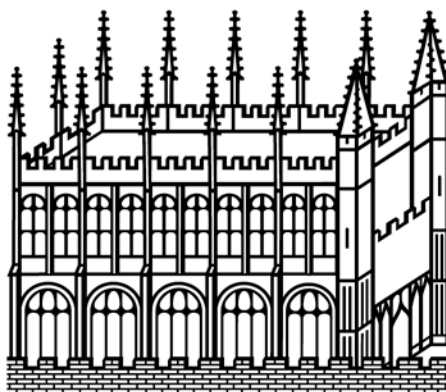




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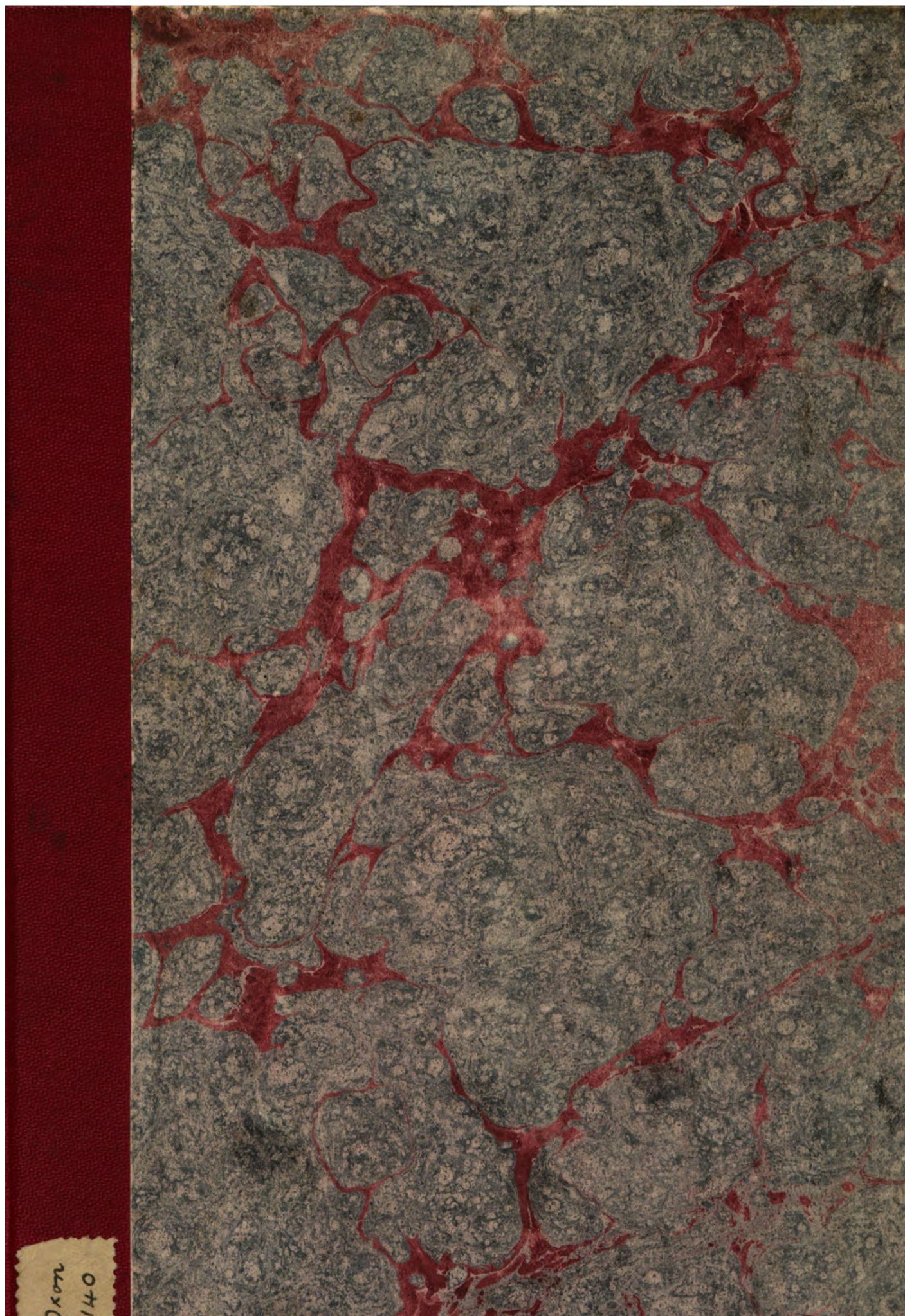
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REMINISCENCES

BY

WILLIAM WARDE FOWLER

Bt. from Blackwell

REMINISCENCES

BY

WILLIAM WARDE FOWLER

[Printed for Private Circulation]

1921

Printed at
The Holywell Press
Oxford



Note

THESE Reminiscences—the title is his own—were dictated by William Warde Fowler from his bed of sickness during the last few months of his life. They were finished on or about his seventy-fourth birthday, May 16th; but he appears to have been dissatisfied with the last two pages and to have destroyed them, intending no doubt to recast them. He used to keep the type-written sheets in a copy of the facsimile reproduction of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*; and the following note, scribbled in pencil in his own peculiar shorthand on the blank leaf at the end of the book, probably indicates the substance of the two missing pages. It obviously refers to his last book, the *Roman Essays and Interpretations*, and may be the last writing from his hand. It reads :

‘One more book to speak of. In a long course of years a fairly (?) industrious (?) scholar is sure to start during his work a number of hares and foxes, which may or may not be worth pursuing. I have looked for a spark of real life in mine, and have acted accordingly. I have collected &c., in four groups : (1) Old religions, (2) Parallela, (3)’

Very soon after his faculties failed him. He died on the 15th of June, 1921.

J.A.R.M.

Lincoln College, Oxford.

Reminiscences of William Warde Fowler

THIS is meant to be a sequel to the little memoir of my father's life which I wrote soon after his death in the year 1900. Thus the two together will form a sketch of the family history for rather more than a century. I am not supposing that any one outside the family and its belongings will take an interest in it, but the family itself has become so enlarged and spread about the world, that these little reminiscences of a time when it consisted of hardly more than a single household, may be of interest to some of my great-nephews and great-nieces.

My life really begins at the time when we moved from Staffordshire into South Wales. I can recollect something of the journey, the shrieking of the train in the tunnels, which greatly disturbed my peace of mind, and the three months' stay at Clifton on the way, in a house at the top of Canynge Square, a neighbourhood where in after years I was to pass many happy days. I have a vivid recollection of meeting my father on horseback in the road just under the Observatory, and being taken up on the horse by him.

I do not recollect the further journey to Merthyr Tydvil, but of the next five years in that strange place I have some very lively recollections. Merthyr was a very different place then from what it is now. It was then a great centre of ironworks, and after dark we could see from our schoolroom or nursery windows the illumination of the valleys by the Dowlais, Penydaren, Plymouth and Cyfarthfa ironworks,

and hear the din of the machinery. We were occasionally taken to see the works, and I have a picture in my mind now of the men at work running out long bars of iron with hardly any clothes on their backs. I believe I heard it said even then that their lives were short ones, that few of them lived much over forty, owing to the profuse perspiration in which they worked summer and winter; but in those days it was not our habit to think much of the labouring classes and their troubles; and eventually they had to work out their own salvation, as we are now learning to our cost. What their pay was I do not know, but I do know that their cottages were small, dreary, and dirty, that they had no gardens or allotments, and that they were selling their lives very cheap to the capitalist. That the capitalist was making large sums of money out of them was a plain and obvious fact. It is a comfort to me to reflect that they at least had justice done to them in the eye of the law, for they universally recognised my father as a just man; and I well recollect his telling me that no judgment he ever gave in their favour was resented by the ironmasters. But I must turn from such things as these, which I did not then understand, to our own quiet domestic life at Gwaelod-y-Garth, the house high up on the hill to the north-west, overlooking the noisy illuminated valley.

We had a very pleasant schoolroom, presided over by a young lady to whom I may honestly say that I owe a good deal. What we did by way of lessons for her I cannot the least remember; what I do remember is the walks that we took with her on the moor behind the house, where there was a path leading up to a bit of old ruin called Morlais Castle, and where in the spring I learnt to know a number of flowers which have been favourites of mine ever since—the celandine, coltsfoot (which grew abundantly on the tips

as they were called, *i.e.* the mountainous heaps of slag from the works), germander, speedwell, stitchwort, and some others. When the weather kept us indoors Miss Pierce's taste and feeling must have gradually trained me to love what was good in poetry and literature. We had a very good selection of children's books, and among them there was one in which I revelled, and for which my affection has never in the least faded, Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*. I still have the identical volumes in which I then read these delicate blooms of fancy, and I still love to read them and to read them aloud. My sister Alice, who was my companion in the schoolroom, had her favourites and I had mine; they were naturally those which have been always, or until recent years, the delight of children, but there were one or two which I even then at least half understood, *e.g.* *The Garden of Paradise*, which I still think is one of the most beautiful prose poems in literature. Probably the force with which these tales came home to me was partly due to the fact that we had hardly any children near us as playfellows, and especially in winter-time had abundance of leisure to think about what we read. Nowadays most children live a much more social life, and are less dependent upon story-books. In the winter evenings my father used to read aloud, and I have told in my sketch of his life how Macaulay's brilliant picture of the siege of Derry became fixed in my memory. Or sometimes he would have us to the piano to sing some little tune that he himself had hammered out. I began indeed at this time to learn the piano of Miss Pierce, but dropped it again for a time; I do not recollect why.

One of the great joys of my life at this time was seeing my father fishing for trout. Our neighbour, Mr. Crawshay, had two or three miles of the Usk, near Brecon, which he

preserved with great care, and my father used to take my brother and myself in the carriage over the wild and dreary road by the Storey Arms to a place where he had a lodging, now well known to students of Shelley as one of the many places where he rented a house in his early years. I can see my father hooking and playing a large trout, while my brother and I stood ready with the landing-net. It was on one of these visits that my brother was allowed to fish a little himself, and I remember my father telling him not to go beyond a certain point or he would be poaching on the water of Mr. Miers, of Peterstone. Little did any of us know that there was a little girl at Peterstone who was eventually to become my brother's wife, or that their ashes would rest side by side in the little churchyard near at hand.

In August 1855, when the Crimean War was wearing itself out, my sister and I were taken to Weymouth for six weeks of sea air, to stay with grandfather and aunt. I can well recollect how pleasant to my eyes were the verdant meadows of Somersetshire after the bleak hills and smoky valleys of Glamorganshire, as the train carried us from Bristol to Taunton and Yeovil. England was to me almost an unknown country, and I think it was just the accident of an early migration to Wales that has made me always so keenly enjoy the land that is really my own.

At Yeovil we left the train and got on the top of a coach—not a brake nor an omnibus, but a real old-fashioned coach—painted bright red and drawn by four horses; there was then no railway to King George's watering-place. Our way lay along roads which have since then become familiar to me; first to Sherborne and then southward through high chalk downs to the Roman city on the little river Frome. On the way we passed the great white giant of Cerne Abbas; I remember the driver pointing it out with his whip. At

Dorchester we changed horses, and then on again by that straight Roman road, passing the amphitheatre and the great chalky fortress of Maiden Castle, up a long wearisome hill, till we came on a ridge of Down where Weymouth Bay and Portland suddenly opened to your view. I have of late years often stood on this breezy ridge, known to all readers of Thomas Hardy's *Trumpet Major*; and for me it has always had a special charm, for it was here that I caught my first sight of the real sea, not the muddy Bristol Channel, but the clear blue of the sea that washes our chalk cliffs, into which you can look down and see the bottom far away.

There was then at the eastern end of the esplanade a stretch of wild ground where various flowers grew unknown to us in Wales, and among them I specially remember the rest-harrow, which has always been a favourite of mine. One year during the late war I spent a night at Weymouth College, and though I do not remember the rest-harrow, I found a little further on a plant unknown to me, and a beautiful one, the perfoliate yellow-wort. Of birds I remember nothing, and it was not till nearly twenty years later that I became really interested in them.

It was with a very heavy heart that I got into the red coach once more, and saw the last of Portland and the Bay. It was the first parting of my life; it meant goodbye to my mother's best-loved sister, an aunt who could tell us about her and did so with feeling and affection such as a step-mother could never show, however well-intentioned she might be. This aunt was to us the ideal of all that was beautiful, graceful and tender; and she was indeed a beautiful and intelligent woman, who was now devoting her life to the care of her old father, whose last surviving daughter she was. When quite young she must have been extremely beautiful; we have a pencil portrait of her drawn

by her father in 1834, at the age of nineteen, wearing an enormous coal-scuttle bonnet which positively seems to become her. Her name was Elizabeth Bacon, and I sometimes show the picture to my friends as representing another E.B., the heroine of *Pride and Prejudice*. It was hard to part with such an aunt as this, but it was not to be for long.

Soon after this the grandfather and aunt moved from Winchester to a house high up on Bathwick Hill at Bath, coming thus within easy reach of our family in Glamorganshire; and it was soon discovered that still further up on that hill there was a private school of good renown, to which my brother could go by staying with his aunt, and as he seemed to get on well there, I followed him in the spring of 1857. The two years which followed were perhaps the happiest and most fruitful of my life. It was an entirely new life of freedom that my brother and I lived there, and this was true both of home and school. I will say a word first about the school, for it was in every respect utterly unlike a private school of to-day. It had been for many years kept by an old fellow of the name of Kilvert, or Gaffer as we always called him; he was a scholar, and to some extent a man of letters. When we were under him he was writing the life of his ancestor Bishop Hurd, and used occasionally to print and circulate Latin or English verses among his friends. Quite recently I acquired from a second-hand catalogue a copy of a volume of *Remains*, which was published after his death, and which contained a fading photograph of him. It was curious, after the lapse of more than sixty years, to see his features once more—features austere after the old fashion of schoolmasters; yet kindly and benevolent. He was assisted by a couple of Ushers from Scotch Universities, who could, I suppose, be had cheap, and were a little more industrious and intelligent than young

Englishmen of their age. To one at least of these, whose name was Ker, I owe a good deal. But what I owe most to the school is the entire absence of any pressure or cramming. It is an astonishing fact that I cannot recollect ever doing a written examination all the two years I was there. I search my memory in vain. I may have had such an experience, but if so, it left no impression on my mind either for good or bad. Perhaps we were what would now be called slack; my brother and I played no games, went for no runs, shirked all the work we possibly could; and yet I cannot allow that we wasted our time altogether. I am speaking for my brother and myself, who as day-boys had more command over our time than the boarders. But what did we do with our time?

In the first place we read all the books we could lay hands on in the house, and added to them many from the circulating libraries of the city; what they were I do not very well remember, but they must have been well-written books, for we could both of us write quite good English in these same years. I may call to witness a single number of a paper we used to produce every week or so, called the *Chatterbox*; the one surviving number opens with an article on the feathers of butterflies' wings, written by me, with another of my brother's about some story of Greek mythology. In neither of these is there any failure of English. Then again we used to explore together the whole city of Bath, making the various churches points to aim at—the Roman remains and the Museum we knew of course quite well. Once more, we began with immense enthusiasm to collect butterflies and moths. Above us was the Sham Castle Hill, and beyond it a long ridge of Down and the Hampton Rocks; and all these provided us with plenty of specimens, especially Skippers and Blues, our great prize

being the lovely little Clifden Blue, which for many years I never saw again. To these we added a very good list when we went home for the summer holidays to Llandaff, where the family had by this time moved from Merthyr. One butterfly of which we caught several specimens, the Black-veined White, is, I believe, now almost extinct. Unluckily our collection got lost or destroyed at home when we were not there to look after it.

