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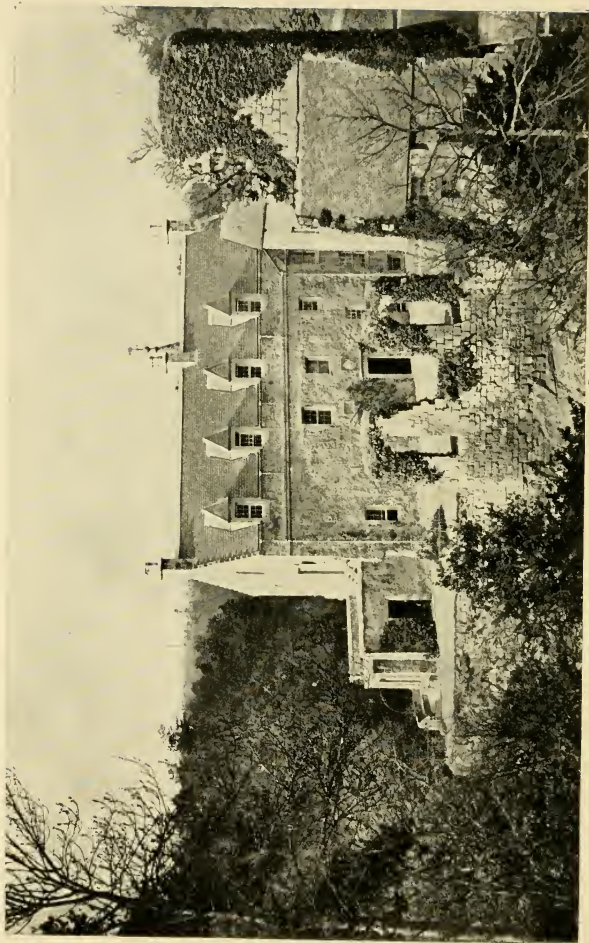












*Frontispiece*

HAWTHORNDEN.

Literary Landmarks  
of the  
Scottish Universities

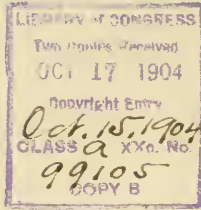
By  
Laurence Hutton

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BY  
ELEANOR V. HUTTON

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TO  
WOODROW WILSON  
A STERLING SON OF PRINCETON  
AND  
A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE SCHOOLS  
OF SCOTLAND





## Introductory Note

IT seems now most fitting that the last book of literary landmarks written by Mr. Hutton should have been devoted to Scotland, the home of his ancestors, and the last chapter to St. Andrews University, in whose environing town his own father was born. The manuscript of this volume was sent to the printer some weeks before Mr. Hutton's death, but the proofs were returned too late for his revision. They have been read by a friend and neighbour of his in the town in which he died, a town which is the seat of an American university that has many historic associations with the universities of which Mr. Hutton wrote. In performing this last office of the author in the printing of a book, his friend takes responsibility for any errors that may have crept

into the text. The manuscript was prepared with conscientious care, and it is doubtful if Mr. Hutton would have changed a single line, for he set down naught except in kindest spirit, in gentlest humour, and in honesty.

J. H. F.

September 1, 1904.

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# Edinburgh



## Edinburgh

EDINBURGH is the youngest, but not the least important, or the least interesting, of the Scottish universities; and, certainly, no other institution in the whole of Great Britain is more rich in its literary associations.

One hundred and seventy years after the foundation of a university in the city of St. Andrews, and almost a century after King's College was established in Aberdeen, James Sixth of Scotland, in 1582, granted a charter under the Great Seal, authorising the founding of a university in Edinburgh. He was inspired thereto by the zeal of the Magistrates and Town Council, who, "with other respectable citizens," were jealous of the growing intellectual supremacy of sister towns in the Kingdom; were anxious to

## 4 Scottish Universities

promote the cause of learning in general; and, especially, to encourage the liberal education of the youth of the Capital and its neighbourhood.

The idea of the College was originally broached in 1560. In 1563, certain parts of the structures and grounds belonging to the Provost and prebendaries of the Collegiate Kirk o' Fields were purchased as a site. In 1581, despite the antagonism of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and of the Bishop of Aberdeen, the work of building was begun; and in March, 1583, the first classes were held in the lower halls of Hamilton House, under two teachers only; one in "Bejan," one in Latin. The first class to be graduated, that of 1587, was forty-seven strong. The Class of 1588 numbered thirty; and in the years immediately following, the general attendance was even smaller.

A "Bejan," by the way, was a Freshman. The term came from the University of Paris; "Bec-jaune," in falconry, meaning a "callow hawk just out of the nest," fresh

from home, and from home influences; a first-year's man. The second-year's men were called "Semi-bejans," or "Semies"; in the third year they were known as "Bachelors," and in the final session as "Magistrands."

The Collegiate Kirk o' Fields, whose site became the original home of the College, was the scene of the death of the unfortunate Darnley in 1567, the mystery of which has never yet been solved. Darnley was not a very admirable young gentleman, notwithstanding the fact that he was the husband of a queen, the father of a king, and the grandfather, so to speak, of a dynasty. The house in which, and with which, he was blown to pieces was afterwards repaired, and it was used, for a time, as a dwelling of the Principal of the University. It existed when Dalzel wrote, in 1803; and its site is now covered, in part, by the Library.

The present "Old College Building" is upon the same spot; except that the early structure faced the College Wynd, in which,

at the end of the eighteenth century, were the residences of the professors.

The original plan of learning for this new seminary in Edinburgh was borrowed from that which prevailed in the earlier Scottish colleges, although it was divested, as far as was possible, of those antiquated forms and monastic ceremonies which were practised at the time of the rule of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, and by which the other institutions of the Kingdom had been very much embarrassed at the period of the Reformation.

The session, in the beginning, lasted eleven months of the year; and the classes met daily at six A.M., in the winter; and at five A.M., in the summer. Until the opening of the eighteenth century, the first year was devoted to Latin, Greek, and dialectics; the second year to a repetition of these, and also to arithmetic and rhetoric; the third year to rhetoric, Hebrew, and dialectical analysis; the fourth year to astronomy, geography, disputation, *et cætera*.

The University now has two annual sessions: the first lasting from the middle of October until the end of March; the second, or summer, session from the beginning of May until the end of July.

At the opening of the twentieth century there were forty or fifty professors in the various Faculties, of Arts, Divinity, Law, Medicine, Music, and Science, each Faculty having a Dean of its own. And there were nearly three thousand students, over two hundred of them being women. A comparatively small percentage of these students obtain a degree, or attempt to be graduated. That is not what they go to the University for. They seek a certain amount of solid, valuable information on certain subjects, and in certain lines; and when they obtain this, they drop themselves quietly out. They do not wait, or permit themselves, to be dropped.

The Medical Schools of Edinburgh were born towards the close of the seventeenth century in a small "Physic," or Botanical,

## 8 Scottish Universities

Garden, near Holyrood Palace. Botany was recognised as a university subject, and the Curator of those "Physic Gardens" was made its first professor. Chairs of Chemistry and Astronomy were shortly afterwards founded; and the Medical Schools grew and flourished to their present greatness.

When the space in the "Old College" became too limited to accommodate the yearly increasing number of students, the "New College Buildings," not far away, sprang into existence; and these are now the home of the famous Medical School; the College of Surgeons and the Royal Infirmary not being connected with the University proper.

M'Ewan Hall, so named from a generous benefactor, is near to the "New University Buildings." It was opened in the winter of 1897-98; and since that time it has been used for the graduation ceremonies and for other public University functions. It is chief among the modern sights of the town; and the local guide-books declare it to be



“one of the grandest buildings erected in Europe during the nineteenth century.”

The earliest records of what, in America, is called “chapel,” and no doubt it was compulsory, show that the gallery at the east end of the High Church, St. Giles, was allotted to the professors and to the students, “until the patrons should find room for a different arrangement in this particular.”

“A Short and General Confession of the True Christian Religion, According to God’s Word,” was prepared; to which all those who received degrees from the College were compelled to subscribe. “The Additional Laws” of 1701 required the students to convene on the Lord’s Day, in their classes, after session, to be exercised in their sacred lessons. And on all days to show proper example to others, by their piety, goodness, modesty, and diligence in learning.

But in modern times, and in all these Scottish non-residential colleges, there are no rules regarding church-going. That, in Scotland, is accepted as a matter of course.

The nucleus of the University Library was the three hundred volumes left by a certain Mr. Clement Littel, or Little, to the Town Council of Edinburgh, in 1580. In each book is the neatly printed inscription "I am given to Edinburgh, and Kirk o' God, by Maister Clement Lital. There to Remain." With the private library of Hawthornden, bequeathed in 1627 by William Drummond, the friend and interviewer of "Royal Ben" Jonson, these volumes are now kept carefully locked away in a small room, off the hall, where they are half forgotten, and are rarely seen by the book-loving and book-worshipping men whose hearts they would delight. They are exceedingly rare autographs, and annotated; first editions, generally beautifully bound, most of them beyond price, some of them absolutely unique. Alas! they do no good to anybody now, except to the very few visitors to the University who, learning of their existence, beg for a sight, or a touch, of them, a request which is always

graciously granted. But there they are "to remain."

The Library has other rich treasures, all as carefully kept from public, or appreciative, view; the Shaksperiana collected by Halliwell-Phillipps, to whom the University once gave an honorary degree; the generally accepted original manuscripts of John Knox's *History of the Reformation*; Thomas Carlyle's holograph deed of gift of Craigenputtock, and the like. But they are as little known to the average Edinburgh man, in the University, or out of it, as are the manuscripts of *The Poems of Ossian* or of *The Iliad of Homer*; notwithstanding the fact that they are of far more sentimental value, if not of far more intrinsic value, than are all the Crown jewels in the Castle, unearthed by the author of *Marmion*, who must have revered the Laird of Hawthornden as much as he revered the commonplace wearers of the regalia of Scotland.

The first patrons of the establishment at Edinburgh evidently intended that every

student should be lodged within its walls, and should remain there by night, as well as by day. And it was ordered that all undergraduates should wear gowns, under pain of expulsion. For a number of years, as many of the students as the College would hold, were, certainly, housed inside its gates. But the custom gradually went into disuse, and it has never since prevailed.

The rent of chambers in that early period was four pounds, if the student demanded a bed to himself; two pounds each person, if two occupied one couch. In later times, according to "Jupiter," otherwise Alexander, Carlyle, "living in Edinburgh continued still [1743] to be wonderfully cheap; as there were ordinaries for young gentlemen at fourpence a head, for a very good dinner of broth and beef, and a roast and potatoes, every day, with fish three or four times a week; and all the small-beer that was called for until the cloth was removed."

Within a few years, an institution calling itself "University Hall" has opened a very



OLD COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.



limited number of houses for the accommodation of students of both sexes, where are bed-rooms, studies, common dining, and recreation, or meeting, rooms. The Hall is managed internally by a committee of the residents, elected by themselves, and by each other, for short terms. The board and lodging cost comparatively little. But, naturally, only a few, of either sex, can avail themselves of the limited privileges extended.

This University Hall system, however, is not under the control of the University authorities; and it is, such as it is, in its own small, recent way, almost the only thing approaching to University social home-life which the University has ever known.

The Privy Council, in 1695, recommended that all masters and regents (regents were professors in the early days), and also the students of the several universities of the Kingdom, should be obliged to wear gowns during the time of the sittings of their colleges. "The students to wear red gowns,

that thereby they may be discouraged from vageing or vice.”

The recommendation was not adopted in Edinburgh; nor, says Prof. Andrew Dalzel, in his *History* of the Institution, was it easy to see what advantage could attend the wearing of such a badge. The students were “discouraged from vice and vageing” by other means.

But the professors at Edinburgh, to this day, lecture, always, in gowns; which is a pleasant, proper custom.

“Vageing,” it may be observed here, is defined by Jamieson in his *Scottish Dictionary*, as “the habit of strolling idly”; and he gives as his authority, Bower’s *History of the University of Edinburgh*. Johnson does not seem to have known the word; the nearest he came to it is, “to vagary, to gad, to remove often from place to place.” And the *Century Dictionary* comes no nearer to it than “vagabond.” “Vageing,” evidently, in the argot of the present, was “loafing about.”



Some of the early laws for Edinburgh undergraduate guidance are worth recording. In 1668, it was enacted, by the regents, that the censors, in their respective classes, should observe such as "speak Scots, curse, swear, or have any obscene expressions, that the regent may censure them, according to the degree of their offence." For the suppression of tumults, for which the College then had a bad repute, it was ordained that none of the scholars should stand at the gate, or on the stairs, or in the passages to the classes; transgressors to be delated, every one of them to be fined two shillings "Scots"; a "shilling Scots" being of about the value of an English penny.

It was also ordained that no scholar should be troublesome to another, by shouldering or tossing; for, seeing these were the occasions of fighting, whosoever should be found guilty of tossing would be amerced in four shillings "Scots." "If a scholar should strike his neighbour, he was chastised, according to the demerit of the fault. If he should be

deprehended playing, or carelessly walking up and down, in any of the courts, at the time of their meeting in their schools, for every fault he was mulcted in a shilling fine.”

Additional laws for the College, made in 1701, provided that no student, “during hours,” should walk idly in the courts; should play at hand-ball, billiards, or bowls, or the like. None were allowed to do, or to speak, wickedly, wrongfully, or obscenely; to indulge in “nasty talk.” Such as “profaned God’s sacred name, or vented horrid oaths,” were to pay sixpence the first time; and thereafter to be severely chastised. All students were to carry themselves respectfully towards the professors; and to obey their professors’ injunctions. Those who transgressed were to be fined first in a penny; and after in two pence. Students were obliged to discourse, always, in Latin; also to speak modestly, chastely, courteously, and in no manner uncivil or quarrelsome. If they spoke in English, or “in

Scots," within the College, the charge was a penny for the first offence, two pence for every offence thereafter. They were ordered to carry no guns, swords, daggers, or such arms; to throw no snow-balls or stones at glass windows, or glass houses, or at walls, or at seats, or at desks, or at pulpits, or at anything else, or at anybody. They were to be discharged if they used cards, or dice, or raffling, or any such games of lottery. They were not permitted to enter taverns, or ale-houses, at any time of day; and it was even against the rules for them to walk the streets of an evening!

How far these rules were enforced, two hundred years ago, especially "after hours," when the students, unmarked by red gowns and entirely unrecognisable, had absolute freedom of the city, is not now known.

✓ Edinburgh, in many respects, resembles the German, rather than the English, or the American, universities. The men are scattered in lodgings throughout the town; they have little of class feeling or of social

life in common; their ages vary greatly; and "out of hours" they are subject to no scholastic discipline whatever. They know, personally, but few of their fellows, even by sight; and they feel none of that love of Alma Mater, and of that devotion to her interests, which are so strongly developed in the men of Oxford and Cambridge, and in the men of every seat of learning, be it large or small, salt-air, or fresh-water, on the western side of the Atlantic.

The loss is that of the Edinburgh man. And a great loss it is.

He does not recognise the face of a class-mate when he meets him in after life. He has no college colours to wear. He has few college songs to stir his blood; no college cheer to warm his heart, or to crack his voice; no intercollegiate victory, or defeat, to rejoice over, or to try to explain away; no Greek-letter or local college club to frequent; no class boy to pet, or to be proud of. He knows nothing of that enthusiastic college spirit which means so

much, in the New World, to every man who ever went to college, even for a single term; which means so much, also to his sisters, and to his cousins, and to his aunts.

And the loss is that of the Edinburgh man!

A writer in the *Scotsman*, in 1884, said that the students at a Scottish university, even at that period, had little more cohesion among themselves than the grains of a sifting sand-heap. They drift into the same classes, he added; but when the lecture is over, they fold up their note-books like the Arab, and as silently steal away. There was then, he complained, no common place of meeting, where a man might look upon the countenance of his friend, or hear the sound of a voice, which, in the class-room, must of a necessity be still. And he concluded by saying, that "it did not need natural or acquired misanthropy for a man to pass through an entire university course, and take a degree, without knowing a single fellow-student better than he did on the day of his first matriculation."

This was before the establishment of the University Union, based, in a way, upon the Union Society of Oxford. "The Royal Medical," "The Speculative," "The Dialectic," "The Diagnostic," "The Philomathic," "The Chemical," "The Theological," "The Philosophical," and even "The Total Abstinence" societies, many of them of comparatively recent date, were already in existence, but small in membership; and, as their names imply, limited and peculiarly special in scope. The Union, without effacing or absorbing these, is universal. It is open to all students and graduates of the University; and "its purpose is the provision and maintenance of means of social and academic intercourse for its members." It is a students' club, with a very small entrance fee, and small annual dues. It has a commodious building of its own; it has all the conveniences of a club proper; with the addition of a large hall, in which lectures are given, and in which debates are held. But it is still in its extreme infancy; and it

is, in its dull, cold, social way, about all that the very modern Edinburgh man has to cling to, for University entertainment and amusement. It was absolutely unknown to the Edinburgh man of two decades ago. And the loss is that of the Edinburgh man.

Another interesting, and also very modern feature of the undergraduate life, in Edinburgh, is the Students' Representative Council, instituted in 1883-4, "to represent the feeling and opinions of students, as occasion might arise, and to mediate between them and the University authorities." It consists of eighty members, elected by the students direct; and of fifty-two members, chosen by the different societies of students; and, in a measure, it controls and governs the Union. One of its interesting features is a weekly publication called *The Student*, which is devoted to "University Notes," to "Athletic Notes," and to "Society Notes"; these last relating, not to society in general, with a capital "S," but to the College societies and associations mentioned above.

The graduates have space assigned to them, in which they are invited to indulge in reminiscences, personal and otherwise. Books are reviewed, and local and general musical and dramatic affairs receive a certain amount of attention. It is the only periodical of its kind peculiar to the University, as a university; and it takes the place of the Literary Magazines, the Alumni Weeklies, the daily papers, and all the rest of the journals in which American undergraduates indulge themselves; and out of which they get so much comfort, and do so much good to themselves and to each other.

The Students' Representative Council is not confined to Edinburgh alone; it exists in the other institutions as well. A joint committee of these Councils has published *The Scottish Student's Song-Book*, containing, in a single volume, all the lays and lyrics of all the universities. This volume is exceedingly comprehensive; for it embraces the national airs, and the folk-music of every quarter of the globe, from *The Russian Anthem* to *The*



*Old Cabin Home.* The college songs, proper and special, are not very many or very original, or very brilliant, notwithstanding the fact that Professor Blackie has furnished some of the words. They are set to familiar airs, ancient and modern, from *Bonny Dundee* to *Upidee*, from *John Brown's Body* to *Sally in Our Alley*. Sometimes they are purely personal; but usually they are general in character. One verse from a production entitled *Our Noble-Selves*, will give a fair idea of the style of composition of the whole; and will, also, show the broadness of the college spirit.

“ They talk about Arenas of the South,  
And eulogise the Isis and the Cam,  
While they glory in a Porson or a Routh,  
The Harvard, and the Yale, of Uncle Sam.  
And possibly our rivals may amass  
More knowledge than the College by the  
Dee,  
But none of them can possibly surpass  
Our weather, and our heather, and our Sea.”

No college in the world can surpass

Aberdeen in the matter of sea and heather, perhaps; but very few universities will care to attempt to rival her in the matter of climate.

