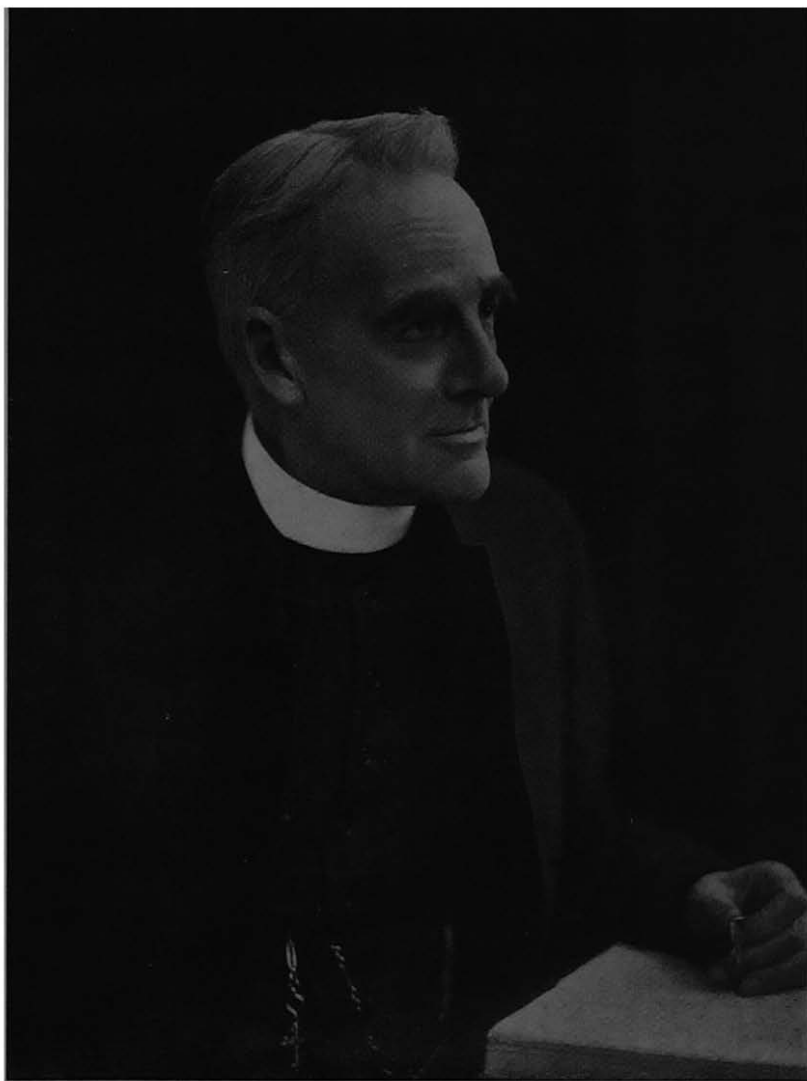


MEMORIES AND HOPES



Blake Studios, New Bond Street

THE REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D.

[*Frontispiece*

MEMORIES AND HOPES

BY THE REV. THE HON. E. LYTTTELTON, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AND SONS," "CRICKET," "THE SERMON ON
THE MOUNT," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

"I am the fool of this story, and no rebel shall
hurl me from my throne."—G. K. CHESTERTON.

"History is difficult."—WAGGERT.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1925

*Printed in Great Britain by
Hassell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.*

**THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
TO
MY DAUGHTERS**

PREFACE

THIS book is an impressionist narrative of past experiences which seem to me to yield sundry suggestions for the future.

Hence the word "Hopes" is part of the title.

There are, however, two other elements which have been incorporated. Certain characters of heroic mould it has been my privilege to know, and in regard to each of them it has seemed to me that misapprehensions exist which may be partly rectified by giving a few first-hand intimations of some of the facts. Men of stature may be looked at from many angles.

Lastly, life furnishes us with a rich store of comicalities. I know of no fact so deeply suggestive of hope and cheer in the midst of gathering gloom as that we men when we play the fool are generally ridiculous: that, therefore, the more intensely solemn life is, the richer the material it yields for laughter. So I have not hesitated to pass on to my readers some of the incidents which during the last half-century have shed the sanative light of humour on a chequered record. Thus, a good many stories are included, about which I wish to say that I have done my best to tell them truthfully; but lately I have had sobering evidence that a memory may be vigorous but quite unwittingly inaccurate. Indeed, one of the most laughable incidents which I was on the point of narrating, and had often told, has had to be ruthlessly expunged, for the reason that it was found to be not true. This perhaps sheds a little suspicion on those which have been retained; but in self-defence I will say, that wherever I have detected myself in remembering and telling a tale wrongly, the

incorrect version has been an improvement on the original. So I will ask the reader to make what he can of this caution.

I acknowledge with thanks the permission of the Editor and owners of the *Cornhill Magazine* to include the chapter on Cricket which appeared in that periodical.

My special thanks are due to the Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton for valuable hints, and to Miss Dorothy Smith without whose assiduous help these pages could hardly have seen the light.

E. L.

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MEMORIES AND HOPES

CHAPTER I

HOME LIFE .

FEW people would be found to dispute the assertion that the home life of England, anyhow among what used to be called gentlefolk, has, like all other departments of our national life, gone through a revolution during the last seventy years. Particularly is this true of a home like that in which I spent my early years; for in it in 1855 there were many traces of feudalism surviving: a patriarchal atmosphere; an abundance of servants, abundance of food and wine; a huge family, and very little idea that adult existence in this world was likely to be burdensome or difficult, though money was always scarce and the devotion of all eight sons to cricket seemed to make the prospects of a livelihood in some cases extremely problematical. But the relation between master and servants was distinctive of a bygone age and seems most unlikely to recur. The length of service, the fidelity, the pride in the family and the place, and yet the deepest gulf between the two groups of human beings; the rigid etiquette below stairs; the unfathomable mystery of the conversations in the servants' hall—where are those features of domestic life now? At one time, as far as I can remember, the span of service was as follows: a groom had been at Hagley nine years; butler fifteen; cook twenty-two; nurse, footman, coachman thirty each; and housekeeper fifty. Could a parallel record be found to-day?

Those, too, were the days when a due decorum and class-distinction were the chief notes of the life below

stairs. No function, ecclesiastical, military, or civil, could vie with the austere stateliness of the march, two and two, from the large servants' hall to the steward's room at about 12.45 p.m. The procession was headed by the white-haired seneschal, with the aged housekeeper on his arm, each carrying a half-consumed tumbler of table-beer, and behind them pairs duly arranged according to dignity of status, above a certain level which I fear I never precisely ascertained. The tableau was enacted accidentally before me, as I watched unobserved through the balustrade at about the receptive age of ten. No sooner did the last file of the aristocracy quit the hall than the tongues were let loose and a Homeric din arose, but in the steward's room decorum reigned supreme.

How gradual, but how complete, the change has been! Nobody could say when exactly or why it came about. But that is the way with revolutions in England. Foreigners have often envied us our power of effecting revolutions without bloodshed. But there is no occasion for bloodshed when nobody knows what is going on. In foreign countries, one is inclined to think, the mentality must be wholly different. Important changes are the occasion of noisy controversy; but with us, the noisier the controversy the more trivial the occasion: and while deep changes in national life are proceeding, no questions are asked. If they chance to be detected before they are completed, there is of course much protest, with feigned alarm and sinister enquiries.

"On the whole we seem to understand the law which regulates the making of history. People say, as some public schoolmasters invariably do, of any projected reform, first it will ruin the country; subsequently, "it will make no difference"; finally, "I have advocated it from the beginning."

It seems advisable at this distance of time, and in the light of later experience, to discriminate between the influences of the environment of such a home. They were not all equally good; and what we have since learnt,

or anyhow talked, of education shows us that what was wrong was generally wrong from defect. There were big gaps, and it is much easier to specify the gaps than to describe the positive goodness of the training, just as feeding is more difficult to explain than hunger.

One big gap was caused by the very thing alluded to: the army of servants whose whole *raison d'être* was ministering to our wants. After reading the autobiography of Booker Washington, one realizes the importance for young people of being helped *as little as possible* by anybody: constantly encouraged, but not helped. Every bit of help is an interruption to a child's growth. One of the greatest blessings brought by the War—there are not many—is that most of our sons are obliged to dispense with servants' help. The opportunity is given to the once rich of learning to do without; and there is no reason why we should spoil it all by grumbling. A child will learn self-help, resourcefulness, patience, observation, perseverance, and fifty other good things if parents and servants will leave him alone. Suggest and encourage, but don't help. This maxim, I fear, is learnt less readily by women than by men, and in education it is plain that zeal is quite as dangerous as laziness.

At Hagley there were elements in the home-life for which every child learnt later on to be profoundly thankful, but they were bound up with the spell of some remarkable personalities, and are too intimate and sacred still to be made the theme of criticism and analysis, but their broad features may be stated. In my father a spirit of deep piety and noble devotion to duty were combined in a very unusual degree with sportiveness and boyish humour, and from the blend came a remarkable sense of true values. He knew instinctively, never by analysis, what things mattered. Though a reserved man, he managed to make it known through the elder sisters that to him the strongest desire in life was that his sons should go straight.

My mother died before I was two years old, and our

training was taken in hand by my sisters, especially by Lucy (Lady F. Cavendish), Lavinia (Mrs. E. S. Talbot), and May, who died unmarried in 1875. The Rector of Hagley was my father's brother William, a man of incomparable charm, spirituality of mind, and overflowing humour. Not that he was a philosopher or a poet, but that things grotesque and mean were to him supremely laughable, owing to his perception by contrast of the divine.

In 1869 our stepmother, Mrs. Humphrey Mildmay, came on the scene, and soon became a centre of deep affection to the large, noisy, and in some cases rather *farouche* boys. Her taste in ornament and gardening brought in some elements of artistic life where they were sorely needed.

Along with these must be mentioned with deep gratitude the three brothers-in-law, John and Edward Talbot and Lord Frederick Cavendish. One of the first two still is with us, too well known to need my testimony here. For fifty years and more he has been a salutary influence on all of a vast circle of close friends. Of Fred Cavendish I will only say that he has left a memory of devotion to public service enriched by the character of high-mindedness, unswerving rectitude, and modesty which is associated with his family name.

As the elder generation presented so virile and spontaneous a type of virtue, and as it was taught by sisters (in default of a mother) and to a considerable extent embodied in the elder brothers, as far as I can judge, there were many of the essentials of a rich and salutary home training. But I should say that the view of life in broad outline which was that of the elder four brothers was more powerfully impressed than any other; and that if they had not been given the love of goodness from above, humanly speaking, the world, the flesh, and the devil would have been too much for us younger ones. How tremendous, then, is the responsibility of all fatherhood, and of elders in our homes!

Since those days, however, the gravity of the question of early intellectual training has been in some few quarters

realized, and where this has happened, the danger of priggishness supervenes, or anyhow of over-estimation of intellect as the organ for the discovery of the highest truth. From that danger we were free, but the defects that resulted were very grave and were noticeable in very nearly every home in Great Britain. Some parents to-day understand the obligation of cultivating the dormant faculties of perception of beauty in art or nature, the wholesomeness of handicraft and gardening and of all handiwork, and of music, recitation, acting, etc., etc. In the fifties scarcely anybody understood anything whatever of the glorious doctrine that through perception of beauty we imbibe the Divine, and that if a child's nature is to be uplifted, he must be creative in his activities, constantly discovering and constantly solving little practical problems for himself. Perhaps more important than any is the training of the imagination, which between the years of three and seven demands that the child be left a good deal alone. At that age toys should be very few and very simple: we had scarcely any, and the instinct of our elders left us to a certain extent to our own resources, and country surroundings require little supplementing. We were spared the disastrous interference of adults showing us rapidly pictures that we couldn't understand.

The boon of passively drinking in the secrets of Nature, her laws, her rhythm, and her severity, was interfered with by the fascinations of cricket. The eldest brother—the late Lord Cobham—was not only a cricketer of astounding power and capacity, but of almost matchless beauty of style. When the younger fry of the eight brothers were shaping their interpretation of life, they witnessed superb and easy motion of finely formed limbs asserting a mastery over physical problems of which the whole country—to young boys the whole world—was talking; and meantime they felt the development of something of the same skill in themselves.

What was bound to be the effect of that? Not only did the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's seem to us to be

the annual climax of the history of mankind; not only were many other subjects of knowledge left in the cold and a huge amount of time and thought given to this absorbing game; but, hardly credible though it may sound, we unconsciously conceived of beauty almost entirely in terms of physical motion and physical skill. No eye for Nature or Art could be trained in such an atmosphere. It was our childhood which was spoiled of its richest heritage. Some of us learnt by eighteen years of age that there was something amiss, and have laboured to capture a hint of the secret of an evening landscape, a flower-garden, or a running stream, and also of the triumphs of the artists on canvas or in stone.

I must admit that the hope of the "late learner," as the Greeks called him, is a poor thing when childhood is gone. Nothing can replace the loss of quiet hours of early readings in poetry; lessons in reading aloud; steady patient practice in music, especially sight-reading for part-songs and choruses, the Englishman's heritage; drawing; familiarity, in short, with some of the avenues through which beauty streams down on the racket and disorder of our modern "life's fitful fever." It depends what age you have in view for the development of your Anglo-Saxon boys. If it be twenty-five, well. But what is his equipment for sixty-five, when, if the foundations have been securely laid, the healthy man ought to be at his best? That equipment must begin to be provided in childhood, and must consist of something far more durable than allegiance to a game which only lasts a few years.

Like other good things, the atmosphere of a large family offers certain benefits involving certain dangers. Among them is freedom of fraternal criticism. The following incident anticipated from later days is illustrative. About 1875 there appeared at Cambridge a lady who knew how to suck advantage from the immense ignorance and vanity of youth. She supported life by applying Science "falsely so-called" to our egoism in the matter of phrenology. Her method was, for the payment of 5s. a head, to

pat and stroke our skulls, reeling off the while our qualities good, bad, and indifferent. Her list was ample, enabling her slightly but sufficiently to vary the special catalogues; the task of taking down the statements being committed to an underling, who next day transmitted the written statement to each subject of the experiment. She struck us as being rather wonderful till it occurred to someone to apply a simple test. It was, if I remember right, the popular and genial Harrovian, Percy Crutchley, who submitted his occiput to Madame's podgy hands, and received on the morrow a somewhat flattering list of his virtues and gentle hints of possible short-comings. After a fortnight he returned to the charge, but was rather baffled by finding the second statement contradicted the first in every particular. Madame shortly after decamped with sadly tarnished fame but no lack of swag. My own picture, I recollect, like others, had only one defamatory expression in it. Among a series of virtues suddenly appeared the word "self-esteem." Alfred read the appreciation in critical silence to that point with an occasional "H'm"; then suddenly, "Ha! self-esteem: that's good."

From all violent antagonisms the elder brothers were surprisingly free, and indeed set us a fine example of mutual respect without over-clannishness.

Meantime the Muses were not wholly neglected, in spite of much *amusement* (which S. T. Coleridge interprets as diversion from the nine sisters). The whole family had a good natural gift for music, and among ourselves could manage respectable but unstudied part-singing. At the age of seven I found I could put in an alto part by ear—thirds only—and about the same time, along with Alfred, could be drawn into the schoolroom from some rudimentary cricket or squabbling outside, by the melody of "The Harp that once," played by my youngest sister May, who died in 1875. She did something also to introduce us to Dickens, and together with some of the elders gave us a

general idea of the value of reading. But music as well as Natural History, Natural Science, reading aloud, and many other profitable pursuits were in those days not seriously thought of as an ingredient in boys' education. We hungered for knowledge without knowing what the sense of inanition meant. For music we were indebted to my Aunt Caroline, once a beautiful player of Mozart, Gluck, Haydn, and others; also later on to Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), whose noble touch on the piano opened our horizon to Beethoven and the nineteenth century.

Moreover, Cobham set us a fine example of renunciation in 1868, giving up all first-class cricket for politics and public work. We learnt from him and from our father to what interests our young minds *ought* to be given; but that is not the same thing as growing up to be spontaneous votaries of the pursuit of the Beautiful and the True.

Some details of the life of our boyhood may be of interest, since the like of them have vanished from modern homes, and give some indications of a certain lopsidedness in our training which may serve as a kind of sign-post to modern parents, members of the much diminished group of "well-to-do Englishmen." From about eleven to twenty-five most of us were passionately fond of shooting. This was not due to the example of the elders, though that added fuel to what I must call an internal flame. I think it was not till fourteen that we began to shoot, but I well remember spending many hours in the park of an evening during the previous year, watching rabbits feeding, marking every hole, and learning how to stalk them. This was not a taste for natural history or anything to do with it. The whole time I spent in eager anticipation of the following year, when I should be allowed to slay these pretty rodents; and it may be surmised that an instinct so imperious, so general among boys, grows—not because they are all cruel—very few of them are—but because some old ancestral strain in the blood asserts itself from days when man in self-defence was at war with the beasts of

the woods. Nothing else explains the weird hostility we felt to the timid rabbits, hares, and the lovely cock-pheasants. If boys' nature is to be refined and uplifted, this instinct is to be guided, not crushed; and this can easily be done by substituting interest in animals for hostility towards them. The kodak soon takes the place of the gun, and should be used from ten years old onwards. When it is a case of destruction of vermin, rats, etc., by order of the community, the instinct may be cautiously gratified, but the child must know why.

During the Easter holidays, before cricket began and after shooting stopped, we used to gather at the Hall door and listen for the distant hum of the threshing machine, and tramped, armed with good ashen sticks, over hedge and ditch, until the elusive joy was fairly located. Towards evening what a hurly-burly of service to a neighbour! some thirty or forty rats deftly foredone by a blow on the spine or chawed up by the fox-terrier, Vic—a remarkable animal, who on one occasion gobbled up thirteen mice apparently without a chew at the moment or a qualm afterwards (the same dog once received a bullet from a pea-rifle, through her person, just under the back-bone, and after one admonitory yelp went on as if nothing whatever had happened). But it must be admitted, the civilizing influence of the love of animals was imperfectly carried through, and issued in little more than a certain self-interested regard for the terrier, the pony, and that unpleasing beast the ferret.

At home, the Church arrangements in 1860 were considerably in advance of those prevailing elsewhere in country districts. It is not generally known how recently some of the most primitive and grotesque absurdities disappeared. A great friend of mine and an admirable schoolmaster, E. W. Howson, came across a young clerical member of that profession who eked out a lean income by doing odd jobs in the holidays for parsons who needed help. His itinerary was in the south of England and some of his experiences were well-nigh incredible. Once,

after giving out the hymn from a three-decker erection, he joined in the singing of it, and discovered the congregation looking askance at him for doing so. He then observed that they were all turned round facing westward; and later on learnt that the practice was for the village clerk to sing *every hymn a solo*, standing in the organ gallery at the west end, no matter how "scrannel a pipe" his vocal apparatus may have been! In another church the clerk sat cross-legged in the centre aisle, performing a solo too, but he accompanied himself by whacking lustily with a small hammer on to an instrument made of seven pieces of glass, bawling out the words in strong provincial accent. Not long after this information was given me, I read an article in a magazine entitled "Country Worship Fifty Years Ago," if I remember right, where both of these oddities were recorded, and many more like them. But that must have been a picture of 1840. The tableaux given to Howson were facts in 1888!

What is the purport of this outworn gossip? The purport of it is the same as that of the following grisly incident. About 1890 a keen London curate took a living in a northern town, and heard from the lips of the outgoing incumbent, delivered *without a qualm*, the following admission. "As to my Sunday arrangements, I have afternoon service at 8 p.m. You see, it is as well to put it at an hour when you may be sober!" The words used were anyway to that effect. Such things ought to be known, because the just inference I hold to be simply that there must be something divine and imperishable in the Church's message of life for it to have survived all our attempts to kill it. If that inference is just, it carries a great deal with it.

A still more instructive set of facts are given us in such novels as those of Trollope and Jane Austen. Meditate awhile on the cheap, unadulterated, unabashed worldliness of view and convention described as *a matter of course* as the characteristic of good people, and then reflect what must the Power be which has lifted us up, anyhow in theory and idea, far above that sordid, earth-bound

conventionalism. Much more might be said on this topic ; but it would be well if some of the large and amorphous group of Church critics would seriously take this consideration to heart.

At Hagley, then, the prevailing idea of worship was considerably in advance of some other places—one of those just described was only two miles from a famous cathedral city!—but it retained a fairly strong trace of pre-Tractarian feudalism. The centre of interest on Sunday morning was the squire's family ; the living was and is in the squire's gift, and it was taken for granted, I fancy, that one at least of the sons would take Holy Orders, because of the family living. Down to about 1865 the black gown was worn by the preacher in the pulpit, and a considerable ferment was stirred by the first chanting of the Psalms and the surplices donned by the choir. As to the former, I well remember the protest uttered by a burly and prominent paterfamilias near the centre of the building, as conspicuous as he could make himself : as soon as the chant began, he seized his Prayer-book and visibly gabbled the morning Psalms to himself, feeling that he scored by finishing long before the choir, and in proportion as he was observed by the congregation. The moment he finished he noisily closed the Prayer-book, clapped it on the pew desk, and remained standing with arms folded and his back-view breathing the purest essence of John Bullism : conscientiousness, Toryism, narrowness, self-complacency, bulk.

The sermons then and for some years afterwards were all unintelligible to the younger boys. They invariably consisted of a rather elaborate exposition of some Scriptural passage or some religious thought, and ended by an application to ordinary life, and sometimes with a paragraph of something resembling eloquence. This part we waited for and sometimes enjoyed, simply because it might have been intelligible without being quite stale. If the last five minutes satisfied those conditions, we thought it a " jolly good sermon " and now and then felt

vaguely encouraged to "be good." The reminiscence has taught me how seldom young boys understand what is said to them. Some forty older boys at school, averaging seventeen, were asked what were the chief notes of a really good sermon, and the answers were mostly that it must be intelligible.

In the middle of this comes a discourse from Sam Wilberforce in the height of his reputation—about 1867 at the end of a week's visit; a substantial interval of peace in the midst of his abnormally racketed life. Yet he was every day up at 5 a.m. writing innumerable letters, and I can recall a feeling approaching awe as we realized how immense was his activity. At meals he was of course full of anecdotes, told with surprising dramatic vividness, but I cannot remember one and feel pretty sure that there was not one that I fully took in. The elders revelled in his talk. But the sermon——! It was on the Rabshakeh taunting the Jews outside the walls of the beleaguered Jerusalem, and the whole scene, though without some striking details unearthed subsequently, has lived in my mind ever since, and especially the sound of the preacher's little manuscript of notes crackling under his hands as he uttered the words "And Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread the letter before the Lord." Still, it is worth remarking that almost nothing of the teaching survives in the memory, and the experience suggests caution in attributing much permanent influence to homiletic oratory.

Among the elder generation, especially when the home circle was reinforced by Talbot visitors, there was a great interest in and much talk about Church matters; not about philanthropy till later. But it is curious how strong an obstacle against learning is provided by the simple policy of talking without explaining. Boys in other homes were certainly as ignorant as we were of the meaning of the word Church, of its history, of its connexion with Scripture and the origin of Nonconformity, etc., etc., but it is certain they could not have been more ignorant.

Their blankness of mind was due to the subject never being mentioned. Ours persisted through much talk which wearied without being understood. My ignorance on the whole matter continued almost unbroken till the age of twenty-seven, when I went to a Theological College to read for Orders. A powerful incentive to curiosity and a wide diffusion of knowledge were provided when Chamberlain first opened a campaign for Disestablishment, but it is incredibly difficult to get average English boys to be interested in corporate, institutional religion. On the other hand, their keenness in all questions of conscience and of the individual moral life is constant and unmistakable, unless the home-training has been thoroughly bad.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL LIFE, 1865 TO 1868

THE three youngest of the band of brothers were sent to a preparatory dame's-school in Brighton, kept by Mrs. W. It was considered quite one of the best in the country, and I have no evidence to the contrary, except that the well-known Waterfield's at East Sheen and Tabor's at Cheam were well spoken of and certainly were far better than our seminary in teaching. But, broadly speaking, in no department of life, certainly of our educational life, has the revolution during the last fifty years been so astonishing or so beneficial as in the improvement of boys' preparatory schools. To-day a large group of men of the highest character and admirable qualifications are in charge of some 12,000 little sons of the professional educated classes. The competition between the schools is severe: the mothers are very exacting, and not always very wise. The headmasters are like other educators, human, fallible, and often overworked. Some of them, too, succumbed at one time to the insane demand that the children should be lapped in luxury, but the general poverty to-day is forcing us to hope that other means of grace may be found. There are among headmasters not a few who have come to the rescue of the country by safeguarding young boys against the most hideous moral mischief that threatens any group of the ignorant brought up in artificial segregation from the other sex. The task of the public schools is no longer what it was in 1870. At that time nearly the whole of Society was guilty of the neglect of children, not so much of active ill-treatment, but of ignorant neglect of the plain require-

ments of youth. About 1800 there must have been much barbarism in boys' schools—dirt, squalor, bullying; and a dismal gulf existed between fathers and sons. There is, however, some remarkable evidence to show that down to about 1820 the special evil we nowadays call immorality was not known either to parents or schoolmasters. It may be it was kept in check by the extraordinary hardness of the life. I am loth to dogmatize on such a subject, but it certainly looks as if contemporaneously with the immense improvement in civilization after that date, unnatural evil took its rise. If so, it is justly so named; and the fact should be known to parents and schoolmasters, who are prone sometimes to fatalism. The reaction set in very gradually by 1840, since when the peril, as everyone knows, has been not harshness, but softness, developing, at least in many homes, into loss even of discipline. By 1870 decadence had set in. Soon after that date one or two astute persons saw their opportunity to start preparatory schools on luxurious lines, the diminutive sons of opulent and exacting mothers being pampered with more good things than they enjoyed even at home. The establishment at which we were "trained" was not open to that indictment in 1865.

Since those days the preparatory schools are greatly improved, the English people retaining its old faculty of pulling up in time; but the disease of softness and luxury has invaded many homes, and in consequence the old country is menaced by very urgent perils. Some few details of the school will be not uninteresting. There were, it was said, over five hundred schools in the same town, all private establishments for boys or girls. The ordinary outdoor exercise consisted of walking two and two along the streets. We varied the monotony by occasionally barging—*adverso fronte*—full into another school advancing towards us on the same pavement. The resulting scrimmage was a keen delight though a disreputable spectacle: we pretended a kind of grave unconsciousness, as if the violent collisions had been wholly unsought, and the

relish of knocking a youthful stranger into the gutter was an uncovenanted boon from Heaven! The dingy little usher who attended us used to hurry to the other side of the street and feign complete detachment from the hurly-burly. We "marched prospering, not through his presence." On receiving his report, Mrs. W., the dame, delivered herself to us at tea-time. The burden of her admonition was that the other school, though "highly respectable," were "not a class of boys whom I should like you to associate with at all." The masters were a random group of failures in other professions. One used to come in the morning smelling of beer; another was found to be a wandering adventurer who appeared on the scene with a good black coat on his back and two carpet-bags full of gravel. He knew no Latin, but was set to teach the first class! The others were a variegated gang, most of whom stayed with us a very short time. The only characteristics they had in common were dinginess, ignorance, and dislike of teaching. Two of them wrote begging-letters to us afterwards. No attempt whatever was made to teach cleanliness of thought or conversation. By what seems now pure hazard, open immorality did not actually spread, though it was often on the point of doing so; and one boy became a shocking criminal afterwards, never having received a word of warning from any quarter.

Greediness, however, was rampant: a common introduction to vice.

This boyish infirmity, however, had its good side. Dullness is always baneful, and as all thinking or discovery was impossible in the classroom, we found some scope for our nascent faculties by evading observation and slipping into confectioners' shops. This required some skill, resource, and planning. Moreover, it gave us the only geography teaching in the curriculum, and I can remember the whereabouts of the "grub shops" to the present day. Hampers from home were, I think, universal, stuffed with comestibles not always wisely chosen, among

which I have cause to remember a large, heavy, cold plum-pudding.

Two incidents I shall never forget. One of the sons of Mrs. W. was a consumptive gentleman who only rarely took part in teaching. He used to appear at uncertain intervals, and whenever he did we noisy and lazy little varlets were at once stricken with panic. He was strikingly handsome, elegantly dressed, and spoke and moved with a regal deliberation; a grave, sarcastic, terrifying figure, startlingly in contrast with the unkempt, harassed under-strappers of the establishment. One day, to our horror, he bore down on the small class of which Alfred and I and a youth called Beaumont were members. "Someone had blundered," as Tennyson remarked in another connexion, and we had only prepared one sentence of the Latin *Delectus* instead of two. When this dread pastor of juveniles told us to go on to the next, we felt as if we were falling into an abyss. Not one word could we translate. The sentence began with "*Ager, quamvis fertilis*" (a field, however fertile), and went on to remark that if it is not cultivated it bears no crops—a reminder of a natural law quite appropriate to the situation. Well I remember Beaumont whining out "Ager: an age" and A. W.'s mordant sarcasms. We had to stand up and spell out the sentence there and then. As I was the oldest, ten and a half summers, I had to grapple with the words. Up till then my practice had been to spend five minutes of each hour's preparation in getting Andrew Mulholland (elder brother of the present Lord Dunleith) to construe the sentences, and the remainder of the hour in fooling. But with Andrew far away, I had to make it out as best I could, and for the first time experienced the satisfaction of an honest bit of work.

The other was when an irascible Frenchman whacked me on the calf of the leg for an offence I had not committed. It did not make it any better that the author of this outrage was a foreigner. Indeed, I have to confess

that for many years I have had to fight against a disposition, fostered by school histories, to side with Dr. Johnson in his judgment of all the world not English, or at least British; and to conceive of an international co-operation as a wild dream. Then think of the sequel!

I complained to headquarters of this tyranny, and as Mrs. W. promised to look into it, I left her feeling sure justice would be vindicated. But what happened is harrowing to relate. Every Saturday boys who had behaved well were allowed to stray about Brighton two and two without supervision for the whole afternoon. No harm came of this liberty excepting excess of confectioneries, chiefly chocolate-creams. So when I came to get permission of Mrs. W., to my horror and disgust she rebuked me for posing as an innocent when I was guilty. "Now, Lyttelton, this is too bad of you. You know you have done wrong. Enquire within" (as if I were looking for lodgings), "and remember Monsieur C. last Tuesday." I do remember that gentleman after nearly sixty years; but neither he, nor I, nor Mrs. W. has been the better for the occurrence, save that I learnt once and for all that the very first demand that boys make of their elders is not smiles or holidays or lollipops, but justice.

CHAPTER III

ETON

A GREAT deal has lately been written about Eton in which fact and fiction have been strangely blended. Some old members of the school, bewitched by the spell which the Alma Mater has for centuries cast over her sons, seem to have thought that any chatter about the old place was sure to be of interest, any gossip, however inaccurate, would be acceptable, provided that nothing was said in any way critical of the peculiar tone of the school, its traditions, its customs, or of the output of *alumni* who annually pass from her shelter out into the world. My object in the following observations is to show that while Eton men belaud what is undeniably laudable about their old school, they often seem not to have noticed that its tone has radically changed in fifty years, and if they are on the whole satisfied with the school as it now is, it is at least open to question whether it could have been as perfect before the modern changes had begun. It is probable that the belief, often implied, that the spirit of Eton remains unchanged, though its outward expression alters, is either a pious fiction or a pure hallucination.

For it is really important to realize that a school always is what society is: far from perfect; amiss just as society is, but in good points more hopeful, as good is seen in process of growth. If this truism were understood, as it never has been, a vast amount of idle not to say fatuous criticism of these and other institutions would never have been uttered. The notion that boys, the products of English homes, when they gather together for eight months in the year can create an atmosphere peculiar to their

school and owing nothing to their antecedents or to the influence of the world around is a flat absurdity.

My Eton life as a boy was from January 1868 to mid-summer 1874. I was twelve and a half years old. Alfred, the youngest of the large family, came at the same time, a little short of eleven years. We had two elder brothers in the school, and so we were amply protected against any random bullying that might have chanced. Yet we soon found that reprisals were necessary. My first collision was with a juvenile named Brook—who some years afterwards gained notoriety by exchanging fisticuffs with the unhappy Science master, and extorting an apology from him for having dealt the first blow!—his offence against me was prodding my new tall hat with his umbrella spike: this was too much. In 1868 the tall hat was a serious fact in life. A dim, fitful feeling for dandyism and with it cleanliness arose in us, because of the headpiece then donned for the first time, and unlike our posterity, who now treat it with contempt, we all had a real reverence for this article of dress, costly and uncomfortable though it was. The collision led to nothing more than a scuffle, but it taught me the dangerous maxim *Si vis pacem para bellum*, and I had no further trouble.

Fights, I may mention, were becoming rare. The last I have heard of, of the old formal pre-arranged type, was one between A. and one R., the first of a trio known as the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. It took place about 1870, and A., a formidable bruiser, mauled his antagonist terribly: after three weeks' retirement from public view, he reappeared with bloodshot eyes and a chastened view of life. Nobody said anything, but the prevailing feeling was that this was *un peu trop fort*, and thereafter strained relations led to a decided coolness, not to say avoidance and boycotting—a more cruel weapon than violence.

The victor in this combat had joined the school a few weeks late. Other new boys having learnt how to get

along, he was solitary and unshepherded: went to the wrong chapel the first day, and was flogged; next day also for some similar slip. Every one's hand was against him, and, being a rough diamond, he was ill thought of by the masters. He left the school young. None the less, he looked on it later as a first charge on his attenuated income to send his sons to Eton. There lies the secret no one has quite explained.