These two years were in other ways awakening for youthful minds. Not to speak of the Indian Mutiny and two Parliamentary elections, in which we took a very lively interest, there was a total eclipse of the sun, or one so nearly total as to cause the birds to stop singing and go to roost. (I find that it occurred on March 15th, and was what is called an annular eclipse.) And lastly there was the great comet of the same year, which in the autumn seemed to spread right over the heavens, and roused infinite misgivings in the minds both of adults and children. I myself lived in a continual state of anxiety about it, which was by no means soothed by the Advent sermons of our good Rector, who ought to have known better, as a man of ability and an excellent antiquary. It happened too that I was just then reading Harrison Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*, and found Mother Demdike and Mother Chattox haunting my dreams in their nightly excursions on broomsticks. But I pass to a much pleasanter subject and the beginning, at this same time, of a passion which has lasted all my life.

My aunt played the piano well and with good taste, and the piano she played on was a good one, one of Collard's old square pianos. How I came to want to play too I cannot remember; but an immense ardour seized me, and after asking her to set me going by giving me the notes on lines and spaces, I set to work by myself, and in a very

short time could read any easy piece of music. How it was done I cannot tell; I must have worked hard, but it was no work to me, and I have no recollection of any fatigue or labour. One thing I can clearly remember, that when I caught cold and stayed away from school, I was at the piano the whole day long. My aunt, who was always considerate and wisely encouraged enthusiasm, had a fire lighted for me in the drawing-room, and to this day the smell of lighted sticks reminds me of that time. When I was last in Bath, finding the house to let, I went round into the garden and peeped into the drawing-room where I had passed so many happy and industrious hours. When she thought I was equal to it, my aunt proposed that we should play a duet, and selected the 'Andante' of Mozart's E Flat Symphony. Thus my first introduction to that great composer was an attempt to play the bass of a duet in one of his most beautiful movements. About this time I found in a circulating library Edward Holmes' *Life of Mozart*, and the reading of this book, with its pathetic story of the Requiem, so affected my imagination as to give Mozart's life and work peculiar fascination for me, which it has never lost. Within the last year I have published two articles on the composer's travels and acquaintances in a new musical Quarterly.

In those days there were no such helps for a young enthusiast as he would meet with now. Concerts were few, and chamber music and orchestral music were not to be had except in London. The popular concert of the day consisted of a series of songs, duets, &c., by operatic stars; such a concert, the first one I can remember, was interrupted before it had got very far by a panic occasioned by a flue on fire. The next one, or almost the next, was memorable because Jenny Lind sang in it one or two of her most famous songs, e.g. 'On mighty pens,' from the *Creation*.

Unluckily I had no one to guide me or give me good advice in music, and I wasted half my time in what I called composing, of which the less said the better. On the other hand I taught myself to read music, which was the salvation of my musical soul. In a few months I had read, or tried to read, nearly all the music we had in the house; this consisted chiefly of Handel's Oratorios and a couple of volumes of miscellaneous pieces, fortunately including one or two Fugues of Bach, and more or less mutilated movements of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. This faculty of reading, which I forced upon my sister as soon as I got home, served us both well for half a century afterwards. She had an extraordinary power of reading the most difficult passages at first sight, and of interpreting the meaning of a composition, especially if it were one of Beethoven's.

In the year 1859, when I was at home at Llandaff, I fell into the hands of my sister's music master, the organist of the Cathedral, who was a really good musician, and the discipline I underwent from him was of real value to me. He made havoc of my compositions, and set me to learn scales and exercises. Unlearning is always difficult work, but I did not rebel, and if it could have only continued I might have made myself into a tolerable musician. But as it was, I had at the end of that time to go to a public school in which music was almost non-existent. There was a good organ in the chapel, but I cannot remember ever hearing a Fugue of Bach, or any great organ music, played on it. Such a thing as an organ recital was altogether unknown.

But I return to the year in which I was altogether at home, the last half of 1859 and the first half of 1860. The chief result for me of this time at home at Llandaff was that I came to know my father much better than I ever had done,

and to share his life to a considerable extent. He was by nature somewhat austere, and apt to claim more good sense and reasonableness from us than children in these days would be expected to possess. I may just give an example of his way with us. One day when he was driving us out from Merthyr, when I was about eight years old, he thought he would give me a first lesson in Roman History, and told me that Rome was founded in B.C. 753. In a few minutes he asked me the date of the foundation of Rome, but as I naturally had not the faintest interest in Rome or the Romans, and neither then nor at any subsequent time could remember anything in which I had no interest, I had of course entirely forgotten it. Then he told it me again, and I forgot it again, and I fear that my credit with him for intelligence was reduced to a very low ebb. But now he found in me something to like and something to cultivate; I helped him in some work he was doing for his book on the law of collieries, and he revived his Greek and Latin to get me ready for a public school. Thus there arose between us a friendship which lasted for the rest of his life. His confidence in me became marked, and I will give an instance of it.

We had a phaeton and a bay mare, a good animal but rather apt to shy, which I drove to the station most afternoons to meet him coming back from his court at Merthyr. I was thus quite used at twelve years old to be alone with this trusted old mare, and had had no accident or mishap of any kind with her. When the fishing season came on my father went to Merthyr one day to sleep, and arranged that I should join him there with the mare and the phaeton and go on to the Usk next day; the distance was about twenty-two miles. It was a somewhat rugged drive up the Taff Valley, among coal mines, ironworks, and mountains. So

far as I recollect neither I nor anyone else had any doubt that all would go well, and I disappeared from view and left no anxious hearts behind me. As it happened all did go well, but I was late in arriving at Merthyr, and I think my father must have been a bit anxious, for I met him in the suburb looking out for me. I had, it is true, run over a Welsh woman's small dog, or rather the little cur had got under the mare's legs, and the woman and her friends set up a terrible howling ; but fortunately for me this frightened the mare, and away she went down the road carrying me out of sight, though I was not unwilling to have made some reparation if the little beast were really injured. At the very end of her journey the mare shied again at the noise and flare of the Plymouth Works, and was rather difficult to manage in the now crowded thoroughfare. But the arrival of my father on the scene made all safe and sound.

He had a big trolling rod for pike fishing, with a huge float to which the bait was to be attached. When he and my mother went abroad that summer, he gave us leave to use this rod at a large sheet of water some miles from Llandaff, where there were said to be very large pike. We took the pony carriage, put it up at a farmhouse, and settled down to spend the day in fishing. We caught plenty of roach and tench, but no pike would stir. At last towards evening we rested the rod in the fork of a small tree, and began to pack up our things to go home. Then followed a scene, lasting only a minute or two, which is photographed on my memory with extraordinary vividness. Glancing at the water I suddenly saw the big float making off away from shore. I called to my brother who was nearer to the rod than I was ; he rushed down the bank, seized the rod, and tightened the line. In an instant the line cut his finger to the bone, and at the same moment far out from the bank

an enormous fish leaped from the water like a salmon, then vanished beneath the waves; back came the line, and away went the float to be seen no more. We finished our packing with rueful countenances, but the vision always remains of what might have been. My father's interest and goodwill was shown in the fact that he never complained of the loss of his great float.

In the summer of 1860 I went to Marlborough, where I was destined to remain six years. To me, coming from the hills and vales of Glamorganshire, the change to the open widespreading downs, mostly cultivated, was very depressing, and that autumn the dreary sound of threshing machines, which I had never heard before, associated itself with what then seemed to me the dreariness of the life in a way I have never forgotten. Savernake Forest on the southern side of the town was some compensation, but did not make up for the want of interest in the country around me, from which I suffered for a long time to come. It was only towards the end of my time that I began to feel the real glory of the downs, and the delight in short grass and aromatic flowers, which has made me love the south of England better than any other part of our island.

I made friends and enjoyed walks with them, but without knowing anything about the natural history of the objects we saw, and often so hungry (we were not well fed) that we found a piece of raw turnip not unpalatable, when the blackberries were gone, and ripe corn harvested. On the whole, looking back on that time, I think that the want of enjoyment elsewhere forced me back on the work I had to do, and gave Cæsar and Ovid and Euripides a stronger claim on my affection than they might have had if I had been happier out of doors. I have always had the faculty of getting interested in anything I have to do, and as these

authors were almost new to me I took to them without any of that dislike or indifference which so many boys very naturally feel. And there were simple pathetic passages here and there in Euripides which greatly moved me, and I remember that when a master illustrated one of these by dictating to us some lines in *Hamlet*, a new door in literature seemed opened for me. The master who did this is still alive, not many miles from where I am dictating this. With Shakespeare I most fortunately began to make acquaintance in my first holidays, for a prize was offered for the best examination in his Julius Cæsar, including a large portion to be learnt by heart. This enlarged my knowledge of the writer whose Gallic War we had so much to do with, and initiated me for the first time into the secrets and perplexities of our own language as used by a master. I did not get the prize, but I can trace to that piece of work a great deal of my education in literature; above all, it served to link together English and Roman History and to free me from the petty restrictions and ideas of ordinary school reading.

I should not like to omit that just at this time I first began to feel the force and reality of the Bible. All Bible lessons were not equally good, but at the very beginning of my time I was roused to a new conception of the history of the Jews, and of the geography of the Holy Land, by the lessons of my House-master, then also my Form-master, J. S. Thomas. I had never had any sort of interest in the Old Testament before, because no one had ever led me to suppose that the people in it were historical personages, and the land itself worth learning something about. But more important than this was the fact that the life of a public school, so far from leading to indifference in religious matters, had on me the exactly opposite result. At home the

church-going, for example, was formal and the services comparatively dull and out of touch with our life; here there was something that appealed to my feelings, far away from home as I was, and for the first time put religion in close touch with life. I might enlarge on this subject, but I will content myself with remarking that there is a good deal of misconception abroad about the influence of public schools on the religious side of a man's character.

For two years also I went on learning the elements of Greek and Latin with a good deal of trouble and pains, and with such glimpses into the spirit of literature as I could come by from time to time. But the first really delightful term I spent was in the Form of a master who remained a dear friend of mine to the day of his death as an old man of 80, and whose gifts as a teacher were altogether admirable and stimulating. Soon after his death I wrote of him in one of my *Essays for War-time*, and now, as I wish to emphasize what I owe to him, I cannot do better than transcribe what I then wrote. I had been writing of my beloved friend S. T. Irwin, of whom I shall speak later, and then I went on to my other friend (F. E. Thompson) lately departed in ripe old age.

'What immense enthusiasm he put into all we did together! It was that enthusiasm, often rather quaintly expressed, and always quietly, that was the secret of his power of attracting young human souls. I remember him saying once to me, in sober earnest, with a delightful smile on his face, "do you know, I think that Liddell and Scott is almost the most interesting book I ever read." The words were so audacious, so paradoxical for the ordinary run of us, that I have never forgotten them; but all he meant was that the big lexicon was feeding his enthusiasm for his work then going on. The result was

that his book on Greek syntax was the most interesting of its kind that I for one have ever read.

It was this enthusiasm that made himself a happy man, and made happy all his relations with the boys. Nay, his first enthusiasm was for the boys, and for the best of them it remained as friendship all his life.

The recollections on which I can dwell with peculiar affection are those of Shakespeare readings in his room with introductory tea. And we did not confine ourselves to Shakespeare; we read, so it seems to me, almost everything there was to read in English poetry of an imaginative and inspiring kind. And he had many ingenious ways of keeping up our interest and bringing out our tastes.

In games, in natural history, in soldiering, he carried us on by this individual enthusiasm of his; each pursuit as it came up becoming for him a kind of romance as well as a duty. I have no doubt that if it had fallen to him to teach science as it is now being taught in our public schools, he would have shown the same ardour, and that I should have caught it from him. But the days of science were not yet. It was his delight in the written and the spoken word that had the vital charm for most of us, a delight never divorced from his daily work with us, but passing by inevitable transition from the rich humanity of the great minds of the past into the young unripe humanity of the boys around him.'

In my last two years at Marlborough I made many good friends of whom one is still alive and living not far away from me. We had certainly a vein of independence in us, and though we were not remarkable for scholarship, like S. H. Butcher, who was a year or two younger and had not yet come by his own in the school, we started two institutions which have lasted ever since, and have had

considerable influence and weight in the school. One of these was the Natural History Society, the origin of which was no doubt in part due to a Master, the Rev. T. A. Preston, but could not have been developed but for the indefatigable interest in the subject of certain boys, now for the first time lifted far above the old passion for bird-nesting and squirrel-killing. The reports of the society continue to appear yearly, and have had their value in a scientific sense. Our other exploit was the founding of *The Marlburian*, originally meant as a vehicle for our literary ambition, but now and for a long time past chiefly given up to school games and other such interests. It was followed by the *Rugby Meteor* and several other school papers, and the form of it is still reproduced in all these little publications. I and my friends wrote a good many pieces of varying merit both in prose and verse; of my own there is only one which I care to reproduce, and that perhaps chiefly because my friend Thompson liked it and referred to it almost on the last occasion on which I met him. My slumbers in the warm summer nights had been disturbed by a corncrake which had taken up its abode on 'the Mount' just opposite our open windows; hence the effusion, as Wordsworth would have called it.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

I heard the cool breeze as it came from the forest,
And kissed the broad leaves of the linden below,
And stealing their sweetness, crept on to my lattice,
And breathed all its burden upon my hot brow.

I could see the tall poplar against the dark heaven,
With a million leaves dancing, did the wind only sigh:
I could see the long ripple pass over the cornfield,
And die in the shade, as the Zephyr flew by.

Not a living thing stirred in the darkness before me,
 The nightingale's head was beneath her brown wing :
 If the owlet was sitting on the church tower yonder,
 She stirred not, and cried not, but sat wondering.

And so still was the night, and the glimmering shadows,
 That I thought some sweet sounds with its stillness might
 suit :

So I sat there alone and sent forth to the darkness,
 Some sounds soft and low, the clear notes of my flute.

Then from under the corn and from under the ripple,
 From my rose-bowered lattice not fifty yards forth,
 Came a strange double craking that jarred on my fluting,
 And jarred on the stillness, and woke up my wrath.

'Ah, the corn-crake ! ' I thought, in the still summer twilight,
 ' Why of all other birds art thou only awake ? '
 But he craked and he craked, and I waited his stopping :
 But he kept up his grating crake, crake, and crake, crake.

So I put down my flute and I closed up my window,
 And gave up the field to my foe : for I said,
 ' Hath this strange bird of night not more right to be craking
 Than I to be fluting just over his bed ?

' Did I break on his slumber, or some golden dreaming
 Of a full nest of young, a long summer of joy ?
 Yet to-morrow the reapers may come with the sickle,
 And robbing the nest, those sweet visions destroy.

