

Personal Impressions.

By C. V. BOYS, F.R.S.

AS I never took biology either as a student at the School of Mines or afterwards, it is only accident that ever brought me into contact with Huxley, and the occasions were few. They, however, have left a strong impression of appreciation of his kindness and of admiration.

On the first occasion I met him, so to speak, vicariously. As a student in the chemical laboratory I desired to see what the laboratory work upstairs was like, and I wandered up intending to see for myself. Huxley's demonstrator, Thomas Newton Parker, saw me, however, at once and explained very clearly that Huxley had no room in the laboratory for idle curiosity. On the next occasion, in 1879, at Guthrie's suggestion, I told him about some curious observations I had made on a number of different species of spider as affected by a tuning-fork. These interested him, and he recommended me to send an account of them to *NATURE*, where they were duly printed (December 16, 1880, vol. 23, p. 149). The Peckhams continued these observations in America.

Some years later I was offered a science mastership

at a public school and Guthrie again suggested that I should ask Prof. Huxley for his advice. I found Huxley and Col. Donnelly, who was then director of the Science and Art Department, together, and they most kindly went into the question with that knowledge of the world which I could not possess, with the result that I remained at South Kensington, and for this I am grateful.

Huxley's powers of exposition were amazing. That same curiosity, I hope not too idle, prompted me to attend one of his class lectures when I was a student. I think the subject was the internal economy of the cockroach, which as a subject did not interest me, but his clear exposition and his facility with chalk and the blackboard left a lasting impression. On a later occasion I attended his Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution on "The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species." His almost painfully slow delivery—every word clear and carefully prepared—held the audience in rapt attention, and I remember well the expression in his peroration—more aggressive at that time than it would be to-day—"Man and other Animals."

A Student's Reminiscences.

By Rev. E. F. RUSSELL.

IT was in the year 1875 that I, a curate of a London parish—S. Alban's, Holborn—was bold enough to introduce myself to Prof. Huxley. I had not been invited by him, or commended to him, nor had I any sort of claim upon the time and attention of so famous and so busy a man. I simply made a venture and knocked at the door of his private room on the top floor of the Science Schools, South Kensington. He was writing what seemed to be the minutes of a society meeting, of which he was secretary. Whatever he may have felt of annoyance at the intrusion and interruption of a stranger at so inconvenient a moment, he showed no trace of it in his manner, but simply asked my business. I told him that I had read and had been impressed by his remonstrance with the clergy who had denounced his teaching without having made themselves acquainted with even the first principles of the science upon which his teaching was based. Not that I myself had been guilty of that particular kind of folly, but I was conscious of an ignorance as complete as theirs, and was at a loss how to get at the knowledge that I lacked, not finding much that served my purpose in the text-books of the time. It was this sense of my ignorance that drove me to him for help. He treated me and my appeal with perfect courtesy, offered me a chair and a cigar, and proceeded to give me an outline of the course of instruction which he was just about to commence. The course lasted several weeks, and included a daily lecture, followed by some hours of practical work on the subject of the lecture in his laboratory.

This seemed exactly what I was looking for, and I closed at once with the suggestion that I should join the class. I remember having some misgivings as to how my fellow-students might regard the presence of

a clergyman in their lecture-room. If this now sounds absurd, it should be said that I was at that time visiting a clergyman friend who was a prisoner in Horsemerger Gaol for conscience' sake! My fears were quite groundless. I was not the only clergyman attending the lectures, for my neighbour in the laboratory was a Jesuit professor from the University of Louvain. It was known that we were both eager to learn and that was passport enough. As much could not, however, be said of all who attended the lectures, for some were there not because they loved the subject, but because they had to secure a certificate of attendance to qualify for some teaching appointment.

In spite of this, Prof. Huxley gave us of his very best. It was not a repetition of the last year's lecture, for he varied his course from year to year. Each lecture was a new lecture, freshly prepared for, not only by studies in the current biological literature, but also by laborious work in dissection and research. We students felt him to be the most enthusiastic student of us all. The order of our daily round was this. Each morning whilst the clock was striking ten—he was never late—the door from the professor's private room into the lecture-room opened and he passed swiftly to his platform. Without preface he took up at once his subject where he had left it the day before, and kept strictly to it without digression.

Half a century has passed since I listened to those lectures, and more than four score years of use have made some holes in the purse of my not very retentive memory; but my remembrance of the scene, of the voice and manner of the lecturer, of his keen and strong personality, is as fresh and vivid as if it were of yesterday. I recall it all as one might a voyage of discovery, full of wonder and delight. Since then