

talent, did not retire into the depths of his own consciousness, or surround himself with the artificial atmosphere of erudition. The result of such a process can be abundantly traced in other countries and other literatures. In England the isolation from society and the solitariness of genius threw him into the arms of Nature, and she has in many instances, in science, in poetry, and in art, rewarded and refreshed him by a novel inspiration—she has lifted her veil to his loving eye and revealed to him one of her secrets. The individualism of English science has been tempered by its naturalism. A type of this peculiar form of the naturalist was Gilbert White, the natural historian of Selborne.¹

¹ A long list might be given of these retired nature-loving souls, among whom Charles Darwin will always rank as the greatest and most conspicuous. I give here a few names in addition to those mentioned in the text.

John Gough of Kendal (1757-1825) might, according to John Dalton (see his *Life* by Henry, pp. 9 and 10), "be deemed a prodigy in scientific attainments. . . . Deprived of sight in infancy by the smallpox, . . . possessing great powers of mind, he bent them chiefly to the study of the physical and mechanical sciences. It was he who first set the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal; . . . he knew by the touch, taste, and smell almost every plant within twenty miles; he could reason with astonishing perspicuity on the construction of the eye, the nature of light and colours, and of optic glasses," &c., &c. For about eight years Dalton and he were intimately acquainted.

George Edwards (1694-1773) of Stratford, Essex, was the author of the 'History of Birds,' which he published between 1743 and 1764 in six volumes. He had journeyed through France and other countries, and gave engravings of six hundred subjects not before delineated by naturalists.

Still more remarkable was Thomas Edward (1814-86), the shoemaker of Banff, who, having been turned out of three schools for his zoological propensities, without friends, without a single book on natural history, not knowing the names of the creatures he found, gained a knowledge unique in its freshness and accuracy. At the University of Aberdeen, where he exhibited his collections, he was told by the professors that he came "several centuries too soon," as they had then no chair of Natural History. His life has been written by Smiles, 1876.

Edward Forbes (1815-54) of Douglas, Isle of Man, a born lover