' Let him dream while he may—I am grieved if I woke him,
 To sorrow or fear, for my own sorrow's sake.'
 So I lay down : but still from the cornfield I heard him
 Give forth that strange grating crake, crake, and crake,
 crake.

I turn for a moment to the holidays I spent in these
 last two or three years of school life. They were made
 exceeding pleasant by the removal of the family from Llandaff

to Neath, where a big house looking down on the town had lately come into possession of an uncle of mine who divided it into two parts, of which we had one, with the large garden and grounds. There were also some two thousand acres of shooting, but unluckily there was nothing to shoot except a few snipe upon the moor. What made it so enjoyable for me during the fifteen years in which we lived here was the fishing; there were three large sheets of water, two of which contained abundance of trout, and the third a good stock of coarse fish, such as carp, tench, and roach. The carp used to go about in a flock in warm summer weather, and many a time have I shot at them out of the boat when they were only just under the surface, without ever making any impression upon their resplendent armour. For some time I had no trout rod, and had to leave the trout alone, but after a visit to my uncle in Breconshire, where I caught my first trout, I fell violently in love with the sport, for which I had an inherited instinct. I consider it quite the most delightful of all out-of-door occupations, and in my later years enjoyed it more than ever. How well I remember the first trout I caught in a river during that visit; at a particular point in the stream there was a little black pool under the further bank, and

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream,

I knew there must be a trout lurking. I contrived to let my fly slip down on to this point, and the trout immediately rose. I struck far too violently, the trout described a semi-circle over my head on to the grass, but the top joint of the rod split in two, and there was an end of my fishing, for I was leaving the next day. But the recollection of that moment has never faded from my mind,

and the immediate result was the purchase of a trout-rod and the exploration of the big ponds at Neath, and of the little brook that flowed through them. The highest of these ponds, on which we put a boat, was full of trout of wonderful strength and beauty, with flesh as pink as a salmon's. They were liable to the capriciousness of all lake trout, but at times you could catch a dozen beauties in an hour or two of fishing.

One morning early in October 1866 with my friend Charles Crawley as a companion I walked over the Downs to Swindon for the last time; he went on to Cambridge and I to Oxford. It was high time to be escaping from the limitations of a public school, however much one loved it; I was already more than nineteen, and needed some new intellectual stimulus, some casting off of the habits of thought engendered in a place like Marlborough, far away from the real life of the world. These habits were good in themselves, especially in regard to literature, but what I needed was to go further afield and break through the old boundaries. By an extraordinary piece of luck this became possible for me within a few days of my reaching Oxford, but I had a very narrow escape of falling into another region of limited thought, which I must very briefly explain.

That night I found myself comfortably fixed in beautiful rooms in the garden quad of New College, where I had matriculated in the previous May. New College was then a smallish college, chiefly consisting of Winchester men, and among these there was a considerable leaven of gentlemanly but frivolous youths, whose highest aims were either athletic or social. Their scholarship was often good, but they did not in the least know how feeble they were intellectually. My Marlborough friends, W. J. Greenwell and H. P. Henderson, who had also come to New College,

were nearly ruined in this atmosphere, and so probably should I have been but for the arrival of a letter from my father telling me that he could not keep me at Oxford unless I won a scholarship, and that in any case I must not stay on at New College. This was the result of the financial panic of that year, and there was no help for it. Luckily for me four Classical Scholarships at Lincoln College were just going to be competed for, and the age of candidates was not restricted to nineteen as at other colleges. I was just in the nick of time, went in for the examination, and came out second in the list. It was rather sad to leave the luxury and beauty of New College for a small college in the very centre of the city, which at that time was in very bad repair and wanting in all the graces and elegances of the life I had looked forward to. I had to take a room in Turl Street to sit in, and was obliged to come into college to a small bedroom inside another man's room for the whole of the next two Terms. But these and other material disadvantages were entirely outweighed by the character and standing of the men among whom I found myself. Several were Scotchmen, bent on real work, and one, who eventually became a peer, Edmund Robertson, was perhaps the ablest man I ever knew. Others were J. A. Stewart, now Professor of Moral Philosophy, and J. S. Cotton; and yet another was James, now President of St. John's and for years Headmaster of Rugby. There were others too, and especially Dill, now Sir Samuel Dill, whose remarkable books on the later Roman history have raised him to a high pitch of literary fame. There was indeed a considerable element of riff-raff in the college, but among such men as these it was impossible to be idle or luxurious, or to stay within the old public school intellectual limits for long. We soon became friends, and with some of them I have remained

friends ever since, for it fortunately happens that, besides myself, three at least of them are still alive.

I was in luck, too, in coming to a college where the tutorial staff was as good as any in Oxford, or even better. The Head was Mark Pattison, a mystery to us undergraduates, but in reality the only classical scholar in Oxford at that time who really understood what was meant by learning. He was at that time writing his book, *Isaac Casaubon*, which at once placed him in the highest position in the world of learning and letters. He had been, as may be read in his *Memoirs*, an indefatigable college tutor, and he still liked to know any Scholar who shared in his own interests or showed any sign of doing so in the future. For this purpose he used occasionally to take out one of us for a walk. These walks must have been rather trying to him, but he went through them nobly, only taking care not to invite a dull man a second time. I well remember my first walk with him, which I think was quite a success; we went up the Happy Valley, and by a field path to the very spot where the Poet Laureate's house now stands. I forget whether it was on this occasion or a later one that I found that he was a great fisherman and fond of natural history; but this discovery created a bond between us which was to me of great value, because it made him open out his inner mind to me in matters of scholarship and college work, so that I gradually began to find out what learning meant. When I took to the study of birds some years later he was immensely pleased, and presented me with the latest scientific list of British birds to make sure that I should make no mistakes in terminology.

I have seen things said about Pattison in books which are in whole or part quite misleading. But one only has to read his *Memoirs* to see that he had a twist in his

character that was most unfortunate for his reputation at Oxford. I could tell many stories about him, but it is not worth while now to revive them. Of his personal appearance, I only need to quote a perfect picture drawn by an undergraduate of genius in a poem called *Morning Chapel* :

And now the Rector goes
With a dewdrop at his nose,
And his skinny hands in loose black gloves enrolled ;
Irresistibly, I fear,
Suggesting the idea
Of a discontented lizard with a cold.

He was very regular at morning chapel, which was then a dreary, dark, and perfunctory service, attended by a very few unwilling men. Thus to the ordinary undergraduate he remained the very embodiment of Donnishness, and they came to the college and left it without knowing more about 'Pat' than what could be gained from such a view of him as this or from a single ceremonial breakfast with him and Mrs. Pattison.

The Subrector, who really ran the college, Thomas Fowler, was in later years a very dear friend of mine, the kindest and best natured man I have almost ever known. But in my first year or two, though in reality he was making his mark intellectually and socially in Oxford, we knew him best as a giver of substantial breakfasts, and as a capable lecturer on logic and Aristotle. In both these departments he did his work thoroughly ; the breakfasts were such as I can never forget, and the lectures if not stimulating were certainly substantial. The breakfasts started with fish and unlimited amount of buttered toast, and went on to mutton chops, beefsteaks, and if I recollect

right, a tankard of strong ale with toast in it. Tommy, as we affectionately called him, was quite equal to the consumption of all these good things, and I have often watched with admiration the perspiration running down his face as the result of them. He was a very big stout man, and seemed to need continual solid sustenance. I once saw him make up a dish in Lincolnshire fashion, which was almost more than I could stand, and drove me from the Common Room; on a basis of cold beef he added a layer of mustard, on the top of that a layer of ham, then a liberal course of vinegar, and then something else which I have forgotten. But I must not go on recalling these odd ways of my old friend. In spite of them all, in spite of his want of H's, and in spite of many another habit likely to amuse an undergraduate, nearly all of us liked him, and some few even loved him.

Of W. W. Merry, afterwards a distinguished Rector, I knew but little; he was already known as a Homeric scholar, and was in fact more completely at home both in Greek and Latin than any man I have ever known; but he had not in him that desire of knowledge that makes a great scholar, and he missed his opportunities. He was in fact an admirable scholar of the old English type, but his wife and family, his living and sermons, and his naturally self-indulgent disposition, prevented his ever rising to the level of professorial attainment.

My own tutor, Henry Nettleship, was a very different man, and a much more lovable one. So long as he remained at Oxford he was the best friend I had; we played duets together, in which process his musical knowledge was of considerable use to me. His lectures on Virgil, short, unimpressive to the ordinary man, were to me quite admirable, lifting me up in Virgilian knowledge high above

the level that I had reached at school. He, like Pattison, knew what real learning was, learning without pedantry, and with a feeling for literary form and expression. His best work was done later on when he became Professor of Latin, and I have quite lately found the value of his *Essays on Roman literature* while writing my address as President of the Classical Association for 1920. It was a misfortune for me that he left Oxford to take a Harrow Mastership, and married the daughter of one of the Masters there, for after that we were never again on quite the same intimate footing. It was unlucky for me because Nettleship was one of the few men in Oxford who knew what classical research meant; he had stayed some time in Berlin, which was at that time the home of some real scholars, and had introductions from Pattison which brought him into personal contact with them. It is difficult in these days to realise how utterly inadequate was the ordinary Oxford lecture in classics or ancient history. I went to lectures by Creighton, afterwards Bishop of London, which were delivered with an emphasis which gave them a certain popularity, but were totally without value for anyone who really wished to learn. I remember that when my late Headmaster, Bradley, came to Oxford as Master of University College, and was to lecture on Greek history, he asked me whether it would be sufficient to boil down Grote and Curtius!

At the end of my first year at Oxford my Marlborough friend Evans and I joined in the first of those delightfully free and happy walking expeditions which are sweetest at the age of twenty-one or so. Our idea was to walk from Oxford to the Severn, across the big river by ferry, and so arrive on foot at Evans' home at Chepstow. As a matter of fact we went by train to Witney, and started to walk to Fairford in hot and beautiful weather clad in college blazers and

straw hats. Next morning, after a good look at the church and its windows, we started again for Malmesbury, and had lunch at Cricklade; after which we plunged into a country so desolate, that we literally could not find a soul to ask our way of, or a sign-post to direct us. At last we found an old fellow cutting a hedge, and asked him whether we were going right for Malmesbury; he slowly turned and looked at us, and then asked where we had come from last, to which we replied Cricklade. 'Then you might as well be at Cricklade now' he remarked, but gave us some idea of our right direction. Hot and weary, we plodded on till the shades of evening began to fall, and till a friendly farmer, sitting on his gate and smoking his pipe after the labour of the day, invited us in and refreshed us with excellent beer, and so we arrived at Malmesbury, a place that few people know, but one which I should dearly love to revisit.

Next morning we were very footsore, but determined to push on over the Cotswolds to the Severn. This, however, we did not accomplish. When we arrived at Wickwar, 16 miles from Malmesbury, we had had enough, and fortunately we found that the ferry over the Severn was a long way off and somewhat uncertain; so we took the train round by Gloucester, and to quiet Evans' conscience I consented to alight at the last station before Chepstow that we might arrive at his home on foot. I am bound to say that those last five miles were among the most trying that I have ever had to endure.

Later in this summer I went with Evans and another friend for a reading party to Wales, where lodgings had been provided for us by my aunt, now by the death of her husband in possession of Llwyn Madoc. I have a diary of all this pleasant time, and though it is still amusing to

read, it is too trivial to be made use of here. One thing is plain from it, that I myself did not work hard enough, being too much taken up with rambling and fishing. No wonder that when it came to examination a few months later on I did not succeed in getting into the first class. That did not afflict me much; I was thoroughly enjoying life, and made a resolve that in the more important trial yet to come I would not miss the mark.

But I was now in a position of independence, and ready for travel. Our dear aunt had died suddenly, leaving us three her residuary legatees, and this brought me in from time to time considerable sums that could be spent as I pleased. So in the summer of '68 my brother and I started for a tour abroad, he with a very sensible object, the study of architecture, and I with no object at all except to recover my health and spirits. We went to Paris, Geneva, Lausanne, and so into the heart of Switzerland, where, having no knowledge at all of how to walk or climb there, we made a futile attempt to ascend a height near Martigny, and returned very footsore and good for nothing. We did better in making for the Eggischorn Hotel and ascending the Peak, and so gaining an idea of what the greatest glacier in Europe is like, with which I was to become so familiar in later years. Then to the Grimsel and over the Furka to Hospenthal, another place which later on was to supply me with valuable material for a chapter in *A Year with the Birds*. Then we took a carriage and drove lazily down to the Lake of Lucerne, where, during an ascent of the Rigi, my brother got a slight sunstroke, which made him ill for several days. But we managed to get over the beautiful Brünig Pass to Meiringen, then uncontaminated by railway; and rested for a day or two at this place, which was later on to become almost a second

home for me. Of birds I then knew nothing at all, but a letter which I wrote to Evans, and which he sent me to read the other day, shows that I was enjoying myself among the butterflies which in that fine summer were in great abundance near the Reichenbach Hotel. Then over the passes to Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, and so to Bern, Basle, Schaffhausen, and the South German towns of Ulm, Augsburg, and Nuremburg, and home by Mainz, Cologne, Brussels, and Ostend. All this time my brother had been collecting architectural photographs, and educating himself for the profession he was to adopt in a year or two. I came back with a considerable experience of travel, and a great desire to know German, which started me the following term on a regular series of lessons with the German teacher in Oxford.

Next year, 1869, we renewed our Swiss travel together with a friend who knew something about the Alps, F. H. Baynes, of Minchinhampton. We made straight for Meiringen, and here it is curious to think that within a week, or even less, two of the most eventful friendships of my life were made. We asked our landlord at Meiringen for a useful guide, and presently he introduced a good-looking man of 45 or so, whose name was Johann Anderegg, a cousin of the famous Melchior, the prince of guides. To this man we all at once took a fancy, and at his suggestion we set out next morning for the Grimsel to explore the glaciers of the Aar. Here we acquitted ourselves so well that he made the further suggestion that we should cross the glaciers to the Eggischorn, which we did the next day. I was the only one of the three who could talk any German, and in the course of 15 hours, chiefly on snow and ice, Anderegg and I had laid the foundation of an intimacy which lasted to his death.

Within the last few days I have had a letter from his only son, with a photo of all his flourishing family.

On our arrival after some adventures at the Eggischorn, a 'caravan,' with ropes and ice axes, but weary and sunburnt, we found an elderly gentleman who eyed us with interest, next to whom I sat at the dinner which followed. We found that he was a member of the Alpine Club who had been up Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, and we soon struck up an acquaintance, and agreed to travel together first to the Bel Alp, and then to Zermatt. Here after a day or two we separated, as our next expedition on the glaciers was too arduous for Captain Barrow, who was now sixty or more. But before we parted he insisted that during my next term at Oxford I should come and see him at a village called Kingham, where he had a little house and garden, and this invitation, though I never expected to see more of him, I did actually receive, and on October 26th in that autumn found myself for the first time in the place which has long been a very dear home for me.

