing, told his class of a celebrated Roman athlete who swam the Tiber when in flood three

times in succession, upon which a student on a back bench emitted a loud laugh.

Nettled by the apparently irrelevant interruption, the professor paused, and, addressing the student, said, "You do not, Mr. So-and-So, take much part in the work of the class, but perhaps you will explain your risibility!"

"Weel, sir," the student replied, "I was thinking that if he swam the Tiber three times it would be vera' awkward for him when he landed, for he widna' find his claeths."

What Franklin did about his "claeths" when he landed at London Bridge steps I do not know, but in these days, of course, clothes have become practically immaterial in all aquatic performances.

Ever since Captain Matthew Webb swam the Channel in 1875 we have had our eyes on it, and have viewed it with increasing interest since the ladies joined the gentlemen in its waters.

SOUTHERNESS

1914.—How delightful it is to find any spot of earth unaltered, unimproved, in these days! I motored to Southernness to-day, and found it exactly as it was when I sojourned there fifty years ago. There stands the same superannuated lighthouse, the same rows of whitewashed cottages facing the sea and at right angles to it, the same bulging rocks with patches of hard sand between, the same shells, the same sea-weed with the same pungent but refreshing smell, the same rolling sandhills and merse, tufted with coarse grass,

capable of conversion into magnificent golf-links, but, thank heaven, with their potentialities still undiscovered. There are the same glorious views of Criffel and the hinterland, of the Cumberland mountains and coast-line as far as "that azure headland that men call St. Bees." This promontory, Southernness, jutting into the Solway, treeless and sunbaked, with vast expanses of sand on either side, exposed at low water to the sun, and swept by diverse breezes, is, I believe, a peculiar saline and salubrious point. Its present charm consists in its primitive and undisturbed simplicity. A hydropathic establishment would take the soul out of it.

GENIUS

It was Carlyle who wrote in *Frederick the Great* (Book IV., Chapter iii.): "Genius, which means the transcendent capacity for taking trouble first of all," but he has been anticipated and quoted and echoed many times. "Le génie, c'est une longue patience," said Buffon. "Genius is a capacity for taking trouble," said Leslie Stephen. "Genius is nothing but labour and diligence," said Hogarth. But most of those who have spoken like Carlyle have missed the essential elements in his definition. These hinge on the words "transcendent" and "first of all." Carlyle, the vindicator of the hero—the indubitable genius—never meant that he was the product of mere drudgery. He, of all men, recognised transcendent capacity to begin with, a spontaniety and inspiration that no amount of hard

work could create, but only evoke. If genius is to assert itself fully, there must be a taking of trouble "first of all," but it is not to the trouble that it owes its origin. As in the heavens, at long intervals, new stars—or "*novæ*," as they are called—burst forth in unanticipated and short-lived brilliance, so in our human constellations now and again men of genius flame forth; but in neither case can the transcendent phenomenon be accounted for by taking trouble.

Canon Ainger told us at Goldielea that at a dinner-party he sat next a lady who insisted on talking to him on bimetallism, a subject on which she was evidently an expert. At last he could not stand it any longer, and said to her, "You must pardon me, my dear madam, but bimetallism doesn't interest me, for silver and gold have I none."

THE MALIGNING OF BURNS

The following extracts from an unpublished letter by Mrs. Basil Montagu to Mrs. Carlyle at Craigenputtock throws a revealing light on a considerable body of Burns biography.

" 25 Bedford Square, London,
" *February 25, 1834.*

" MY DEAR JANE,—. . . Literature, like everything else, seems now only a trade, and the highest and

holiest subjects are now—materials for some literary adventurer, who does not consider what is most true, but what is most saleable ; . . . I have always felt this, and now more bitterly than ever, when I see that Allan Cunningham, who ought to have known better, has published (without leave from me) all the idle and disjointed chat which he could pick up about Robert Burns, most of it misrepresented, confused, and lamentably purposeless, and as vulgar in the language as it is worthless in the matter ; and this he has put my name to, who have ever represented Burns as incapable of rudeness or vulgarity ; on the contrary as gentle, modest in his manner to women, well bred and gentlemanly in all the courtesies of life, with a natural politeness poorly imitated by the artificial polish of society, since his manner arose out of the chivalric respect and devotion he bore to the sex—a respect that modulated his voice and veiled the flashing of his eyes, and gave a winning grace to the most trifling of his attentions ; this and a thousand other things all in commendation have I, from time to time, endeavoured to infuse into the dense faculty of honest Allan ; and, above all, that during the Carnival of the Caledonian Hunt, ‘ when universal Scotland all was drunk,’ I never saw Burns once intoxicated, though the worthy member for Dumfries, and the good Laird of Arbigland, and twenty more that might be named, were much more tipsy than Tam o’ Shanter, for he could see witches and warlocks, but they could neither see nor stand, and were brought home in a state of inglorious insensibility. I have told him twenty times that Burns always left a dinner-party,

if there were women, for the drawing-room long before any other man joined it ; and this in his thick skull has produced the following brilliant remark from Mrs. Montagu : ‘ He drank as other men drank.’ . . . The *style* is so little like anything I could say that I never thought it worth my while to make a remark upon it.—Poor Burns ! misfortune pursues thee even to the grave ! So it is with almost all great men ; reverence keeps silent all who loved them, and traders take up the theme. . . .

“ Ever faithfully and kindly

“ Your friend,

“ A. D. B. MONTAGU.”

SIR WILFRID LAWSON

It used to be told of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, that most zealous temperance advocate and author of the Permissive Bill—I daresay the story is apochryphal, but it is worth recording—that when the Bishop of Carlisle paid him a visit at Brayton he said to him on his arrival, “ I know you take a little wine, but it would be contrary to my principles and demoralising to my servants to have it on the table, but here is the key of a little cupboard in your bedroom where you will find what you want.”

When Sir Wilfrid paid the bishop a return visit at Rose Castle, the bishop, when greeting him, explained that he and his family took a little wine or beer with meals, “ but, of course,” he went on. “ I know that you cannot partake of these, so here is the key of a tap in your bedroom, where you will find an abundant supply of cold water.” Sir

Wilfrid had a keen sense of humour, and, no doubt, enjoyed the joke, if it was perpetrated.

INTELLECTUAL FATIGUE

It is generally affirmed that the exertion of the intellect, however strenuous, is free from untoward consequences, and that when these do apparently result from it, they are due, not to the intellectual effort, but to some emotional disturbance that accompanies it. But that is not altogether correct. Emotion is everywhere, intellectual effort is comparatively rare, but, while the former is vastly more prolific as a cause of mental disorder or brain trouble than the latter, the risks attaching to the latter must not be ignored.

A too severe or protracted strain on attention may, in those who have not casehardened brains, without any unusual emotional associations, upset the balance of the brain. Chess-playing is an intellectual exercise of a very calm and detached description ; and yet we have had in champion chess-players some lamentable instances of mental failure after protracted tournaments.

Some five and thirty years ago, my son, while reading for the University, was the pupil of a clergyman in Wiltshire who had a daughter, a charming girl of fourteen or fifteen, and this daughter developed the extraordinary power of being able to recall the exact sequence of all the cards in a pack which had been once dealt over before her. My son saw her do this repeatedly with complete success, but she became averse to exhibit

the feat, as it invariably brought on headache and congestion of the eyes. When induced from time to time to show her prowess for the astonishment of her father's guests, her eyes were afterwards always visibly bloodshot.

Twenty-five years later, this girl, a girl no longer, wrote to me : " How well I remember the extraordinary fit I took of remembering the order of a pack of cards, and the subsequent headache. I still retain a very good memory for cards—but not for other things—often remembering four hands at bridge, if they have been interesting, for days afterwards, and also, curiously enough, always get a headache after bridge ; but I never allow it to be known, so I must still be much as I was when a girl, although I am getting on towards autumn, with three children, the eldest girl nearly as tall as I am, and a boy of nine at a preparatory school for the Navy."

Don't concentrate too severely, or stretch attention too far !

REVERSING THE PROCEDURE

My friend R—— early in life found himself the laird of a good Scottish property and a county magistrate, but he was ambitious, and conscious of latent ability, and so went to London, became a student at the Inner Temple, and was in due course called to the Bar. But still he was not satisfied. He was not content to wait for briefs, and discovered that his tastes were literary and not practical, and so became an undergraduate at Oriel College,

Oxford, where he ultimately attained to distinction. Soon after he had entered at Oriel, my brother Balfour met him at the Athenæum, and said to him : " My dear R——, you are reversing the usual procedure. You were a county gentleman, then a barrister, and now you are an undergraduate. The next time I meet you I shall expect to see you in an Eton collar."

MARIE CORELLI

Marie Corelli, for some time our pleasant neighbour in Hans Place, always vivid and on the alert, being asked why she had never married, replied " There was no need. I have three pets at home which answer the same purpose as a husband. I have a dog which growls every morning, a parrot which swears all the afternoon, and a cat that comes home late at night."

An old gentleman I knew in Scotland in my youth, a manufacturer of British wines, was taken ill one day, and, as his family doctor was away from home, a young medical practitioner who had just settled in the neighbourhood was called in to see him. Examining him, this young practitioner asked him to show his tongue, and, on looking at it, started back in alarm. " I am very sorry to distress you, Mr. C.," he said, " but I am bound to tell you that you are in a very serious condition, and are threatened with mortification of the tongue." " Oh, it's my tongue that scares you, is

it ? ” replied Mr. C. “ Ye needna bother about that ; we’ve been making the port wine this morning.”

When, in mental work, emotion is added to intellectual effort we have combined bending and twisting stresses.

A boy at Eton, asked what he knew about Milton, said, “ He was a great poet who wrote ‘ Paradise Lost,’ and then his wife died and he wrote ‘ Paradise Regained.’ ”

The young ladies of Girton, it is affirmed, formed a Browning Society, but exhausted Browning or themselves during the poet’s lifetime. So, in 1886, it was resolved, by a unanimous vote of the members, that the Society should be dissolved and the accumulated funds spent on chocolates.

At the Pan-Celtic Congress at Edinburgh, Dr. Fraser said it had been clearly proved that the dulcimer mentioned in the Book of Daniel was the bagpipes. Had Coleridge realised that he would scarcely have written :

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Albora.

A young woman with inflated cheeks, stamping about and making the chanter skirl, would be anything but a poetical conception.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECH-MAKING

In the reception-room at the St. Pancras Hotel, prior to the annual dinner of the Galloway Association, a Scottish reporter came up to me and asked, "Are ye gaun to speak the nicht?"

"Yes, I suppose so," I replied, "as the secretary has this instant asked me to propose a toast."

"Then," said the reporter, "gie's a haud o' that manuscript ye've got in your pocket."

At a dinner of the Savage Club, Sir John Lavery said that on one occasion that distinguished and beloved American Ambassador, Joseph H. Choate, was invited as a guest, and agreed to come on the express stipulation that he was not to be called on to make a speech. That was agreed to, and the committee arranged that Professor (afterwards Sir) Walter Raleigh of Oxford should deliver the speech of the evening, which he did in his best and inimitable style. But when he had finished there were vociferous demands for Choate, to which he was at last obliged to yield, delivering, as was his wont, an eloquent and witty oration. It so happened that at that time Lavery was painting the portrait of Choate's daughter, who gave him a sitting at his studio the morning after the dinner.

He congratulated her warmly on her father's speech, on which she said, "Yes, I thought it would be good, for he spent two whole days in preparing it."

