

**VERSES; WITH
MEMOIR BY
WALTER SMITH**

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Verses; With Memoir by Walter Smith by Alexander Nicolson

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ALEXANDER NICOLSON

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EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS

1893

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MEMOIR

ALEXANDER NICOLSON was perhaps as true a type of the Scottish Celt as this age has seen. Not that he was a pure Celt either, for there was a strain of Norse blood in him, as there is in many of the men of Skye and the Lews. But it had been so diluted in the course of time as to leave him practically as thorough a Highlander as ever rejoiced to speak the Gaelic tongue. Somehow the pure Celt is not a success in this life; not for want of abilities, not because he has not force, both mental and bodily, to hold his own with the best. But he is apt to be dreamy, to work by fits and starts, to fail in that persistency which alone secures its end. Perhaps,