EDMUND'S "LONG COURSE OF MISERY" toward undesired political honor by way of the uncongenial bar soon would be terminated. At Glasgow University, on 4 February 1838, the much-acclaimed Greek professor Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, only forty, died after a week of typhus fever. In many respects the vacant professorship was enviable, despite certain drawbacks from Edmund’s standpoint. Its holder was numbered with the elite "faculty of the college"—the principal and thirteen professors with chairs predating 1761—who virtually ruled the university. When one of the thirteen died or resigned, the survivors on "the faculty" elected his successor (the principalship and less-favored chairs were filled by the crown).¹

Edmund’s friend and fellow Apostle Robert Monteith had studied at Glasgow before going up to Cambridge. Now returned to Carstairs, the family estate near Glasgow, he was well known in the area, where his wealthy manufacturer father had twice been the city’s lord rector (chief magistrate). When Sandford died, Monteith could have written immediately to urge Edmund to try for the chair.

Whatever discussions may have passed between Edmund and his father, what pleading of the case by Henry, before Lushington assented, little time was lost. Within two weeks of Sandford’s death, at least one testimonial for Edmund (dated on 17 February by the younger Christopher Wordsworth, head-
master of Harrow and future bishop of Lincoln) was moving toward Glasgow. Numerous others would rapidly follow.

Edmund’s strongest motive was the permanent return to his cherished Greek. The material rewards also were substantial. Most of the income was fees handed directly from student to professor; and the Greek classes, taken by nearly all first-year men and required of every aspirant to the Scottish clergy, were the university’s largest. No other professor, or even the principal, earned more. Sandford had begun in 1821 with about four hundred students, eventually increased to about five hundred. Between 1824 and 1828 he averaged £1,663 annually and on the best year received £1,843. Although less self-promoting, Edmund in 1856 would still have “about 300 students” in three sections, and reportedly still earn “above £1,000”—for less than a half-year, summer holidays extending from early May into mid-October. The professors also had comfortable, if relatively small, houses rent-free. A Glasgow history professor, writing recently, viewed the situation wistfully: “Established in their fine houses and enriched by the fees which flowed from the rapidly increasing classes, the Professors were happily placed.”

To these houses, fine or not, the students came trooping at the start of each term, their fees in their hands. As D. H. Boyd, in *Fraser’s Magazine*, described the scene, the professor might briefly interview the student before taking the fee and giving a “ticket of admission to the classroom.” Some “more civilized” lads would quietly lay the exact amount on the table, but others would “hand their money to the professor and demand the change in regular shop-fashion.” Some professors would give the money no more than a sidelong glance. Others would “count it over, and pocket it with a bow, saying ‘Thank you, sir; much obliged to you, sir.’”

Unlike the typical young gentlemen at Oxford or Cambridge, most Glasgow men were of the middle or lower classes, “characteristically and essentially,” as one writer put it, “plebeian; plebeian in their population, plebeian in their standard, plebeian in their reward.” They lived with parents, or friends, or may have “tended sheep or worked in the fields all summer . . . to save enough to pay for a garret in Glasgow and a barrel of herrings or oatmeal.” A motley crowd they were, some boys of eleven or twelve, others “men with gray hair, up to the age of fifty or sixty; great stout fellows from the plough; men . . . from the North of Ireland; lads from counting houses in town,” coming to take a logic class; English dissenters not admitted to English universities; “young men with high scholarship from the best public schools; and others not knowing a letter of Greek and hardly a word of Latin.” But almost to a boy or man, so say their historians, they were willing to work hard to make the most of their hard-purchased opportunities.

Curricular offerings were wider than at Oxford or Cambridge, including vigorous instruction in logic, philosophy, theology, and the natural sciences.
Most students did best in logic and, being poorly prepared, worst in classical languages, especially Greek. But, prepared or not, nearly every student was obliged to do a year of Greek. And one professor, alone, instructed the entire lot, collecting all the fees, doing all the work, enduring the attendant frustrations.

It had long been recognized that Greek professors in Scotland, with two or three hundred students, faced virtually impossible expectations. In 1819 J. G. Lockhart, a Glasgow alumnus, denied that “in any proper meaning of the term,” the professors were enabled to teach “the principles of language.” They were reduced to “schoolmasters in the strictest sense,” compelled to lay “the very lowest part of the foundation.” Although some were “profound and accomplished” scholars, neither “depth” nor “elegance” was required. In 1821, before the election of Sandford, the Glasgow faculty voted to appoint a separate professor of elementary Greek, to be reimbursed by student fees; but the vote was soon rescinded: too little money would have remained for the professor. As years passed, would-be reformers, influenced by German higher education, hammered away at the theme. “The Scotch,” claimed one, had “manifestly failed in one great mission of a university. For what is called academic learning in other countries, they merely give an elementary school drill.” But a “good school is always better for boys than a university toned down to the level of a school.” The classics professor needed to “metamorphose himself into a schoolmaster,” and could do so “the more readily the further he is removed naturally and by culture from the massive intellectual proportions of a Hermann and a Boeckh.” By then, 1855, Edmund, vastly overtrained, temperamentally untuned to such a role, had been at Glasgow eighteen years, repeatedly dispensing the kind of rudimentary material he had in some fashion taught as a twelve-year-old Charterhouse praepositus. Fortunately for his sanity, he would also have a small “senior” class for the select few with enough Greek to follow him.

Fortunately, also, prize contests in both Latin and Greek, called the Blackstone Examinations (from the large black marble-seated armchair where the examinees sat), motivated the better prepared, or more venturesome, students to supplement set assignments with as much of the classics as they could contrive to read. Although every man was examined, the prizes rewarded the largest quantity of self-assigned reading substantiated by oral translations of passages selected by the professor. Some candidates, legends say, came to be examined with wheelbarrow loads of books. Another legend has it that Edmund as examiner once handed “his own Aeschylus to a spectator” and examined “without book, calling the competitors’ attention to such grammatical expressions and turns of phrase as he thought desirable.” In its rougher way the Blackstone gave Glasgow students some of that broadening which the Clas-
sical Tripos and Chancellor’s Medal competitions provided the most ambitious at Cambridge. A recent scholar has claimed that when honors examinations were introduced at Glasgow in 1861, the Blackstone “was already producing a width of reading and accuracy of knowledge which probably only the best undergraduates of contemporary Oxford and Cambridge could rival.”