The Constitution of the University of Edinburgh seems, to the lay mind, to be a most complicated document. As it is entirely unlike anything of its kind known on the western side of the Atlantic, some short, but comprehensive, digest of its scope and contents, dug out of the annual *University Calendar*, may be of interest here. We learn, in a vague sort of way, that the University is a corporation consisting of a Chancellor, of a Vice-Chancellor, of a Rector, of a Principal (or President), of professors, of registered graduates and alumni, and of matriculated students. The Chancellor, we are told, is elected by the General Council "for life." Changes in the ordinances and in University arrangements, proposed, or approved by the University Court, must receive his sanction. And he confers degrees.

The General Council and the University



OLD COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.



Court have many pages of the *Calendar* devoted to their functions. The University Court consists of the Rector, the Principal, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and of a number of "Assessors," variously appointed. The General Council is composed of the Chancellor, of the members of the University Court, of professors, and of registered graduates. The Vice-Chancellor, nominated by the Chancellor, may, in absence of the Chancellor, confer degrees; but he may not discharge any other of the Chancellor's duties. The Principal, formerly elected by the Town Council, but now by the curators, also holds his office "for life." The curators number seven, three nominated by the University Court, and four by the Town Council. They retain the position for three years.

The Rector is elected by the matriculated students of the University, on such days in October, or November, as may be fixed by the University Court; and he is president of that particular body. All of which sounds most complex and perplexing.

Rev. Menzies Fergusson, in an interesting little book entitled *My College Days*, published in 1887, tells the story of a Rectorial contest in Edinburgh when he was a student there, some twenty years ago. The candidates that year were men of high standing in the Whig and Tory parties, but seemingly of small importance in the world of letters. Young Fergusson, a Bejan, just matriculated, a stranger to Edinburgh, and to almost every person in Edinburgh, and quite indifferent as to candidates and to parties, was at once beset by students, enthusiastic on one side or the other, to declare his intentions. He does not say for whom he voted; but he describes the electioneering proceedings in a graphic way. Meetings innumerable were held; speeches without number were made; squibs and cartoons were scattered broadcast; songs were composed, and circulated, and sung; the rival factions formed themselves into opposing battalions, and gathered around the statue of Sir David Brewster, in the great

Court-yard, where were shouting, and pushing, and hauling, and some mauling done, to the serious damage of hats and clothes, although only one warrior seems to have received personal injuries; and he, it is gravely reported, "soon recovered from his swoon."

After the battle, both sides united in a torchlight procession, marching shoulder to shoulder, in perfect harmony and good humour, to do honour to the new Lord Rector, who was to hold his office for the customary three years.

The only persons who appear to have profited by the contests were the tailors and the hatters; and the greatest sufferers, naturally, were the parents and guardians, who had to pay the bills.

All this drew the student-body closer together, for the time; but it does not appear to have inspired anything like what the Americans call "class feeling" or "college spirit."

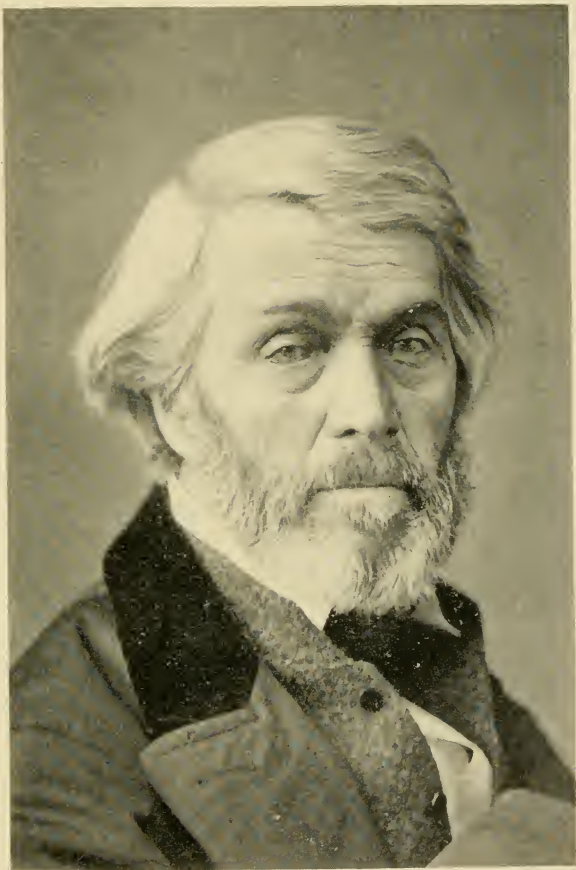
One of the best pictures extant of what Scottish university life was, and was not, a

hundred years ago, is painted by Froude in the first volume of his *Life of Thomas Carlyle*. He said, in effect, and in part, that in English ears, the words, "college days" suggest splendid buildings, luxurious rooms, and rich endowments, as the reward of successful industry. In Oxford and in Cambridge, the students were young men between nineteen and twenty-three, who enjoyed themselves in every possible social way, and who spent handsome allowances. These allowances, on an average, were double in amount per annum the sum which the father of Thomas Carlyle made in any one year of his hard-working life.

The universities north of the Tweed, on the other hand, in Carlyle's time, the second decade of the nineteenth century, had no prizes to offer, no fellowships, no scholarships; they had nothing whatever to give but an education, and the teaching of severe lessons in the discipline of poverty and self-denial.

The students, as a rule, were the sons of





THOMAS CARLYLE.



poor parents who realised, exactly, the expense of a college course, and who knew how well, or how ill, it could be afforded. And the lads went to Aberdeen, to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, or to St. Andrews with a fixed purpose of reaching the very best of results, at the lowest possible money cost.

They selected, generally, the institution nearest to their own humble homes, in order to save charges of travel; they often walked to their destination, in order to avoid coach-hire; they had no one to look after them on their journey, or at their journey's end. They entered their own names on their college books; they found lodgings for themselves, in some near-by street or alley; they not infrequently cooked their own food, which was brought with them, or sent after them, in the carts of local carriers; sometimes they made their own beds, and washed their own dishes and their own clothes; and they were rarely over fourteen years of age when their college careers began. They formed very few, but always economical,

friendships; they shared their rooms, and their meals, and their thoughts with each other; they had their simple little clubs and societies for conversation or discussion; they read hard, they worked hard; hard was their life. Their very poverty kept them out of debt, and out of temptation to unwholesome habits and amusements, and when the term was over, they walked home to their own firesides, to make money enough, during the vacation, by teaching, or even by field-labour, to carry them back to their university, and to keep them there for another session.

As a training in self-dependence, said Froude, no better education could have been found in the British Islands. And he asserted that if the teaching could have been as good as was the discipline of character, the Scottish universities might have competed with any in the world. But he declared that the teaching was the weak point. There were no provisions made by the colleges to furnish personal instruction, as in the

sister institutions in England; the professors were, individually, excellent; but they had to lecture to large classes, and they had no time to attend, particularly, to any individual student. The Scottish universities, he concluded, were nothing more than opportunities offered to lads who were able, and ready, to take advantage of the opportunities which they sought, or which came in their way.

This, no doubt, was true enough when the lad Carlyle, towards the close of his thirteenth year, tramped a hundred miles from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh in 1809; and, in a measure, it is true now; but it is not the whole truth, and the four Scottish universities to-day hold their own, very nobly, among the modern universities of the world.

The Rev. James Sharp, Minister of the Established Church of Scotland, at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, in a personal note, has kindly set down for the benefit of the readers of this volume the story of his own student life in Edinburgh, during full courses of Arts and Divinity, from the autumn of

1877 until the summer of 1885. His words are quoted here in full:

“To the intending student in my time,” he writes, “two ways of finding out how to make a start at the University were available. To wit—from a student who had already been there, or from the *University Calendar*, the intricacies of which presupposed graduation for the full understanding of the same.

“A considerable railway journey, in most cases, to an unknown city was necessary. Never seen Edinburgh before? No? Go in the daylight, leave your box at the station, and then hunt for lodgings. After weary wanderings, you venture to ring the bell of the basement door of a tenement house, in the windows of which you have seen the ticket of strange and familiar device,—‘Lodgings to Let, for Single Gentlemen’; with another to keep it company, containing the announcement, ‘Mangling Done Here.’ In our case,” says Mr. Sharp, “the door was opened by a widow lady who smiled upon her innocent country victims. We were shown the establishment, and we fixed upon a parlour and a bed-room, two of us ‘digging’ together. The price for each, with board, was about twelve shillings a week. ‘But before we bargain,’ said the now businesslike landlady,

'I want to ken what kind o' students ye are.'  
'Oh,' we replied, 'we will try to give you as little trouble as possible.' 'But are ye Medical or Deveenity?' 'We are just entering Arts.'  
'Aye! ye have plenty o' arts about ye. But it's a richt. I can manage Medicals: but those Deveenities are wild deevils!'

"Back to the station for our boxes was our next step. These boxes, among other necessary things, contained scones, bannocks, jam, and the like; the forethought of a kind mother who realised how much her laddie would miss these home-comforts in the Capital.

"Next morning we speered our way to the University, and arriving there, we entered its portals with trembling steps. The bedellus was six feet four inches in height; and we cried up to him to direct us to the Matriculation Office. This haughty beadel is believed to have spoken invariably of the College Staff as 'We and the ither professors.' The matriculation fee was one pound, one shilling; and the card we received gave us entrance to any class. For at that time, there were no entrance examinations to the University. I chose the Arts course, as qualifying me for Divinity. The fee for each class was three guineas; and the occasion of paying that fee was the one opportunity the student had of speaking to his professor, unless

the student was called to the professor's room for misbehaviour. The classes contained some two hundred men each; so that it was difficult for the teacher to know, by name, or by face, more than a very few of the taught; and he seldom attempted to do more than that. Only one Professor (Calderwood), during the whole Arts course, invited us to his house, and not many went; so unsocial and so uncouth is the average Scottish youth. This Professor [Calderwood] knew almost every student by name; and he never passed any of us in the streets without recognition. But he was considered very singular!

“There were several debating societies which met in the evenings, in one of the class-rooms; but they were not largely attended. This, for all that, was the only means whereby we could have any association with each other, when the studies of the day were over. There was no Union then, such as there is now. We scattered in all directions to get our luncheons; and we generally dined in our lodgings, at the close of the College-day's work.

“There was really no student social life. The most of the time in the evenings was spent in lonely study, at home, preparing for the classes on the coming days. The undergraduate was cast upon the city without a soul to care for him. Sometimes a minister would call upon him; and



occasionally, if he were serious-minded, the Young Men's Christian Association would get hold of him and put him in the way of making friends of the right sort. On Sundays there was no Church service which was especially adapted to him or to his wants. There is no College chapel in Edinburgh.

“ In the Theological Faculty, when I reached that, there was more sociability. The classes were small, and the professors, having all been ministers themselves, took a particular interest in the pupils, who were going forward to the ministry. Every one of the divinity students was familiar with, and familiar to, his professor; and was made welcome at his professors' homes.

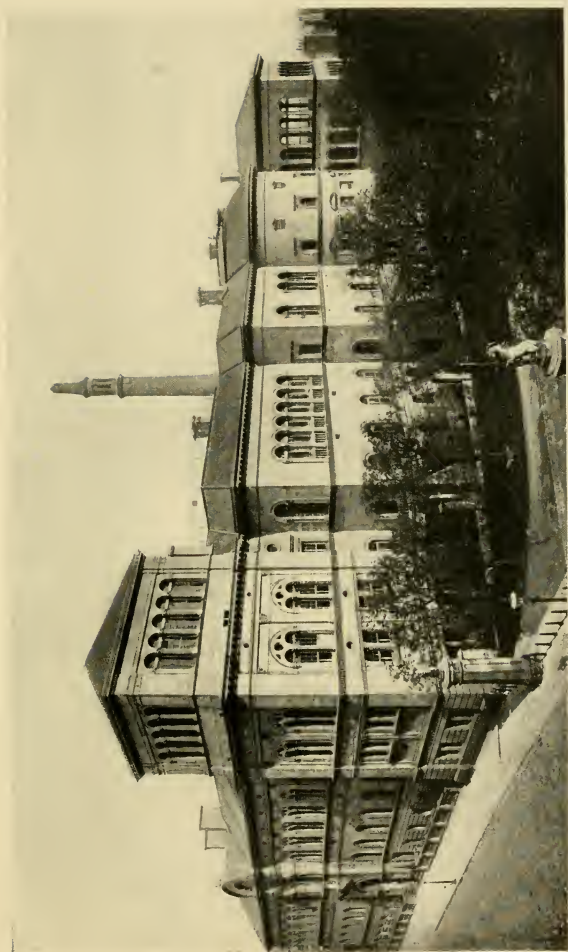
“ Great improvements have taken place in Edinburgh, since my time, and in many ways. The Union brings the men more closely together, and there are now students' cricket clubs, football clubs, tennis clubs, golf clubs, and the like. But, so far as I know, there is no further advance of the undergraduates towards personal contact with their professors.

“ Perhaps the philosophy of the whole thing is this. The Scotch are gregarious in every country save their own. They do not care for much sociability. At least those lads do not, who are away from their own parishes. The Scottish student, generally, is drawn from a class of the

population which has hard fights to make both ends meet. He must work with all his might to obtain a bursary [or scholarship], and thus to save his father's pockets and his mother's scones.

“We used to get a holiday from the Theological Faculty on the first Monday of every month. This was called ‘Meal Monday,’ because it enabled the students to go home to replenish their barrels. Dear old times! No luxuries. The liberal arts, sciences, and theology were cultivated on oatmeal, with an occasional glass of beer on a Saturday night.”

“I do not remember anything more that is worth saying,” concludes Mr. Sharp. But he has remembered a good deal that is worth hearing, concerning the life in his own University not so very many years ago. There is not space enough here to enumerate all the men of letters who have made the University of Edinburgh, or whom the University of Edinburgh has made. Its list of graduates is as long as is the Moral Law, which it has taught to its graduates, and which most of its graduates have taught, in some form or other, to the world at large. They have



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turned out songs, those Edinburgh men, and they have turned out sermons, innumerable; sermons predominating. But they have turned out very little that has not lived, or that is not worth living.

Concerning some of the distinguished sons of Edinburgh, as showing what they did in the University, and what the University, in its own peculiar way, did for them, a few words may be said. These words will illustrate further, perhaps, the scope and the methods, the manners and the customs, of the Institution from the time of its foundation, down to a period within the memory of men still living.

Almost nothing is known of the early life of William Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend of "Royal Ben" Jonson, and probably the earliest literary son of his Alma Mater, except the fact that he received the rudiments of his education at the High School, in Edinburgh, where he is said to have displayed precocious signs of worth and genius. In due time, he took his degree

of M.A. after the usual course of study in Edinburgh University. He was well versed in the metaphysical learning of the period; and he devoted himself, even at college, to the study of the classical authors of antiquity; which may account for the purity and elegance of his style. The first edition of his *Poems* was published in 1616, three years before the memorable visit of Jonson, and when Drummond was over thirty. How far he lisp'd in numbers, before he was graduated, is not clear; but how much he loved his College has been shown in his liberal bequests to its library.

James Thomson made his first appearance in Edinburgh on horseback, riding behind a servant of his father. He walked home the next day, alone, not liking the looks of things; and he is said to have reached the paternal manse, some fifty or sixty miles distant, before the return of the servant and the horse. His second visit was more prolonged. Somewhat contrary to his own inclination, he was induced to study divinity;



WILLIAM DRUMMOND.





but being rebuked by a professor for the flowery and poetic nature of a probationary exercise delivered in the hall, he retired from the consideration of theology in disgust.

During his undergraduate days, he tutored the son of an earl, and contributed certain verses to a poetical volume called *The Edinburgh Miscellany*. A friend of the family, "finding him unlikely to do well in any other pursuit, advised him to try his fortune as a poet in London, and promised him some countenance and support." Accordingly he journeyed South, with almost nothing in his pocket but the first poem of *The Seasons—Winter*, which he sold for three guineas. It consisted, originally, of four hundred and thirteen lines, and was published when its author was twenty-six years of age.

A penny-ha'-penny a line does not seem to be a very great price for a poem which has lived so long as has this particular *Winter* of Thomson's. *Autumn*, "nodding o'er the yellow plain," was written later, and brought a little larger sum.

David Mallet was a friend and classmate of Thomson's at Edinburgh. He must have been a hardworking and a diligent student, for his professors recommended him, and cordially, as a private tutor to the children of the Duke of Montrose. This was an unusual proceeding, except when accompanied by unusual ability; especially in the case of a man absolutely obscure of birth, Mallet's father being the keeper of a small public-house, on the borders of the Highlands. The son seems to have been sensitive upon the subject of his extraction; for he attempted, carefully, to conceal from the world all the particulars of his origin, and of his early career, including even the story of his college life. He was a poet of some contemporary merit; and he disputed with Thomson the authorship of *Rule Britannia*, contained in a play called *Alfred*, which they wrote in collaboration. It is rather interesting to contemplate the fact that one of the various British national anthems is claimed by two Scotsmen, both of the University of

Edinburgh. But the song has lasted nearly a couple of centuries; and the Britons of both sides of the Border, who still assert that they "rule the waves," have not yet become tired of saying so in the words of Mallet, or of Thomson.

"I passed through the ordinary course of education with success," wrote David Hume, on his death-bed, in 1776, "and was seized, early, with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of enjoyment. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me, but I found an unsurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning."

Elsewhere in this interesting fragment of autobiography, Hume remarked, that "it is difficult for a man to speak long of himself, without vanity," which will account for his allusions to his own industry, to his own sobriety, and to his studious disposition; all of them most admirable qualities in an undergraduate, when they are exploited by

somebody else. However, Hume seems to have exhibited every one of these qualities while a student at Edinburgh University, according to the testimony of his contemporaries; and to have been a credit to his Alma Mater.

Hugh Blair, Doctor of Divinity, must be considered here as a literary landmark of the University of Edinburgh, because his contemporaries looked upon him not only as one of the most eminent of divines, but also as one of the most illustrious "Cultivators of Polite Letters" who figured in the cultivated eighteenth century. His father perceived, early in the boy's career, that the boy possessed seeds of genius; and the boy, in 1730, when he was twelve years of age, was sent to the College in order to have the seeds of genius watered and developed. He is said to have remained in the University for eleven years, studying diligently all the time; and he did not receive his degree of M. A. until 1739. He devoted himself particularly to history in his undergraduate days; and, with

some of his youthful associates, he devised and constructed a most comprehensive scheme of chronological tables, for recording, in their proper places, all important and far-reaching events. This work, a very serious and unusual production for undergraduate pens, was afterwards elaborated by another hand, and given to the public as the once familiar *Chronological History of the World*.

Blair was not strong of health in his boyhood, and he was better able, therefore, to resist those attractions of physical excitement which were to be found outside the class-rooms. In later life, he was so successful in his lectures on English composition, before the University, that George Third, or his Ministers, erected and endowed for him a special Chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, making him "Regius Professor" thereof, with a handsome salary and pension.

On account of his provincial accent, and of certain defects in the organs of pronunciation, we are told that his sermons and lectures were better in print than on the

platform; and that, thanks to his pension, he was probably the first clergyman who ever "set-up" a carriage in Scotland!

John Home, called in the encyclopedias "an eminent dramatic poet," was the author of one eminently successful tragedy, *Douglas*, and of three less popular tragedies, *Alonzo*, *Alfred*, and *The Fatal Discovery*, which are now altogether forgotten.

