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Clon. Ance. God.

From J. Beattie Crozier.

9, Elgin Avenue.
W.

(Script)

July 26th. 19.

My dear Osler,

Your lecture came this morning, and I set on it at once, and I must say you have knocked me, the professional philosopher out of the running altogether, and while holding tight your own sceptre as a physician, have snatched away mine as well!! Bad man!

Yes! your address is admirable in every way in range, knowledge, felicity of illustration, concentration, logical cohesion, and indeed of all the literary virtues. And in your gentle and insinuating way, equal to Newman (one of my own masters although a Catholic) but without his occasional over-subtlety and discovered contradictions suited to his different types of opponents, Catholic and other, you have given those hide-bound Classical fellows at Oxford something they will not forget; and I am free to bet 10 to 1, that within a year or two when things settle down you will set Science now 10% in Oxford up to a good 50, and so equal to the Classics. As you say both are equally needed, and in an even proportion. I thought at first you had so overloaded the Classics that you were going to leave Science in the lurch, but not you more than retrieved the position and gave the Classical men nothing less than a real drubbing! I was delighted with it all. I followed everything you said in your allusions, and could check all of them, except the ones I had forgotten!!

By the way, I have just been reading for the first time all my books, not having looked into one of them since they were written 40, 35, 20, 10 years ago, and I must say I was pleased with them! I could no more write them now than fly, having forgotten all about them in the meantime, except their general drifts. If you have not read my Vol. I, "History of Intellectual Development" it will bear perusal and I think reperusal.

I am jogging along reading mostly and trying to keep up with new things these young fellows are bringing out in every department especially science.

But the Medical Council by allowing those Medical Clubs 20 years ago, knocked my income at a blow from £700 a year to £200 and the results was that my practice for which I had paid £500 I had to sell after 40 years assiduous practice for £20!!! And the war has by its rise of prices nearly bankrupt me, but for the aid of my daughter's small earnings. But, I still hold on, and when I cannot then the deluge. I gave up the Athenaeum on a/c of the light in the rooms (fatal to my cataracts) and the expense.

Good luck and God bless you my old and affect. friend.

J. Beattie Crozier.

July 12^m

Am. 23 1919
J.B. Crozier

world who ever regarded it in quite such a subjective manner. Husband and lover are both killed, but that is by no means going to be the end of her story. 'I know another man is on the way!' she says beatifically, looking, we feel sure, like *The Soul's Awakening*.

Woman revealed for the first time? Not a bit of it, M. Barbusse! The Biblical writers knew the breed, and with the frankness that was so peculiarly their own, described them as 'those with many lovers.' Lovers, *tout court*, you see. Not 'hymns' striking up beneath the ladies' feet!

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THE TRAGEDY OF A SCHOLAR

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

From *The Daily Telegraph*, January 11

(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I FIRST met Beattie Crozier in the early seventies, and never can I forget the impression he made upon me of beautiful youth. He was over six feet in height, he had a perfect figure, his face was singularly handsome, with features of cameo-like regularity, and he had large, flashing, expressive eyes. The expression was sweet, caressing, frank, simple, with a certain air of curiosity and of reflectiveness, the signs of a mind that was restless in inquiry in the search after the explanation of the riddle of the universe; and that amid the roysterings of his hot youth—fairly innocent roysterings—he pursued it with an inner vision and a serious purpose. He was a young Canadian, born in the town of Galt, and he had been brought up in the sternest school of the Scottish Presbyterian creed, to which his family belonged. His childhood and early youth were mainly left to his mother. In his book, *The Story of My Inner Life*, he draws a faithful and almost merciless picture of this stern parent—the embodiment at once of Scotland and Presbyterianism. He was severely punished for trifling offences; he lived

in an atmosphere of religious gloom and of hard fare; he used to say to me that stern as was the picture he had drawn of his mother, it was not as stern as he might have made it; and, of course, the irony and the tragedy was that this parent loved her child with intense affection, but an affection that scrutinised itself and tried to save itself from the weaknesses that natural affection might suggest to an ascetic and gloomy creed.

