

OBITUARY.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LUSHINGTON.

BORN 1810 : DIED 1893.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, who died at his paternal residence, Park House, Maidstone, Kent, on July 13th last, at the age of 83, was a perfect scholar of a type which, rare at any time, in the present day is more than ever rare. The strength and beauty of his life were in true harmony with the culture which he cherished,—and this was the rich outcome of accurate and extensive study of the best and greatest things in literature.

He was the eldest son of Edmund Henry Lushington, Esq., a barrister of the Inner Temple, and sometime Puisne Judge in Ceylon. Of two younger brothers, Henry died in 1855, after holding the post of Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, and Franklin survives.

Three sisters, who long shared with Edmund Lushington the home of their childhood, died one by one within the last few years, deeply mourned by their brother, and by many humble neighbours to whose wants they had devotedly ministered.

His widow and one daughter remain to deplore his loss. — He was educated at Charterhouse School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. There he became Senior Classic and first Chancellor's Medallist in 1832, the year of Shilleto, W. Dobson, and W. H. Thompson (who was second Medallist, Dobson and Shilleto, as Junior Optimes, being disqualified under the then existing rule). G. S. Venables, his intimate friend through life, was fifth Classic in the same year. With Dobson (afterwards Head-master of Cheltenham College) and with Thompson (the late Master of Trinity) he also maintained a lifelong intimacy. Lushington seems to have left to others the distinction of the Porson prize, which in his years was won successively by C. R. and G. J. Kennedy; but the omission was supplied by his brother Henry, who both in 1832 and 1833 obtained the prize with exercises which have been the model for many younger scholars, revealing as they do the same poetical vein which declared itself later, during the Crimean war, in two 'battle-pieces,' republished after

his death by G. S. Venables, with a memoir of the writer. Franklin at the same time wrote a spirited poem on the Embarkation of the Guards.

As one of the 'Apostles,' Edmund Lushington formed a warm intimacy with Tennyson and with Arthur Hallam: and, as the world knows from the epilogue to *In Memoriam*, the ties of friendship were soon drawn closer through the prospective marriage of two sisters of the poet to his two college friends. The one engagement was prevented from fulfilment by Hallam's early death. The other was fulfilled.

For some years Lushington performed the duties of an Assistant Tutor and Lecturer at Trinity. Then, in 1838, he carried with him his fine gifts and ripe accomplishments to the Greek Chair at Glasgow, for which, as we have been lately reminded, Mr. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, had been one of several distinguished rival candidates. The 'inaugural lecture,' in which the Professor's youthful enthusiasm for Greek literature found the fullest scope, was at once felt to be an extraordinary production for so young a man. His predecessor, Sir Daniel Sandford, had been also an enthusiast, but his undoubted brilliancy was of a rhetorical kind. In Lushington the fire burned more inwardly, but with more fuel to sustain it, and with a steadier glow. And there were those whom it had power to kindle. The late Professor William Young Sellar, one of his earlier pupils, who never wearied of admiring what he had once admired, could be eloquent on the subject of this lecture as long as he lived. His opinion, together with that of his friend John Campbell Shairp, who was a student at the time, is happily recorded in Sellar's contribution to Professor Knight's volume, entitled *Principal Shairp and his friends*, p. 14:—'What made the most powerful impression on him among all the lectures that he listened to was the inaugural lecture of Professor Lushington, in the spring of the session 1838—39. It was a lecture which not only contained a most just and impressive survey and estimate of Greek

literature, but was surcharged with the new thought and imaginative feeling pervading the remarkable Cambridge set to which he belonged, the names of most of whom are now well known to the world, and some of whom (and he certainly) looked on Coleridge then as their master, or at least as a teacher to whom they owed much. Shairp left the lecture, as he told me, repeating to himself the line—"That strain I heard was of a higher mood";—and the impression thus produced was confirmed by his attendance on the private Greek Class.'

It is much to be wished, and would conduce to the purpose of extending an interest in Greek, that this youthful outburst from a mind which 'carried all that weight of learning lightly like a flower' should be republished in the form of a *brochure*, together with the address which he gave to the students, when forty-six years afterwards, being now Professor Emeritus, he returned to visit them as the Lord Rector of their choice. There is the same essential thought expressed in both these writings. But the one breathes the ardour of youth; the other carries along with its undiminished fervour the experience and authority of age. It was nobly delivered, and might have been well heard even in the vast 'Bute Hall,' had not the unique occasion, in accordance with a strange practice, now well-nigh discontinued, been 'Butchered to make a Bejant's holiday.'