Thus the first week in July of that year was a most eventful one for me. The rest of our time in the Alps was very pleasantly passed, but there is no need for me to dwell on it. I returned to join Evans in a real reading party, not a sham one, at a remote little place called Abergwessin on the borders of Breconshire and Cardiganshire, and in the newly-built Vicarage of the Rev. John Jones, commonly called Johnnie, whose acquaintance I had made two years before. Johnnie was a great character; a big ungainly Welshman, full of fun and humour, and a sly dog, as the following story will show, which I extract from my diary kept during that very happy time.

Johnnie had a brother-in-law in the merchant service who was now at Tregaron, 12 or 14 miles away, and

Johnnie was very anxious to go over and see him, accompanied by at least one of us. There was something to be brought back, said to be a ham, which turned out afterwards to be not a ham at all, but anyhow it had to be got to Abergwessin, and there was no easy means of fetching it over the lonely mountain track. So Evans, tempted by the prospect of seeing Strata Florida Abbey, which was near Tregaron, was persuaded to go. I declined, because I had a headache and the weather was very hot.

I was awoke at an early hour by Johnnie appearing half-dressed and under the impression that I was going too, and as I did not know this, I abused him roundly, and when he was gone locked the door. My headache of yesterday was by no means improved by being thus disturbed. When they were gone, I read Humboldt's *Kosmos* for some time, and then went down to breakfast; after which I put my rod together and went out to fish, though it was a blazing morning and the water as clear as glass. The fish were, however, on the feed, and such few as existed in the river as far as Llanerchyrfa consented to rise, but I only caught one. Beyond Llanerchyrfa the sun and the fishing both brightened, and though I was nearly burnt to death and my head was bad, I succeeded in catching six more trout, with which, after a severe thunderstorm, from which I sheltered in a tiny cottage swarming with children, pigs, and fowls, not to speak of the hospitable mother who could not speak a word of English, I triumphantly returned home. After dinner I fell asleep over the *Kosmos*; and so the day wore away till the travellers returned. It was too late that night to explain that the 'ham' was really a heavy parcel of twelve pounds of guano, which had to be carried on a stick, of

which Evans and Johnnie held the two ends, during a walk of about fourteen miles. Johnnie expressed his sorrow, and told me that Evans had not been best pleased with the task of carrying it. Putting his account and Evans' together, I conjecture that the latter considered himself ill-treated by the sly Welshman, while Johnnie himself thought the whole thing rather a joke. But he had got his guano, real guano from South America, and the next day, as Evans put it, might be seen 'dealing out the ham' to his garden.

In October of this eventful year, as I have already said, I paid my first visit to Kingham, twenty-two miles from Oxford, the train running through a country of great beauty the whole way; I never tire of it even now. I found Mr. Barrow waiting for me, and after a good lunch, at which the old gentleman supported himself with stout and port wine, we took a walk in the direction of Daylesford. Barrow's eccentricities were abundantly illustrated that day; he had a little house which was long ago the Rectory, and in the garden was a tall flag-staff, on which at 8 a.m. he displayed an appropriate flag, one of a great many in his cupboard, hauling it up with the help of his gardener, William Pearse. During our walk he saw an old fellow with a gun to frighten the rooks away, and asked him to let him have a shot, which was duly recompensed by a shilling. In the evening, after more port and stout, he wrote up his log-book, as he called it, and the next morning completed this work by cutting out the interesting extracts from the *Times* and pasting them in the book. Any contributions of mine in verse or prose delighted him. I fear I cannot recover any of these now, for they are in the Bodleian Library, to which Barrow bequeathed his forty volume log-book handsomely bound, and by no means a bad chronicle of events. In the evenings too we were

much occupied with Alpine adventures and the *Alpine Journal*, and also with *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, of which I have recently acquired a copy; and with stories of Arctic exploration, to which the old gentleman was devotedly attached, having been himself a member of the Arctic Council in the days when search was being made for the remains of Sir John Franklin's lost party. Barrow, I should say, had been for many years Keeper of the Admiralty Records, and had written an excellent Life of Sir Francis Drake, which has only lately been superseded.

It was just at this time that I began a friendship which lasted for the rest of his life with S. T. Irwin, who had just come up from Wellington College with an Exhibition at Lincoln; he soon changed this for a Scholarship at Exeter, which luckily was only next door. I have written of him in the volume which contains his Clifton School addresses, and again in my *Essays in Brief for War Time*, p. 80, where he is the first of the two ideal schoolmasters there described. But no description can convey the mysterious charm of one who was half an Irishman with all the provocative malice, the affectionate goodwill, the never-ceasing mental vivacity, the unsparing generosity, of a true son of Ireland. There were some whom he never forgave for words said or deed done, but I and most of my friends knew how to enjoy treading on his coat-tails without endangering our friendship. He had curious little prejudices which it was necessary to steer clear of. For instance, in the Worcestershire country where the Irwins then lived, the meadow fritillaries were called 'mother uglies,' on which he based a positive dogma that they really were ugly flowers. One summer day he and I had been down the river to the fields where they grow, and had been indulging in an argument which quickly assumed

the appearance of a quarrel; and we were actually about to separate, when who should come along but Ruskin and Sir Henry Acland with great bunches of the flowers in their hands. This put an end to our trouble, for Irwin as quickly and generously gave in as he had quickly and bitterly provoked me. As a schoolmaster, the following passage may recall to his old pupils the peculiar charm of his personality. 'He was in his earlier days not only unmethodical, but untidy, irregular, unpunctual: a late sitter-up, an inveterate smoker: a delightful and indefatigable talker, with a marvellous memory for stories and quotations: quick to take offence, and apt to speak cuttingly if offended. As he grew older the genius for friendship which, innate itself, had been nursed all through his youth in an atmosphere of pure humanity, blossomed into an affection for all true-hearted boys and men, no matter what their attainments or their interests, which will make his memory dear to them as long as they live. If you ask one of them why it is so, he can only tell you that he knows he will never again meet a man like that one. He cannot express in words the mysterious power that brings and binds human souls together. But he has certain choice books in his shelves, old ones probably, with affectionate inscriptions in a somewhat illegible hand: and he has certain choice quotations in his memory, well charged with wise counsel, to serve him as ballast in his voyage through life.'

The next year, 1870, I started my long vacation with intent to read hard for some weeks, and then go abroad with my brother. I used to rise at 6 or 6.30, make myself a cup of cocoa in the old nursery etna, work for an hour and a half, breakfast at nine, and then take my rod and catch a trout or two. From about half-past ten till half-past

one I worked away at Herodotus or Aristotle, and then after a smoke went for a walk or for another fish. Suddenly war was declared between France and Germany; but we thought that Normandy would be a quiet place, with plenty of beautiful architecture, to make up for the loss of Alpine climbs.* I fear the extremely foolish decision that we came to to go to France was chiefly my doing; I wanted to get the work well out of my head, and I did get it out, but at the cost of great discomfort. Of those few days I happen luckily to have kept a little diary which I still preserve, and which is quite interesting reading. We crossed to Calais and went on through Amiens to Rouen, meeting a train of French wounded on the way. Thence we went to Lisieux, then a quaint little town with an almost perfect cathedral, where the streets were lighted by lamps hung on ropes stretched across the street from one house to another. Here the French were very civil, and the country very charming, but we went on next day, August 24th, to Caen. My diary may here be quoted: 'On arriving set out to see the churches. While looking for the Abbaye aux Hommes, we came to the Castle and its fortifications. Here a fellow in a blouse was sentinel. For two or three minutes we stayed, then descended again the dirty street to the town. Half-way down a brute lays his dirty hand on Jack's shoulder: "Je crois que vous êtes des Prussiens." Beast and brute! representations of course all in vain. We politely entreat him to show us the way to the Mairie, which he forthwith sets about doing, shouting out at the same time "des Prussiens, des Prussiens." Instantly a crowd, chiefly of small boys: but shortly one or two brutes with short pipes join in jawing and hollowing; we go on smiling, the crowd increases. We enter a new street where, as luck will have it, is the Garde mobile meeting for drill.

One of them takes his station just behind us, banging his gun on the ground at intervals, and bellowing "à bas la Prusse! vive la France." We go along: welcome sight, a gendarme. I take him by the button, and my tongue speaks forth French as it never did before. I explain matters instantly, and he motions back the crowd. But on they come ten-fold. As I speak to him the children hustle all round with attentive ears. We near the Mairie, where the gendarme motions us in first and our accuser follows. Some one in uniform fetches a fellow who is apparently Commissioner of Police, and who shows us to an inner room as the crowd is eagerly looking through the windows; he gives us chairs and sends a gendarme to our hotel for our passports. We wait; and at last he takes a piece of paper and examines us. Nothing results. After an hour or so the gendarme arrives with all our papers. Jack's architectural sketches give some trouble, and Alice's journal, which she kept while here with her father in June, was translated into French by an interpreter. At last we are let go; conducted by the back door of the Mairie to avoid the crowd, and here we find young Humby, who goes home with us. At nine-thirty p.m. the Marseillaise was still roaring outside.'

After this we ought of course to have packed up and gone home, but the architecture was very fascinating, and we decided to stay on a day or two. Two days after our last adventure, we went out and found a most beautiful little church, four miles out on the Bayeux Road. As we were sketching some of its details, we were interrupted by some quarry men headed by the local schoolmaster. We had our passports, but they were not pleased with something in them, and it was with difficulty that we got away, only to find a crowd of quarrymen waiting for us at the

Maire's gate. These fellows insisted on walking with us into Caen, where they said they would see justice done on us. Again, however, we got away from their clutches, and were sent down, after a very justifiable lecture from a commanding officer on the 'maladressement' of remaining in the town after having been once arrested and let go,—for somebody in the crowd had spoken up and told what happened two days before. When we got down to the Mairie in a fly with a sergeant on the box (he bore the great name of Russell, I remember) we found our friend the commissaire in the middle of his dinner, and in that greasy condition of countenance which a third-rate Frenchman assumes at that hour. The poor man was so disgusted at having his meal interrupted in this way that he fell upon the sergeant and abused him roundly for bringing us here a second time; we were dismissed, and the sergeant, as I trust, escaped with nothing worse than a scolding. After this the only thing was to get home to England as quickly as possible, and this we did, though not without difficulty. A crowded boat took us to Newhaven, and never have I been gladder to see my native country.

We finished our tour in Devon and Cornwall, where we saw the biggest gale I ever remember from the Lizard, and afterwards from the Gurnard's Head; it was the storm which sent to the bottom the new ironclad *Captain*, with its inventor on board, Capt. Cowper Coles, in the Bay of Biscay.

After this I made for home and entered on my last spell of work, which I am glad to say ended happily in a first-class in the Final School, with my friend J. A. Stewart as a companion. This so greatly delighted my father that we had a very happy time that Christmas, and plenty of castle-building in the air. I took my degree, and this brings

me to the end of my undergraduate time, and may close a chapter.

In those days if you got a first-class in any Final School, you were at once considered eligible for a College Fellowship, or any other good thing that might present itself. I very soon had an offer of a Mastership at Westminster, and another of a Tutorship in the Highlands to Lord Aberdeen; but I had an instinct, partly based upon incipient deafness, that I should do better if I could catch a convenient College Fellowship, which would give me time to prosecute some aims which I had long nursed. Accordingly, and to the great astonishment of Mr. Lee Warner, who made me these offers, I determined to remain in Oxford, where my own College gave me a little Pass work to do for a term or two. I knew that a Fellowship was vacant, and I believed that both Rector and Subrector had a good opinion of me. Accordingly one morning in the middle of my breakfast, just when I was ladling out an egg from the saucepan in which I had boiled it, Merry, the later Rector, broke into my room, and congratulated me with the news of a unanimous election. This was indeed an event for me; it united my destinies with those of the College, and I still hold the Fellowship to which I was that day elected. I often have searchings of heart as to whether I am justified in this, but my colleagues often tell me to lay aside all scruple, and consider what I have done for Lincoln College, not only in the holding of office, but in the use I have made of my leisure to write books which have brought credit to the College and its Fellows. My portrait hangs in their Hall, and I trust that my name will not soon be forgotten there. Floreat Lincoln!

In 1871 I was much exhausted by the severe work of examination, and at the same time began the deafness which

has never since left me. So it was arranged that I should join my younger brother Herbert on a visit to Nancy, where we had good friends in a Polish family named Bartkowski, of which the father was Professor in the Lycée of Nancy, and one daughter had been at home with us teaching my sisters. We crossed Paris, which was riddled with the cannon balls and bullets of the Commune, and arrived at Nancy very early next morning. Our hunger was to some extent appeased by the fine sight of German regiments worn and dusty from the war, with their flags flying and bands playing. Presently we were able to find our friends, and Madame B. took us to our lodgings at the top of a grocer's house with a friendly Pole next door on the landing and half-a-dozen German soldiers billeted next beyond him. It may serve to give an idea of the bad feeling between French or Polish and German at that time if I recall a little incident which happened the night before the Germans were going away. We had put our boots as usual outside the door when the friendly Pole tapped gently at our door. I jumped up and opened the door a little way and found him there pointing to our boots. 'Take them in,' he said emphatically, 'those fellows are going to-morrow morning early, and you will never see your boots again.'

Soon after this I went on alone to Switzerland, armed with careful injunctions from a Mr. Gamble to go to the Bear Inn at Meiringen instead of to any larger hotel, to ask for Mr. Gamble's ice axe, and to use it as much as I pleased. Also he gave me all sorts of friendly messages to the landlord, Herr Willi, who for many years after this was a very good friend of mine, and a man of some literary and historical knowledge. He eventually became a Cabinet Minister for Canton Bern, but he stands with a napkin on his arm on the steps of the Bear Inn in the photo which I

have of it. Alas, street and inn and all the Meiringen of that day has disappeared, after two successive conflagrations.

While waiting for my elder brother to join me at Meiringen, I began collecting plants both there and wherever else we went. I found that Anderegg had a fair knowledge of botany, which he had learnt from Professors for whom he had collected. Unluckily I have lost my collection, though not the love for those delicious aromatic Alpine blossoms, which in June and the early part of July make the air so fragrant. I did not then know anything at all about birds, nor for some years to come; I will tell that story in due time. After this we went to the Engadine and up one or two mountains there, but I never cared to go again, nor did old Anderegg. I think it was in driving through the Engadine valleys that we found we had got a horse without a tail. I asked the meaning of it, and the answer was that it was a Bourbaki; and the explanation was that when General Bourbaki's forces were driven over the frontier and interned in Switzerland, their horses were done up in long strings to be sold, and were so desperately hungry (for it was mid-winter) that each horse ate the tail of the one in front of it. Whether he also digested it I cannot undertake to say.

On my return to Oxford I found Roman History wanted both for lectures and tuition. There had been a change in the books taken up by statute, and among the new ones was Polybius, to whom I now began to devote myself with ardour, and to write a commentary upon some of his books. The same changes introduced me to Plutarch's *Lives* and the letters of Cicero; I have recently returned to the first decade of Livy with great pleasure and interest, but at that time no doubt it was good to travel over rather wider ground. I did in fact begin at this time to read carefully

all the texts that I should be likely to need under the new system, and tried my eyes severely.