He was always a good student, and he had taken his doctor's degree at an early age. There was no man I ever knew who had a greater gift of taking up a subject and mastering it in all its details. His versatility and the profundity of his knowledge were quite extraordinary. After he had assimilated all the general knowledge of his profession he would suddenly get the idea that he ought to specialise on some branch of it. He would take up the study of skin disease, and not leave it till he had read and mastered everything about it. Then he would go on to the eye, then to the ear, so that there was no branch of the medical profession on

which he was not qualified to be a specialist. Such a man with the will to conquer and the avid desire for the prizes of life—a great reputation and a vast income—ought to have ended in Harley Street, and in an immense practice. To the end of his days he was simply a remote suburban practitioner, with at one time a large and remunerative practice among working-men, at another epoch with a practice that was both small and unremunerative. He never sank to abject poverty, but his income was always modest, and towards the close of his life, though eked out by a pension or two, was just enough to give him bread and cheese.

Yet he began by a stroke of unexpected luck. Of the many subjects he had mastered was the treatment of the heart in disease. He attracted the attention of a wealthy gentleman who was stricken with that most harassing of maladies, and he was employed at a handsome income to be the physician and travelling companion of his patron, with a provision in that gentleman's will that he should get a legacy of £1,000 when death brought the association to an end. After some years the patron died, and Crozier found himself a young doctor with a thousand pounds to his credit. The first use he made of the money was to get married—one of the happiest events in his life. Never did man have a more devoted friend, a more assiduous collaborator than Dr. Crozier had in his wife Katherine, a niece of the late Colonel William Anderson. He came in the end to sacrifice himself, and partly to sacrifice his wife, in the pursuit of a great ideal, but she made the sacrifice willingly and knowingly; her nature was of that divine unselfishness that refused nothing—not even eyesight

and life—to those she loved. Crozier then settled down in St. Peter's Park, a somewhat remote suburb of London, gradually growing, as suburbs do, from thinness to density of population; and for a considerable time, with the growth of artisans' dwellings, he had a large practice among workpeople, and was deeply loved as well as trusted by his patients. But the club doctor came in, and that took away a considerable part of his income. Meantime, however, he had engaged on an enterprise that interfered considerably with his professional life and absorbed him so much as to leave him almost indifferent to every other consideration.

After immense reading he came to the conclusion that he had found that object of every philosopher from Plato and Aristotle to Herbert Spencer and August Comte—an explanation of the riddle of the universe drawn from the study of man in all ages and in all countries. Reading incessantly, collecting incessantly, he built up his theory of the methods by which successive layers of religion, civilisation, and morals had been created by the movement of man from lower to higher things. He created, in short, a new scheme and school of psychology and sociology, and he poured forth volume after volume in illustration of his conception of human history. The books were called by various names: *The Religion of the Future*, *History of Intellectual Development*, *Civilisation and Progress*—this last book had the unique honor of being translated into Japanese. Under these different names there was the exposition of the same theory as to man's development.

I am not capable of pronouncing judgment on his theories; it suffices to say that they commanded the

assent of thousands of readers and students in all parts of the world. All I know of these books is that they display a reading as wide as some of those German specialists who seem to swallow whole libraries for their authorities. But to me the most remarkable thing in these books was their style. I do not know any philosophical writer who had a better style. The sentences were written in a language that was sober and yet glowed and thrilled; sometimes, indeed, his periods reminded you of the stately flow of some of the pages of Edmund Burke. There was no sense of effort in the writing; it glowed, but it glowed with a sober and un-flickering light; its lucidity was not destroyed by its sonorous magnificence. Sometimes, again, it reminded one of Herbert Spencer, who was a much greater man of letters than he ever got credit for. In Crozier, as in Herbert Spencer, there was a splendid sense of building up an edifice of proof slowly, deliberately, irrefutably, but Herbert Spencer, in the well-ordered battalions—if the words be permissible—of his pages, lacked the glowing spirit that Crozier was able to give to his words.