Most unfortunate in those years was the location of the university, its buildings, including the professors’ houses, all huddled along a notoriously deteriorated section of High Street. The Scottish Universities Commission of 1858 officially deplored the New Vennel slum-district neighbors, the nearby “chemical and other nuisance-creating manufactories,” and the consequent “atmosphere impregnated with the affluvia arising from the filth,” all in a city where “the sewerage” was notoriously unsatisfactory. A journalist in 1856 pictured the alleys, the “flood of poverty, disease, and crime,” “drifts of stifling and noisome smoke” trailing “slowly all day over the College gardens,” and “the very filthiest lane in Glasgow” paralleling the quadrangle within sixty feet of the professors’ houses.

Such surroundings, such air, would have been discomfiting enough for Edmund, although as a schoolboy he had weathered the Charterhouse neighborhood. To his wife after 1842, the highly-strung hypochondriac Cecilia Tennyson, reared in the clean air of the Lincolnshire wolds and acclimated to pleasant places like High Beech, Tunbridge Wells, and rural Boxley near Maidstone, Glasgow would prove unendurable, even when she and Edmund moved farther from the slums.

Inevitably, Edmund, quiet and undemonstrative, would be compared disadvantageously with the two famed classroom performers who had successively held the Greek chair for sixty-four years. For his oratorical presence John Young (1750?-1820), forty-six years in the chair, had been compared to Edmund Burke. His histrionic reading of the Iliad gave “life to every line,” and he overflowed with laughter along with his students at Lucian or Aristophanes. Lockhart praised him lavishly. His “lynx-like intellectual glance” left listeners “quite thunderstruck” with “his transport[s] of sheer verbal ecstasy” about the Greek particle or “the deep pathetic beauty” in Homer. Tears “gushed” from his fervently sparkling eyes, kindling “answering flames” in the eyes of his students.

In 1821 the twenty-three-year-old Sandford (1798-1838), son of the bishop of Edinburgh and an Oxford graduate with a first-class B.A. (M.A., 1825; D.C.L., 1833), had launched into his professorial duties with brave, though perhaps excessively self-conscious, enthusiasm. In his inaugural lecture, after dutifully eulogizing Young, he announced, “I should not discharge my duty toward yourselves, nor [to those] who havé raised me to this important office,” unless
he attempted to improve upon his predecessor’s work. He would prudently strive for “a greater closeness and vigour” in pedagogy and a “higher elegance and accuracy” in student scholarship. His oration unveiled a florid English that Edmund could never have hoped, even had he improbably wished, to equal. He roundly forswore all pedantry, mere “etymological refinements, and the edge and eagerness of philological acumen.” His aims, it seems, were more practical: he would help his students turn into euphonious orators. Euphony had been the very controlling principle of Greek grammar. Beyond broadest generalities the lecture said little about Greek literature. (Indeed, in at least two passages, Sandford displayed a preference for Latin literature.) Plato, it would seem, was better avoided than cultivated: “With intellectual powers which compel us to rank his name as second to none but that of BACON among the sons of men, he yields the most signal example the world ever witnessed of the perils to which a warm imagination must expose the speculative reasoner.” Aristotle, “whose genius was formed of colder, though as subtle elements,” would furnish more “instruction.” Anyhow, why belabor all these points? Glasgow had long excelled in Greek.

Sandford started his seventh year at Glasgow with a “preliminary lecture” outlining the plan of instruction he had evolved. Edmund would continue the general structure with significant differences (stressing greater precision of grammar, and in the advanced class more of the philological and philosophical). Sandford had innovatively divided his first-year students into two levels. Those who knew some Greek would soon start reading a book of the Iliad and a tragedy, and begin Greek composition. The sheer beginners would receive “a brief but necessary survey of the most usual inflections of verb and noun,” then “proceed to the translation of some easy author.” He from the chair would provide “a spoken version” and elucidate “every difficult passage.” They would faithfully employ their lexicon and the “simple notes” in the book of extracts. This process, with systematic review and constant diligence, would assuredly enable a man after attending the class five hours a week for six months to “read by himself the poetry of Homer, and the simplest works of Attic and Hellenic Greek—to understand and to apply the preliminary canons of Greek construction,” and prepare himself “by the unassisted studies of vacation, for his further progress within the walls of this or another university.” But there would be no “working of miracles without any trouble on your part.” (Of course if any laggard failed to achieve those improbable results within those few weeks and under those conditions, while studying several other subjects, to say nothing of earning money by labor during the summer, the fault would be solely his own! Conveniently, the majority of men would not attempt a second year.)

Sandford proposed to guide his second-year class across an ambitious ex-
panse of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Xenophon, Herodotus, Aeschylus, Aristophonnes, and "a portion of Thucydides," attempting to "instill the elements of critical learning and to create such familiarity with the finest models in the different branches of the Grecian tongue as will smooth the path to future attainments." (Although necessarily superficial, such a survey with such an enthusiastic lecturer would no doubt have been quite stimulating.) In his private "advanced class," he lectured, or praelicted, "upon the choicest works of Grecian criticism," and the more difficult poetry, as well as "upon the origin and structure of the Greek tongue, because I know how essential it is to the student's private researches in philology" to have a firm foundation for a science that would "whet the curiosity . . . expand the intellectual range, and . . . clear and simplify our knowledge not only of words, but of things, not only of the rules of grammar, but of the constitution of mind."

Although some critics charged him with inferior scholarship, Sandford with his dramatic presence was widely perceived as successful. His advanced classes greatly expanded, increasing his income. (They were thematically expansive too, where Edmund's would be purposefully concentrated and demanding.) His sketch in the DNB asserts that he "succeeded in awakening a love for Greek literature far beyond the bounds of his university." In some years, reportedly, he had as many as five hundred students, including Glasgow clergymen, lawyers, and merchants who came to hear his "eloquent and enthusiastic praelic-tions." 22 He had become a sort of local phenomenon.