While this reading was going on there arrived at College a youth from Eton of an attractive countenance, whose portrait, painted by his sister, is hanging in my drawing-room at this moment; the picture was in the Academy Exhibition for 1873, and was called 'Six Bars Rest.' This lad was the son of the late Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who was as perfect a scholar in the classics as he was musician and mathematician. He brought up all his children to be musicians, and Edward at the age of nineteen was really a very good executant with a considerable knowledge of the feeling of music and what I may call its scholarship. For many years by correspondence or by pleasant and congenial meetings we worked at music together, and it is pleasant to think that even now he has just been asking me for my consent to the purchase of a new violin, with which to revive his old passion for music. I had given him an old Italian one, but he is now the possessor of an old Spanish one which seems to please everybody, and has set him off afresh at a time when his eyes were too much damaged to let him read.

The year 1872 was a famous one for me. I was elected Fellow in the spring, and went off with my friend Stewart, now Senior Student of Christ Church, to Rome, anxious to get as much into a month as we could manage. We did not get beyond Rome, but I think I became familiar enough with the geography of Rome and the Campagna to help my work in Roman History for many years to come. Not many amusing incidents befell us; but it was all quite new, and certain scenes are photographed on my memory, such as that of the cold baths we had ordered over night at a Florentine Hotel, and which turned out to cost five shillings each, the

cold water being conveyed in huge wine-casks to our rooms and there left for us to make the best of. It was very delicious to wallow in the cold water after our long journey, but it resulted in bad colds, which were unfortunate for the beginning of our Roman explorations. Of these many were visits to picture galleries as well as the Vatican, for our fatherly tutor, Thomas Fowler, had given us explicit directions on this point. At the present moment I could wish that I might have given a little more time to the outward view and surface of the city. As it was the time had flitted away before even that was accomplished. If I were going to Rome for the first time now I should abandon guide books almost entirely after arriving in Italy, let myself loose on the country and enjoy its beauty, natural history, geology, geography, and move about in it not exactly as a tourist nor as an incipient scholar, but as an intelligent young human being happily enabled by Providence to see some of the most beautiful and stimulating country in the whole world. When my general ideas were pretty complete, I should have provided myself with a basis of knowledge and feeling for future real work.

A musical journey was to follow in the summer. Deafness had been growing upon me for some time, and by the advice of Professor Rolleston it was decided that I should consult the one really great aurist in Europe, Politzer. After three or four weeks in Switzerland with my brother I went eastwards to Vienna, and in August found myself all alone in that delightful city. In the mornings I was tortured by the Professor's catheter, in the afternoons I wandered about or listened to Strauss's Band, and in the evenings I usually went to the opera. I visited the graves of Beethoven and Schubert in the Wahr cemetery, as they then were; and I found my way to the larger cemetery where on a stormy

and snowy day in December 1791 Mozart's coffin was hustled into a common grave, no one knows exactly where. A poor statue stands on the spot where he is supposed to lie; the widow was not present, and no one in all the ungrateful city took the trouble to ask where he had been laid. As I came out of the cemetery an empty hearse was standing at a public-house called the 'Immortal Life Inn,' a title which seemed to me too significant of the attitude of the Viennese towards the immortal memory of their great artist.

At the great Opera House I began with the *Meistersinger*, my first introduction to Wagner, who for the moment threatened to banish all other music from my head, so great was the pleasure I experienced that evening, and again a week later when the opera was repeated. I still think the *Meistersinger* the most really dramatic of Wagner's operas and the music of it the most enduring; but my experience of them has not been large enough to enable me to speak with confidence. I also saw *Fidelio* and *Don Giovanni*, both for the first time, and I must confess that neither of them enchanted me as did the *Meistersinger*. But I had not then discovered the real dramatic nature of the Mozartian opera, nor could I understand the perfection of his work in adapting music to characters as well as scenes. That did not come until long afterwards, when I had made a study of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which has always been my special favourite.

I went a little out of my way on my journey home to make a flying visit to the town that claims Mozart for its own. Salzburg is one of the most beautiful towns I have ever seen, with its broad glacier stream and the pleasant hills on either side up which the houses seem to climb. But to judge from his letters Mozart felt neither affection

nor admiration for the place of his birth, where his happy childhood and boyhood were spent. The reason is plain; as he grew up to a consciousness of his powers Salzburg became to him a prison, a place of servitude to a lordly and tyrannical Archbishop, a survival of the feudal system which the Revolution was soon to destroy. I spent a long time here at the Mozarteum on September 1st; the flyleaf of the copy of the composer's letters which I bought that day has preserved for me the exact date. The Curator, a charmingly simple little man named Jelinek, let me play a few bars on the Master's own piano; I played the Minuet in *Don Giovanni*. As I was going away I gave him a contribution for the funds of the Museum; he opened a drawer and took out a long, old-fashioned purse with a ring round it,—‘See,’ he said, ‘I am putting it into his own purse’!

The next year, 1873, was one of great importance to me, and altered the whole tenor of my life. It had for some time been growing obvious to me that I could not make a working home of my father's house in Wales; it was too remote from the books I wanted in vacations, and at the same time it was not convenient that I should be there so much at a time. Most tutors would be taking reading-parties for some weeks in the summer, but I wanted to learn rather than to teach. On the other hand, if I made use of my college rooms, I should find the life in August and September very solitary, and to say the truth it was difficult to keep the college going comfortably in August. What was to be done? A solution of the difficulty came just at the right moment. Old Mrs. Lockwood, wife of the Rector of Kingham, wrote to ask me if I could find her a tenant for a little house just opposite the Rectory gate; the house was tolerable, the garden was good, the distance

to the station less than a mile, the run to Oxford by a fast train only half-an-hour, and the rent £30. I wrote at once and offered myself as tenant; she accepted, and in the course of the year I established myself with the help of Mrs. Lockwood and a very small amount of furniture in a house which just suited my purposes, not only for work, but also for piano practice, and for the country walks and natural history studies which were now beginning to be my chief recreation. I can hardly now recall the feeling of audacity which must at the time have filled the breasts of me and my friends at this step, which was indeed, so far as I know, the first attempt of an Oxford Don to establish himself in the country only 22 miles from Oxford,—the first attempt to use week-ends as a means of getting quiet and refreshment in the country, or of inviting a bachelor friend to share one's felicity.

I must confess that in those enthusiastic days I had one strong motive in this undertaking, viz., to have a place where I could pursue my piano practice. Edward Donkin, of whom I have spoken before, discovered so many flaws in my performance that there was no alternative between giving it up altogether or trying to make something substantial of it, and the whole Donkin family took the latter alternative as a matter of course, and I was swept away in their wake. Part of this very summer was spent with Edward in London taking lessons, he from L. Ries on the violin, I from one Silas on the piano. Whether much was gained by either of us I am not sure; but at any rate we had a good time roaming London and going to concerts. The Donkin family now introduced me to a musical club which had been set going at Oxford, and I had some ambition to become its President, which happened later. But on the whole I think that it would have been better

this year if I had devoted more time and pains to classical study and less to music. However that may be, 1873 saw me established as an independent householder ready to pursue my three chief hobbies, work in the morning, birds in the afternoon, and music in the evening.

I settled down very comfortably in the latter part of this year, and found room and opportunity for all my work in its various phases. At Oxford I fell into a new habit of life, and it may be worth while to put down here the main features of it, so as to show how it differed from the ways of many or most Oxford tutors. Our morning Chapel, which I almost always attended, was at 8.5, and when I came out I found breakfast on the table. Almost directly after breakfast the scout would come in to clear away and rummage about, and the ordinary tutor would take refuge in the Common Room, smoke his pipe, and read the newspaper. I on the contrary, living in the middle of a town and pining for fresh air, and having moreover a hobby to pursue, went off regularly and in almost all weathers to Christ Church Meadow, the Botanic Garden, the Parks, or Mesopotamia, and got the air I needed and sometimes an interesting bird or two with it. At that time Oxford was not nearly so over-run in summer as it has been now for a long time, and I was often quite alone in these prowls, in places where from early morning till late at night the 'golden lads and lasses' of the University swarm and make everything gay, as is natural enough for them, while I sit on a railing and meditate on what things used to be here. Those early morning half-hours were indeed of the greatest use to me; if I found a bird I did not know, I had to make the best of him at the time, trying to get his song into my mind, and the repetition of this for ten days or a fortnight, without the intervening aid of

a book about birds, fixed the song and often the habits and appearance of the bird so firmly in my mind that to forget it was always almost impossible. Thus I learnt so much about birds without book, that though I might occasionally make blunders, I accumulated knowledge of real fact almost without knowing it; as for the name of the bird and his place in a system of classification, that I always considered but for the end of the process. The great thing to begin with is to know your bird thoroughly well,—what he says, what he does, and what he looks like.

Thus it often happened that I returned to the college happy in the acquisition of some new fact, and ready to plunge into a new kind of activity, viz., preparation for the morning's lecture. About this I should like to say a word.

I gained for many years a good reputation as a Lecturer, as I can prove by the following scrap of conversation overheard in the Turl by my friend the Bursar. Two undergraduates were passing him and each other at the same time, and one meeting the other said, 'Hullo, what lecture are you going to?' 'Warde Fowler's.' 'What sort of rot?' To which the answer was conveyed in two words, which the reader may interpret as he pleases, 'Not bad.' Whether since the war the same feeling about lectures, or rather the same way of expressing it is to be found in Oxford I rather doubt. Those who really wanted to learn were few and far between, and this it was which made it so very difficult for a lecturer to assert himself and gain the attention of his hearer during the whole of the lecture's length, *i.e.*, fifty minutes. For me it was impossible to lecture unless I could be sure of gaining the men's attention, and in order to do this I had to know the substance of my lecture and a great deal more that bore upon it, so that I might talk freely outside the limited

field of my subject proper, and also keep up my own interest in the subject as it came on year after year. For having once achieved a successful course I found it was impossible to escape going on with it, and I had to create fresh interest in my own mind by learning something more about the matter which I could use for some other purpose if not for lectures. This always had to be done in the hour or two immediately before the lecture. The exertion to me was so great, especially in hot or muggy weather, that I often had to go home to my rooms and change my shirt and vest just as if I had been in a football match. I may remark that I never read my lecture, but had a sufficient amount of notes to guide me in what I wanted to say.

I never counted lectures of great value in themselves; far more useful for my pupils and me were the hours in which I saw the men privately about a given piece of work, having induced them to send in their essays at least an hour before the time at which they were due. I could do this, though it was not the recognised method, because of my deafness, which maintained itself in spite of Professor Politzer. This gave me the opportunity of more searching criticism than if I had simply sat in an arm chair to listen; it also enabled me to look more closely into the texture of the pupil's work and his use of his native language. I think too that if he was alone with me, as often was the case, it gave me better opportunity of making friends with him, and discovering what manner of man he was. If I began with a man in this way at the beginning of a term, I knew enough of him at the end of it to ask him over to Kingham for a day or two, to work if he would, but also to be an intelligent companion to me and so far as was possible to share my occupations and pleasures. In this way some of my best friends have been made, and many of them con-

tinue my best friends to this day. They generally stayed a week here, and when they had been once here they always seemed to want to come again. They were not such men as you would get at Balliol, nor did we talk a great deal about solemn subjects, of politics or economics, but on the other hand we did not talk nonsense or waste our time in frivolity. Very often they did not get first classes, but I used to think that they had a larger per cent. of human kindness in their composition than most first class men. I often have occasion to reflect that among my nearest and dearest old pupils there were few who achieved first classes.

On a full working day I used to go on with these men till ten or eleven o'clock at night, and then drop tired into bed and sleep till morning. During those early years of my tutorship I had no special ambitions, but simply worked away from hour to hour, doing the very best I could, and hardly realising how much both I and my pupils profited. Reward came in due time, but not exactly in the way I should have expected.

My reader will understand how delicious it was after working on in this way for a couple of weeks to run over here for a Sunday and have a really good rest, with a stroll or two in the country. Though I never acquired the character of a complete recluse, yet I do not doubt that slowly increasing deafness and the desire for peace and quietness to enable me to adjust my work according to my own inclination had a tendency to make those only completely welcome in the house who were also completely congenial. Thus after my term-end pupils had left me I might look forward to a few days of entire liberty, to do what I pleased both in and out-of-doors. As far as I can see in my diaries, some of which survive, I worked really

hard in such days as these, though my capacity and inclination to work were at all times limited.

Kingham was then a country village, and almost uninhabited by people of brains or wealth. I must not omit, however, to mention the Lockwood family, whose head was the Rector and its mistress the Rectoress. I have already described these two in *Kingham Old and New*, a book which I hope is not likely to become speedily extinct. As I lived exactly opposite their gate I seem to have dined with them almost every other night. When their son Richard came home from India, invalided, I used to go and sit with him, and I have no hesitation in saying that he was a man of great ability who lost his life in doing his duty to the British Government by travelling with Sir Charles Macgregor from Baghdad eastwards. His brother Harry, another really able man, put up a memorial to him in Kingham Church. Davis Lockwood, who became Rector and a fast friend of mine for forty years, had been at Westminster for a few years, where he had picked up the habit of reading any book he could lay hands on, and then went out to India, where he managed to pursue his passion. Not that he was a bookworm in any sense, but that he successfully combined the functions of reader, preacher, fox-hunter and helper of the distressed, with a plain word of sensible advice to the young; he was in fact an ideal country parson, if he would but have paid a little more attention to externals and given a little more trouble to the details of his office. His was a character no longer to be found in rural England; perhaps it is for the better so, but I cannot help thinking that there was more spiritual religion under his careless exterior than in half the sleek and distant young priests whom we meet now-a-days. This family of Lockwoods, together with old Colonel Barrow, constituted the whole

society of the village; and no doubt if I had had to live here all the time I should have found it wearisome. But in those days I was not here often for long together and was very glad to get my time within my own control.

My brother married in 1875 that little girl whom I described as romping about in Mr. Miers' grounds in our early fishing days. He had now settled down to the profession of architecture, and being tolerably well off himself they managed to get along for a time without difficulty at Brecon, where they set up both home and office. The appearance of babies at Kingham was a matter of interest to the village; my eldest niece appeared in April 1876, my eldest nephew in August 1877. This nephew, who is now (1921) just arriving from Ceylon with his wife and two small daughters, was born just when I was taking my last mountaineering tour with the Donkin family. We went to the Eggischorn, and thence across to the Grimsel, reversing our walk of 1869. At the Grimsel two of our party left us, but with H. Daman, of Eton, W. F. Donkin, and old Anderegg I went down to Meiringen, and up the Trift Pass to the Rhone glacier, sleeping during a night of superb beauty in the hut immediately above the ice-fall of the Trift glacier. Next day we ascended the highest peak in that neighbourhood, the Dammastock, and dropped down leisurely almost the whole length of the Rhone glacier, landing, so to speak, at the Furka Road near the summit of the great ice-fall. Next day my companions left me to return to England, but tempted by the magnificent weather I went on with Anderegg and a friend of his across the Strahleck to Grindelwald, and there finished such Alpine climbing as I ever aspired to. I have just been reading Mr. John Ball's account of this beautiful expedition in *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, written in 1852, and comparing it with our own route.