Soon we accommodated ourselves to a life in which boyish barbarism was encouraged by almost-unlimited liberty. In the Easter and summer "halves" very little was done to provide games for the younger fry. There were twelve fives-courts down the Eton-Wick Road, snapped up by the big fellows, so that we had to be content with a game of twenty minutes, if we were lucky enough to be fagged to keep a court, while the owner went to change. However, by dint of bluff and blarney we often secured one of the chapel walls from which all fives-courts of the Eton type were evolved. Still, there were very many afternoons when we were reduced to amusing ourselves as best we could, and the form it generally took was to sally forth in tall hats and jackets over the flat lands mostly covered by floods, wade through the flood water, and restore circulation in the country beyond by provoking fights with wholly unoffending "cads": the name given to all young males in England who had never been to one of the accredited Public Schools. These combats mostly took place on Sunday afternoons. In the summer half there was such a beggarly provision made for games that some five hundred boys, every half-holiday afternoon, at least three times a week, were forced to "loaf." Nobody has ever been able to say how they spent their time: the majority, I should say, dawdled about watching the fives and sucking toffee procured "on tick." The scandalous want of fives-courts was remedied by A. C. Ainger about 1871, but the cricket-ground deficiency went on almost untouched till 1887, when R. A. H. Mitchell was induced, not easily, to countenance several additional

games. Previously only one game was played on the huge area of Lower Sixpenny or Timberhalls.

This strange state of things was the survival of previous centuries, when no provision of any kind was made for any games whatever, either at Eton or elsewhere. That neglect was remedied in a singularly lopsided fashion. Mitchell and Dupuis became cricket masters in the sixties; it is not known how far the appointment was formal: and in a trice a transformation took place, but only of the cricket of the first thirty boys in Upper Club. Their conception of duty was to sacrifice themselves in all their available time to coaching, and to expect the boys to do the same, the one object of life being to produce an eleven which could hold its own against Harrow. They far outdid the juveniles in their worship of the game, and the influence of these two adults, magnificent exponents of the art of hitting and kicking balls, very conscientious in their work, and actualizing a boyish ideal of life, was of course boundlessly potent; corroborated too by the majority of the parents of that time and only fitfully resisted by two or three masters. One of these, who was my tutor then, embarked on a correspondence with Dupuis and some light is shed on the situation by the latter's rejoinder: "You say that if the boys play cricket for seven hours in the day it interferes with their work. Prove it." Many of the boys disliked so much play, and I made a feeble attempt to lessen it in 1874, being captain that year; but unavailingly, though I believe the tyranny was relaxed soon afterwards. Unfortunately, among the opponents of athleticism was a master notorious for shirking his own work, whereas Mitchell and Dupuis were unflinchingly conscientious about theirs, and all the more to be admired as intellectual effort was never a toy to either of them.

The masters, as a lot, were entirely aloof from the boys: most of them fine scholars of the old Cambridge, Latin-verse type, more than half of them, the seniors, being in orders. During the years in question there was no such



MISS EVANS'S HOUSE GROUP AT ETON, 1869.

Hills & Saunders, Eton.

thing as pastoral care exercised by a master, except by one or two of the very youngest, whose example told most beneficially later on, especially H. E. Luxmoore. Some of the staff were grotesque figures, and supplied what was badly needed, material for numberless anecdotes with which we used to regale each other by the hour in the long winter-evenings when there was nothing else to do.

But I must not omit mention of the great dame, Miss Jane Evans, in whose house my brothers and I were. Hers was a truly remarkable achievement. She governed a house of fifty-four of the highest-spirited boys in the world, single-handed for thirty-seven years, and during the whole of that period it was—though far from immaculate—the best or nearly the best House in Eton. Dames, it should be said, were originally adventurous ladies who made a living by opening boarding-houses for boys not on the Foundation, called Oppidans to this day. Miss Evans was the last, her term of office being prolonged after permission was withdrawn from the others, whose incompetence for their formidable task became intolerable. One house of about thirty boys was run by two old ladies, one very deaf and the other, it was said, nearly blind. But even if they had been able to see and hear what went on, they could have done nothing, as there was no means of enforcing rules, except by reporting the pandemonium. Another was alluded to by us in our consciousness of comparative respectability as "the Tavern." (It must be admitted that there was a good deal of excess of drinking, generally checked by the wretched quality of the liquor given at dinner and after football. But public opinion was far more definitely against tipping than against immorality.)

Miss Evans's secret was in her belief in goodness of boy nature and insight (intuitive) as to the quarter whence it could be evoked. She detected very early which of the boys were going to be influential later on, and by the time they were about fourteen and a half she would, without haranguing, give them the idea that they were

already responsible for the good tone of the house, insisting that she could not possibly manage it without our help. In making this appeal she waked up in us a dormant feeling of chivalry which was of course impossible for any male housemaster. It was an entirely natural adaptation of Arnold's methods at Rugby (unconscious, as she had probably never heard of Arnold, or of Rugby except as a place designed by Providence to show by contrast the greatness of Eton), but far more light-handed than Arnold's. Similarly she would never chime in with any of our boyish enthusiasm for any adult; she strove to make us feel we had plenty of power for good in ourselves: and yet it was impossible for priggishness to rear its head for a moment in her presence; she never appealed to great principles, and never mentioned religion. In fact, her strength lay to a considerable extent in her negative qualities and even in her limitations. She showed no interest in or concern for intellectuality of any kind, and earnest tutors outside occasionally crabbed the house for encouraging idleness. (This reproach was in part true.)

In truth she would have approved of a boy who worked selfishly for honours quite as little as of an idle selfish athlete. The prizes brought in by the former were valueless in her eyes; so the cups brought in by the latter, though they represented corporate effort, never stirred in her the least vain-glory. Her way of sympathizing with us in the dismal hour of defeat was not to groan with us or to enter into the minutiae of the struggle, indeed she understood nothing of the games, but rather to indicate very tenderly and not in words—that would have been fatal—that there was a higher and more spiritual quality in the little group of lads than athletic prowess, skill, or endurance. What that quality was she never told us, and I doubt if she could have put her ideas into words.

For our dear dame was in possession of the secret how to influence boys without the use of that moral exhortation which was known among us as "jaw." Herein she may have learnt what to avoid from the example of her elder

sister Anne (died about 1871), who believed in that method of lifting the life of mankind, and whom we irreverently spoke of as Chin-wag. I remember being taken to task by her at the age of thirteen for something or other, and being wholly in the dark as to the wrong-doing which provoked such a cataract of words; the effect was further marred by the irrelevant comments of a poll-parrot in the corner of the room.

By contrast the following incident is instructive. Not very long ago a senior class of Public School boys were asked by their master, who was teaching the New Testament, if they had ever had a jaw which told them what they did not know before? After half a minute's pondering, they answered "Never."

Defective, then, as "my dame's" view of the aims of school life doubtless was, it was hallowed by a fine independence of all outside or worldly estimates. Her perspective was entirely just, in so far as she put the first thing first. Her reverence for goodness and freedom from conventionality were genuine and spontaneous; so was her deep but inarticulate piety; even her reticence about holy things brought spiritual reality nearer to the boys, restive under the burden of holy talk we did not understand.

Hence another grand quality essential to the discharge of her life-duties: a peace of mind unbroken by failure. The longing solicitude with which she watched the first erratic steps of a young boy was only equalled by the complete tranquillity with which she washed her hands of him if he proved to be a rebel: she had done all she could; no painful reminiscence was allowed to mar the serenity of her smile and quiet hopefulness of outlook. Any undesirable young rascal, swiftly, quietly, remorselessly, was made to disappear.

Miss Evans's serenity was the expression not only of her deep piety, but of a rich gift of humour. On the whole, she was the most humorous woman I have ever known: and the quality was bound up with a large instinctive feeling for the infinite issues of life so naturally, so deeply

and reverently, that some of us learnt from her the priceless truth of the dependence of humour on the perception of the Divine.

There were tragedies, not a few, during her long tenure of the house, indicating the aspect of youthful infirmity on which no joke is permissible. On these she never spoke a word, but the follies of some of the parents, any incipient priggishness, dandyism in the boys, or the touchiness of some Eton residents or self-importance among the servants, seemed to yield her such nourishment from their comicality that, though clearly recognizing the sinfulness, she was clear in her own thought as to the pure enjoyment to be got from laughing at them.

Yet with all this, I have the clearest recollection that there was some element in her character whereby, without in the least meaning it, she inspired a little fear. I can only hint at our experience.

Her own narrative of the following incident may give some impression of her discernment. One September as the "half" was beginning, a dread specimen of the *nouveaux riches* entered the drawing-room: a florid female clothed in tightly-fitting blue satin and reeking of scent. "Good morning, Miss Evans. I want you please to take my boy into your house to-day. He is outside in a cab and his luggage all with him." Miss Evans, whose house, of course, was full for years, at once addressed herself to the task of getting quit of this person without wounding her feelings. So she rose to her full stature—about six feet—and with her most winning smile, a rare compound of sweetness and strength, advanced slowly down the room, her skirt slightly spread sideways driving the lady before her towards the door, as if she were "shooing" a hen out of the garden; all the time emphasizing her regret at being obliged to say no: desirous, I gathered, that the visitor should not say another word on any subject, and feeling anxious about the atmosphere of her drawing-room. The exit being accomplished, she courteously followed her visitor to the front door and saw in the cab a fat boy in a jacket

not of the right Eton cut, and a crushed-looking husband opposite. "Now, cabman," cheerfully said the lady in blue, "which is the next house?" In short, in days when it was a matter vitally and terribly important to select the right house, this interesting mother was leaving the choice to the Windsor cabby.

Her view of life, of duty, of all with whom she came into contact, her motives and hopes, namely her wondrous kindness and largeness of heart, were so entirely her own and so wholly independent of the best public opinion round her, that it suggested inevitably another and a better world. She owed absolutely nothing to education of the ordinary kind, and as far as I know never read books, certainly cared nothing for them. Indeed, as in the case of another uneducated woman of genius, Mrs. Gladstone, we gained the impression that had she been through the ordinary mill of school life and examinations she would have lost much and gained nothing. As it was, her greatness obviously owed nothing to human training, and perhaps on that very account was strongly and consistently suggestive of the Divine.

Some of my readers will remember the grand portrait of her by Sargent which hangs in the School Hall. She enjoyed telling us of the initial stage. She was brought up to the great artist's studio by Howard Sturgis, who was the moving spirit in the project, and set upon a chair to be contemplated for the picture. At once she protested, laughing gaily at herself that she could not look natural. "Mr. Sargent, you have stuck me in this chair, and I am as self-conscious as possible." The artist, who must have been familiar with this difficulty, knew what to do. Quite naturally he directed Sturgis's attention to some object outside the window and then talked about it with well-feigned interest for five minutes. Then suddenly he turns round. "Keep still, Miss Evans; I have got you. Nothing more to worry about." She easily put off the uneasiness, and I strongly suspect it was the first and only time in her life she had felt the slightly morbid sensation of the *Ego*.

It should be known that the period of which I am writing embraced the closing years of the barbaric epoch of Public School life in this country. The last year was after I left in 1875. The date was important in the history of the school for reasons deserving of mention. It took me many years of contact with boys to learn that any definite strong resistance to evil is hardly possible to boyhood. What was lacking in the Eton of our time was that the housemasters were out of touch with the bigger boys and the pastoral relation between boys and men had not begun. That was the first great cause of evil.

The second was the bad condition of many preparatory schools. On that subject enough has been said.

Thirdly, the lack of any rational interest. It must be remembered that those were the days when the mediæval curriculum of studies had only begun to be modified so as to admit of such subjects as French and mathematics; but neither of these was treated with any respect except by a gifted boy here and there. Latin was the chief subject, and that meant Latin verse-writing for those who had a little skill. But what was there in this to feed our minds and stir our curiosity? Nothing. The conversation of the boys, many of whom were quite eager to learn, was restricted to games, story-telling about the masters, and the *chronique scandaleuse* of wrong-doings in the school. The change of late years has certainly been amazing.

A fourth predisposing cause of mischief began to operate in the seventies. It was the teaching of many good parents that growing boys should eat as much as they could: in other words, that gluttony in boyhood was not a vice; rather the reverse.

Added to all this was neglect of safeguards: in both kinds of school the whole matter of purity was left to chance. No instruction or warning was given, except in most exceptional cases, and even in those, often badly. In among the youngest boys at Eton coarse louts of about sixteen were permitted to stay on; and the mischief

they did would have been far worse if their repulsiveness had not made them fairly effective warnings.

To give some indication of the lawlessness that prevailed, I would point to the small boarding-house of Mr. R., which was the receptacle of the most rebellious spirits in Eton. By the year 1875 it was packed with the most baffling bevy of young Anglo-Saxons that had ever spurred one another into "wretchlessness of unclean living" since the school was a school. Their doings, however, were of open rowdiness and shameless defiance of authority as vested in the person of Mr. R. The gang was headed by one W. H., who, according to the local gossips, must have been stark mad. There was, anyhow, no camouflage about W. H.'s escapades. By night he was said to have raided the ducal coverts at Ditton as a common poacher, and the subsequent consumption of a succulent pheasant with plenty of alcohol made Weston's yard a livelier spot than it has ever been since. His enormities were brought to a close by an attempt to blow up the house with powder, and Mr. R., finding his life in danger, tried by way of a change the policy of reporting W. H. and his mates to the headmaster, Dr. Hornby. Rumour had it that fourteen boys were expelled from that one house. I was not any longer in the school, and can only give the picture of affairs as it reached the West End of London in June and July, but by accident, visiting Eton as an old boy that summer half, I was witness of a singular scene, the compulsory exit of the chief rebel from the school. It has been, I believe, described elsewhere.

After the summer, comparative quiet settled down on the place, and open barbarism gave place to something like decorum. A change came over "upper-class" society, and a plain demand was made by the public that these and other wild doings should be checked. Here I may anticipate and show what the change was and how it came about. A new spirit made itself felt in all the Public Schools, and the younger masters who were appointed from 1870 onwards began to make their zeal and pastoral

sympathy felt, and a wonderful amount of preventive work done with care and tact began to drive vice into holes and corners, instead of letting it flaunt its hideous face in public. Foremost in this noble work was my old friend H. E. Luxmoore, who is still with us, full of vigour at eighty-two, a fine specimen of what Dean Hole's gardener described as an "octogeranium." Very gradual and unnoticed was the improvement, and it was retarded in some few houses; but both at Eton and elsewhere, as far as I know, by 1906, no house existed which would be charged with the flagitious neglect which was common in 1870.

The question of the secret of Eton's spell will be considered presently. Here I must point out that it is possible to exaggerate the number of boys who have passed through the school with feelings of cordial affection for the place. For if the truth were known, the number who leave her chilled at heart is considerable. They are those who have never reached positions of influence—members of the community who have never quite got "into the swim," but were all the time fine specimens, full of quiet grit of character, and later on showed themselves men of sterling worth and sometimes of conspicuous ability. These are they who have had the gift of constancy and patience; seeing without bitterness many a meaner soul preferred by an intolerant and blindly judging society.

It should be remembered that at Eton a peculiarity of the position was the absence of the monitorial system. At every other school boys of merit and fair ability would be officially recognized as being among the leading boys, though often they were unathletic and consequently likely to be ignored by the *vulgus*. At any rate, they received the mark of adult approval, but how poor and unsubstantial a meed is that compared with the unthinking admiration of the multitude!

Something, indeed a good deal, must be put down to the beauty of the place. The *admonitus locorum*, as Cicero expresses it, tells in different degrees on every temperament; but very many must have been touched by the

woodland spell of the Playing Fields, which in 1870 were richer in big trees and far less crowded than now. Probably this influence was stronger than that of the buildings. We adored Windsor Park also. The Philistinism of the youthful community was tempered to a slight but perceptible extent by the chorus-singing in the Musical Society; some Handel and *The Ancient Mariner* stand out in relief; and by very frequent visits to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where some beautiful voices could be heard in Elvey's choir. In January 1868 I was taken up for the first time thither by Frank Schuster, one of the very few in the school who was not a Philistine, and there heard "As pants the heart," by Spohr, given by a very beautiful treble voice. I thought I was in Heaven. But the amount of nourishment we got from music was pitifully small, considering the faculty for it with which many of us were endowed.

My old friend and contemporary at Eton and Cambridge G. R. Murray did something to fill up the gap. He was gifted with great facility in music, playing easily and correctly by ear, and having a pure tenor voice which never cracked! It descended from treble to tenor smoothly and gradually, so that he sang most charmingly in his man's voice from fourteen years old and onwards. Has any schoolboy ever sung tenor for five years at school? In the eighties at Eton there was a new boy with a real bass voice, which had been through the crack at twelve and three-quarter years old! Another, in the case of arrested development, sang, or talked rather, in a wheezy alto at nineteen and a half. It is unsafe to generalize.

Of other arts, even of English literature, we heard scarcely a word; such efforts as were made to deal with this woeful inanition of mind were rare, sporadic, and individual.¹ One master made loud professions of giving

¹ A tantalizing experience must be recorded here. About 1871 pressure was put upon me in the summer holidays by my sister (now Mrs. E. S. Talbot) to do an hour's drawing daily for one week. I had hardly any talent and had never observed anything but rabbits and cricketers. The book I worked at was Harding's *Book of Trees*, a perfect book for

intellectual stimulus, but where he succeeded he turned out prigs—so we thought. The intellectual training was concentrated almost entirely on Latin composition, which resulted, as in the case of Addison, according to Macaulay, in an exclusive taste for Latin poetry. Most boys, except those who got their verses done for them, spent about four hours weekly over the one exercise, and there was a desperately heavy burden laid on the tutors who had to botch the copies sent in by some thirty or forty pupils, and one of the most conscientious calculated that he spent over twenty hours a week on this one task. Of course some of the knack penetrated, and we got to believe in the practising of this narrow and most artificial accomplishment as if it were an entering into the eternal verities. Undoubtedly it is a supremely good instrument for the learning of the Latin language, but, except in the case of the very gifted, it should be sharply discontinued at the age of fifteen and a half or sixteen, and often earlier. For beginners it is invaluable, as it teaches rhythm, accuracy, grammar, vocabulary, all at once; and in its second stage calls out a love of natural scenery.¹ The elder boys who had the knack of turning out rubbish that would scan, often did a whole copy for their friends—

a beginner and a mere dabbler. The effect was to wake a new faculty; for ever since that day, trees have been a joy to me that no other visible object in Nature or Art has ever kindled. Architecture was nothing to me till middle age. That need not have been so. It would be well if in all educational discussions it were assumed that at least two years' drawing is necessary.

¹ My first tutor kindled delight by his gift of truthfulness in poetry (the author of *Ionica*, and the most exquisite writer of Latin lyrics since Horace: so said Munro, and I remember the letter of commendation arriving and being read in pupil-room in 1869 [?]) when he jotted down what we could feel to be a living appreciation of Father Thames "*Currit ubi vacca recubant, ubi pullulat Isis.*" He composed the following in Chapel during the singing of an anthem.

Vox pueri simplex sociata virilibus audet.
 Vocibus eniti sursum et laqueata ferire
 tecta domus sacrae et facili subsidere motu.
 Haud aliter quam cum linter levis innatat undis,
 et fluctu saliente salit, cessante recumbit.

The little volume of lyrics is called *Lucretiis*; and we must not allow these gems of fancy to die in oblivion.

the chief intellectual effort for the week—in return for a few sums which did duty for “Extra Work” for the mathematical master. This was quite well known, and nobody cared. Indeed, the laxity as to honesty which prevailed far and wide among the boys was directly encouraged by the system whereby impossible tasks were given to us, and “cribbing” of one sort and another was nearly necessary, but not quite, e.g. the teaching of Greek at Eton was explained to me by Warre, with whom I happened to be dining in 1871 (? 72), as a dangling of the language before the abler boys in the hope that they would be allured to go on and learn it for themselves! It professedly and avowedly was not *taught*. We did no Greek composition of any kind,¹ and all second-class scholars were crippled for life in the matter of precision and vocabulary. Possibly the better ones—the *élite*—profited by having to get over difficulties unaided, but 98 per cent. then, as always, preferred to get round them by buying Bohn’s translation of the classical masterpieces and ordering a “fag” to read aloud the vile English in his thin pipe for twenty minutes before school. What else could a boy of fourteen do, set to construe Eur. *Bacch.*, choruses and all, without help from any quarter, in Lower Division: where the same work was done as by boys of eighteen just below the VIth Form? Or again in 1868, having struggled into Remove, I recollect sitting down in my room aghast at the formidable task of writing an original ode in Latin *alcaics*; nothing but the bare subject

¹ Till the VIth Form, and even there it only began, if I mistake not, when Thackeray took on the job, Hornby being altogether overweighted about 1871. The idea that there were treasures in Greek literature in respect of subject-matter had not dawned in any mind. Such diligence as an Oppidan showed was confined to collecting phrases for purposes of examinations and composition. The dictum of Herbart sounds strange in reference to this state of things: “Any motive for intellectual effort except interest in the subject is bad for the character.” Later on, when “interest” began to be much talked about, it was suspected by all the more conscientious of the Public Schoolmasters as a mischievous emollient, whittling away the moral discipline of work at a dull subject; and some came to accept the strange formula, “Any subject is good for boys, if they hate it enough.”

given! What would have happened I know not: an attack of mumps supervened, and I was rescued. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*

The system, in short, was stimulating to the very few who manfully attacked the difficulties encompassing every young votary of the Muses on the slopes of Parnassus. For the very large majority the class teaching was a sham. Our vitality meantime, which was exuberant, found vent in ragging the masters. Many stories might be told. Some of the elder masters were hopeless for keeping order and several were very unpunctual: twenty minutes late for a lesson which only lasted forty-five minutes was not unknown; and as for teaching! fine scholars like Johnny Yonge and Wayte used to drawl or "burble" out disquisitions on recondite various readings of Sophocles with the opinions of Zumpt and Wunder quoted at full length to some thirty bored athletes lounging in front of them; the monotony being occasionally relieved for two minutes by the far-off sound of some tumultuous uproar, where ragging was in full swing. For many years later the most lamentable practice was maintained in the shape of 8 p.m. lessons after a stodgy hot meat-dinner at two.¹ Later on, as assistant master, I learnt the true "inwardness" of this institution.²

¹ Indefensible in respect of intellectual training. It helped to deepen our conviction that the serious side of life, especially all to do with Latin and Greek, was baffling and unintelligible chaos. Smaller schools could adjust their time-table more easily.

² It became known to some of us that the curious unsymmetrical arrangement whereby "boys," that is young men, adolescents, and children are all included in one school, led to the following difficulty in class-teaching. Through an ineptitude almost sublime, the tail-end of one huge block of boys, about 150, was combined in one class with the very top of the next block—really clever, alert little boys: the tail-end consisted of the lumpish sediment of the 150, on an average about three years older. Now, food tells on children by making them fidgety; on the adolescent and adult by inducing torpor. I recall the result in one class vividly in the dog-days: numbers (circ.), twenty brisk children, fifteen beefy youths. Not all the restlessness of the brisk twenty could disturb the slumber of the fifteen. The latter on being violently objurgated, as they frequently were, would raise for a minute their languid eyes, swimming with table beer, in mute remonstrance, like some prize porker poked with an umbrella at an agricultural show, and then sink heavily down again.

It should be noted that reform of this particular abuse is all but impossible, owing to numbers. Small schools can pick and choose their hours; and in one I have heard that in the afternoons no class-teaching goes on at all; the available time is given up entirely to hobbies: handicraft, music, drawing, gardening, book-binding, weaving, etc. No big school could at present attempt anything so ideal, suffering as they do from some of the complexities which always attend on increase of population.

Certain other aspects of the social life of the school must be lightly touched on, in order to show the laxity of discipline which prevailed and the curious mediævalisms which survived. In some of these—not all—much that is both comical and surprising lives in the memory. Drinking was looked down upon by public opinion in the school, but condoned if it took place to excess on June 4th and Election Saturday nights. It is hardly credible that no check whatever was put upon the custom whereby the Captain of the Oppidans invited two friends to come with him to choose the champagne for the tent dinner at Surly.¹ Outside, the boats were regaled with plenteous potations of the same tenth-rate liquor, several dozen bottles to each table. The ruck of the school pressed round the space given to this orgy, quite young boys swigging whatever was handed to them of the superfluity, as likely as not on empty stomachs, as there was little time for tea. It was computed that some twenty at least would be drunk and incapable, and a large number excited. The first "gentleman" I ever saw drunk was before I was thirteen on June 4th: a big Lower boy with a well-known name, reeling about, a disgusting spectacle. Friends helped the victims to their houses; most of them escaped detection. Those who did not were swished and "turned down": a remarkable arrangement, whereby a big boy who had made a beast of himself was put down to work

¹ Not only was the youth wholly ignorant of any test of good wine, but there was no guarantee that the local chemist supplied what was ordered. Anyhow, the compound was, in the seventies, always fiery and vitriolic in quality.

in a much lower form with younger boys, who would not regard him exactly as a hero, but would certainly not get much good from his presence. In one case in 1871 a lout found himself cheek by jowl with his own fag! ¹

Another survival of the old drinking England was the Long Glass, which has been described elsewhere. Lord Elgin (afterwards Viceroy of India) is reported to have refused flatly to have any part or lot in the squalid business, but it took a good deal of pluck to take this line. When the custom was abolished I can't say.

Another debasing survival concerned the Collegers only. Every day big jorums of strong beer were placed on the table in College Hall for any Colleger who liked to booze to his heart's content. This went on long after the boys wanted it. Many quarts daily were the perquisite of some early-Victorian seneschal.

Chapel.—As might be expected, the conduct of Divine Service was marked by several obsolescent traditions: long and frequent services; sermons mostly inaudible or grotesque and delivered almost entirely by the "Fellows," a handful of old gentlemen who lived in the Cloisters for most of the year in enjoyment of a large income and ample leisure. Mr. Gladstone used to be emphatic on the entire want of any intellectual output whatever from them for centuries past. They furnished us, however, with some samples of preaching, gems indeed of a peculiar type of oratory, which I should be sorry to forget. Of course the audience was uncritical for a reason which no longer tells. We heard so few discourses which were audible and intelligible that we expected nothing, and getting nothing we forebore complaining. Half an hour's torpor every Sunday morning had its good side: nothing was demanded

¹ This drinking abuse continued, in spite of growing disapproval of public opinion, till well after 1880. In 1882 one of the "Boats" fell into the river in the Boat Procession and was nearly drowned. In 1871, when the tone of the school was at its worst in my time, an uproar occurred which might have caused the death of a master. There is room for much conjecture what would have happened if both these occurrences had ended tragically.

of us but silence, and I have often wished since those days that periods of silence were common in the life of us all. Probably the good effect of them depends on whether any new and true ideas have been recently imparted which may be subconsciously absorbed. During the Eton week I fear the ideas imparted to us were neither new nor true: so it required something pretty strong to hold the attention of 700 lads, mostly in a state of coma and all profoundly indifferent. Doubtless Bishop Wilberforce was magnificent in his Confirmation address, but I was too young to follow him in the huge building, and the habit of inattention was strong upon us all. The grandest opportunity imaginable was given when the news came of the death in Melanesia of the heroic martyr, saint, scholar, and evangelist, Bishop Patteson, one of Eton's very noblest sons. The sermon was entrusted to a preacher who possessed the faculty for turning even that theme into profane twaddle. He mimicked the broken English of the South Sea Islanders to a mass of boys hardly one of whom had heard anything whatever of Selwyn or Patteson or knew what hemisphere was being talked about.¹

Meantime the musical arrangements left something to be desired. Just before I came to the school it was the custom for the St. George's choir to sing the services in

¹ About 1871 an aged Fellow opened his discourse with the stimulating question, "What is leasing?" (Dr. Hornby, thirty years later, used to say the Bursar of the College estates could have told us.) I dimly remember trying to listen, and some others did too, not having had time to get into the coma, and being just aware there was such a thing as leasing we had heard of somewhere; but our thirst for knowledge remained unalaked. By 1885 the standard of decorum was decidedly higher than in 1870; but never have I heard such uncontrollable laughter as in that year. A visiting preacher with a voice like a Tyrrhenian trumpet came out early in the sermon with the following edifying observation: "Human nature is human nature; and as long as human nature is human nature, human nature will be human nature still." We thought the conclusion followed directly from the premiss, and it is conceivable we might have let the remark pass had it not been that (1) he roared out the first syllable of "human" as if his object was to blow the fifteenth-century roof into the sky; and (2)—what is indeed incredible—two or three minutes after the explosion was over, he gave us the whole sentence again, in exactly the same words and louder than before. Yet even this Stentor was drowned by the laughter he provoked.

both chapels, there being no Eton choir at the time. Men now of seventy to seventy-five still speak of the rapture of delight with which the most beautiful boy's voice that ever they heard filled the whole of that ignorant horde of young Philistines : the coarsest louts fell under the spell, and for a few minutes the young wizard—Hancock by name—waked up the sense of something unutterably beautiful. The power of sound was revealed, but no one took notice, and barbarism soon resumed its potent sway.

A very inferior choir was provided by 1868, and they attempted a cathedral service. Now and again the congregation asserted its right to join ; and the refrain of the glorious 136th Psalm on the 28th evening gave the opportunity for a horrible Bacchanalian uproar. The sacred words were bawled out by harsh, unformed voices of hobbledehoys at the east end, who never opened a Prayer Book, but stood hands in pockets roaring the refrain louder and louder through the Psalm, the intervening words being left to the far-off choir. About 1886 this profanity came to an end. Barnby composed a doleful chant (one Sunday, 28th of the month), sprang it *ex improviso* on the congregation, who were indignant as if they had been deprived of a holiday without notice. A gang at the east end tried to revive the old strain in opposition ; but the melancholy dirge, "the hearse-like tones" of the choir, and their own want of preparation made a fiasco inevitable. There were not a few who must have meditated an *émeute*, but they lacked leaders. In the eighties a most worthy and upright boy of fifteen reminded me (just as I signed his verses for the week) with unconcealed joy that we should have versé 22 of Psalm 105—a latter-day substitute for Psalm 136—on the following morning. "Sir, to-morrow morning we shall have 'his senators wisdom'!" He could not miss chapel with that treat in view, no, not for any bribe. This compensatory but sadly brief and rare delight was treasured by a dwindling number till 1890 when I left for Haileybury, and by 1905, like many other mediævalisms, it had vanished.

A question may be asked especially by non-Etonians, what was the Headmaster doing in regard to these singular ebullitions of the young Saxon's temper. More probably at Eton than in any other Public School was the peculiar method of reform known as *laissez-faire* believed in and practised. Till Dr. Warre became Head in 1885 the H.M.'s of Eton, except perhaps Keate, might all have been Lord Melbournes; but by temperament and force of circumstances, in despite of a changing public opinion, Hornby (1868 to 1885) was the most Melbournian of them all. He was appointed to carry out certain reforms, and did so with very little opposition. One was the abolition of the 8 p.m. Chapel service on half-holidays—a survival of the quaint idea that there is something in common between holiday and holy-day—a change welcomed by all. Yet certain fanatical Tories chalked up "No reform" on Hornby's house door, including in the term changes which they eagerly desired. The reason doubtless was that schoolboys, worried in the class-room by bootless and ill-judged efforts to make them use their brains, will tolerate any nuisance so long as it is sanctioned by what Hume calls Custom; since the bare notion of its abolition stirs questions in their minds which, as Creighton said, are always painful to the mass of Englishmen as suggesting a new idea. Hence a boy's dislike of change is a shrinking from being made to think.¹ The attempt made by a few progressives on the Staff to goad Hornby into further activities of administration were resisted with a courteous immobility to which educational history affords no parallel. No one of the masters had ever met anyone so imper-

¹ Quoted from a speech of the Bishop's, with much chuckling, by Scott Holland. The context was somewhat as follows: "There is no pain to the Englishman so unlooked-for and so acute as the intrusion of a new idea into his mind. As soon as he realizes what has happened, his one anxiety is to get rid of the painful thing as soon as possible. There are two ways of doing so: one is to write to *The Times*; the other to communicate with his Bishop. When I get one of these letters and diagnose the cause of the writer's discomfort, I feel of course anxious to help him to find himself quit of what troubles him. This object I decide can be best secured if I put the letter into the waste-paper basket."

turbably dignified or genial or so adamantine in his refusal to act. At first he gave audience to his voluble advisers; subsequently he requested them to put their views in writing. The epistles were duly acknowledged, but it is not in evidence that they were ever read. The time came when they ceased to be written.

The truth was that Hornby was altogether overweighted by the terrible burden of work which an unorganized system and a growing public opinion laid upon him. He took an inordinate number of lessons, having for some years no VIth Form assistant; all the "Absences" (roll-call in school yard); the correction of all the division's weekly Latin Prose; the looking through the Verses; the Sunday Questions and all the Prize Exercises and the preparation for Speeches. In addition to all this, which was all done conscientiously and some of it remarkably well, he would have to deal with the most harassing possible crises, expulsions of undesirable boys, and occasional very acute and prolonged collisions with one or more members of the Staff. If his temperament had not been what it was, he would have anticipated some adjustments made by his successor, especially the College Office, without which, as soon as it was formed, no one could imagine the School existing. The want of the office led to a vast uncertainty as to the destiny of the innumerable impositions set by the H.M. Before long we found they were often forgotten; and if sent in curtailed by 50 per cent. of their full tale of lines, nothing was said. The effect on discipline was deplorable; and three years after the lax régime began, when the new boys who knew no other government had grown up to the hobbledehoy stage, the state of the school was abominably bad.

The most tragic side to this state of things was that Hornby gave us the impression of being an apathetic, comatose man, who took things as lightly as he could, whereas in truth he was very nearly going under, owing to the load of work he had to do and some of which was certainly very incompletely done. Partly from this cause

and partly from temperamental shyness he was more aloof from the school life than anyone could have thought possible. Yet a most unexpected change did take place during his term of office. Eton became an industrious school instead of a very idle one. The teaching methods were, it is true, mainly antiquated, and hardly anyone had a clear idea why a subject was taught and another omitted; but the change in the relation of man and boy, tutor and parent, was fundamental and fruitful of good. This all came about owing to a new spirit which was at work in the Universities, the Preparatory Schools, and in Society; but it came about without help from Hornby, Christian scholar and perfect gentleman as he was; and, I think I may even say, without his knowledge.

Yet he was regarded by the boys with affection. His unfailing courtesy and gentleness betokened a disposition which had submitted early in life to self-discipline; and he could sometimes choke trouble with a phrase. Once the leaders of a school came as a deputation with a (probably sham) request: "Sir, we have come to ask if we may wear white tall hats, by way of a change." Answer: "Don't you think you would look rather like bookmakers?" His fine presence and mellifluous voice helped his rare gift of light after-dinner oratory. It was always supremely good. But as he told us, he required rather careful preparation of the matter, but not of the words: in this respect differing from a still more consummate master of the art, Montagu Butler.