But early 1829 brought a turning point in Sandford's life, when he sped all the long journey from Glasgow to Oxford just to cast his vote for the reelection of Sir Robert Peel as M.P. for his university. Peel, as home secretary in the duke of Wellington's government, had felt honor-bound to resign his seat after, amazingly, yielding to overwhelming circumstances and leading the historic successful fight in the Commons for the Roman Catholic emancipation he had always before so adamantly opposed. Peel lost the election, 609-755 (though he soon returned to the Commons with a different constituency). 23 Sandford for his extraordinary effort was knighted. After that, as the DNB puts it, he virtually "abandoned Greek for politics." He made numerous speeches favoring the 1832 Reform Bill; then he stood for Glasgow city in the 1832 election, was defeated, but in 1834 was elected M.P. for Paisley. He stayed in Parliament less than four months. In applying to the Glasgow faculty for permission to "terminate his professional labours" early, in mid-April, he had pledged himself, "in deference to" their "general opinion," to "resign his Professorship" before September or "withdraw himself from all engagements inconsistent with the personal discharge of its duties." 24

The DNB declares flatly that Sanford's "appearances in the House of Com-
mons were failures, his rhetoric, which had won admiration at the university, exciting only derision there.” Actually, Hansards reveals that he could be factual and concise when speaking briefly about Scottish matters. But in two longer speeches, one on 15 May supporting a bill introduced by Alfred Tennyson’s uncle Charles (later Tennyson d’Eyncourt) for repealing the Septennial Act and requiring more frequent parliamentary elections, and another on 21 June opposing the bill to enfranchise Jews, he ridiculously belabored his sometimes specious arguments in elongated, mellifluous sentences. His anti-Jewish posturing exposed him at his worst, as he undertook immoderately and recklessly to demolish every argument favoring the Jews. Such a “monstrous novelty” as Jewish enfranchisement would forever destroy the harmony and “unanimity of feeling” of a Christian parliament. The “glow of a high and just enthusiasm, if for a moment it lighted up the countenances of that assembly, must be slackened by the contemptuous sneer of Jewish unbelief.” Only two brief statements followed after Sandford sat down. A Catholic member stated simply that he would vote to give the Jews the franchise. Robert Grant, introducer of the measure, believed that nothing more needed to be said: “All that had been said on the opposite . . . had done very little harm to the measure.” But he profoundly and sincerely thought “that such arguments as had been advanced against the Bill did no good to the cause of Christianity.” The bill passed by a majority of 91 votes, but subsequently lost in the House of Lords. Jews remained without franchise until 1858.

Before his September deadline, Sandford, pathetically dispirited, gave his decision to the Glasgow faculty. He would have preferred to continue in Parliament; where “with such degree of popularity as still belongs to me,” he might have been a “bold and zealous advocate” for measures benefitting the college. But ill health had left him no choice: “the irregular hours, the severe labours, & the trying anxieties of a Parliamentary career” had been too much for his “health and strength to support.” A “great shock” to his “nervous system” had led to “very serious symptoms” digestively. His physicians agreed that his persevering in “the fatigues and cares of political life must have a steady & fatal termination.” It is uncertain how much he recovered his health. In a little more than three years, he would be dead.

The printed Testimonials in behalf of Edmund Law Lushington, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Candidate for the Office of Greek Professor in the University of Glasgow was a formidable array of twenty-eight letters, including three from professors at Bonn. The first letter, with twenty-two signatures from “the Master, Vice-Master, Tutors and Resident Fellows of Trinity College,” detailed his years of achievement at Trinity, asserting that his interest in “all subjects connected with Greek history, philosophy and philology . . .
amounting to a lively and well-regulated enthusiasm," had "led him to investigate and make himself master of all the researches of the most eminent scholars of modern times, whether at home or on the continent." George Peacock, Lowndes Professor of Astronomy in the University, testified that Edmund's classical lectures as an assistant tutor had equalled if not surpassed "the most distinguished of his predecessors." He was a "gentleman of singularly pleasing appearance and address, of great sweetness and evenness of temper, and of the utmost purity of life and conduct." Regrettably, no position at Cambridge "worthy of Mr. Lushington's acceptance" was open to a layman. Julius Charles Hare, formerly Edmund's tutor, was "convinced that, with the single exception of Thirlwall, there is hardly a better scholar in England, and very few so good." Edmund's private tutor, James Prince Lee, assistant master under Dr. Arnold at Rugby and future bishop of Manchester, attested to his "habit of thinking and feeling . . . in the Greek and Latin languages, especially the former. . . . It was impossible to read or converse with him, without being strongly possessed with the existence of this faculty in him."

Edmund's own contemporaries, mindful of Scottish commonsense conservatism, carefully balanced their laudations with assurances of his soundness. J. M. Heath testified to the "pure and unfeigned love of knowledge, which has induced him, since he took his degree, to devote more hours to study than most of our students do even under the strongest stimulus of ambition," and to his mastery of "all that is valuable in modern German literature and criticism," but assured the electors that he was "by no means one who will take up with a view merely from its novelty, but exercises a strong and sober judgment upon all that he reads." William Hepworth Thompson, future master of Trinity College, would have it understood that "the scrupulous deliberation with which his opinions have been formed, and his powers of clear and luminous argumentation" were "equalled by the candid and tolerant spirit in which he has regarded the sentiments differing from his own." William Dobson, future headmaster of Cheltenham College, reported that Edmund's "most extraordinary assiduity" in classical studies sprang more "from natural inclination," than from desire for "honours and emoluments." George Venables, too, stressed Edmund's love of learning for its own sake, producing both "a profound and critical acquaintance" with Greek literature and antiquities and "a mastery over the idiom of the language which amounts almost to colloquial familiarity." Yet his "moral character is pure and faultless, his disposition and manners such that I believe he never made an enemy, and his feelings are in every respect those of a gentleman and honourable man."

In mid-March, Edmund made the customary personal "canvas" in Scotland among those who might influence the faculty electors. By then the one aspirant
who would almost certainly have beaten him had withdrawn. Archibald Campbell Tait (1811–92), future archbishop of Canterbury, was a Scotsman, a former student of Sandford’s, being graduated from Glasgow before going to Balliol College, Oxford. Taking a first class in classics, he became an M.A., a Fellow, and a well-esteemed tutor. He had converted from the Scottish Kirk and become an Anglican clergyman. Even before Sandford’s illness, he had written the Glasgow principal, Duncan Macfarlan, asking whether an Anglican minister would be eligible for a Scottish university professorship, where all professors must subscribe to the creed of the Kirk. Five days after Sandford died, Tait wrote again. He would do nothing to subvert the Church of Scotland, providing he could “conscientiously” reserve “liberty of conscience” and freely exercise his “own mode of worship as a clergyman of the Church of England.” Considering Macfarlan’s reply unsatisfactory, Tait withdrew on 15 February with regret that “in days when opinions are carried out into extremes on all hands,” he would not have the opportunity to help “unite in closer bonds two communities of Christians, which, however differing in externals, are, I verily believe, one in heart.” Tait’s own difficulties with the Scottish confession lay with “those very strong Ultra-Calvinistical and Supra-Lapsarian statements, which I am now led to suppose that a great many of your clerical body explain away in an inoffensive sense.”