He was born on the banks of the Firth of Forth, and his father, who was Town Clerk of Leith, is not supposed to have had any flocks of his own to feed, outside the family circle. Home was a graduate of Edinburgh, where his ability, his progress in the study of literature, and his charm of manner made him exceedingly popular. His biographer, Mackenzie, tells us that "his temper was of that warm, susceptible kind, which is caught by the heroic and the tender; and that his favourite model of character was the imaginary 'Young Norval' of the play, upon whom he attempted to form himself, a character endowed with chivalrous valour and

romantic generosity." He saw good in everybody, put his friends upon higher pedestals than Nature had built for them; and he liked to be praised as much as he loved to bestow praise upon others.

He played the titular part in the famous amateur representation of *Douglas*, described in the sketch of Adam Ferguson, given below.

An intimate friend of Home's at the University was William Robertson, the historian. He entered college at the age of twelve; and he must have distinguished himself there as he distinguished himself everywhere else. His monumental work appeared before he was forty, to the great admiration and surprise of Horatio Walpole, who said that he could not understand how a man whose spoken dialect was so uncouth to English ears, could write such fine and perfect English; forgetting that they teach English in Edinburgh.

Robertson became Principal of the University in 1762, and he held the position until he died thirty-one years later. He

established the Library Fund, he was very instrumental in giving the University its "New Buildings," and he made the College so important in the eyes of studious men that he drew to it many serious-minded undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge.

Adam Ferguson, a graduate of St. Andrews, became Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh in 1759; and in 1764, Professor of Moral Philosophy, a chair much better suited to his tastes, and to the course of study which he had followed.

During these Edinburgh days, he enjoyed, and ornamented, the intellectual society, for which the Northern Capital was distinguished in the last half of the eighteenth century. "Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius," wrote Tobias Smollett, in *Humphry Clinker*. "I have the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction [including Ferguson], and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings."



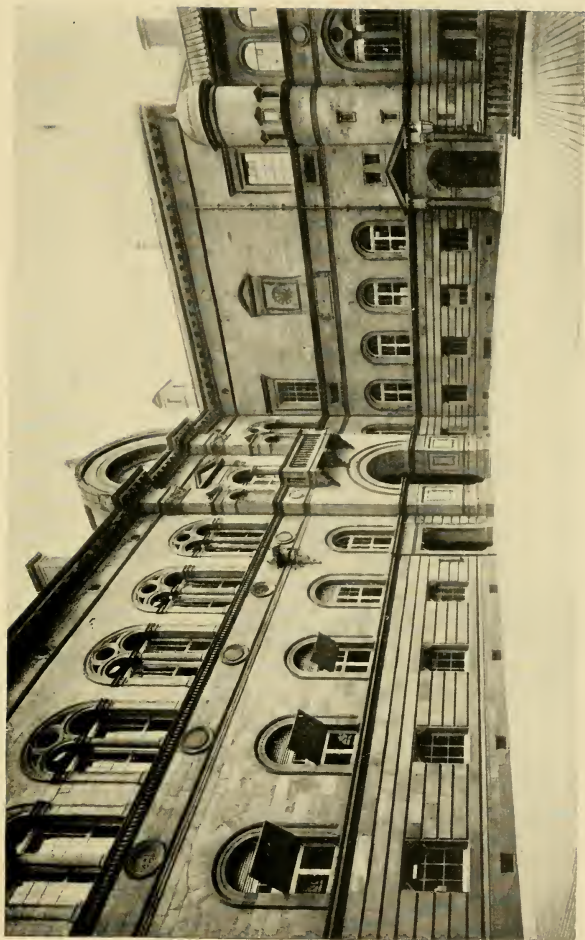
Smollett might have added that they were, as well, sometimes playful in conduct; for there is a tradition extant that the tragedy of *Douglas*, by the Rev. John Home, was once produced in private in Edinburgh, with the author in the titular part and Adam Ferguson as "Lady Randolph." A Professor of Natural, and of Moral, Philosophy, figuring as "the leading lady" in an amateur dramatic company of grave and reverend college Dons must have been an instructive and entertaining spectacle to any critical undergraduate who chanced to be in the audience. Whether or not the "Lady Randolph," or the "Anna," of the cast, the latter played by the Rev. Hugh Blair, was in proper and appropriate female costume on that occasion, is not recorded.

Professor Ferguson was instrumental in bringing together the two popular poets of Scotland, for the first and only time. Walter Scott, a lad of fifteen, in 1786-87, had the rare good fortune, a good fortune which he thoroughly appreciated, to be noticed by

Burns in Adam Ferguson's house. "Of course," wrote Scott, "we youngsters sat silent and looked and listened." Burns was attracted by some lines on the bottom of a print on the walls of the room, and asked who was their author. Nobody knew but the little, silent, and listening Scott, who whispered the information, "Langhorne." "Burns rewarded me with a glance and a word," added Scott, "which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with great pleasure. . . . I never saw him again, except in the street, when he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should."

And so the "glance," full of reverence on the one hand, and full of sympathy on the other, was returned; and Adam Ferguson's house, to quote some now forgotten poet, was "the spot where Robert Burns ordained Sir Walter Scott!"

A contemporary of these men at the University was John Witherspoon. He became President of the College of New Jersey, at



QUADRANGLE, NEW UNIVERSITY, EDINBURGH.



Princeton, in 1768; he lived and dared to sign the Declaration of Independence, eight years later; but he has made more record for himself as a teacher of youth in the New World, than as one of the taught in the Old.

Dugald Stewart was most emphatically a university man. His father being Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh, the boy was born in the house assigned to the head of the Mathematical Faculty, in the very buildings of the College. At the proper time, he became a student of his father; later, he was assistant to his father; and, in 1785, he succeeded Adam Ferguson in the Chair of Moral Philosophy. He did not relinquish his active duties in the University until 1810, when he was fifty-seven years of age.

Lord Cockburn said once: "To me, his [Dugald Stewart's] lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, imparted in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world."

Although Adam Smith was closely associated with Glasgow, as a student there for

a few years, and as a professor for many years, he lectured on belles-lettres and on rhetoric at Edinburgh in 1748, when he was twenty-five years of age.

Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling," was a resident of the Edinburgh of the period of Adam Ferguson and Hugh Blair, and Adam Smith, and Home, and Hume, although not of their day at the University. He survived them all, living into the third decade of the nineteenth century; and, like the rest of them, he went in, and out, of college without leaving any very tangible impression as an undergraduate.

Oliver Goldsmith, in the minds of men, is rarely associated with Edinburgh. Trinity College, Dublin, still claims him with pride, as one of her sons. But he went to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1752, to take a course in medicine and anatomy; where he distinguished himself, chiefly, by his amusing simplicity of character, and by his curious and entertaining absence of mind. But he seems to have been almost as fond of

chemistry as of fun. He was as poor in purse as he was rich in the faculty of social enjoyment. Early in his career he became a member of a students' club called "The Medical Society," where he told inimitable Irish stories, sang delightful Irish songs, and, probably, danced fantastic Irish jigs; making himself immensely popular in his own particular circle. "I sit down and laugh at the world and at myself, one of the most ridiculous objects in it," he wrote, in one of his home letters. He is supposed to have tried to make a little money by private tuition. But he did not find himself in entire sympathy with Scotland or with the Scots, in general, and, at the end of eighteen months he journeyed to the Continent, to finish his studies among more congenial surroundings. The Scots and Scotland left but little impression upon his literary work; although he wrote from Leyden that logic was by no means taught so well there as in Edinburgh.

Another Edinburgh man, concerning whom

a great deal is said, in these days, and about whom almost nothing is known, was James Boswell, the author of the *Life of Samuel Johnson*, an immortal book, and, most assuredly, a landmark in literature. He entered the University at the usual early age; but he distinguished himself, particularly, outside the College gates, and in a social way. He shone in high life, and he was particularly fond of the stage and of stage-folk. While he was still an undergraduate, he wrote the prologue for what he supposed to be an original play, presented by a certain dame of quality, who was "in his set," and who wished to conceal her identity as a dramatic author. When the comedy was produced in public, it proved to be not only a gross plagiarism, but an utter failure. Both the failure and the plagiarism were attributed to Boswell; and he was gentleman enough to bear Lady Houston's burden, and to keep the secret, at his own great social expense, until the Lady, seeing the ridicule heaped upon him, was lady enough to confess it all.





JAMES BOSWELL.



During his university days, he began to show a taste for literary composition; and in an early poem of his signed, in print, with his own initials, he thus speaks, modestly enough, of himself:

“ Boswell does women adore,  
And never means once to deceive.

. . . . .  
“ He has all the bright fancy of youth,  
With the judgment of forty-and-five.  
In short, to declare the plain truth,  
There is no better fellow alive.”

He was six-and-forty when *The Tour to the Hebrides* appeared; and no little of the bright fancy of his youth, perhaps, was contained in the *Johnson*, published when the adorer of Johnson was fifty-one.

The two Scottish men of letters who are the most interesting and absorbing figures in literature, are Burns and Scott. Burns never knew the advantages of a college education, or of much schooling of any kind. Scott, for a time, was a student of the University of Edinburgh. Burns was a genius,

but not, altogether, a gentleman. Scott was a gentleman and almost a genius. Burns wrote from the heart; Scott from the heart and from the head, too. Perhaps Burns, as a genius, was greater than Scott, and will live longer. It may be that Scott, all gentleman and half genius, will stand side by side with Burns, "when the Judgment-Books unfold." Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the player, in his refutation of the theory that there was no Shakspeare, says, in effect—the quotation is from memory—that

"The scholar Bacon was a man of knowledge,  
But inspiration does not come from College!"

How much of Scott's inspiration was inspired by his short college course, it is not easy to determine. But Scott was an Edinburgh man.

Fortunately for the young Scott he had not so far to walk to the University as had so many of his contemporaries, for his father's house, on George Square, was but a few steps away. And, unfortunately for

present interest, he had more to say of his school-days in the bit of early *Autobiography* which Lockhart preserved, than of his college life. He left the high school, he wrote, "with a great quantity of general information, ill-arranged, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon his mind; readily assorted by his power of connection and memory, and gilded," he added, "by a vivid and active imagination." His appetite for books was a sample, and as indiscriminating, as it was indefatigable; and he always felt that few persons of his age had read so much as he had read, and to so little purpose. The world has good reason to be glad that he read so much; and to doubt that the results were little!

With this small preparation, he entered the University in 1783, in the Humanity class, where he confessed that he speedily lost much that he had learned before. He might have done better in the Greek class, under a better and stricter master, he thought; but he had no knowledge of Greek

to start with, and falling, naturally, behind his fellow-students, on that account he saw—the statement is his own—“no stronger means of vindicating his equality than by professing his contempt for the language, and his resolution not to learn it.”

He made some progress in ethics; he was instructed in moral philosophy, under Dugald Stewart; and, to sum up his academical studies, he attended the classes in history, and in civil and municipal law. His university course, therefore, was not brilliant or particularly creditable, perhaps, because of this more than smattering of “inspiration” which possessed him. His views upon the subject of scholarship, given when he was more mature in mind, must be quoted in full:

“If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages” [of *Autobiography*], he wrote, when he was thirty-seven years of age—“If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with deepest regret that I recollect, in

my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would, at this moment, give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Scott, if he had lived longer, might have claimed the University as his very cradle. He was born "at the top," of the College Wynd, now called Guthrie Street. The house was opposite the Old Gate of the Old University; and it was demolished to make way for the New University Buildings.

Professor John Wilson in the University, "Kit North" out of the University, took the Chair of Moral Philosophy in 1820; and he occupied the chair for thirty-two years. There was unusual opposition to his election, on account of the eccentricities of his genius, the recklessness of his temper, and the general lack of fixedness in his purpose. But he was warmly supported by Walter Scott, who urged that the position would give

Wilson "the consistence and steadiness which were all he needed to make him the first man of the age." And thus, despite his curious impetuosity, and his carelessness of the morrow, he fought his way, by sheer force of talent, to an eminence of the highest moral and literary responsibility.

An entire chapter might be devoted to Wilson, and a delightful task would be the writing of it, especially to one, who, as a very small boy indeed, remembers vaguely the familiar figure, the leonine head and face, the tall and massive form, as he saw Wilson stalking along Princes Street more than once, with his plaid about him, supremely noticeable among noticeable men. "John Wilson," said some one of him once, "was the grandest specimen of the human form I have ever seen, tall, perfectly symmetrical, massive, majestic, yet agile."

His last public act was characteristic of the man. Broken in health, old in years, he struggled to Edinburgh, in order to record his vote for Macaulay, as University Member



of Parliament, a man whom he felt that he had misjudged and misrepresented in previous years.

Mungo Park, as a school-boy at Selkirk, is reported to have made astonishing progress; not only through his natural aptitude; but because of his great application and industry. He served as an apprentice to a Selkirk surgeon for three years, before he went to Edinburgh, in 1789, when he was eighteen. There he remained for three successive sessions, taking the regular medical course, devoting himself particularly to botany; and always working hard.

Henry Brougham entered the University of Edinburgh in 1792, at the age of fourteen. He gave a chapter of his *Autobiography* to the subject of his college life, but he treats of his professors and of their methods, saying nothing of his personal career, except that he devoted himself to mathematics. It was ten or eleven years later when, in his own words, he perpetrated certain "high jinks" in the streets of the town. He

halted, with a party of congenial friends, in front of a chemist's shop, hoisted himself onto the shoulders of the tallest of his companions, "placed himself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the venomous brazen serpent, which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within."

What a brazen serpent had to do with the selling and the compounding of drugs is not very clear now; but, if Brougham saw metallic vipers after he had started the *Edinburgh Review*, and before he was twenty-five, it is not at all unlikely that he was familiar with "high jinks" of a similar character in his college days. The twisting off of signs seems to have been an important and a necessary part of the course of a British university man a hundred years ago. Fortunately that particular form of mental culture is seriously neglected in the curriculum of modern seats of learning to-day.

Brougham was elected Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh in October, 1859.



LIBRARY HALL, EDINBURGH.



He delivered his Inaugural Address the next year. The history of his own times shows that he was, all his life, in the habit of climbing social, intellectual, and frivolous "jinks" of various altitudes, some of them, sometimes, a little higher than his friends approved of, and not always to his own credit.

Mrs. Gordon, in her volume entitled *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, says very little about her father's experiences in college, except that his university career was marked by brilliancy as well as by solidity; that in 1793, at the age of twelve, he went up to Edinburgh, on foot, to be matriculated, and that it was his custom to walk backwards, and forwards, from Jedburgh to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Jedburgh, a distance of forty-five miles. In Jedburgh he was born in 1781, and in Jedburgh he spent his early years. It is not easy to think of a Harvard man, or of a Yale man, or of a Princeton man, of twelve or fifteen, as walking, at the close of the college session, from his campus to Portsmouth,

let us say, or to Rye, or to Philadelphia; and then, on arrival at home, and before he went to bed, taking a walk of a few miles more, to talk things over with the boys of Kittery Point, the boys of New Rochelle, or the boys of Merion. Yet the young David Brewster thought very little of such a tramp; and he tramped it more than once, in a single day. If they were not giants, in those times, they were, at least, pedestrians; and the express-train, the automobile, the trolley, and the bicycle are hardly in it. Their exercise did not require so much training as football, as baseball, or as track athletics; but perhaps it told in the end.

Brewster as Vice-Chancellor of the University presided at the installation of Lord Brougham, as Chancellor. He was Principal from 1860 until he died in 1868.

Carlyle, as we have seen elsewhere, tramped a hundred miles from the paternal door-step, at Ecclefechan, to enter his own name on the books of the University of Edinburgh, in November, 1809. He did not reach the



HENRY BROUGHAM.





age of fourteen until the next month. His father, and his mother, to quote his own words, walked with him on the dark, frosty autumn morning to set him on his road; his mother showing her "tremulous affection" at every step; which is a way that mothers have! His companion, on his journey, was one "Tom" Smail, a youth slightly his senior, who had been at college before, and who was, therefore, considered a trustworthy guide. "Tom" Smail seems to have been a commonplace creature, conceited and of no account in the college world, or in the world at large. We hear no more concerning "Tom" Smail. His very name sounds like a joke.

The two Thomases found dull, and forlorn, and cheap lodgings in Simon Square, a dull and forlorn street, hardly changed during the century that has passed. Carlyle said that he learned very little at college, that in the classical field he was truly nothing; his professors never noticing him, and never being able to distinguish him from

another Carlyle, who was "an older and a bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck-teeth, and scorched complexion; and the worst Latinist" of Thomas Carlyle's acquaintance.

The greater Carlyle does not seem to have done much better at philosophy; and the only real progress he made was in mathematics. He carried off no prizes. He tried but once for a tangible reward of that sort, but, although he was well enough prepared, the noise, and the crowd, and the confusion of the class-room so distracted him that he gave up the attempt.

*Sartor Resartus* is hardly autobiographical, but it contains a fair account of what college life was to its author, who declared that he felt it his duty to say that out of England and Spain his own was the worst of all hitherto discovered universities. But among eleven hundred Christian youths gathered together in one institution of learning, there were, perhaps, according to Carlyle, eleven willing to learn; and Carlyle was one of that Edinburgh Eleven. "By collision" with

the other, and the upper, few, a certain warmth, a certain polish, was communicated to him, he thought. By accident, and by happy instinct, he took less to rioting than to thinking and reading. And so the twig was bent.

Carlyle became Rector of the University in 1865, commemorating his election by bequeathing, in true Carlylian language, his estate of Craigenputtock to found bursaries in the University. His reception by the students upon the occasion of the delivery of his Inaugural Address is said to have been very striking, and very affectionate. By reason of his age and physical feebleness he was unable to make his voice heard throughout the hall; and hundreds of patient men, who, perhaps, under similar circumstances, were never patient before, sat quietly and with deepest respect, unable to catch a word he said.

This, remarks Sir Alexander Grant, historian of the University, was in strong contrast with the too frequent exhibitions of

undergraduate behaviour, when graceful and charming orations have been interrupted and made inaudible, and even brought to an end "by barbarous noises" [the phrase is his own], for which there was absolutely no reason, and no excuse.

Thomas Guthrie, who, according to his own subsequent account, was always, as a boy, fond of fun and of fighting, entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of twelve; and he spent ten years of his life there. The first four were devoted to the Arts, to the linguistic, to the philosophical, and to the mathematical courses; the next four to the study of divinity, Church history, Biblical criticism, and Hebrew; the last two years to medicine and to science. His University gave him his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1872.

John Stuart Blackie, still well remembered on the streets of Edinburgh, went to the University after a short period of study at Marischal College, in Aberdeen. He neglected his mathematics, however, and he

failed to obtain his degree; so in 1829, he migrated to Germany, to finish his course.

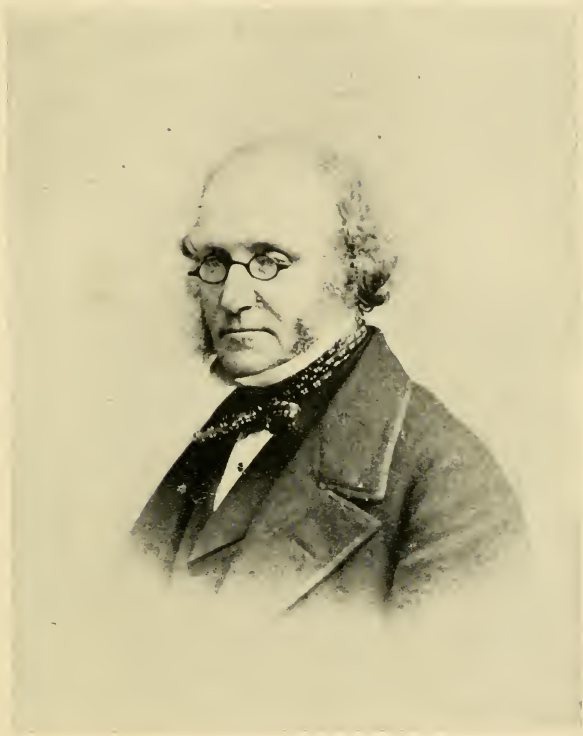
In 1852, he became Professor of Greek in Edinburgh, a chair he occupied for some thirty years. His aim, as a lecturer, was to direct the attention of his classes towards the consideration of Greek life and Greek thought, rather than to produce exact scholarship. He was the author of, and a vigorous leader in, that agitation for the broadening and elevation of university education in Scotland which resulted in the passing of what is known as the Universities Act.