There are two inferences to be drawn from these facts: one very dubious and dangerous; the other most salutary and sound.

(1) That Eton, unlike other schools, does not depend on its Headmaster. Montagu Butler, the late Master of Trinity, was emphatic on this point.

(2) That all uplifting of a society or nation and a group is unexpected beforehand, and inexplicable afterwards. Yet, however often the evidence for this assertion be

repeated, man strives to fix the credit for improvement on himself or his fellows, and he is always wrong. We, the assistant-masters during these years of change, were inclined to strut like peacocks, as if we had done the thing ourselves, the truth being we could not have stopped the change from taking place even if we had tried, and some of us did try.

During my time as a member of the School, mediævalism was still vigorous. The principal change as far as we were concerned was that our House, which was empty of cups in 1868, was richly furnished in 1874. This object we had set before ourselves early and took steps to achieve it of an unusual kind. We interceded with "my dame" for a boy of athletic promise whom I think she was disposed to bow off. She consented: we carried out our promise to keep him in order with more than moderate success. But the concession was a mistake. Athleticism was allowed to override principle, whereas previously, and I believe always in later years, it took a second place. How far athleticism went, how far it dominated our view of life, cannot be gauged without reckoning the rivalry of Houses in regard to the football cup. Football has always been a game better suited to the masses than cricket; more spectacular; less technically exacting; more concentrated on thrilling moments; more satisfying to the combative instincts of adolescents. At all large schools for boys it played a very important part in developing the corporate spirit, encouraging pluck and hardihood, and holding up to contempt anything like poltroonery or self-display. But in the general dearth of intellectual interests and blank ignorance of the wider world, it fostered such a violent partisanship that positive hatred was sown between groups artificially selected in the same little community. Youths of broad and tolerant temper were carried away by it.

In 1869, at the end of the "Football Half" (the title shows our point of view), the captain of "my dame's"

was one "Fish" Alexander—a fine player and a lad of fine character, much respected.¹ After some Homeric struggles against our hereditary foes, Warre's and Drury's, which ended in our defeat—owing, as we believed, to a false decision of the umpire, who was not in those days bound to be a master—"Fish" summoned to the House Library a select batch of younger boys who promised to be people of influence later on, and charged us in something of the following strain: "Look here, you fellows, there is something I want to say to you before I leave Eton. You will all of you probably be in Pop some day (a peculiarly Etonian club run entirely by the boys who were socially and athletically successful), and I charge you, never do you allow a fellow from Warre's to be put up as a candidate for election without your blackballing him."

Similar was the feud—almost vendetta—spirit that grew up between Eton and Harrow, now mellowed into a pleasant irony that dissembles facts into unreality. But in 1872 it would not have been safe to include the two cricket elevens in the same luncheon room at Lord's.²

¹ "Fish" afterwards took Holy Orders and sacrificed his health in devoted work in South London, and died in 1887. There is an instructive quaintness in another narrative which he gave of his doings at the end of the Eton and Harrow match in 1870, when we won by the skin of our teeth. In those times and for long after, there was much scuffling and some open fighting outside the Pavilion, especially on the conclusion of a close match, when the heroes of each side were "hoisted" through a dense and excited crowd in Sunday-best garments but in a very week-day temper. Said "Fish": "I was hoisting Harris, carrying one of his legs, when a burly Harrovian was heard summoning his mates to a fell onset, 'Come on, you chaps, let's knock the whole lot over,' and on they came. Now, I happened to have on a pair of patent-leather boots and I caught this Harrow lout such a kick on the shin that it knocked my big toe-nail clean off, and I assure you I was in pain for a whole week." What the Harrow lout suffered was not recorded.

² The most sanguinary struggle I ever witnessed was between Warre's and Browning's in 1872. It seems to have given the idea to *Punch* of the conflicts on the London School Board: the cartoon representing thirty bulky, middle-aged men in a ferocious "Rugger" scrimmage, and far away, unnoticed and forgotten, the football on which the word Education was inscribed. We had visions at Eton that our dames or tutors were themselves mutually antipathetic while Eris was raging unchecked among the young. In the case mentioned this was something more than fancy. Warre and O. B. were not formed to work together in harness. As Kynaston wrote long after of another pair, "*Non est multus amor perditus inter eos.*"

A word should be added on the intellectual side of this memory of our school-days. Among many other Oppidans I competed (vainly) for a place in the Select for the Newcastle. In this and other examinations we fought on unequal terms against the Collegers, whose main ambition was to win classical honours, whereas our tradition was to put cricket and society first and the examination second, the result being generally a wholesome lesson in the necessity of taking pains. Yet we worked hard in a dogged fashion, stuffing our heads with learned comments on the Gospels and Acts, but without any interest being roused. It sounded strange some years after when a clever youngster who went over to Rome, gave as his first impulse in that direction the "sapping up the Divinity" for the Newcastle!—a result not contemplated by Dean Alford, whose notes we pounded at for many weary weeks. The classical work done by the best candidates was and is still excellent, and, though rather narrowly linguistic, very wholesome for schoolboys. It is noteworthy, however, that very few even among the most successful seem to have been kindled into an affection for the Latin and Greek authors. We coveted honours, of course, and enjoyed the feeling of doing our duty: but the forecasting of the examiner's questions occupied the citadel of our minds, the door of which the nine Muses knocked at unavailingly. This, however, is anticipating.

The antipathy between Collegers and Oppidans, which was very noticeable in the early part of the century, was becoming less so in the seventies, but still exists among the more unreflecting elements of the community. It certainly has nothing to do with poverty. There are unfortunately too few really poor boys in College to make any difference in the atmosphere, especially since the War, when most Oppidans are learning thrift. A change in this direction began about 1885, and very gradually was pushed forwards by parents till 1914. Further, there has never been more than a trifling amount of the snobbery which makes much of a full purse or of noble lineage. I can remember one



Hills & Saunders, Eton.

THE HON. EDWARD LYTTLTON.

Captain of the Eton Eleven, 1874.

or two of the oldest boys in 1874 who now and then betrayed a secret regard for "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face"; but we thought scorn of them for this foible. We were helped by the fact that money, as there was nothing to be done with it, had never been highly prized. Indeed, we contrived to dispense with it by the simple process of contracting debts and paying them late or not at all. These liabilities were entirely in respect of supplementary and almost unnecessary food.

In 1870 Eton still claimed for herself a kind of "splendid isolation" gratifying to many Old Etonians, while it was more and more ceasing to be a fact. The claim, though now antiquated, has left traces behind in an attitude towards others generally of quiet dignity, but sometimes not wholly untinged by assumption. For an individual, school, or nation to realize the meaning of *Noblesse oblige* is to acknowledge a responsibility, but also to undergo a very searching trial. Neither the community of the nation nor that of the school understood then the severity of the trial or the greatness of the opportunity.

The fact that many Etonians have been drawn from families which have produced men of note has stirred among the boys a spirit of endeavour, or at least an unwillingness to be insignificant, yet combined in the best instances—not by any means a few—with a genuine spirit of modesty.

These characteristics have been for a long time noted: some of them not without apprehension; but even these we can hardly wish altered; so profoundly congenial they have ever been to the national temperament.

From about 1880 onwards as the school grew rapidly in size the abundance of good and bad material increased; that is to say, among the hundreds of boys were some who were not leading sheltered lives at home, and on whom bad family traditions told with appalling effect. So also in every generation there was an element who without a touch of priggishness or even of self-consciousness showed

that they were going to be fresh examples of princely high-mindedness and generosity of temper.

These words are not too strong; for the promise has again and again been made good. While the other schools have given proof of the fine fibre of the British stock—and I can remember many instances at Haileybury—it is possible to believe that the area of selection at Eton is more ample than elsewhere. At all events there was a rich store of friendships within reach of any who knew how to refuse the evil and choose the good: and the presence of the coarse, the froward, the inane, taught us the valuable truth that human life is either a glory or a shame; in short, that what lay before us was a warfare.

How comes it that this outline picture of Eton half a century ago is dark enough to suggest questions? Is it not an exaggeration? or a lopsided picture? There is such a glamour about the mere name. What is the secret of the affection for the great school cherished by very many of her sons?

Something of the secret has often been divulged: the beauty of the surroundings; the liberty enjoyed by even the youngest; and the abundant tokens of Royal favour; but we may go deeper than these.

Our Public Schools are not the cause of the national character, but the symptom of it. This is shown by the simple fact that huge groups of the population who know nothing of those schools betray the same qualities, good and bad, which the stratum of society from which the boys are drawn has always shown. We may note the following: dislike of mental effort; toleration (except among the younger fry); liberty combined with a profound regard for public opinion; conservatism; illogicality; a native lawfulness of temperament with unthinking sympathy for violators of law; dislike of dullness, with a prevailing suspicion of intellectuality; abundant irony, yet an unshakable belief in our own superiority. Can it be disputed that these are qualities essentially English?

There is one other which has been for centuries implanted

in the race: capacity for self-government. But the consideration of that endowment of character would be premature at present. It was a power which began to assert itself very quietly under the influence of the two Miss Evanses about the year 1862; but which was only gradually understood and generally adopted between 1880 and 1900.

Eton from its foundation has enjoyed the favour of successive sovereigns. This of course means that for centuries it has been esteemed and loved by that powerful section of society which all the nation during those centuries agreed to regard as the "best"—the aristocracy. The esteem for the school which was rooted in that fact was doubtless more noticeable among adults than among the boys; but its reaction has been always most telling; so that till about 1885 any criticism of Eton has always savoured of disloyalty. Yet criticism has been beneficial.

CHAPTER IV

CAMBRIDGE FIFTY YEARS AGO

FOR a youth of eighteen, the change from a position of much freedom but much responsibility in a great public school to the irresponsible life in a huge college must always be in some important respects very critical. As a prominent boy at a public school in the seventies, he may have been a power for good among the younger boys ; but on passing into the university he is at once conscious of the relaxation of the demands made upon him. For his first year as a freshman there was no call on him to do more than pass some examinations and take his fill of enjoyment in games and in the delightful society of young men whose minds were beginning to open. There was no inducement to do more than float with the stream. Trinity was so large a college that the freshman soon found himself in a " set " of like-minded youths, many of whom were his old schoolfellows ; and it was a serious danger that he would be cabined all his university life among men with no more knowledge of the universe than he possessed himself. Quite unlike the entry into the public school, with its strict demands on conduct and demeanour, the new life prompted the youths to follow their own idiosyncrasies.

These and many other amenities of life were compatible with laxity of discipline. Nobody seemed to care whether the raw youth wasted his time or not. Never before, or since, or in any other surroundings have I realized that it was entirely as I liked whether and when I got out of bed in the morning. Moreover, those of us who wished to read and whose life's career depended on a fair place in some Tripos, wasted a large portion of the first

year in trying to learn how to work. One great help we enjoyed, which I believe has always been denied by custom to Oxonians, as it was to Cantabs living in lodgings. We were allowed to "sport the oak," that is, lock ourselves in when we chose. Indeed, without this I cannot imagine how any solid work could have been done, save by a recluse as determined as one eminent writer still living, who, as far as his contemporaries could ascertain, did not utter a word to a single soul except his bedmaker for the whole of his undergraduate career. Another immunity we enjoyed was that five o'clock tea (as far as my experience went) was unknown. In the afternoon, after playing a very stiff game or match at football—the finest I have ever played—we would come in at 4.45, wash and sit down to the best two-hours' work in the day, and then dinner at seven.

As an indication of the tone of the time, one member of the college, whose after-life has been a warning, advised us how to fend off such an intruder as an earnest individual interested in foreign missions—a *rarissima avis*, to be expected by freshmen once only—"Offer him a B. & S. and he won't stop long."

It should be noted that alcohol was habitually offered by any undergraduate to a casual visitor "in the morning." I remember calling on my tutor at 10.30 a.m. and finding him surrounded by eight or ten shy youngsters to whom he had been giving breakfast, all drinking "audit ale," the strongest beer in the country, in solemn silence—a singular preparation for a morning's reading for honours. With one exception I cannot remember being asked to subscribe to a single charity or social effort of any kind whatever between 1874 and 1878. As for social problems, there was little said and nothing done that we heard of, except the pioneer work of James Stuart and the help given by sundry of the evangelically-minded undergraduates to Jesus Lane Sunday School.

In another vast department of human life—to show how things have changed—I can only remember mention of

foreign nations being made once, and that was by Arthur Myers, out walking. He took upon himself to be didactic about the state of Europe and of the world in general, and I did not take in one single word, not knowing, indeed, in which hemisphere most of the places were.

In short, though the thorny problem of the passing of the schoolboy to the university is solved far better in England than it is said to be in France or Germany, the transition in the seventies was far too abrupt.

The first deleterious influence to which many of our fine lads succumbed was the lack of supervision on the part of the college authorities—both at Oxford and Cambridge. Each freshman was assigned to a tutor, but our relations were purely formal, and I have no recollection of a single word of advice from any don in the place during the years in which we were engaged in ascertaining why we were in this world.¹

There was some religious influence, but of a narrow type, and it told only on boys brought up in evangelical traditions. Against this was the open antagonism of nearly—not quite—all the brilliant intellectual lights among the younger men who were either newly created fellows of the college or were reading for a fellowship. Most of these were known and professed agnostics, and before we were in Cambridge one term we were plunged into wild, crude speculations started by men twice as able as any of us, and four or five years older. It is difficult to imagine an atmosphere more likely to upset fundamental convictions, to magnify the claims of intellect and leave a bewildered enquirer with the notion that if he did his duties as a citizen—though those duties were seldom mentioned—it would matter nothing what he believed. Several of these men reverted in later life to something like Christianity, and I would venture to affirm that what survived of religion

¹ Thompson's *mot* about R. C. Jebb that "the time he can spare from the neglect of his pupils he devotes to the adornment of his person" was manifestly unjust. Jebb, at that time anyhow, about 1877, was not a fop; and if he neglected his pupils, it was because it was expected of him.

in any one of us was that which had been given us in childhood. It is not easy to explain how we escaped all contact with the two great teachers of England (Lightfoot and Westcott), but so it certainly was.

The moral tone of the college was what might have been expected. Some of us were grievously perplexed at hearing at least three dons in responsible positions spoken of as often the worse for liquor. Among the steady-going typical old heads of colleges and tutors, the undisguised appreciation of good wine struck us as a little out of date.¹ Disgusting orgies were still kept up by a handful of young fools who kept the Beef-steak Club going; and an old Cantab country gentleman who sent his son to Eton in 1888 boasted that his college—Magdalene—had been one of the best in the university, "with three or four members of the Beef-steak!" The clubs had no purpose or meaning, except drunkenness at stated intervals.

Moreover, there was a large ingredient of the *jeunesse dorée*, called the "Jesus Lane lot," who lived in lodgings in that locality and spent not some, but the whole, of their time in roystering. Some of them rode, some played games; but the majority were addicted to Bacchanalian orgies and gambling in different degrees of excess, and not one of them made any attempt whatever to do any honest reading for his degree. As far as I can learn, these were direct descendants of the old port-wine drinking squires, common all over the country in 1840 and not quite extinct in 1880. I doubt if a single instance of such a type could be found in either university to-day, so astonishing has been the change.

¹ A remarkable figure was "Ben Latham," the Master of Trinity Hall. After he published his illuminating and wholly edifying *Pastor Pastorum*, his advice was sought by some of the minority of fathers who were really anxious about the true principles of conduct being taught to their sons; and one of them earnestly asked "Ben" what parting advice should he give to his lad (as he consigned him to the doctor's fatherly care)? "Well," said Ben slowly, taking a pinch of snuff, "tell him, whatever he does, not to buy his sherry at Cambridge." Whether accurate or not, the story illustrates the atmosphere of the times.

Thus we found ourselves exposed to temptations to self-indulgence such as were, as far as we could tell, largely condoned by most of the dons ; sloth, degrading conversation, drinking clubs, and unabashed idleness on the part of a large number of Public School men. Thus enumerated, the evils fall into two classes. " Sloth " in its literal sense has been explained. Late suppers and constant slight, sometimes not slight, excess of food and drink, stimulated concupiscence and loose talk to a terrible degree ; and if anyone occasionally got drunk, there were well-known examples among our elders to keep us in countenance. Leave of absence to London during term time, known by us all to be forbidden absolutely at Oxford for disciplinary reasons, could be obtained and often was without much difficulty, and though the rumours of vice were probably exaggerated, the different standards of strictness in the two places constituted an " offence " to our notions of right and wrong, which was accentuated by complete omission of warning.

Against idleness some few voices were raised, and the gradual diminution in the number of brainless, sottish young fools who haunted the lodgings began very soon after my time ; but in 1874 it is undeniable that for many of us the building up of strong, clean, high-minded characters was made decidedly more difficult than it need have been by the apparent acquiescence of the dons ; by their blindness to evils into which the heedless youngsters fell almost against their will.

Under idleness I include, besides the heinous waste of time, which was generally condemned, the fatal tendency to trust to short cuts to knowledge encouraged by the peculiar narrow requirements of the Classical Tripos. This I have discussed elsewhere, but the baneful spirit exhibited itself in not infrequent " cribbing " in the " Little-go," a rather absurd and very exasperating examination. Public opinion was exceedingly lax on this subject, and there was a notion abroad that the examination was a recognized battle of wits between the freshmen and

the invigilators in the Senate House. Now, I do not mean to say that those of us who were guilty of wrong-doing were blameless, and that the fault is to be laid only to the charge of our seniors. Certainly not. There were episodes in the life of many of us on which we look back not without shame and bewilderment; for whatever might be said in extenuation we knew better, especially perhaps those who came up from the Public School with an undeserved reputation for strength and integrity. But I am perfectly certain that much choice of evil, much aberration and dishonest shirking of effort, would have been avoided if we had had one single straight talk from a man who quite sincerely venerated goodness above intellectual smartness, and was not afraid of appealing to what was good in us. For we were hungering for guidance, and it was not waywardness but simply weakness that was the common enemy.

From one cause or another, then, there were grave defects in the Cambridge training—at least at Trinity—in the lack of bracing moral teaching, and in the haziness which prevailed as to fundamental principles. Brilliancy of intellect was absurdly over-prized, and though many of our friends have turned out men of sterling and robust piety, there was practically no guidance whatever to those of us who wanted to reconcile faith and reason; and in the ordinary conduct of life many succumbed, at least for a time, to the ever-present temptation to profess allegiance to the morality of Christianity and to discard the doctrine.

Of course, the scientific movement was at its strongest, and it was widely and crudely supposed that evolution meant that human life as well as all nature proceeded as a vast machine works—on predetermined lines. For a considerable time we secretly abandoned the hope of reconciling faith and reason and stuck to churchgoing, from a vague feeling that it conduced to rectitude of conduct. Why we did not all become blank Agnostics or quite as blank Pelagians it would not be easy to say. A great opportunity was missed by our elders and betters in not

enforcing on us the sinfulness of idleness and the joy of gathering, with real toil and doggedly, great thoughts from great writers. Of course, there were some of the average men who had enough strength of character to stick to their daily tale of hours of work, distasteful though it was.¹ But all to whom a good place in the Classical Tripos was important, and who came up very inadequately equipped from school, had to consider how to save time and read strictly on the lines which would pay. What did that come to mean ?

It is, I am afraid, a sorry tale. To begin with, in 1874 we were faced with the grim necessity of passing "Honours Little-go," which meant some easy Latin and Greek translation, Paley's *Evidences*, and an amount of mathematics which was indeed terrible to many Public School men. It must be remembered that some of us, without a word of warning, had been tacitly permitted to spend the best three years of our school-life without doing a sum. We then wasted a whole term of our precious and scanty time at Cambridge wrestling with the detested subject, and somehow then, or six months later, scrambling through with the minimum of profit and the maximum of vexation. But when we set to work in earnest to learn Latin and Greek there were certain things quite indispensable to any serious study which we ought to have been told and were not. First about how to profit by a lecture. We were convinced, as all boys are, that the human mind is a kind of invisible keg, into which the more accurate information is poured, the more sticks, in spite of some unavoidable leakage. Hence we strolled off to lectures armed with pencil, note-book, and text, and took down whatever we thought we did not already know: some great scholar's rendering of Pindar or Virgil or Cicero, with copious commentary on *variaz lectiones*, etc., etc., and his own

¹ Self-deception was rife. We professed six hours daily, but a mathematical friend told me—several years too late—that he tested himself rigorously for a week and found that the amount was honestly not more than two and a quarter hours.

conclusions. Many of the lectures were remarkably sound and learned, but dull; and the dullness was, of course, due to the fact that our callow and indolent minds were altogether otiose, and no attempt was made by a single scholar in the whole university to ascertain how far they were in any respect prepared for this flood of information. We left the room after an hour of listening to the matured judgments which it had taken a man of first-rate capacity twenty or thirty years of incessant study to form.

If these experiences had been supplementary to our own patient wrestlings with difficulties doubtless they would have been of some profit. For instance, Jebb, for whom we had an almost superstitious reverence, lectured in 1874 on the *Antigone*, and dictated the masterly notes and translation which formed the basis of his great edition of Sophocles. Doubtless this would have been a perfect "finishing" for some really able student who had previously done his best to render the great poet into literary and precise English and to grapple with textual difficulties, but what could it do for the raw and ignorant freshman of average ability, wholly untrained for wrestling with any problem of a literary or scholastic kind, and only interested in being shown how to "get up" as much of the great authors as would enable him to write a decent translation of a few extracts when the dread day of trial came upon him? ¹

Even Jackson's equally famous lectures on Plato and Aristotle, what were they? Notes on all the most crabbed passages dictated, taken down, and almost learnt by heart by the large audience, and reproduced verbatim in the first two papers of the Tripos. That meant the matured

¹ What made it worse was the curious fact that at Eton, down to the autumn of 1873, in our construing lessons we were never shown how to aim at English which was both accurate and elegant. The ugliest translations of the most beautiful passages in Homer or Virgil or Demosthenes were thought quite adequate, if they could be called fairly accurate. This abuse was first exposed by the talks to the VIth Form in 1873 and 1874 (only two terms) given by Henry Butcher on the first book of the *Odyssey*. His English was a real revelation to us.

and rather cranky but very clever interpretations of philosophical writings, delivered to youths, who had no conception what a philosophical problem was, by a lecturer with a very attractive personality : so that an *unintelligent* reproduction of his words was all that was demanded of us.

In 1878 it would have paid us better to try to catch the jingle of Ovid's elegiacs than to think out what was Plato's contribution to human thought, or the part which economic considerations played in Greek history. In short, we were told to attend carefully, not to what the writers had to say, but to the way in which they said it. That was because composition played a great part in the examination. But, looked at coolly, was not this giving a stone to those who asked for bread? By twenty-three years of age how many men achieve anything like excellence in this particular accomplishment of verse or prose writing? Even if they are credited with success by their friends, there are always plenty of critics ready to prove their work to be unscholarlike, unsound, and harsh. It paidusto concern ourselves in no way with fundamentals. Even our first-class men knew very little about Plato's theory of ideas, unless they had learnt Wordsworth's Ode by heart—which was unlikely ; or about the difference between the objective and subjective in our perceptions ; nor what was the reason, if any, for reading history ; nor that there was such a thing as scientific evidence for a belief. Meanwhile, for ancient literature in general, we never touched Aristotle's *Politics*, nor Plato's *Timæus*, nor even the *Republic*—except for purposes of translation. Hence we became slaves to the detestable practice of skimming through the noble writings solely with the object of selecting the passages likely from length and "catchiness" to be set.

In my third year I "coached" with a first-rate Cambridge scholar, "Spratt of Cat's" : in other words, A. W. Spratt of St. Catharine's ; and as the Tripos began to draw near I consulted him as to Livy, an author of whom I

knew scarcely anything. His immediate answer was to unearth from his archives a longish list of references to difficult and "likely" chapters. Armed with this and a third-rate Bohn's translation, I supposed that I was imbibing the spirit of the greatest period of Roman history.

Moreover, the purpose of this antiquated and abortive toil was not seriously pursued. If someone had pointed out to us, what the *élite* no doubt perceived, viz. the beauty of the style of Cicero and Livy, something would have been gained, but the men of the second flight gathered no notion whatever of what style meant. The superb Greek scholar Shilleto translated, while lecturing, into dull, crabbed English. Our Latin and Greek Prose composition taught us, I will say, lucidity of statement and some insight into the meaning of words. But by twenty-three years of age I had not the foggiest conception of how to write an English essay; or of the difference between the styles of Macaulay and Gibbon. I mean that if the aim of the Classical course was literary—it certainly was not historical nor philosophical—no reasonable precautions were taken to attain it. There was apparently a widespread idea that all the classical honour-men could pick up history and philosophy and literary insight in their stride; in spite of every sort of distraction and the imperious claim pressing upon most of us to waste no time in any intellectual effort whatever outside of the jejune cram which I have described.

This must not be taken to mean that all the minds of even the second- or third-rate order stagnated. The social life was stimulating, and we were fortunate enough to come across older members of the University on the occasions of their week-end visits.

Mention, too, must be made of one or two strong personalities from whom Trinity men gained much good. The one whom I felt to have something of real moral inspiration about him was James Stuart, the pioneer in University extension and a prominent ally of Josephine Butler in

her noble work of bringing home to the conscience of England the claims of "fallen" women. Stuart was a moral apostle with an abundant sense of humour, and the only man in Cambridge for whose company I would sacrifice the best hour's work in the day—6 to 7 p.m.

Next came Henry Jackson, who died in 1923, as Greek professor. Many of us, struggling with the Latin or Greek authors, and hoping to get a little insight into Plato and Aristotle, were deeply indebted to him for his sympathy and encouragement and his sterling manliness of character. He was a grand worker and an insatiable lover of his work; indeed he had no idea how to spend a holiday. In speech blunt and forcible, he was an emotional man, and used to tell us how in his own Tripos the first paper was Greek iambics, and having finished his copy he proceeded, twenty minutes before time was up, to write out the fair copy, but found his hand so trembling with excitement that he could not write one word; and only by biting his right hand and gripping it with the left was he just able to get his name on to the "foul" copy and show it up. He was an affectionate and very loyal friend, and his mind was of the stimulating order which does not attempt to make disciples. Probably he was somewhat too subtle and analytic to be reckoned quite a first-rate teacher or scholar; but he stood very high in both ranks. Dr. Thompson, the stately and Olympian Master of Trinity, belonged to another world and another generation, and consequently his influence on us was quite insignificant. We venerated his scanty output as a scholar and treasured some of his *bons mots*. His sermons were minute, finely worded disquisitions on remote textual questions, and wholly impossible to listen to. He suffered from infirm health and probably could not have achieved more than he did, which was to represent the finest flower of Cambridge scholarship in combination with a most courtly and imposing demeanour.

During these times and for long after, I owed much to the genial friendship, the versatile and vigorous mind of

J. W. Clark, whom Jebb pronounced to be one of the very ablest men he had ever known, so lightly and so humanly was the varied store of knowledge employed. Yet he retained some boyishness of temperament to his old age.

Of Jebb himself, a fairly sufficient record has been given in the *Memoir* by Lady Jebb. He was the shyest man I have ever known, and used to say, in later life, there were only six people whose company was not positively a pain to him. With the six he could be quite happy, though he could not say why; and this mystery about them made him love them. His conversation was delightful when he was at ease, more, of course, from the felicity of his diction than from what he said. It would be an interesting speculation as to what his development would have been if he had gone to Oxford. We were told that at fourteen at Charterhouse he could compose better elegiacs than any of the masters; and I remember his saying that, at that age, he thought in Greek. But an old pupil of mine, W. H. Clark, vouches for the following, having heard it from Jebb himself. Perhaps the most consummate of all his translations was the celebrated Pindaric Ode rendering Browning's "Abt Vogler." This feat he accomplished in an hour's walk, out of doors, without a book! Jebb was painfully sensitive to any criticism and suffered much, I believe, in silence. Like Tennyson, he saw the hollowness of men's praise, but let their blame rankle for years in his memory. Especially sore was he about the aloofness from him deliberately maintained by one of the prominent men of his party in Parliament, with whom he expected and felt himself justified in expecting very different relations.

His *Sprachgefühl* was indeed miraculous, but in spite of his incredible, scrupulous laboriousness and the perfect form of his writings it may reasonably be supposed that he suffered from the rigid limitations of his mental training. When he wrote historically he showed powers which I cannot but think were comparatively undeveloped, never having been exercised in youth. A purely literary training

is apt to produce an insensibility to questions of profound and permanent interest which a course of philosophical study would perhaps have prevented, but this is just one of the far-reaching questions of education on which anything like dogmatism would be singularly out of place.

The following instance is too characteristic not to be repeated. On the Bryce Commission on Secular Education in 1894, the well-known Scottish man of learning Dr. Fairbairn had been entrusted with drafting some of the Report. He produced his proof sheets and the chairman read them aloud for criticism. One phrase was challenged, "The secondary schoolmasters of England, a highly trained and intelligent set of men," objection being taken to the patronizing tone. The Doctor, a combative old gentleman, stoutly defended his diction and the situation became awkward; till Jebb whispered to his neighbour, "The epithets would be used very appropriately of elephants." *Cecidit quæstio*. Dr. F. withdrew the expression without another word—or a smile.

Again, at another session Professor Sadler presented a draft (far better written than Dr. F.'s) in which occurred some such expression as this, "The mass of those concerned, however, snapped their fingers at the proposal and derided the explanation of it which had been given." A want of balance was objected against the two clauses; and after a minute or two, Jebb: "The proper correlative to the phrase 'snapping the fingers' would be 'turning up the nose.'"

Once Jebb took upon himself to banter Cobb (junior Bursar? of Trinity in 1877; a well-known musician and pioneer in bicycling), somewhat incautiously, on his name. After a few minutes Cobb, testily: "Well! anyhow, half of it is the same as yours."

No appreciation of Jebb would be complete without a grateful acknowledgment of the service rendered to the English language by the supreme excellence of his diction, not only in his translations and writings, but in his speeches. He was not an orator of the kindling and emotional order,

but for anyone with a little feeling for Greek form and self-restraint, there was no greater treat than to listen carefully to the finished balance of phrase and perfect symmetry of every speech which he delivered. Again, he never spoke without the most laborious preparation: if it was only to a handful of drowsy West-Enders on a hot afternoon, Jebb would tell them everything they could possibly want to know in language which betrayed the consummate scholar in every sentence and in every word.

The same criticism of the mental output of S. H. Butcher would, I think, be not unfair. His writings on ancient Greece indicate a somewhat dormant faculty of philosophical and historical grasp which, if trained, one would suppose would have enabled him to produce contributions of a more massive and satisfying type than those which he gave to the world of learning. They, though fascinating to read, are undeniably slight in their main message and seem doomed to oblivion. Butcher was greatly beloved and was showing powers of mind before his death which would certainly have landed him very high among the leaders of the Unionist party. He was a talker of extraordinary charm, variety, and humour, and one of the most refined, high-minded men I have known.

Another very influential personality was Frank Balfour, killed on the Alps *ætat.* 82, just when his name as a biologist was spreading far and wide. It was said of him that his position among men of Science would have certainly been equal to that of Charles Darwin if he had not been, in Myers's words, "translated unaware." His rapid progress to eminence was due to an immensely vigorous and, I should say, more *massive* mentality than that of either of his brothers Arthur and Gerald: untiring industry, and, so it was reported, the possession of enough private means to furnish himself with abundant mechanical equipment for his researches. There was in him a noble enthusiasm for truth as he saw it; a rather alarming sternness to anything like sloppiness or dishonesty of thought; and a fine steadfastness in pressing onward to

the light. At the time, about 1876, when a clamour against vivisection arose, Balfour, in order to show that there was no wantonness in his advocacy of the practice and in scorn for those very numerous opponents who declaimed against it insincerely, sold his guns, to bar himself for ever from deer stalking in the highlands, the one form of recreation which he passionately loved. As compared with the hollow conventionality of many professing Christians, this sort of action deeply moved some of us who were trying to interpret life for ourselves.

Utterly different but extraordinarily gifted was the mind of F. H. Jenkinson, the distinguished University Librarian who died in 1922. Of him it may be said that he gave himself to knowledge with a spontaneous and whole-hearted devotion: one of those rare men who, though confined, as we mostly were, to a narrow course of study both at Marlborough and Cambridge, laid hold of the secrets of antiquity with both hands. His keenest pleasure was the deciphering of old inscriptions; his pet recreation listening to music. Literature, too, he loved as a Cantab far more for the diction than for the matter, and with unerring insight and delicacy of touch he could unravel the logical subtleties and obscurities of Aristotle and Plato, though he cared nothing, in his youth at least, for philosophical enquiry. In spite of this almost uncanny clearness of brain, his mind was of the intuitional sort, and from music, literature, and human beings he would select instantaneously what was congenial to him, and we never cared to ask for a reason. The temperament of this unique man was of virginal refinement, and I really believe there were whole tracts of evil in human nature, some of which form the permanent nightmare of many multitudes of men and women, about which he knew nothing whatever, and, indeed, he could not see them. Problems of all kinds he kept at bay, and seemed to find ample nourishment for his inner life in penetrating the "wonders of old time" and in childlike love of nature. It was hard, indeed, to find a young man fifty years ago with a passionate

love of birds ; but " Jenks " would catch the first hint of wild geese and other fowls migrating over Cambridge in the dark, and break off a sentence in Neville's Court to run out on the grass and stand bare-headed in the rain, identifying every note he heard. He was not good at keeping touch with his old friends, and I hardly exchanged a word with him since 1880, but knew perfectly well that at any moment he might turn up exactly the same as ever, not exactly sympathetic, but always affectionate, full of kindness and revelling in his marvellous gift of learning things new and old and in his work of getting others to love what he went on discovering till he was called away.

