

From the house by the sea came in three years the *Bases and Beginnings*—two ponderous volumes. Here was something commanding attention: a heavy piece that, merely because of its calibre, the sheer weight of metal thrown, called for expert criticism. One could of course say that, in spite of weight of metal and the noise it made, it had less range than a pop-gun. All the small people said it. And that dreadful clap-trap alliteration again! Will he never drop it? But to big people, this book was less like a gun than a quarry—a thought-quarry that a big man might work in boldly and without shame. "For the leading idea of this treatise," said Atmore, a really big man, in a preface, "I am indebted to the ingenious argument and illumining speculation contained in the third chapter of Mr Burgoyne's *Bases and Beginnings*."

This preface caused a change of song in the small-voiced chorus. "What is this man?"—they sang. "Is he a biologist, a physiologist, a physicist, a naturalist, a botanist, a geologist, a palæontologist, a morphologist? This is our difficulty: let him plainly say which he is and we shall know how to deal with him."

It did not seem to occur to anyone that the man might be none and yet all of these things.

At this period of his career it was that there leaked out—through the public press—a most damaging fact. In his silent house at Whitebridge, he habitually dressed for dinner. Now the frock-coated professional gang knew what to call him. They called him "the dress-clothes philosopher," and crowed with glee as they observed the swiftly disastrous effect wrought by this opprobrious epithet upon his reputation in the thoughts of the large and untrained public that had liked *The Magic Mirror*.

Then from the silent house came forth that truly great work, the *Mental Physiology*, in which he dropped for ever the word psychology. In this work he first touched his analysis of thought: bridging the void between the exposition of mechanical process and the intellectual concept of resultant mental action. It was an attempt to answer the old despair-