Tait’s disgruntled uncle, Sir Archibald Campbell, asked Macfarlan “whether you go to the length of holding that no Episcopalian Lay or Clerical could be a professor at Glasgow. If so, something had gone wrong when Sandford, whom he knew to be Episcopalian, was employed. It was rumored, but could hardly be accurate, “that Sandford did not sign the Confession of Faith & that his not doing this was winked at purposely.” Would Macfarlan please inform him what candidates seemed best qualified and when the election would occur? He would “be nearby to attend at any time you fix.”

Another rival candidate, destined like Tait to become internationally eminent, was Robert Lowe (1811–92), who would be chancellor of the exchequer under Gladstone from 1868 to 1873, and in 1880 become Lord Sherbrooke. Reportedly Tait after withdrawing had recommended Lowe, a well-regarded private tutor who had resigned his Oxford fellowship upon his marriage. Though physically powerful, he had the complexion and weak eyes of an albino; and that, as one story has it, brought about his rejection at Glasgow. David Murray quotes the recollection of William Fleming, then professor of oriental languages and later of moral philosophy:

*We thocht a great deal o’[Lowe] . . . he had a testimonial from Tait, he was a fine scholar, a good lecturer and an active and capable man; but ye*
see, Sir, he had white hair and red een and we werna' quite sure hoo he wad git on wi' the students, and jist as we were on the swither Mr. Lushington cam' doon wi' a letter from Sir Robert Peel who was our Rector, in which he gave a very high character for scholarship and ability, and hoch, Sir, after thinking owre we jist gied the chair to Mr. Lushington and he has dune very weel.  

Lowe himself, for whatever it may be worth, had a decidedly different explanation for his defeat; and, fascinatingly, Lowe’s version chiefly involves none other than the reminiscent Professor Fleming. Lowe’s recent biographer, James Winter, quotes from a letter of his to a friend at Oxford, claiming he would have been elected had not Fleming, who was Lowe’s chief supporter, been aspiring just then to be translated from his oriental lanuages chair to the more prized chair of moral philosophy. Allegedly Edmund’s mere three supporters, who represented landowing interests that opposed all radicals (and Lowe was perceived, with some reason, as radical), intimidated Lowe’s seven supporters (with the faculty consisting of twelve since Sandford’s death, that leaves two unaccounted for, three if the principal had a vote) by threatening to oppose Fleming’s forthcoming candidacy. Lowe peevishly claimed that Edmund’s being “so objectionable in every way, and my being so universally popular made it more of a punishment to bring in Lushington.” It was all the fault of that “miserable system of translation.” One does not know how much to credit Lowe’s story. Winter’s balanced biography establishes that Lowe, with all his formidable talents and energy, tended through much of his life to be testily pugnacious and perhaps something of a sour loser.

One part at least of Fleming’s story is verifiable: Peel had assuredly lent a hand, at least indirectly. In mid-May, Macfarlan received a “Private” letter from Sir George Clerk, Peel’s close friend, who had served as undersecretary in the Home Office and later as secretary to the treasurer. Clerk’s wife was a daughter of Ewan Law, a great-uncle of Edmund. Peel had instructed Clerk to tell Macfarlan what he knew about Edmund’s “Political Sentiments.” Surely there had “existed some great misapprehension on this point,” a confusing of Edmund with “Mr. Charles Lushington or Dr. Lushington who are distant relations of his.” Edmund himself was disinclined “to take any active or ostensible part in Politics” and “unwilling to make any public declaration of his Political opinions.” But Clerk knew that “his opinions are decidedly conservative and have always been so, & that on all the great questions which at present agitate & divide the country” he would “always . . . support our National Institutions in Church & State.” Devoted to “Literary Pursuits,” Edmund was “not likely officiously or unnecessarily to obtrude his private opinions on . . . other persons.” Clerk hoped Macfarlan could “remove any prejudice
against E. Lushington. "Certainly "his testimonials & character as a Scholar are
infinitely superior to those of any other candidate." For its own sake the university
should elect him. Again Clerk stressed that it was Peel who, knowing
Clerk's "relationship & acquaintance" with Edmund, had expressly commis-
sioned him to write.30

Coming from Sir Robert Peel, even such a proxy recommendation would
have been a potent force at Glasgow in 1838. Most if not every one of the
professors would have seconded Peel's recently enunciated conservative prin-
ciples. Early that year he had been installed as the university's lord rector,
delivering an inspiring hour-long rectorial address. Two nights later he had
been feted at a giant banquet in a spacious temporary structure erected at Glas-
gow for the occasion. As his biographer, Norman Gash, relates, the dinner
started at five o'clock. For two hours Peel delighted more than 3,400 guests
with one of his greatest political speeches, urging support of the growing con-
servative party he had fashioned since 1832 on the middle ground between
Whiggism and ultra-Toryism. Then "speaker after speaker . . . peers, gen-
try, clergy, professors, lawyers, and politicians ranging from the Marquess of
Tweeddale and the Moderator of the General Assembly to the Principal of
Glasgow University and Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.," praised Peel and his
principles until half-past one, "by which time only the nineteenth toast had
been reached of the thirty-seven heroically listed in the program."31

Edmund, beginning his "canvas," had been dismayed by an absurd rumor
among the professors that he was politically radical and had "two radical un-
cles." In mid-March he had interviewed Tait's uncle, Campbell, who seemed
encouraging but "asked a question or two about politics." Edmund returned
honest conservative answers. A month later he went to see Campbell at his
estate but found he was in Glasgow "talking with my friend [William] Hamil-
ton [the metaphysician] about my doubtful politics & connexions." Monteith,
who as an aspirant to Parliament had spoken at the Peel dinner,32 had written to
reassure the professors; and Edmund himself had talked with some of them.
Afterward, although professing hope, he was uncharacteristically bitter about
"the jobbing knavery of the race whether of Scotchmen or Professors," and the
"Scotch wormspawn that writhes in my way & coils itself outward & upward
to dragon sides."