In some ways the most brilliant of the whole coterie was A. W. Verrall. Much has been written of his very peculiar handling of the classical masterpieces, the stimulus he gave to thought, and his failing to carry conviction in spite of the incredible ingenuity shown and the enthusiasm with which he invested every point in his argument. One or two incidents occur to me which throw some light on a vein of sensitiveness in him. He one day pressed his rival S. H. Butcher to give him some testimony in favour of his (Verrall's) work ; and Butcher was at last obliged to write that he really must decline, the truth being that he thought his theories the very quintessence of extravagance. This must have been a bitter pill for Verrall, who quite naïvely set a very high value on his own work. He once asked me, likewise, if I found his theories useful in teaching the VIth Form at school. I had to temporize with the question : for to be candid Verrall's suggestions were just such as ought to be known to the teacher, but not imparted save very sparingly to the boys. Some will remember his very brilliant lectures on Horace—which made Edward Wickham sigh. Some one told me that in the spring of the year in which they were delivered (during the autumn) Verrall complained that he had no notion of what to say. In the interval he got hold of a jumpy German called Pluss (?), whose

lucubrations gave Verrall the clue. But what a *tour de force*!

Once we were telling each other Spoonerisms. Verrall ended the talk by jumping from his chair, saying, "By Jove! I'll be bound there are Spoonerisms in Aristophanes!" He was said to be of all his contemporaries the most beautiful reader aloud of English.

THE TRIPOS

Early in 1878 came the Tripos, the first necessary University examination since the Little-go, which was scrambled through *quocunque modo* in 1874. We had not passed a day in the interval which was not more or less shadowed by this looming trial. The event shall be briefly narrated and certain reflexions given which follow from it.

We certainly learnt during 1877 how to seize hold of time for reading. If we had known how to read, things would have gone better. With some others—far better scholars—I came up from Eton knowing scarcely anything, except how to write passable elegiacs. The coaching at Trinity was mainly in composition and translation—schoolboy work—in which of course we made progress in spite of terrible distractions. Towards the end the College took us in hand as if we were two-year-olds in for a race. Every day for three weeks we had massive papers to plough through at full speed: the object was to teach every candidate the exact point at which he should sacrifice quality to quantity. By a foolish arrangement, the first four papers were the cram papers called the "set subjects," the *Phædrus* and *Gorgias* of Plato, five books of Aristotle's *Ethics*, and one paper on Philology, one on Syntax, etc. Thus we were afraid of leaving a day or two before the examination to rest the brain, but crammed till the last moment the philosophy notes. Result in my case: a sudden want of sleep and unheard-of fatigue during the examination—six hours of utmost brain-effort daily. Collapse was just warded off by a

sleeping potion, inducing dullness of brain. I came out with a batch of five others—all disappointed—at the top of the second class.

In my case the estimate of the examiners was just enough, though it is easy of course to point to bad bits of luck. Among the pieces for translation we were supposed to know thoroughly were the Speeches in Thucydides. While ploughing through them one evening I was distracted beyond bearing by the vocalization of one of the cats that used to haunt Neville's Court, and against these quadrupeds we organized a cat hunt and diminished their number somewhat. But this animal close under my window—

*Raised the pibroch of his race,
The song without a tune.*

I seized a cudgel, and spent ten minutes in an unavailing chase. That incident caused me to omit one speech, which, I need hardly say, was set in the examination.¹

I am afraid the main lesson learnt from the experience of the Classical Tripos in 1878 was that the leading representatives of the highest learning in the country were agreed in canonizing a certain set of special faculties artificially selected and cunningly trained: those, namely, which exhibited a rather dubious mastery over two ancient languages, the thought which those languages expressed and the life which they handed down to posterity being jealously excluded from our purview.

From somewhere round the corner we gathered that the subject-matter of those writings was as noble as has ever entered into the heart of man, and that that life was the basis of our modern civilization. Of course then we learnt to believe that these narrow specialized literary

¹ Recently in London a lady challenged me, after a lecture I had given on Spiritualism, as to why I made no mention of the most important question of all. "What is that?" "Why, don't you know that not many hundreds of yards from this hall they are skinning cats alive?" When I discovered she meant quadrupeds, I had to admit that I had no knowledge of the proceeding; but I might have said it was an operation I should be sorry to undertake.

faculties so canonized were the most valuable gifts of all which had been lavished on man by a bounteous Creator ; that compared with them the philosophy of Plato, the genius of Thucydides, the contribution of the Romans to civilization, and many other desirable subjects were of negligible importance. A man who could write a fair imitation of the diction of Virgil, Cicero, Sophocles, and Demosthenes, and turn most of their writings into good English, was not only worthy of high honour, but was fully equipped for life.

Can it be denied that this must have been the effect of the environment on impressionable minds ? and does it not show that there was, and may be still, a crying need for a raising and cleansing of the ideal set before the University ? a purging of the mind's eye of those in charge of academic studies that they might open the hearts of raw boyhood to yearn for entrance into the fair and spacious domain of liberal thought, of deeper exploration and knowledge of things unseen ?

CHAPTER V

CRICKET

I

Two very eminent men, the late Lord Bryce and the late Lord Goschen, pronounced two very different verdicts on the practice of writing about athletics. The former said he could imagine nothing duller than the reports of games. The latter once made a speech in which he avowed that he read the reports of the principal cricket matches eagerly and readily, and offered to back himself against any rival in knowledge of contemporary cricket events.

But reminiscences about cricket fifty years ago, besides being extremely common, seem to me, I confess, to be pointless unless they help to correct misconceptions or to suggest certain cautions in the way the game is being managed to-day. There is a further topic of interest: viz. the place of cricket in school life. Of these three subjects the second is the most important, and, indeed, all that I have to say will more or less directly bear on the questions—What is the matter with cricket to-day? and Among the many proposals for reform, is there one which commends itself as touching the heart of the mischief and at the same time as practicable?

In order to make clear how, and in what respects, the game has deteriorated, I will recall what it was at its best in the sixties and seventies. Long scores were rare, especially at Lord's: at the Oval they were commoner, because the turf was smoother. In the early seventies Lord's began to be made easier for the batsman; but 1875 was, as far as I can remember, the last year in which the dreaded Lord's shooter occurred, except very occa-

sionally ; and since then the scores have increased enormously and the game has become dull. Etonians whose brothers' memories went back to 1860 had reason to dread the Lord's shooter, as it was connected with one of the finest amateur bowlers that ever lived, Bob Lang of Harrow. About 1892, never having seen this celebrity, but holding his name from childhood in the utmost reverence (for he used to find his way to my eldest brother's wicket), I was startled to be given a card with Rev. R. Lang announced as a visitor to Haileybury. Out into the garden came an unmistakable elderly cricketer, and right glad I was to make his acquaintance. He told me the last ball he bowled was in Gents v. Players in 1862, for directly afterwards he took a curacy in Yorkshire and found, on arrival, his table littered with letters asking him to bowl here, there, and everywhere. He decided that it was a choice between clerical work and cricket, and he never touched a ball again. All honour to his name ! Fancy, if he had kept Saturday afternoons only for matches, the appalling havoc he would have made on the country grounds !

It was said that the accomplished artist and beautiful fieldsman, Herbert Marshall (Cambridge XI and Free Foresters), was the only man who could stand long-stop to Lang. He used to stand about ten yards behind the wicket-keep, hoping for the finish of the first bound. But what must the dead shooters have been, with their peculiar habit of leaping up to the face, without notice, from hissing along the thin grass ?

Now, it used to be said that Lord's was "improved," not only by being levelled—it sloped heavily from the Grand Stand to the entrance—but by a new seed being used for sowing on the bare patches, the result of which was a thin but uniform growth of grass which would stand being mowed down very fine, but which, of course, would then, after rolling, make a surface more and more like a billiard table.

"Yes," says the connoisseur, "and all the better.

You don't mean to say you hanker after the old dangerous pitches with all this modern overhand bowling? Are you prepared to pay for a cemetery outside Lord's—mortuary chapel, ambulance, and all?"

No, my good sir, nothing of the sort. Do listen before you gibe: an unfashionable way of passing the time, but worth while. The billiard-table wicket injures the game in its very vitals.

(a) It makes things easy for the batsman, difficult for the bowler. Many a shoddy batsman has made a century in his time, not having had through the whole innings a difficult ball to play. Meantime, bowlers not blessed with a swerve are of no use to their side unless they have boundless endurance. When no one can bowl a hard ball, the best bowler is the one who can go on longest. Bowling is a species of treadmill, and I can hardly believe that young amateurs will continue to practise it. A Public School is not a prison or anything like one, and none of their training will fit the requirements of a treadmill, trodden only by the outsiders who have to make a livelihood. You might as well think to improve tennis by arranging that one side of the court should be rough and the other smooth; each player to keep to his own side! But that is only the ante-chamber to the mischief. In 1872 I remember bowling fast round-hand on an upper club pitch at Eton, R. A. H. Mitchell, in his prime, batting at one end and one of the boys at the other. About once an over a well-pitched ball would shoot dead. Mike's (R. A. H. Mitchell) play of the shooters was superb; but I could calculate on most of the rest falling before one. The late Lord Clifton remarked that bowling at Mike on a smooth wicket was his idea of Inferno.

(b) We remember as the wickets all over the country became smoother, overhand bowling came in, men discerning that the only chance of keeping down the runs was to make the ball bound high. Result: if by chance there was a rough spot overlooked, death loomed close at hand. About 1880 a "perfect"-looking wicket had, as

usual, been prepared at Canterbury; but when Foord-Kelcey came to bowl, about once in three overs, for *no apparent reason*, the ball kicked awfully. "Monkey" Hornby declared one bumper went out of reach of wicket-keep and long-stop, and only touched the ground once before the boundary. Many will remember A. H. Evans kicking in the 'Varsity match of 1880; but only one or two were privileged to hear his remonstrance next day with the reporter—a diminutive man—who asserted that he threw.

(c) The bowlers next discovered that they must keep the ball on the off-side entirely, so as to stop leg-hitting; and conglomerate the field on the off, with three short slips, etc. Result: horrible monotony, many balls being left alone by the batsman, and total disappearance of the grandest features of the game—to wit, long-leg hitting, long-leg fielding, and the long-on drive with the bat vertical.

(d) Not only would balls never shoot, but they ceased to turn, only a genius now and then being able to effect a break-back from the off; and no one dreaming of a curl from leg, such as that of "Granny" Martingell, for fear of being hit to the outside. Mike (R. A. H. Mitchell) taught some of us to play shooters. It was galling after '75 to see batsmen with inferior defence piling up a long score after you had been perhaps yorked out for 0 or given out unfairly by the country umpire.

The darkest side of long scoring is very dark indeed.

Now and again a "googly" appeared who varied the proceedings, but for most bowlers to learn the trick meant hideous labour and (some asserted) a hand damaged for life.

The result of all this is that the game has become dull to watch and far less interesting and wholesome to play. The last match I saw at Lord's gave me a heartache. The bowler took a run of 25 yards, and of course had to save his breath, by walking slowly to his starting-point. He pounded down a whole over of identical balls just outside the off stump, and the batsman did not attempt to touch

one. Can one be expected to pay money and spend time for the purpose of contemplating such tomfoolery? Let it be noted that this dismal deterioration of a most noble game is caused solely by the smooth wickets. Only in certain states of the weather, or occasionally in school matches where the youthful captain may upset calculations by wild tactics, can anything dramatic occur. Man has done his best to spoil the fun, and the game is now living on its past. Certain it is that it never would have been invented if in its earlier stages it had been like what it is on all "perfect" wickets to-day. But what is to be done?

There is only one thing to be done. The pitches should be so treated that, though they are level and would never be dangerous, the grass would restore shooters and—quite as important—give a good chance to an average bowler to make the ball turn. That could be done by careful experiments on different soils. The result aimed at would simply be wickets always a bit difficult, never dangerous. Some of the many experts in grass surfaces who know how to treat the different greens on a golf links would be able to advise, and if part of the practice ground at Lord's were devoted to the experiments, in two years' time we should be within sight of the goal.

I am afraid this is one of those suggestions which is too sensible to be carried out. Whatever the difficulties may be or the uncertainty, there is not a rag of reason against its being tried. But there are two obstacles—one obvious, the other less so—in the way.

(a) Cash. The effect would be shorter matches. The clubs demand three full days' gate-money; and if the game is over in a day and a half—as ours was when the Cambridge XI whacked the first Australian team in 1878—nobody is pleased, and the treasurer of the club threatens to resign.

I admit that this objection is formidable, but only because we are singularly foolish. The clubs exist for the game, and not the game for the clubs; and I main-

tain the present bloated system of financing county clubs is artificial, and is nothing but a costly sham, destructive of true sport. Some counties are worse than others; at least it was well known that, not many years ago, good young players were bribed from County A to County B in order that County B could remain in the list of the first-class counties. Where is the satisfaction of using imported professionals from elsewhere? The whole thing is a sorry make-believe, and the wonder is that the spectators are still so numerous when we are told that all depends on every man in the country working his hardest!

(b) The other difficulty is similar, but less recognized. It was told me first by R. A. H. Mitchell some years ago. It is that the conduct of affairs in the M.C.C. is largely in the hands of the county captains. Now, these are generally elderly amateur batsmen, who have only a few years more play left, and are quite clear in their minds that, come what may, the pitches are not going to be made more difficult—in their time anyhow. “Après nous le déluge,” they whisper to each other softly in the Lord’s pavilion, and so they remain obstructives till they retire, and then perhaps become reformers in their old age, but perhaps not.

As to cricket in the schools, discrimination is necessary. You want a smooth wicket for the practice nets, as easy as you can make it, in order to teach a boy to stand firm and learn his strokes, neither of which he can do if he fears a blow in the ribs. But the pitch for school matches should be of the sort I advocate, giving plenty of hope to the bowler, and so guarding against long wearisome scores being made by visitors, the bowlers being discouraged, and the fieldsmen bored.

Every care should be taken to prevent the game becoming selfish. In the schools too much is made of batting feats, much too little of fielding. Many a boy I have known, who might have made himself a fair bowler, give himself up to batting for the pleasure and glory of it, rather than

work steadily at acquiring precision of pitch. It is startling to notice how deadly in attack is simple precision of pitch. Some will remember W. M. Rose, the lob-bowler. He had no great natural gift of spin, and on a hard wicket never even attempted the twist, but relied wholly on length and change of pace. Both, I was told, he acquired by solid grind as an Eton boy. He would pound away by the hour together in "Sixpenny" bowling at a stump with a friend to return the balls. *Sic itur ad astra.*

The most accurate bowler ever known as a boy was F. M. Buckland, and, though a grand batsman as well, he used to say that he enjoyed bowling more. Every ball he bowled had a meaning and a purpose, for "Peeler," as we called him, had a brain. His demeanour was curiously shrinking and timid, and in 1872 he walked in at Lord's to face Shand, a formidable left-hand Harrow bowler (pavilion end), carrying his bat as if he were afraid of it. But lo! from the very first ball he made one of the most gorgeous leg-hits ever seen. The ball disappeared into the grey mist and continued rising till it crashed into the window close by the clock in the old tennis court, near where the Mound now is. "Peeler" smiled an embarrassed smile as if he had done something wrong.¹

In batting it was the great quartette of Uppingham contemporaries, A. P. Lucas and Patterson, D. Q. Steel and one other, who made the reputation of H. H. Stephenson as a coach. But no good batsman really owes very much to coaching. You may show him how to stand firm and move his arms gracefully; but suppose he puts the

¹ In 1877 he won the match for Oxford v. Cambridge with a magnificent century; and of his innings for Gentlemen v. Players at Prince's—87, I think it was—W. G. said he had never in his life seen a player so consistently hit the ball with the very middle of his bat.

As a parallel to that leg-hit, F. W. Marchant, when at Eton, hit the first ball of his innings to leg for a clean six, though there was a competent long-leg standing out deep. This was in Upper Club in a school match in the eighties. The mere sight of such triumphs lengthens one's life—how much more to achieve them!

And leg-hitting is all but dead! but it may be revived.

bat in the wrong place when a straight ball is on its way. What then? H. H., as we used to call him, exercised extraordinary power at Uppingham in E. Thring's time. In 1896 it continued unabated under Thring's successor, Selwyn. "Well, between you and I," he said in answer to a question as to the age of a very powerful eleven of boys, "I tell you what I does. If one of these 'ere parents wants to take one of these boys away, I just writes him a letter, and so I keeps them. But not always: there's young —; he's only eighteen and might stay another year; but you see he's been getting just a bit too big for his boots, so I shall let him go." This remarkable saying of an uneducated cricket professional is vouched for, and it sheds a singular light on the history of Public School education in England. The truth is the influence of such a man among boys who are nominally being taught the love of literature is an anachronism. The supervision of games is entrusted to a master, and in 1895 (?) at Haileybury the salary of P. H. Latham, the captain of the Cambridge XI, was provided from the sale of bats, balls, shoes, pads, etc.—merged, of course, into the school fund—which had previously been a source of large emolument to his predecessor, a sort of Autolycus racquet pro. Latham was one of the very best house-masters I have known, and his successor, C. J. Reid, was growing into similar excellence when he was killed in the war. Of both men one can say, *Quis desideriq . . . ?*

As to fielding, the Winchester boys have long established a fine tradition. Eton has never taught it so persistently; and generally the team has been uncertain and undisciplined in this noble art. There are three technical devices for teaching fielding well worth careful experiment.

(1) In practice, provide no net behind the wicket, but make your promising batsman, who is clumsy with his hands, long-stop *pro tem*. He requires steady drill for half an hour a day, and will soon enjoy it as he finds the ball lodging more and more frequently in his hands.

(2) Near him should stand the man selected for short

slip, who needs familiarizing with that most attractive place; also—though only for a short time—the wicket-keeper should be given his daily practice, not bruising his hands nor tiring his back, but to grow thoroughly accustomed to the problems.

(8) Every member of the team should have at least ten minutes a day of practice with a colleague, one throwing the ball to one side of the other along the ground or boundary, each ducking, stooping, jumping this way and that, and learning how supple human limbs are intended to be. Very few people, cricketers or not, know how greatly freedom of movement may be developed, and it is a sheer gain to secure scientific gymnastics in games, rather than in gymnasium, though the latter is far better than nothing.

School cricket, in short, should be made a training in corporate effort, just as free from personal display as football or rowing. Moreover, like those two sports, it needs to be concentrated. Every effort should be made to save the long dawdling spells of time when one player, "yorked out" for 0, perhaps has to hang about watching another making a century. In modern life time must be saved; and cricket has always been open to the objection that when things go wrong you may miss your bodily exercise. To be given out wrongly by a country umpire and then have to make pleasant small-talk with ladies, who only know that you have got a "blob," is more than ought to be demanded of anyone on his holiday. Meantime your mates are having a fine time of it, compiling 400 runs as they like. Your share in these proceedings is not recreation, but bitterness in the inner man.

Again I say the remedy is to provide wickets which help the bowler and prevent inordinate scoring. The result would be a true renovation of the game, a recovery of that which gave it its immense charm in the past. Some of us remember village cricket at its best, when the squire's sons, the local curate, the village lob-bowler, the footman, and the gardener's boy went to make up a delightfully

motley team, ardent with parochial patriotism, and keenly co-operative and democratic. The wicket was always a little difficult; and now and again it must be admitted there was danger to life or limb, the ball would hum just past the tip of the nose, reminding the batsman of large possibilities. Anyhow, the ordinary length of a side's innings was about 60 runs, and when one was dismissed for 10 or 20—quite a good contribution—there would be just time for some expression of feeling, and then came the fielding. Four innings in one day; something happening every five minutes! That is cricket as our forebears evolved the game; a game, I repeat, and deserving of the title: not a bondage nor an infatuation, nor a waste of time, but a noble recreation steeped in some of the healthiest of our English traditions. For those who require a still more personal stimulus, it should be mentioned how a struggling young barrister, in a match with some twenty-five runs to his credit and fifty more to get to win, made friends with the last wicket in a truly sporting happy partnership as they knocked off the runs together. But who was this last man to go in? A little local solicitor, who, captivated by his companion in arms, sent him brief after brief and helped him effectively up the first steps of the ladder to fame! Such things are lost to English life, all because of new seed and heavy rollers, blindness of mind, and “the desire for more.”

Now and again, of course, the clouds intervene and restore with interest the old-fashioned wicket. At Lord's, if the pitch is sticky, the modern bowling is difficult enough to please anybody. Some 15,000 people who, on that Saturday in 1910, behaved in their excitement like one big lunatic, will never forget the amazingly dramatic fourth innings when a powerful Harrow side, who had scored 282 in their first attempt, were helpless before Fowler's superb bowling and dismissed for 45—9 short of the Eton total. I must refer my readers to the *Eton Chronicle* for the facts. No ordinary penman could picture that scene—a Cabinet Minister weeping, laughing, and

dancing on a Harrow flag; portly cits. in Bond Street yelling the news to strangers with the light blue ribbon on them who had quitted the ground in despair an hour before. Such were the English just before the Great War! It should be remembered that the delirium of the Etonians was stirred by the alarming fact that they had not won a match since 1908, and it was felt that if another defeat ensued, which on Friday night seemed absolutely certain, "something would have to be done." In that same year, I have been told, the War Office took in hand the question of an expeditionary force being equipped for fighting in Belgium. It was the last year, I should say, in which the old antagonism between the schools was rekindled to something of its pristine vigour; and it is perhaps a necessity for the combative instinct latent in the peace-loving Briton to have some such outlet.

Anyhow, I maintain that if the M.C.C. would take the lead in experimenting on the scientific treatment of turf, cricket might very probably become once again a thoroughly healthy and joyous recreation. In any case, no other remedy has ever been suggested which does more than "skim and film the ulcerous place"; and if this remedy is sensible, why is it not tried?

II. SOME NOTABLES

My eldest brother, the late Lord Cobham, known in his cricket days as C. G. Lyttelton, was a self-taught cricketer, and by the beauty of his style and all-round proficiency kindled a passion for the game in all his seven younger brothers. He seems to have commandeered at the age of twelve the services of a deft manservant of the Worcestershire name of Tandy, a capital bowler, and on the primitive cricket ground close—too close—to the Parish Church he spent many an hour learning how to bat without any coaching whatever. The result was a method of back-play defence which was adequate, except, as already stated, for the Lord's shooters. His great contemporary, R. A. H. Mitchell, was less good with

turning balls, but more certain with shooters than anyone that ever played, except C. J. Ottaway and W. G., the latter of whom, against a mechanical bowler like Morley of Notts, would score two runs off these terrifying balls, digging them past mid-on : a supreme stroke. "Mike," in short, though a magnificent hitter all round, I should say had less natural genius than C. G. Lyttelton. His play was more by rule, and he suffered, as two generations of Etonian players suffered, from relying too much on forward play when the fast bowlers like Richardson developed the break-back on hard wickets. But Mike's regulated style made him an admirable model to watch. Every counsel he gave us he illustrated to perfection. His style was somewhat harsh, though most commanding, and he had no stroke to compare in beauty with C. G.'s cut behind point, about which W. G. waxed eloquent. As to style, of the players I have watched I would name F. R. Fryer, D. Q. Steel, and L. Palairret as the most attractive ; but probably C. F. Buller and Alfred Lubbock were quite in the front rank. It should be noted that there is no comparison possible between the great players before and after 1880, as Palairret, for instance, and R. H. Spooner could only leave the spectator imagining what their on-side play would have been if any on-balls had ever been bowled.

Much has been written about eminent cricketers of every decade since 1870, but I should like to mention that for schoolboys, for defence on a difficult wicket, the best I ever saw was my old antagonist A. J. Webbe. Not that he could stop more difficult balls than Ottaway, but he was a far finer hitter.

We played against each other for seven years on end at Lord's, and ever since his play in 1874 I was thankful to see his back.

We caught each other out twice, both of his catches being brilliant beyond belief. Probably Shrewsbury had the finest defence on a sticky wicket, but I saw too little of him to judge first-hand. Nor had I any luck in watching

"Ranji," but saw once a superb piece of defence on the part of F. S. Jackson against Richardson. It should be mentioned that there was hardly a batsman in the seventies who did not succumb to the break-back, such as Alfred Shaw, Bates, and many others had at command when the pitch was sticky.

Many a discussion took place on the subject; and in 1876 at Cambridge W. G. was asked, after several present had uttered divers opinions, how did he think the problem was to be solved. The great man, whose mind was not of the analytical sort, said: "Well, I say you ought to put the bat against the ball." Nor did it generally seem difficult for him to do so, though A. Shaw beat him in the first innings of Gents v. Players in 1875, but wisely withdrew from the fray in the next innings, and consequently W. G. gave a most tremendous display of dominance over the other bowlers, scoring 150. Though the wicket was fast, this was the finest innings I ever saw. Jessop I never saw in form. That must have been a cheering spectacle if C. H. Allcock—an accurate man—is right in testifying to the following: The first ball that Jessop received in the Varsity match was of a good length just outside the off stump. He smote it just over mid-off, and it continued rising till it impinged on the umpire's box to the right side of the pavilion and bounded back with such force as to land on the turf over all the benches and then rolled on to the middle of the ground. If that ever occurred, as stated, it ought not to be forgotten.

For sheer genius at the game all round A. G. Steel stands very high indeed. He knew all about it as a boy, never required any practice, and, though an ugly style of batsman, was just as likely to score against the best bowling as against inferior stuff. He was a pioneer in bowling, and deadly, till we found out how to play him: which was to run out to his leg-break, always a slow ball, and catch it on the full pitch before it could break! Critics of the game, in newspapers at any rate, used to decry this method of defence because it looked like rashness. But often it would mean

real prudence. On a sticky wicket a bowler like A. Shaw was for nearly all batsmen unplayable. Thus for Middlesex against Notts at Lord's in 1879 (the wet year) two or three of us saw that a bold policy was the truest caution. Instead of standing still blocking the balls, we ran in to the pitch, hit vigorously and oft-times flukily; but instead of courting orthodox and certain failure we knocked up twenty or thirty runs apiece, with chances, and won the match. Long-legged, tall men like "Jammy" Ridley or Bonnor could not do it.

But a great many batsmen, quick at starting, ought to do it, though they be denounced for slogging. The great Australian team of 1882 contained four determined sloggers, who on sticky wickets when the totals were low were of priceless value to the side. In the match alluded to G. F. Vernon brought it off with admirable skill, and F. J. Ford was caught splendidly off an unspeakably high hit by Flowers, nicknamed "Mary," who, seeing the blow delivered, turned round and ran with all speed to the ropes, just as if he were escaping some instant peril. On arriving at the boundary he turned again towards the wickets, gazed up into the heavens, and waited quietly for the ball to descend into his capacious "flippers." His accuracy and rapidity of judgment at the start of this manœuvre were beyond all praise.

The biggest hitter I ever saw was G. T. Bonnor. At Scarborough in 1882 his notable knocks off Bunny Lucas began with a whack landing the ball sixty yards over the seawall. He dealt with short balls like Francis Ford, and all self-respecting near-in fieldsmen retired ten or fifteen yards to the rear. But C. J. Thornton was more exhilarating to watch, as no one knew when he would "take the long handle."

One or two facts about bowlers are worth preserving. W. G. once told me that the most difficult ball that he ever was bowled by was one of Noble's. It swerved in the air from leg to off and then broke back.

I succumbed to a similar horror sent by Phil Morton at



Ivo Bligh. A. Lyttelton. D. Q. Steel. L. K. Jarvis. A. F. J. Ford.
F. W. Kingston. A. P. Lucas. E. Lyttelton. P. H. Morton.
H. Whitfeld. A. G. Steel.

CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN, 1878.

Lord's in 1879. The more correctly you diagnose the curve the more certain you are to miss the break. Ever since that event I have rated Morton the best amateur bowler in my experience (though I have failed to see more than a few), and the curious fact is that he learnt a finger trick in the middle of the season (1878) whereby he made the ball break about nine inches on a perfectly smooth wicket at Lord's. No other bowler at that date dreamt of such a thing, and A. Shaw used to advise bowlers on a smooth wicket to give up the attempt to bring off a break and go for accuracy of pitch.

Morton also, though slightly built, at that time got an astonishing speed on the ball, and no one could see whence it came. The Australians, routed by him in 1878, were eloquent on this subject for many a long day. Alfred Shaw was by far the most accurate in pitch of all of them, and his change of pace was subtle; more subtle than his brain. Harry Forster is authority for the statement that he put a half-crown on the pitch, and Shaw landed the ball on it three times running—the condition of his enriching himself to that extent. Going in against him on a tea-pot wicket at Fenners in 1880 I foolishly patted the ground in front of the crease with the round side of the bat. The great artist observed from the other end that a slight hollow in the surface had been made; so he pitched the ball precisely on the surface of the off-slope, broke it six inches, and whipped off the leg-bail. He used to chortle years afterwards as he narrated this feat. But I took toll of him the next innings!

At Scarborough in 1882 my first ball was an unappeasable customer from G. Ulyett. Delivered with his utmost strength, it was a "yorker" that swerved about a foot and a half. I began by planning for a half-volley to leg; next, was concerned lest an instep should be smashed, and long before the situation was diagnosed the stumps were splayed.

It should be noted that balls that swerve, swerve most if they are pitched well up, and a yorker for the first ball.

is most likely to do mischief—that is, before the batsman has had time to expect a swerve. Of bowlers I have played I thought Spofforth, as a medium-pace bowler, was the best. But from observation of Richardson I should imagine that no bowler sent down so many hard balls, keeping it up through the season. Other great bowlers have done wonderful things on certain days; and without doubt the most imposing and unforgettable display ever given by an amateur was by Powys for Cambridge v. Oxford in 1872.

Cambridge amassed a fine score through the day, and the powerful, though doubtless somewhat wearied, team of Oxonians found themselves in a tight place, having to face the swart, bearded Australian, with slouching gait and drooping left shoulder, bowling from the Nursery end. The week before, W. G. had won the match for M.C.C., being the only man on the side who could look at Powys's deliveries, and on returning to the pavilion prophesied a rough time for Oxford. Rough it was. The pace—he bowled left-handed over the wicket, a genuine round-hand action—was really terrific. Now and again one marvelled that some of the players got their bats out of the way in time, and never shall I forget the look of the stumps dancing vertically down towards long-stop. That functionary, by the way, F. Tobin of Rugby, gives a gloomy picture of the state of his arms and legs after the game came to an end. Viewing that dogged courage, one can understand how England came victoriously through the Great War. But it was not the pace that mowed down the Oxford wickets, but the appalling swerve from leg and dead shooting of most of the balls: so that as Powys plugged away at the leg stump the batsman was threatened with lameness for life if the cannon-ball crashed on to his feet, with a very good chance of being given out leg-before and being carried home on a stretcher. Most of the Oxonians tried to stop the balls playing back, which was for anyone, except C. J. Ottaway, quite hopeless.

As to the Cambridge batting it is worth recording, as

an instance of the decay of greatness, that I only saw W. Yardley bat twice. The first time was on that Monday in 1872 when he murdered the Oxford bowling most cruelly, especially the "lobs" of "Jammy" Ridley, whacking them as he pleased to every corner of the field. The second occasion was in the Canterbury week, just ten years later. The same redoubtable batsman, facing the same lob-bowler, after an over or two succumbed to an easy ball. On being asked how it happened, "Don't tell anyone," he said, "but as I was bringing down my bat to stop the ball my elbow stuck in my stomach!" It may be remarked that W. G., great in every way, successfully met that particular problem in his latter days, though it certainly waxed more and more difficult every summer.

One word more about bowling. The best boy bowler I can remember was Tommy Wakefield (Eton, 1875): very fast with a powerful break-back. He could throw 115 yards, and on the excellent Maidenhead ground sent down shooters galore.

A bowler of original genius for one year only was Bayly (Eton, 1874), the only one who made A. J. Webbe reflect for a moment, and who gained lustre by bowling "Mike" clean in Upper Club. But the following year he was perfectly useless and had to be bowled off.

There is an interesting point or two about fielding over which some misapprehension exists. It is sometimes said that the schoolboy is at the best age for fielding. This is not so unless he is precociously grown and of the thick-set type so that he reaches full command of his nether limbs before nineteen. But this is not common. Lanky boys may become fine fields at twenty-five, but not till then. The majority combine suppleness with compactness best at from twenty to twenty-five.

The most-talked-of cover-point in 1874 was Vernon Royle, and deservedly. The beauty of his action in running and brilliancy cowed the batsman and prevented many a run being thought of, the players being uneasily conscious of something uncanny on the off side. But to my mind he

was not so effective as S. C. Newton (Cambridge, 1876), who, nothing like so stylish, could stop the hardest hit without a qualm and, moreover, though not famous enough to cow the batsman, did better than that: he ran them out. He would stand ten yards farther out than usual and thereby, of course, covered many a hard drive. But the first man in would try a single for a gentle stroke towards cover, and Newton, a spare, compact figure of a man, always standing on his toes, told us in later years, "When I hear the fellow say 'Come on,' I feel like a spider with a fly." He darted in, always picked up the ball clean, and shot it in unerringly to the wicket-keeper: the other batsman was often run out by quite three yards. This sort of trick gives fielding a rare interest, and ought to be much commoner.

I may be pardoned for mentioning two occasions when I got W. G. out. In a county match at Clifton he had got 80 against Middlesex and looked like staying there for life. He played a ball for a likely three between cover and mid-off, the latter being my post. I ran after it as hard as I could pelt, but just before reaching the ball, instead of clawing it in the usual way, I postponed stooping till I gathered my legs under me, so that I could grab the ball and turn and hurl it in in one motion. I knew that so perfect a judge of a run would try a third when he saw me stoop, but by dint of throwing very low and hard, without aiming or even seeing the wicket, I took him in, and Charlie Studd, who was bowling, caught the ball only three yards wide and had him out. Anyone who outwitted the Leviathan in his prime remembers it. (Hewitt, the Middlesex left-hand bowler, told us of collusion with short-leg, who, at a prearranged moment, shifted his place after W. G. had looked round to see where he was, and got an easy catch from a short, rising ball.)

The other occasion was in 1878. I was fielding short slip, and F. J. Ford was bowling after a light shower had altered the pace of the surface of the pitch. W. G. was a

tiny bit late with a cut, and I caught him with the left hand, a very quick catch, and distinctly remember hearing the wicket-keeper say "Well caught" before I knew what had happened! Many a batsman, by the way, has succumbed to the change of surface after light rain. The more correctly you were timing the ball on the dry, the more likely you are to be late when the turf is a little greasy.

A strong thrower from "the country" can sometimes feign lethargy, but with the corner of his eye watch the batsman start his second run, pounce and hurl in with good effect. Not only does one batsman retire, but the rest miss many a run from panic. That sort of legitimate trick is a real consolation after an unsuccessful innings, and is a substantial help towards winning the match.