Another one of the few immortal names upon which we come, somehow to our surprise, in the famous roll of Edinburgh men is that of Charles Darwin. In his short Autobiography, presented by his son, he gives the following account of his college career:

“As I was doing no good at school,” he wrote, “my father took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me [Oct., 1825]

to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. . . . The instruction at Edinburgh," he added, "was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope. But, to my mind, there are no advantages, and many disadvantages, in lectures, compared with reading. Dr. Duncan's lectures on materia medica, at eight o'clock on a winter's morning, are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. Later," he said, "during my second year at Edinburgh, I attended Dr. —'s lectures on geology and zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced upon me was the determination never, as long as I live, to read a book on geology, or in any way to study the science."

These Dr. Blanks and Dr. Dashes of his (he or Mr. Francis Darwin carefully omitted the mention of names in full) would have been interested, perhaps, to know the impression they made upon the young Darwin by the manner, and the matter, of their discourses. And one cannot help wondering how less gifted youths at Edinburgh, during



JOHN BROWN.





the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were moved, and inspired, by what they heard in the class-rooms of the University.

Darwin's father perceiving that the son had but little liking for the profession of medicine sent him, in 1828, to Cambridge to prepare himself for the Church. The world well knows the result.

When the young John Brown, the friend of "Rab" and of Rab's Friends, entered the Arts classes of the University, in 1826, at the age of sixteen, no doubt a dog of some Scottish breed went with him, as far as the gates, and waited for him until he came out. And with that dog, and some other dogs, no doubt, he spent all his "Spare Hours" during his college course.

In 1828, he began the study of medicine. And he was graduated in 1833.

A direct descendant of Robert Aytoun, the Scottish poet who was a St. Andrews man in the sixteenth century, was William Edmonstoune Aytoun, author of the *Lays of the Cavaliers*, who was a student, and a

professor, at Edinburgh. The younger Aytoun was, even in his college days, exceedingly fluent in the writing of verse; his mother, who was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, having imbued him with a passion for ballad-poetry when he was yet a boy. His first volume was published when he was seventeen.

In 1845, he was appointed to the Chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University, where he was in his own particular element, and where he was immensely popular, raising the number of students in that branch of study from thirty to nearly nineteen hundred, in the course of some eighteen years. He edited *Blackwood*; and he married the daughter of John Wilson—"Christopher North."

The audience which listened to Dr. Chalmers, during his Professorship of Divinity, was altogether unique within the walls of a university; embracing as it did not only his own regular students, but distinguished members of the various profes-

sions, and many of the most intelligent citizens of Edinburgh. He stood upon familiar ground, that of natural theology and the evidences of Christianity; the impression he made upon his hearers was great; and great was his influence for good.

He had studied mathematics, chemistry, and natural philosophy in Edinburgh, after he was graduated from St. Andrews.

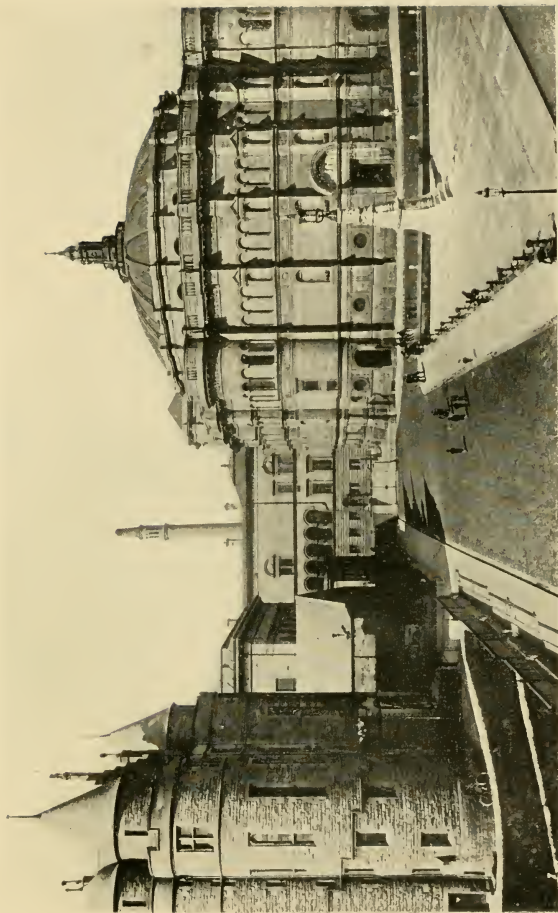
The most distinguished of the pupils of Dr. Chalmers, and the man who, perhaps, most profited by his teachings was Norman Macleod. He studied divinity in Edinburgh, after he left Glasgow where he was distinguished only for his progress in logic. And he always held Dr. Chalmers in the 'greatest gratitude and affection. The "Good Words" of the Master, passed down to posterity through the student, became household words in Scotland.

Robert Louis Stevenson was delicate as a child, and consequently backward in the forming of letters. He could not read until he was eight; but when he was six he

dictated, to his mother, a *History of Moses* which he illustrated with his own hand. This is his earliest piece of literary work, and it is said to be still extant.

At school, however, he was bright and alert, although desultory in his studies. He entered the University of Edinburgh in November, 1867, when he was seventeen, and he attended his classes as regularly as his disposition, and indisposition, would permit. According to his own statement he was incorrigibly idle at college, and one particular professor, at the end of a session, declared to him that he had no recollection of ever having seen his [Stevenson's] face before; which Stevenson promptly confessed was not unlikely.

His activity of mind was exhibited chiefly outside the College precincts. In the streets and wynds of the famous town, he studied men, of all sorts and conditions; and in his own room, in his father's house, he read eagerly and omnivorously, poetry, fiction, essays, old and new; devoting himself, with



MC EWAN HALL AND STUDENT'S UNION, EDINBURGH.



all the mental enthusiasm of which he was possessed, to the study of Scottish history.

In 1871, he gave up the idea of following in the paternal footsteps, as a civil engineer; and he attended the law classes at the University for several, irregular sessions. He was called to the bar in 1875, but he never practised.

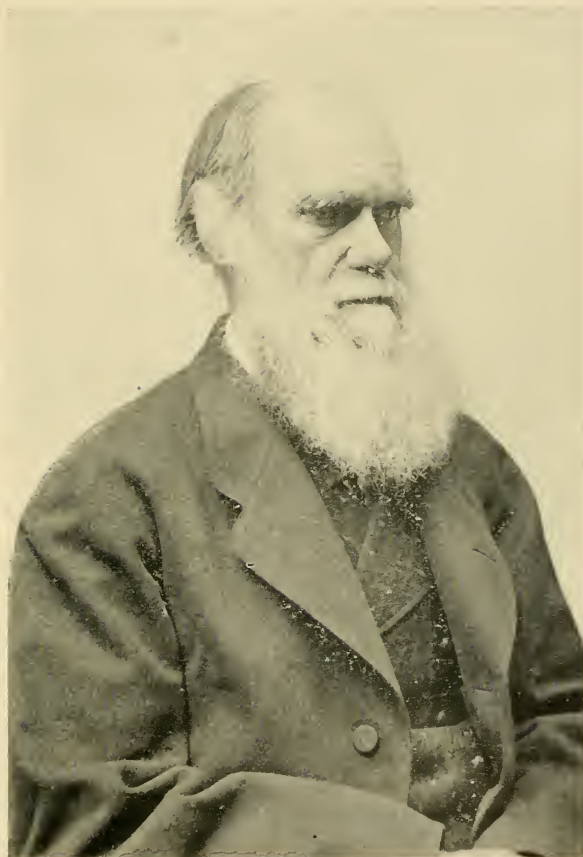
During all this period of school and college life, he was trying his 'prentice hand upon literary composition, in prose and in verse, publishing a few, now rare, pamphlets, highly prized by the collectors of "Stevensoniana," but keeping the greater, if not the better, part of his work to himself.

In 1873, he wrote to one of his intimates:—

"I am glad to hear what you say about the exam. Until quite lately I had treated that pretty cavalierly; for I can say, honestly, that I do not mind being plucked. I shall just have to go up again. . . . I don't, of course, want to be plucked. But so far as my style of knowledge suits them, I cannot make much betterment on it, in a month. If they wish scholarship more exact, I must take a new lease altogether."







CHARLES DARWIN.



## Glasgow

I N the month of June, and in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, while these words were being written, in Glasgow, the University of Glasgow was celebrating its four hundred and fiftieth birthday; what it called its "Ninth Jubilee." Why "ninth" and why "jubilee" are not very clear. There is no record of its having celebrated its "first," or its "second, jubilee," or any other numerical "jubilee" whatever. And even the Earl of Rosebery, the Lord Rector of the Institution at that time, was not very sure concerning the meaning of "jubilee," according to his own published confession. He acknowledged, in a volume called *The Year of the Jubilee*, that "the wholly inadequate figure" (the words are his own)—"that the wholly

inadequate figure of twenty-five had been adopted as constituting a jubilee," and then he proceeded to preside at a "jubilee" constituted of what would seem to be the equally inadequate figure of fifty; without giving any reason for the application of the term to a period of either a quarter or a half of a century; his only expressed excuse for the latter being the historical fact that two of his own sovereigns had celebrated what were termed "jubilees," at the conclusion of fifty years of their own respective reigns.

Dr. Samuel Johnson defined "jubilee" as "a publick festivity; a period of rejoicing; a season of joy," without regard to the passing of time; and he cited Milton as his authority. And Shakspeare used not the word at all. But in The Third Book of Moses, called Leviticus, we read how the Lord spake unto Moses on Mount Sinai, saying:—"A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be to you;" the words being thus rendered into English in the reign of James First of England and Sixth of Scot-

land. A couple of centuries earlier, one Geoffrey Chaucer, in *The Summoner's Tale*, told how two friends of fifty years' standing "made their Jubilee"; and so there is some little excuse for the word "jubilee" in this connection. But, still, in the absence of all previous "jubilees," why "ninth"?

At all events, in 1451, Pope Nicholas Fifth, the founder of the Vatican Library, established a university in Glasgow which was modelled upon the University of Bologna; and, in 1901, that Scottish University had a "jubilee"; whereat there was a most liberal feast of reason; and whereat soul flowed like water, in prose and in verse, in languages dead, and in languages quick.

Glasgow was a small place when the Pope of Rome set up his school there, in the middle of the fifteenth century, and it was of but little importance in the eyes of Scotland, and in the eyes of the then known world. Principal Story, in this same "Jubilee Book," quotes John Mair as saying, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that

Glasgow was "the seat of an archbishop and of a university, poorly endowed, and not rich in scholars": although he quotes Bishop Leslie, a little more than a half century later, as declaring Glasgow to have been "a noble town, the most renownèd market in all the West; honourable and celebrated; where, before the Heresy there was an Academy not obscure nor infrequent, nor of a small number, in respect both of Philosophy, and Grammar, and Politick Study."

The earliest sessions of the Institution were held in an old building in Rotten Row, long since wiped out of existence, with the fishermen's huts and poor hovels which, with the Cathedral, made up all that there was of Glasgow in those days. The original College possessed a beautiful charter, but not much of anything else. The Pope was good enough to create it, but he forgot, or neglected, to provide for its support. It had no wealthy alumni to furnish it with dormitories and gymnasiums, until Lord Hamilton, who may have been a graduate,

left it several acres of land and a tenement, on what was afterwards to become the High Street.

As an expression of their gratitude for this gift, students and Faculty prayed, twice a day, and out loud, for the repose of the souls of the donor, and the Lady Euphemia his spouse, both deceased. And they kept up the practice, no doubt, until the outbreak of the Reformation; when the Reformers turned all their serious attention to the saving of the souls of the living!

These old College buildings stood on the site of what is now called the College Station of the North British Railway, on the High Street. And the Goods Station, or what the Americans would style the "Freight Depot" of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway occupies the site of the College Church, and Churchyard.

But, nothing of College, of College Church, or of College Churchyard now remains, except the gate of the old building carried to, and rebuilt in, the new.

The present University structures, on Gilmore Hill, a long walk distant from the old, were occupied, for the first time, during the session of 1870-71. They are described as being "of the early English pointed style, with an infusion of the Scoto-French monastic and secular styles of a later period." This may be lucid enough to architects, and to students of architecture, but it is not apt to mean much to ordinary secular minds of the present period.

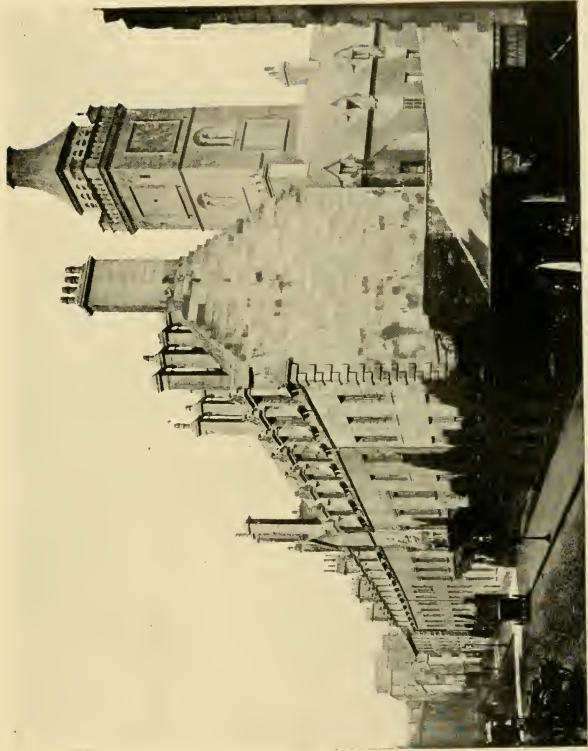
During the seventeenth century, whether under Pope or under Presbytery, as strict a watch as was possible was kept over the students, for their moral good. Certain chambers within the College were allotted to as many undergraduates as the rooms could hold. In each apartment was accommodation for four youths, every lad with a desk, two to a bed, with a table in common. For all this the occupant was charged, from half a crown to eight shillings, according to advantage, or disadvantage, of situation. A censor visited the rooms every night, at nine



of the clock, to see that all was right; that there were no cards or dice, or frivolous and profane literature, in use; and to inquire if the occupants had been "careful in secret prayer." And then the tallow candle was blown out, and the day, with its work, was over. Every morning, the same censor, at five of the clock, awakened the youths, and saw that all were soberly behaving. At six of the clock were praise and prayer, and reading of the Scripture, in the common-room, of course long before the rising of the sun in the long, long winter months of Scotland. After "chapel," the undergraduates on empty stomachs listened to lectures, always in Latin. At nine, they breakfasted in hall, on a soup of oat-loaf "good and sufficient," three portions to the pound, with bread and drink (no doubt, this last was not of water). On three mornings of the week, they had, in addition, an egg apiece. They dined at noon. On "flesh-days," Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, they were regaled with a fragment of oaten

loaf, and with as much of a lump of beef, contained in a general wooden platter, as they could cut, and capture, with their own clasp knives. On fish-days, their dinners consisted of two eggs and a herring. The universal supper, on all days, was bread and milk. There is no record of any of them being overfed, to any serious extent.

The students in those times were permitted to leave the College precincts when the classes were over; but on no condition were they to appear in the streets with dagger or with sword. To the Town, and in the town, they were allowed to express themselves in the local vernacular. But inside the gates, even at play, they were severely fined if they spoke anything but Latin. They were not permitted to have servants, or to introduce friends or relatives, who did not understand the scholastic Latin. And one of the earliest regulations of the College forbade the students swimming; although exactly why this last rule was enforced is not explained.



OLD COLLEGE, MAIN FRONT, GLASGOW.



Latin, it may be added, is a language as defunct generally within the precincts of the University of Glasgow now, as it is anywhere else. It is only resurrected as a matter of business; and it is still embalmed in examination papers, in set orations, and in diplomas.

Alexander Carlyle, styled "Jupiter" Carlyle, by his friends and admirers, who were many, occupied one of these College chambers in 1743-4; and he has given some account of his surroundings.

A College servant made his bed, and looked after his fire. He seems to have hired his own furniture; and he mentions a maid as appearing once a fortnight with clean linen. His dinner, consisting of roast-beef, potatoes, and small-beer, cost him four-pence.

As the number of students increased, and as the demand for additional class-rooms became greater, the letting of chambers to students was gradually discontinued; never to be revived.

The undergraduates seem, at one time, to have been fond not only of play-houses, but of playing themselves; and in 1721, it was declared that, in future, no student should appear in public, on the stage, without previous sanction of the Faculty, and on pain of expulsion. Such performances were looked upon as tending to divert the youths from more serious and more useful studies, and to lead them into ways of spending their time, and their money, which were neither profitable to themselves nor conducive to their good order.

The classes in the beginning were opened with prayer, by the students each in turn, not by the Faculty; and always in Latin. But in later years, when poor prayers and bad Latin made the service ridiculous, only those were asked who had the gift, as well as the wish, to invoke the blessing.

Mr. James Coutts, in his *Short Account of the University of Glasgow*, says that some of the early disturbances, among the students, as compared with modern breaches of disci-

pline make the latter seem "tame and domestic,"—the words in quotation marks being his own. He cites, as an example, one instance in which two youths, of high social degree, did wait for one of their professors, and did prepare to attack him, on his way from the College through the Churchyard. They were armed with batons and swords; and the professor fled. But Mr. Cunningham, the chief offender, was captured; and, as a punishment, and as a warning, he was ordered to appear, bare-footed and bare-headed, at the scene of the assault, and there to crave pardon for his offence. He disregarded the order; his family took the matter up, as a family affair; and, after much discussion, which threatened to become very serious, the delinquent, bare-headed and without his shoes, but otherwise magnificently attired, did finally present himself, surrounded by four or five hundred of his family and friends, and did, then and there, acknowledge that he had been a little hasty!

Early in the eighteenth century, there

was a very grand row between Town and Gown. Town resented some playful disturbances of Gown, and locked up a few of the playful disturbers. Whereupon other Gownsmen forcibly seized the keys of the prison, and assaulted, violently, the prison-keeper. Certain Townsmen retaliated by shooting and otherwise puncturing the students, with equal violence, and within the sacred precincts of the College itself. This last was a high violation of University privileges, never before known to be equalled, within the memory of man. Town authorities and Gown authorities became deeply interested; and many meetings between College Masters and Civic Magistrates were held before a settlement was reached. The ring-leading students were expelled, and otherwise punished by the Masters. And the Magistrates issued a proclamation forbidding the citizens to enter the University gates with warlike intent, either armed or unarmed. Town in this instance seems to have prevailed over Gown.





JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.



Mr. Andrew Lang in his *Life of John Gibson Lockhart*, says that

“the College [Glasgow] in Lockhart’s time [1805 to 1808] as in my own, was the black old quadrangle, guarded by an effigy of some heraldic animal, probably the Scottish lion, into whose open mouth it was thought unbecoming to insert a bun. Blackness, dirt, smoke, a selection of the countless smells of Glasgow; small, airless, crowded rooms, thronged by youths at whom Lockhart could not have scoffed for exaggerated elegance in dress; these things made up a picture of the old College of Glasgow. Now” [1896], he adds, “there is a new and magnificent building, in a part of the town which enjoys, for Glasgow, a respectable atmosphere.”