So these quiet and industrious years rolled away, till suddenly in 1878 I had notice to leave my house; it was wanted by the Lockwoods for their parson son, now that the old father, who was nearly eighty, could hardly perform his duties any longer. The prospect of leaving Kingham was very bitter, and rendered the more so because I had lately brought from South Wales the widow and children of our late gardener William Toon; who were to continue their education here, and had burnt their ships in coming here. To send them back again was all but impossible. For a long time I was quite perplexed, but at the last moment an old house was put up for sale, standing next to the one I was then occupying; it was one of those old village houses which may be called farmhouses because they belonged to old families who had their portion of land attached to the house but scattered in strips all over the parish. This family, like many others, were fast going to ruin, whether from their own fault or not, and leaving not only a substantial cottage, large and roomy, but a large garden, which only needed a course of steady labour to bring it quite up to the mark. This was the very thing for me. During the year 1879 I bought this property, and set to work on it with such a good will as I had never before or since used in the work of my hands. By the end of October a new house was built and ready and the garden designed and planted in great measure, and in November I slept in my house for the first time, catching a dreadful cold from the ventilator which my brother the architect had inserted in the ceiling with very opposite intentions. After this all such ventilators were suppressed, and we depend for our fresh air on windows which look out for miles away towards the Cotswolds. Here I have been ever since, and found the house most convenient for every purpose that an Oxford

Don might wish to put it to. It was the design of my brother, though the garden was chiefly mine; and withstood the great snowstorm of January, 1881, with no worse results than are narrated in my book *Kingham Old and New*.

When this new house was built I had never owned a dog in my life; I had had two kittens given me, very interesting creatures, in consequence of the contrast of their characters. One was fierce, or at any rate reserved, while the other was quite deserving of the name of Mrs. Gummidge which I always used to give her. It is only within the last week that I have heard a story of Tabby, which I think I must put down here. In a spell of cold weather she took to sitting in the oven for warmth, and unluckily one day Mrs. Toon shut her in. When she was discovered the poor thing was dripping; her life and her flesh were fast failing her, and certainly she never did the same thing again. But of dogs I have had three successively, all of which have lived to old age, and have become very intimate with me, and the third of these is still alive. The first will, I hope, be remembered, for I wrote one of my very best papers about him in the volume called *Summer Studies*; he was a very remarkable dog, a wire-haired Welsh terrier. Whether *Summer Studies* will survive may be doubtful, but as the article was first printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1894, access to it will always be possible. After a year or two of doglessness, I found that I must have a companion, and was opportunely presented with a very beautiful puppy of the Poltalloch breed by a younger member of the family that breeds these dogs, now generally known as white West-Highlanders. This dog was not specially interesting in his habits or acquirements, and he was on the whole rather lazy and cat-like in his old age; but I have never seen such exquisite eyes in any dog. They

were like opals, very large, very luminous, and in certain lights were then to me, as they are now in recollection, almost impossible as animal eyes. But that is what they were, though they had no particular tale to tell as far as I could discover.

We have the third dog still with us, named like his predecessor, Lummy, short for Christopher Columbus. In a little American book called the *Hoosier Schoolboy*, there was a little creature who added to Christopher Columbus the names George Washington and Marquis de la Fayette Risdale, and this strange accumulation so tickled me that I bestowed the whole of it upon the dog, though few people know what a weight of famous names he bears. He is now twelve years old and beginning to get lazy, for his master is no longer available, but in some ways he is the nicest dog of the three I have had, sweet-tempered, forgiving and ready to make friends, but not beyond a certain point. However well he knows you he will go for a walk with no one but his own master and Mrs. and Emma Toon, who have always fed him and looked after him. I love the dog dearly, and I believe him to be greatly attached to me, but I must acknowledge that he has not the originality of Billy nor the refinement of Lummy I. But I must now return to more serious matters, for dogs, though serious matters to their owners, are rarely so to other people.

In 1882 an event happened unprecedented in the history of the College; our Subrector, who had served the College well and wisely for many years, was elected President of Corpus. That he would shortly have become Rector of Lincoln was highly probable, but Pattison had still as far as we knew some years to live, and the Common Room at Corpus, and the whole position of the College, was socially superior to ours, where survivals like West and Metcalfe,

for whom I must refer the reader to Pattison's *Memoirs*, had long marked Lincoln out as a College which could not take the highest place or even approach to it.

For us the loss of T. Fowler was really a heavy blow ; but for the moment its effect was to bring Rector and Subrector into closer touch, and for a year or two I found myself working with Pattison, and almost enjoying our co-operation in the administration of the College. True he did not do much himself, but when the weighty figure of T. Fowler had been removed, he certainly seemed more at his ease in the transaction of all College business. He manœuvred so that the Subrector should do the work as before, while he should appear to be doing it. The following little story will show what I mean.

One day after lunch he came over to my room and asked me to come and see if I could get rid of Mrs. Clark, the mother of an undergraduate who had just been ploughed in the Pass Examination of Political Economy. On learning that her son had not got his *testamur* she descended upon the University, besieged Pattison in his own house, and expressed her complete confidence that if he would only take a little trouble he might get the document for her. Poor Mrs. Clark, how little she knew about it ! There was nothing for the poor man to do but to come over to me and get me to explain to her how the case stood. This I tried to do, and while I was doing it chanced to look up. Pattison was gone, and never re-appeared all that afternoon ! I did what I could, but the examiners had separated, having finished their work, and it was impossible to find them in the middle of Commemoration. I had to return to College and once more try to convince the good lady that these things were not to be obtained either for love or money. No such arguments had any force for her ;

the *testamur* was there somewhere if she could only get hold of it; and seeing that it would need a surgical operation to get this out of her head, I said good-bye and retreated, full of indignation for the man who had basely betrayed me into taking up a job which had, as it happened, fallen to Pattison. I left her sitting in Pattison's drawing-room, and never saw her again.

The Subrector is, or was then, the official to whom everybody is sent who wants to know anything connected with the College business or interests. Mrs. Clark ought to have been sent in the first place to me, but no doubt she was mistaken for a guest of the Pattisons. On another occasion I was caught in a very awkward piece of business, in which, however, I hope I was able to give substantial help. I had just come in very tired and sleepy from a walk, and having had my tea was about to smoke a pipe, when there came one of those ominous raps at the door with which I had gradually grown familiar. In this case the person who entered was quite unknown to me, a young man who immediately apologised and asked me where he could that afternoon and at once get a sight of a photograph of a College Boat Club group, in which he expected to identify a certain distinguished oar. I asked him why he wanted to identify this particular individual, but he declined to tell me. I now began to wake up, and told him that I thought I could not do what he wanted as an official of the College unless he told me plainly why he wanted it. After some hesitation he told me that he had lately been obliged to reside in America for a year and on his return found the individual for whom he was in search living with his wife in London. He apparently wanted to make quite sure that he was not on a wrong track. I now began to guess who the man was; but here I need only say that I offered to help

him in any way I could, and as we could not find what we wanted in the Lodge, I took him down in a cab to the towing-path, where unluckily we were just too late, for the barges, etc., had closed. However, the next thing was to go to photograph shops, and we very soon found what we wanted. My unknown friend put his finger instantly on his enemy. I had now done all that I could; I wished him well and bid him good-bye. A case in the divorce court was, I believe, the result, but I kept my own counsel, and so far as was possible let the matter slip out of my memory.

The other chief function of the Subrectorship was to administer such discipline as is possible in a college. This was not much, but it was of a tiresome nature, because a college is not a man-of-war, nor yet a public school, but something in which you must contrive to enforce rules without personal annoyance, such as is produced by penalties of the nature of fines, impositions, and so on. It was in connexion with attendance at morning chapel that the difficulties chiefly arose, especially for a layman; and I was, I believe, the first lay Subrector in the history of the College. Compulsion was very disagreeable to me, and suasion of any kind was very difficult to accomplish with such gifts as I had. Luckily I had an invaluable helper in Hammond, the College porter, who in all things that did not immediately concern religion contrived to manage the men by practical wisdom and a sense of humour. If anything illegal was about to be committed, I could trust Hammond to stop it. He would come out of his Lodge with his hands in his pockets, and look at the bonfire, or whatever it was, and after a little conversation every one would depart in good humour, and I was saved the necessity of coming out into the quad and trusting to my own eloquence.

I think it was at the end of 1881 that I became Subrector. I held the office for 22 years, as is recorded on the clock in my drawing-room given me by the Fellows when I resigned; it was then quite right that I should do so, for I was growing deafer, and I must also confess that I was becoming tired of the undergraduate. In 1881 and 1882 it happened that the Freshmen were of a particularly pleasant kind, and helped me very much in carrying out my Subrectorial duties. Some of these appear in a photograph taken in October 1887, where three on the left hand survive as my particular friends, Gilbert Elliot, and F. S. Robinson, with Hockliffe (the last two Masters at Uppingham). The man in cricketing Blue ribbon to the right is H. O. Whitby, the famous bowler. About the same time I found that I should have to examine in the Final Classical School in a few months, and it was therefore very unlucky that just at this time my eyes gave way, becoming so sore that I could hardly use them for more than half-an-hour at a time. The fact was that I had culpably neglected them. I had, for example, read through with minute care the whole of Plutarch's 48 *Lives* in the Greek, regardless of what light I had to read by; I had an intention of writing notes on some of the Roman Lives, but was obliged to abandon this project. The work, however, was done, and has often been of value to me. Another proof that I had been pushing things too far came one day at the end of the summer vacation, when Bodington had insisted on my walking with him ten or twelve miles to the Rollright Stones, towards the end of which walk I found myself getting ill. Next day I had to go to Oxford to a meeting about Scholarships, and went to see my doctor. The symptoms looked like paralysis, and he advised me to go up to London and see Sir William Jenner, which I did, accompanied by that kindest of men

and truest of friends, T. Fowler. Jenner was quite clear that I had only been overworking myself and had no paralysis at all, and prescribed beefsteaks and stout for lunch. With this refreshing report I returned to Oxford and Kingham.

Looking back on this rather perilous time, I seem to see myself crippled both in regard to my sight and my powers of work. But with that gift of adaptability to circumstances which has been a blessing to me at all times, I managed to turn adversity to advantage in two ways. First, looking about for something of which I could read but a little at a time, and wishing to go on with Plutarch, I found his *Roman Questions*, of which there are more than a hundred, to be just what I wanted, and the quaint odds and ends of folk-lore and religion contained in them roused my curiosity.* I remember, for example, that the one about the Argei became a starting point for a good many investigations into the Roman religion, which eventually formed a basis for my book on the Roman Festivals, which was published nearly twenty years later, and contains a great deal of very hard work in a very difficult subject. Another quite different result of the want of good eyesight was that after I had been properly treated in London, and after I had got through the examinations successfully, I began to use my time more for writing than reading, and more for observing than for either, and thus attained to a knowledge of birds in their ways and their haunts which very few people at Oxford possessed at that time. My knowledge was not wide, but it was based on my own observation, and had very little to do with books. If I saw

* I wrote very elaborate notes on the text and subject matter of all the *Questions*; but finding that I should not be able to use this material myself, I gave them not long ago to my friend Professor H. J. Rose of Aberystwyth College.

a bird that I did not know I went on observing it until I did know it; that is, if it would show itself to me I went to visit it every day with a good glass, and then whatever its name might be was matter of small moment, for I knew my bird. Its place in classification could come later. By 1886 I was quite ready to write a simple volume like *A Year with the Birds*, which can still give pleasure to myself and others.

The second University Commission, about which there is no need for me to write here, for it gave us a very uncomfortable time at Lincoln, was now over, and we were entering upon a new era in University history which promised much and really accomplished something. For me it had very important results. It left me with a Fellowship for life, which in the absence of anything in the nature of a pension was a great blessing, and I may honestly say that I have tried to live up to it. Marriage had to be renounced and forgotten, but my brother's growing family, of all of whom I was very fond, were a very good substitute for children of my own, and I used at this time to look forward to their visits in the summer holidays as one of the great treats of my life. The fact that some years after this the Rector and Fellows should have had my portrait painted and hung in the Hall, seems to show that my efforts to live up to my privileges were not unsuccessful. My lectures were of good repute, and one short course on ancient political philosophy developed into a book which has spread all over the world and brought me more profits than any other I have printed. This was *The City State of the Greeks and Romans*, which seemed to supply a want both in public schools and universities. I read it through not long ago and found it not quite so obsolete or rather obsolescent as I expected. It is well arranged and clearly written, and

the plan of it is a good one, *viz.*, to illustrate certain principles by Greek and Roman history alternately. It is a much better book than its immediate predecessor, *The Life of Julius Caesar*, which was written for an American publisher and was a pleasant piece of work and not a bad one from the point of view of Schools and the general public; but of such popular books I did not wish to write any more. I had already made considerable progress with my *Roman Festivals*, and to this I intended to stick till it was finished. At the same time I wrote a few articles, most of which are to be found in my last published volume, *Roman Essays and Interpretations*; but I never or hardly ever wrote one of these unless I had something definite to say and to prove. The consequence is that some of them have been accepted by the learned world and will perhaps remain so; see, for instance, the preface to the third and last edition to Sir J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

But at this point I must go back a little. I had already published two books, *A Year with the Birds* and *Tales of the Birds*, both of which have always been favourites of mine. The former in its original light blue binding, my eldest child as I like to call it, with its dedication to my father, and its frontispiece by our Junior Fellow, now Professor Sir Baldwin Spencer, of Melbourne (a born artist if ever there was one), was at that time new and acceptable to people who knew a little about birds and wanted to know more. In 1886, when I was still suffering from weak eyes, it occurred to me to put down what I knew about the appearance and movements of our common birds, and to add to this something about my almost yearly expeditions to the Alps, where I found an entirely different distribution of bird-life and one which had not even been touched so far as I know in any English book. Strange to say, the

writing of one of these chapters, that on the birds of Virgil, or rather the reading of Virgil for the purpose, nearly cost me an eye; it was very hot and I was in a hurry, and a little accident happened which inflamed the nerve of the right eye. The sight began to disappear, until at last I could see no bright light at all. Nettleship, the oculist, was out of town, and it was not till he returned that I found what was the matter with me. It was, as he said, a very near squeak, but by going down to Lulworth with an old pupil and by faithfully following Nettleship's instructions the trouble began at last to disappear. In this little book there is a certain quality of simplicity and honesty, visible both in the style and the matter, which perhaps is hardly to be found in any other of my books. I had something definite to say in every page, for I had made very careful notes about everything that I did notice, and my memory in matters so interesting to me was very rarely at fault. The little light blue book was bought up with a rapidity that astonished me, and Mr. Blackwell, the publisher, was very soon obliged to issue a new edition, to which I added a chapter on the Alps in autumn, with a good deal of matter in it which I have not seen elsewhere. I had not as yet discovered the marsh-warbler (*A. palustris*) at Kingham, though I suspected it in Switzerland. This little bird, of which I shall have more to say directly, and which brought me into some note as an ornithologist, waited till 1892 before it revealed itself to me.

A word about my other recreations at this time, all of which were forced upon me by want of eyesight for continuous reading. Writing never hurt my eyes like reading, and I spent many wet afternoons in practising the bassoon, an interesting but obdurate instrument confided to me by Sir Walter Parratt just before he left Oxford to form

a part of his Orchestral Association. But it was too heavy and awkward an instrument for me, and I did not go in for it for more than a year or two, when a Freshman came up to B.N.C. with a certain amount of proficiency and relieved me. Undoubtedly, however, I learnt a great deal from playing it with other instruments, and a good deal about that section of the orchestra in which it plays an important part. It had the advantage for me also that I could practice it without using my eyes, for all scales, exercises, and such like passages could be played by heart or invented without any trouble.