At a dinner in the City, Labouchere and Bradlaugh were guests, and, as the company filed from the reception-room into the dining-hall, the former saw sticking out of the coat-tail pocket of the latter a paper which he quietly abstracted, and found to be the notes of a speech. On consulting the toast-list, he discovered that he and Bradlaugh were both down to speak, but that he came first, and so he devoted himself during the dinner to a study of Bradlaugh's notes, and, when his turn came, delivered Bradlaugh's speech with much unction. The author of the speech listened to him with astonishment and discomfiture, but, after fumbling in his pocket, realised the facts, and in due course made his speech much better than Labouchere's, for he was an able man, and was gingered up by the trick, and spontaneity is often superior to the most elaborate preparation in speech-making.

A lady deeply tinctured with cubism, paying a visit in a country house, said to her hostess at breakfast the first morning, "What an excellent portrait of your husband that is in the bathroom." "Portrait of my husband in the bathroom!" exclaimed her hostess. "Why, that is a plan of our house drains!"

Sir Evelyn Wood told me that, when he was Master of the Fishmongers' Company, at one of their big dinners, after smoking had been going on for some time, he turned to the toastmaster and said, "Is it not about time that I got on with my speech?" to which the toastmaster replied. "Oh, no, Sir Evelyn, let them enjoy themselves a little longer!"

Meeting a friend who complained of some mental disturbance, I said to him, "You should consult an alienist physician." "No, no," he replied. "An English doctor is good enough for me."

A soldiers' journal described a new kind of bird—the parrotigeon—a cross between a parrot and a carrier pigeon, that delivered its message verbally.

MIND UNDERMINING

What is called by the psycho-analysts unburdening the mind of traumatic memories is often followed by a more wounding sense of shame for having divulged to a mere man conduct or inclinations of a discreditable kind, the remembrance of which has been long hidden away in the mind. The confessional is on an entirely different level. That is regarded, by those who resort to it, as a confidence reposed in God, and is not pursued by the priest with the elaborate persistence and

subtle suggestiveness of the methods of the full-blown psycho-analyst. The trust reposed in a medical adviser is a very different thing from a religious sanction, and, where the disclosure sought for has no obvious connection with existing symptoms, and where it does not afford relief, it is apt to be afterwards resented. "He wormed it out of me," said a wretched neurasthenic patient to me, "he wormed it out of me, and I shall never forgive myself for telling him." Genuine remorse is never palliated by being poured privately into a professional ear, but mere quibbles, raked out of the rubbish-heap of a past life—and every past life has its rubbish-heap—forgotten faults, summoned up with a fictitious heinousness attached to them, may no doubt be dispersed in this way for a time at any rate. The morbid mind under psycho-analysis sometimes comes to revel in its own wrongdoing, and invents transgressions that were never committed, and this is especially the case in regard to sexual irregularities. In a vast majority of cases it should be the aim of a rational psycho-therapy to withdraw the patient's mind from the contemplation of an objectionable and painful past and from ferreting out verminous reminiscences, and to occupy it with prospective duties and wholesome pursuits, and sure and certain hopes.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

1916.—At the dinner in aid of the Great Northern Central Hospital given by Sir George Lawson-Johnston (now Lord Luke) at the

Connaught Rooms, I sat next Lady Randolph Churchill, who, notwithstanding her accident, is as beautiful and fascinating as ever. It devolved on me to propose the toast of the hospital, and I had no difficulty—in these war times—in enlisting the interest and sympathy of the audience in the good work for the sick and wounded it was doing. I finished off by reminding them that Islington, the populous district which the hospital serves, has many claims to consideration, but I added, “It is, I fancy, best known throughout the English-speaking and English-singing world in connection with its ‘Bailiff’s daughter.’ In that fine old ballad we have the Bailiff’s daughter sitting under a tree soliciting alms :

‘A penny, a penny, kind sir,’ she said,
‘To ease me of my pain.’

“Now, there are thousands of people in Islington to-day craving to be eased of their pain, and it is for their sakes that we ask you to give ‘a penny, a penny’—and as many pennies as you can spare—to this hospital. Your pennies will be well expended. They will ease many a pain, and bring back the flush of health to many a pallid cheek.”

As I sat down, Lady Randolph clapped her hands and said, “Very neat,” and I felt highly complimented.

ROGER CASEMENT

The only difference of opinion I ever had with my dear friend Lauder Brunton was over the Roger Casement case.

On April 25, 1916, he wrote to me : " My letter to you is hastened by seeing the question raised in to-night's *Evening Standard* whether Sir Roger Casement should be shot as a traitor. Surely the right thing is to confine him in Broadmoor along with other criminal lunatics. The account given of him in *The Times* to-day, describing his accusation of Sir Edward Grey, surely proves him to have been suffering from delusions. I saw him as a patient in 1912. He was then suffering from malaria, with enlarged spleen, a very tender liver, and so much tenderness and swelling over the appendix that I advised him not to go out of reach of prompt surgical assistance. When I heard of his extraordinary behaviour I concluded that he had arterial thrombosis of some artery in the anterior lobe of the brain, disturbing his mental balance. Of course, this is only hypothesis, but his letters about Sir Edward Grey are facts about which your judgment is infinitely better than mine."

I replied to Lauder Brunton that as a public official I could not intervene in Roger Casement's case in any way unless asked by my chief to do so, and that I felt bound to add that I had not seen in the published reports of his case any evidence of mental aberration.

On April 26, I heard from Lauder Brunton again : " I could not sleep last night for thinking of Sir Roger Casement, and so got up and wrote a letter to the editor of *The Times*. I finished it at 4 a.m., and then I went to sleep. I don't know whether the editor will print the letter or consign it to the wastepaper basket."

Lauder Brunton was one of the most kind-hearted

of men—there never was a more sympathetic physician—and of course he pitied Casement, but he was also a patriotic, clear-headed, law-abiding Scotchman, and I felt sure that in his view of Casement's case he was influenced by Lady Lauder Brunton, who was a daughter of the Dean of Meath, and had strong Irish sympathies. Her sister, Mrs. Green, the widow of John Richard Green, the historian, was even more pronouncedly Irish than she.

DR. JAMES PEDDIE STEELE

August 23, 1917.—Another old friend has passed away. Dr. James Peddie Steele has died at Florence, where he has sojourned for many years, a scholarly physician, a distinctive figure in the English colony there, and a delightful cicerone to all the wonders of the city to any casual visitor who brought an introduction to him.

He was born and educated in Edinburgh, graduated in Arts in the University there, became assistant to Professor Blackie, and was recognised as an accomplished Grecian. He then studied medicine, and took his degree at the same time that I did, but his heart was not in it, and he soon gravitated into journalism and to London. He was in Edinburgh an intimate friend of Alexander Smith, the perfervid author of *A Life Drama*, and in London he was in the Swinburne set at the Arts Club for a time; and then went as the correspondent of the *Daily News* to Rome, and there married Miss Sarah Le Poer Trench and took up

his abode in Florence. Mrs. Steele was a cousin of that unique and remarkable man, Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, who, minus arms and legs, engaged in all the pursuits and sports of a country gentleman and was for fourteen years a highly esteemed and useful member of Parliament. I remember seeing him carried into the House of Commons seated in a little wickerwork cradle. Mrs. Steele's husband undoubtedly contributed many literary adornments and classical allusions to the *Life* of her cousin, which she wrote, but it overflows with her own Hibernian fervour, and is not only a fascinating study of a truly heroic life, but an instructive chapter of Irish history at one of its most anxious epochs.

Mrs. Steele merely says that Mr. Arthur Kavanagh was limbless, but that cannot be exactly correct. There must have been stumps or rudimentary limbs, to which that eminent surgeon, Sir Philip Crampton, found it possible to attach the ingenious contrivances which enabled Mr. Kavanagh to fish, shoot, hunt, yacht, and play billiards.

Mr. Kavanagh was a man of quite striking ability, as his letters, his account of his travels, and his speeches in Parliament testify. His ambitions were noble, his affections warm, and his achievements marvellous. There never was such an instance of self-help.

Dr. Peddie Steele all his days contemplated writing a *Life* of Arbuthnot, but he never did it. His scattered writings remain scattered, which is a pity, for he was a fine and dignified stylist. The soul of kindness, he cheered and charmed all his

friends. Conscious of his own obligations, some years before his death he offered a prize of one hundred guineas for an essay on "What Scotland owes to her Parish Schools and Universities."

Mr. Justice Sir Thomas Bucknill, always affectionately known to his friends as Tommy, while still at the Bar, living at the Highlands, Epsom, and representing the Epsom Division of Surrey, when out for a ride on the Downs one Sunday morning, was thrown from his horse and fractured two ribs. When some friends had come to his assistance and were lifting him up, he saw at a little distance a man scribbling in a note-book. Calling him up, he said, "I suppose you are connected with the Press and are reporting my accident." The man admitted that that was so. "Very well," said Bucknill, handing him a sovereign, "please make it Monday morning. I wouldn't like some of my dissenting constituents to know that I was out riding on a Sunday morning." When, as a judge, condemning Seddon to death, Bucknill broke down and sobbed, because, it was alleged, Seddon was a brother Mason.

My daughter, when serving during the war at the Euston Canteen, through which a great number of men passed daily, found that, when asked whether they would have tea or coffee, as they always were, they seldom decided for themselves, the answers they gave revealing national characteristics. The Englishman would say, "I don't

mind," the Scotchman, "It is immaterial," and the Irishman, "Anything at all."

FOOD FIGMENTS

The fear of obesity is often the beginning of folly, leading to dietetic deprivations and eccentricities that shake the very foundations of health in a way that no subsequent under-pinning can amend.

Of course, a redundancy of fat is objectionable, and is to be avoided timeously by judicious methods and with a due regard to constitutional tendencies, but many a life has been shortened by attempts to take it off by food fads or violent exercises. Lord Byron's melancholy and early death were, I think, in large measure due to the absurd diet to which he restricted himself, under the fear of growing stout. "A thin slice of bread," says Moore, "with tea at breakfast, a light vegetable dinner with a bottle of seltzer water tinged with vin de Graves, and in the evening a cup of tea without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by chewing tobacco and smoking cigars. In Greece, in his later days, he lived on dry bread, vegetables, and cheese, and, to notice the effects of his dietetics, he used to measure his wrist and his waist every morning, taking strong medicine if he found the slightest increase."

Such extreme Adonis vanity is rare in a young man, for Byron died at thirty-six, but it is little wonder that he succumbed rapidly when taken ill.

He is said to have died of malaria, but the symptoms described are perhaps more compatible with rheumatic fever. His case is a warning to young girls who to-day pursue slimness by devious courses, and so rob their contour of every line of beauty.

BENSON AND ETON

Perhaps Arthur C. Benson's reasons for holding aloof from the headmastership of Eton—a calamity for that school, from my point of view—have been fully set forth, but I may quote a letter to me dated March 29, 1906, which was not marked "Private." "There were several reasons," he wrote, "why I could not go to Eton. The chief one was that most of my best and oldest friends there on the staff did not see the need of reform, and desired to keep the school on the strictest classical lines. It was not only that the collision would have been intolerable, but at Eton of all places headmasters must have the willing co-operation of the staff. Under different circumstances it would have been a great, absorbing and noble task. But one must not take up a great task heavily and with the expectation of failure. I did not decide in a hurry; and you may well imagine that there were strong enough motives on the side of acceptance."