But he had supporters who were positioned to recruit more influential ones.
Someone had enlisted the cooperation of two other eminent conservatives,
Lord Lyndhurst (formerly lord chancellor under both Wellington and Peel) and
Henry Goulburn (formerly Wellington's and Peel's chancellor of the exche-
quar).33 Lyndhurst was not intimate with Peel], but nobody endorsed by him
(famed as the indefatigable scourger of Whiggism in the House of Lords) could
be suspected of radicalism. Goulburn's son, like Edmund a recent classical med-
alist from Trinity College, and one of the twenty-two signers of Edmund’s Trinity recommendation, may have asked his father to do something for Edmund. The senior Goulburn for many years had been Peel’s closest friend: a word from Goulburn was like one from Peel himself. Twelve years later when Peel died after a fall from his horse, Goulburn and Sir George Clerk were two of the six pallbearers at the strictly private funeral.  

Should Edmund’s election be written off as strictly political? Better to call it a happy irony. A nonpolitical scholar had initially presented nothing except impressive professional qualifications. Then an absurd political rumor had begged to be refuted, and the political prestige of the refuters bestowed an advantage no materialistic considerations could have bought.

The election on 1 August seems anticlimactic: Edmund was chosen with only one dissenting vote—from the staunch Calvinist professor of theology Stevenson MacGill (1765-1849). Edmund had met with the faculty on the previous evening, when the real decision was formed. (I cannot discover what other candidates, if any, appeared.) In at least three letters, all now unhappily lost, Edmund related details of his “struggle up to the point of victory.” Tired and pensive, at two in the morning on 2 August, he wrote his feelings to Henry: “Neither Monteith nor I know exactly how to feel, now that all is over.” He was not “very triumphant, rather somewhat quietly content, looking to a serious life of responsibility, material & tangible.” Would it be “ignoble? or effective of good? Time may prove—but no desponding now.” At least the news would “give my father & all of you a great pleasure, & that is itself a pure gratification—stimulus & earnest, of other more solid satisfying ones.”

He still faced some routine initiation rituals: a Latin discourse “Optimum historicis examplar Thucydides” (Edmund revered Thucydides but hated to discourse in Latin); some Greek iambics translating Milton’s Samson Agonistes, ll. 710-31, ushering in the dissolute Dalila, from “Who is this, what thing of sea or land” to “But now again she makes address to speak” (did the eyes of Edmund or his grave examiners subliminally twinkle?); and finally, the mandatory signing of the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland.

Would his signature be incompatible with his liberal Anglicanism? As Tait had interpreted Macfarlan’s interpretation, it would. But Macfarlan, when pointedly queried, had said what his position as the official upholder of an outmoded regulation seemed to require. Recent practice was against him. Sandford had been an Episcopalian whose bishop father outlived him. The current Latin professor, William Ramsay, was an Episcopalian. Glasgow had elected non-Presbyterian lord rectors, like the current one, Peel, to the nominal headship of the university, and installed them with no reference to the subscription. The Scottish Church officials designated to witness a new professor’s signature and issue a certificate of subscription had no authority to investigate
the subscriber's present or future good faith. As a *North British Review* writer later put it, the existing form of the test was actually "insulting" to the Scottish Church, and "admitted on all hands" to be of no kind of benefit. In 1853, after more than a decade of intermittent agitation against it, the test was finally abolished, replaced by a simple pledge not to oppose the doctrines of the Scottish Church or otherwise seek to subvert it.

As David Murray (who had not been present) wrote the story, Edmund presented himself before the Presbytery. Macfarlan, suspecting "he would know little regarding the Confession of Faith," had deliberately arrived early and "inquired, 'Have you read the Confession of Faith?'" "The law requires that I shall subscribe, not that I shall read, the Confession of Faith," and before the astonished Principal could reply, the signature 'E. L. Lushington' had been added to the roll and the ceremony was at an end.

It may have all happened just so, but it would be wrong to consider it a show of insouciance. Edmund, given the opportunity, was deftly but soberly divesting his position of as much of its falseness as possible. A majority of the faculty, all of them previous subscribers, had knowingly elected still one more Episcopal. Both Macfarlan's question and Edmund's reply would further expose the emptiness of an anachronistic ritual.

Sixty-four years earlier, in 1774, Edmund's latitudinarian great-grandfather, Edmund Law, later bishop of Carlisle, had published a trenchant pamphlet opposing all required subscriptions to articles of faith. Such articles, Law argued, had developed only after the "very plain and practical" Christianity, "level to all capacities," had swerved "into the subtleties of metaphysical debate" and become an "ingenious system of speculative science." Such creeds departed from the true protestant personal transaction between each man's conscience and his God, "there being no third person commissioned to determine it for him; no sect or society on earth, how respectable soever upon whose authority he can depend." Subscribers were being relieved from thinking for themselves and were merely giving "credit to those wise and learned persons, who have taken so much pains to remove all difficulties for us." God had not given any "teacher of the Gospel" the right "so far to abridge his Christian liberty as to entangle himself with new yokes, or tie himself up from impartially examining the Word of God." All such obligations to subscribe leave persons "oftentimes violently tempted" to profess what they do not believe, thus "leading them into all the labyrinths of loose and perfidious casuistry; more especially when it is considered conscience, once strained, seldom contracts again to its first position." The bishop's namesake descendant had, at least, detoured around those labyrinths.

Edmund's inaugural lecture, delivered on 8 November, some 12,000 words long, must have taken ninety minutes or more to read. Although it began
haltingly, and remained always meditative, never declamatory, it was suffi­ciently eloquent throughout and, in places, loftily, almost ecstatically, beau­tiful. The first person “I” occurs fewer than a dozen times, but the statement was intensely personal, articulating the wider, deeper significance of the studies that had engaged Edmund’s imagination since his eighth year of life. Now, without deviating from the unique configuration of his inner being, he could live in the present as a scholar-educator, rather than struggling to turn into a future jurist or statesman. The service for humankind would be no less valuable, the power he could wield might be higher. The lecture is his *apologia pro vita sua*. First of all, he was addressing his father, too physically infirm to jour­ney to Glasgow—a beloved man whom he had hitherto to some degree disappointed.