It will be perceived from this, that there are men still living, and still mentally and physically active, who remember the University in all its smoke and blackness, and who do not regret the small airless rooms and the many airy smells of the old order of things.

There are, on the other hand, certain romantic persons, seeing and scenting from

the outside only, who wish that some of the smoke from the earlier, more interesting, chimneys might have been left to curl gracefully over the High Street, and over the sites of the railway termini; and that there might still be a little of the ancient College blackness visible in the atmosphere now kept respectable by commerce "in the seat of the most renowned market of the west of Scotland."

The student life of the present, in the University of Glasgow, is very similar to that of Edinburgh, elsewhere more minutely described. Like Edinburgh, and the other Scottish universities, Glasgow is what is called "a non-residential college." The undergraduates (outside the buildings) are their own masters, absolutely. They wear cap and gown; the traditional cap, and a scarlet gown; but these are not always compulsory, even in class-rooms or halls; and neither cap, nor gown, on ordinary occasions, is often seen in the streets of the town.



INTERIOR COURT, OLD COLLEGE, GLASGOW.



There are two annual sessions. The first from about the 15th of October until about the 20th of April. The second from the end of April until about the end of June. The same proportion of students as in Edinburgh seek, and obtain, their degrees.

Those who do elect to go out into the world as Bachelors, or as Masters, of Arts, are literally capped and hooded. The hood is personal, bought, or borrowed, for the occasion. The cap is general; and it has lasted for generations of graduates. It is clapped upon the head of each applicant, in turn, as he, and not infrequently as she, kneels reverently in front of the Chancellor's chair in Bute Hall.

In 1715, a printing-press was established within the University precincts, and it issued, although for a short time only, a penny newspaper, published three times a week.

To-day there is but one College periodical, the *Glasgow University Journal*, and that is very young in years.

There is now, during term-times, a Sunday afternoon service in Bute Hall; some distinguished stranger usually preaching, from a three-decked pulpit, on wheels, which is rolled into the room for the occasion. A particularly selected undergraduate reads the lesson; and the Principal, or President, generally makes the prayer. The service is open to any person who cares to attend, be he citizen or student; but there is no compulsion exercised towards either Gown or Town.

As in Edinburgh there is a Students' Union, but it is as young in years as is the *University Journal*; there is a Students' Representative Council; and there are students' societies of all ages, and of all varieties. But the student himself, as in Edinburgh, goes and comes at his own sweet, untrammelled will. He makes but few friends; he carries away with him a good deal of useful and of ornamental knowledge. But he has no class spirit to carry away with him, or to leave behind him.



The average list of students is about two thousand. There are a large number of professorial chairs, and of lectureships among the Faculties of Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, and Theology.

Each professor has his own class-room. There are ample provisions for laboratories, and the like, for the development of the mind; and there is a gymnasium and a recreation ground, for the cultivation of the muscles.

The Library and the Hunterian Museum occupy a good portion of the New Building; and are richly endowed; filling admirably all the requirements of such, and similar, institutions.

The modern Bute Hall, named after a munificent donor, a late Marquis of Bute, is the scene of all graduation ceremonies and other functions. It cost a very handsome sum; and is in every way worthy of the cause for which it was intended, and to which it is put.

The most ancient of the relics of the

University, with the exception of some of the manuscripts in the Library, and unquestionably the most revered and prized, is the mace. It dates back to the days of David Cadyow, the earliest Rector, who, on the occasion of his re-election to office, in 1460, donated twenty nobles for its manufacture and purchase. This sum, however, was not sufficient; and a few years later, the members of the institution subscribed, according to their means, for its proper completion. It is a venerable piece of furniture, always playing an important part in University functions, and always handled with reverence and with affection. The shaft is of silver; but other precious metals have been employed in its construction. Upon its various parts are engraved Latin inscriptions, the rampant lion of Scotland, and the arms of certain noble Scottish families.

The Faculty of Glasgow describing this symbol once, with much pride, to a transatlantic visitor, were greatly impressed upon hearing that the only mace known to the

American colleges was a base-ball bat or a tennis-racket!

The architect of the New Building was Sir Gilbert Scott. The name of the architect of the Old Building is now forgotten; but the records show how many joiners, and slaters, and sawyers, and quarriers, and carters, and wrights, and masons, and barrowmen were employed. And there is evidence that, at the expense of the University, these workmen were treated to drink now and then; and that, sometimes, the regents, who were the professors, partook of glasses of wine in their society, and also at the University's expense.

The archway and an adjoining portion of the Old College were preserved as has been shown. And by private subscription, they have been put together again, at the north-eastern gateway of the present edifice, forming not the least interesting portions of the establishment as it now stands.

In 1892, Glasgow, with the rest of the Scottish universities, under what is called

“the Universities Act of 1889,” first permitted women to study for degrees, but in separate classes. And Queen Margaret College, established in 1883, for the higher education of women, with its staff of teachers, and students, was made a part, and portion, of the University proper. It is slowly, but surely, growing in numbers. But it is hardly old enough yet, important as it is, and the largest in Scotland, to have literary landmarks of its own. Its buildings and grounds are of considerable extent; and it forms, and justly so, an important part of the University of Glasgow to-day.

One of the most devoted of the earlier sons of Glasgow University, which he entered in 1601, was Zachary Boyd, notwithstanding the fact that for some unknown reason, he left Glasgow in 1603 to matriculate at St. Andrews, where he took his degree of M.A., four years later. In his maturity, he was, successively, Dean of the Faculty, Rector, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow; and he bequeathed



OLD COLLEGE GATEWAY, GLASGOW.



to it a very voluminous collection of his manuscripts, some of which have been printed, from time to time, as curiosities of literature. In *The Last Battell of the Soule in Death*, he thus apostrophises water in general:

“O, Cursèd Waters; O, Waters of Marah, full bitter are yee to me; O, Element which of all others shall be most detestable to my Soule. I shall never wash mine hands with thee but I shall remember what thou hast done to my best belovèd Sonne, the darling of my Soule. I shall forever be a friend to the fire, which is thy greatest foe. Away Rivers; Away Seas; . . . O Seas of Sorrows; O Fearfull Floodes; O, Trembling Tempest; O, Wilful Waves; O, Swelling Surges; O, Wicked Waters; O, Doleful Deepes; O, Feartest Pooles; O, Botchful Butcher Boates;” etc.

And he winds up by expressing his sincere regret that he cannot refrain from tears, because tears are salt and wet, as certain waters are. All this was simply because an unfortunate grandson of James Fourth was drowned, once, while crossing the water to Amsterdam from Leith.

Some of Boyd's expressions in verse are equally remarkable. In *The Flowers of Zion*, a collection of "Poems on Selected Subjects in Scripture History, rendered in Dramatic Form," he gives one soliloquy of Jonah, during the prophet's traditional voyage in the cabin of the whale, which soliloquy is certainly unique. There is space for but little more than fragments of it here:

"What house is this [he cries], where 's neither  
coal nor candle?

Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle?

I and my table are both here within

Where day ne'er dawned, where sunne did  
never shine,

"The like of this on earth man never saw.

A living man within a monster's maw

. . . . .

He [Noah] in his Ark might goe, and also  
come;

But I sit still in such a straightened roome

As is most uncouth, head and feet together,

Among such grease as would a thousand  
smother."

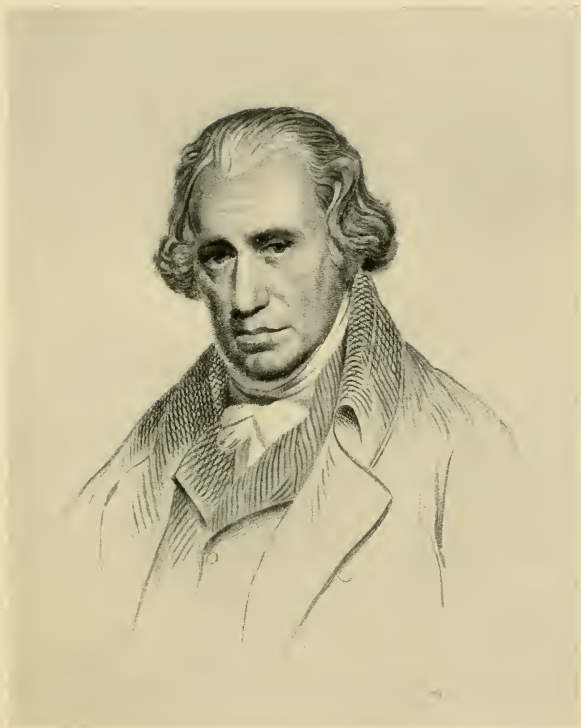


Robert Woodrow, the laborious author of *The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, like Dugald Stewart, was emphatically a university man. The son of the Professor of Divinity in Glasgow College, he was born within the College precincts, was a graduate of the institution; and for some years he was its librarian. His great and serious work is now one of the half-forgotten books of the world; but his name and his blood are perpetuated on the western side of the Atlantic, especially in the University in the State of New Jersey.

There was a good deal of fun, and not a little of frolic, mixed with the serious studies of Tobias Smollett at Glasgow. He was fond of practical joking, and he was famous for the satirical and pungent nature of his comments upon persons and things. One of his biographers gives a striking example of the force of his repartee. He participated in a certain mild Town and Gown row, when and where the missiles were snowballs. Among his civic opponents was

a surgeon's apprentice, who, upon being rebuked by his master, an eye-witness of the encounter, explained that he (the apprentice) did not begin it; that he was first assaulted without cause; and that he, naturally, had to defend himself. The surgeon seemed to consider the statement improbable, remarking that nobody ever threw snowballs at him! Upon this hint did Smollett immediately and emphatically speak, hitting the surgeon in the ear with an unusually large and hard snowball, fired with unusual accuracy of aim. Smollett's biographer in question regarded this as a wonderful example of his subject's power in the use of the retort courteous, the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, and the counter-check quarrelsome.

By the chance of his intimacy with some of the medical students in the College, Smollett was led to turn his attention to what was called the "Profession of Physic and Anatomy." But, for all that, he did not neglect the study of literature; and,



JAMES WATT.



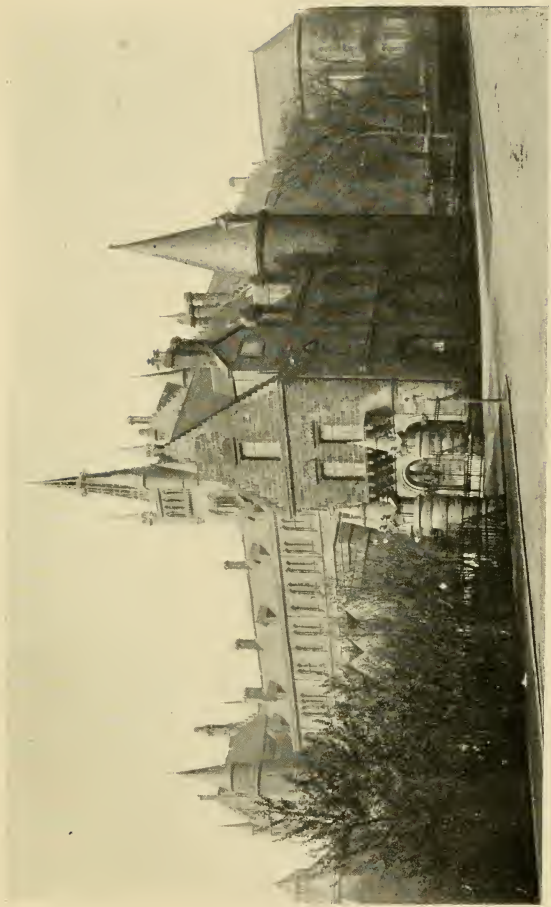
during his undergraduate days, he wrote a tragedy upon the death of James First of Scotland which composition he termed *The Regicide*. It was better suited to the closet than to the stage; but it is said to display considerable ability. It was not published until 1749, some ten years later. He left college when he was eighteen, one of his professors speaking of him, affectionately, as “a bubbly-nosed callant; with always a stone in his pouch.”

One of the great distinctions of Glasgow University is the fact that *The Wealth of Nations* was first distributed, and first drew interest, in her class-rooms, by the medium of the lectures of Adam Smith, as they were delivered to her students; to be banked, and safely invested, afterwards, through many editions of bound volumes.

Smith entered the College in 1737, when he was hardly fifteen, and we are told that his favourite pursuits there were natural and moral philosophy and mathematics. In 1740, he went to Balliol College at Oxford.

In 1748, he lectured on belles-lettres and rhetoric at Edinburgh. In 1751, he went back to Glasgow to accept the Chair of Logic; and the next year he was made Professor of Moral Philosophy, a position he held until 1763. And in 1787, he was elected Rector of the University which he had attended so faithfully and so long. No preferment, he declared in his letter of acceptance, could have given him so much real satisfaction. No man, he added, could owe greater obligations to a society than he did to Glasgow. The period of thirteen years which he had spent as a member of that institution, he remembered as by far the most useful and, therefore as by far the happiest and most honourable, period of his life.

We are told that, in delivering his lectures, Smith trusted almost entirely to extemporary elocution. His manner, although not graceful, was plain and unaffected; and he seemed to be always interested in his subject, while he never failed to interest his hearers.



OLD COLLEGE GATEWAY, IN PRESENT UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.





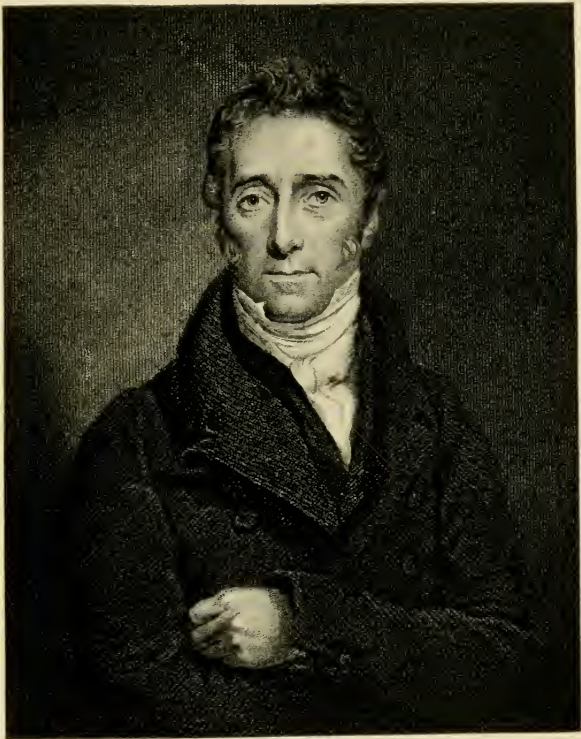
Not the least valuable of Adam Smith's contributions to *The Wealth of Nations* was his kindness to James Watt, who was not permitted to follow his profession of instrument maker in Glasgow, on the ground that he had not served a proper legal apprenticeship to the trade, that he did not, as it were, belong to the Union. But the heads of the College, including Smith, appointed him "Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University," and authorised him to establish a workshop within its precincts, where he remained for some time.

James Boswell, the famous biographer of Johnson, after his graduation at Edinburgh, studied civil law, in Glasgow, in 1759; and he also attended there the lectures of Adam Smith on rhetoric and moral philosophy, although he is always considered, and no doubt he always considered himself, an Edinburgh man.

Although Dugald Stewart was born, was educated, and taught in the College at Edinburgh, and was intimately associated with

that institution for fifty-seven years, he went to Glasgow at the commencement of the session of 1771, to benefit by the lectures of Dr. John Reed, the metaphysician and moral philosopher, where he not only attended diligently to the matter in hand, but composed, during his leisure hours, his famous *Essay on Dreaming*, afterwards published in the first volume of *The Philosophy of the Human Mind*. He was then eighteen years of age.

Francis Jeffrey was at Glasgow for two sessions, entering at the traditional early age. During the first half-year, his classes were the Greek and the logic; during his second term, he devoted himself particularly to moral philosophy. One of his contemporaries says that "he exhibited nothing remarkable, except a degree of quickness, bordering, as some thought, on petulance; and the whim of cherishing a premature moustache, very black and covering the whole of his upper lip, for which he was inordinately laughed at, and teased, by his



FRANCIS JEFFREY.



fellow-students.” Another man recollected seeing, at a certain election for the Lord Rectorship, “a little black creature,” who was haranguing some boys on the Green, and urging them to vote against Adam Smith. This was Jeffrey. Still another Glasgow man remembered Jeffrey at a debating society called “The Historical and Critical,” where he distinguished himself as the most acute and fluent of the speakers. His favourite subjects were criticism and metaphysics.

He was, or at least he thought he was, at that time, a victim to superstitious fears. And, to cure himself, he was accustomed to walk, alone, and at midnight, around the Cathedral and its graveyard; then a very solitary spot. He was elected Lord Rector of the University in 1820.

Glasgow is so universally looked upon, and apostrophised, as the Centre of Trade and of Commerce, as the very epitome of all that is practical, in a business way, that it is hard to think of *The Pleasures of Hope*

and *The Pleasures of Memory* as springing from its College. Nevertheless the former poem was begun while Thomas Campbell was an undergraduate, and before he was twenty. He had posed as a poet ten years earlier than that, and those of his productions, as a child, which have been preserved, are said to "exhibit all that delicate appreciation of the graceful flow and music of language for which his poetry was afterwards distinguished."

Born in Glasgow, he entered the University there in 1791, when he was fourteen; and he at once attracted the attention of the masters, by the happiness of his translations of Euripides, put by him, as class exercises, into excellent verse. In 1793, his *Poem on Description* won the prize in the logic class, although it had been written four years previously, and before he had reached the age of twelve.

Those of us who are interested at present in the formation of the common mind in universities, on each side of the Atlantic,

rarely meet with examination-papers which are rendered into verse that is not exceedingly blank. And when the modern undergraduate lisps in logic numbers, and receives the highest commendation for so doing, the modern professor will think that the millennium has come!

Whether Campbell's prize was awarded on the strength of his knowledge of logic, or because of the delicate music of the language in which his knowledge of logic was expressed, the University records do not show.

During the greater part of his college course he was obliged to pay for his own education by giving lessons in Latin and in Greek, as a private tutor. He had completed five sessions at the University before he was twenty, when he went to Edinburgh to find a publisher for *The Pleasures of Hope*.

In 1826, he was elected Lord Rector of the University, by the unanimous vote of the students. The honour was conferred upon him for three successive terms, a compliment

rarely paid to any holder of that high academic office.

In his student days, Campbell lodged on the High Street, on the corner of College Street, and opposite the Old College. But the tenement, alas, for the pleasure of the memory of it, no longer stands.

John Wilson, better known as "Christopher North," was at Glasgow University for a few years, where he studied Greek and Latin; but he is chiefly associated with Magdalen College in Oxford, where his education was completed, and with the University of Edinburgh, where, in 1820, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Scott, was matriculated at Glasgow University in 1805, when he was in his twelfth year, and among the youngest of his class. Mr. Andrew Lang, Lockhart's biographer, gives the official record of his subject's career in the institution. In 1805-6, he attended the Humanity class, gaining, during the next session, the fifth prize, "for





PRESENT UNIVERSITY, GLASGOW.



exemplary diligence and regularity"; and also the second prize "for excellence at the examination in Roman antiquities." In 1807-8, he received a prize in the Greek class "for propriety of conduct, diligence, and earnest ability, displayed during the whole of the session." In 1808-9, he received a prize in the logic class, and two prizes in Latin.