BLAKE

Blake gave us some exquisite gems and a lot of pumice-stone out of the active crater of his genius.

Gosse maintains that he was not technically mad, but abnormal, but the abnormality sometimes reached a stage when there was no normality left. He was capable of sublime beauty of conception and supreme delicacy of execution, but was also at times incoherent, rhapsodical, and unintelligible, and he had indubitable hallucinations.

His majestic imagination from time to time grovelled in the dust, as in his theories of sexual indulgence and resistance to superstition. He caught the infection from Swedenborg, who laboured under the same kind of mental aberration, of a less exalted type.

No physician acquainted with the workings of the morbid mind can rise from the perusal of Blake's writings without diagnosing occasional mental derangement.

A Frenchless Englishwoman in Paris told us :
" My little maid used to tell me she had been to the *Mont-de-piété*. I thought it was some religious institution to which she went to say her prayers, but I ultimately found she was pawning my clothes all the time."

The ex-Kaiser William has been the author of phrases which have passed into general currency, such as " the mailed fist," " a place in the sun." He knew this, and was proud of it, so one day, when one of his courtiers said, in his presence, " As the great William has said, ' Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' " he remarked, " Ah !

I had forgotten saying that. It's very good of you to remind me."

All this modern talk about atoms, electrons, and proteins may be logically and mathematically correct, but it is pure imagination.

ALCOHOL

The evils that attend the use or abuse of alcohol can be calculated and statistically set forth, and very impressive they are in terms of crime, poverty, industrial deficiency, disease, and death, but its benefits, such as they are, are immeasurable, and cannot be represented by figures and so used to counterbalance the sum of its misdeeds. To say nothing of its efficacy in the medical treatment of many morbid conditions—as that is in dispute—it cannot be denied that, with all its risks, it has, as an anodyne, to an inestimable amount alleviated human sufferings, mental and bodily, while it has also conduced to social enjoyment and stimulated the fancy of the poet. Thus says Tennyson :

The foaming grape of Eastern France,
It circles round and fancy plays,
And hearts are warmed and faces bloom
As, drinking health to bride and groom,
We wish them store of happy days.

No guess has been made, or is possible, as to the value of the services rendered by alcohol as an

QT

agent in chemical investigations and in the industrial arts, or of employment it has thus given, altogether apart from that afforded in the various stages of its preparation as drink.

THE MOB INSTINCT

All emotional and instinctive manifestations are contagious, and the most primitive of them are the most so. Inhibition, or the power of restraint, diminishes as we descend through the reflexes. The man who can command his temper under the severest provocation is quite incapable of suppressing wriggling and laughter if you tickle the sole of his foot. The phrenologists were quite right in including in the human mental constitution a destructive propensity, and an outburst of that is peculiarly catching and liable to become epidemic. The crowd instinct is readily converted into the mob instinct, with its passion for devastation, purposed, perhaps, in those who set it a-going, but blindly pursued for the mere love of it by the multitude. The course of history has been deflected again and again by insensate mob violence—a craving for demolition, imitative at first and then uncontrollable. “Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,” for the mob-toxin is very communicable and virulent. One of the most sober-minded men I have ever met, and one of the most accomplished physicians in London in the last quarter of last century, the late Dr. Thomas Buzzard, told me that he once had a taste of it. It was at the burning and looting of Kertch in 1855,

at which he was present. "In entering and examining houses," he said, "which were side by side with those in flames, or were themselves beginning to burn, I found myself obsessed by a strange inclination to imitate the wanton proceedings of those who had spared scarcely anything in their reckless fury. I recognised in myself a strange disposition to smash to pieces mirrors and windows. I am glad to add, when making this somewhat ignominious confession, that my will was strong enough to resist the momentary but powerful impulse, but this experience revealed to me how senseless imitation contributes to the havoc in periods of lawlessness, and how dangerous is psychical contagion." Loud noise is an excitant to the destructive propensity.

PATRIOTISM

Lord Rosebery defined patriotism as the "self-respect of race," but there is more than racial pride in it. Inevitably there mingles with it devotion to the soil ; it means not merely love and reverence for kith and kin, but attachment to the country that holds or has held them, and is bound up with early associations.

I do not know the source of the following verse, which used to be familiarly quoted in my boyhood :

Scotland, the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me ;
Scotland, the land of all I love,
Thy sod shall lie above me.

Hear what Lord Tennyson said :

That man's the best cosmopolite,
Who loves his native country best.

THE SUPER-SCOTCHMAN

My friend Mr. John H. Dixon, whose family had been settled in the neighbourhood of Wakefield for three hundred years, and who had succeeded his father as Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire, retired from business owing to failing health while still far short of his prime, and went to live in Gairloch, a typical Highland parish on the west coast of Ross-shire. There his health was happily restored, and during a sojourn of ten years he devoted himself to a close and intelligent study of the records, traditions, antiquities, natural history, and inhabitants of the place where his lot was cast, and produced a book, beautifully illustrated, which is a valuable contribution to local history.

After leaving Gairloch, Mr. Dixon visited Japan, where he spent four years, and then, returning to Scotland, settled at Pitlochry, where he constructed a perfect and very beautiful Japanese garden, to which visitors were admitted on certain days of the week, and again applied himself to the preparation of a guide to the history and topography of his neighbourhood. The book was at first intended as a text-book for Boy Scouts competing for the Pathfinder Badge, but became a compendious account of everything of interest in the parish.

Of pure English blood, Mr. Dixon became an ultra-Scotchman. He invariably wore the kilt, and took an enthusiastic part in all national celebrations. He could never, however, bring himself to accept Presbyterianism, but was a liberal supporter of the Episcopal Chapel at Pitlochry, where he and the retired colonel of a Highland Regiment, who also invariably wore the garb of old Gaul, were the vestrymen and, amongst their other duties, made the collection on Sundays. It so happened that there was at Pitlochry a benevolent lady who during the summer and autumn months brought there parties of little waifs and strays from Dundee so that they might have a breath of fresh air and a glimpse of the country. On one Sunday morning she took some of these boys to the Episcopal Chapel, and, when she came out, asked one of them how he liked the service, "It was grand, it was grand," Sandy replied. "It was grand to see twa' pipers gathering the bawbees."

At Mr. John Dixon's house at Pitlochry I met that accomplished artist, Mr. Archibald Thorburn, who often spent a part of the autumn there and, in a studio specially prepared for him, executed many of those exquisite studies of birds and animals for which he is famous.

The Duke of Marlborough had an emu given him. It was sent to Blenheim, and great interest was taken in the chances of its capacity for procreation in this country. Eventually it laid an egg. The Duke and Duchess were away from home, so a telegram was sent to the latter by the agent to

apprise her of the event. It was in these terms :
“Emu has laid an egg : in the absence of your grace have put goose to sit upon it.”

There is much covert anguish in the Harley Street waiting-rooms combined with the sham study of stale newspapers.

Dora, of which we used to have pleasant memories in connection with David Copperfield, has become an opprobrious epithet !

Inhibition is only very gradually established, and reaches its acme in the trained diplomatist.

An English lady was presented by the Sultan of Turkey with the decoration of the Order of Chastity. At first she was much gratified, but was afterwards chagrined when she discovered that it was only the second class.

Nature and nurture, race and religion, these are the great formative forces of mankind. A man cannot divest himself of his ancestry, or escape faith or unfaith of one kind or another.

Disraeli described Mr. Joseph Cowen, the then Radical M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, as “ the

friend of every regicide in Europe and a maker of patent bricks."

My friend the Rev. Mr. W., minister of a Scottish parish, a refined and highly cultured man, beloved by his congregation, did not shine in the pulpit and sometimes got a little confused. He prayed the other day that "the naked might be fed and the hungry clothed," and concluded his Scripture reading from St. Matthew thus: "And the cock went out and wept bitterly."

Someone asked Cardinal Vaughan—who built the Westminster Cathedral, and promoted so many Roman Catholic charities—whether he had a hobby, and he said, "No," and that he didn't think much of the man who had one. "But stay," he added. "I have a hobby. I am a collector of coins."

My little granddaughter heard her governess, in a moment of irritation, say "Dash it!" upon which she intervened and said, "You shouldn't say 'Dash it,' Miss H., it's only a pet name for 'Damn.'"

SACRIFICES TO SCIENCE

Science—or, rather, any one branch of it—when exclusively and assiduously pursued, while it quickens the mind in one direction may deaden

it in another. Darwin, whose intellect was singularly keen and capacious, avowed that his special studies had impaired the activity of that part of the brain on which the most refined tastes depend. "Up till the age of thirty or beyond it," he wrote, "poetry such as Milton, Byron, Wordsworth gave me great delight, but now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also lost my taste for pictures and music."

Herbert Spencer sacrificed his æsthetic sense and higher emotions to his devotion to material facts and philosophical considerations founded on them. He was not naturally wanting in imagination. In his boyhood he was addicted to day-dreams and to the building of castles in the air, and his synthetic philosophy could not have been written without a liberal endowment of imaginative qualities, but it would seem that forty years of architectonic work had their effect in withering certain mind growths, for he grew indifferent to art, and his emotional nature became somewhat desiccated. If men of transcendent ability such as these experienced some limitation of power by too exclusive devotion to one branch of study, how much more likely is it that ordinary mortals will become crippled if they confine themselves entirely to one field of labour.

The Rev. Canon Mansel told me that his father was one of twins who were exactly alike. His father's twin brother was in the Rifle Brigade, and stationed in Edinburgh Castle, so, when his father happened to be passing through Edinburgh, he

went to call on him there. On reaching the Castle he came upon an old Scotch sergeant, and asked him, "Can you direct me to Captain Mansel's rooms?" The sergeant stared at him intently, and then said, "Weel, weel! When the liquor's out o' ye ye'll be weel able to find your ain rooms."

"THE REVOLT OF CIVILISATION"

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, in his remarkable book with this title, effectually demolishes the theory of human equality; a pernicious delusion, he justly calls it. Mr. Stoddard insists on the paramount importance of heredity, and ignores environment altogether. "Not environment, but heredity," he says, "is really important. The investigations of biology all point to the same conclusion—namely, that such inequalities are inborn; that they are predetermined by heredity; and that they are not inherently modified either by environment or opportunity."

But in his belittlement of environment Mr. Stoddard surely goes too far and lands himself in inconsistency. When he comes to examine the causes of revolutionary unrest, he finds them in the teaching of Rousseau, Babeuf, Proudhon, and the later Syndicalist writers like Ferdinand Pellutier and George Sorel. But what were the writings of these men but environment, producing, according to Mr. Stoddard, very conspicuous and enduring results? There was no heredity about them. Environment cannot manufacture a genius, and idiocy is mostly congenital, but it may ameliorate

the one and degrade the other, and in the intermediate stages of intelligence between these two it exerts a very notable influence. The United States conducted experimental tests of general intelligence on the 1,700,000 men who were recruited for the Great War. They seized that unique opportunity of reaching conclusions as to what psychologists call the "Intelligence Quotient" of the population.

The figures cannot be accepted as strictly accurate or exhaustive, for the observations must have been somewhat hurried, and beneath the lowest grade of "very inferior intelligence" there must have been a large number of obvious idiots and imbeciles never presented as recruits, but they do afford valuable indications as to the gradation of mental capacity in adult males in the United States.