The “moving principle” of education itself, Edmund declared, is an “unceas­ing process, whose consequences stretch beyond time and space.” We should “speak of it with cautious and awful reverence.” To “educate a man, is to educe or draw forth from the soul all that is potentially in it; to call up into power and action the mighty faculties with which he is gifted; and to temper their energies, disorderly and bewildered at their first waking, into that har­monious union wherein alone is strength.” In “each man, as man” is some personal “something greater and higher” than needed for the practical manag­ing and controlling of the world outside himself. With “profound earnestness and tender anxiety” educators are “bound to endeavour that he may learn to feel, comprehend, and make his own this individual excellence to which he is entitled, cultivating the entire fulness and richness of the spirit that is in him.”

At a time when expanding physical science was increasing man’s mastery over his environment, he was in danger of forgetting that his “higher work,” the object of his “noblest faculties and aspirations,” was “to obtain right and clear conceptions.” Education must help us remember that “what we can least do without, is not our highest need; that man cannot live by bread alone.” Through studying history and literature, the student could become conversant with the “speech, feelings, and actions” of “other men and nations,” learning to “comprehend his own nature—say rather our nature—by beholding its common humanity mirrored in the thousand glasses of other minds, in other climes and ages.”

Each particular nation was also “like a man, having a fixt individual stamp of character, by which it is something different from any other nation.” We may study that character “manifested in all that it is destined to endure and achieve, growing firmer and more distinct from the time of its half conscious infancy, till it attain the maturity of the powers implanted in it by the Creator.”

Moving into the lengthy and poetic central portion of his lecture, Edmund lovingly traced the rise and decline of Grecian uniqueness as displayed in Greek
history, Greek literature, and the expanding vocabulary and syntax of the Greek language. Though only twice overtly referring to Coleridge, this section is permeated with his conceptions and those of the German thinkers he admired, whom Edmund had begun to study in their own language. Coleridgean organicism emerges in Edmund’s dwelling upon the inward and its becoming outward, and through such phrases as “the unfolding and ripening of the blossoms of genius that were implanted in the national heart”; “quickened the seeds of an imperishable growth in man”; a nation’s distinctive peculiarities “fused” in its literature “with a higher originality of their own”; “the quintessence and symbol”; the “whole Attic drama, with its harmonious fusion of elements that seem so difficult to blend, mingling the stir of action and life with the deep melody of lyric passion” (Coleridge’s “reconciliation of opposites”); “the bewitching graces” of Plato’s “style,” which his “consummate skill makes appear but as the ethereal and transparent body from which the living soul of his ideas looks forth.” We will feel Coleridge and the Germans equally in Edmund’s presentation of philological study toward the end of his lecture.

We must be contented with a modest sampling of this richly complex discourse. There is the contrast between the two historians Herodotus and Thucydides. Herodotus “feels as one of a people, gifted with a peculiar fineness of intellect, before which intellectual triumphs are already beginning to expand.” History may “unfold pages of splendour, on which his country’s name may not unworthily stand. Yet he is far from regarding other nations with contemptuous self-complacency.” Although revering “the high part which heaven has allotted to his own,” he does not seek “to take the measure of its comparative rank and importance; satisfied that the world is wide enough to afford ample scope of greatness to all.” With “thrilling sympathy” he dwells on the “noble devotedness” of Greece to the “sacred cause of her independence; on her sublime efforts that seemed so frantic and hopeless, that proved so triumphant.”

In the “sombre and awful colours” of Thucydides, after a succession of devastating wars, we encounter the “shock of adverse interests and prejudices,” “the unquenched ardour and the devoted hostility with which each party maintained” the conflict; “the machinery employed, and the spirit that regulated its intricate motions; the convulsive hopes, the slowly overshadowing despondency, and the protracted agony of the long death-struggle.” He “probed” it all “to the bottom,” and exhibited it with a “severe clearness, remote alike from hasty emotion, and from the cold quiet of insensibility.” Thucydides’ feelings are “condensed and embodied with the long and profound meditation of the man who had endured much, wandered far, and learned the cities and minds of many men: they are woven into the frame of his whole intellect, and pervade the entire tone of his contemplation and description.”
Plato, whose supposed instability Sandford had viewed with such confident apprehensiveness, was to Edmund a "wonderful genius" who had framed "of his gorgeous fancies and rich melodies a robe for Truth that is worthy of her, freely displaying the divine vigour and loveliness of her proportions." His was a "boundless wit and humour," a "profound and luminous insight that has scarcely left a speculative depth unsounded." As though "by divination," he could "discern some peak" on "every distant eminence of knowledge," making it a "landmark for succeeding thinkers, till the intervening obstacles be hewn away by slow successive labour, and the height itself be reached at last."

One hopes that even Dr. MacGill, the septuagenarian theologian who had cast his lone vote against Edmund, was content with his reverence for Christianity. Of Greek religion he had said: "All modes of presenting religion objectively to mankind are necessarily anthropomorphic, and before men had a human form revealed to their view, containing in itself the fulness of godhead," their gods naturally displayed both the "frailer as well as the nobler parts of manhood." But in the Greek language it was that the Gospel was finally revealed: "in a remote province of the [Roman] empire, the Hellenic language, glorified in its ruins, was selected to be the vehicle of a holier inspiration and sublimer truths than ever haunted the dreams of bard or seer in ancient Hellas."

Turning to the philological study of the Greek language itself, Edmund gave a rationale for the emphasis that through the following years would so mark his teaching effort. Language in its "constructions and forms" carries symbols, the "outward expression" of "some of the fundamental laws of human thought." With "presumptuous and shallow metaphysical systems, we shall have narrow and short-sighted views of the scope of language," whereas "a more searching analysis of thought will go hand in hand with sounder conceptions of the law and essence of language." There is a "boundless diversity" of phenomena between different languages in the way that they grow, "varying with all the influences which conspire to affect a nation's character—the soil, the climate, the physical obstacles it has to overcome, its relations with foreigners, its domestic history, and the pregnant ideas struck out by great original minds which sway the thoughts and speech of unborn generations." The Greek is "the most perfect specimen we have" of a language whose "frames were determined from within, by a principle of spontaneous growth." Its "progression from the sensuous and epic, to the reflective and logical period" demonstrates how "successive touches of historians and philosophers have fully drawn forth its unexplored virtues from the deep gold-mines of thought;" feature after feature emerging from potential to actual existence, with a clearness and symmetry from which much has been learnt, and probably much more remains to learn."