The Classes in Glasgow University were less numerous in the forties than they are now, but the task of the Professor, who had not the aid of an assistant, was even more arduous. Lushington never flagged, and although in the earlier years he was imperfectly appreciated except by the best students, the select number of those who gained from him some measure of inspiration and of the higher scholarship was augmented year by year, until in his third decade he became the object of universal reverence and affection. He has himself told me of the surprise which it caused him from time to time to receive expressions of unbounded interest and delight in Greek studies from students who had been prevented by their antecedents from ever becoming accomplished scholars. One of my own contemporaries, who died in early life, Mr. Robertson Baird, had acquired by dint of hard work, under Lushington's influence, a minute knowledge of the *Iliad*, very far beyond the common, although his acquaintance with Greek began with his student days.

The surroundings of Professor Lushington's work in Glasgow were at first somewhat strange and uncongenial to him, and in many ways he laboured under unfavourable conditions. But here also he had the solace of warm and faithful friendship, above all in the family of his colleague, Professor William Ramsay,—a friendship which like all his intimacies was lifelong. In those early days (as Mrs. William Ramsay has told me) they listened with rapt attention to his reading of *In Memoriam*, while the tears were streaming down his face. The loyal admiration for, and belief in, his brother-in-law, the late Lord Tennyson, belonged to what lay deepest in his nature.

Like one of the Dioscuri, he may be said to have lived for some years a divided life:—in summer days, in his old home amongst his family, alternating long walks over the backbone of Kent with hours of busy leisure under the stately 'immemorial elms,' holding a classic volume or some book of German philosophy in his hand:—in winter, amidst the gloom of old St. Mungo's, in the neighbourhood of the Vennel and of the College green. On the whole it is not wonderful that he produced no considerable writing. There was an edition of Aeschines and Demosthenes *On the Crown*, a simple text prepared for his own students; there was, I believe, a *projected* edition of Hesiod; but the only publication that really saw the light was the short memoir prefixed to Sir A. Grant's edition of Ferrier's *Philosophical Remains* (Blackwoods, 1866), a task which was undertaken by him out of pure friendship, as a tribute to one whom he greatly loved and admired.

During his tenure of the Glasgow chair, he was thrice visited by sorrow, in the deaths of his only son Edmund and of two daughters; and latterly he was troubled with a rheumatic affection of the knee which hindered his habitual activity, and became a serious burden to him in his latest years.

A word should be said as to his manner of lecturing. In the ordinary classes, his method was almost entirely catechetical. But in the 'Private Class,' which as a rule was only joined by the more advanced students, he 'prelected' on the author to be studied,—the attention of the students being tested at the end of the course by a searching written examination. These prelections were conducted on the following plan. The Professor first read a passage in

the Greek, then construed it word by word, repeating each phrase in the Greek before the English for it was given. Then he would proceed to support and illustrate his interpretation, chiefly by the aid of parallel passages, for which he had jotted down the references in pencil on a strip of note-paper. At the same time various readings and alternative renderings would be discussed. Conjectural emendations, with their grounds, would be clearly set forth and the objections to them fully stated,—the net result in corrupt passages being often one of blank uncertainty. The metre of lyric passages was always explained. Together with great beauty of enunciation, he had a certain peculiarity of utterance, that made the words seem to come from him reluctantly, producing an effect, not of hesitation, but of deliberate choice, which made his language more impressive.

Two examples of his skill in emendation may be mentioned here. In Aesch. *S. c. T.* 785 for

τέκνοις δ' ἀραΐας
ἐφήκεν ἐπικότους τροφᾶς,
αἰαί, πικρογλώσσους ἀράς,

he proposed to read

τέκνοις δ' ἀγρίας
ἐφήκεν, ἐπικότος τροφᾶς,
αἰαί, πικρογλώσσους ἀράς.

And in a poem of Arthur Hallam's where in a printed version a line had ended 'with pantherized intent,' he saw at a glance that his friend had written 'with panther eyes intent.'

Amongst the most distinguished of his pupils, besides Shairp and Sellar, were Mr. David Binning Monro, now the Provost of Oriel, Professors Edward Caird, George G. Ramsay, and John Nichol (Emeritus) of Glasgow, Mr. Andrew Lang, the Right Honourable James Bryce, M.P., Mr. Henry Craik, C.B., and the late Mr. Purves, Fellow of Balliol. And of many friendships formed in Scotland, those with the late Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, the late Professor Nichol (the Astronomer), the late Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews, and Professor Veitch of Glasgow,—always excepting his still closer intimacy with Professor William Ramsay his colleague in the Latin Chair,—were perhaps the chief.

After retiring from Glasgow in 1875, having taught there for thirty-seven years, he lived almost uninterruptedly at Park House, where he devoted himself princi-

pally to the study of Egyptology. Not that Greek was ever neglected or forgotten. His frequent letters were always full of minute discussion (pursued with earnest insistence) of points of interpretation or of textual criticism.