The investigation gave the following results :

	<i>per cent.</i>
Grade A : Very superior intelligence . . .	4½
Grade B : Superior intelligence . . .	9
Grade C : High average intelligence . . .	16½
Grade C : Average intelligence . . .	25
Grade C : Low average intelligence . . .	20
Grade D : Inferior intelligence . . .	15
Grade D : Very inferior intelligence . . .	10

It is amongst the different groups of Grade C that environment may effect notable changes. Healthy surroundings, good judicious education, and wise social control, may raise an ordinary average into a high average intelligence ; while, on the other hand, squalor, starvation, neglect, and

pernicious associations may drag down an average into a low average intelligence.

I would recommend a study of Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's writings to a distinguished head master who at a recent Conference propounded the idea that it is unwise any longer to teach boys to be proud of the fact that they are Britons. He denounced patriotism. "Has not the time arrived," he asked, "when we should cease to teach boys to feel a pride in being of the British race? Ought we not to teach them that French, Italian, Arab, Dutchman, Turk, Greek, and Russian have all equally good qualities with themselves?" No, emphatically No! I would reply, because it would not be true. All these have good qualities of their own, but qualities entirely different and of different values, and each race should be proud of and cultivate its distinctive qualities. Is it suggested that an Englishman is on the same level as a Hottentot, and should feel no satisfaction in his superior physical and mental powers? The race that has lost its patriotism is doomed.

An actress in London, dining out, said to her hostess: "Who is the gentleman who is going to take me down to dinner? I always like to know who takes me in to dinner."

"Oh," replied the hostess, "he is a distinguished physicist."

And at that moment dinner was announced, so no further explanation was possible. As they sat down at table, the actress said to the gentleman who had taken her in, with a view to opening

conversation: "I am told you are a distinguished physicist. I don't exactly know what that means, but I presume it is something to do with sparkling wines."

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

Professor Stephen Leacock, in *The Garden of Folly*, says: "It is generally admitted that the human mind was discovered about four years ago by a brilliant writer in one of the Sunday journals. His article, 'Have we a Subconscious Ego?' was immediately followed by a striking discussion under the title 'Are we Top-Side Up?' This brought forth a whole series of popular articles and books under such titles as *Willing and Being*, *How to Think*, *Existence as a Mode of Thought*, *The Super-Self*, and such technical studies as *The Mentality of the Hen* and *The Thought Process of the Potato*.

The poet is, after all, our best psycho-analyst, and the Freudians, with their dirty and dominating Œdipus complex, might do well to ponder these two verses by Sir William Watson:

Be it enough to say that in Man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot:
Of dalliance and embracement unbegot,
Ev'n in the purer nuptials of the Soul.

.

And unto such; all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned if it breathe
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast.

Charcot, the great French physician, used to say that some chapters of Zola were the most powerful emetic with which he was acquainted, and I could point to passages in Freud's writing capable of causing profound nausea.

EVOLUTION

Professor Soddy, dealing with physics and chemistry, declares that the idea of progressive development in time is wholly foreign to the facts of this side of science. There is no valid reason, he says, to connect the simple with the past and the complex with the future. Cases are known of the more complex elements changing spontaneously into simpler elements, but it is still hypothetical whether or no the reverse process takes place in nature.

It would appear, therefore, that evolution, in which change goes on so oriented that there is progression from the simple to the more complex, from the lower to the higher, is associated only with organic existence, and that there must have been a mutation in the transition from the inorganic to the organic, from the physical and chemical to the vital and psychical. There must have been a new departure, the intervention of a Power instituting emergence.

It is when a picnic is pending that the children learn the use of the barometer, and watch with anxious eyes its movements.

John Murray, writing to *The Times* on the Anglo-Catholic question, told that Archbishop Whately was once asked by a Roman Catholic priest, "What was your Church before the Reformation?" to which he replied, "What was your face before it was washed?"

SCOTTISH PHRASEOLOGY

Sir Edmund Gosse gives an illustration of the ready wit of the late Austin Dobson. The Harbour Board issued some order or request to northern harbours, which was received in silence by all except by the harbour authorities of Port-Mahonock in Ross-shire, who thus acknowledged it: "We heartily homologate the wishes of the Harbour Department." On the receipt of this, Dobson wrote without a moment's hesitation:

All nations have a way, a groove,
By which they propositions state.
When Scotchmen thoroughly approve,
They heartily homologate.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

On January 25, 1884, I went to the Royal Institution to hear Mr. H. H. Johnston lecture on the expedition to "Kilimanjara," the snow clad mountain of equatorial Africa, which he was about to undertake under the auspices of the Royal Society and British Association. I knew that Mr. Johnston had been in Angola with Lord Mayo, had

shaken hands with Stanley in the Congo, and had written a racy book on his travels, and I expected to see a bronzed and brawny explorer, but to my surprise there entered the theatre a youth of diminutive stature, slim figure, pale complexion, perky manner, and peepy voice, more like an Eton boy than a pioneer of Empire. And yet there was something in Johnston that, notwithstanding his physical drawbacks, made him a leader of men, and enabled him to play a conspicuous part in the scrimmage which was then going on for the partition of Africa and in the subsequent development of vast tracts of it which he succeeded in adding to our dominions. He somehow understood the natives, and had a special aptitude in acquiring the Bantu and semi-Bantu language. In conjunction with Cecil Rhodes, he secured to us Northern Rhodesia, and has left his mark on the Niger, Nyassaland, Liberia, and Uganda.

Johnston was not only the most pigmy but the most luxurious of all our African explorers. He insisted on creature comforts wherever he went, and even on the veldt or in the bush managed to provide table-napkins and silver spoons and forks. Joseph Thomson, more robust in frame and temperament than Johnston, and a not less courageous and successful traveller, when on his last tour in Northern Zambesia thus, in a letter to me, jocularly referred to this trait in Johnston :

“ I hope to come up smiling by supplying myself with marmalades, jams, and other luxuries of that nature. I would like to have adopted a higher level, but, alas ! Grant has

stupidly brought up with him only two tins of *paté-de-foie-gras* and one of caviare, which we must keep in case of having H. H. J. to dinner, so that he may be deceived into supposing that such is our daily fare and that we do not belong to the marmalade class. Sheets for our beds are beyond us, and I don't know about table-napkins."

Wuthering Heights promises to be as perennial a source of speculation as *Hamlet*.

Bagehot used to say that equality would mean that nobody would go barefoot, but that everybody would be made comfortable with one boot.

An agnostic, it has been said, is a man who is always hungry but never has an appetite for anything.

One of our generals at the front was consulting a map that was being held up before him by a young soldier whose hand shook violently as the shells were exploding around. At length the irritated general said to the young soldier: "You must be a very conceited fellow to think the Germans are shooting at you. You're not a cathedral."

A young lady undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, at her first interview with the principal was asked, "Well, what do you want to be?"

"I want to be myself!" was the reply; upon which the principal said, "Can't you think of something better than that?"

It is said that General Smuts, when in London some years ago, was introduced to a young Guardsman, who did not catch his name, but, eyeing him through a monocle, said, "I think I must have seen you before. Let me see, where have we met?" "When you surrendered to me in South Africa," was General Smuts's reply.

A schoolmaster, asked to report on the capabilities of a boy, wrote, "Dull but steady; would make a good parent."

A non-literary lady asked, "What is all this talk about Keats? What are they?"

At a meeting of science masters, Professor Phillipps urged the importance of impressing on boys the difference between facts and suppositions. After descending from the top of the Scott Monument in Princes' Street, Edinburgh, he asked an old Scotchman how many steps there were supposed to be. The answer was, "two hundred and eighty-seven, and no supposition about it!"

LORD ROBERTS

1917.—I like to remember that I enjoyed the friendship of Lord Roberts and did my best to

Rt

help him in his last endeavour, the National Service League. On the 1st of February, 1914—that fateful year—I received from him the following note :

“ Englemere,
“ Ascot,
“ Berks,

“ *January 31, 1914.*

“ DEAR SIR JAMES,—The Prime Minister has consented to receive a deputation of supporters of National Service on Friday, February 27, at noon, at a rendezvous on which he has not yet decided. I should greatly appreciate your support on that occasion.

“ Would it be asking you too much to give a brief review of the physiological advantages which would accrue from a system of national training and discipline ?

“ If I am so fortunate as to secure your support on this occasion, I shall endeavour to make an opportunity of discussing the matter with you before February 27.

“ Yours very truly,
“ ROBERTS.”

We did discuss the matter fully, and I joined the deputation—a very representative one—at 10 Downing Street on February 27. Lord Roberts stated the case forcibly and tersely too. It was, he said, one of vital importance, transcending any and all of the weighty subjects with which the attention of the Government was occupied. It involved the

safety of these islands and the maintenance of our great Empire. "To me," he said, "it appears that to whatever part of the world we look, a restless unsettled condition prevails. In Europe itself the most powerful nations of the Continent are at the present moment largely increasing their military and naval preparations. National service is not a matter of party politics but a matter affecting the safety of every man, woman, and child in the Empire." I followed, urging the value of national service in relation to national hygiene, and as a protection against hooliganism, syndicalism, and other social aberrations; and then came Dean Hensley Henson, clinching with inexorable logic all Lord Roberts's arguments.

Mr. Asquith was complaisant but non-committal, but, looking back on that deputation now, I cannot but think that had Lord Roberts's policy been immediately and resolutely adopted—even at that late hour, six months before the war—it might have held Germany in check by showing her—what she never believed until the last moment—that we really meant business, that we realised where she was drifting under the teachings of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, and the guidance of fire-eaters like Tirpitz and braggarts like the Kaiser. It might have been borne in upon her that she would have us to reckon with in any aggressive movement she might make. It was hesitancy that plunged us in the war, and was responsible for its appalling carnage.

In the June following I had to propose Lord Roberts's health at the banquet of the National Service League, and greeted him as what I verily

believe he was—a real hero, no pinchbeck idol of the hour. His praises, I said, were in the mouths, not perhaps of all the Churches, but of all the estates of the realm. He had been twice thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and had had conferred on him every distinction to which a soldier could aspire. He had been made a freeman of innumerable towns and cities, from Wick to Cardiff, from Durham to Bristol. He had large wardrobes full of academic robes bestowed on him in connection with University degrees from Cambridge to Toronto. The remarkable fact about Lord Roberts was, however, that he never rested on his laurels, but was now, in his eightieth year, conducting a campaign which, if successful, might prove not less memorable in its issues than the other campaigns with which his name was identified.

Alas ! Alas !

There was in Lord Roberts not a trace of the military autocrat. He was modest and considerate, sprightly though dignified, courteous to all men, and very fond of little children. After the formal entering into Johannesburg during the South African War, and after the hoisting of the flag in the market-place, he took up his abode in a little inn, "The Orange Grove." Early in the evening, soon after Lord Roberts reached his quarters, one of the officers of his staff came in to discuss some matter with him. He found the field-marshal with one of the innkeeper's little children on his knee trying to trace the letters of the alphabet with a pencil. When the officer entered the room, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said : " Can't you see I'm busy ? "

THE NEED OF THE SYMBOLICAL

One of my grandsons who fell in the war, a mere boy fresh from Cambridge, in one of his last letters, written a few days before he fell in Belgium in November 1917, wrote : " A man has a mascot, a charm of little worth, though of great value to him, or a photograph or flowers ; he loses it and then loses his life. Such things are always happening, and the men must have something to believe in, and something tangible to express their belief—a sign, a symbol, something, a link between themselves and the inexpressible, between themselves and all that they cannot see or understand, but which they feel exists."