A friend of Lockhart has told of the character and appearance of the boy on his first entering college. He had but lately lost a brother and a sister, who had died within a few days of each other, and to whom he was devotedly attached. He had then barely recovered from the misery caused by his great grief, which he had tried to suppress. He was thin, and pale, untidy, a mocker at what he considered dandyism in others, fond of poetry, averse to games, addicted to satire, and given to pictorial caricature of his professors. He was not fond of fights with the Town boys. His chief amusement was to collect, and to recite,

ballads. He obtained a Balliol Fellowship in 1809, when he left Glasgow to complete his university course in Oxford.

When Walter Scott lay a-dying at Abbotsford, he turned to Lockhart, and said—the account is Lockhart's own:—"Lockhart, I have but a few moments to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—Be a good man!"

Lockhart was a good man. And his college records show that he was a good boy—the stuff out of which good men are made.

After Robert Pollok had passed through a regular course of literary and philosophical study at Glasgow, he entered the Divinity School, and was licensed to preach in the spring of 1827. He delivered but one, single, sermon; and he died in the autumn of the same year.

He made several attempts at prose, and at verse, during his early college days; and he wrote his *Course of Time*,—a very unusual undergraduate production,—while preparing for the ministry. It was published, by



WALTER SCOTT.



Blackwood, just before the author's death, on the strong recommendation of Prof. Wilson, "Christopher North." In one portion of what the inscription upon his monument calls his "Immortal Poem," which is, in a measure, a fragment of autobiography, he tells how

"He called philosophy, and with his heart  
Reasoned. He called religion, too, but called  
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard."

How

"He stood admiring,  
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he  
seized,  
The harp he loved, loved better than his life,  
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held  
The ear of thought a captive to its song.  
He searched and meditated much, and whiles,  
With rapturous hand in secret, touched the lyre  
Aiming at glorious strains."

A tinge of melancholy pervades the song.  
But he believed that he was to

"Have  
His name recorded in the Book of Life."

And in its pages his name still stands.

In the long list of Scottish literary worthies are two Michael Scotts. The earlier, born in the beginning of the thirteenth century, before there were any Scottish universities to go to, was educated, it is supposed, in Oxford; the second, the author of two once famous books, *Tom Cringle's Log* and *The Cruise of the Midge*, was born in Glasgow in 1789, and went for a short time to the College of the town of his nativity.

Norman Macleod entered the University of Glasgow in 1827; but he was in no way particularly distinguished there; and he obtained no honours, except in logic. His intimates were men of the highest available intellectual qualities, usually his seniors in years and experience; and he devoted his spare hours to the study of poetry and general literature, without neglecting more serious things. One of his peculiarities was to dress himself in sailor garb, and to imitate the mariner, as far as possible, in his walk and talk, although nobody now knows why. His letters and his journals rarely touch



upon his college life or doings; but in his later years he was fond of talking about his curious experiences in Glasgow; about the strange characters he met there; about the conceits, peculiarities, absurdities, and enthusiasms of his friends and acquaintances there; about the occasional social gatherings and suppers they indulged in, where the dissipation was of the mildest form; and about the long, speculative talks they had, lasting often far into the night. Later he studied his well-applied divinity under Dr. Chalmers in Edinburgh.

The quantity or the quality of the plays written by Tom Taylor during his undergraduate days, at Glasgow, is very uncertain. He began his dramatic composition almost before he could form his letters; and he was a playwright, and a player, long before he was sent to school. His first stage was a loft over his father's stable; his company was made up of his juvenile associates; he was always stage-manager, generally leading man, and, not infrequently,

leading lady. His ventures met with a fair amount of success, until he introduced thunder and lightning into the more thrilling of his melodramas, when on account of their dread of fire, the authorities interfered and brought the performances to an abrupt conclusion. He then immediately turned his attention to the production of puppet entertainments of a comparatively harmless character. According to his own account of his career, he became the manager of a troupe of marionettes. His sister was associated with him as costumer; but he was the builder of his own theatre; the painter of his own scenes; the author of his own comedies and tragedies; and the manufacturer, and creator, of his own actors. And then he went to school and to college. At Glasgow he won three gold medals; but he migrated to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1837, when he was twenty.

# Aberdeen



## Aberdeen

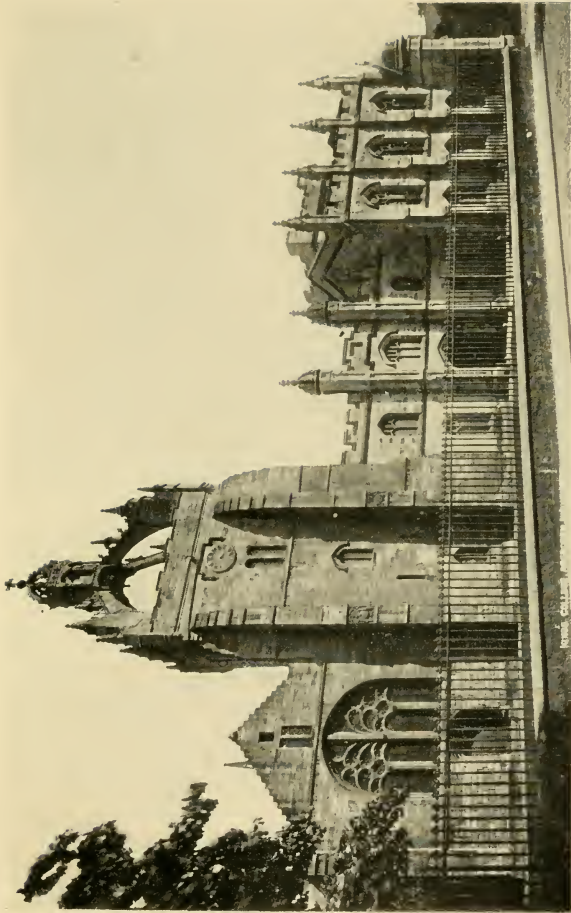
IT is a little startling to ordinary persons, and not altogether gratifying to the Aberdonians in particular, to read of James Fourth of Scotland as writing, towards the end of the fifteenth century, to Pope Alexander Sixth of Rome, an epistle confessing that the inhabitants of Aberdeen were ignorant of letters, and almost uncivilised. He declared that there was, among them, no person fit to preach the Word of God to the people, or to administer the sacraments of the Church. And he prayed the Pontiff to recognise the benighted condition of the place, and to found a college in the North, for the benefit of those youths who were too far away from St. Andrews and from Glasgow to avail themselves of the privileges of those already existing institutions. The

result was a "Bull," obtained in 1490, and the ratification of it in the Scottish Parliament ten years later. And so the light of learning was first shed upon Aberdeen.

The college was dedicated to the Holy Mother, and was originally called the College of St. Mary of the Nativity. But, as its scope was broadened, and, as the arts and sciences began to run side by side with divinity, it became known as "King's College"; no doubt in honour of that same James Fourth of Scotland, who had done so much to foster it.

Ignorance of letters, in their simplest form, it may be said in defence of Aberdeen, was very general in those days, as the historians tell us; and it is now impossible to prove that a single Scottish baron a century before the establishment of King's College could write his own name.

King's was particularly fortunate from the beginning. Bishop Elphinstone, James's guide, philosopher, and friend in that part of the Kingdom, and the instigator of the



KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.





institution, richly endowed it; and, at his death, he left for its continuance, what was then a large sum of money. Its earliest professors were men faithful, sincere, and eminently fitted for their work; and it was fairly well housed. Its Chapel, still standing at the beginning of this twentieth century, carefully restored and famous for its carvings of wood, is all that is left, now, of the original structure, except the crown-capped tower, picturesque, and beloved of all Aberdonians.

In the Chapel, during term-time, in these days, but on Sunday mornings only, are services held; not compulsory, although largely attended by the students, male and female, generally in cap and gown. The uniform, by the way, is not compulsory either.

No little solemn, old-fashioned ceremony is observed on these occasions. Behind an officer, bearing the mace, marches the Principal, robed. He is followed by the professors, also robed, walking according to

seniority of appointment. The Head of the College occupies the ancient throne of the pre-Reformation bishops; and the professors sit in stalls, to the right and to the left of him, within what was, originally, the high altar.

The students have seats reserved in the body of the building; the young women being separated from the young men by the breadth of the aisle. At the west end of the edifice are beautifully carved stalls, in which sit, on one side, those relatives and friends of the Faculty who belong to the gentler sex. On the other side is accommodation for any male person who may enjoy the privilege of that extremity of the sanctuary. They are as firmly separated as if it were a Jewish synagogue or a Quaker meeting-house. The aged pulpit, brought from the Cathedral of Aberdeen, bears the arms of a prelate of the middle of the sixteenth century.

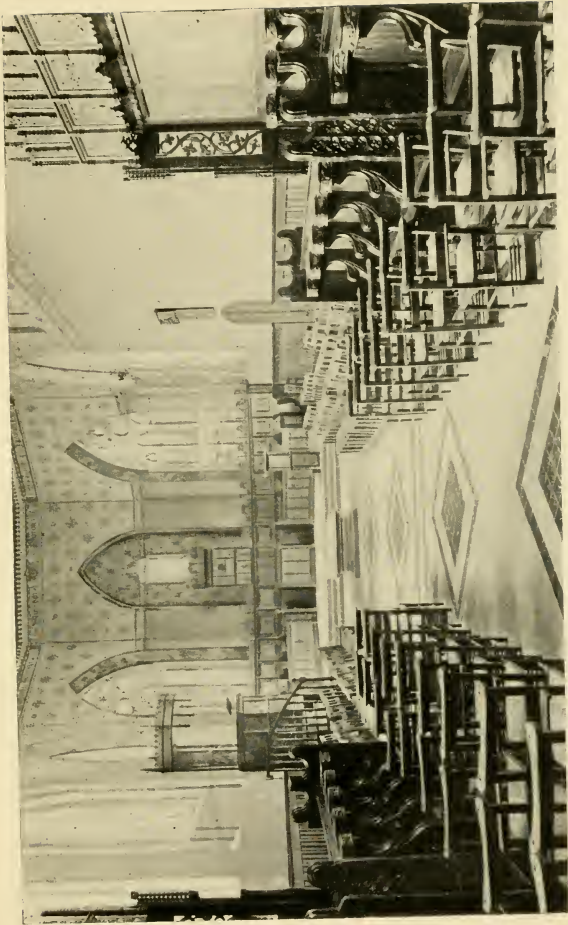
Bishop Elphinstone, the founder, sleeps under a slab of black marble, in front of the altar; and near by is a slab of blue-stone

commemorating Hector Boece, the historian and the earliest Principal of King's. Why these monuments are not of Aberdeen granite is not explained, nor is it known, now, what became of the metal effigies which once ornamented the tombs of these ancient, original worthies. These brasses, certainly merited a better fate than to have stopped a modern hole, or to have kept the wind away from some later-day vandal.

The long-abolished custom of college residence was tried, again, at King's, about 1750, on the ground that the students, scattered in lodgings about the town, were badly looked after in the matter of physical care and attention. There were two scales of living, one cheaper, and, naturally, poorer, than the other. There were public prayers every morning at eight; and the gates were shut every evening at nine. All this was looked upon, however, as bordering too much upon the rejected and abhorred convent and monastic system, and it was soon given up.

Mr. John Malcolm Bulloch, in his History of the University, says that this residential part of King's College, long since vanished, seems to have been upon the site of the present Greek and Latin class-rooms. It consisted of about seventeen chambers, named after the heavenly bodies, as Jupiter, Luna, Saturn, Mercury, and the like; or after the signs of the Zodiac, as Taurus, Gemini, Leo, Virgo, and Scorpio.

The library of King's College, now properly housed, is not particularly remarkable or distinguished, except for its troubles and trials. It was originally built on the wall of the Chapel, when it consisted, chiefly, of purely ecclesiastical works. About the end of the second decade of the eighteenth century, what the borrowers and stealers had left of it was carried to the Jewel House. A few years later, the room was enlarged and repaired; about 1775, it was nearly destroyed by fire; and the books were kept in the nave of the Chapel until 1870, when the present Library building was erected.



CHAPEL, KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.



Marischal College, in the New Town of Aberdeen, was founded in 1593, by George, Fifth Earl Marischal of Scotland, hence its name. There would seem to be no particular reason for two academies so near together; but, perhaps, the New Town, then more important and more populous than the Old, was a little jealous that a poor village, consisting of a single street, should be the municipal seat of learning. But, more probably, there was a feeling that King's College leaned too much towards the old order of things religious; that particular Earl Marischal, the founder, being a zealous member of the Reformed Church. He and his heirs retained the right of appointing Principal and Faculty, until the family estates were forfeited, in 1715, when the last Earl Marischal found himself in serious difficulties with the Crown, which assumed the patronage.

The earliest home of Marischal College was in the old monastery of the Grey Friars. When it was about a century old,

—before its second “Jubilee,” so to speak, —other and somewhat better quarters, on the same site, were built for it. But neither its first nor its second shell was considered worthy of the spirit and the soul within it, and in 1841, the central block of the still existing buildings was finished and occupied. On a carefully preserved stone from the older structure is cut, in relief, and in very ancient style of lettering, the family motto of the Keiths, Earls Marischal:—“Thay Haif Said: Quhat Say Thay? Lat Thame Say.”

Like the famous inscription at Stratford-on-Avon, which begs good friends to spare the bones of Shakspeare, and which is believed to be of earlier date than Shakspeare’s time, the Keith motto, slightly altered, is to be found elsewhere in Scotland. There still exists in the town of St. Andrews, near the Old Abbey wall, an agèd stone lintel upon which, according to tradition, the subject of a good deal of malicious gossip carved with his own hand, and in rude let-



ters, the sentences:—“They Have Said. And They Will Say. Let Them Be Saying.” His neighbours may have appreciated the force of the rebuke. But, no doubt, they went on “saying” all the same. Just as the world answered the Marischal query in Aberdeen, “What Say They?” by saying a great deal more; and saying it with unpleasant and unfavourable emphasis.

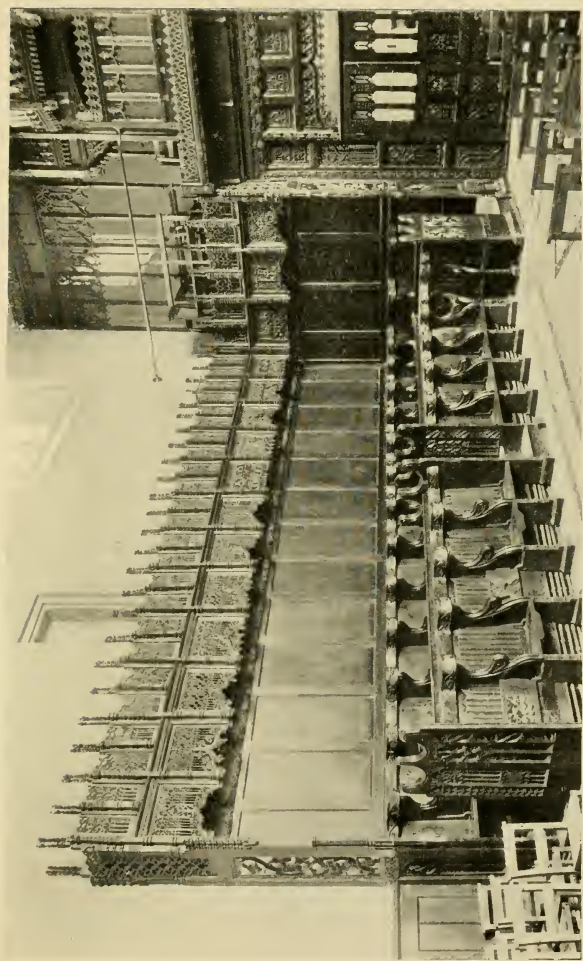
Within a comparatively few years, marked and valuable additions have been made to Marischal, chiefly through the munificent gifts of Dr. Charles Mitchell, a wealthy and very generous patron, who built, and donated, the Mitchell Hall, and Tower, which bear his name. Here is housed the Students’ Union, with its debating hall, luncheon, concert, billiard, and smoking rooms; while on the floor above is the large and imposing chamber in which take place the graduating exercises and the other serious and solemn functions of the University.

For a great many years there was a visible and active lack of harmony between the

students of King's and Marischal, which, now and then, resulted in rows between Gown and Gown, with Town as a passive, but interested, spectator. And it is hinted that the Faculty of each institution encouraged, rather than discouraged, the trouble. But, in the course of time, harmony was established, until the rivals became as one flesh, some forty years ago.

There was, on both sides, no little opposition to the combination, but in 1858, an Act was passed for the better government of the universities of Scotland, which provided that "the University of King's College of Aberdeen and Marischal College of Aberdeen were to be united and incorporated into one university, under the style and title of the University of Aberdeen." And thus, although still separated in space, they are one in title and in spirit; the arts and divinity being taught in the Old Town, while medicine, science, and law are taught in the New.

We read that during the last years of



CHOIR STALLS, KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.



Catholic rule at Aberdeen, the day's duties began at six in the morning; that every one in the College, even including the servants, was compelled to speak Latin, except in cases of necessity, which, no doubt, were frequent; and that the bursars had to wear their hoods everywhere, except in chapel and in chambers. Those bursars served at the common-table, and acted as janitors, week about. Nearly all the students slept in the College buildings then; and those who lodged elsewhere were not permitted to go out between six in the morning, and nine in the evening, unless to get their meals. It was another duty of the bursars, who wore long gowns with white belts, to see that the rich took no advantage of those who were poor in purse; to see that the poor were not plundered by the drones; "Doronery" seeming to be synonymous with wealth. The rules for the exclusion of women were very strictly enforced; and celibacy was compulsory. As late as the first quarter of the seventeenth century,

every professor was "to remain a single person, and no ways to marry a wife, so long as he remained in said office." Up to that time, the graduating students were in the habit of entertaining the Faculty at banquets, each student being assessed no small sum for that purpose. But the parents complained of the cost of these feastings; and, in 1628, the practice was abandoned, although the assessments continued. The money went no longer for "drinke," but for books to increase the library; each volume containing the donor's name, and an expression of his thankful remembrance for his education. The money was certainly spent for a better purpose; but it is not recorded that the parents were any better pleased at the additional expense.

Provision was made for two hours of play every afternoon; although "care was taken to employ a spy that none might play truant on the links"—which hints at golf at Aberdeen as early as 1641. The game figures in a statute of James

First (of Scotland) dated some two centuries earlier.

Bowles, target-practice, and football were favourite amusements. Bowles were harmless enough, as still they are; but football was considered dangerous; and we read that when one townsman complained of being sorely injured in the calf by a careless arrow, shot from the Quadrangle of Marischal, he was told that it might have been worse—the shaft might have killed his neighbour's cow, and that the matter would be looked into!