Then, too, it is a "lofty privilege" to be able to commune with the Greeks in
their own tongue: “expanding our sympathies beyond our time, to possess a community of consciousness with men who spoke three thousand years ago,” perceiving the “unbroken continuity which links generation to remotest generation, in the thoughts which live in them and actuate them.” The experience combines “the freshness and delight of novelty with the sacredness which attaches to every thing old,” and illustrates “the brotherhood which comprehends all mankind.” Their “struggles in the lot of humanity, their triumphs and glories, belong to us: we can clasp the hand of antiquity with an enlarged affection, akin to that of Dante’s friend, when in Purgatory he clasped the hand of Virgil, and exclaimed, ‘O Mantuan, I am of thy land!’ ”

At least one young man, John Campbell Shairp (1819-85), future principal of the United College at St. Andrews and later professor of poetry at Oxford, enjoyed telling “with the utmost enthusiasm until the end of his life” how enchanted he had been by Edmund’s lecture. He had walked away repeating to himself a great line from Milton’s “Lycidas”: “That strain I heard was of a higher mood.” For us, since Edmund did not publish any classical scholarship of his own, this lecture, long out-of-print, must stand as the fullest embodiment of Tennyson’s gracefully compact characterization of its author, his new brother-in-law:

And thou art worthy, full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent, wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

In Edmund’s earliest Glasgow years, before completion of the railroads, the journey between London and Glasgow required four days by coach or post chaises. Edmund, perhaps accompanied by a sister or two, later by his wife, then by wife and small children, and after 1850 too often alone, would leave Park House in mid-October, returning in early May. After the laying of the railroads, they might, but did not always, return to England for the Christmas holidays.

At Glasgow a busy teacher’s life fell into a routine. The hour-long classes, including Greek, began at 7:30, in comparative darkness during much of the term, and often in severe weather. The hundred or more students, sleepy and cold, sat on benches, like church pews. Edmund would come out of his house fifty yards away, walking as Murray describes it, “hurriedly along, his head bent, his eyes turned toward the ground, his left hand clutching his gown at the neck as if it were in danger of being blown away.” By the 1850s, when Murray knew him, he had a beard, it and his hair seeming “somewhat unkempt and his face had a startled look.” At his pulpit-desk he would rise, repeat a collect from
the Morning Service in the Book of Common Prayer, then losing no time begin
the instructional routine. In the large elementary classes, the method included
much recitation, calling upon the students to construe, questioning and com­
ten by the professor, or asking other students to correct the first one’s
mistakes. Yet so large were the classes that any one student might rarely be
called upon.

Edmund was remembered for his habitual courteous mildness, his never
stooping to scolding or ridicule, though he might murmur, “Pray be accurate,”
or, “Do you think, Mr. Robertson, that is quite accurate?” Murray, who had
found him “reticent and undemonstrative,” though “singularly courteous, con­
siderate and fair-minded,” wondered at his “marvellous” control of such large
classes. Though he never raised his “soft, sweet voice,” and sat straight and
erect without gesticulation, or even at times held a new book in his lap, cutting
it as his eyes followed the textbook on the desk, he seemed always to have total
attention. “There was an extraordinary fascination in the man; it seemed as if
his own gentle spirit took possession of his students while they were in his
presence.”

Others, unfortunately, though perhaps admiring or loving the man, found
him an unstimulating teacher. James Thomson, Glasgow professor of mathe­
matics, father of the future physicist William Thomson, Lord Kelvin, frankly
placed Lushington in 1846 among the Oxford and Cambridge graduates who
had “not given satisfaction” at Glasgow. He urged his son, returning to Glas­
gow from Cambridge as professor of natural philosophy, to forestall such dissat­
isfaction by writing “out some lectures of as simple and elementary kind as
possible.” Kelvin himself, who as a boy had studied under Lushington, always
delighted in praising him, but confessed that his youthful mind had “wandered
from the Greek class to natural philosophy.” Another Glasgow professor’s
son, John Nichol, who became Glasgow’s dynamic first professor of English
literature and one of Edmund’s lifelong friends, declared flatly in a memoir that
he had been unable to make any progress in Greek under him. Any that he made
was owing to private tutors and not to Lushington’s “sleepy class.” It
“grieved” him that “the professor whom above all others I liked” was the only
one with whom he had no success. Lushington was “at once one of the best, and
one of the worst, teachers I ever knew”; even his “most zealous . . . advo­
cates” would admit “that he was not made to teach the rudiments.”

Edmund’s muted performance suffered by comparison with his more robust
Latin colleague and closest Glasgow friend, William Ramsay. Five years older
than Edmund, Ramsay had been at Trinity College with him, taking B.A. only
one year before him, in 1831, being promptly elected to the Chair of Humanity
(Latin) at Glasgow, where he had been graduated before going on to Cam­
bridge. He was an admirable scholar, though perhaps a less finished philologist
than Edmund; with interests extending to all aspects of ancient life, he pro­
jected a contagious enthusiasm. Nichol insisted that as an expositor of un­
trained boys, Ramsay, “with his clear, resonant voice, with his vigilance, activ­
ity, and precision, would have been at home where Lushington was at
sea. . . . the very man to drill boys just passing into men.” He would an­
nounce “that his hair stood on end when we made a false quantity,” and would
count “the errors in our verse on his fingers.” He was a “shrewd man, with
sharp little eyes . . . a vein of dry humour,” and a flair for histrionics: “His
renderings of Aulularia and Miles Gloriosus were inimitable.”

Fordyce, however, in his recent essay concerning classical study at Glasgow,
although seconding Ramsay’s reputation as teacher and scholar, stops short of
raking him, even as a teacher, above Lushington. The two men complemented
each other, Ramsay bestowing “a wide view of the whole field of antiquity,”
Lushington the “patient exegesis of a text” and “a sensitivity to the value of
words, an awareness of idiom as a reflection of thought.” With the two, Glas­
gow “at last . . . had a school in which scholars could be made. And they
were made.” Fordyce mentions, among others, Charles Badham, the first pro­
fessor of Greek in Australia; W. Y. Sellar, classics professor at St. Andrews and
Edinburgh; Lewis Campbell, Sellar’s successor at St. Andrews; D. B. Monro,
provost of Oriel; and Sir James Frazer, “who declared that his life work was
determined by the influence of William Ramsay.” Fordyce might also have
mentioned John Campbell Shairp, principal of St. Andrews; Edward Caird,
master of Balliol College; and James Bryce, whom Fordyce does mention in
another connection—all of whom were lifelong admirers of Lushington.