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

I have in my memory some charming vignettes of William De Morgan, that strangely bifurcated genius, artist and romancer, and of his beautiful and intensely interesting wife. I see him in his showroom in Great Marlborough Street, surrounded by plates, vases, and tiles that had, under his magic touch, taken on glorious colours and an inimitable lustre, and in the dining-room of his home at The Vale, Chelsea, where, with some of his wife's lovely allegorical paintings, so chaste in conception, so sumptuous in tint, so richly decorative, on the walls, it seemed almost a desecration to partake of anything short of ambrosia.

I particularly recall one summer evening at The

Vale—when the party consisted of the De Morgans, myself and my wife, Sir Edward Poynter, and Mrs. Holman Hunt. In the gathering twilight we discussed Jane Verrinder and those rare cases in which, by some accident, conscious life has been suddenly suspended, to be taken up again after a long interval at the very point where it had been broken off. I told him of some such recorded cases, and, of course, suggested a physiological explanation of them, but he wandered on into occult labyrinths into which I could not follow him.

HIS SPIRITUALISTIC BELIEFS

De Morgan's spiritualistic beliefs were always a puzzle to me—he was sometimes so sensible about them, at other times so preposterous. He used sometimes to say he considered the subject *sub judice*, and in *Joseph Vance* set forth what might be regarded as his mature judgment thus: "I expressed just now my mistrust of what is called spiritualism (very absurdly, as it deprives me of a word the reverse of materialism. I want the word spiritualist to describe myself, and can't use it because of Mrs. Guppy and the Davenport brothers)." And yet he could bring himself seriously to tell the following story, as reported by Mrs. Stirling in her fascinating *Life of him and his wife*.

"One evening, when they were having some friends to dinner at Florence, the conversation turned on spiritualism. All present related

their experience save one lady, who, while helping herself from a dish of rissoles which she pronounced excellent, declared in the same breath that she would never believe in the supernatural, unless some event, however trivial, came under her own notice which could be explained by no rational interpretation.

“After dinner the conversation drifted to other topics, and by and by, as the guests were departing, De Morgan went with them into the hall, where they had hung up their coats and cloaks upon some pegs which were placed so high that the other members of the party, who had not the advantage of his height, could not reach them.

“As he lifted down the cloak of the lady who had proclaimed her scepticism, suddenly from the hood of it, in the view of all present, there shot out an article which hit her on the nose and then fell on the floor. Considerably startled, everyone began to search for the mysterious object which, since it had seemed alive, De Morgan momentarily concluded to be what he termed ‘a mouse with Alpine proclivities.’ It was, however, soon discovered that the lively object was a rissole—now ice-cold—one which had apparently come from the dish of which the lady had been partaking when she announced her disbelief in the supernatural.”

All possibilities of a practical joke were excluded. There could be no doubt about it. An indignant rissole had made its way into the hall, concealed itself there, and, when the opportunity came, hit the lady on the nose because she had flouted the spiritual force behind it.

I realised how painstaking De Morgan was in his work when he wrote to me during the creation of *Alice-for-Short* asking me to ascertain for him whether there had ever been on the medical staff at Bethlem Hospital a man of the name of Johnson or Fluydes, or any nurse there of the name of Gainsford. I was able to assure him there had not. He had been taken to task by someone bearing the rather out-of-the-way name of one of his characters in *Joseph Vance*, and was anxious not to be caught in the same trap again.

George Frederick Watt's verdict on Evelyn De Morgan was : " She is a long way ahead of all the women, and considerably ahead of most of the men of the day. I look upon her as the first woman artist of the day—if not of all time."

A CONTRETEMPS

Lady Priestly used to recall a little *contretemps* that occurred at her father's house at 1 Doune Terrace, Edinburgh, when she was a girl. There were fourteen at dinner one evening, and everything went well until her mother, Mrs. Chambers, after the ices, whispered to the waiter to hand round the brandy which was in a liqueur bottle on the sideboard. The waiter did so, but, finding another bottle on the sideboard with something brown in it, he handed it round as curaoa. Most people preferred the curaoa and took it, but when in due course it reached Mrs. Chambers, she pinched the waiter violently, and whispered in an agonised voice, " Good God ! That's Janet's

medicine." It was labelled "A tablespoonful to be taken before breakfast." Mrs. Chambers saw at that very moment a gentleman raise his glass and drink his portion of Janet's mixture, at a gulp. He said nothing, and so she never "let on," but what the guests thought of her curaçoa is a mystery which was never discovered. No deaths were reported.

LAST WORDS

Many collections of the last words of illustrious men have been made, and worth remembering are those of a poor soldier, wounded in the war several times, who was accidentally run over by a train at the Elephant and Castle Tube Station, and who, on being lifted from the rails, apparently unconscious, murmured, "Over the top, boys! Over the top, and the best of luck!" These were *his* last words.

Sir Henry Howarth, a repository of good stories of all kinds, told me that Henry Sidgwick once said to him: "The darkest shadows are those which a man makes when he stands in his own light."

SIR WILLIAM MACEWEN

The late Sir William Macewen, the greatest surgeon that Glasgow has produced—for Lister

was not of Glasgow growth—and not only a great surgeon—he was the pioneer in brain-surgery—but a man of wide culture, acknowledged the debt he owed to Carlyle. “The first time I read *Sartor Resartus*,” he said, “it was a sealed book to me, my mind being quite unprepared for it. Years afterwards, having passed through a furnace of doubt and difficulty in the meantime, I happened to light upon it again, and, opening it read and re-read it day and night, pursuing its discourse with restless eagerness until it was consumed and digested. Its true meaning and bearing on life were revealed to me ; it proved a draught of the deepest refreshment.”

Two men were mainly concerned in shaping Huxley's mind. These were Wharton Jones and Carlyle. “Truth,” cried Carlyle, “though the heavens crush me for following her ; no falsehood though the whole celestial lubberland were the price of apostasy.”

THE TOUCH DIVINE

1918.—Robertson Nicoll tells that in a New England town not long ago a little newsboy was run over by a horse and cart and fatally hurt. He was but six years old, earning his own living. In his last agonies he cried piteously for his mother, not that she might comfort him, but that he might give her his earnings. “I've saved 'em, mother,” he said. “I've saved 'em all ! Here they are !” When his little clenched hand was opened, it was found to hold ten cents.

My friend Mrs. Singston writes to me : " I suppose you have heard that our friend Lady S. has lost her dear son O. in France. It is a double tragedy, for it has unhinged the mother's brain, and I saw her a few days ago with one of her son's old tunics cuddled up in her arms. One sleeve she had put round her neck and the other round her body. Her eyes were glassy and staring, but she smiled at me and said, ' I am quite happy, for, you see, I have got him back and am lying in his arms.' I never saw a sadder sight."

SIR FELIX SEMON

I made the acquaintance of Sir Felix Semon, then Mr. Felix Semon, in 1874, at the opening of the convalescent home at Apperley Bridge, which his uncle, who had been Mayor of Bradford, had presented to that town. After that we became fast friends, and for thirty years in London I often enjoyed meetings with him—professional and social—for he was a sound specialist and a bright and cheery companion. With a mellow voice, notwithstanding his German accent, a mobile countenance, and rapid dramatic movements of the hands, he was a brilliant *raconteur*, as King Edward discovered. Many a time did he enliven the monarch at Buckingham Palace and Balmoral.

Semon's dinner-parties were *sui generis*, for after them we adjourned to the drawing-room, where he made the piano voluble of the choicest music, and where Lady Semon (*née* Augusta Redeker) sang to us divinely, and later still we

went into the back drawing-room, where we were regaled with flagons of dark Munich beer, which, strange to say did not prove incompatible with the champagne which we had previously consumed.

Semon, although with strong Germanic sympathies, used to jest at the Kaiser and his pretensions, apropos of which he told me that once the younger children of the Kaiser were at an evening party, and returned home later than usual. The youngest girl, accustomed to very early hours, looking out of the carriage window and seeing, perhaps for the first time, the full splendour of the firmament, pointing to the stars, asked her brother, a little older than herself, "What are these?" "Don't you know?" he replied. "These are decorations which papa has conferred on God Almighty for His services to the House of Hohenzollern."

It was the custom in those days for West End physicians, surgeons, and specialists to give big dinners at times to their medical clientèle, and very costly affairs these big dinners were. I recall one at Semon's of some twenty men, and in the centre of the table I saw for the first time a curious decoration—a long glass trough in which were green aquatic plants and gold-fish swimming about.

KNITTING

1920.—My friend Sir James Dewar has returned from a visit to Edinburgh much depressed by the gaps left there by the departure of old

friends. "All of them," he said, "are domiciled in the Dean Cemetery, except Crum Brown, whom I found confined to bed and knitting stockings." I mentioned this some time afterwards to Professor McIntosh of St. Andrews, who said, "Oh, but he's got much worse than that; he's come down to garters." But there is nothing so ignoble about knitting as might be thus suggested. Shorthouse says, in his *Sir Percival*: "I have arrived at the conclusion that to persons of not very originaive habit of mind there is no occupation as attractive as knitting, for it combines, as none other does, the ease of mechanical operations with the additional satisfaction of skilled delight."

POPULAR SONGS

Many of the soldiers' favourite songs during the war, such as "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," were pure jingle, empty of coherent meaning, but with a certain emotional suggestiveness. "Have you ever observed," wrote Dr. Robert Chambers to Delta (Dr. David Moir) more than a century ago, "that songs appear all the more acceptable in the popular mouth when they are a little daft-like? A kind of rant, or 'drant,' *aut aliocumque nomine gaudeat* often fixes itself on the public when capital sensible verses have no chance. Is it because we sing only (generally speaking) when we are in a frivolous, capersome humour, and don't care what comes uppermost? If not, hang me if I know what it is!" Thackeray laughed so uproariously at "Villikins and his Dinah" that

he fell off his chair. Nowadays that song would not raise a smile.

The Reverend Mr. Henderson, a brave chaplain during the war, told us that on one occasion in France, on a Sunday morning just before the men were to advance against the enemy over the four miles that separated them, a service was announced in these terms : " There will be divine service at eleven o'clock. The Reverend John Henderson will preach. Gas masks must be worn."

When a family party were just starting for a holiday at the seaside, the father, who was seeing them off, asked one of his little boys ; " Now, Bobbie, if there was a railway accident, what would you do ? " To which Bobbie promptly replied : " I should telegraph to you : ' Mother killed. You will find me in the refreshment-room.' "

THE MARQUESS OF CURZON

In January 1895, with the sanction of the managers of the Royal Institution, I wrote to Lord Curzon (the Hon. George N. Curzon he then was) inviting him to deliver a lecture there on his recent travels in Afghanistan. He gladly accepted the invitation, and fixed the 15th of May as the date of his lecture, but shortly afterwards he wrote to me again telling me that he had become engaged to be married, that the marriage was to take place in the United States, and that it was just possible

he might not be able to be back in London by the 15th of May. If, however, he added, we would take the risk and have an understudy ready, he would do his best to keep his engagement. We did take the risk, and punctually at 9 p.m. on the 15th of May, Mr. Curzon, who had arrived in England only two days previously, presented himself at the Royal Institution accompanied by his very beautiful bride, who wore her white wedding-dress. Lord Salisbury, who had promised to take the chair, was at the last moment prevented from doing so, and so I had to escort Mrs. Curzon into the theatre, where so lovely and unusual an apparition created a buzz of pleased surprise. The lecture was a brilliant description of Mr. Curzon's hazardous journey to Kandahar and Baluchistan, and ended with an expression of the hope that the suspicion and antagonism which had heretofore kept England and Afghanistan apart would melt away and the barrier which had severed Afghanistan from the world be thrown down, so that that State might pass from the category of a barbarian to that of a civilised community. When it was over, I was seized with the spirit of prophecy, and, turning to Mrs. Curzon, exclaimed, "A future Viceroy!" to which she smilingly replied, "I am glad you think so." Lord Curzon has been accused of hauteur and pomposity. His manner belied him. In chats at the Athenæum, where he often lunched, I found him very amiable and condescending to a mere medico. He was really to his intimate friends a highly emotional and sympathetic being. He once confided to Lord Ronaldshay that he "never embarked upon any undertaking, however trivial,

without uttering a prayer for help." That was his mascot, and of the right sort too !