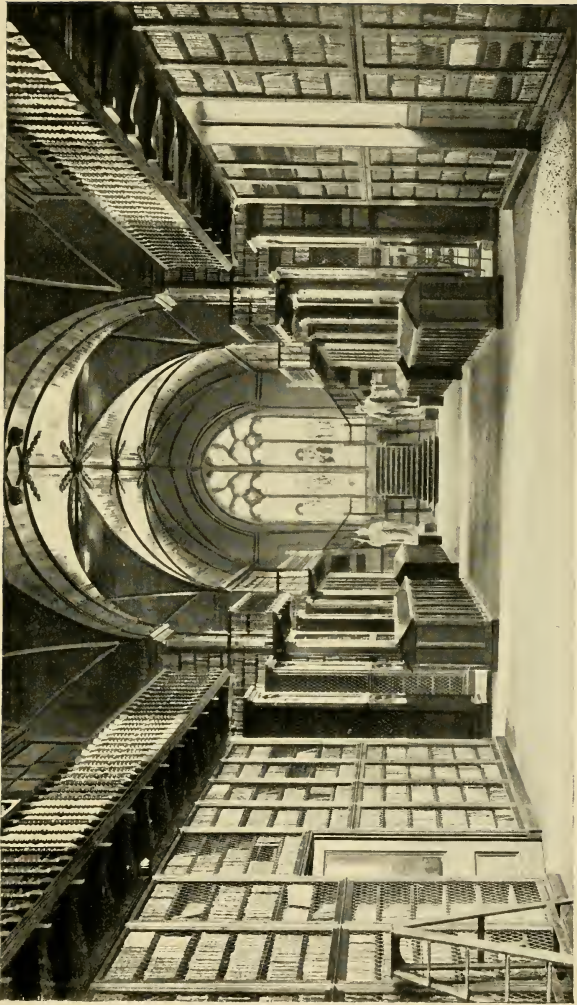
The Faculty as well as the students had their recreations and pleasantries; for it is recorded that when the regents of the New College "went across," to visit the professors at Old Aberdeen, they were regaled with "wyne, tobacco and pypes"; and that a certain Earl of Mar, on one occasion, was treated to sack and beer, between smokes.

A serious Town and Gown battle was fought, in 1770, between King's and a band of youthful mariners, from the ships in the harbour. The sailors seem to have had the

better of it; for Gown was driven ignominiously into the building; the gates of which narrowly escaped the assault of a battering-ram in enraged seafaring hands. The Principal, however, in all the dignity of his office, addressed the attacking force, and requested them to come back again the next morning to talk it all over quietly. The next morning the navigators had other things to do, and to think about, and the gates were spared. It is believed that the undergraduates began it, which is not unlikely. Blue-jackets, generally, are offensive to scarlet gowns.

The old names of the class-men at Aberdeen are still retained in part. The Freshmen are "Bejans"; the Seniors are "Magistrands," as at the beginnings of things; although the Juniors are "Tertians," now, not "Bachelors." The University, in its retention, in greater or lesser measure, of some of the academic principles on which it was founded, is unlike its sister institutions in the Kingdom of Scotland; and it holds a





LIBRARY, KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.



unique position among all the universities of Great Britain as being the first to establish a Faculty of Medicine. Medicine was a part and parcel of the original curriculum; while it was not taught in Cambridge until 1540, or in St. Andrews for nearly two centuries later.

The Aberdeen undergraduates, especially at their general assemblies, have a way of handling the obnoxious student which is peculiarly their own. They "pass him up" or they "pass him down"! If, while at the outer edge of the crowd, he should, in any way, make himself obnoxious or conspicuous, the cry is immediately raised: "Pass him up." And he is passed up, literally, generally upside-down, over the heads of his fellows, no matter how great the distance; and from hand to hand. If he should chance to give offence while in the inner circle, some leader exclaims: "Pass him down." And down he is passed in the same high-handed way. He receives little damage, except, perhaps, to his dignity

and to his feelings, unless he resists; and then the chief damage is done to his clothes.

On one occasion of some grand academic function, when two Town Counsellors, who should have marched in procession with their peers to the place of honour reserved for municipal authority, appeared a little later, and modestly took back seats, it is reported that the students demanded that they should be "passed up." And "passed up" they were, in regular form. They wore evening-dress, they were not very light of weight, even for grave and serious magistrates, and they did not altogether like it. But they submitted as gracefully as possible to the ordeal, and they reached the platform not very much the worse, although in an inverted position. The performance, naturally, gave great pleasure to the student body.

Perhaps from Aberdeen do some of the American universities inherit the pleasing, but solemn, custom, at the end of the Commencement season, of passing their own

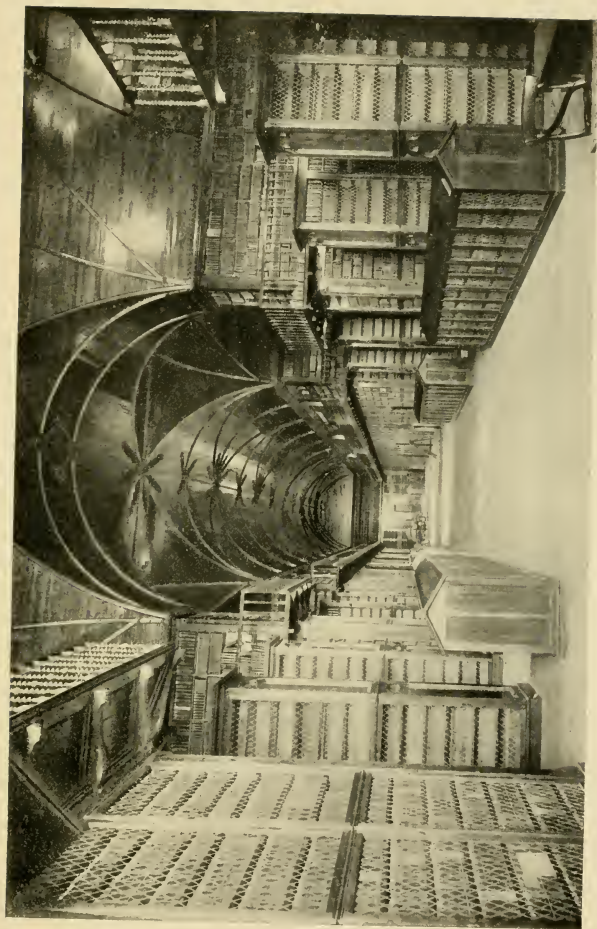
“grave old Seniors” through the windows of railway carriages out of the college for ever, and into the traditional “wide, wide world”!

At the close of the summer session of 1901, the students who assembled in Mitchell Hall, on the morning of graduation and of the conferring of degrees, “passed” nothing but silly words, many of them in the worst of taste, and none of them witty or amusing. There were groans, and ironical cheers, and cat-calls, and scraps of song, for the utterance of which there never seemed to be any particular reason or excuse. They were not even silly enough to be funny.

The only young-woman-graduate of the occasion, modest, gentle, pretty, in her gown and hood, was “capped” with unusual honours, for, as it was announced on her appearance on the platform, she had “nearly swept the board.” She was cheered a little, but the cheers seemed to be derisive, and not altogether worthy of the subject or

creditable to the cheerers. They kissed, very audibly, the backs of their hands to her; and she was saluted familiarly and affectionately, by her first name, "Clementina," which, by the way, was not her first name as printed on the programme.

Peculiarly outrageous, and absolutely inexcusable upon any grounds of morals or of decency, was the undergraduate conduct during the opening religious services, short as they were. It was bad enough when men applauded, and even encored, the prayer, according to a long-established, and most disreputable, custom. But when they interrupted the prayer by frequent calls, to the Very Reverend John Lang, the Principal, to "Hurry up, Jock!" they were not only irreligious, but they were ungentlemanly as well, which in some eyes, is worse; and is absolutely without excuse. It is pleasant to realise that these poor students shocked their hearers, if they did not shock themselves, and each other; and that there was not one responsive smile in the hall.



LIBRARY, KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.





As a certain distinguished Scotsman, who is sometimes looked upon as a heathen who never went to college, who never sought, or received, a degree, who was only a ploughman, by birth, but who was a man, and a gentleman "for a' that"—as Burns once said: "An atheist's laugh is a poor exchange, for Deity offended." And Aberdeen, on this particular occasion, made one Scotsman's son, for the only time in his life, ashamed of Scotsmen!

George Macdonald, who was a student of King's College, sent Alec Forbes to Aberdeen from Howglen in the third decade of the nineteenth century; and he paints an excellent, and, no doubt, a correct, picture of the social life there at that period; which is too long, however, to be even condensed here. Alec studied anatomy, and he fell in love, and into bad company when his love failed him. And his guardian angel was an eccentric librarian, who is too good to be true, unfortunately, and who must be a pure creation of the novelist.

Aberdeen, like the sister institutions in Scotland, has its lately founded Union. And it has its more ancient smaller social clubs for the advancement of learning, and, in a limited way, for the exchange of thought on various subjects gay and grave. The average number of students is larger than at St. Andrews and much smaller than at Edinburgh and Glasgow. The gown is of the regulation scarlet. There are two sessions during the year; and there is a University magazine called *Alma Mater*. It first appeared in 1883; it is published weekly during the winter term; it costs twopence a number; and it is under the general management of the Students' Representative Council.

There are two literary associations, although not of the University, of which the Aberdonians are very proud. One is undisputed fact, the other is very vague, but not impossible, tradition. The fact is Lord Byron, who, as a boy, attended the Grammar School of Aberdeen; and who, with his mother, lived, among other places in Aber-

deen, at the Broadgate, No. 68, opposite Marischal.

The name "George Gordon," cut by his own youthful hand, on the lid of the desk, in the youthful way, is said to have been visible long after the youth woke up, that historical morning in St. James's Street, Piccadilly, to find himself famous.

It is curious that so many of the lovers of Scottish verse, who quote "A man 's a man for a' that," and "On, Stanley, on!" should forget, when they quote "Maid of Athens, ere we part," that Byron, as well as Scott, and as well as Burns, was a Scotsman. Though born in London, he was partly educated in Aberdeen; his mother was a Gordon of Gight and Monkshill, the possessor of rich estates in the Dee country; and her husband added her name to his on their marriage, the boy being the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Gordon. All of this Byron remembered throughout his life; and in *Don Juan* he boasted that he was "half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one."

Moore said that it was always a delight to him to meet an Aberdonian in any part of the world. In his early voyage to Greece, not only the shapes of the mountains but the kilts and hardy figures of the Albanesi "carried him back to Morven," he declared. And in his last fatal expedition, the uniform he designed for himself consisted, in part, of a Gordon-tartan jacket.

Shakspeare is the tradition. In 1601, the town records show that "the King's Servandis, who playes comedies and stage-playes," arrived in Aberdeen, and received thirty-two merks, "by reason that they were recommended by His Majesty's special letter, and has played some of thair comedies here." The company had been organised under the patronage of Elizabeth; and "His Majesty" was James Sixth of Scotland, who was to become James First of England two years later. Shakspeare is fondly supposed, by the Aberdonians, to have been an active member of this company, and to have absorbed then and there some of the ideas



MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.



and figures of *Macbeth*. Witches, at that time, were important inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and their incantations and blasted heaths were very familiar to the people of Aberdeen.

The players were well bestowed. The Magistrates entertained them at dinner, and gave the freedom of the city to Master Laurence Fletcher, the Manager. Whether or no the Town saw Shakspeare cannot be determined. But the Gown, in gown or out of it, certainly saw the "stage-playes," from the back seats and galleries; and no doubt, by stealth. Gown rarely misses a show of any kind!

Hector Boece, whose name was variously spelled, by himself, and by his contemporaries, Boece, Boyis, Boyes, Boiss, Boys, and Boice, was older than King's College. He is supposed to have received some portion of his earlier education in Aberdeen; and he is known to have studied, later, in Paris, where he was brought into intimate and familiar intercourse with Erasmus. In

the year 1500, he was induced by Bishop Elphinstone to become the first Principal of Aberdeen, moved thereto by the extraordinary richness of the salary offered, which, according to Dr. Johnson, was forty marks a year, a sum equal to two pounds three shillings and four pence, or about eleven dollars in the subsequent currency of the United States of America. This income the Scots-hating lexicographer of Fleet Street declared to be quite sufficient, not only to supply the needs, but to support the rank and dignity, of the President's high office. In the matter of this yearly stipend, however, the worthy Doctor was either deceiving, or himself deceived; for other historians show that the Principal was in receipt of fifteen times two pounds per annum, besides having a pension of fifty pounds Scots from the King. And, on one occasion he was presented, by the Town Council of Aberdeen, "with a tun of Wine, or twenty pounds Scots, to help him buy his bonnets."

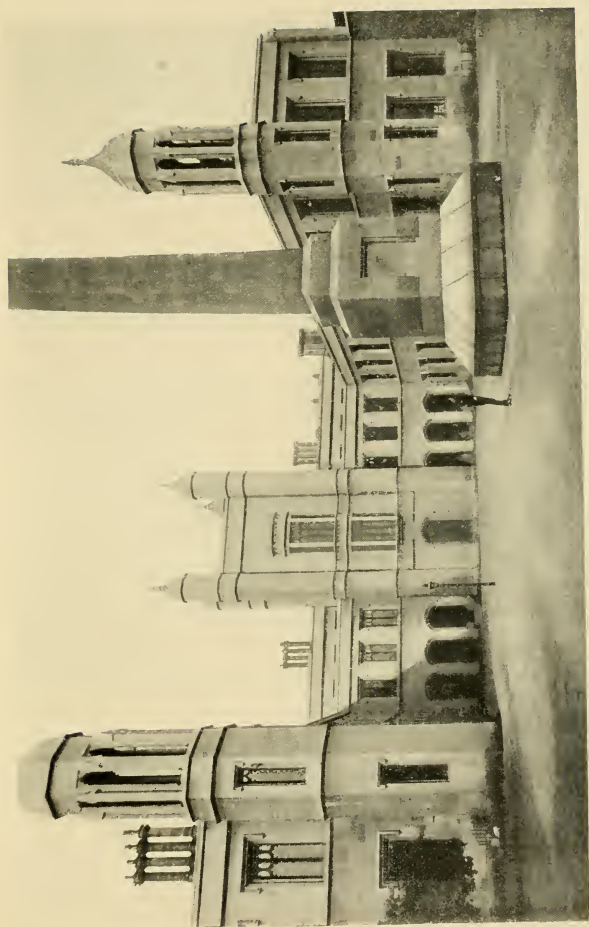


Principal Boece was a valuable man to the College. He is best remembered now as the author of a quite forgotten *History of Scotland*, written in Latin. But he it was, of some training in the then little known art of healing, who persuaded Bishop Elphinstone to establish the Medical Faculty in the University; and thus he made Aberdeen the pioneer of all the teachers of medicine in the British Isles.

Alexander Ross whom Burns styled "our own brother" and "a wild warlock," gained a bursary in Marischal College, in 1714; and the degree of Master of Arts, in 1718. His *Fortunate Shepherdess* is not remembered now, even in Scotland, except in his native Aberdeenshire, where it is said to be as popular, and to be quoted as much, as is *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *The Gentle Shepherd* himself. He wrote verses in his college days, perhaps this particular verse, but he did not appear in print until more than half a century later; and he was nearly seventy when his

*Fortunate Shepherdess* was introduced to the world in 1768. The young tender of sheep was called "Helenore," her humble lover was "Rosalind," not a common name, among men, in the rural districts of North Britain even then; and their story is told in the Scottish dialect of Ross's period. "Rosalind" and "Helenore," as appellations, are not quite so happy as are "Touchstone" and "Audrey"; but then Audrey thanked the gods that she was not poetical, and the creator of Helenore was "a wild warlock."

Alexander Cruden, who styled himself "Alexander the Corrector," was a son of Aberdeen, and a student of her University. When he entered Marischal cannot, on account of the loss of the register, be determined, but he remained there long enough, without making any marked impression upon anybody, to receive his degree of M.A. At about that period, he developed a melancholy madness, whether from the effects of a disappointment in love, or from



QUADRANGLE, MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.



the effects of the bite of a mad dog, the authorities differ; the symptoms having been considered, by contemporary local experts, as not at all unlike!

He conceived the idea, at an early age, that he was especially designed by Providence to set the world right; and he began his career as "Corrector," after leaving Aberdeen, by reading proofs for a London printer.

By his *Concordance of the Bible*, surely a monumental work, and a literary landmark of no mean value, he is now known, and by none other of the books he published, in the leisure hours of a bookseller's life. The fact that an ingenious Philadelphian professed to have discovered, and corrected, no fewer than ten thousand errors in the *Concordance*, which he pirated and printed in 1836, giving Mr. Cruden no credit for anything but his mistakes, does not lessen the obligations which Biblical students, the world over, owe to Cruden. Nor does it make him less of an honour to Aberdeen, his

Alma Mater, despite the fact that a dog bit him, in his youth, or that the daughter of one of the local Aberdeen clergymen did not respond to his juvenile, and undergraduate, but eccentric offers of love and devotion.

James Beattie, author of a once very popular poem called *The Minstrel*, entered Marischal in 1749, when he was fourteen; and he remained there as an undergraduate, for four years, quickly gaining a bursary, or free scholarship. He devoted his spare hours to the study of Virgil, as translated by Dryden; to Thomson's *Seasons*; and to *Paradise Lost*, not neglecting music, of which he was passionately fond. In 1760, he became the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Marischal, occupying the chair during the rest of his active life, lecturing, and writing poems of varying merit. The first book of *The Minstrel* appeared in 1771. During occasional visits to London, he became intimate with Gray, Garrick, and their contemporaries among the wits and the players; and he even won the good opinion of Dr.



GATE OF OLD MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.





Johnson. "We all love Beattie," remarked the Doctor to Boswell once, "and Mrs. Thrale says if ever she has another husband, she 'll have Beattie."

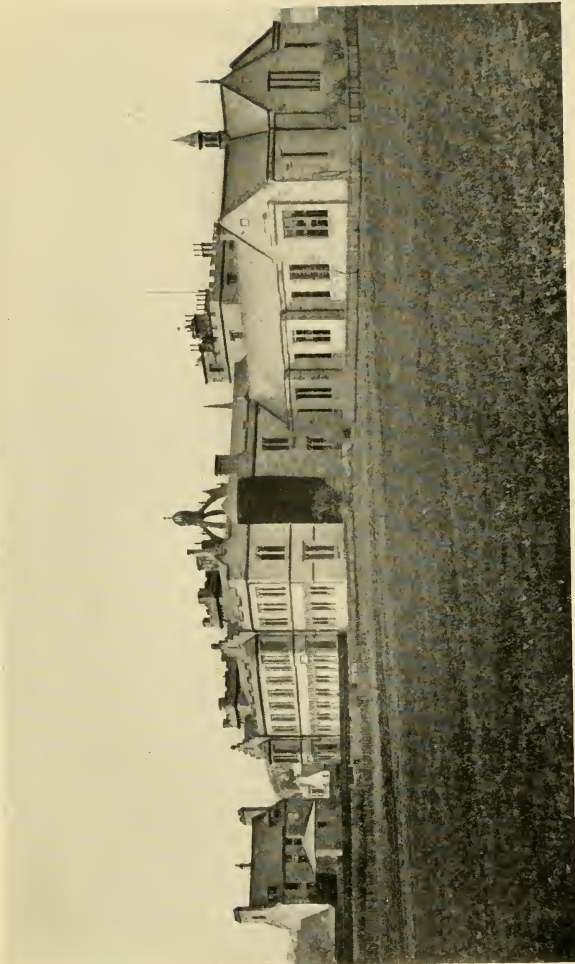
This was praise indeed! But one wife was enough for Beattie. And Mrs. Thrale subsequently made other arrangements.

No son of the University of Aberdeen ever succeeded in attracting so much attention to himself as did James Macpherson, the translator, or the inventor, of "Ossian." He entered King's College in 1753, and he migrated to Marischal in 1755; but he took no degree at either. During his undergraduate days, in Aberdeen and in Edinburgh, where he is supposed to have studied divinity for a time, he is said to have produced upwards of four thousand of the lines which were attributed to the semi-historical Scottish Bard; beginning his versification at the early age of seventeen. How much Ossian had to do with these, and with the subsequent lines of the poems, was never decided in Macpherson's own time.