Unfortunately, we know so little of how Edmund conducted his important
advanced class that we may too easily reach wrong conclusions. The only de­
tailed description comes from Edmund’s obituary by his old student and friend,
Lewis Campbell:

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 examina­
tion. . . . 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 inter­
pretation, 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 objec­
tions to them fully stated,—the net result in corrupt passages being often
one of blank uncertainty. The metre of lyric passages was always ex-
plained. Together with great beauty of enunciation, he had a certain pecu-
liarity of utterance, that made the words seem to come from him reluc-
tantly, producing an effect, not of hesitation, but of deliberate choice,
which made his language more impressive.53

Obviously, the emphasis was primarily upon close reading of the poem itself,
not a mere quarrying of the poem for sake of morphological or syntactical
analysis. The analysis, it may be contended, was for sake of the poem. Even so,

it may still sound arid—all that quibbling over minutiae when the professor
might have been germinally descanting on the history of literature, or reinforc-
ing its ineffable beauties with his own poetic observations. But we should re-

flect that students in this kind of class were there by their own choice. Looking
forward to competing for prizes at Oxford or Cambridge, or otherwise ambi-
tious to increase their mastery over the language itself in an age when such
mastery still carried rewards, they might be eager to receive the very kind of
specialized information that Edmund was so superbly equipped to give. With
eyes and ears opened through Edmund’s observations, to the kinds of details to
watch or listen for, they might begin to develop a thing not easily extracted
from books—the existential feeling for doing close reading of their own, or
venturing into specialized articles in philological journals.

Nor should we assume that the formal structure of a classroom hour is the full
measure of what the teacher imparts or the students acquire. Where teacher
and students are closely attuned, insight can emerge through brief offhand re-
marks, asides as it were, dropped between the more formal sentences of a lec-
ture or demonstration, in relaxed chats after the lecture, or through written
comments on papers returned to students. Shairp, who took the advanced class
early in Edmund’s tenure, went on to Oxford, where he would quote to friends
“happy translations of lines or half-lines of Sophocles, & pregnant bits of criti-
cism” from Edmund’s lectures. Shairp’s prize-winning essay was a comparison
of the Ajax of Sophocles and Shakespeare’s Coriolanus, and he proudly remem-
bered that Edmund, “who though warm in his appreciation of merit, was ha-
bitually temperate in the expression of praise, spoke in terms of more than
common appreciation.”54 Bryce, who obtained a gold medal in Greek from
Edmund in 1855, remembered the advanced class, where Edmund “took us
through the Agamemnon, translating it himself and commenting as he went
along, the comments almost entirely on the language, but now and then helping
us to appreciate the poetry.” But Edmund also “encouraged” the students, and
Bryce considered it “excellent training,” to translate some of the choruses into
English verse. He gave out “English pieces to be turned into Homeric hexame-
ters. This is the only kind of classical verse composition I ever enjoyed or at-
tained any facility in, perhaps because Homer appealed to me more than any of
the ancient poets had yet done, and I could remember the verses better." Bryce
began voluntarily memorizing long Homeric passages: "I remember a good
deal of it to this day, and how delightful it all is."55

For Edmund himself Glasgow would never be all delightful. For thirty-seven
years he would spend half his time in comparative loneliness away from the
home he loved. One constant at Park House was the annual departure of the
head of its closely interdependent family for a six-month absence. Never would
he be enabled to give the fullest attention to his work. His wife was almost
constantly ill, often after 1850 not coming to Scotland with him, and usually
living away in Edinburgh when she did. He was in Glasgow when his father
died; en route from Glasgow to Park House when his mother died; and had
rushed home for his second daughter's death on a cheerless Christmas day in
1868. In 1856 he was back at his Glasgow post only a few weeks after the
lingering death of his only son. Though he made warm friends in Scotland, he
was never an easy mixer anywhere. He remained aloof from faculty politics;
the faculty meeting minutes show him frequently absent. Life in general would
deal him more than a common portion of heartbreak—a marriage compara­
tively unhappy or worse, the agony of three loved children's deaths, the loss,
finally, of all his siblings but one—three during the Glasgow years.

One may suspect that, as year followed year, with his griefs expanding and
his vigor diminishing (he suffered recurrently from rheumatism or gout), he
may have become too disposed to repeat himself rather than seeking new
methods for altered times. The greatest needs of his Greek students in the late
1860s may no longer have quite coincided with those of the early 1840s. Thirty­
seven years were more than one-third of the dynamic nineteenth century. His
successors, R. C. Jebb and Gilbert Murray, would justly become more eminent
than he.

Yet during his years at Glasgow, his reputation and quiet influence steadily
grew. Typical students regarded him "with a holy awe, as a sort of Olympian
Jove."56 Sir Henry Craik, his student during the early 1860s, would memorial­
ize his "consummate dignity . . . absolute simplicity of manner . . . voice
rich and melodious . . . massive head and features of almost ideal beauty
. . . diction graceful and harmonious but never studied or artificial . . . calm
and reverent enthusiasm for all that was noblest in thought and language." He
had "offered no ready intimacy, and sought to form no following. But his
words, few and well chosen, made themselves felt as pure gold, and a sentence
of praise or sympathy sank into the heart . . . stirred reverence and enthusi­
asm." "Only slowly did that absolute modesty, linked with unassailable dig­
nity, make itself felt as a power, radiating into the hearts of others his own
illuminating enthusiasm for the ideals of noblest literature."57
When the university finally moved to its present location in 1870, Edmund was selected to deliver the celebratory address. When he retired in 1875, the university gave him an honorary LL.D. And in 1884 he received the highest honor that the university could bestow, unanimous election to the lord rectorship that Sir Robert Peel had held when he helped Edmund secure the professorship. And even in 1889, after his brilliant successor Jebb had held the chair for fourteen years and gone on to the Greek professorship at Cambridge, young Gilbert Murray was scorned in a Glasgow newspaper as “the young fool who now sits in Lushington’s chair”!58