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

The Dean of Westminster has been telling me of the widespread and sustained interest felt in the grave of the Unknown Warrior. He had received, he said, among many other letters one from an old woman in Scotland which began " My dear Dean," and went on : " I should dearly have liked to have attended the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, but it is a long journey from Scotland and I cannot afford it. I lost my two boys in the war and do not know where they are buried, but I enclose their photographs, and perhaps you may be able to identify one of them with the Unknown Warrior." Very sad and touching !

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Edmond Goss says that Sir Walter Raleigh returned from Aligarth, in India, in 1887 a shattered invalid, but that, although he had terribly outgrown his strength in boyhood, he presented through life an excellent constitution. I doubt that. He always struck me as being a slim, intensely mobile slip of a man, very liable to fracture by any passing breeze or concussion. Under certain circumstances he manifested intense nervous instability. His lectures at the Royal Institution were always brilliantly successful, and, if applause can give a man balance, he ought to have been steady as a rock ; but I have never seen any

lecturer at the Royal Institution—and my experience has been large—who, after his discourse, manifested so much agitation. Raleigh was then always flurried and embarrassed in manner, and received with a jerk each of the many compliments offered to him, while his hands shook like aspen leaves. After the lectures he used, with a few chosen friends, to go up to Lady Dewar's rooms for a cup of tea, but teacup and saucer and spoon rattled in his hands, and I well recollect that on one occasion he simply dashed the whole of the contents on the floor, and did exactly the same with another teacup, saucer, and spoon which were handed to him, and all the time he would delight us with his whimsicalities. He was the most lovable and admirable of men, but intensely sensitive and nervous.

ON, BACONS, ON !¹

Mr. Smedley has been favouring us with a new cut from the old Bacon flitch. He has been telling the Lyceum Club that, while Bacon did not actually write the plays of Shakespeare, he revised and edited them, and imparted to them literary polish, at the same time that he revised and edited and imparted literary polish to all the books of our English version of the Bible. Considering his other avocations, Bacon must have been a very industrious man, and one who, like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, threatens to eat up all that is well favoured in our literature. As a patriotic Scotchman I tremble to think that he will, one of these

¹ Henry IV., II., ii.

days, be proved to have written the songs of Burns and the Waverley Novels.

During the war the German newspapers intimated that the ghost of Shakespeare had been seen in the neighbourhood of Weimar. Being disgusted with the conduct of its native land, it had migrated there, and expressed a wish to become a naturalised German. At the same time, Professor Philipp Lenard, of the University of Heidelberg, in a somewhat premature flush of triumph, intimated that on the completion of the invasion of England the first duty of his countrymen would be the complete destruction of the tomb of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon and of that of Faraday at Highgate. Both must be levelled with the dust. But the tomb of Shakespeare remains intact, the very pivot of our Empire, and that of Faraday is undisturbed, a shrine to which converge the reverential thoughts of men of science the world over. Baconian ingenuity and tattle have not shaken our implicit faith in our one Shakespeare, supreme and indefeasible the superman of our race.

CONDITIONAL REFLEXES

My friend Sir Charles A. Peyton, for sixteen years our able, amiable, and sport-loving Consul at Mogador, and afterwards in Genoa and Calais, told me that when at Genoa he took a great interest in the Seaman's Union, and attended and took part in its concerts regularly. As he always sang a comic song, the sailors came to look upon him as a funny man, and one evening when he determined

to be serious and pathetic, and gave them "Hard times come again no more," they were convulsed with laughter all the time he was singing.

A gentleman was being shown by the foreman a block of new buildings in course of erection, when his attention was attracted by one of the bricklayers, who was very active in his movements. "Now there," he said to the foreman, "is a very brisk workman." "Yes," the foreman replied, "but I am not to blame. I have cautioned him several times."

When paying a visit to Montego Bay, Jamaica, we were shown over the church by a Negro sexton. Noticing in the church a number of monuments bearing Scottish names, I asked the sexton: "Have you many Scottish people in Montego now?" His reply was, "No, only just a very few, but quite enough."

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK

August 1922.—Sir Charles Scott Dickson passed away suddenly at Arbigland, which he had taken for the autumn. After a night journey from London, he walked down to the shore to see the Solway and the cottage in which Paul Jones was born, and his heart failed. An able Scotch lawyer and an amiable man, with hosts of friends and no enemies, he retained his Glasgow accent to the

last. It is said that when once the judges of the Court of Session had to send a commission of some kind to Glasgow, Lord Young, who could never resist a joke, said, "Send Scott Dickson; he speaks the language."

The title of the exalted judicial office Scott Dickson held, the Lord Justice Clerk, is puzzling to English people, and not always fully comprehended by Scotchmen. A predecessor of Scott Dickson in that office, Lord Justice Clerk Hope, once, when out with his gun on some shooting he had rented, went inadvertently beyond his own ground and trespassed on a turnip-field on a neighbouring farm. The farmer, descrying him, shouted at him indignantly, "Come oot o' my neeps! Come oot o' my neeps!" "My good man," Hope expostulated, "you need not be so violent! Do you know who I am? I am the Lord Justice Clerk." But that made no impression on the irate farmer, who vociferated in reply: "I don't care whose clerk ye are! Come oot o' my neeps!"

Scott Dickson's brother-in-law. Sir James Dewar, writing to me about him, says: "He loved his kind, and was generous to a fault in dispensing to all who sought of him. He was one of a type of Scotch judge whom we shall see no more, now that he and Andrew Jameson have passed away—men of intellectual ability and judicial acumen, genial and jovial, and yet strict adherents to the Kirk. They were able to keep their qualities in watertight compartments. On one hand there was formal ceremony—on the other 'hail fellow, well met.'"

SHAKESPEARE DEMOLISHED

Professor Chambers has been lecturing on the disintegration of Shakespeare—the attempts to analyse him into many elements and to trace him to many sources of supply. This process, which Professor Chambers is doing his best to stay, may mean, if not arrested, the breaking up, crumbling, and decay of our noblest national monument—a rock of ages, an inspiring edifice of pride and reverence. There could be nothing worse than the disintegration of Shakespeare, except, perhaps, the total decomposition of the Bible, or, to me as a Scotchman, the pulverisation of Burns. But this one would say about all Shakespearean criticism and belittlement—that however cogent and convincing it may be, it falls harmless on the ears of the devout lover of the plays. He may be interested, but he is not converted. He has formed his own conceptions and deep-rooted attachments, and, while he may be compelled to yield a nominal assent to all sorts of learned interpretations, dogmas, speculations, and sceptical refinements, like Galileo after his ordeal, he exclaims, “Shakespeare is Shakespeare for all that !”

APHASIA

My poor friend P. is labouring under aphasia. In order to test him, I showed him a bottle of perfume which I lifted from the toilet-table and asked “What is that ?” “Per-per-per——” he said. “Yes, go on, go on.” And then he blurted

out "Perforated hydrogen." The first syllable of the right word came out all right, and then followed the idea of the property of the thing in causing a smell and his old chemical experience of sulphuretted hydrogen.

SHAKESPEARE ON PRETEXTS FOR WAR

Shakespeare fully realised the need of some power to restrain the quarrels of nations which so often arise out of transient passions, or trivial or fictitious provocations. The captain of the forces of Fortinbras, when asked by Hamlet the purpose of their expedition replied :

Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Hamlet.

Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap.

Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Hamlet.

Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw ;
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Prince Albert, that highly gifted and far-seeing man, foreshadowed the mission of the League of

Nations. When opening the great Exhibition of 1851, he said that it was "an approach to the more complete fulfilment of the great and sacred mission which man has to perform in this world, which can only be realised, not, as some would have it, by rivalry and selfish competition, but in proportion to the help which we are prepared to render to each other, and therefore by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the world."

The League of Nations should have a Committee of Anthropologists attached to it. Lord Beaconsfield said, "It is only race that counts," and ethnic influences are overwhelming. International quarrels cannot be adjusted if racial characteristics of all kinds be not duly unified. Great men differ in their views. Einstein, a mathematician, does not believe in racial distinctions. Has he ever seen a Hottentot? Huntingdon, a biologist, says that "no one is worth a tinker's damn on whom the snow has not fallen." He believes in Nordic predominance.

THE LIGHTNING BEFORE DEATH

After reading my paper on "The Lightning before Death" my friend Dr. Bowman Edgar of Kirkconnel sent me the following account of a rather grim instance of that always weird phenomenon.

"The patient was a colliery contractor, and

most seriously ill of double pneumonia. I last saw him at about 11.30 a.m., and he was then delirious, and unconscious of anything that was going on around him.

“ At about 12.30 p.m. he appeared to come to himself, and asked to be raised up on his pillows, as he ‘ must play a game of dominoes against his Maker. If he won he would recover, but if God won he would die.’

“ The patient then proceeded to play a full game right through, picking up imaginary dominoes off the counterpane, announcing the number on the one he played and also the number played by his opponent. At the finish of the game he said, ‘ God has won, and I have only three-quarters of an hour to live.’ He then called his wife to him, gave her various instructions, and spoke to and blessed all his children, thanked his neighbours for looking after him, said a long prayer, sent a message of thanks to me, and fell back dead, exactly forty-five minutes after his statement that he had only three-quarters of an hour to live.

“ I was so struck by the whole scene, as described to me by his wife, that I interviewed privately and separately each of the three neighbours who were present at his death. Each gave an exactly similar account of what had happened.

“ The man was not religious—outwardly, at any rate ; in fact, one considered him to be of the type who give no thought to anything beyond his daily task but horse-racing and football—yet his ending was such as might be envied by more pretentious Christians.”

GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot was certainly no beauty, and she knew it, but she was proud of her luxuriant tresses of brown hair. In the interest of science, however, or of self-revelation, she had these tresses docked or greatly thinned in order that Mr. George Combe, when he visited the Brays at Coventry in 1843, might make a thorough examination of her bumps. She was then twenty-four years of age and had accomplished nothing, and in the light of her subsequent achievements, it would be interesting to know what estimate Mr. George Combe formed of her gifts and character.

Much to my regret now, I never met George Eliot, but missed my opportunities of doing so. Several times during 1876 and 1877, Hughlings Jackson and Clifford Allbutt asked me to accompany them to the Sunday afternoon reception at North Bank and be introduced to her, but these were busy times with me, on Sundays as well as week-days, and I never succeeded in reaching a shrine at which I should gladly have knelt and worshipped for a little.