His supporters and his detractors were equally enthusiastic, and equally divided; and Dr. Johnson, during that never-to-be-forgotten "Journey to the Hebrides," took some pains to look into the matter for himself. He concluded, naturally, as both Ossian and Macpherson were Scotsmen, that there could be no virtue in either of them; and, anticipating the history of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, he declared, in effect, that Ossian was the Mrs. Harris of Scottish literature, while Macpherson was the Sairey Gamp.

Johnson went so far as to call Macpherson names; and Macpherson threatened to convert Johnson with an oaken cudgel. It was a very pretty quarrel, so far as it went; it moved Horace Walpole to assert that Macpherson was a bully, and that Johnson was a brute; it gave Macpherson a good deal of notoriety; but it did not settle the question of the authorship of Ossian's Poems.

George Colman, the younger, after learn-



UNIVERSITY, ABERDEEN.



ing nothing but mischief at Westminster School, and at Christ Church College, Oxford, according to his own confession, was sent to King's College in Aberdeen "to be tamed." He described himself there as "an extraneous animal in a crowd of scholastic yahoos"; and there he is said to have found in Roderick Macleod, Professor and, after Colman's time, Principal, some of the amusing eccentricities which he immortalised in Dr. Pangloss, the apparently impossible tutor to Dick Dawlas in *The Heir at Law*. Colman wrote one or two plays during his two years' residence in Aberdeen; but they were as negative, in their way, as was his college career.

John Stuart Blackie was sent to Marischal when he was twelve, and a little later he went to Edinburgh. In 1841, he was established in the then newly founded Chair of the Humanities, in Marischal, where he remained until 1852. He did not enjoy his work; for there was a great deal of what he considered drudgery about it. When his

pupils were not young boys, fresh from the grammar schools of neighbouring towns, unprepared and indifferent, they were mature men, fresh from the plough, eager to learn, but not quick to understand. And he felt that none of them were sympathetic or inspiring, although they were fair representatives of the stuff of which undergraduates were made in the Scottish universities, at the middle of the century just closed.

If John Hill Burton began his career of book-hunting in Aberdeen, his native town, it must have been under the pressure of limited means, for his father left him in the grammar school with little but a clear head and a brave heart to stalk his game with. He gained a bursary at Marischal, and upon his graduation he was apprenticed to a local lawyer. The whole of his early life was a hard struggle for subsistence and education; and he is supposed to have done some sort of straggling literary work at college as a help to his own support, although the nature and the quantity of that work are unknown.

## St. Andrews





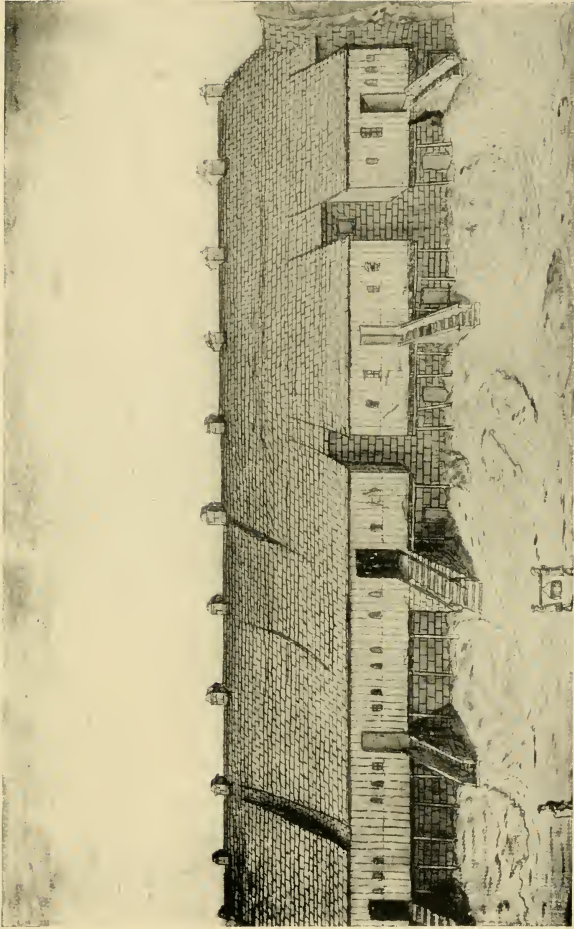
## St. Andrews

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few years ago the gown was less popular





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



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

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

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

now left but a beautiful fragment of its chapel.

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

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

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

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

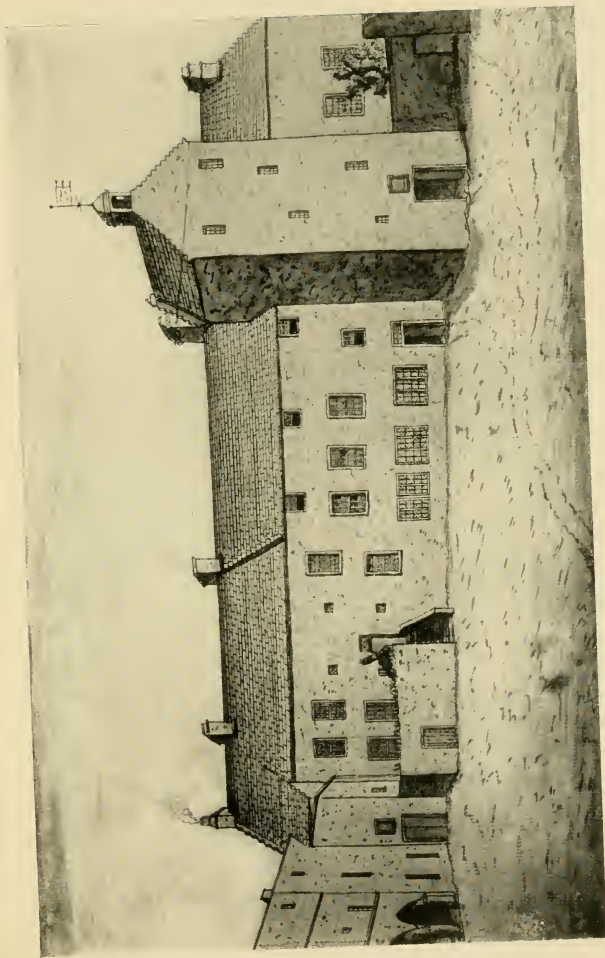
The old class-rooms were swept away about fifty years ago; and new and more comfortable quarters were built upon the same sites, for the accommodation of the United College.

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

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

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

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



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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS.



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

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

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

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

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



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

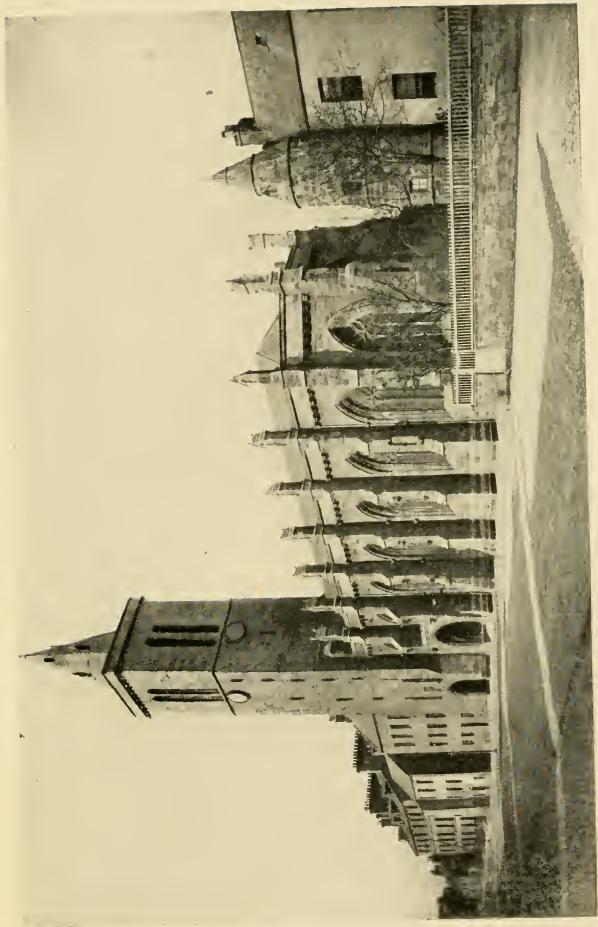
At the time of the coalition with St. Salvator's, St. Leonard's was the richer institution; but St. Salvator's was in better physical condition, and it was accepted as the home of the Union. The buildings of St. Leonard's lying on the south side of the South Street, between the Pends and what is known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

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

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

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

Fifty years later, we read that there was



COLLEGE CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS.



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

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

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

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

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

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

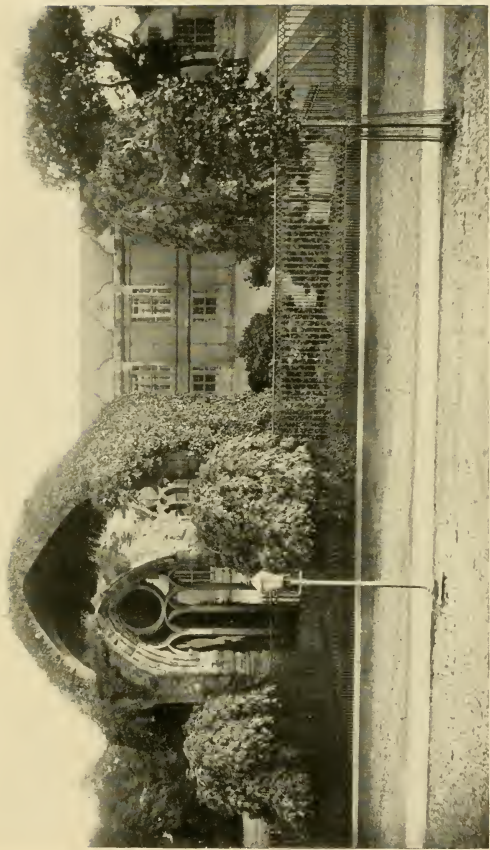
consisting of dusting, scrubbing, sweeping, and general cleaning, was considered all that was necessary to develop their muscles. It was not what modern college men would consider a wild life, even after Scotland freed itself from Papal rule, and had an established Church of its own.

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

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

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





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



lectures of the Principal and of his fellow professors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

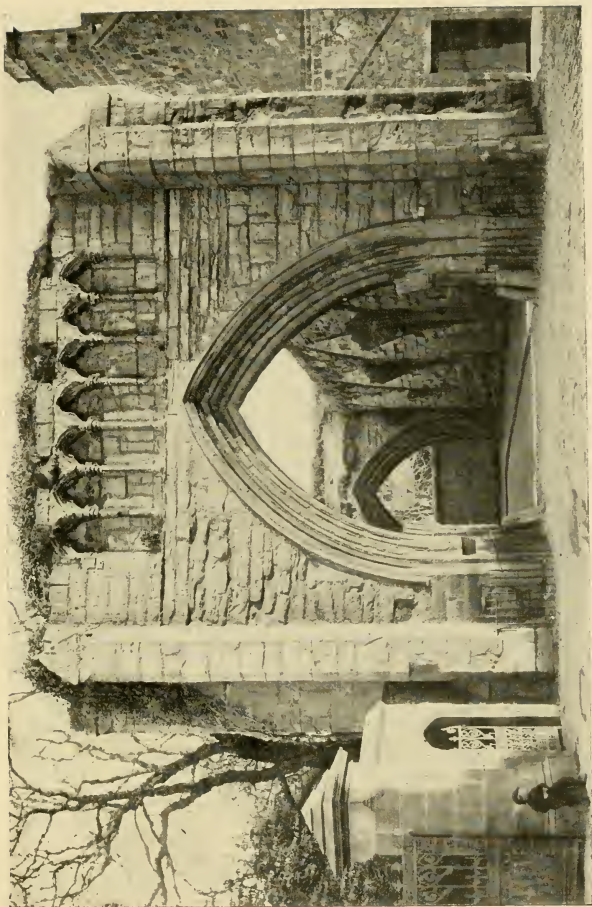
Shortly after the birth of James Sixth, Queen Mary executed a series of letters testamentary in which she disposed of her treasures, leaving certain volumes, in Greek and in Latin, to the University of St. Andrews. Like most of her subsequent plans, however, this one went very much "aglee." And it was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

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

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

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

St. Andrews at that period could not have



THE PENDS, ST. ANDREWS.





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

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

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

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

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

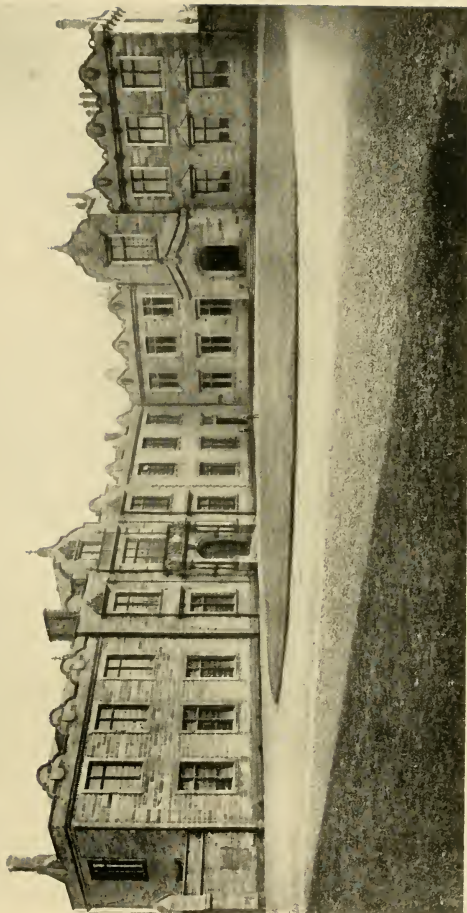
Very little concerning the youth of Gavin Douglas, one of the most eminent of the early Scottish poets, has been handed down to us. It is not even known, positively,

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

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

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

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



UNITED COLLEGES, ST. ANDREWS.



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

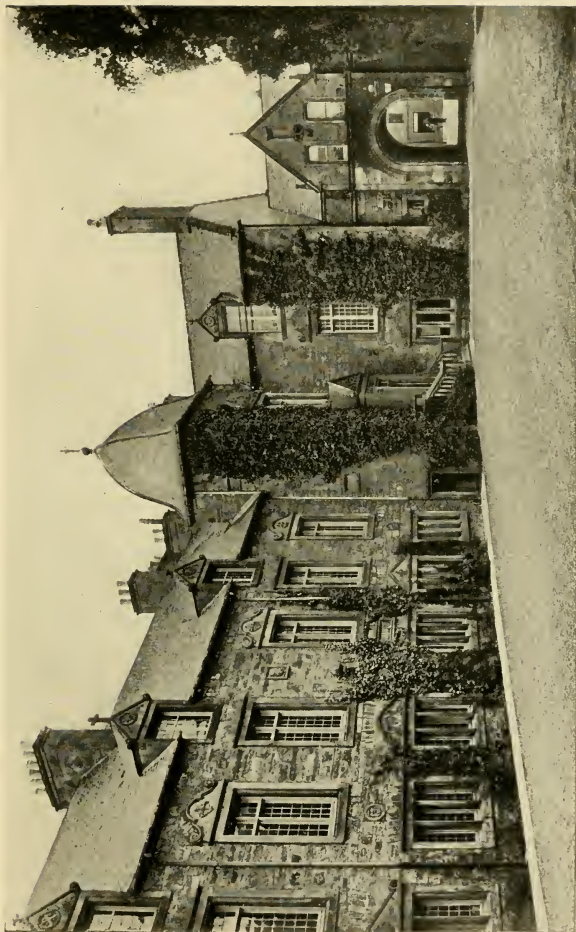
The poem, in Burns's version, opens with the line:

" I do confess thou art sae fair,"

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

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

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



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS.



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

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

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

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

One of his early undergraduate poems,

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

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

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

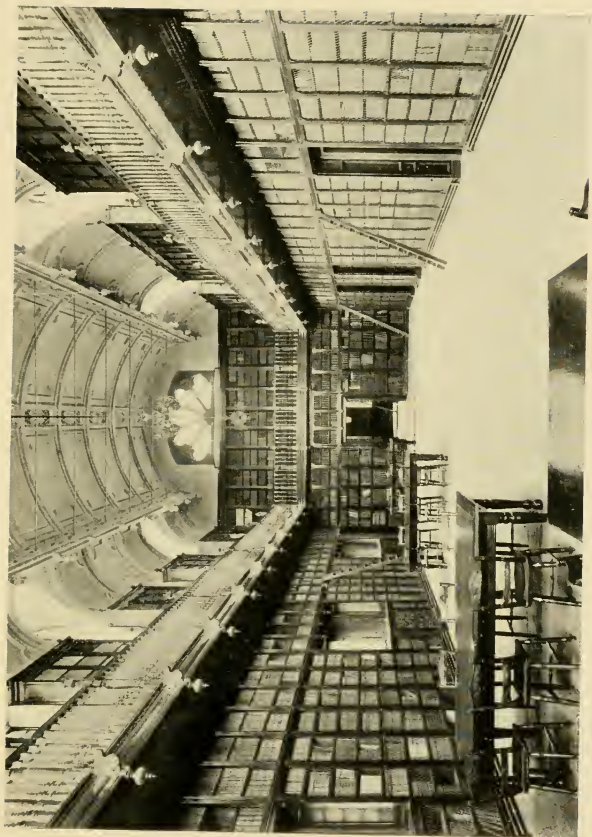
His pranks at college were many, and sometimes original. Once during an afternoon's walk, he stopped, for refreshment, at a cottage where lay sick of a fever a member of the family. Fergusson pretended to be a doctor, went through all the formalities of feeling the pulse, examining the temperature critically,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

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

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

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





NEW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, ST. ANDREWS.



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

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

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

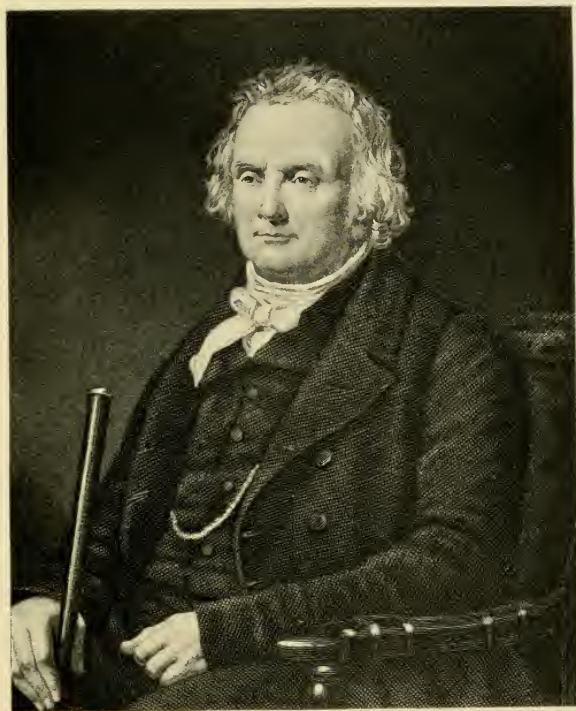
One of the most distinguished of St. Andrews men, and a man most emphatically a St. Andrews man, was Dr. Andrew Bell. He was born in the grand old scholarly town on the east coast of Fife. He was educated in her University, and he founded her Madras College, which is a noble monument to any person.

His father was a barber-surgeon, living

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

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

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



THOMAS CHALMERS.



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

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

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

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



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



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