Having made one book successfully, I had a natural desire to make another one. My late pupil Gilbert Elliot was trying his hand at short stories, one or two of which had found a place in *Macmillan's Magazine*. I thought I would try my hand too, and the result, nine or ten stories, was published by Macmillan under the title of *Tales of the Birds* in 1888. Last year I was sorry to hear that the Macmillans were letting them run out of print. There were three or four really good ones among them, *e.g.* *A Debate in an Orchard*, *A Jubilee Sparrow*, and *A Question beginning with Why*; but the firm had unfortunately made a bad mistake in paying a large sum for illustrations, and this dragged down the prospects of the book, as was also the case with *A Year with the Birds*. Neither of them have ever paid me or the publishers more than a pound or two since the first edition. The profits of the author and publisher were swamped by those of the artist. Since then we have discovered that illustrations are now little or no attraction to the reader.

In these years I went nearly every year for a fortnight or so to West Lulworth with my old pupil, R. S. Osler, and most thoroughly enjoyed the holiday. The downs and

combes were a capital substitute for the Alps, being on the edge of a glorious sea, with plenty of botany to engage us and plenty of birds; I had also a very pleasant companion, whose natural reticence quite suited my mood—a peculiar character, which I have commemorated in a diary which I always kept at Lulworth, and from which I want to introduce an extract which will show the nature of my companion when for once in a way a solitary walk had called it into action; it is dated August 8th, 1886. I am the actual writer, but not the author of the story, *Dick's Ghost Story*, as I have called it. It seems to me to be a rather wonderful specimen of the story-telling faculty, in a very compressed form.

‘ While I was writing the last page or two, he came in from his evening walk in the dusk, flumped down his German Dictionary on the table with a bang that nearly caused the inkpot to yield up its contents with affright, and calmly observed, looking seriously at me, that he had seen a Ghost. Naturally I could not go on diarising; and indeed he said it was a very sad and terrible story, so that my skin crept in my strong desire to listen. About half-way through I was forced to light a pipe in order the better to enjoy the mysterious crisis, and to soothe my own nerves, which indeed were quite on end with neuralgia caught while sitting out in this soft mist; and never did I drink in every word of a story with more intense interest and eagerness. It was a masterpiece, and told with consummate skill; woven so deftly of the real and the mysterious, that I gave myself wholly up to it as to a piece of the finest music.

‘ We had gone out after dinner, and at the corner of the Castle woods I turned back over the fields, leaving Dick to wend his way round by Arish Mill. I now summarise his ghostly adventures as well as I can, in order that they may

not be lost to the world; but let it be noted that no ghost-story written can come near to a ghost-story told, especially one told with such histrionic art as this.

DICK'S GHOST STORY.

'When I left you (said he) I turned into the Park by the upper postern-gate, and walked slowly down the fast darkening avenue of trees towards the lower gate and the Castle. I had a weird feeling, which often comes over me in these woods at dusk, that some one was behind me, and looked but saw no one. Soon, however, I became aware of light footsteps behind me: but no one was visible. These steps came after me for some way, till I got quite used to them, and lapsed into a kind of dreamy mood; then, just after I had passed a deep pit over-grown with fern and bramble, I heard them turn and go into this pit. I at once went after them, and at that moment I heard a distant sound of bells—church bells. Then looking down into this pit, or hollow, I saw in a moment and for a moment only, as it were a little peaceful green valley, with a village church, and a bridal procession entering it; all was full of peace and hope. But both this vision and the sound of the bells died quickly away; and instead, I saw the hollow clad in the verdure of spring, and studded with primroses, and on the grassy bank there lay a beautiful girl, evidently out of her mind. She wept and laughed and wept again; she was pale as death; I thought of the story of Clara Weld. (You know it? said D. No, I didn't, never heard of it.) Then suddenly this vision also vanished; and nothing was left but the hollow itself, at the bottom of which a dim green light was burning—I knew what it was—but I groped my

way down through fern and thistle, and there at the bottom, by the light of three or four glow-worms, I saw a stone with this inscription: "Clara Weld, faithful even unto death."

'D. then proceeded to tell me the story of Clara Weld; which, however, turned out to be an invention no less audacious than the above story.'

Delightful as Lulworth was with its multitude of insects, birds, and flowers, for which I may refer to a paper published in my *Summer Studies* called 'Bindon Hill,' still more delightful were my brief summer holidays in Wales, on the borders of Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire, in a bit of country that had been known to me in my undergraduate days, as I have told the reader above. I was asked by my friend F. H. Peters if I could find him a farmhouse for his wife and children with fishing, and I succeeded in finding the very thing, except that the trout were not so big or numerous as I hoped for. But to make up for that some of the birds were most unusual and interesting. Who would now believe that when a big bird appeared on the horizon I could find myself saying to my companion 'Oh, it's only a raven'! On the same day one might see kites, buzzards, ravens, sparrow-hawks, and kestrels. Why they have disappeared, or at any rate diminished in numbers, I cannot tell; but it is as well to remember that new-born lambs are very liable to have their eyes picked out by crows and ravens, inviting reprisals, as the shepherds told me on the spot. Of this I do not wish to say more now, except that one or two pairs of kites survive because they are protected by an association as well as by the law. There are many interesting small birds too, such as the pied fly-catcher, the wood-wren, etc., living on the hill-sides, which are steep and woody; and on these steep hill-sides where

they happen to be wooded less thickly, news reached us of a pair of Alpine accentors that seemed to be breeding. The British Association was meeting that year at Oxford, and if I could but secure an authentic record of this, which had never been known to happen in this country, there would be quite an excitement among the ornithologists present. I contrived to get to Broncwrt for two or three days, but failed to find the bird at all, but while searching along the heights above the course of a little tributary of the Towey I accidentally discovered a small pool which was apparently full of fish, both trout and sewen, and we had a very good fish dinner that evening, the last of our stay.

The mental vision of this beautiful pool remained with me all the winter, and next summer I took as a companion a young sportsman whose natural history tendencies were congenial to me, though his literary affections were almost obsolete, and in spite of very hot weather and the extreme reluctance of the trout to rise, we managed to enjoy ourselves very fairly.

My companion's first exploit is worth recording. Owing to the carelessness of our hostess, Mrs. James, we had hardly anything to eat, and to support life on eggs and bacon only soon becomes monotonous. On the second evening I gave my friend Byatt a solitary white moth fly after dinner, such as it was, and sent him down to the pool about two hundred yards from the farm. He was not long in returning with a beautiful sewen weighing two pounds in his hand, and the next day we fed on this delicious fish until our provisions arrived from Swansea. This young man, who seemed to know exactly how to do everything, and had the rare faculty of getting on even with the local Welsh, is now Sir Horace Byatt, Governor of British East Africa.

My next companion at Broncwrt was my brother's youngest son, Hugh, aged about fourteen, a very cheerful boy of excellent disposition. He became a good soldier and a D.S.O. in the Great War, but never showed any special liking for fishing or shooting. I took him for our first walk to *The Pool*, as we used in those days to call it; the water was very peaty and thick, and I thought that if I gave him the first chance he would be sure to catch something. Sure enough he got hold of a sewen of nearly a pound weight, and willingly resigned to me the catching and killing. After catching two or three more nice fish I sent him off a little higher upstream with my rod all ready for action, and while trying what I could do with his mother's, had the pleasure of seeing him coming back with a fish to be killed. This also was a good one, but so far as I can remember he never learnt how to kill a good fish during that expedition, and I fully respected his feelings **about it**. A day or two after this I was fishing the Long Pool under the Screes and got hold of the biggest trout I ever caught in the Towey, which I hauled out successfully and killed, and after killing laid him down on the only bit of level ground I could find, just above the water's edge. I had a fine basket that day, but poor Hugo, who was on the other side with his mother's rod, failed to catch anything. I took him out again after lunch and left him with my rod at the Screes, where his youthful ardour brought him down a cropper almost before he had begun to fish, and broke the top joint of my rod. The tears flowed, but there was no help for it, and luckily I had a spare top.

After this came a series of years in which I journeyed to Broncwrt with a friend who quickly acquired the art, and used to walk about all day with long bare legs in the water, and when he was tired would lie on his back smok-

ing, reading, or gazing up into the sky doing nothing at all. A more cheerful, kindly and affectionate soul I never had to do with, and I am sure that his lately-married wife finds the same. For many years after he took his degree he devoted himself to me in every possible way, while I was doing what I could to getting him a footing somewhere in the world of London education. He is now, I am glad to say, a very useful member of the Board of Education. But I must now return to Oxford and Kingham, and the business of life.

From 1890, in which year we had a severe visitation of influenza which checked and almost paralysed the energies of many of us, I went on lecturing, but I found that I was required by the Board of Faculties to lecture on the same subject, and I at last felt myself getting tired and eventually struck. I went on writing the *Roman Festivals* until I had finished them, with here and there a paper read to the Philological Society, generally meant to call in question some ancient dogma of the learned. In or about 1899 I began to gather up the *Roman Festivals* into a volume. Of this volume I had the poorest possible opinion for many years after it was published, but am now gradually getting to see what a quantity of work I put into it. Much there is that is quite wrong, but the last time I went over it I did not find that there was so very much that would actually mislead. I hope it may be thoroughly revised some day and brought up to date.

I began now to feel a certain monotony in my work; there were fewer really good men, for our College was at this time rather shunted into a corner, and Oriel, to which I also acted as teacher of Roman History, was not much better until towards the close of the decade. The result of

this was that I unconsciously fell back on old friends like S. T. Irwin, F. H. Peters and his family, and R. L. Nettle-ship. I had to wait awhile before I began to form new friendships among the younger men. And of all my work it might be said that it was getting wearisome; in writing the preface to that book I described it in the words of Cowper as 'dipping buckets into empty wells and growing old with drawing nothing up.' I was especially anxious that this first considerable work of mine should lay itself open to the critics as little as possible.

Out of doors and away from home, however, there was always some relief for me. The whole history of my experience with the marsh-warbler here at Kingham I have told in the *Zoologist*; for fourteen years in all I continued to watch it with opportunities which were not vouchsafed to anyone else in this country at that time. From the end of May well into July it gave me plenty of occupation. I had also some pleasant travel in these years, before Ander-egg became too old to walk far, and again to the South of France with Irwin and his brother-in-law Crossley. I had the pleasure of seeing Alpine swifts from the amphitheatre of Nismes; and on Easter Sunday morning at Bordighera the arrival of birds from the south was astonishing for anyone. One little incident deserves to be recorded: it was a dull wet morning, the little birds were flying in and alighting on the shore all around me. As soon as they alighted they disappeared, and it was very difficult to find them in the grey shingle. One, however, I found just under my feet, so tired that it let me pick it up, and I identified it as an immature spotted blue-throat. While I was examining it the little bird slipped out of my hand and flew out to sea again, presently alighting on the water, after which I saw

him no more. After this I joined B. W. Henderson in Switzerland, which we found much too damp and neuralgic, and came home easily without adventure.

My father had died in December 1899, and the family broke up. My two half-sisters, who are taking good care of me now, eventually settled at Malvern. My own sister, Alice, prepared to come and live with me at Kingham, which she did until her death in 1917. But during Term, as I could not throw up my work at Oxford altogether, we took a small house there looking over Broad Street, which she enjoyed very heartily, and finally, as I shed my college offices one after the other, we migrated to Kingham for good and all. As I had been a bachelor in all my ways it was necessary that the house should become, as we called it, 'ladyfied,' and the process, if not particularly agreeable, was anyhow successful. Our drawing-room and the dining-room became presentable, and the study was kept in its old condition as a working and smoking-room. My Oxford guests continued to come as before, worked and smoked, and my sister, in spite of her deafness, entertained them with her own peculiar sweetness and intelligence. Owing to her cheering companionship, I was able to do more good work in the way of writing books than I ever had done before, and my output up to the war, and even afterwards, was uniformly successful, except perhaps financially.

I began the new century with one or two unimportant bits of work. I had consented to assist Prof. Miall in editing White's *Selborne* for Methuen and Co.; my part was to write notes on the birds, not a very difficult matter. Soon after this I collected a sufficient number of MS *Tales of the Birds* to make a second series, but it was not very successful, though there are one or two pretty good tales in it, such as 'The Sandpipers,' 'Downs and Dungeons,'

and 'A Lucky Magpie.' But it has never attracted the purchasing public.

In 1904 I published a little volume entitled *An Oxford Correspondence of 1903*, the object of which was as follows. Professor Gardner had written a little book of warning to Oxford Educators, contrasting the progress made by Cambridge and the new Universities with the apparent unwillingness at Oxford to move a step forward. I need not go into the details of his argument here, but they seemed to me to be very cogent; unluckily Gardner had a way of irritating unconsciously the class of persons whom he was addressing for their good. For this reason I thought I might further his object and mine by putting the whole controversy in a more agreeable and readable form. One of the chief points at issue was whether examinations were not too largely believed in at Oxford, and much time wasted in discussing their details, with the result that at the last moment these discussions were often thrown to the winds and the whole business had to begin again.

Two characters sufficed for my correspondence; a friendly college tutor, and secondly an engaging youth who had just missed his chance of getting into the Indian Civil Service. 'Jim,' this undergraduate, was utterly tired of examinations, and in that condition of mind when it is difficult to take further interest in anything. The part of Mr. Slade, the tutor, is to call him to life again. This he does with great success at the end of the correspondence. Jim himself is in Switzerland all the time, and his letters are full of the freshness and novelty of his surroundings, and gradually a state of mind is created in him on which his tutor's letters may fall with effect. The little volume was published by Mr. Blackwell, and met with a good deal of approval from many of the young Dons. I hope it may

not be entirely (1921) forgotten. I may mention here also a little book in a series published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, which I wrote at the suggestion of Professor Gilbert Murray some years later. It is entitled simply *Rome*, and contains a very brief outline of Roman History down to the Antonine period.

Early in 1905 my friend the Rev. J. E. Odgers, of Manchester College, asked me to go with him for a short voyage among the Greek islands in the 'Argonaut,' a yacht of about 4,000 tons, and I consented. It was a very delightful holiday, though my only intimate friends on board were F. E. Thompson, R. W. Macan and J. E. King; in all we were about 170. By an extraordinary piece of good luck we never had a tossing the whole way; there was plenty of talk at all our meals, and I made one valuable acquaintance in W. H. D. Rouse, the Headmaster of Perse School, Cambridge, a curious individual who in later days paid us a visit here mounted on his mare Kitty. After a pleasant voyage, on which a good many migrating birds came on board, which I was called upon to identify, we arrived at Itea, the port of Delphi, and rode up on ponies and donkeys to the excavations. My plan was to devote myself to birds, of which I everywhere found one or two new ones, here for instance at Delphi the Orphean warbler, the Ortalan bunting, and the Egyptian vulture. I knew that it was not very likely that I should see those birds again. Next day we spent at Athens; thence to Assos in Asia Minor, Mytilene, and so to Ephesus by rail. Here for natural history alone we might have spent a week, and I was of course obliged to pay due respect to the antiquities. But so little time was allowed us for these that I was content to listen to a lecture, and as we had on board both Bryce, Macan and other scholars and historians, I was able

to rest quietly while they discoursed. The most interesting spot which I explored during the remainder of the voyage was the island of Santorin, a volcanic upheaval of ancient days, where the animal life was very scanty, but very interesting. The orange-legged falcon was crossing the island at the time, and showed itself to me to great advantage. But I must cut these notes short.