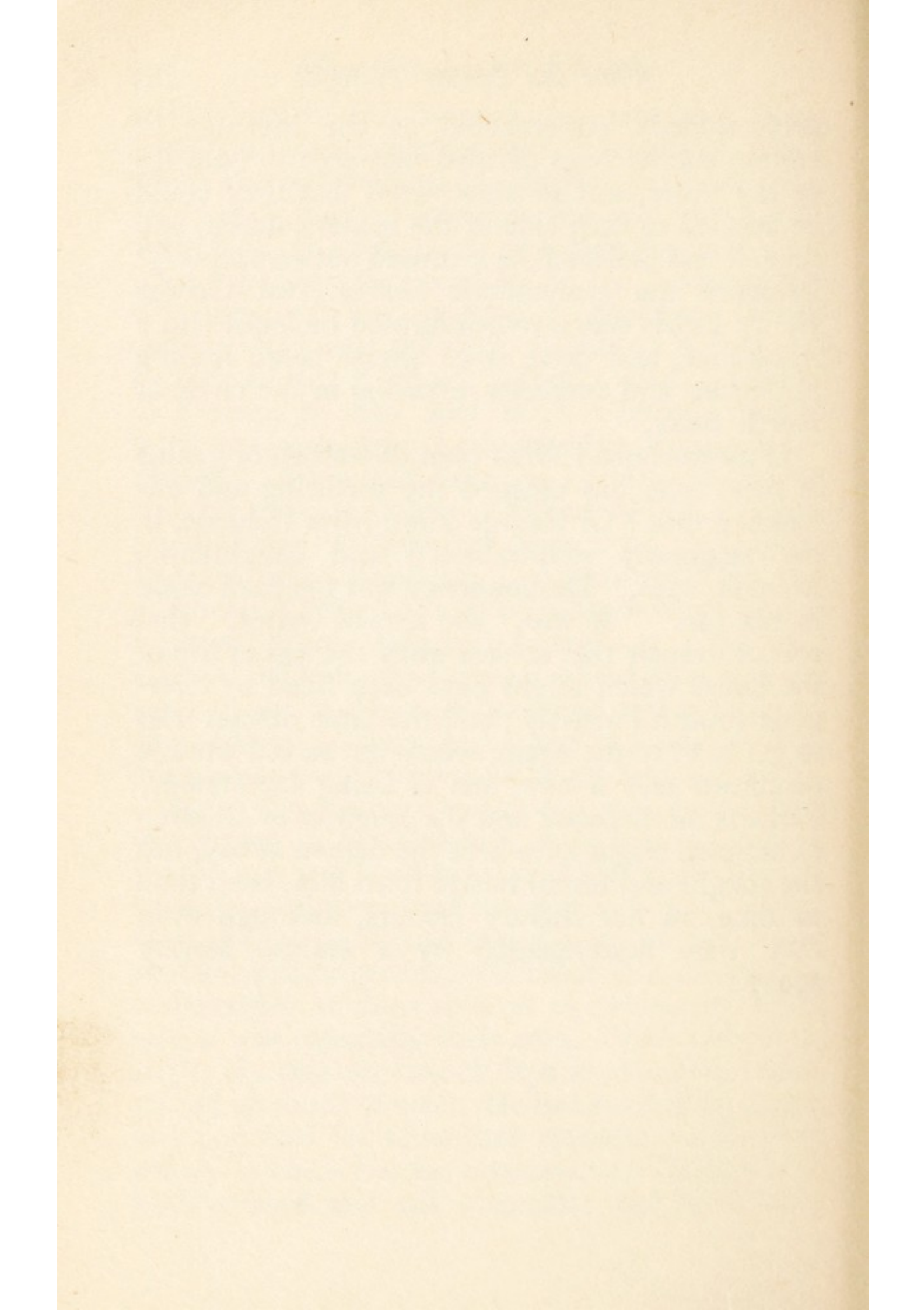
I have heard it again and again affirmed that my very dear friend Clifford Allbutt was the prototype of Lydgate in *Middlemarch*, and that it was from him George Eliot derived what of medical science is incorporated in that novel. It is difficult to understand how such a misconception can have arisen. She knew Clifford Allbutt intimately, visited him in Leeds in 1872, and must have been deeply impressed—as was everyone who came into contact with him by his keen intelligence, culture,

and urbanity. But beyond the fact that they were public schoolboys and University men, which general medical practitioners in those days rarely were, both of fine presence, and aspiring in their aims, the two men, or rather the man and what has been supposed to be his "counterfeit presentment," had nothing in common. Their careers were very different. Lydgate's hair never turned white; Clifford Allbutt's did. Lydgate died when he was only fifty; Clifford Allbutt lived to eighty-eight. Lydgate, after leaving *Middlemarch*, fluctuated between London and Continental watering-places; Clifford Allbutt steadily pursued the professional high road in Leeds, London, and Cambridge. Lydgate's marriage was a blunder; Clifford Allbutt's a conspicuous success; Lydgate always regarded himself as a failure; Clifford Allbutt must have realised that he had become one of the most honoured and beloved of the heads of his profession, and had largely contributed to the advancement of medical science.

As to the medical knowledge and speculation interwoven in *Middlemarch*, there is nothing in it that in any way is distinctive of Clifford Allbutt's teaching, and there were many sources from which George Eliot could have culled it, for she had many medical acquaintances, and made it a practice in conversation to draw men on to discuss any topic which was especially their own. From Chapman in the *Westminster Review* days she could not have picked up much of value. He had studied medicine and practised for some time amongst the English colony in Paris, but his interests were literary and philosophical and not scientific; and he is only

professionally remembered as the inventor of certain rubber bags divided into cells to hold ice or hot water, and so constructed that they could be applied to each side of the spinal column, and thus, it was believed (as it turned out erroneously) influence the sympathetic nerves. But George Henry Lewis was a well-informed biologist and a researcher, and there were always some leading physicians and surgeons revolving in the circle at North Bank.

O melancholia ! What man or woman of genius is there who has escaped thy torturing and entangling toils ? Of George Eliot, Miss Haldane, in her singularly well-balanced and enlightening Memoir, says, " Despondency was the dark cloud in her life." " It was," she herself writes, " that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of life of the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity ; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again, whenever an old work is dismissed and a new one is being meditated." Perhaps motherhood and the laughter of children of her own might have kept the demon at bay, but she sought and found refuge from him, from time to time, in her literary labours, although even they were accompanied by a certain literary agony !



INDEX

- A'BECKETT, ARTHUR WILLIAM, 193
 Abercorn, Duke of, 38
 Aberdeen, Countess of, 158
 Aberdeen, Lord, 158
 Ainger, Canon, 218
 Aitken, Dr., 136
 Aitken, Mary, 32, 33
 Albert, Prince Consort, 40, 274
 Alcohol, 237
 Allbutt, Sir Clifford, 277
 Allingham, William, 70, 200
 Allingham, Mrs., 33
 Anderson, Sir James, 168
 Aphasia, 273
 Arnold, Sir Edwin, 162
 Asquith, Mr., 50, 255
 Automatic writing, 31
 Avebury, Lord, 180
 Aytoun, William E., 162

 BABBINGTON, REV. CHARLES, 55
 Bacon, Francis, 185
 Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, 269
 Bacon, Vice-Chancellor, 93
 Bagehot, Walter, 252
 Baird, Mrs., of Gartsherrie, 151
 Balfour, Andrew, 7
 Balfour of Burleigh, Lord, 180
 Balfour, Sir Isaac Bayley, 125
 Balfour, Margaret, 7, 11
 Balfour, Professor, 40
 Balfour, Tibby, 7, 11
 Ball, Sir Robert S., 34, 39
 Bathybius, 101
 Benson, A. C., 205, 235
 Bewick, Thomas, 84
 Birrell, Rt. Hon. Augustine, 23
 Birth of Poetry, 15
 Blackie, Professor, 31, 231
 Blake, William, 42, 236
 Blanc, Louis, 80
 Blushing, 61
 Brachet, Dr., 77
 Bradlaugh, Charles, 226
 Brain cells, 45
 Brain rest, 29, 61
 Bramwell, Sir Frederick, 207
 Brodie, Jock, 54
 Brown, Crum, 265
 Brown, Dr. John, 203
 Browne, Balfour, 223
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 99
 Browning, Oscar, 164
 Browning, Robert, 107, 182, 224
 Brunton, Sir Lauder, 144, 229
 Buccleugh, Duke of, 37
 Buchanan, Mr., 102
 Bucknill, Sir Thomas, 233
 Bulwer of Dalling, 24
 Burnand, Sir Francis, 79
 Burns, Robert, 53, 57, 67; his
 Centenary, 146; musical ability,
 125; his snuff-box, 155; use of
 the vernacular, 181; maligning
 of, 218
 Buzzard, Dr. Thomas, 238
 Byron, Lord, 127, 175, 200, 215,
 234, 244

 CAMERON, SIR CHARLES, 139
 Cantlie, Sir James, 212
 Carlyle, Jane Welsh, 67, 161, 218
 Carlyle, Thomas, 32, 33, 46, 67,
 142, 152, 174, 211, 217, 262
 Carr, Comyn, 72
 Casement, Sir Roger, 229
 Chambers, Mrs., 260
 Chambers, Professor, 273
 Chambers, Dr. Robert, 40, 265
 Chapman, John, 278
 Charcot, 249
 Charles, Prince, 23
 Cheyne, Sir Watson, 203
 Choate, Joseph H., 225
 Christian, Princess, 141, 192
 Christian Science, 17
 Churchill, Lady Randolph, 228
 Churchill, Winston, 131
 Clark, Sir Andrew, 74
 Clark, Sir James, 88
 Clark, Lord Rutherford, 205
 Clarke, Savile, 71
 Colenso, Bishop, 79
 Coleridge, Sir John Duke, 131
 Coleridge, S. T., 224
 Confucius, 160
 Corelli, Marie, 223
 Cornwall, Barry, 127
 Coronets and clogs, 187
 Corporal punishment, 46
 Couleur de Rose, 51
 Creighton, Mrs., 137
 Crichton-Browne, Colonel, 104, 142
 Crookes, Sir William, 22
 Crosbie, Mr. and Mrs., 25
 Cunningham, Allan, 219
 Curzon, Marquess of, 266

 DANCING AND DEPORTMENT, 199
 Darwin, Charles, 41, 61, 68, 71,
 159, 244
 Davis, Mr., 105
 Davy, Humphry, 16, 167
 Deas, Lord, 44
 De Blowitz, Henri Georges, 103
 Delusions, 30
 De Morgan, Evelyn, 260
 De Morgan, William, 257, 258

De Mussy, Madame, 84
 Dewar, Sir James, 155, 158, 171,
 180, 188, 189, 264, 272
 Dewar, Lady, 269
 Dick, Mr., 125
 Dickens, Charles, 134
 Dickson, Sir Charles Scott, 271
 Dickson, Professor, 22
 Dinwiddie, Rev. J. L., 213
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 242
 Dix, Miss, 12
 Dixon, John H., 240
 Dobson, Austin, 250
 Donkin, Sir Bryan, 70
 Doremus, Professor Ogden, 135
 Douglas, Mr. Johnstone, 160, 214
 Dowse, Baron, 131
 Draughts, 111
 Duckworth, Mr., 101
 Duke, H. E. (Lord Merrivale), 185
 Du Maurier, George, 70, 79

EARLE, AUGUSTINE, 23
 Edgar, Dr. Bowman, 275
 Edward VII, King, 263
 Eglintoun, Lord, 132
 Einstein, 165, 275
 Eliot, George, 277
 Evolution, 249
 Ewing, Sir Alfred, 196
 Exercise, 134