These divided the page with humorous Greek verses full of gentle raillery, and descriptions of the health and welfare, never of himself, but of those for whom he cared. His Egyptian studies were followed with the same assiduity and thoroughness which he had bestowed on the Greek Classics, and it is to be regretted that of these endeavours also the world has but slender fruit. He was for the most part contented with the keen enjoyment of that which other men were labouring to explain. But I have understood that his contribution to *Records of the Past*, in the interpretation of a hymn to Amon-Ra, is valued by experts as a brilliant piece of original work upon a difficult subject-matter. His collection of the chief books on Egyptian Antiquities—his 'golden calves,' as the household irreverently called them—should be of considerable value.

Of many letters received from him (I speak of letters to a former pupil), hardly any are without some allusion or quotation in Greek. Even in one written April 9th, 1893, about three months before his death, under the heavy stress of grief for the loss of his one remaining sister, as well as of severe personal suffering, there is the brief but touching phrase with reference to his own state—'one has often to say *τέτλαθί μοι κραδίη*.' He had had a fall the previous November which greatly aggravated the infirmity of his limbs. But in spite of the confinement which was so irksome to his active nature, no trace of failing powers appears in his correspondence, maintained to within a few weeks of his death. He 'bated no jot of heart or hope,' nor of his eager interest in minute points of scholarship. As late as Feb. 16th, 1893, he took pains to demonstrate by an exhaustive list of examples 'that Sophocles at least in dactylic verses used pure dactyls, and would about as soon use cretics as molossi.' The death of Lord Tennyson of course affected him deeply. He writes in a letter of date Nov. 8th, 1892:—'While we deplore our irreparable loss, we feel no passing could have been more calmly and solemnly beautiful—the true tender and heroic soul shining forth to the last.'

In scholarship, his chief admiration was for Gottfried Hermann and A. Boeckh,

and in philosophy he leaned rather to Kant than to Hegel. An idealist to the core, he was at the same time a lover of close and accurate reasoning. In Latin, he was a frequent student of Virgil. In earlier life at least he was an enthusiastic reader of Carlyle. Of modern poets I think he considered Dante as the chief, and of the poets of the early nineteenth century he regarded Keats with peculiar affection. A reading from *Hyperion*, in illustration of the *Prometheus Bound*, made a deep impression on his students of 1848, on many of whom his unique power of construing Classical Greek in Classical English was comparatively wasted.

In later years he took great pleasure in welcoming his old pupils at Park House, in taking them on rambling expeditions through the country which he loved, discoursing to them on philosophy, scholarship, and literature: sometimes also on politics and history.

I never knew him to utter a harsh or inconsiderate word: yet he could be fierce upon occasion, when his patriotic feelings or his classic tastes were seriously offended. If he thought that Aeschylus was maltreated or that England was being misgoverned and betrayed, a stinging Greek epigram was apt to be the result.

By the great world he lived almost unknown. But to those who knew him he will always remain one of the most impressive and charming figures of the generation which is passing away. They may despair of rivalling that union of subtlety with strength, that unerring accuracy of mental vision. They will miss the critical

discernment which with kind firm touch laid a finger on their weak places, saying 'Thou ailest here and here.' But they will long derive fresh inspiration from the thought of him, not only as the ideal student and the accomplished English gentleman, the patriotic citizen, the loyal friend; but as the mirror of faithfulness and constancy, of truth and tenderness and patience, of complete manhood,—the *τετράγωνος ἀνὴρ ἀνεν ψόγου*.

Those who notice such things may remember a version of 'Crossing the Bar' in Greek Sapphics by E. L. L. which appeared in the *Athenæum* for May 17th, 1890, and was copied in the *St. James's Gazette* of the same date. He was then in his 80th year. Nearly three years afterwards, within six months of his own decease, he occupied himself on his sick-bed with translating 'Silent Voices' into Greek. I append an extract from his letter side by side with the familiar words.

January 2nd, 1893.

'I cannot tell whether you will at all like an attempt that I have made to render into Greek 'Silent Voices.' 'I wished very much I could have given the concluding lines shorter; but found this from the necessities of elegiac verse to be quite impossible—and I can only hope the padding I have been forced to put in, is in keeping with, and not discordant from the tone of the original.

THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me
On, and always on!

Ἐὖτ' ἂν ὀνείρουσιν κωφῇ μελανόστολος ὄρη
τοῦμόν ἐπισκίασῃ τηλεπλάνουσι κάρη,
μή μ' ἐτι πολλὰ καλεῖτε παλίντροπον οἶμον
ὀδεύειν
κεκλόμεναι, φωναὶ σιγαλαί νεκῶν,
ἀῖτις ἐποψόμενον χθαμαλὰς μετόπισθε κελύ-
θους
ἡελίου τ' ὄχρον φέγγος ἀποχομένου,
ἀλλὰ πρόσω με καλεῖτ' εἰς ἀτραπὸν ἀστερό-
εσσαν,
φωναὶ σιγαλαί· τῆς δὲ φάος τρομερὸν
μειλιχίους ῥιπαῖσι πρὸς αἰθέρος ἀσπετον ὕψος
σαῖνον τηλεφανῶς αἰὲν ἄγοι με πρόσω.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.