Cricket is a game which yields, I think, more comic incidents than any other. One occurred in the Long Vacation on the Trinity ground in 1876. (I should mention that the most sporting cricket I ever joined in was in the "Long" of 1877, when we won match after match by fine keenness, plucky fielding, and a rare *esprit de corps*. We had no bowling, but pretended that we had, and that Charles Hardinge, the future Viceroy, who never bowled before or since, and my third-rate lobs, were formidable; so that the respect with which the other Colleges treated us was truly ludicrous. But we were not found out all the six weeks.) At the end of our innings one Wylde went in to bat, a sturdy youth wholly untaught but prepared to "have a go" before he fell. There was a very high wind blowing against the bowler, and the pace of the ball was difficult to judge. After an over, however, Wylde thought he must make a venture, and smote blindly with a horizontal bat at a well-pitched, straight ball. Something happened, and the ball impinged on the side of the bat and was sent quite straight up in the air for some sixty or seventy feet. The situation called for action on the part of the wicket-keeper, a stoutish young man in very tight flannels. He got himself ready to catch the

descending ball and so get rid of Wylde ; but it was necessary to gaze so long and earnestly up into the sky that he became oblivious of the state of things on earth. The wind, of course, blew the ball out of the vertical, so that it promised to fall not on to the stumps but two or three yards nearer the middle of the pitch. The spectators one by one saw what must happen. At the last moment the conscientious X., with gloved hands extended, strode forward to get under the ball, stumbled noisily over the stumps, fell with a crash, and lay sprawling while the ball descended with a thump close to his pink, ingenuous face as he measured his length, wondering what he had done to deserve such an overthrow. We laughed, I remember, especially W. G. Mitchell, well known later to Rugbeians, till some of us felt a pain in the back of the neck !

There was something dramatic about the last innings I ever played, or ever shall play. While being engaged in giving addresses to Sunday-school teachers in a remote Suffolk village I was persuaded, though sixty-four years of age, to join in a curious match of two mixed elevens of boys and girls, pupils and teachers, in a meadow. I went in first and had to meet the deliveries of a tiny boy scout, aged twelve, who had never played cricket before. He bowled scout-wise, with his whole soul and body, but hardly managed to get the big, heavy ball to roll the whole twenty-two yards. His first ball pitched half-way, and I made as if to drive it on the long-hop forwards. But it was a "hen-shooter," and its second bound was just under the bat. Twice before I had been bowled by the same ball, once by G. F. Grace at Cambridge in 1876. It is always a short-pitched, bad ball, but very likely to be fatal. I retired for a "blob," and settled that it was time to "hang up the shovel and the hoe."

But the scout, I am told, went home much elated.

CHAPTER VI

SOJOURN IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

CAMBRIDGE and first-class cricket were followed by some residence in 1878 in France and in 1879 in Germany, to learn something of the languages. But previously to that I had been twice abroad on trips to the Riviera, and learnt fruitlessly on each occasion how not to do it. The first was in 1874, a scurry through picture-galleries which I did not understand, nor relish, though a reading of Kugler's *Italian Painters* was of course better than nothing. The trip was marred by an incredibly foul sea-passage and by far too many night-journeys and town racket, distasteful and fatiguing for an ignorant country-bred youth.

Before they are made to skirmish through picture-galleries abroad, young fellows should be taught how to look at pictures at home. It is a very difficult thing to do with profit, and quite impossible if the conventional policy is pursued of prowling aimlessly through the corridors, never sitting down, and not looking at a single picture for more than forty-five seconds, though the conception and execution of it has cost a great artist many months of concentrated thought and labour. I doubt if we mortals play the fool quite so thoroughly as in picture galleries! Why is it, too, that though we have, as a nation, a surprising natural gift for music, one meets with people every day who profess that they are "not musical" but yet would very rarely admit that they were bored with pictures? Compare the hordes who wander sadly through Burlington House with the audience at the Old Vic!

Another great mistake is to expect profit from travelling indolently. Many of us are too lazy to master enough of the foreign language to talk with ease to the country-

folk ; and if that is not done, it would be better to stay at home. I would say to a young fellow of twenty-four : " If you want new ideas, you must say good-bye to leisured Englishmen at Cannes or Rome and learn to know people as unlike them as you can find : the Basques or the Tyrolese mountain-dwellers or the Normandy folk are to be recommended. For this purpose, then, work up a language or two before you start. If you wish to drink in new scenes of beauty in the Pyrenean valleys or at Cadenabbia or on the west coast of Ireland, learn first a little landscape drawing and then a little painting. A little goes a long way. Your output will not find its way to the Water-Colour Exhibition, but you will have learnt how to look : at what ? and for how long ? You hear large-minded men acknowledge gratefully how much they have gained from a foreign trip. But they were men who before they started were prepared to be keenly interested in things that matter : in the blue sea at Costabelle, in the picture-gallery at Madrid, and no less by the orchestra at Bayreuth or in the Paradiso of Dante. They were men who were never bored at home, being always certain that we have not been created for nothing. But if you get someone to take a ticket for you to Mentone and tell you which hotel gives you the best dinner for 10 francs and whether there is a tram to the golf-links and a casino nearer than Monte Carlo, you had better stay at home. Travelling never cures boredom, but often increases it. If you are seeking pleasure, you will find boredom ; and a confirmed globe-trotter is simply a weary man who cannot sit still."

A frequent mistake is to travel with colleagues who talk "shop" the whole way out and back. The one who does the arranging, makes out the route, tackles the railway-officials and the hateful system of tips in the hotels, gains some experience anyhow ; but those who commit all the disagreeables to him will be the bored ones when they return, and will not have learnt even a little geography.

A word must be said about the sea. Matthew Arnold

called it "salt, unplumbed, and estranging"; but what concerns us here is that it is often rough, and the sights and sounds on board the steamer reveal civilization in its collapse. My gifted cousin, Mrs. Drew, remarked some fifty years ago that if you find yourself hard up for something to talk about, there are two topics which never fail: one is sea-sickness, and the other, teeth. But I will only say this much on the former scourge: no youngster travelling for the first time should be left uninstructed as to elementary precautions. Secondly, bad sailors have become quite good by ceasing to eat meat. Of course your nitrogenous Englishmen will have it that it is only the effect of growing older; but there are who know better. Unquestionably mountain-sickness is made worse by a diet of meat and red wine; and why should sea-sickness be independent of the same poison?

In 1878 I cut off a good month of first-class cricket to wrestle with French, hoping to get some singing lessons meantime. In both quests, without knowing it, I was grievously in need of advice, so asked for none and got none; sojourned for four months or so at Fontainebleau and St. Germain, mixing, however, far more with English people than with French. It was and probably is still extremely difficult for a single young man to steer clear of his own countrymen in places whither our fashions have penetrated; though had I known it there were scores of nice families not very far from Paris where I might have learnt to talk easily and have made some good friends. At St. Germain I resided in a pension, and stayed on till nearly all the visitors departed, and I found myself dependent on the company of a doctor who lived in the town and six widows indoors. These ladies talked good French, and there was one topic on which their comments were sure to be voluble. The lightest allusion to politics set them all by the ears, and it was good practice trying to follow the heated argument. One was proficient in recitation, and one evening offered to give me a lesson

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in reading Corneille. At twenty-three years of age, shy, and with a Teutonic accent, I was not likely to make much of this ; but, what was worse, I had never learnt to read my own language decently. The result was that the French *politesse* broke down. It was the only time they fairly laughed, and with good reason. The lady declaimed like a tragic actress, while I murmured like a schoolboy. Then, being nettled, I resolved to caricature her style by the most grotesque mimicry that I could command. To my surprise they commended the effort—" Ah ! Monsieur, now you are getting on "—just when I thought to turn the whole thing to ridicule ! There was no repetition of this lesson in the *literæ humaniores*.

In Paris I saw some of the greatest of the actors of the Comédie Française, notably Got, Delaunay,¹ and, greatest of all, Coquelin aîné. Sarah Bernhardt, in spite of a superb voice and technique, struck me as altogether wanting in charm and graciousness. If the personality strikes one as repellent, how can the acting please ? One or two of the *ingénues* were admirable, and, guided by J. W. Clark, who came out to Paris in November, I learnt to appreciate at least the thoroughness of the training, which in London in 1878 seemed to have hardly begun. There was, however, nothing in Paris to compare with the pathos of Ellen Terry's voice and their tragic acting always seemed to me stilted.

The subject of French theatres suggests the need of caution in sending out young men to learn the language, especially if they are to live in Paris. Many of the plots of French plays deal with the violation of the seventh

¹ Delaunay, whom we saw behind the scenes on the conclusion of A. de Musset's piece *Le Chandelier*, told us that, being fifty-three years of age, he practised one sentence, together with the walk of a young man entering the stage, 150 times. We wondered if Henry Irving had ever practised walking naturally. Of all tragic actors I have seen, Salvini in *Othello* was the most impressive in dignity of gesticulation and magnificence of voice ; but the most moving and the greatest I hold to be Muscovitch as Shylock. Of comedians, the most irresistibly attractive and utterly natural was Jefferson, the hero of *Rip van Winkle*. I only saw him in two little farces—but his smile moved the whole theatre to merriment, and one longed to ask him to dinner there and then !

Commandment in unblushing fashion. My impression now is that the plot of the play is to the audience of subordinate interest to the artistic excellence of the acting and that it neither impresses nor expresses what it would if performed in London. Yet it cannot be denied that the tone in Paris on sexual questions is more outspoken and "shocking" than anything of the kind in London; and consequently we are under a more serious responsibility if we allow demoralizing books to be written or plays to be exhibited, since there is reason to fear they do more harm in England than they could do in France. Anyhow in 1878 a short residence in the French capital, the tone of which was very far from healthy, was more than likely to tend towards some relaxation of the moral standard.¹ I have no doubt there has been some improvement since, but a youthful stranger needs to be carefully cautioned against forming an estimate of the French character more sinister than the perplexing facts actually warrant.

It is worth mentioning that though the French paid the huge indemnity to Germany in 1871 and though Giffen calculated that the war brought on France a loss of £750,000,000, yet in 1878 the great exhibition in Paris revealed the most complete financial recovery on the part of the defeated people; while the conquerors were so poor that they could only send over one room-full of pictures.

The sojourn of four months in France was followed by six months in Germany; three in Dresden from February 1879, one in Berlin; then two months in England; then

¹ Before the War, an interesting article appeared in one of our magazines from the pen of a Swiss Professor of modern French literature. He asserted that the tone of Paris between 1871 and 1880 was one of cynicism and despair, but that the virility of the country was restored by the publication of a mass of brilliant novels showing how the principles of atheism, etc., worked in private life. The result was the alarm of the younger generation, who submitted to discipline at the hands of the priests, on condition that no enquiry was made as to fundamental convictions. The young men meantime gave their whole energies to aviation and militarism. If this diagnosis is correct, it reveals an immense difference in French and English mentality. Can one imagine fifty novels driving an Englishman to Church and confession by the brilliancy of their logical reasoning?

August in Saxon Switzerland. All the time through, these months were far more fruitful than those spent in France. I fell fortuitously among excellent and hard-working companions, the future Bishop Ryle, Ned Howson the much-loved Harrow master, Alfred Cole, future Governor of the Bank of England, and Herbert Bull, afterwards of Westgate-on-Sea, the party being joined for a time by St. J. Brodrick (now Lord Midleton). We repaired to the Pension Kretschmer in Räcknitz Strasse 8, gained a good hold on the foundations of the language under the very stimulating teacher Fräulein Gottschald, explored the picture-gallery, skated and got to know some classical music at the Gewerbehause, where, in spite of the foulest atmosphere imaginable, we hardly missed a concert. Some hundreds of bourgeois were eating, drinking, and smoking; every window was doubled, and the bare proposal that one of them should be opened nearly led to our being ejected.¹

I have sometimes thought that the historian of A.D. 3000 will trace the cause of the Great War of 1914 to the increasing conflict in railway trains between Englishmen and Germans on the question of open or shut windows. About 1880, in the Dog-days up the Rhine Valley, Lionel Tennyson and I got into a first-class for a night journey, to avoid the crush in the second-class, the heat being really appalling. But the most empty carriage contained two Deutschers each in possession of a closed window and one in a thick overcoat. I addressed a civil request to number 1 for a breath of fresh air, "Quite impossible." Then to number 2; he pleaded doctor's orders and turned up his coat collar, shivering at the bare idea. I turned to my companion and asked if he were prepared to fight, as at twenty-five I could not contemplate being asphyxiated.

¹ It is an entire mistake to suppose that an ordinary German audience is more patient of classical music than we are. At the end of our time we wrote a civil note to the conductor, asking him to give us all our old favourites at once for the last concert—nothing at all stiff: Handel's *Largo*; the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert; the *Abendstern* from *Tannhäuser*, etc. The reply was: "Impossible! Far too classical for the audience."

His answer, given generally with a slight stammer, "I'll b-b-b-back you up," gave, I fancy, an inkling to number 1 how matters stood; for, to our astonishment, he conceded the point to the extent of six inches, and on that we had to subsist through that unspeakable night. An angry altercation between the two Bosches extended far into the night, and made us feel we had not lived altogether in vain.

To return to Berlin. I made friends with George and Theodore de Bunsen, who were very kind in imparting voluminous and accurate information about the state of the country, including the following fact (imparted later) about Naples: that out of a population of 580,000, no less than 800,000 lived without any assignable occupation. George Bunsen told us this statistic was not generally known. Plenty of music of course, and I resided in a pension, but neither there nor anywhere could I get free of English-speaking people. One man flatly refused to utter a word of English while he was in the country, and he could talk, as far as I could judge, quite perfectly in eight months, beginning with nothing. But he was an American and really industrious.

In the course of this month I heard Bismarck speak in the Reichstag on, I think, the tobacco monopoly. He was too far off to hear, but the sight of the huge figure swaying slowly backwards and forwards was interesting; the words were accompanied by no grace of gesture or variation of voice, but were listened to with profound attention. In the middle he turned to his son Herbert behind him, muttered something, and went on. Herbert went out and returned with a large tumbler of some stiff potation. The Chancellor took it and swigged it all off in presence of his audience, not even turning round. One could understand why so monotonous a speaker opined that there had never been a great orator who was also a great statesman.¹

¹ There was a deep antipathy between Gladstone and Bismarck. We once asked Mr. G. if he had ever seen the great German. "No," he answered, "but I saw his photograph once, and felt as if I had seen the Devil."

At the end of May I returned for two months to "do" a bit of the London season—i.e. accept invitations to balls, parties, etc., and play first-class cricket at Lord's. It was a dismal failure. The social demands militated terribly against run-getting, especially as in one of the wettest summers ever known, Lord's was generally little better than a swamp. It was a valuable warning against pursuing unmixed pleasure. (For country matches afterwards I sometimes took a mackintosh and a detective novel; the latter to read if rain came down or if chagrin supervened after a batting failure.) With something like relief I returned to my studies in Germany, making a gallant effort to keep clear of my own countrymen by diving into a lonely hamlet in Saxon Switzerland and putting up with a Lutheran pastor. Even there an Oxford graduate appeared who knew no German, and my recollections of the place and the foreigners and the squalor of the house are vivid and far from agreeable. The "lady" of the house came in to meals with hands black from cooking, could talk of nothing but food and never visited a soul in the parish; and her favourite indictment against English ladies was that they were idle! We parted very poor friends, and I own to having given offence by ignoring much etiquette which to Germans is sacred and seems to us absurd. In those days (and I think now too) every young Englishman going to live among foreigners should have been warned against manifesting a sense of superiority to them. For the chances are that residence among them may confirm this sense instead of modifying it, and meantime the League of Nations must not be forgotten. Lecky made the pregnant remark that the miserable series of blunders the English made in Ireland was due to our conviction that we were dealing with an inferior people. Like the Israelites in the time of Amos, we were very slow in taking a warning. The warning from Ireland has been repeated for 700 years: is it not high time we learnt from it how to bear ourselves towards foreigners?

The chequered month in Saxon Switzerland was followed by a much happier one in Leipsic in the family of the Klengels, where culture abounded instead of barbarism, and beautiful music was to be heard. The family were votaries of the great Brahms tradition as against that of Wagner.

In this connexion a shrewd observer remarked in 1914 that after a while we should realize how far the Germans had gone in national collective madness, due, as he maintained, to the middle classes having listened to Wagner for five hours weekly for twenty-five years! There is sense in that proposition, and it would be well if we gave more attention to planting a taste for good music in children, and good literature too. The soil is ready and enough has been done in the last twenty-five years to give us high hopes for the future. The opportunity is at its best in any home which can afford to keep a piano.

The sojourn in Germany was certainly not unfruitful. I came away with some little knowledge of the literature and language and art of a kindred people far easier to understand than the French, and really likeable, if exception be made in regard to the Prussians. In contrast to them I have heard it said that in the Rhineland Catholic provinces the best type of Christian community-life was to be found.

In the summer of 1880 I gained some slight experience of mountaineering in Switzerland (recorded elsewhere), preceded by a visit to the Passion Play at Ammergau, in company with Lionel Tennyson and Ned Howson. We also met Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton. Those were early days in the history of Englishmen's visits to Ammergau, but much progress had been made since Dean Stanley wrote his article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, twenty years before; and the performance of the peasant-actors in reverence and in the most compelling concentration on their sacred task was most impressive. Meyer took the part of the Christus in 1880, and was so anxious about the Crucifixion scene that, as we were told, he fainted on the cross, just after speaking the last words.

CHAPTER VII

A SIGHT OF OXFORD

AFTER spending August and September in Germany, I spent one term as a kind of unattached member of Keble College, of which Edward Talbot, my brother-in-law, was Warden, and my brother Arthur was tutor, and Herbert Gladstone Lecturer in History: rather a family pie, but of rare good savour. There was an atmosphere about the college of which "plain living and high thinking" would be a pale description; something indefinably tranquil, unresting, and unhasting in a very full life; young fellows being disciplined with unfailing tact and firmness, guided, watched, but not suppressed. I doubt if any institution in any University anywhere at that time could have exhibited so marked an individuality.

There were some brilliant men among the tutors: Jayne, afterwards Bishop of Chester; Illingworth, the well-known writer; Wakeman, author of the admirable popular *History of the Church of England*; Lock, the next Warden but one; and, most remarkable of all, Aubrey Moore, a man who combined holiness, brilliancy of mind, and humour in a very special degree. There was in that autumn a sort of debate, at which dons and some undergraduates were present, on the need of the laity for definite instruction in religion. Someone had said there was a strong but latent appetite for doctrinal teaching in a large number of people. Moore described with infectious gusto how he was once walking in a street in Bloomsbury, thinking of nothing in particular, when a female of ample proportions and some excitability of manner suddenly appeared out of a house-door and hailed him. "Sir, you are a parson;

now, I beg you just to step up these stairs and talk to some of us up there on the Damnable Clauses of the Athanasian Creed." "That," said Moore, "I don't call a latent, but a blatant appetite for doctrine." He was astonishingly well equipped in Theology, Science, and Philosophy, and a most lovable man.

There was a tone about Keble in those days which is not easily to be described, but which many who lived in it will never forget. It was the first institution resolutely designed for something like simplicity of life and for helping by economy of administration needy parents, especially clergymen, to send their sons to the University.

In 1879, a year of heavy agricultural depression, the pinch for the parsons became very severe. Many took advantage of the comparatively low terms of Keble (which, alas! are not nearly low enough to meet the needs of to-day), but it must not be supposed that the régime was congenial to young men reared in the Victorian traditions of leisure and good cheer. They expected, it seemed, to eat their cake and have it; to lead a truly healthy life, amply nourished and taught by brilliant tutors, untrammelled meantime in respect of creature comforts and conviviality. Hence the disciplinary side of life, always extremely difficult at Oxford and Cambridge—especially at the former—called for the finest tact and firmness on the part of the Warden, and never was a call more adequately answered. This, however, is not the place for an estimate of Dr. Talbot's rule and personal influence on a most important group of men, a large proportion of whom have given an example to their contemporaries, in many lands, of godliness and good learning, along with temperance and sobriety of life.

Keble, in short, did much to undermine the barbaric belief in heavy feeding being conducive to health. Less time was wasted in hospitality, though that essential ingredient in undergraduate life was by no means suppressed; and soon it became manifest that plain living is

compatible with athletic prowess. This fact was eloquently testified to by a working man on the top of an omnibus in Oxford, whose friend, armed with a daily paper, remarked on Keble's success in the sports. "Well, what would you expect? a couple o' hundred 'ardy young chaps a-livin' on the cheap."¹ At both Universities, on the other hand, rowing men in training were supposed, for many years later, to build up their thews by eating huge chunks of beef-steak. To convert young England to sensible views on eating will always be a most arduous achievement, by no means accomplished yet; but in such progress as has been made, the Keble men bore a considerable part. Nor was this aim pursued in any mechanical fashion. It is extraordinarily difficult for young Englishmen not to look on plenty of the necessaries of life as their right. Occasionally I was privileged to attend the conferences of the College authorities on the burning question of catering. There had been some grumbling as to sufficiency, I think, of breakfast provender, and stout was the protest against criticism put up splutteringly by good old Shaw-Stewart, the Bursar. "I tell you, I got them 150 sausages yesterday morning—and they lapped them up like so many kittens. It's no joke, I can tell you, to satisfy these youngsters without wasting anything." The atmosphere was singularly different in Trinity, Cambridge, in 1875, as is hinted elsewhere in these notes.

I attended a few lectures and heard some sermons, but was too ignorant to profit by them, as they assumed the rudiments of knowledge in the hearers. There were a certain number of social claims to be attended to; especially the invitations of Mrs. Craddock, the wife of the

¹ In the life of the saintly missionary Bishop Hannington occurs a letter written, I think, in the seventies about the May races; in which in a tone of agony he just mentions the unspeakable fact, "Exeter bumped by Keble! Great Heavens!" About 1887 I met Bishop Myne, who had been the river coach and tutor of the Keble men, and was responsible, no doubt, for this early success. When he heard of his brother bishop's grief and dismay, his face lit up with an unfeigned delight. How difficult for a foreigner to understand!

Master of Brasenose, who liked to collect the *jeunesse dorée* round her. The College only a few years before had been renowned for its number of University Blues and the poverty of its intellectual output. Football also and some music engaged attention. By some very dubious right I played in a Keble College team (Association) and no one made any objection, till I kicked a goal in partnership with Herbert Gladstone—quite like old times at Eton. This gave rise to some debate, but I can't recollect what sort of compromise was arrived at. "Socker," as we have to call it now, was just emerging from its larva condition, still being a very enjoyable game immune from over-organization.

Keble was a College then, and I believe continued to be for many years, where, owing principally to the personal influence of the Warden, the very difficult problem of discipline was admirably solved. I have explained elsewhere the nature of the problem and the inherent awkwardness of the fact that for the callow youth of nineteen responsibility is relaxed by the transition to the University just at the time when it ought to be extended and heightened. For many of the elder Public School boys the seriousness of life quite naturally became more and more a reality, as they felt that on them the tone of the house actually depended. On a sudden each one becomes a unit; progress in self-discipline and thought for others is discontinued; and the primeval silliness not wholly extirpated asserts itself anew. So, as the present Bishop of Ripon once remarked in conference with schoolmasters, "We want to know why they leave you so old and come up to us so young." At Keble there was a less abrupt change to independence of rules. Nobody pretended that they knew better than the Apostles, Saints, Fathers, and leaders of religious thought since the year 1, and could vote chapel attendance a superfluity; so the ludicrous idea of a right to licence was debarred from the community, and the young fellows were in reality all the happier for being subject to laws which they understood.

As to the atmosphere of Oxford as compared with that of Cambridge, I was far too young in 1879 to notice what was happening. But reading not long ago the *Life of Bishop Westcott*, I was astonished to find how deep was the slumbrous calm of Cambridge just during the stormy years of the Tractarian Movement.

There was then a very considerable amount of Church teaching in the walls of Keble, but I fancy no one could gauge the abysmal depths of the ignorance of a Cantab *ætat* twenty-four.

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOLMASTERING—WELLINGTON COLLEGE

PROFESSIONAL life began for me in January 1880, with two years of assistant mastership at Wellington College. This came about owing to their being an unusually long interval before there was a vacancy at Eton, which I had been promised. It was offered in 1879, but I declined it, wishing to reside in Germany, and it was given to Sydney James, afterwards Headmaster of Malvern College.

Time passed ; and at length, getting nervous, I offered to Dr. Hornby that I should start at Eton unsalaried, except for pupils' fees. A legal friend hinted a characteristic caution. "If you heedlessly offer to work on an un-businesslike footing, you may wake up to find that the anomaly has been made permanent." There was little danger of that, however, and I became full master in a few months, owing to the retirement of "young Joynes," a singular figure among Etonians of that date, being a Socialist, a sympathizer with Irish Nationalists, and a vegetarian. He was also the son of the Lower Master, a typical Old Etonian Colleger, and scholar of the Cambridge school, and conservative to the backbone.

The startling apparition of Joynes and his friend H. S. Salt, the "humanitarian" writer, among the Eton masters should remind us how unable a school training is to secure identity of output. New individualities keep on coming. Salt was a capital fives player, and a real humorist, who could enjoy a little chaff. Once playing against the boys he made a particularly good stroke, which elicited the following compliment from A. C. Ainger : "Why, Salt, you must have come upon a caterpillar in your cabbage this morning!"

On the occasion of the marriage of the present Lord Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, Cornish and I went up

to be present. We were driving to Slough to catch the train and passed "Red Joynes," as he was called, hurrying in the opposite direction. Cornish drily remarked, "We are going to support three institutions all of which Joynes taboos: the Church, matrimony, and the Poet Laureate."

But I am anticipating. The sound advice given by Henry Jackson decided me to go to Wellington before Eton. "Certainly take Wickham's offer. Any man who is going to be of the slightest use to anybody begins by blundering; and you had better come your early croppers somewhere not at Eton." It was sanguine indeed to suppose that a year or two would suffice to cover the cropper-period, but the remark suggests the question as to the equipment of a young man starting on Public School work more than forty years ago, and the nature of the task which confronted him.

He finds himself surrounded by colleagues who have mostly had an education similar to his own, and exposed to a public opinion peculiarly potent in a very circumscribed world, and, like all human influences, very much mixed in quality. Wellington was in 1880 an isolated little society, the train service to London being bad, and the villa population round being mainly kept at a distance, as if intermixture would mean interruptions to work.

Indeed, the work meant a hard, unintermittent routine which by 1880 had come to be regarded with reverence by the adults, with suspicious deference by the boys.

I was startled after experience of Eton in the early seventies by the military punctuality of Wellington. As in all the other schools influenced by the Rugby tradition of hard work, the men exhibited a laudable fidelity to the "trivial round, the common task"; but being Englishmen and very human, their ideal of dutifulness in one or two respects was grievously defective. They were positively averse from other society than their own "shoppy" little circle. Secondly, they were thrown together so constantly in Common Room that frequent bickerings and some lasting quarrels ensued, with results

grotesque indeed, but deleterious to their influence on the boys.

In a very short time, however, things began to mend. Infiltration by younger men dissipated some of the noxious vapours, and there is no reason to suppose that the atmosphere of this Common Room permanently differed from that of any other schools. It should be noted that a handful of very hard-worked men, divorced from women's society, feeding together three times daily, is exposed to a peculiarly searching trial. Imagine A. after a long morning spent in talking to reluctant classes, using methods that he does not understand and books that he has not chosen, and teaching, maybe, a subject in which he cannot believe—imagine him, I say, running against a colleague B. at luncheon time, still smarting from an unsuccessful encounter with one of B.'s favourite but more vivacious pupils. How easy to give vent to the susceptibilities of the moment by snapping out an epigram, not very true nor very just nor very kindly! B. too is tired and ready for an extempore self-defence; and alack! from both *volat irrevocabile verbum*: or, if not, a very rare degree of self-mastery has been achieved. For the dealing adequately with this oft-recurring trial demands high gifts of character. Happy is the young "beak" if among his colleagues there is a *vir pietate gravis* whose counsel he is not unwilling to take. If not, and especially if he comes to his work fresh from the University and can look back on laurels gained and high favour won, he is more than likely to succumb to certain subtle and searching temptations.

The majority of these are to be met with in every walk of life. I will only mention two which seem to be for the present unavoidable, that is, inherent in the boarding-school system as it has been evolved.

By temperament our young friend may be classified as belonging either to the "sanguine" or to the "melancholy" in respect of his aspirations and hopes.

If he is of the former and is charged with a not unusual dose of egoism, he will soon find himself becoming eloquent

as a critic of his surroundings; which he regards as an explanation of otherwise unaccountable disappointments in his own work. English schoolboys are startlingly different from each other in outward demeanour and in character; but there is one very prevalent and very baffling characteristic on which he has not reckoned beforehand: they are nearly all of them at fifteen years of age averse from intellectual effort. Our "sanguine" young friend, unable to believe that the fault is in himself, begins by ascribing it to the "system," in which term the Headmaster is of course included.¹ At Wellington I had a special opportunity of gauging this tendency, which in that society was by no means confined to the younger men, as my relationship to the Headmaster, Wickham, gave me access to his house and to many a "confab" with that sagacious and high-minded man, living meantime in College and mixing freely with the Staff. There was much acidity of spirit in Common Room, and it was startling to find how blind the men in general were to the difficulties of the Head's position and to the limitations of his power. Hence among us younger fry grew up a disposition to suppose that the joy of visible success was to be had without the "sowing in tears."

The schoolmaster of the opposite temperament expecting failure was quite undisturbed when it came. He would cut his coat according to his cloth. It was not for him to agitate for reform; his line being to jog along in the routine, to be diligent and punctual in his engagements, and keep on good terms with colleagues and boys. It is noteworthy that in the ordinary use of this word we reverse its true meaning. "Diligently" in the Collect for St. Peter's Day must mean "as if they loved it"; but we often speak of a diligent worker as of one who does his job whether he loves it or not, being the more meritorious if he mildly dislikes it all the time.

¹ My old friend W. E. Russell of Haileybury told me of a Public School master who was asked if his day was very full of work. "Well, you see, I have to set by two hours a day to find time for 'damning the boss.'"

On the staff in 1880 was a cleric with a great love for French literature, but with no feeling whatever for the vocation of schoolmaster. He was out of place in Common Room, being very sensitive. Thus owing to his round face and Athena-like eyes he was nicknamed by the boys "the Owl," and bore it as well as he could; but if an innocent colleague alluded in conversation to a neighbouring hamlet called Owlsmoor, he detected an insult, and would not speak to him for six weeks, finding consolation meantime in Sainte-Beuve. This type has disappeared. A man of this sedative temperament, as time goes on, gradually shifts the centre of his interest and pursues his hobby more or less outside his calling; gardening it may be, or Egyptian history, or politics, or natural history, or more commonly participation in committee work or organization either of school machinery or of local citizenship, combined probably with golf.

Most men so affected will sigh with relief when school hours are over and settle quietly down to the "second best"; the employment which promises nothing high, but stirs no discontent. A master of this sort will be called an "average" master; but it is worth remarking that there is no average among teachers of the young in boarding-schools. A man's example either points towards the highest things, exhibiting a fine self-conquest, or towards some more or less refined form of selfishness; and meantime the Argus-eyed youngsters round him note every sign of strength or weakness and tend to interpret human life, its claims, its duties, joys, and sorrows, according as they construe the predominant message to them of this pastor or that. Part of their recreation lies in this use of opportunities; and their judgment, generally outspoken, is seldom wrong.

Into one of these two groups every new master gradually was enrolled; but of course the classification was very rough and the line of demarcation frequently blurred. In short, the characteristics of these bachelors living an artificial life and constrained, one would have thought, to

a monotonous uniformity, have always exhibited a surprisingly manifold variety.

At Wellington there was observable a marked tendency among the masters to celibacy, and general aloofness from all feminine society. Much might be said both as to the cause and effects of this traditional peculiarity. On the one hand, men can and do give their entire selves to their boys, especially when they are house-masters; but, on the other hand, a visit from an anxious mother throws them into indescribable panic, and what Goethe meant by *das ewige Weiblich* will never dawn on their minds on this side of the grave. The common excuse for this aloofness is want of time, and as far as it goes it is unanswerable.

Social arrangements in some schools are better than in others. The Wellington plan was for the masters to return casual hospitality by a dinner to which the ladies of the immediate neighbourhood were invited. As to one of these, a thrilling narrative survived to my time. The head of Common Room, one Tebbs, was of opinion that the meat dishes provided on this occasion should be not only abundant, but something out of the common in quality. So when the cook showed him the proposed bill of fare, wherein the solid but humdrum cutlet, joint, and sirloin figured to the tune of five courses, Tebbs saw his chance and substituted five different meats, lifting the programme out of the ordinary and the conventional. Like many human hopes, it was unexpectedly fulfilled. In his eagerness he failed to make it clear to the *chef* whether this was to be substitution or addition, and not till he had made himself agreeable for half an hour to his guests did he realize that they were being offered *ten* different kinds of flesh. Nobody could diagnose what stage of dinner was at any moment reached; and when it was at last over, a foreign lady was heard to remark as she moved uneasily out of the room, "I have eaten of every animal that walked out of the Ark."

The Headmaster, Edward Wickham, had undertaken the

formidable task of succeeding Dr. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Reminiscences of this powerful and pervasive personality survived far beyond the eighties. He was evidently a man of steam-engine temperament and lofty infectious idealism, but with a terrible temper which not till later came under perfect control; and among masters as well as boys admiration for him was mixed with dread. His rule was marked by a kind of fiery discipline. He had no use for tobacco and forbade the masters to smoke till after 10 p.m. Evasion of this order was made easy by the rich abundance of forest growing all round the College. Many a "bosky bourne" was well within reach, and one half-holiday afternoon three young masters wandered far away to a heart-warming refuge in the shape of an outhouse planted in the thickest of the fir-copses and sheltering a farm waggon and good store of hay. Into this *domus opportuna* the three pastors of youth won their way, and in festive spirits took out their pipes, and set themselves to the business of the afternoon. But alas! no sooner had the weed lifted its fragrance up among the rafters than three of the boys, roguishly emerging from their lair, spoke to the point: "All right, sir; we won't tell of you if you don't tell of us."