FACIAL CONTORTIONS, 197
 Fanning, Colonel David, 8
 Faraday, Michael, 165, 270
 Farquharson, Dr. Robert, 201
 Feeding of High-School girls, 68
 Ferguson, Mr., of Pitfour, 168
 Fergusson, Sir Adam, 38
 Fergusson, Mr. Munro, 147
 Fergusson, Sir William, 192
 Ferrier, Sir David, 122
 Fielding, Henry, on Burlesque, 18
 Fildes, Luke, 130
 Finlay, Robert Bannatyne, Viscount,
 202
 Food figments, 234
 Forbes, Bishop, 24
 Forster, John, 176
 Fox, Dr. Fortescue, 113
 Franklin, Benjamin, 164, 215
 Fraser, Dr., 224
 Fraser, Mr. G. M., 133
 Freud, 249

GEIKIE, SIR ARCHIBALD, 180, 205
 Genius, 217
 Gilbert, W. S., 196
 Gladstone, W. E., 27, 143, 166
 Glencairn, Lord, 157

Gordon, Mr., of Nunbank, 55
 Gordon, Mr. James, 44
 Gordon, Mr. Robert, 125
 Goschen, Mrs. Alexander, 190
 Gosse, Sir Edmund, 236, 250, 268
 Grant, Colonel, 251
 Gregory, Miss, 138
 Grey, Sir George, 44
 Grierson, General Sir James Murray,
 213
 Guthrie, Dr., 92

HAECKEL, 102
 Haggard, Rider, 103
 Haldane, Miss, 279
 Hamilton, Mr. Gavin, 53
 Hamilton, Dr. M'Lane, 196
 Harcourt, Vernon, 118
 Harris, Dr., 106
 Harte, Bret, 110
 Hastings, Lady Flora, 89
 Hay, John, 160
 Hayashi, Baron, 77
 Heine, Heinrich, 80
 Henderson, Rev. John, 266
 Henson, Dean Hensley, 255
 Herbert, George, 127
 Heredity at fault, 60
 History and disease, 86
 Hogarth, William, 217
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 150
 Hope, Lord Justice Clerk, 272
 Houghton, Lord, 18, 26, 70, 165,
 180; his breakfasts, 210
 Howarth, Sir Henry, 261
 Huggins, Sir William, 101, 180
 Hunt, Mrs. Holman, 178, 258
 Hunter, John, 66
 Huntingdon, 275
 Huxley, T. H., 17, 41, 102, 262;
 his religion, 144; stage fright, 188

INTELLECTUAL FATIGUE, 221
 Irving, Edward, 17

JACOBITE RELICS, 23
 James, William, 111
 Jameson, Andrew, 272
 Jebb, 43
 Jenner, Sir William, 57
 Johnson, Dr., 100, 158
 Johnston, Sir Harry, 250
 Johnstone, Mr., 59
 Jones, Wharton, 262
 Jonson, Ben, 182
 Jowett, 186

KAVANAGH, ARTHUR, 232
 Keats, John, 74, 81, 182, 253
 Kelvin, Lord, 168, 180
 Kennedy, Miss, 53

- Kepler, 85
 Kerr, Mr., 35
 Kirk, Mrs., 25
 Kirkcudbright, 19
 Knox, John, 150, 179

 LABOUCHERE, HENRY, 226
 Landowners, Scotch, 19
 Langridge, Frederick, 29
 Lankester, Miss Fay, 193
 Laplace, 32
 Latham, Dr. P. W., 166
 Laughter, 166
 Lavery, Sir John, 225
 Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 220
 Laycock, Professor, 15, 31, 187
 Leacock, Professor Stephen, 248
 Lee, Dr. Robert, 75
 Lenard, Professor Philipp, 270
 Lewis, George Henry, 279
 Lightning before death, the, 275
 Lingard, Alice, 72
 Lister, Lord, 49, 192, 201, 261;
 his magnanimity, 202
 Livingstone, David, 154
 Lord Justice Clerk, the, 271
 Lowe, Rt. Hon. Robert, 56
 Lowell, James Russell, 207
 Lunacy, Reform begun in Scotland,
 12; Commissioners in, 176
 Lunatics, theatrical performance by,
 18; honour amongst, 27; *The
 New Moon*, etc. (*Asylum
 Periodicals*), 41; strike amongst,
 55
 Lush, Lady, 59
 Lush, Lord Justice, 58
 Lyell, Watson, 77
 Lytton, Lord, 84, 99

 MACARTNEY, SIR HALLIDAY, 111, 173
 Macdonald, Sir Andrew, and Lady,
 180
 Macdonald, Mrs. Flora, 24
 Macdonald, James, 35
 Macewen, Sir William, 261
 Macfayden, Alan, 171
 Mackenzie, Sir Alexander, 136
 Maclaggan, Dr. Thomas John, 140
 Maclaren, Ian, 178
 Macmillan, Sir Alexander, 84
 Macnaughten, Mr. Hugh, 153
 Malapropism, 134
 Malins, Vice-Chancellor, 93
 Manners, Lord John, 174
 Mansel, Canon, 244
 Marlborough, Duke and Duchess
 of, 241
 Marshall, John, 91
 Martial, 45

 Marx, Carl, 102
 Masefield, John, 186
 Maudsley, Dr. Henry, 20
 Maxwell, Clerk, 165, 178
 Maxwell, Sir Herbert, 102, 161
 Maxwell, Mr. W. Herris, 140
 McCormick, Sir William, 130
 McEwan, Mr. William, 166
 McIntosh, Professor Carmichael, 55,
 265
 McNeillie, Miss, 159
 Memory spasms, 47
 Millais, Sir John, 72
 Milton, John, 77, 80, 224, 244
 Mind-undermining, 227
 Mob instinct, 238
 Moir, David Macbeth (Delta), 204,
 265
 Moncrieff, Colonel, 56
 Montagu, Mrs. Basil, 218
 Moore, Thomas, 127, 234
 Morris, Lord, 34, 166
 Murphy, Sir Shirley, 97
 Murray, John, 250

 NETTLESHIP, 79
 Newman, Cardinal, 52
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 32, 165
 Nicoll, Dr. Robertson, 162, 262
 Nicolson, Alexander, 138
 Nicotine, 134
 Noble, Sir Andrew, 180

 OLIPHANT, MRS., 74, 80
 Oliphant, Caroline (Lady Nairne),
 23, 148
 Osler, Dr., 130
 Ostrich, the, 118
 Oxford Crown, the, 156

 PAGET, SIR JAMES, 59
 Paranoia, 117
 Pasteur, 83
 Pattison, Mark, 77, 154
 Pennefather, Colonel, 106
 Pettigrew, Mrs., 201
 Peyton, Sir Charles, 270
 Phillipps, Professor, 253
 Playfair, Lyon, 175
 Popular songs, 265
 Poynter, Sir Edward, 258
 Priestly, Lady, 40, 83, 189, 260;
 work for hospital reform, etc., 190
 Prussia, Prince Henry of, 213
 Psycho-analysis, 248

 RACE AND DISEASE, 130
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 225, 268
 Ramsay, Dr. Hamilton, 74
 Rawlins, Thomas, 156
 Rayleigh, Lord, 71

- Reid, Sir Robert, 147, 163
 Responsibility and disease, 20
Revolt of Civilisation, the, 245
 Rhodes, Cecil, 103, 251
 Roberts, Lord, 253
 Robertson, Lord, 34
 Robertson, Mr., 140
 Romance of the music-stool, 14
 Romanes, George John, 70
 Rosebery, Lord, 102, 131, 146, 156, 158, 239
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 74, 150, 182
 Roumania, Queen of, 147
 Ruskin, John, 102

 SAINT-SIMON, 85
 Salisbury, Lord, 23, 164, 175, 267
 Salomon, Sir David, 82
 Savage, Sir George, 72
 Scott, Sir Walter, 37, 65
 Scottish Peasant, the, 67
 Sellars, Professor, 215
 Semon, Sir Felix, 263
 Sex-differentiation, 96
 Shackleton, Sir Ernest, 212
 Shakespeare, William, 62, 97, 127, 155, 182, 270, 274; demolished, 273
 Sharp, Archbishop, 207
 Shaugnessy, Mr., K.C., 158
 Shaw, Lord (Lord Craigmyle), 206
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 81
 Shieling, the lone, 131
 Shorthouse, Joseph Henry, 265
 Sidgwick, Henry, 261
 Siéyès, Abbé, 130
 Simpson, Professor Sir Alexander, 25
 Simpson, Sir James, 37, 50, 74, 120
 Smedley, Mr., 269
 Smith, Alexander, 231
 Smith, Frederick, 9
 Smith, Sir G. A., Principal of Aberdeen, 201
 Smuts, General, 253
 Soddy, Professor, 249
 Solomon, King, 196
 Somerset, Duchess of, 43
 Southernness, 216
 Spencer, Herbert, 167, 244
 Spinoza, 29
 Sporting parsons, 13
 St. Andrews University, 200
 Stanhope, Sir Walter Spencer, 27
 Stanley, Sir H. M., 251
 Steele, Dr. James Peddie, 231
 Steele, Mrs., 232
 Sterling, John, 29
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 132
 Stirling, Hutchison, 33
 Stirling, Mrs., 258
 Stoddard, Lothrop, 245

 Sublimity, 85
 Super-Scotchman, the, 240
 Supersensuous intimations, 80
 Swan, Mr., 163
 Swedenborg, 236
 Sweet, Peggy, 107
 Swimming, 214
 Swinburne, Algernon, 231
 Syme, James, 49, 202

 TAIT, LAWSON, 120
 Taylor-Smith, Bishop, 201
 Tennyson, Alfred, 182, 186, 237, 240
 Thackeray, W. M., 16, 151, 265
 The Children's Week, 208
 "The Ladies," 183
 Thomson, Joseph, 104, 251
 Thomson, Mr. G., 181
 Thomson, Sir J. J., 164
 Thompson of Trinity, 43
 Thorburn, Archibald, 241
 Thorne, Sir Thorne, 26
 Timney, Mary, 43
 Tolstoy, Count, 142
 Treves, Sir Frederick, 48
 Tulloch, Principal, 73, 154
 Turner, Sir William, 201
 Tyndall, John, 115

 VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, 45
 Vaughan, Cardinal, 243
 Venables, George Stovin, 16
 Vernacular, the, 181
 Verrinder, Jane, 258
 Victoria, Queen, 75, 78, 89, 90, 204
 Voltaire, 32, 80
 Vulgar errors, 99

 WALES, PRINCE OF, 13, 83
 Wales, Princess of, 83
 Wang Tsen, 111
 Warrior, the Unknown, 268
 Watson, Sir William, 212, 248
 Watts, George Frederick, 260
 Webb, Captain Matthew, 216
 Whistler, James McNeill, 71
 Wilberforce, Bishop, 60
 William II, Kaiser, 236
 Wilson, Mr. David Alec, 174
 Wilson, Professor John, 133
 Winslow, Dr. Forbes, 194
 Womanly beauty, 26
 Women, public execution of, 43
 Wood, Sir Evelyn, 227
 Woolner, Thomas, 70, 143
 Wordsworth, William, 85, 182, 244
 Wundt, Professor, 45

 YATES, EDMUND, 151
 Young, Lord, 272

 ZEUXIS, 95
 Zola, Emile, 249