I had of late been giving a short course of lectures on social life at Rome, and had already collected quite enough material to make a good-sized book on the same subject. No one had ever used the huge mass of correspondence which passed between Cicero and his friends in the last twenty or more years of Cicero's life. I thought I might use these letters as primary material for a book containing chapters on the life of the lower, middle and upper classes, on marriage, education, and kindred subjects which are generally confined to manuals and handbooks, and thereby made more or less distasteful, and work the whole subject into an entertaining book. I do not think I was deceived in this, for the book has always been rather a favourite, especially in America. True, one American wrote me a letter of extreme indignation because I had not translated all the Latin that I quoted, declaring that the book was so interesting that he did not see why it should be exasperating too. I myself found it very pleasant to write, and it did not take me very long. I spent about a year and a half on it, and before I had finished received a letter from Edinburgh asking me to deliver a course of lectures on the Gifford foundation the following year, 1909, ten in the autumn and another ten later on. This was meant of course to give me a chance of utilising all the material I had used for my *Roman Festivals*, and I consider it a most happy thought of the Edinburgh authorities to give me such a chance. I had

never ceased to have the subject in my mind, and in five minutes I was able to decide on the course I should take. Undoubtedly it was hard work; but it was not a new investigation. The Germans had done a great deal for the subject as I was prepared to take it, so too had the Italians. What was really wanting was to illuminate the whole subject by tracing the development of Roman religious ideas from the very beginning. I wished to show that here was a striking example of the truth, if truth it was, that a genuine, simple and fruitful religious system might be chilled and paralysed by a too rigid and precise organisation of it by priestly authority. I began this new task therefore hopeful of achieving something substantial, and in that I believe I did not deceive myself. I had long ago convinced myself that there was a really religious feeling at the bottom of the Roman mind; the problem was to get at it; to open out or excavate every bit of the ancient soil which might possibly afford a hint, leaving nothing untouched, whether of political or social or legal antiquities, which might be still available for interpretation: this done, to pursue these various clues into historical times, making clear their connection with each other, and so at last finding perhaps that they all spring from what we should call a religious instinct not more hard and mechanical than that of other peoples in the same stage of civilisation. How far this has been successfully worked out the reader of *Roman Religious Experience* must decide for himself.

My sister and I were ready to migrate, with ten lectures in hand, at the beginning of October 1909, and we had with us as a companion an elderly friend who had taught my sister in her earlier days, who had many friends in Edinburgh, and was herself as Scotch as could be. Professor Hardie and his wife had procured splendid lodgings for us

at the bottom of Palmerston Place near the Haymarket railway station and the trams; the English Cathedral was but a few doors up the street. For me nothing could be better; I could get out into the country on my own feet in a few minutes, or in the tram or a train, and my after-breakfast walks had not to be given up; and my sister and her companion were equally lucky in finding means to go to all parts of the city. I had good friends, *e.g.* D. Crawford, the Hardies, my old pupil Unwin and his wife, Dr. Masson, who had just published a book about Lucretius, Dr. and Mrs. Barbour, whom I had not known before, and a friend of Macpherson's, Writer to the Signet, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for enabling me to see all that is to be seen in Scott's house in Castle Street, a much more interesting bit of sight-seeing than Abbotsford. In the evenings we played backgammon or duets on the piano, and occasionally went out to dinner. The hard climate of Edinburgh did not disagree with us, and perhaps the most disappointing thing I had to face was the fact that the Edinburgh literary folks seemed to have deserted Scott for Stevenson. I should much like to know how this is to be accounted for; for the more I read Scott the more astonished I am at the breadth and ripeness of his genius, and the more I read Stevenson the more I am perplexed by the almost universal worship which he has received in the northern capital. I do not wish to depreciate him as a stylist or a man of genius, but merely to confess my own conviction that all his efforts have never brought him within reasonable distance of Sir Walter.

My second course of lectures was given in June and July, 1910. Edinburgh is a very pleasant place in the summer, and my only mishap was waking up one morning without a voice on a day when I was expected to lecture.

This, however, I got over by the kindness of Professor Baldwin Brown, who read the lecture out for me, with great effect as I was told. What a blessing are typewriters for literary people as well as business men !

We returned home to enjoy the rest of the summer peacefully, and I projected a scheme for making a new book about Kingham and its people and antiquities. Some years before this I had written in an American magazine an account of the economic history of Kingham and the surrounding villages. If I could add to this a few chapters about the people, its botany, ornithology, and any remarkable events that I thought deserving of record, such as thunderstorms and snowstorms, I might produce a little monograph not so far removed from the value of White's *Selborne*. True, no second edition has been called for. At any rate the attempt was worth making, and with the help of one or two good county antiquarians, *Kingham Old and New* takes a good place among such books. But how curious it is that no one in the village, either rich or poor, is venturesome enough to buy a copy of this little book ; they all want to read it, but as long as they can get a chance of borrowing it, they will not come out with their money. This trait, which I did not notice in my account of them, shall be inserted here ; but it must be remembered that it is a pleasure to the author to give away books that he knows will be treasured up, and that therefore they may be right in presuming that they have a certain claim on the owner. It is a nice-looking, strongly bound book, and will last exactly as it is for generations. The most valuable chapter in my view is the second one, in which the enclosing of the parish is described with very careful attention to the facts, and I am glad to see that this has been lately quoted, or rather embodied, in the last book that has been written

about this rather complicated subject, for which I may also refer the reader to my *Roman Essays and Interpretations*, page 173.

The year 1911 was that of the great dearth, which has a chapter to itself in *Kingham Old and New*. It was, alas! too much for my best friend, S. T. Irwin, whose heart gave way soon after the great heats of August (87° on the lawn here, 97° in London). I went to the funeral at Clifton on the last of the very hot days, meeting many old friends, and also new ones that he had made in recent years, and went home with a feeling that life never could be the same for me again, as indeed it never has been. I wrote a short Memoir of my old friend, which was prefixed to a volume of *Clifton School Addresses*, and when I read this ten years later, I found it answer sufficiently well to the character that during so many years I had learnt to love.

I might very well now have taken a holiday; I certainly deserved it. But the University of Oxford, which till now had never given me any encouragement to prosecute my studies of the Roman religion, suddenly came down upon me with a request for six lectures in the autumn term of 1913, which I could not well refuse, and it gave me an opportunity of what I may call providing further appendices to my Gifford Lectures. The six lectures filled a volume of 160 pages, and dealt with some interesting points, such as Genius and the tendency towards Monotheism in the Roman religion, but I do not find on re-reading them that they constitute a very valuable contribution to the subject. They were prepared for the Press in the early months of 1914, and all seemed to be going well when the Great War suddenly broke out and made it impossible to do any substantial work for fully a year and a half.

It may be difficult at a future date for some people to understand how this can be—I mean how it could have been possible even for persons far beyond the fighting age to be so distracted by the daily war-news as to make it impossible for them to forget the news and bring the reasoning powers to bear upon other matters. I know indeed of a very few cases where this was so, but they were not among my friends or neighbours. I found that it was possible to read, but not to write. I therefore took the opportunity of reading pleasant and interesting books, after I had glanced at the chief happenings recorded in the daily paper, and freely allowing myself to range among the Waverley novels or the Plays of Shakespeare or the Works of Darwin and Wallace, and to make the best I could of my eyes and ears out of doors. The evenings we could put through with the help of music and backgammon, and the most difficult time was the afternoons, especially if wet or unpleasant. Then began the news of killed and wounded in nearly all the families with which we were closely acquainted, and it was one of the few duties with which I could charge myself to write letters of sympathy and condolence for those who were in trouble in the village.

As this kind of work increased I gradually abandoned literary reading, and entered more closely into the whole life of those who were affected by this horrible calamity. My contribution was not however a large one. It happened that Lady Mary Kidd, a married daughter of Lord Lothian, was living just across the road, and constantly came in to spend the evening with us. One day I had written a little essay based on Thomas Fuller's experiences of the Civil War, and read it aloud in the evening. She liked it so much that I went on to more, and in the course of three or four months had a little volume ready

of *Essays in Brief for War-time*, which was published at once by Blackwell. The subjects were very various, ranging from German scholarship to backgammon, and though so far as I know there was no great demand for the book, I had two or three letters from men of note like Professor Dicey which were a great pleasure for me to read. The little book will, I suppose, be forgotten, but it filled up my time during the dreary and anxious months of the attacks on Verdun, and gave me a better insight into the conditions of warfare and a better hope for the future. At any rate I found myself in full agreement with the verdict of the French themselves. It was published, however, long before the most critical moments of 1918. But for the two last essays, one on our 'gloomy Dean's' view of hope, and the other called *The Sower*, encouraging all readers to sow their best crop of hope and not their worst, it was beautifully translated into Greek by Professor Mair, as a fair copy for his Edinburgh students.

We are too near the extraordinary events, the extraordinary characters, that we have been up against for the last few years, for us to realise what an escape we have had. It is almost incredible that the Greek tyrant and his most pernicious features should suddenly become visible in the flesh to the quiet and harmless peoples of the first years of our twentieth century. The essay on the new Tyrannis will show the points of likeness and unlikeness between the Kaiser and his predecessor of long ago. I believe that the conclusion I arrived at was the right one, that in all essential points the vast majority of his people were entirely with the Kaiser, that they saw him working hard for his adventurous subjects, and taking upon his own shoulders a thousand details of shepherding. How much we have learnt of his private life during the last few years! How

clearly we see that a number of circumstances combined to ruin an able man! How entirely destitute of real sober thinking his letters and utterances seem now to be! The essay on German thoroughness, page 72, as exemplified in a good German Professor, suggests a sufficiently good comparison of the better and soberer types of German character. However, the evil is done, and cannot be undone. At the present moment we cannot really foresee what is to happen next.

These imaginary letters were written in the spring of 1916; my optimism, which had at one time been a little depressed, was now recovering fast. We had indeed plenty to depress us—the Dublin attempt at revolution, and the doubtful character of the battle of Jutland—but neither of these were taken by the wise men as conclusive, and we went steadily onwards. In the summer my sister and I went to Lulworth for the last time. When she came back she was as well and as hopeful as ever, and very happy after a week-end with her friend Macdonald, the painter, at Winchester; but she found the ensuing winter too much for her, and on the morning of January 8th was found unconscious in her room with the door locked, and died in a few minutes. The shock to me was a little mitigated by the arrival of my friend Evans, whom I persuaded to stay here, and the kind man did so until the funeral. For the rest of the year my two half-sisters established themselves here more or less, and have now become recognised inhabitants of my dwelling. Since I myself fell ill, our relations have every day become more intimate, and I have learnt to appreciate the abilities of Emily, and the excellent management and good sense of Florence as I never did before. Truly I am a fortunate man. While sitting out on the lawn I could not help exclaiming that I had never enjoyed

my garden so much before. Problems arose about the nests there, which may remind us all that there cannot be an end of problems. Though able to walk very little, I have a new wicker chair on wheels and also my sisters' 'shelter,' which can be turned round to meet the sun at any quarter. I have had two or three beautiful drives in 'the Gifford,'* and hope to have many more; what more could I wish for? Good friends come to see me; A. L. Irvine and my godson, that very charming-looking young man Will Elliot, who came in his Flying uniform. The work that I can do is little, but I must now turn to that little, and show how, as I hoped, in the remainder of that year and on to the end of the war I contrived in spite of ill-health to do a certain amount of literary work, which has brought me some very pleasing verdicts and letters from old friends.

It was A. L. Irvine, Sixth Form Master at Charterhouse, who made the suggestion to me that I should turn my attention to some of the late books of the Aeneid. He came over here introduced by H. A. Evans; we made friends at once, and the result of the interview was that I undertook to look through the latter part of the seventh book, known as the *Gathering of the Clans*, and see if it could be treated geographically, racially, linguistically, and with sufficient devotion to literary and historical allusion, to stand by itself as sufficient material for a little book of commentary. I came to the conclusion that it would. With a full and ample explanation why this was so, and why we modern readers need to realise the necessity of a list giving us some insight into the nomenclature and political conditions of the Italian tribes, I set to, and before long my little building was beginning to rise, my old friend Mr. James Rhoades helping me with his translation. Strange to say the new

* The carriage bought out of the proceeds of the Gifford lectures.

plan had a most excellent reception. I need not here explain why this was so, but I think from what my friends said that the war had a good deal to do with it; I mean that boys and men who could not get out to fight found something new in the way of treatment and in the subject itself, which had generally been rather avoided. Anyhow, here was Italian legend and nomenclature apparently willing to receive its own, and here were the interests of an Italian antiquary brought to bear on his own problems, together with all the help that we could give from our modern researches.

As the reception of the *Gathering of the Clans* was so good, I determined to try another, and went on to the eighth book, *Aeneas at the Site of Rome*, always a great favourite of mine, and full of picturesque scenes which give the imagination plenty of employment, finishing too with the famous Shield of Venus. This volume was completed just as the war's last year was beginning. The prefatory note seems to express the attitude of my mind to the war, to the good sense and courage of our people in times so bad that we have never yet quite realised them; it is but a few lines; let me quote them all, for never, never in the years to come ought we to forget our peril.

' All through the eighth Aeneid we seem, like Aeneas, to be breathing "the sweet air of futurity," and this gives the book a distinctive freshness among its fellows. It seems fit reading for us to-day. Before the war the air we breathed was somewhat stagnant; it was not fragrant with the thought of better things, great things, to come, of old faults and failings overcome and put away, of a coming reign, far distant perhaps, but coming, of truth, beauty, and goodness. But now, after all that has been done and suffered in the last three years, we may breathe "the sweet

air of futurity '' with enjoyment and trust. In these three years we have had as many escapes as those of Rome depicted on the Shield of Aeneas, yet the good sense and courage of our people have survived them all. I should like to think that any educator using this book may find some help in it for the lifting up of the hearts of his pupils to look forward with good sense and courage to the many perils yet to be overcome.'

The year 1918 was occupied with the twelfth book of the *Aeneid*, which was published on October 18th, just in the middle of peace-making. The introductory note ends with these words: 'In closing my work on the twelfth *Aeneid*, I cannot but look back over the two years during which Virgil, with his large and liberal humanity, has been my constant and helpful companion. It has been a time of great anxiety and sorrow; but the dark days are now passing away. As I write, it is becoming daily more certain that *violentia*, with its delusions and pretences, is not to prevail, and that *iustitia* and *fides* are still to be the foundation-stones of our civilisation. I have all along not only hoped, but believed that this would be so. I now not only hope, but believe that justice and good faith will always be our guides through all the difficulties and dangers that may be yet to come.'