Wickham had trouble too in another department. The science master, a real enthusiast for his subject, but for keeping order only moderately equipped, was explaining one day the botanical properties of the common heath, *Erica vulgaris* as he called it, to a large class of the older boys. In his genial fashion—he was a most likeable old fellow, though pompous—he interrupted his lengthy discourse. "But look here, boys, there is no need for me to tell you all this; the heath grows all about this district in great profusion. Suppose for next lesson you bring to the classroom a few specimens: you will be able, with my help, to verify what I have told you." Ardent apparently in the quest of knowledge, a suspicious number of volunteers were ready. "All right, sir—all right: next

Tuesday at five o'clock." The hour came; and lo! half the country-side seemed to be moving to the College. Birnam Wood was nothing to it. Each lusty lad was staggering like a Bavarian peasant under a load of broom, heath, and ling, which they noisily dumped down in the outer quadrangle till no one could pass by. The lecturer had to send a message to Wickham to come and allay the tumult.

The presence of a Frenchman on the staff yielded, as often, some vivid experiences. I have never known a foreign teacher of English boys who could understand the irony of our temperament. Something anyhow in the Latin races makes them suspect mischief where there is none, and when their interpretation of boys' behaviour is all awry, the precision with which they state it brings the situation into clear relief delightfully. Monsieur D., complaining to the house-master of a vivacious young rebel, sends a note, ending with a pathetic attempt to strip the occurrence of all mystery: "Et puis, en sortant de la chambre, il a frappé les murailles avec les doigts, *pour amuser ses camarades.*" I cannot conceive anyone disputing this clever diagnosis of our young friend's inner motive. What was he in the world for, if not to amuse his comrades? Monsieur D. for refreshment after such encounters relied on the pleasures of the table. He was an unabashed *gourmand*, and of all the dishes that were sent into Common Room, his favourite was calf's head. One evening at dinner he became suddenly pensive. In front of him had been set a large covered dish, and some inward monitor told him it might be—but it was not certain—the luscious delicacy of his dreams. The moment the cover was lifted, the note of a pæan echoed through the room, "Tête de veau: ôtez le chapeau." He was then asked if he liked some other dish; and with grave deliberation replied, "Je le mange: mais pas avec enthousiasme." A pause. "Ce n'est pas un amour légitime." Could that comment have been coined but by a Frenchman?

Again, I should like to ascertain if any English teacher

in a French school has ever been so ill-placed as very nearly all foreigners in our schools, so utterly not in his element? D. had to live in an hotel, hard by the College. On the third day of his sojourn he brought a crucial difficulty to the notice of my old friend H. Steel, a gifted linguist who would enter into the perplexity: how that, having duly put out his boots to be cleaned, Monsieur D. found next day that they had not been touched, though there was a functionary appointed for the purpose. So a second pair was donned, with the same baffling result. On the third day, resplendent in his last pair, he hastens to consult his adviser, tells him the painful facts, and ends with an eloquent gesture, "et maintenant, cher Monsieur, que doit-on faire dans un tel cas?"

The curse of Babel seems to rest with peculiar weight on these gifted men. One of them at Eton in the eighties had been warned by Dr. Warre to show at the start that he was not to be trifled with; whatever feebleness may have been shown by others from over-sea, here at last was one whose lightest word was law. So his first lesson being before breakfast on the day of his getting into touch with the famous school, he entered the room and from the dais turned and confronted some fifteen sleepy and wholly indifferent athletes of the "first hundred." Then briskly: "Now, boys, my name is Banck—B-A-N-C-K; and I stand no 'ombogs.'" Nor did he mend matters much when to a younger rebel he thundered out: "Do not you suppose you will boozle-bam me; when I turn my back to write on ze board, you laugh in my face." Again a needlessly precise description of what had occurred.

To go back to Wellington. The chief friend I made among the masters was J. L. Bevir, the backbone of the loyalty to the place among the Old Boys, a man with a great heart and excellent sense of humour. Lane, who succeeded Penny as Bursar, died not long after I left in 1882, and Wickham wrote some tasteful Latin verses in his memory. Like Bevir, his whole heart was in his job, and for self-effacing fidelity, for quiet steadfastness in

well-doing, and beautiful forbearance in all the rubs and misunderstandings which make every Bursarship a difficult post, he stands high among schoolmasters, though his merits were known only to a tiny circle. He told me that by exercising ordinary care in turning down gas jets with his own hand, he saved the College £30, and by changing the butcher no less than £1,600 per annum.

In re finance, a curious trouble fell upon the school, the effects of which have hardly passed away yet. In the spring of 1883, or just about then, an ugly outbreak of diphtheritic throats occurred. Eleven thousand pounds were expended in setting the drainage to rights, it being then held as probable that the cause was due to leaking pipes. In the autumn of the same year a similar and rather graver outbreak supervened, and Wickham was in a tight place, as much public interest was aroused. He asked the advice of his friend the eminent physician Sir Andrew Clark, and probably better counsel was never given. "Don't, whatever you do, go to a great London firm of sanitary engineers: you may be let in for a ruinous expenditure. Employ a careful local man to ascertain every crack, fissure, split, or leakage in the pipes—there must be some—and patch them up securely. You may have to pay perhaps £2,000 and not more, and all will be done that human care could suggest." Wickham wrote that very day to the Chairman of the Governors, Edward, Prince of Wales, who in his eagerness to stem the mischief had written himself to the great firm of X—, giving them *carte blanche* to make a "good job" of it. So they did, but the bill sent in was £30,000; and it was many years indeed before the school recovered from the loss.

Wickham was a man who, as a scholar of singular insight and literary delicacy, won for himself a reputation wherever English is spoken by his first volume of commentary on the poet Horace. Yet how a peculiarly refined academical mind ever found the mundane platitudes of the Roman congenial to his temperament will never be

quite easy to understand, no matter how sincere was the relish he always found in the perfection of Horace's literary gift. For Wickham was in point of refinement one of the elect of the earth, and his want of sympathy with ordinary worldly standards was mainly, I think, because he really did not know exactly what they were. At least that was the case down to the end of his Wellington time; for till then his contact with common humanity was but slight. At Lincoln, as Dean, he did his best work. As Headmaster and the successor of Benson, whose gifts and defects were alike the exact opposite of Wickham's, it was not possible that he should be a popular and successful man of the usual type. There was nothing usual about him: his clearness of judgment, foresight, statesmanship of mind, fitted him to be in every way a guide to the Governors during twenty years while the school was being established in the favour and confidence of the public. Benson, though a poet and mystical High Churchman, had the temperament which found congenial work in crashing through obstacles and was warrior enough to be appreciated by the military world. How could they be supposed to understand the fastidious and apparently shrinking scholar, whose vitality was not of a buoyant type and who, rather than utter an ill-considered opinion, would remain quite silently thinking on all sides of the question and seeing further than anyone present. He was commonly thought to be nothing more than a scholar and a good reflective preacher, the truth being that his warmth of heart and steadfast courage when the situation became impossible were only known to a few. He was underestimated by the parents and the boys; with the latter, except with the very few literary scholars, he certainly found sympathy difficult; and meantime, the stream of acrid, not to say rancid, criticism from the younger masters must have made life lonely and very trying for a temperament deficient in the sanguine elements.

Yet his sermons, to a careful reader, breathe a note of

serenity and hope which probably he could not have explained. Thus, while on the pastoral side he suffered as a schoolmaster from over-fastidiousness and aloofness, his influence on any young man who had the opportunity of quiet talk with him was always elevating and illuminative. In politics he was a keen Gladstonian; and perhaps the most congenial friendship that his marriage with Miss Gladstone gave was that of Lord Frederick Cavendish. These two reticent and high-minded men seemed to draw each other out; and well I can remember the look of their two backs as they walked through the pine-woods, talking with ease and satisfaction on the prospects of the country.

Among the staff of masters some stand out as personal friends, besides Bevir and Steel, and as valuable to the building up of a young school: Rev. A. Carr, A. E. Allcock, H. W. Brougham, H. Newall, H. J. Toye.

Of the boys I remember most clearly D. J. Medley, Mitchell Innes, R. R. Ottley, Mackesey, Craddock, Skinner, and a little group, young and old, with whom I worked as conductor of a little choral class—a very delightful experience. We helped in concerts, one of which was in the open air among the lovely “boskage” round the College. After a few months I became “Composition” master to the VIth Form, and learnt something of Greek iambics and prose, and, far more valuable, a tincture of knowledge of Plato. To one most deserving and impecunious candidate for the I.C.S. I tried to give a little knowledge of Italian, of which I knew nothing, by coaching him in Lemmi’s Grammar at 6.30 a.m. That was in days when boys passed, after being crammed dismally, into the I.C.S. at seventeen years old; but to show what went on behind the scenes, Bevir *more suo* came to the rescue of this youth, took him for a trip in Italy at his own expense, taught him Italian every day, and, moreover—more paying still—secured a voluminous note-book of English literature extracts with carefully measured comments drawn up by Wren, a famous crammer in London.

The whole of this tome Bevir copied out, and got the boy to begin learning the lot by heart: criticisms of poets he had not heard of before and an extract just long enough for a two hours' paper. After the "coach" and the pupil had nearly done for themselves with this nauseating travesty of learning, they turned to England to find that the regulations had been suddenly altered, the English paper abolished and all their brain-fag wasted! The boy, however, passed in well, and in two years was administering a large district in India.

An interesting comment on this thoroughly English proceeding was made to me some years later by a very able critic of Indian affairs, Sir Alfred Lyall. He had had opportunities of comparing the youths who came out to govern, the Hindus under the "Competition Wallah" with their predecessors, chosen, I suppose, quite at random. His verdict was that the crammed boys, many of whom were childishly ignorant of men and things, shy, short-sighted, utterly undeveloped, and, in short, apparently impossible, after two years of responsibility grew to be every whit as efficient and resourceful as any scion of the most favoured families in the land.

About that time, 1882, all examinations began to improve, testing originality rather than memory. But it is not generally noticed that a youngster who shows originality early is *precocious*: and precocity is the very last quality that ought to determine our selection for public service. Yet in all civilized countries we rely on it blindly. Why?

In 1881 I dined with a colonel attached to Sandhurst, a ribald old gentleman, who gave in highly spiced language evidence of the rotten state of army examinations at that time. The examiners were ridiculously overworked and underpaid, and the results inevitable—ignoramus passed in at random and some of the best candidates were ploughed; but it was the interest of the former to hold their tongues, and the latter, if they complained, were not believed.

CHAPTER IX

SOME EXPERIENCES, 1880—1890

IN 1880 was a General Election of more than usual interest. Gladstone, by an astounding output of demagogic power, had converted the majority of the electorate to the view that our traditional attitude towards Turkey must be abandoned. The Turk was all very well as a human being to be conversed with on our travels, but when in a position of authority he was an incarnation of all that was fiendish, especially in relation to the Christian peoples within his dominions. Gladstone's appeal to the country was a moral one; and so dynamically was it made that for many of us the most harrowing trial connected with politics has been the looking on at Turkish barbarities wreaked on fellow-Christians; then the hammering of the Turk and the prospect of the horrible thing being done away with; finally, the restoration of the Moslem to power apparently more secure than ever—power over young nations for whom we British people, along with others, are morally responsible before the world. But this is anticipating.

For two or three years previously society in England had been violently rent asunder by having to decide a great moral issue. Dizzy, it was thought—and not without reason—was indifferent to the sufferings of the Bulgarians and Armenians. So some of us for the first time flung ourselves with ardour into the fray, feeling the "stern joy" of advocating a cause about which we had no lurking doubts whatever. Herbert Gladstone won his spurs in a gallantly contested fight for Middlesex, and in some campaigning for him early in the Easter holidays I

had my first taste of platform speaking. It certainly was an educative experience. If a young speaker breaks down, he is not likely to forget the humiliation and the bitterness, as he has made himself rather ridiculous in presence of people who care not whether he is ridiculous or not. Moreover, his failure is due to self-consciousness, which is, to some extent, a moral infirmity. Once I was reduced to the terrible condition of sudden blankness of brain; a sensation as if the entire thinking faculty were withdrawn from the organism, or, if present, were inhibited somehow from acting, and the more violently it is called upon to move and assert itself and recollect, the more it seems to be petrified. Calamity, however, was averted by the simple expedient of being provided with a bit of paper containing the pencilled headings of the short speech. The blankness was due to the failure of some joke. Nobody laughed; all thought and memory vanished; but by glancing at the notes I was able to resume undetected.

Years ago I heard a vivid description of Gladstone overtaken in the House of Commons by this nightmare. He had just concluded a torrential tirade against Disraeli, the last words of which were "The right hon. gentleman and his satellites." Pause; cheering. More pause; more cheering: the situation was becoming intolerable, the speaker being evidently helpless and in great distress; when Disraeli, after exactly the right amount of time, rose and quietly said, "and his satellites?" thus giving Gladstone exactly what was required to restore his self-possession. Gladstone replied by a graceful tribute of gratitude which in its turn was gradually modified into invective.

Herbert Gladstone was at home on the platform and at his best when sharply heckled. On one occasion he showed tact and resource when an ugly row was brewing. Four or five brainless but brawny larrikins pursued us to the station—he and I were alone—intent upon fisticuffs. One of them was a strapping chap and an affray on the deserted platform would have been no joke against odds.

They opened the proceedings with the fashionable enquiry, "Does your mother know you are out?" which generally provoked "inextinguishable laughter" at that time. Herbert at once turned to the leader. "Now, sir, I appeal to you as to a gentleman. Is it right for this fellow here to chaff me about my mother?" The big hobbledehoy was there and then won over; and we took leave amid hand-shaking and three cheers. It was admirably done.

A few days after I dabbled in the East Worcestershire election, canvassing, in company with a regular agent round about Hagley, on behalf of Willie, Herbert's eldest brother. One interview sheds a curious light on the way the British Empire is run. We penetrated into a shanty on the lower slopes of Clent Hill—a lovely spot—where a blear-eyed tapster was selling cider and perry. Agent: "Morning, Mr. —: we've come to see you about this here voting. You see, Mr. Gladstone, who is standing for Parliament, is a cousin of Lord Lyttelton, who the other day prevented this hill from being enclosed. So now?" Tapster, acidly: "Well, then, why doesn't he get me a whisky licence?" Agent, scornfully: "Whisky licence! What I say is this. Suppose his lordship had had the hill enclosed. What would you have done then? You'd have had to go and dig at 8*d.* a perch." It was interesting to note how the Liberal Press descanted on the eagerness of the electorate for a pure Foreign Policy. The tapster was anyhow silenced. We left him thinking and wondering what was the connexion between his licence and a turkey.

Not long after I learnt something of the intoxication of oratory—a solitary experience. Some 5,000 sturdy young men of the Y.M.C.A. were gathered in the Birmingham Town Hall—the hall anyhow was packed—to hear three of us harangue on Drink, Purity, and Gambling. They were an astonishingly responsive audience, and the vastness of the building made it necessary to speak so slowly that the choice of words became easier than usual. I

fluked on to an anecdote about buying a horse, which though vapid and hardly relevant captivated the dense mass of youngsters with startling effect. The cheers, the electric enthusiasm, the powerful currents of sympathy from every quarter, were nothing short of overwhelming; and I understood what some critic of Mr. Gladstone said, that after his demagogic triumph in Midlothian in 1880 he became immensely more influential with the public, but as a statesman thereafter lost balance of judgment. Perhaps it was what Bismarck meant in his affirmation that no great statesman was a great orator. He was not far wrong; but Pericles and perhaps Chatham must not be put out of court at once.

Whether Gladstone lost his judgment after his demagogic power asserted itself this is not the place to discuss. If he did, it is interesting to recall his verdict upon Palmerston: "He remained in power too long; and the public trust in him grew during the very period that his judgment was becoming weaker." As to his oratory, I heard him too rarely to have a very clear opinion. For most of us, his nephews, he was far more impressive in conversation than on the platform. I only once heard him in the House of Commons; it was when he belaboured the impassive Hartington for deserting his leader on the matter of Home Rule—probably in 1886. The volcanic impression I shall never forget. It was not the arguments used or the things said, but the delivery, the utter absorption in his subject, the unshakeable strength of conviction, the genuine identification of his own view of the question in hand with all the eternal verities; all this in addition to the better-known gifts of voice and action made one feel as if the object of his invective must shrivel up before him. Yet there was something magnificently impersonal about it all. No one ever quoted words of scorn which clung to the unhappy victim of one of these tirades; nor did he make his opponent look foolish in the eyes of the public. It was rather an overwhelming cataract of deep principles of moral rectitude delivered with an intensity

of passion and fortified by every possible fact bearing on the case, making the hearers unable to imagine how such conviction, learning, and moral fervour could possibly be on the wrong side.

Twice outside the House—once at Woolwich in 1879, and again at Nottingham in the eighties. It was noteworthy on the first occasion how he mastered the contents of a Blue-book on the Eastern Question which was only put into his hands at the beginning of the journey, and I remember his pouncing on some subtle point dug out of the pages, and then in his speech bringing it out as if it had been in his mind for weeks.

But there is really nothing to add to the masterly description of his eloquence in Morley's *Life*.

In this England of ours one may live a long time without ever once coming under the spell of a really great orator. The exceptions in my own experience have been rare: Sam Wilberforce's sermon at Hagley, about 1868; and a speech from Dolling in 1890 to the elder boys at Haileybury; and, perhaps most notable of all, a thrilling address by George Parkin on Imperial Federation to the Haileybury boys about 1898. Intense conviction, sympathy with the audience, and an ideal not too high for the majority, seem to be essential. The late G. F. Wilson, of the Seamen's Mission, was a most powerful "beggar" in the pulpit, and, like Parkin, a very noble-hearted man. Lord Knutsford made an extraordinarily effective appeal to the whole of Eton in the difficult new School Hall—a task which the great evangelist, J. R. Mott, admitted had been too much for him. It is, however, dangerous to play upon boys' emotions with pathos, and the absence of sentimentality from the great oratorical achievements of former centuries makes one ask if we have not gone quite far enough in this direction. A noted missionary went to Dublin just after making a great stir in Birmingham and found the Irish as "cold as stone." A local lady, Mrs. Dickinson, wife of the waggish Dean of the Chapel Royal, suggested that "over here we know too well how it is done."

During these years the question of holidays arose. Like most young schoolmasters, we at Eton were tempted to knock about abroad or at home in company with each other and talk "shop." That was the line of least resistance and by no means the most profitable. Some had hobbies; and my belief is that a very large number of normal boys might be so equipped if we knew more about the intellectual training of childhood. One way and another it is a sheer necessity of life that new ideas should be given by recreation; and it is very easy to over-value the kind of recreation which is physically fatiguing and mentally sterile. In 1880, 1887, 1888, I dabbled in Swiss mountaineering with Alfred Cole, Howson, Welldon, and others. If it is combined with some botany or geology it is a noble sport, and in any case teaches valuable qualities—endurance, humility, circumspection, awe.

One incident is worth recording for the instruction of young mountaineers. One morning in August 1880, after an abortive attempt on the Bernina (had we not been turned back by weather after a night in the hut, would such tyros in climbing have escaped an early death?), we were tempted by the sight of a snow-glissade at the top of the Korvatch (the hill which cuts off the sun from Pontresina in January at 2.45 p.m.) and persuaded our old Eton friend Charles Lacaita, the only one of us who had climbed before, to lead us unguided to the top of the hill, where we should lunch, then enjoy the glissade and come down. I should mention that two days before I tried the ascent of the mountain *alone*, took the wrong line, and got into a place on the rocks when for some minutes I could neither go up nor down. Someone ought to warn heedless young men from ever scrambling about the Alps alone. That, too, was a touch and go.

So Welldon, Howson, Cole, and myself were led by Lacaita easily up the left-hand side. On the summit, luncheon; fine view; high spirits, but L. warned us that the glissade a little farther on would probably be too icy. It was a streak of hard frozen snow which escaped

the sun, and though the surface was powdered with snow, ice was just under it. The slope was steep, and about 40 yards down the rocks projected in from the left, round which the glissade wound out of sight. So we stood, and I well remember egging on Lacaita to start off and we would follow. He tapped the surface, and with much misgiving stepped on and glided down standing, his ice-axe firmly gripped and with the point cutting a thin path behind him, checking his speed and helping to keep his balance. All went well till he got to about eight yards from the projecting rocks, when he stopped and called to us to come on. Had any one of us done so, he would have been, to a perfect certainty, dashed to pieces on those rocks.

For the more slippery a glissade is the more practice it requires. We four were wholly inexperienced, ignorant of the danger, and carrying not ice-axes but alpenstocks, less suitable and more difficult to manage. Lastly, the sequel showed plainly what was in store had not something happened which saved our lives.

I was actually stepping on and in one more second should have been doomed, when we saw Lacaita lose his balance—he must have lifted his ice-axe point for a moment from the surface—fall flat on his back and shoot, feet forwards, with astonishing rapidity on to the rocks. He rebounded from them at an angle to the right—the line of the rocks being diagonal—then turned and went on down the snow track, head foremost, and disappeared from our view. We heard some banging noises and all was still. We shouted, “Are you hurt?” Answer: “Bring the brandy.” (He had insisted on this beverage being taken from the hotel—a fortunate prevision.) So Cole started off, scrambling fast, by a circuitous route to reach the spot, and we followed very cautiously, Welldon remarking, “I take credit to myself for insisting that nothing would persuade me to get on to that glissade.” We came down by the side of the contour on easy rocks and shale. It took Cole half an hour to reach Lacaita, whom

he found badly bruised and battered, sitting on the snow, hardly able to move, and very cold. It took five hours to get him to the hotel instead of less than two, and he was stiff and sore for some weeks.

We proceeded down the side of the couloir, and baffled so far in my wish to glissade, I determined to try my luck below the jutting rocks where the snow was less steep, and with Howson looking on and warning, I started off, standing, and very soon found myself leaning a tiny bit too much forward and only able to keep upright by running hard down hill. It was no joke, as about 100 ft. farther on was a hard black sort of shingle; but I marvellously recovered balance and got the alpenstock on to the snow behind me. What would have happened is easy to see but not pleasant to think on.

Lessons learnt on the Alps: (1) Never do anything involving the slightest risk unless you are roped to a comrade. (2) Carry an ice-axe always, and if you slip, grip it tight for use. (Lacaita stopped himself by flinging the axe head into a hole in the ice and holding on like grim death.) (3) Beware of exhilaration of spirits in the champagne air. (4) There is nothing to swagger about in being venturesome; but there may be much to rue. (5) Some people find it hard not to believe in guardian angels; nor are they necessarily to be dubbed as fools on this account.

Mountain-climbing was varied with two trips to Spain: the first with Lacaita, when we visited the northern cathedrals and dutifully read Street's massive volume on their architecture. I think Toledo struck our fancy most. After lionizing, we went into the parlour of the hotel and stumbled on one of those noteworthy people who can travel wherever they please without speaking or understanding any language but English. This was a stout, elderly deaf man whom we shrewdly suspected of being one of the uncles of our lately deceased and greatly lamented schoolfellow Fred Arkwright of Derbyshire, from which county he hailed. He welcomed our advent

as a relief after talking for three hours to Spaniards who, *more suo*, knew not a word of any language but their own. Later he exhibited his skill in getting the waiter to understand that he was to be called at 7 a.m. by powerful knocking on the door. It was a triumphant success, but hardly gives promise of a possible way out of the difficulty for which Esperanto was created. Our friend had roamed through the remote parts of Europe without disaster, but how he coped with accidents, loss of luggage, extortionate innkeepers, etc., etc., I cannot imagine.

This encounter reminds me of the only other man I have ever met who talked incessantly to foreigners, and that was the gifted and delightful Father Dolling. At Passow we found him in the parlour of the hotel chattering to all and sundry, visitors, waiting-men, tired old ladies, the "boots," the concierge, anyone who turned up. Nobody understood a word, but they all seemed to love him at first sight. But Dolling must have shortened his life by unintermittent output. The world would be a better place if all eager people (especially men) between fifty and seventy years of age knew that incessant chatter is nearly always wearisome to the listeners and cannot fail to sap the strength of the talker. Another eminent ecclesiastic was a victim of the same infirmity, Bishop Jacob of St. Albans.

There are, however, two nuisances which haunt hotels. The first is the probability that there are some folk in the rooms downstairs who cannot abide fresh air, and refuse to believe that the catarrh microbe breeds and thrives in warm rooms but would perish in the cold wind outside. The second is that somewhere there is probably waiting for you a bore. Bores love hotels, because there are plenty of people about who will be taken in by the talker's initial geniality and mistake it for a desire to be civil, instead of being an approach to his prey as stealthy and more deadly than that of the spider to the fly. At San Remo we came across the common type of man who will lay down the law with triumphant dogmatism at *table d'hôte* till

he finds someone to contradict him and then instantly curls up. The brief dialogue was entertaining.

Stranger: "Talking of guns are you? Why, bless you, these Italians are the chaps to build guns. They built one of four hundred tons the other day."

A. C. Cole (an accurate man): "Tons! I think you mean pounds, sir."

Stranger: "Oh well, yes—pounds." He continued talking loudly, but avoided any definite statement about anything as long as Cole was within earshot. The elderly ladies who haunted the Riviera hotels in April seemed to prefer a human voice uttering vapidities to silence. Thus the demand stimulated the supply. The talking gent found his audience who could listen or not as they pleased.

In the summer of 1888 I met my future wife at Zermatt. We were married in Dublin just before Christmas that year, she being the daughter of Dean West of St. Patrick's Cathedral and sister of Hercules West, scholar and first-class classic of Trinity, Cambridge, and two years my junior. He was also an excellent rock-climber and one of the best of mimics. An elder sister became the second wife of the Dublin Professor, Edward Dowden, and a coadjutor in all his literary work.

This event brought about my first visit to Ireland. Some of our family were rather uncertain Home Rulers, being under the spell of Mr. Gladstone. In Dublin I came across the English section of the population, to a man anti-Nationalist and deeply distrustful of Gladstone and all his works. In 1881 I had heard a very illuminating lecture on Ireland, delivered at Wellington College to the VIth Form by Arthur Johnson, of Oxford, who pointed out how in Henry II's time we lumped together two systems of law in that island, the Feudal and the Brehon, or Village Community system, without ever making it plain which of the two systems the unhappy child-race was to obey. The effect of course was to engender a spirit of lawlessness in a people by temperament unable or disinclined to learn what Law means. A little reflection

on this most grievous blunder should teach us the complexity of Ireland's problem.

Marriage opened my eyes to another interesting matter : the social life at Eton. The relation between the unmarried masters and the resident ladies tended to resemble a kind of armed truce. Nowhere have so many men singularly fitted for the duties of paternity been so rootedly celibate in manners and disposition. At one time fifty out of sixty-six were bachelors, some of whom lived quite out of any contact with the other sex, both in term and holiday-time. Whatever may be said for this state of things from a professional point of view, there is little doubt that it inflicts a loss on the community.

Some of our holidays were spent in Ireland during the next few years, the visits to Co. Wicklow, Portrush, and Donegal, and to Mulraney and Glengariff, being specially pleasing in retrospect. The most beautiful of these places was undoubtedly Glengariff, but only at high-tide.

Not till later (1898), when I got an explanation from a very level-headed and lovable Irishman, the late Jack Colles, Lunacy Commissioner, and familiar with all aspects of Irish life, could we interpret a singular phenomenon that was before our eyes inland from Bantry Bay. (Lord Justice George Talbot was with us and shared our perplexity.) On the hillsides could be seen here and there a sorry cabin occupied by a tenant and his family, set in an enclosed and fully cultivated plot of ground. Beyond that plot was another in a half-cultivated condition. Farther away still, that is, beyond the intervening stone wall, was a third plot completely run to seed. This had come about in consequence of two Acts of Parliament reducing rents, one 25 per cent., the other 20 per cent., with an interval of twenty years. On the first reduction, Paddy found he could knock off one of his three plots without loss ; on the second, a second plot went, and he continued pigging it as before.

During these years it was said by those " in the know " that the traditional Irish wit was dying out. I am not

so sure. Certainly in the Dublin circles the parade, the pomp and circumstance of story-telling were still maintained to the utmost in 1888, but the fashionable quarters of the city were being rapidly depleted. However, dining in Trinity College I was auditor of the typical Irish anecdote, stories being told at inordinate length and far too elaborately, especially as several of the audience had heard them before. The understanding seemed to be that each narrator should be given plenty of time and elbow-room, on condition that he was no less considerate to the others. I confess I found it wearisome. There was too much of a full-dress display in each effort, and neglect of the principle that a story should never be lugged in independently of the context of the preceding conversation, but should arise naturally from it, and, moreover, should vary in rapidity according to the size and intelligence of the audience. Celebrated *raconteurs* like Dean Hole nearly always err from excess. The best I ever knew was Henry Sidgwick; then Canon Ainger; then perhaps Arthur Benson, with whom I lodged for the years 1884 to 1888 in Baldwin's Shore, opposite Windsor Castle. Between 1882 and 1884 my *contubernalis* was a life-long friend, Stuart Donaldson, afterwards Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. That was in the Cloisters in a Fellow's House lent to us by the venerable and very handsome old friend of my father's, Edward Coleridge. This house I afterwards tenanted as Headmaster when it had been, in the nineties, incorporated into the next to form a sufficiently ample domicile for Dr. Warre.

By far the most important experience in respect of a changed interpretation of life was the residence in Cuddesdon College in the summer holidays of 1883-4. This was preparatory to taking Holy Orders. Canon Furse was Principal, Dr. Gore Vice-Principal, and an old "Evansite" Eton friend, Hugh Currie, was Chaplain. I was abysmally ignorant, but just old enough to understand Gore's Lectures on the Epistles to the Romans;

added to which were many talks and -walks, new and lasting friendships. Gore was, of course, our principal teacher, but there were some few of the men who failed to follow him. They were mainly Oxford pass-men and the intellectual standard was not high, except in the case of Charles Walker with his brilliant literary gift—he was one of the best letter-writers I have ever known—Harry Drew, Billy Heal, Pat Smythe, and one or two others.

The absence of brilliancy perhaps made the effect all the more remarkable. No one knows the power of Christianity who has not experienced its working on a group of men. Very few have had the opportunity of seeing and knowing a batch of sturdy, athletic Public Schoolmen being daily transformed from the *insouciance* of English youth to a genuine self-dedication. There is nothing quite like it. One or two other groups have created an even holier atmosphere, but then they are of women, and somehow give a lesser manifestation of *power*.

The Bishop who ordained us was Mackarness, a man of strength, holiness, and the most transparent simplicity. Hence the humour of his encounter with Mat Arnold, who was in a "chortling" state of mind at the time, elated with his honorary Oxford degree and the success of his book *Literature and Dogma*. He spent some time in asking as many as possible of his numerous acquaintance if they had read his book, and coming to Mackarness received an answer which he neither expected nor desired. "Well, no. The fact is, I have not been travelling much lately; and there are some books I only read in trains." Mat subsided into lasting indignation.

An assistant-mastership at Eton was always taken as sufficient for a "title" for Ordination, just like another "cure of souls"; but bishops were not all alike in this. In my opinion, young clerics should be encouraged to take to school-work if they have a leaning towards its pastoral side, and desire, as Dr. Hort put it, to impart to the young such fragments of truth as they have learnt. Masters who

take Orders nowadays do so from a sense of Vocation ; very different from the early-Victorian clerical "beak," who represented a type of unhuman Churchmanship said to have been invented by headmasters from Arnold onwards. It was and is somewhat Pantheistic in opinion, and decidedly Pelagian in its tone ; that is, it believes that men and boys alike can save themselves if you exhort them sufficiently to do so. Their strong point is, of course, dutifulness. As an antidote to such a Judaizing influence a convinced Christian in a Secondary School has an important work to do.

Some of the reading for the Bishop's examination had to be done under difficulties, as time was short and leisure at Eton simply *nil*. (This is, of course, a bit of exaggeration.) Such as I did was frequently at odd times, travelling or visiting, etc. Once an absurd situation resulted. I was coming back from a foreign trip in company with Welldon and, owing to a breakdown of the engine somewhere near Lausanne, we were desperately late in arriving at Paris and found ourselves with just half an hour to drive, in a common *fiacre*, from the Gare de Lyon to the Gare du Nord, take tickets for London, and register luggage. At the northern station we had two minutes before the train went. Welldon dashed off after the luggage ; I was detailed off to blarney the guard. In the nick of time W. appeared waving the tickets, and then we flung ourselves all "unhouselled, unanealed," in other words, unwashed, unshaven, hot and hustled, into a first-class carriage, ice-axes rattling, everything noisy and pell-mell, right on to the top of a very decorous English couple, beautifully dressed and composed for a tranquil journey. Their faces evinced the utmost disgust, nor was the intrusion explained by my at once fishing out and setting myself to read a huge archaic copy of Pearson on the Creed (lent by J. P. Carter, of Eton). The husband, who was next to me, showed quite plainly that he thought we were escaped lunatics.

The Ordination sermon was preached by an admirable

man, Lloyd, in 1884 Vicar of Newcastle, afterwards Bishop of Thetford, and then of Newcastle. I remember the sermon to this day. The best advice he gave us would be equally cogent for any layman, viz. to secure at least an hour's solitude as the *first* charge on our time every day. I cannot imagine any Christian, clerical or lay, giving himself a really good chance of living his best life if this rule is ignored.

During this decade a start was made for the helping of the spiritual side of the schoolmaster's work, and, like other starts, had to be known to be a failure before it succeeded. Masters were invited to attend a devotional gathering of the nature of a Retreat or Quiet Day once a year. I was a member of a small Committee which set this institution going, the others being John P. Carter of Eton, Bramston of Winchester, and Dalton of Felsted. We aimed at silence, hoping for a time of recollectedness and meditation assisted by addresses and Church offices; and sure enough about 1885 we began by assembling at Winchester to be exhorted by Archbishop Benson. The visitors were schoolmasters. University dons were added later. This effort was the outcome of a feeling that what was called religious teaching in the Public Schools was little more than ethical training plus some coaching in Biblical lore. So the Archbishop made it plain that after the first address it was expected that there should be no talking till after the "early service" of the third day. This was a case of reckoning without our host. The British Public Schoolmaster is a being trained to utter himself orally; he is generally of a fairly vigorous physique and, anyhow, not of the cloistered recluse type at all. We walked out of the sacred building late in the dark and piercingly cold evening, some of us wondering how we should get through two full days of silence. Others, however, were differently disposed, and the moment we were outside the door a flood of talk surged up on every side: "Hullo, old chap! here, come up to my room close by. I want to talk to you about

marks"! and with minds set on this thrilling theme they subsequently went to bed.