The books had the advantage of being issued by so eminent a firm of publishers as Longmans, and they commanded a select but not very large circle of readers. The labor of years never brought him as much as would supply bread and cheese to his household, and he had still to give much of his time to his profession in order to maintain his family. Thus his work was always under the disadvantage of being constantly interrupted; there was that division of labor which, uncontroversial as a general economic law, is often disastrous to the best work of pro-

fessional men. Elected a member of the Athenaeum on account of his distinguished contributions to literature, Crozier used to do a great deal of his work at the well-stored library of that institution. He carried his notes around with him everywhere; sometimes, sitting in a restaurant before a cup of tea, he would draw them out and study and correct them. He brought in his wife as collaborator from the start. She had to spend hours almost every day in taking or in copying his notes. The incessant labor in the end proved fatal to both husband and wife. To her first came the warning of approaching blindness from overwork, and she was almost, if not completely, sightless for the last period of her life. His eyes were also attacked from overwork, and for some years he had to be read to.

And then came the worst calamity of all; the faithful, sweet, devoted friend and companion died, and the unhappy husband lost what most endeared life to him. He had his children; one of them, a fine boy, for whom I was able to get a generous gift from the late Lord Strathcona, and who had joined the Indian Army, was killed early in the war, but Crozier had two daughters still to save his old age from complete loneliness. He had been given a small pension from the Civil List for his services to literature, and I believe he also had some allowance from one of the funds of his profession. His health was frail for some years before his death, and if his friends wanted to see him they had to go to him; he could not go to them. It was sad to look on this ruin of a splendid physique to one who had seen him a tall, alert, athletic, and handsome young man, and who had seen him when he thrilled every visitor to the skating rink of London

by his daring and elegance as a skater; he had learned the art in his native Canada, and in the days of childhood, when ice in winter was as certain as sunshine in summer. Outside his works on philosophy and sociology he did not write much. He once wrote a study of Lord Randolph Churchill at a time when that portentous meteor was flashing very high and very promising in the political sky. It was a severe analysis, for to the philosophic mind of Crozier such a nature was not akin, and his success he regarded as leading to a useful study, with some criticism, of the theories and portents of democratic communities. He also wrote at the time of the controversy about tariff reform some articles, and then a book called *The Wheel of Wealth*.

On his 70th birthday Dr. Crozier

received a testimonial signed by some well-known names, as follows:

To Dr. John Beattie Crozier.

We, the undersigned, beg to offer our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of your 70th birthday. We also desire to express our appreciation of your eminent services to British scholarship and speculation, and of your unselfish endeavours for human welfare.

(Signed by)

Morley of Blackburn, Bryce, William Leonard Courtney, William Osler, J. St. Loe Strachey, G. P. Gooch, James P. Muirhead, T. P. O'Connor, H. W. Massingham, J. A. Hobson, Arthur Sherwell, T. Bailey Saunders, Frederic Harrison, Francis Young-husband, J. L. Garvin, John Clifford, James Crichton Browne. April 23, 1919.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY 'AFFABLE HAWK'

From *The New Statesman*, February 19

(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

WHAT daunts me when I get upon my feet to speak is not that I am unaccustomed to public speaking, but that all my previous speeches have been failures. Yet I think, or rather to use the formula of words which was constantly on the lips of that cautious metaphysician Sir William Hamilton, 'it seems to me that I think I believe' that there is the making of a speaker in me. In the first place, why otherwise should I continue to be asked from time to time to address audiences if there were not still a faint glimmer of hope animating those who know me that I *might* be worth hearing? And second-

ly, I am certainly endowed with two o'clock in the morning eloquence—solitary eloquence. But I believe this faculty is not uncommon. When kept awake by indignation or anger I am able to give absent persons a trouncing, which in my opinion falls little short of the achievements of Chatham or Cicero in that line. Quicken me at that dark hour with a small personal grievance or a gigantic public scandal (like the behaviour of the British in Ireland), and off I go. Sentences of trenchant invective, unforgettable sarcasm, polished irony and thumping directness flow from me easily. Yet at an earlier hour,