But the most moving incident took place later at Rugby, when even the great Frederick Temple, who gave the addresses, was almost overcome by the cold in the dining-hall. There were seventeen degrees of frost. We had had one hour and a half in Chapel before breakfast, and something at first was immeasurably wrong in the catering department. A tiny bit of toast each was all we got at our table for twenty minutes; not a drop of sustaining coffee; not a word of sympathy from any quarter, nothing but a prevailing and *ingens desiderium*: when just as we were on the point of succumbing, the French master, chosen to be the reader from some "holy book" to assist our meditations, mounted the bema and in a foreign accent and a voice cavernous from hunger gave us a long extract from Jeremy Taylor on the suppression of the carnal appetites.

CHAPTER X

ETON AGAIN, AND HOLIDAYS, 1882—1890

At Eton in May 1882 I began wrestling with the bottom division but one of the Lower School, Chignell being permanently at the very bottom.

Joynes, father of "Red" Joynes, was Lower Master, and in his own person the source of many stories. It was the custom for the IVth Form masters to dine with their titular chief at the beginning of each half, nominally to talk business. On the very first occasion I reminded him of a ludicrous episode in 1871 in Division III, when with characteristic lash of the tongue he made a youth look—and feel—a very decided fool. Joynes's teaching by that time was losing its freshness, and occasionally might be called childish for boys of seventeen. Among these was a conceited little person in jackets named Combe—and one day, just as "old" Joynes was informing us that Cæsar was too big a man for Pompey, Combe, whose interest in Roman history was languid, began to giggle; so suddenly: "Go into the corner, Combe"—always with a prolongation of the monosyllable. "That's right; turn round to the wall now and look foolish. Ha! ha!" (an indescribable mirthless laugh), then, moralizing on the situation to us, "You know, boys, there are some boys whom I should not dare to treat like that. If I told some fine, high-spirited fellow to go into the corner, he would say, 'Joynes! Joynes! who's Joynes?' and go out of the room in a rage. But," pointing with his thumb, "when it's only a little boy like Combe, ha! ha! ha!" So in 1882 when I told the old gentleman the story, he pretended to object. "Now, Lyttelton, you really

mustn't. No, no. Now, this is too bad of you." But next day one of my pupils told me what happened. "Sir, the Lower Master told us this morning, the first thing, what he said once to a chap called Combe: it was awfully good." The whole history—with a warning that it might be repeated—was given, down to the last word, and with unfeigned relish.

How seductive and jolly was life at Eton then, for a young master! The friendships—the innumerable stories—the bubbling vivacity of the youngsters—the games—the society in Windsor—the slowly growing interest in intellectual things—and all the time plenty to do, but not too much! Yet it must be confessed that then and for many years later the Devil, as the Scotsman said, "was vara indoostrious."

The teaching was tragic indeed, the dullest boys still, and for years later, being besotted with the rudiments of ancient grammars, without a hint of who Greeks and Romans were, what they did, and hardly when they lived. Seeley later on wrote about this evil, which prevailed at all other schools, caustically and with truth. Attempts were being made to improve the grammars, nobody seeing that the root of the trouble was not there. "In the conflict between the children and the grammars, the children had the best of it. Their influence on the grammars was stronger than that of the grammars upon them; and instead of the children becoming grammatical, the grammars became childish."

What was wrong had been wrong for centuries and prevailed among all the Public Schools: the mass of boys were made to groan and sweat at rudiments; utterly meaningless except as stepping-stones to a literature which they never got to read or even to hear of. Minds were blank and grievous mischief—as always—supervened. But a mighty change was beginning. The first time that the question of "morals" was ever mentioned at a masters' meeting was in 1882 by Luxmoore, to whom Eton owes a great debt. Since then persistent warfare against luxury

and softness has been waged, and the standard has unquestionably been raised.

In those days every new master, wholly untrained, was set down to teach some thirty little boys in a dear old timber-built room dating from Henry VI, and ill-fitted for the purpose. But I should not have minded the room if the subjects to be taught had been intelligible to the curly-headed flock, as the Latin poet called them. Occasionally, as Joynes's supervision was intermittent, I indulged in some general information, and once told them about the opium traffic in China and bade them reproduce it in writing. One youth, "with the snows of thirteen winters on his head" and scarcely an idea inside it, summed up the little lecture in emotional language: "In a far distant land they grow miles and miles of a horrid herb, which makes the Chinese sick and ill and very miserable—poor, wretched creatures!" That youth was so comic in his demeanour that it was necessary to make him stand during the whole of the construing lessons with his back to the class, a Latin book, which he could not read, being held reverently in his hands. The last two minutes were devoted to this joy of "hearing him give tongue," this treat being conditional on fairly quiet previous behaviour of the rest. Without intending it, he was a help to discipline.

In the same "half" I set a general paper, ending with a question: "What has been the happiest day of your life?" One youth with a feeling, like Professor Ramsay's, "for the situation," wrote, "The day of my Baptism," genuinely, as he was far too thick-witted to attempt humbug. His neighbour took a mundane view of history and answered, "The day when my aunt was married," adding to the class of record which provokes more enquiry than it satisfies. But the comicality of such remarks is marred by the thought of the prodigious vacuity of mind they indicate, and by degrees those of us teachers who came to know something of young children could not help comparing the sprightly vivacity in learning shown almost

always by a boy of six with the inertia, nay, the despair of sixteen. I cannot believe that this change is an ordinance of nature; but very many teachers still treat it as such, with lamentable results.

My quarters were in the Cloisters, in the house next to the Playing Fields, occupied by the well-known Fellow of the College, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, who, being at that time Vicar of Mapledurham, kindly lent his house to Stuart Donaldson and myself. The fabric united to the next (the Dr. Balston's) has become the Headmaster's residence. In 1882, foreseeing an uncertain tenure of this dwelling and accustomed to the military centralization of Wellington, I at once went to lay my difficulties before Dr. Hornby, feeling perfectly sure he would give the necessary orders to have them removed. Briefly they were that I had not a house to live in, nor a pupil-room, nor a class-room in which to teach. Well do I remember the bland courtesy of his rejoinder: "Dear! dear," after which comment he conversed about Alpine climbing! This particular mediævalism continued till Dr. Warre in 1885 knocked up the College Office, and how Eton existed without it as a going concern, no human being can faintly conceive.

Coleridge died in 1884, and my old friend Donaldson and I removed our quarters to the delightful little dwelling, Baldwin's Shore, which I have already mentioned. In 1888 occurred the terrific explosion in the East Indies of the island of Krakatoa, the undoubted cause of the supremely splendid sunsets through the whole of the following winter. No one who saw them can forget them; but it is not common knowledge that the sunrises were no less gorgeous. Morning after morning for an hour and a half the spangles of the sky enveloped the whole length of the Castle fabric, and spread up nearly to the zenith of the heaven. Neither before nor since have I done anything to deserve so rich and rare a treat.

As an illustration of the small boy's mind the following

incident is worth recording. In the middle of the dynamite scares of the eighties, a youngster ran up to me just outside Baldwin's Shore. "Have you heard, sir, that Windsor Castle has been blown into ruins?" I turned him round and there he saw the venerable pile intact. He made some inarticulate and disappointed comment and ran off, probably to retail the original report, uncorrected still, to any who chose to listen.

Indeed, it was during these years of assistant-mastership at Eton that it began to dawn on some of us adults how deep is the mystery of boyhood. We are told in the Bible to become as little children; not as boys. To become like little children is difficult enough; to become as boys would be impossible, because nobody knows what a boy of fifteen is: even Shakespeare could make nothing of this puzzle—a human male wrestling with the obscure problems of puberty.¹

There is no such thing as a typical boy, the only generalization about them which holds water being that they are curiously unlike each other. During this period

¹ Our great poet was not interested in boyhood, except in that of princes. What we call a schoolboy was nothing to him. He describes children (Arthur and the princes in *Richard III*) and youths (*Cymbeline*). Meredith made a gallant attempt in *Richard Feverel*; and a little boy has been well pictured by Hugh Walpole. But I know of nothing convincing as a study of the years from fourteen to seventeen.

In days when psychology is to the fore, it is worth while to point out that school life seems to have been in recent times comparatively free of grave moral evil. Certainly managers of boarding-schools must have been wholly ignorant of it in the early years of the past century. This fact can be learnt by study of the barbarous domestic arrangements actually ordered by school statutes (vide Carlyle's *School Statutes*, vol. ii; the most incredible was in operation down to 1869). Again, a curious corroboration of this view may be gathered from the long dull poem of Cowper's called "Tirocinium," in which he rakes together every possible indictment against our Public Schools. But there is no mention made of the particular evil which was a nightmare to schoolmasters from 1860 onwards. Mr. Gladstone used to say that he heard no whisper on the subject all the time he was at Eton (i.e. in the twenties); and the aged author of *Eton College in Old Times* wrote to me about 1895 to the same effect.

at Eton from 1882 to 1890, about eighty youngsters were my private pupils, and people used to talk as if a tutor had the shaping of his pupils' characters in his hands. Trouble is in store for somebody if that idea prevails. Meantime distrust generalizations. A gifted friend of mine excused himself from preaching in a school chapel on the ground that he never knew how to appeal to beings who were semi-rational. Later on, when questioned as to his opinion as to the rationality of adults, he admitted they were all alike, all in the same boat; and that preaching to anybody was, as a noted Evangelical preacher, Herbert James, emphatically asserted, the most difficult thing in the world. George Herbert, the poet, however, maintained that something could be learnt from the worst sermon—viz. patience. But *revenons à nos moutons*. I would suggest that it is broadly true to say that English boys are more English in their characteristics than men—more emotional, more reserved, more ironical, even more inarticulate, more casual, more optimistic, and lastly, at fifteen and sixteen years of age, they are liable to very baffling forms of incipient but temporary lunacy.

Meantime great and far-reaching changes in the intellectual world began. Boys gradually came to feel the attraction of other subjects than Latin, Greek, elementary mathematics, and tag-rags of Science. French, I grieve to say, was still, as Aristotle says of a child, a thing of promise rather than achievement. The difference between the two decades was in the public opinion. In 1875 a decent French accent was suspected; it smacked of effeminacy and of disloyalty to *Punch's* conception of John Bull; but in 1885 I remember a Canadian boy in Lower Vth with a nearly perfect accent, and the young Philistines in the room seemed quite pleased to hear it. In 1912 nearly all the boys would really try to make themselves intelligible in the foreign tongue—a surprising change indeed, giving a foretaste of the League of Nations. Of course it was much facilitated by the gradual substitu-

tion of young English masters for foreigners, and I fancy when Warre became Headmaster and began the practice of visiting divisions, it was a revelation to the multitude to hear French fairly spoken by an indisputably virile Englishman.¹

Similarly the tone of the rank-and-file of the school towards industry in school work was profoundly modified. Only among the sections of society where ancestral barbarism seems for a time by some inner necessity to emerge and hold sway was industry treated as a stigma. Pressure from the homes began to tell. The idlest class in the school, who yet had aspirations towards the Army, had been formed into an Army class where "work" was conceived of almost entirely as cramming for examinations, and success was gauged not by any flickerings of interest in learning as such, but solely by the number of "passes." No subject of study outside the prescribed list was looked at or mentioned. I well remember when, for a subject for ethical or ecclesiastical discussion among the younger masters on Sunday evenings, the suggestion was Religious Teaching in the Army Class, it was meant and received as a good-humoured joke. As far as I know, the training of Army boys in every other Public School was exactly of this character. Nor is it at all certain that anything better could have been done with the youths in question. Some few years before this time I heard the future Archbishop Temple utter his opinion that Eton was the best school in the world. On my expressing gratification he explained: "What I mean is, you have a lot of boys there, with whom nobody could possibly do anything whatever, and you manage them somehow." There was a characteristic absence of gush in the sentiment so delivered, but

¹ About 1900 I heard a very creditable rendering of a chorus in a pure English accent (very rare in Hertfordshire) by Grammar School boys. The master's explanation was that long wrestling with the French accent had given the young British tongues control over the vowel sounds. This is worth knowing. Whether increased familiarity with each other's language will bridge the gulf between us and our neighbours may be doubted. But it must be tried.

the days came when I discerned the literal truth of the remark.¹

Among the civilians there was of course a goodly number of scholars, but the tone of the intellectual life, the interest in learning and culture, was in every school bewilderingly low, depressed indeed, not, as we dreamed, stimulated, by the prospect of professional examinations. Lectures by eminent outsiders became more frequent, but for many years were attended by the younger fry only; the elder ones being too indolent. There was a grand turn-out when Mr. Gladstone at the height of his fame came to discourse on Homer. A swarm of Lower boys, dressed for the swell occasion, sat benumbed with boredom for an hour and a half, trying intermittently to listen to a conglomerate of curious subtleties and wholly unorthodox speculation of which no master present could make head or tail. But the sentence in which the great orator, returning thanks for Hornby's graceful compliments, spoke of "the Queen of all the schools of all the world" made up for all the previous torpor and weariness. Etonians have always preferred that their own school should be decorously extolled rather than hear the latest proof that Homer was a Hittite.

One gruesome old mediævalism connected with June 4th disappeared. In consequence of a narrowly averted tragedy in 1882 the festivities in the evening were so arranged as to safeguard the respectability of the occasion; to retain the picturesque survival of the late Georgian epoch, while 'discarding for good and all the bacchanalian tradition of that day. About 1871 a really terrifying warning had been received, and so far acted upon that a parallel and wholly superfluous orgy known as Election Saturday was abolished. In regard to matters alcoholic the Eton authorities have proceeded on the lines

¹ Some few years later an old pupil quartered in Ireland, on being asked if he did any reading, narrated how a fellow-subaltern was found by a slightly senior officer reading some book, not a "shilling shocker." The senior instantly: "Oh, I see you are one of those clever chaps," and bangs the book to the far end of the room.

laid down by Lord Cromer: to defer reform till the demand for it became irresistible. Hornby had a robust belief in the power of the youthful community to reform itself; and about this time various abuses, almost incredibly long-lived, quietly lapsed.

The modernization of the school proceeded with increased rapidity when Warre became Headmaster in 1885; and was due to the powerful and unnoticed action of public opinion playing upon our educational institutions, systems, and ideas. The country was waking up to a general interest in the young, and the mighty changes in education as in many other things were only in a very secondary measure the work of individuals. They came about; nobody recking at the time of their meaning or their importance. In respect of intellectual training the boys' minds began to be widened by the introduction of efficient teaching in Modern Languages, Science, and History. The curriculum began to show signs of congestion—an embarrassment which has become more acute as the years rolled on. Curiously enough this mischief—no trivial one—has been largely due to the zeal and efficiency of the teachers of the non-classical subjects, that being a more recent development at Eton than elsewhere. In the seventies there was no congestion; only one subject of study was taken quite seriously—that was Latin. Others were talked about but not taught; and as they were not taught they were in no sense a burden.

Thus in the early seventies, when we were nominally doing mathematics in Upper Division under the tutelage of Mr. Cockshott, a high Wrangler, two burly cricketers, in a high set by dint of some classical proficiency, were occupied, A in doing his weekly verses, B in cutting his name unusually deep in the desk, half his big knife-blade being buried in the wood. Mr. C. in a Lancashire accent: "A and B, I have long been suspecting" (he should have said "convinced") "you have been getting surreptitious aid in your Extra Work; now B, finish out this proposition" (of Euclid; it had been set as part of the Extra

Work). B, still gripping the knife-handle: "Sir, there are some things I can do and some I can't: this is one of the latter category." It was generally felt there was nothing to add to B's exculpatory statement, and Cockshott with a genial smile put on somebody else who had gained his place by mathematics, not by verses.

By 1885 a new spirit prevailed. One by one the genial, friendly, but inefficient teachers were replaced by keen young men determined to exact their tale of bricks, no matter how little straw had been provided. Result: congestion. The scholars had much less time to read by themselves. There was some gain, however, in the boys having plenty to do. Less mischief went on. But the pity of it was that they had nothing stirred in them which could be called intellectual eagerness; and that remains the chief problem in all schools to the present time.

In short, as often happens in the affairs of man, the undoubted benefit of a change is balanced and sometimes outweighed by a wholly unexpected loss. Who would have believed that the substitution of good teaching for bad in Modern Languages, History, and Science could be anything but a gain? But little good was done, chiefly because the professors of the different subjects had to scramble for their rights; and in the jostle which ensued the boys were forgotten. The classical teaching was still ordered on the ludicrous theory that every boy was a potential scholar. Both Latin and Greek were compulsory, though, before long, the latter was dropped at option early in the Vth Form, and thus all the time previously given to the language was wasted. Meantime, as each new subject began to assert itself the day soon got filled up with heterogeneous employments. Instead of a scholarlike boy polishing up his weekly Latin verses or reading classical authors because he had nothing else to do, in the eighties he would find himself harried through his school career with claims of increasing stringency from teachers of new-fangled subjects which he cared for not one whit. Or if he was inclined to give himself to these,

he was at once exposed to a flank attack from his classical tutor and the weekly verses, and in play-hours more energy than ever had to be put into the diminished time allowed to games. Cups had been added ; competition was fierce ; results were tabulated ; and added to the games there was a rapidly growing zeal for the Rifle Corps, as it was called in those days. Then, too, external and high authorities began to bestir themselves, and the Headmaster, even if he had been inclined to make innovations—which he certainly was not—would have found himself more and more throttled by control from the Universities, the supervision of the Governing Body, and perhaps more than all, by the necessity of keeping step in important matters with other schools and with the professional examining boards.

Can fancy paint what an English Public School would be if the love of knowledge which a child almost invariably shows till we begin to teach him could be maintained as the one stimulus to effort throughout, till the youth left the beloved surroundings to face the world, buoyed up with hope of kindling the same desire in hearts now hungering for they know not what, steadfastly convinced that that knowledge with which his earthly pilgrimage is illumined day by day is a "gem of purest ray serene" from the upper air, from the Fountain of all Truth, the eternal Source of joy ?¹

Prizes were multiplied, and have remained multiplied ever since, as an "encouragement" to work. Nearly all schools rely on this aid to "work," and, generally speaking, it is sadly overdone.

In the eighties the fine arts began to assert themselves at Eton as elsewhere, timidly indeed, but not un-hopefully. There had been a Musical Society for years, but miserably attended, and though Barnby, our conductor, was a great hand at facing the public with the

¹ For those who are concerned with this question—and we all ought to be—it may be worth mentioning that I have embodied some practical suggestions in the Appendix, p. 330.

poorest resources, and never betrayed the faintest sensitiveness though a score of wrong notes were bawled into his ear at once, there was very little teaching and only a wretched proportion of the boy vocalists joined. There was, of course, some delightful solo singing, though the recurrence of ditties about curly-headed choristers singing aloft on the golden floor reminded us in unmistakable tones of the Dykes and Barnby hymn-tunes.

I cannot refrain from recording one almost undimmed joyful experience. About six weeks before the end of the summer half of 1888 Barnby was unwell and was ordered to rest from his work ; so he asked me if I would get up an extra concert, to give the boys, especially those leaving, something to occupy their attention till the end of the half—a precaution by no means superfluous in those times. This meant visiting every house—except where I could trust the captain—in order to select ten or twelve voices from each. Many of these had never dreamt of belonging to the Society and could not read a note ; but in spite of woeful neglect could sing lustily and with a good courage. Seventy trebles, about fifty altos, forty-five tenors, and about seventy basses—baritones, of course—were the chorus, and the difficulty was to find time for practising the separate voices in their parts, as no one could read at sight and very few knew that such a thing was ever done. After their fashion they began to treat the whole effort as a “rag,” but a threat of expulsion from the chorus and an appeal to make the effort a real success checked all turbulence and “things began to hum.” In those days there was half an hour “after two” before Absence, which I seized for separate voices, and meantime some good orchestral stuff was worked up by an admirable musician and forceful, stimulating personality, Miss G. Liddell, who lived in the house next to South Meadow, now a boarding-house. The time soon came when the chorus could sing such noble music as Handel’s “Haste thee, nymph,” hardly looking at the music but attending to every movement of the baton. The effect was grand ;

and as for the conductor, it was for him exactly like singing with 200 voice-power. I have known exhilarating moments in life, especially the opening of a run with the foxhounds on a fine day, and the sensation on a high glacier in the Alps at 8 a.m. on a bright moonlight night with congenial companions; but for the kind of co-operative joy which causes a real forgetfulness of self, give me the conducting of a chorus of high-spirited youngsters sufficiently drilled to follow the beat with real attention, and with really good music to sing. The delight is not only in the sensation of vigour, rhythm, and corporate effort, but in knowing that the chorus are being nourished for all their lives long by food for wholesome emotion which will never be forgotten or grow stale.

Meantime, sporadic efforts were made by individuals. The project of some chamber music was mooted to Barnby. He hinted at the considerable expense involved. We quoted Oscar Browning's gallant efforts at introducing classical music into Eton circles in 1873, when a quartette of obscure local talent was hired and Brahms was performed on Saturday evenings without rehearsal. Barnby admitted that the performance was cheap; but it should be borne in mind that "cheapness" is a word with more than one meaning. Many of the listeners found Brahms—a new name in 1873—somewhat obscure, and made that the criterion of his greatness, like the East Anglian rustics who rated their vicar as a "rale fine preacher" because he quoted Greek; but the explanation lay in the singular fact that "not unfrequently the instruments were twenty bars apart"! The project was dropped.

Towards the end of these years (1882-90) there was given in College Hall a noble performance of the *Elijah* as a treat to the boys, certainly one of the best things of the kind ever heard in Eton. The great Santley was still in his prime and most kindly gave his services, singing, of course, the principal part with superb finish and intense emotion, but in depth of interpretation, Barnby used to

say, falling short of Henschel's Elijah.¹ Santley's daughter, Mrs. R. H. Lyttelton, an inspired vocalist; Charles Wade, the tenor, whose rich voice many will remember; and Madame Belle Cole, the contralto, took part. The chorus was of local amateurs, with a few choir voices to help, and the whole performance was full of life and swing. But as an indication of the Philistinism and ignorance of the boys: in spite of their being provided with a printed analysis of the drama, based on Haweis's exposition and simply written, the big boys came loafing in, in evening dress, and began to use the occasion for chattering twaddle at the far end of the hall, till a message sent from the platform to the captain of the XI to hold his tongue or go had the desired effect. But it remains a fact: this effort cost £90 (there was a London orchestra), all borne by a group of masters, and much trouble of course was involved, yet no mention whatever was made of the unique occasion in the *Chronicle*. Some of us—not many—learnt from this that it is foolish to present anything artistic to young people till their minds are prepared and you can ensure their co-operation. There the difficulty lies, and most of us are still floundering in it to-day.

During these years some of us on the staff at Eton were fortunate enough to get into contact with the very choice society of the Cloisters in Windsor Castle, notably Dean Davidson and Mrs. Davidson (now at Lambeth), and the late Walter Parratt, who did wonders in widening

¹ Santley had a curious habit—and this I had from his own lips—of engaging a room for the night in a local hotel when he was going to sing the *Elijah* in the evening. The room was for himself and his wife, though she never by any chance came; and it was quite exceptional for him not to get back to London himself directly after the performance. He used to creep away during the quartette "Cast thy burden," get to his house in town and fling himself in his clothes on his bed, able to sleep though he had not touched a morsel of food since 3.30; after which he brooded over the part till 8 p.m. This sort of proceeding is generally explained by the "artistic temperament." On the occasion here mentioned, the famous singer arrived at the hotel in Windsor when it happened there was a spring epidemic at Eton. The landlady showed she had no notion who her visitor was, so he testily: "My name's Santley; I am going to sing to-night at Eton." The good lady turned eagerly to her husband: "Do you think he has got the measles?"

the taste for music in the neighbourhood by his exquisite organ playing and his conducting of the Madrigal Society. Lady Ponsonby and her two daughters gave us a taste of a wider social atmosphere from which hard-worked schoolmasters are often debarred. Indeed, it is a permanent difficulty at most of the big schools that the masters, especially the younger ones, are absorbed during term time in the enthralling but narrow world of boys, colleagues, and games, and in talk nearly always "shoppy," the routine being hard but interesting because almost meaningless and suggesting endless questions to those of us who hankered after a higher standard of intellectual life among the boys.

During the holidays the tendency was, and is, for masters to disport themselves in company, play golf and talk shop. Some travelled; others had friends to visit. Some visited parents of their pupils, and many delightful friendships have been formed in this way. I found out, though far too late, that, whether abroad or at home, a holiday which does not nourish the mind and add to one's knowledge of mankind is misspent. There is no general rule of practice to be laid down. One or two foreign trips, however, must be mentioned. In the winter of 1880 I went with Edward Talbot (who has just resigned the Bishopric of Winchester) and my sister, his wife, to Rome. We stayed in an Italian hotel, the Minerva, worked hard in the mornings at galleries and churches, in the afternoon at something *al fresco*, and saw something of the very pleasant English society.

It was a memorable time, though only four weeks long, and the last four days were spent at Naples. Sometimes; of course, we separated, my companions being drawn to early Christian art, while the glorious statues laid their first spell on me. Previously I had seen only two which spoke with a language not of earth: the Venus of Milo in Paris and the Praying Boy in Berlin. Indeed, the latter I still think is amongst the most moving works of art that I have seen. It shows complete mastery of the material, but the religious feeling had not become cold.

Talbot is the only man I know who revels in foreign towns, even to the point of renewing his youth the moment he finds himself wrangling with sulky porters at Calais or scenting foul odours in Cologne.

In the end I caught scarlet fever in Naples and had to while away four weeks in the hotel bedroom, nursed first by an Englishwoman *ætat* eighty who had never nursed before and was given to potations of brandy by day but slept like a log at night. She was bowed off after three days, giving place to a French Sister of Mercy, a competent and much less expensive nurse, but too uneducated even to give me a lift in the French language, a rare opportunity being thus lost. It was fortunate that the malady was so little accounted of in Italy that no addition was made to the hotel bill; and a large family of Italian children were plumped down next door, just as I was most infectious. But it was a grievous and costly experience, being taken out of the time I ought to have been working at Wellington. I began to convalesce rapidly on leaving Rome for Pisa.

Another rich experience was a trip to Greece with three old friends in 1882, in the Christmas holidays: J. E. C. Weldon (now Dean of Durham), George Curzon (the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston), and the late F. W. Cornish (of whom more anon). We went by sea from Naples to Athens, being horribly tossed the whole way, and it took Weldon and me two days on land to recover.¹ The steward who

¹ I must record the heinous behaviour of the Messageries people, who, after we had paid for food before starting, postponed the dinner hour till we were out of the calm waters in the Strait of Messina. We might have been fortified for the terrible two days before us if this barbarous economy had not been practised. We were, however, fortunate in stumbling on one or two apposite passages in the Classics bearing on our condition, if slightly modernized:

εὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἔτι
 νοσεῖτε πάντες, καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὁμῶς θέντις ἐξ Ἰσού νοσεῖ. (SOPH., O. T.)

And—

οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε τί φημι κακώτερον ἄλλο θαλάσσης,
 ἄδρα τε συγχεῖσθαι, εἰ καὶ μάλα καρτερὸς εἴη.
 (HOMER, Od., 6 138-9.)

A question some scholar might investigate is why the ancient Greeks and Romans with all their appreciation of the dangers of the Mediterranean scarcely ever allude to sea-sickness. Was it that their fear of drowning banished the lesser evil? But is it lesser?

ministered to us on board was communicative and "out-spoken." He informed us that he had been for fifteen years voyaging between Marseilles and Constantinople; and that for eleven years he had suffered as badly as any passenger. But now, he said, "I am never ill; and I wouldn't change places with the richest banker in Paris." How beautiful is the virtue of contentment! And then, noticing our deplorable plight, he summed up one aspect of foreign travel in simple trenchant words: "Et vous, Messieurs" (with a shrug of the shoulders), "vous payez pour souffrir." Cornish, the most fragile-looking of men was the only one of us who kept his self-respect. He flitted from one cabin to the other. "What do you think George Curzon is doing?" "Can't imagine" (the effort was too great). "Why, he is sitting up in his bunk writing an Oxford prize essay on Justinian, in between his paroxysms." Wellton groaned: "A man who can do that can do anything." The said essay was completed on a journey up the Nile and its success conveyed to the author in a chance copy of *The Times*, picked up in some remote foreign hotel.

The tour on land was dramatic and delightful. On arriving at Athens we paid a formal call on Tricoupis, the Prime Minister. He had learnt from our Ambassador that one of our party was a relation of Mr. Gladstone, and sent, unbeknown to us, a circular telegram to the places, Argos, Delphi, Thebes, etc., which we were going to visit, with injunctions to do us honour. (The G.O.M. had lately succeeded in wrenching a piece of territory from Turkey and handed it to the Greeks, whose gratitude knew no bounds.) Hence at each locality we were the recipients of the most effusive welcome. The first stopping-place was Nauplia. After a long, dusty walk we, suspecting nothing, were changing into the grubbiest of garments for our evening meal—a very tough chicken and some lemon and water to drink, furnished by our unshaven dragoman, Apostolos. Just as I had donned a pair of knickerbockers and fives-shoes I was informed by

the domestic, in French more broken than my own, that twenty of the most august Nauplians were waiting in the dining-room to present us with an address, and that I should have to reply in a French speech! *Quel tableau!* In sorry garb, hungry, tired, and, I fear, bored, we four confronted the élite of the Nauplian democracy, and my acknowledgment of their very kindly welcome was the most halting utterance imaginable, marred, moreover, by Apostolos being noisily busied with the lean fowl and extemporized crockery in the background. Later on, we invaded the primitive shrine of Hellas, Delphi itself, when, minished and brought low by an unlooked-for ground-swell in the Gulf of Corinth, we mounted nondescript quadrupeds, in appearance something mulish, with our fives-shoes lodged in loops of twine doing duty for stirrups, and the only way of guiding the beasts being to haul the whole head and neck to starboard or port by a stout rope on one side only of the cheek, this being the substitute for a rein. The way, however, was easy to find, as the squalid cavalcade proceeded up the only road from the coast, flanked by the whole population lining the path for some hundreds of yards and the schoolchildren cracking their throats with cheers for the distinguished representatives of the British Empire. A curious difference between the young Greek and the Anglo-Saxon was disclosed that evening. Primed with Public School traditions, we requested a half-holiday for the children. Such a thing apparently had never been heard of. Our words, interpreted by Apostolos, were received in solemn silence, and nothing happened.

Apostolos, this reminds me, was in his English idiom more venturesome than accurate. On this occasion, as we composed our visages to a becoming gravity, he translated the florid opening of the Greek address, presumably, like our first sonneteers, under Italian influence, with the words "Illustrious Foresters." Battered and dispirited by the transit of the angry little sea, we maintained due decorum; but thought—not for the first time—"forsan

et hæc olim meminisse iuvabit." The same hero contributed to our gaiety, sorely against his will, as we were riding toward some classic scene one lovely sunny day—the weather was perfect throughout—on our beasts, whose gait neyer varied from a slow walk unless something quite untoward happened. Seated on huge soft saddles, we were reading Sophocles or Pindar, lapped in tranquil enjoyment, when a sudden clattering of hoofs—a tumultuous scurrying—broke in on our peace from the rear. The Rosinante which carried Apostolos must have been maddened by some gadfly, for he galloped, tail aloft and head down, in wild career, past the procession before him. His rider, to whom the foundations of the earth were out of course, was in an ecstasy of panic: he dashed by, pallor warring with the swart hue of his stubbly cheeks, but Cornish luckily just caught his pithy protest: "Don't you laugh: I die."

It was a tour planned by Curzon, and, after the fearsome sea-journey, almost perfect, though Spartan at times in its simplicity. At one place we couched for one night's rest in a barn, on hay lying against a thin wooden partition which separated us by two or three inches from some healthy pigs. We could hear every rustle of their limbs and every confidential murmur as they talked in their sleep the long night through.

One singular feature of travelling in those days requires mention. Preceded always on our tour from Athens (Corinth, Nauplia, Argos, Delphi, Thebes, etc.) by Tricoupis's telegram, we found that in addition to the deputation in each small township; the chief room in the house of the demarch (mayor) was evacuated that we might dine honourably. I remember some intimate garments, as Corney Grain used to call them, being hurriedly bestowed out of sight just as we arrived on the scene. Yet we provided the dinner and invited the demarch to partake in his own apolaustic surroundings of our hard hen and lemon-syrup! Judging from the look of these gentlemen, I should doubt if they had ever been regaled on so thin a

fare before. The most interesting talk we had was with the Mayor of Delphi, who gave us a lurid picture of the state of religion in those parts.

The tour, which ended serenely in spite of the Adriatic and the Gulf of Lyons, was of a sort not to be repeated. Marvellously favoured by the weather, we gained more than can be told from the absence of railways and the deliberate pace of our journeying through scenes of matchless interest and beauty. Nowadays travellers are hurried about in trains. I would recommend April instead of December for Greece; it does not do to miss the scarlet anemones.

In August 1888 a still more memorable tour from my point of view was undertaken in the company of Weldon and H. A. Bull, another Cambridge friend, well known as a Preparatory Schoolmaster at Westgate-on-Sea. Our objective was Zermatt, and we hoped to do some serious climbing. After two or three days we moved from Zermatt to the Riffel Alp Hotel. I should mention that in the previous year Weldon and I had had some climbing in the Saas Fée Valley, along with George^WBarnes, an expert not only in climbing but in catering for climbers. Under his tutelage we learnt the lesson that at 12,000 feet of altitude the human frame is apt to clamour for sweets. There were ladies in our party, Miss Oliphants from Datchet, but in regard to the craving for preserved apricots and peppermints, all supplied by Barnes, there was no distinction whatever between the sexes.

At Zermatt, though civilization and luxury were beginning their long and unblessed reign, there were many links with the primitive past. Charles Matthews was there, full of memories of early achievements in days of unimaginable simplicity. He was well over fifty, but still a great walker. On migrating to the Riffel we found ourselves in a throng of our countrymen. A democratic mixture of ranks was the order of the day; and what with sociable meals, joint expeditions, and abundant leisure in bad weather any intimacy would rapidly ripen

into a friendship ; in one amusing case matters promised to go further, till the discovery by the very prim young lady of the "gentleman's" social *milieu* abruptly turned her looks into the "coy and cold."

It may be mentioned here that a mountain-climber, if prudent, will keep a more careful watch than is usual on the state of his vital organs exposed to the strain due to exertion undergone in rarefied air. All goes well for a time, but permanent injury is easily set up before anyone knows what is happening. This is the trouble that befell my brother-in-law, though he was distinguished for caution as well as competence in the fascinating art.

Another interesting matter is the social change—I think for the worse—which has come about in hotel life. In the eighties and most of the nineties travellers on the Continent were thrown together at *table d'hôte*, being set down for dinner next to any stranger that might turn up, unless they took special precautions against it. We had many interesting talks with people whose "exterior semblance," as Wordsworth puts it, "belied their soul's immensity," and it seems a lamentable mistake that nowadays little parties or taciturn couples are kept in isolation during the meal. Hotel life suffers also from inane disparagement due to the very common practice of repeating a phrase without thinking of its meaning. About 1892 we called on a couple of friends in the South of France, they being visitors in one hotel, we in another. Mrs. X. soon came out with the time-honoured but wholly inept remark, "I always think one never meets anyone nice in an hotel." Why not? I should recommend her—though it is probably too late—to abandon that line of thought and try some other. What grounds are there for assuming that A and B are different people in an hotel from what they would be if they had been lent a villa? Moreover, the speaker of this nonsense was in one hotel at the time and her audience in another!

CHAPTER XI

HAILEYBURY

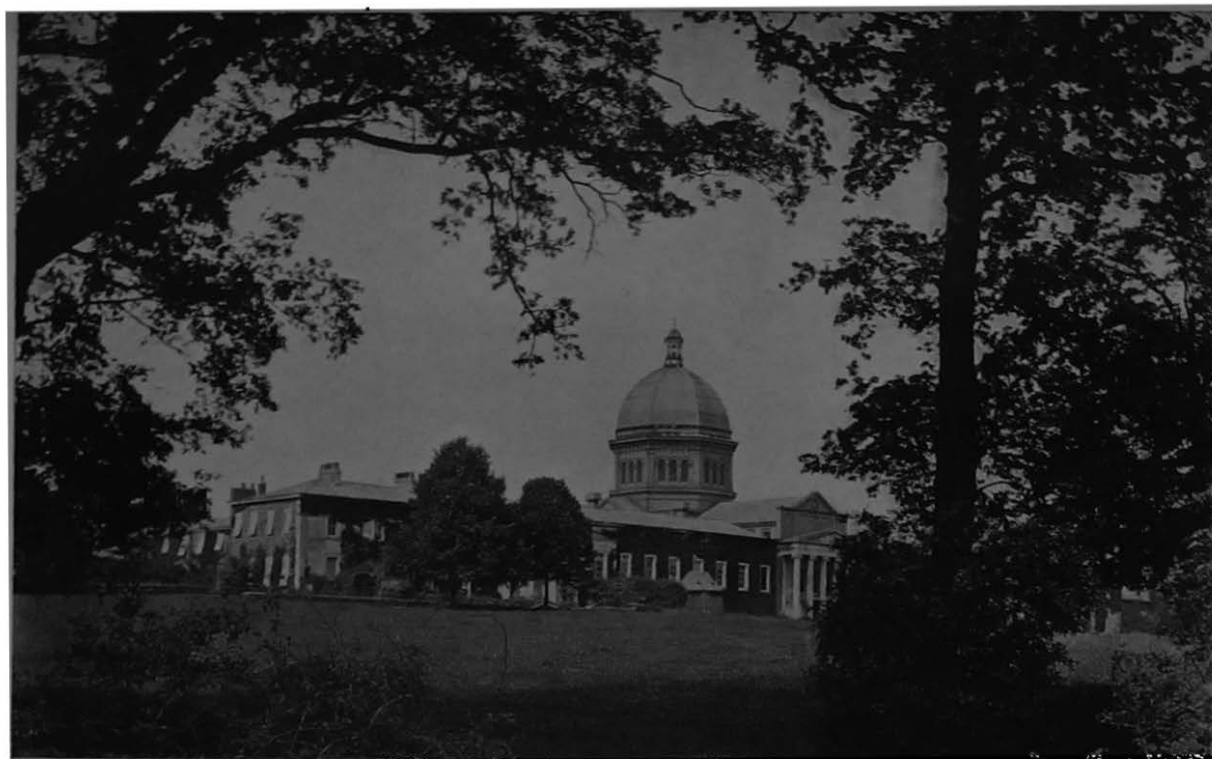
ON going to Haileybury I entered into an atmosphere curiously different from that of Eton, but full of life and redolent of the dutiful, solid, somewhat Spartan spirit derived from the Rugby of Temple and Arnold, given by Bradby, the chief of my three predecessors. There was, and is, something very lovable about the place. Only twenty miles from London, close to Hertford, but quite rural in character, it combined the advantages of retirement without the drawbacks of isolation. What was most remarkable was the completeness of the equipment and the economy of management. Beautiful surroundings, swimming-bath, gymnasium, fives-courts, racquet-court, and 400 acres of playground: all this for £80 per annum; and expenses all told under £100 per head. Of Marlborough the same might be said; and so excellent was the financial management that previous to 1890 and for some years afterwards when the school was full—the maximum being 510—there was a steady surplus of £3,000 to £5,000 a year, all of which could be laid out on improvements. As compared with the wealthier schools, Haileybury was a place where money was easy to come by. A singularly good instance of prudence was shown in the time of my predecessor Mr. Robertson. A grand field of twenty acres (*circa*) was added to the school's property at the low price of £50 per acre; and this sum was provided mainly out of the proceeds of the school "grub shop"—a fact which sheds some light on one complex problem of English school education, viz. the liberty allowed as to pocket-money and the discipline of the appe-

tites. In 1890 and subsequently the *profits* from the sale of supplementary nourishment, though the feeding in Hall was ample—considerably more than we got at Eton fifty years ago—was no less than £250 per annum.

On this thorny subject much might be said. Here I will only utter a caution to all whom it may concern. Of all random words that have ever been printed on any educational question—and think what that means!—nothing has ever come up to a batch of letters to *The Times* a year or two ago on "Underfeeding in Schools." Nearly every letter showed ignorance of facts; but that matters little in comparison with the assumption made by the large majority of the writers—mainly mothers, I fear—viz. that boys do not need to be taught self-control in the matter of food. This doctrine prevails in thousands of homes and is plainly and undeniably the source of one of the gravest evils of our social life. A century ago our boys were sent to schools in all of which they were neglected and underfed. Their bodies were damaged, though far less than is commonly supposed; but nowadays many people have forgotten that their sons have souls.

The first Master of Haileybury was Arthur Butler, brother of the better-known Montagu, the future Master of Trinity, Cambridge. The memory of Arthur survived to 1890, though he only held the office for six years, owing to ill-health. He was greatly beloved, and no more attractively eager personality could be found among the H.M.s of the century. The traditions of the place lost in richness and glow by his retirement. A venerable Rugbeian who remembers him as a very young master speaks with bated breath of his superb football. But his influence was due to his lovable personality, self-forgetfulness, and moral fervour.

Of the masters appointed by Butler, one has lately died, the venerable and greatly esteemed Hensley, whom I found as the senior assistant in 1890. Bradby was a very different man; as a distinguished pupil of his once remarked, there must have been greatness in him to out-balance his



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faults. There was no mistaking the one or the other. Great simplicity and forceful determination, a quintessential rectitude of purpose and disregard of self-interest, ease, and comfort, made him a fine example of dutifulness, vigour, and devotion to his work in life. His practical, businesslike mind enabled him to do without a bursar; but of course his teaching suffered, as no man could be immersed for hours every day in domestic and sanitary details and interrupt himself to re-create the atmosphere of the ancient Academe.

There was no "cloistral calm" about Bradby, though he had a curious, almost monastic aversion from anything like publicity of women's work. The few ladies at Haileybury were not allowed to walk through the Quad, never sang in concerts, and were ignored in the first planning of the School Chapel. But these oddities mattered little in comparison with his deplorable impatience in the matter of school buildings. When funds were low and the school bursting full, he saddled the place with some hideous erections, one of which seems destined to be an injury to the school as long as it lasts.

Still, he built up the young school to a solidly established position, and left behind him the name of a sturdy, forceful headmaster, unsparing in his devotion to work, and one who, though without genius, pressed forward gallantly wherever he discerned the light ahead.

Bradby was succeeded by James Robertson, a man of brilliant brain-power, and most likeable under a somewhat rough exterior which was easily interpreted after one interview, but liable to misconstruction by timid and conventional parents.

Haileybury suffered a severe shock in the shape of a libel suit known as the Hutt case, and as the numbers declined, Robertson resigned in 1890, leaving the school in a sound condition and a staff of masters as loyal and united among themselves as any I have ever known.

The traditions as to teaching were mainly of the Cambridge classical type, the Modern Side being of recent

formation. The standard of attainment was not high, there being only moderate and not very numerous Entrance Scholarships. Nor was it plain that, in the mischievous rivalry between the Public Schools, a school like Haileybury could hope for much distinction in the matter of University Honours. A huge expenditure of money on two or three dazzling emoluments for the most precocious pupils in the Preparatory Schools would have made a difference for a few years, and if anyone had found the money and purchased the talented boys it would have been my task to tell the parents about their subsequent success as if it were entirely due to the unique teaching of the Haileybury masters, and the Head especially. It would have been a heinous waste of money and an elaborate humbug to boot. Meantime, the number of clever boys who took up classics dwindled, owing to the gradual expansion of the Modern Sides everywhere. This is not the place to expose the fatuities and pretences of the Entrance Scholarship system, but I fear they cannot be said to be extinct at the present day.

There are some characteristic criticisms of the Public Schools by Mr. H. G. Wells in his book on Sanderson, the late Headmaster of Oundle. Amid some wild and random talk the indictment of the *intellectual* training is just. In the nineties the age of stimulus by competition was in full swing. This was the stage which succeeded to that of the stick and is now just fading into the period of stimulus by interest. Competition did nothing to feed boys' minds; it only spurred unwholesomely the ambition of a small minority, who used their power of acquiring knowledge as a means of securing applause and along with it some tangible advantages in the shape of pelf. Only here and there were signs of a healthy revolt. Thring of Uppingham and Sanderson, the latter especially, were prophetic in their stormy protests against convention, but it must be confessed their doctrines often run up into eloquent vapourings, suggestive, but very cloudy; and I would hazard the opinion that the late Miss Char-

lotte Mason saw the point more clearly, though perhaps more narrowly, than either.

At any rate, no one at Haileybury or in the Headmasters' Conference had any glimpse of a new era in the nineties ; and if we had had any such perception, we were bound by University and Professional Examinations as well as by tradition. I soon discovered that the freedom to try new experiments was not to be had in a school so large as Haileybury. Organization of education was taking the form of tying one school to another, so that as to-day our foreign policy is bound up with that of other nations under the influence of Internationalism and the longing for co-operation, and has consequently lost freedom, so the Secondary Schools in their yearning for order instead of chaos tied themselves up in fetters, nobody having any idea what was going on.

But the desire for order was not confined to the Public Schools. In 1898 Acland set up a Royal Commission, with James Bryce as Chairman, to deal with Secondary Education as a whole. To take part in the discussions was, for an ignoramus like myself, a most instructive and exacting experience. I learnt to appreciate the unspeakable complexity of modern life ; the innumerable obstacles in the way of all reform ; and the suddenness with which they were liable at any moment to disappear. A further lesson has been learnt since. Many of our suggestions took shape in statutory enactments, but after watching the development of events from 1894 onwards I can safely say the outcome of each separate reform has been different from what anyone expected ; and that the only changes to which good results can reasonably be ascribed are those which were based on principle, not on expediency : but even those of the former class are liable to be conducted by men who do not understand their aim. No one can calculate for certain what living men will do next, especially in matters so wrapped in mystery as the fundamental facts of Psychology, on which education must be based.

The Commission taught some of us to distrust the human brain as an interpreter of life. Round that table were gathered some fifteen men and three women, all chosen for being closely acquainted with some aspect or aspects of the subject. Again and again it happened that some clever advocate of a particular proposition would state the case so forcibly and fairly that the less instructed among us would sigh with satisfaction that at last one question anyhow was settled; when lo! from the other side of the table, in tones of no less conviction, evincing no less knowledge of the point at issue, hinting darkly at a vast volume of public opinion behind him, the counsel for the defendant would begin his "rede," and in five minutes we were back again in fluid uncertainty, each feeling himself a Mr. Facing-both-ways (or, as Cornish of Eton used to put it, a Mr. Facing-neither-way) and yet obliged to vote. Now, that concerned one tiny detail of one subject among the scores with which public bodies have to deal. We were forced in most cases to the *via media*, the old-fashioned compromise which neither offended nor pleased anyone; but what happens when a bewildered M.P. has to vote on a subject of which he knows nothing? there being only one thing of which he is fairly sure in the bottom of his heart, viz. that the outcome of the decision will be different from what anyone expects. With what pomp and circumstance man draws up his plans for the bettering of the world! He begins with a compromise and ends in a guess; history meantime showing that the former is a mere paltering with contradictory assumptions, the latter always false or at best inadequate. But not only do we start each fresh undertaking with fresh hope, but feel that we are not wholly wrong in doing so. Yet some people find life dull!

Fifteen years' work at Haileybury gradually led me to see—though with eyes still half-closed—that the aim of the classical studies was grievously restricted both in regard to the number of boys who could profit by it and

the nature of the profit which it offered. On this subject I have to be careful about that portion of the human frame known as the "door of my lips." It was not only that we schoolmasters were blind as to the meaning of Education, but the whole community was no less so; and when any glimpse of the truth dawned on an individual mind here and there, he was wholly helpless to effect any change. The schools were tied and bound to each other, and no one of them could move alone; and even if a Headmaster kept himself free from the enshacklements of the general machinery, the University and professional examinations, the scholarship system, etc., etc., there was the plain fact that, whoever he was, he had no clear idea what to substitute for the conventional teaching, and why; and that till he had, it would have been lunacy to upset the whole life of his school, plunge the staff of masters into angry controversy, and alienate the public.¹ Some among us were profoundly discontented and perhaps ought to have known in 1890 what to do. It is, however, certain that we did not know then and doubtful if anyone knows now.

Yet there is one thing we do know, or ought to—viz. that boys ought to be divided into two groups for purposes of Classics: (1) those who are not going on with Latin or Greek beyond fifteen, and (2) those who are. (1) should be taught Latin alone, purely for training the reasoning faculty, etc.; (2) should give more time to both languages, being the linguistic pick of the bunch, in the hope that they will attain to reading easily and to grasping of the subject-matter of the books. But from the beginning the teaching of the two groups should be different. Nobody knows till he tries how many obstacles there are in the way of this reform.

¹ An interesting illustration of the working of corporate life: school-boys in a boarding-house always kick against strict government, and yet despise any house that lacks it. Conversely, the public demand of a headmaster that he shall be a pioneer; but the moment he begins to move they howl at him. So Professor Jacks truly has remarked of modern times that there never was so much clamorous demand for a leader, or such a general determination not to be led.

It seems clear to me now that a big school in the nineties, though doubtless permanently exposed as always to the onslaughts of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," was not in need of "reforms" except that public opinion forced upon us, as on others, an extension of the Modern Side, then the formation of an Army Class. The Modern Side teaching was committed to some of the best teachers we had, but the modification of the curriculum whereby French and German and Mathematics became the staple food was vitiated by the general blindness to the underlying fault of the whole school system. All the studies, except a little History and Geography, acted as sharpeners of the boys' thinking faculties when they were given nothing to think about. It is interesting to reflect on the rivalry between the two "Sides" and the torrents of discussion in Educational Conferences, all carried on in ignorance that the main defect common to all schools was not perceived.

During my tenure of office some handicraft was started, which for the hopelessly unlinguistic boys was a salutary refuge; but a better supplement was found in the excellent magic-lantern lectures given as regular work by W. Kennedy to the younger boys and by W. D. Fenning to the elder ones. The pictures were admirable and varied. Once I dropped in, as often, to hear the Lower School talk and found a fac-simile of a page of Domesday Book on the screen. It gave the actual rent paid by the Hailey Manor to the Crown in William's days—so many eels from the pond still existing at the top of the hill on which the College stood, some 300 yards from the gates. That was real history teaching. The room was darkened, but whenever Kennedy suspected that in some quarter of the room the present was more interesting than the past, he would jerk a deftly contrived rope, pull back the curtain, and forthwith "*trepidant immisso lumine Manes*," and some freakish varlety was rudely exposed. But in general the lectures were successful in keeping the attention of the most fidgety for a good fifty minutes.

This was an attempt to put into practice a hint of a thoughtful writer on education, by name Karl Hillebrand, who urged, about 1884, that boys should be taught History by a combination of the pictorial appeal with a stern enforcement of a skeleton of facts. This latter was supplied by a date-card drawn up by Fenning and used for many a long year. One use it served was for punishments. Instead of the offender being set to copy 800 lines of Virgil or Homer, of which he understood hardly a word, he would be given ten dates, in the period he had to get up for some examination, to be written out ten times *left-handed*. Three birds were hit by this stone. The youngster began to be trained in ambidexterity, which I have always believed is wholesome for the brain—did anyone ever know a deft joiner who was a fool?—and secondly, he was spared the ruin of his handwriting, often the result of the old-fashioned “*pænas*”; and thirdly, he ended the term with some definite facts of the doings of men of yore stored in his mind. I well remember a loutish member of Lower Division at Eton in 1887: the words—

He was what nurses call a limb,
One of those small misguided creatures
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers

describe his mental and moral equipment. At the end of a long half he poured out his complaint: “I have written out those confounded dates till I am sick of them; and the worst of it is I am beginning to know them”! A deplorable result indeed! Ten isolated useless facts in five years, and those learnt in spite of powerful and sustained resistance.

An Etonian, however, when taking leave about 1910, disclosed the fact that his fairly frequent left-handed dates had given him no trouble whatever—of course they were quite short—inasmuch as he had always written left-handed. I told him he deserved to score, and we parted the best of friends.

Another unexpected way of dealing with a punishment was revealed by a young rebel in IVth Form at Eton in 1888. I had to supervise a huge crowd in Lower School. Wooden pillars, centuries old, blocked my view of some varlets who took cover behind them for reasons of their own; but, *non ignarus mali*, I judged from silent movements of the shoulders and a bowed head that one of these was busy in cutting his name deep in the desk, precedents for that method of killing time being before his eyes on every side. It should be mentioned that a few years before the school had started the charge and equipment of a district in Hackney Wick—then under the care of the present Archbishop of Capetown, the greatly beloved “Billy Carter,” and to its support the boys at Eton as well as the Old Boys were at intervals invited to contribute. Well, when I detected the amateur carpenter at work, I confiscated his instrument, a goodly clasp-knife. At the end of the hour he came up and requested the knife back. I declined, thinking it best to keep it for a few days *pour encourager les autres*. He turned away in gloom, and I just caught the muttered threat: “All right, then, all the worse for the Eton Mission!”

SOME HAILEYBURY FRIENDS

Let me mention first the senior assistant master, who had been in the school since 1862 (when the Public School started, after an interval of four or five years from the closing of the old East India College in 1857), A. de Morgan Hensley. Some notes of the character of this most lovable and admirable man have been printed in *The Haileyburian* of November 1924. I will only mention here that his long and loyal services to the school in the matter of teaching, sagacious counsel, and unstinting devotion to his work, were supplemented by something much rarer and even more permanent in its effects for good. Aided by his wife—a lady of remarkable force of character, brightness, and common sense—he built up

the most beautiful thing to be seen in any society, a Christian English home full of mirth and goodness, though sorely stricken by bereavement. I feel sure the tradition of real friendliness which still survives unimpaired in the Haileybury circle was founded and fostered for many years principally by the influence of the Hensley family circle. After him, among those who have gone before, I must mention E. P. Ash, H. Couchman, almost coeval with Hensley, and men of distinctive gifts dedicated for many years to their loved school. Gone, too, is a much younger man and one of the most stimulating companions, F. W. Headley, a self-taught, biological naturalist of the front rank. He was also a first-class Cambridge classic, an excellent modern linguist, and nearly a first-rate athlete, and no straighter, more duty-loving man have I ever met. A. D. Carlisle was another personal friend; also J. L. Dove, P. H. Latham, A. A. Lea, W. R. Burgess, and many others. The staff consisted of a fine lot of trusty, sturdy Englishmen of very varied type. I must not forget M. Vaughan and W. Fenning, and W. Kennedy, already mentioned for his History lectures. Some astonishing achievements in the light operetta way are to the credit of G. H. S. Lewis, who could compose libretto and music, choose and coach the boy-actors for a really finished performance without encroaching on the school work. Immense service was rendered for years by Rev. L. S. Milford, whose contributions as *Præteritus* to *The Haileyburian* were so complete and so wholly free from journalistic display that they set the periodical in a very high place among school magazines. I cannot conclude without mentioning a great friend, J. A. Turner, one of the best schoolmasters I know.

An instructive incident occurred during the latter portion of the Boer War, which, as has happened before and since, was reported in a form not to be sharply distinguished from fiction.

After prolonged anxiety, Ladysmith was relieved. The boys asked for a half-holiday. The weather was poor and I always had a lurking misgiving that the practice of remitting "work" which is either spiritual feeding or worse than nothing was overdone, refused, intending to cast about for some other way of celebrating the event. This was a mistake, as the boys were certain to be puzzled, and it was not their fault that the tradition had become fixed. They came round again after dinner to renew the request. I was out on the golf-links, and they settled to extemporize a deputation, about 250 forming a procession and parading vaguely in the neighbourhood of the links singing patriotic songs. Without fixed intention of doing so, this lot did not return till the time for two lessons that afternoon had gone by. They returned, many of them, wearied, but with a feeling that there was no other way of asserting the sturdiness of their patriotism. I felt sympathy with them, but as authority for their proceedings was wanting, discipline required some animadversion of the event. Armed with a list of names and accompanied by the school official—a rotund, doleful-looking man—I visited the different dormitories and administered a formal whipping to the absentees from the lesson. They quite understood, and a brief allocution to the school next day ended with the head boy proposing three cheers; and we broke up and resumed work with thorough good feeling. The version of the event which a friend reported to me as current was that I had gone to each dormitory and questioned every boy and whipped all those that did not profess themselves pro-Boers! An admirable caricature in the form of an engraving of an old Roman inscription, drawn by the talented young artist in the school, King by name, hangs now in my front hall. There was only one misunderstanding. From a letter sent home by a sturdy youngster and shown to me I learnt that he attributed the gentleness of the strokes to my being dead tired! If I had only known——

Meantime in 1897 a curious, painful, but vivid light was shed upon the mentality of a section of our fellow-countrymen, or rather countrywomen. Not many people are clearly aware that boys—and to a lesser degree girls—during the physical change in their constitution through which they pass between thirteen and nineteen years of age are liable to be thrown more or less off their balance, and to behave in wholly unaccountable fashion. Connected with this phenomenon an occurrence took place which happened to become public, and being wholly misunderstood, provoked a cataract of abusive and mostly anonymous letters. Some of these were remarkable.

Besides these there were a few very interesting communications from men whose experience shed light on a very baffling matter. I broke my rule in the case of one long anonymous letter by reading it. The writer, I think a woman, charged me with making music in my drawing-room "to drown the sounds of horrors in the next room." She ended by some plain, well-meant advice: "Everybody knows that you underfeed the Haileybury boys disgracefully. If you want to pass an old age free from remorse, I bid you live from now to the day of your death on the same quality and quantity of food that you give to your boys." (If I had adopted this prescription, I should have been dead of surfeit in a week.) The sequel, however, was more curious still. A brief note came from the same quarter after seven days' interval, containing only the remark: "On considering the letter I wrote to you last week, I have come to the conclusion that it was not written in a truly Christian spirit." Is there not material here for the psycho-analyst? Of a very different order was a long, reminiscent account from an aged clergyman who had been under Arnold at Rugby and actually in the Headmaster's house. He commented on Stanley's *Life of Arnold* as being one-sided, not noticing strange shortcomings; e.g. that he himself was only spoken to twice by A., and that was on being met out walking and each time he was asked his name!

CHAPTER XII

ETON, 1905—1916

REFORM! How does the word strike the reader in connexion with the venerable nursery of statesmen, Governors of Dominions, leaders of society, City magnates, and others on the banks of the Thames? Did anyone in 1905 or at any other time think that any measure of "reform" was desirable, or even possible at Eton? Certainly a good many would answer: strong headmasters like Arnold, Temple, Thring, Sanderson, have given a new life to a school or set it going under a new shape; re-formed. Is there not a similar opportunity at Eton? Any ex-headmaster who minimizes the extent of that opportunity is obviously seeking a cloak for his own shortcomings.

I think it advisable, whether it be thought to be cloaking of infirmities or not—that matters nothing to me now—to indicate some features in the very peculiar post to which I was appointed in 1905; features which sometimes reveal a close kinship between the great schools, some times mark off the distinctiveness of things Etonian.

It is not commonly known that for some centuries the Headmaster of Eton was an official with narrowly defined powers in subordination to the Provost. The Provost interpreted the school to the public—that is, to the aristocracy. The Magister was there to enforce rules of discipline and teach Latin; but his power of choice as to methods of teaching, or even as to the authors to be read, was nil. In other words, as to methods, each man followed his own. You might get a real genius for enthusiastic worship of the Classics such as B. H. Kennedy, but such *rare aves* were more likely to stir a new spirit if they

were University dons or even assistant masters rather than Heads. As to the authors to be read, I suppose that at every school this had been left to the Headmaster, and more and more of questions purely educational had for many years been found to be inevitably outside the purview of the Governing Bodies. Not so at Eton. It was not till I had been in office for many months that I found myself wholly unable to determine the number of boys who ought to learn both Latin and Greek. If there was to be any sensible, cautious change, it involved a slight alteration of the Entrance Examination. That could only be by permission of the G.B.

Now, I must make it clear that neither in regard to this matter nor any other do I wish to hint the slightest disparagement of the care bestowed on Eton by the Governors, called nowadays the Provost and Fellows. Many of them were and long had been close personal friends of my own ; but that fact did not predispose them to smile upon any proposal of mine which could be construed as the thin edge of the wedge, threatening to loosen one tiny stone in the foundations of the " Classical " System. Another point to be remembered is, though they treated me with all consideration and our relations were most cordial, they harboured quite justifiable suspicion that I was likely to embark on schemes not fully thought out. Hence a profound unwillingness for change and, on my side, ignorance how to deal with such a situation. However, by hook and by crook, backed up by some skilful financial adjustments of Rawlins, I was able to get a gymnasium built, to set going some improvements in the musical work, and make more than before of the recitation work of the VIth Form, and, more important than anything else whatever, to establish friendly, confidential relations with the leading boys, captains of houses, etc.

Attempts to effect certain lesser changes were not only abortive but tended to stiffen the authorities into the conviction that any proposals I had to make were *prima*

facie to be resisted; especially as the evidence kept on accumulating that the intellectual training actually being given was in some serious fashion out of gear. The conservatives thought that Latin and Greek ought to be maintained at all costs, no matter how fearful the congestion had become. I will attempt, then, to give a cursory sketch of the state of things in 1905.

The old reproach under which our Public School laboured in the last century has been mitigated but not removed. Certainly in 1905 there was much left to be desired in regard to the effect of ten years of school teaching on the youthful eagerness to learn. A certain measure of improvement had undoubtedly been effected since 1870, when the only pabulum offered to hungry minds was Latin and Greek words; the meaning of the renowned authors, their point of view, their place in history, etc., being ignored. By 1905 much was changed. Such subjects as History, Natural Science, and Modern Languages had all gained an assured place in the curriculum, instead of being ridiculed by boys, suspected by masters, and wholly ignored by parents. But a very large number of the boys continued to wrestle with the rudiments, never thoroughly mastered, of Greek as well as spending many hours every week in Latin work, which included heavy prose exercises and, for most, the weekly copy of verses.

The system was an incredible amalgam of mediævalism and modernism. As often happens in this very chequered world, we had to expend, in the autumn of 1905, weeks and weeks of labour in organizing a system not wholly amorphous of provision for "specialists"—that is, for boys who at fifteen or sixteen come to make a choice of the subject most congenial to them. I say "we," because no mortal Headmaster could tackle such a thorny and intricate problem single-handed.

The matter meantime was urgent. Though "classics" retained their "pomp and circumstance," "modern" subjects had been introduced pell-mell and chaos was increasing. A real revolution in the teaching had been in

progress since 1870, though, by liberal use of legal fictions, the world of Etonians who took any interest in the subject were hypnotized into the belief that while all Europe was undergoing transformation, the old school was "standing on the old ways," unmoved and immovable, a monument of stability in a world of flux. No theory could be more contrary to the facts. Reforms, or at any rate changes, had been going on for many a decade, generally unnoticed even by those on the spot, but stubbornly and abortively resisted by elderly folk able to obstruct but unable to understand what they were obstructing. Most of the changes had come about without any waving of banners, silently and stealthily, and many of these—perhaps all of them—have been found to be beneficial.

In 1905, after fifteen years' absence, I found vacuity of mind among the boys much less common than in the eighties, and, though games were far better organized, the dominance of athletics was greatly modified. Among the "wetbobs," for instance, there was noticeable a strenuousness and discountenance of loafing which was attributed to the abolition of Surly Hall and the appointment of a posse of wetbob masters who have done for rowing what Mitchell, Dupuis, and C. M. Wells did for cricket. Old and noisome barbarisms had vanished, and their continuance for so long would constitute a vivid chapter in the social history of England were it not that the maxim *De mortuis* ("Let the dead bury their dead") enjoins what the Greeks quaintly called "a large ox upon the tongue." For cricket, an immense benefit was conferred by the institution soon after 1900 of junior matches. That meant the encouragement and bringing into prominence of all promising youngsters below sixteen years, who often in earlier days, finding themselves unnoticed, took to "loafing" on land or water and never reached the position in the world of athletics which their talents gave them a right to expect. The result was that after a few years the Harrovians had to do battle at Lord's with more formidable antagonists than ever before; and I

shall be surprised if the majority of victories do not fall in future to Eton. The benefit to Eton of this change of system was only less than that secured for Winchester when first the Bucklands were appointed as "coaches" for the elder boys.

The relation between men and boys had changed greatly for the better; indeed, in many cases it approached the ideal. I would hazard the assertion that in no educational institutions in the world has so wholesome and bracing an influence ever been exercised more markedly to the advantage of all concerned than that of the housemasters and their boys in our large Public Schools. At Eton it is enriched by the Tutorial System, as it is still called—a system which grew up in haphazard and unnoticed fashion and has required most elaborate, intricate, and delicate organization to allow of its perpetuation in times of radical change. Only Etonians can understand why such infinite trouble, such minute interlacing of arrangement, was endured for the sake of what profane outsiders have presumed to criticize as an anachronism; but I will venture the prophecy that if the British Empire is a going concern in the year 2000 A.D., traces, possibly less clear than to-day, of this most English survival of past years will still be discernible to the practised and sympathetic observer of the course of human affairs.

In what is called the tone of the school there had come about a satisfactory change, which was bound up with the general attitude of boys to men and was largely due to the immense improvement in the Preparatory Schools, and also to the modification in home life, whereby young boys have been brought up more in the company of "grown-ups" than used to be the case. This change, too, may be traced to the disappearance of large families, the general effect of which is doubtful, but in the matter of outward decorum and social demeanour has been for good. Yet I cannot help suspecting that serious mischief has resulted from boys having been left far too little to their own resources; from the overlavish provision of

exciting amusements, and the elimination of solitude and opportunity for quiet growth during the all-important years three to fourteen.

Thus in some important respects I found the old school had taken into itself from the atmosphere of our day some deep and very salutary changes. I did not see nearly so plainly then as after some years that the most vital improvements in any human society come about independently of legislation. There is a sentence near the beginning of Lord Cromer's book on Egypt, where he says he had learnt never to attempt any reform till circumstances made it inevitable. This most interesting remark would furnish material for many good essays. However, I began my term of office with a very different idea—viz. that some reforms were necessary and had better be taken in hand speedily. One only was effected without serious opposition, the establishment of a gymnasium. Eton was, I fancy, the only school of importance in which gymnastics were almost unknown. My predecessor had a profound distrust of them, but the late date at which the change was made was advantageous in one respect. The gymnasium was built for the Swedish system, whereas thirty years earlier it would have been of the English type, and vastly inferior for scientific exercises. At first it was thought that a posse of masters would have to assist in the actual teaching. So some sixteen of us volunteered, and for some weeks went through a course of training. The effect was most spectacular. Some of the men far on in middle life might have been seen skipping, trotting, bending, bowing into the weirdest contortions; but precautions were taken to shield the party from the vulgar gaze, mostly with success, till on one occasion one of the elder boys strayed round to the back door of the building and, wholly unwitting of what he was to see, found himself at the open door just as one grey-haired veteran inside was jumping on the floor and turning round in the air! Never have I seen a human face express dumbfounded astonishment so eloquently as that lad's.

It was well, on the whole, that this very difficult task was not undertaken by the staff. The instructors had been trained in Sweden and some excellent work was done. Nor have I ever seen any such evidence of vitality as when the Remove boys were turned loose for their exercises on a summer evening after five-o'clock school. It was, however, almost an impossibility to find time for the compulsory classes; and the work suffered; as much other work suffered; from grievous lack of elbow-room. The most beneficial results, however, were in the medical department. It would hardly be believed how many boys came to the school suffering from preventable but quite serious disorders and malformations—flat feet, curvature of the spine, etc., etc.—all of which were faithfully dealt with by Lieutenant Coote, the second of our admirable instructors. The need for such early treatment on a large scale is, I fancy, not yet thoroughly apprehended. There must be millions of men in England whose health has never been more than moderate owing to the cruel neglect of these structural defects in early boyhood.

But in regard to other matters in which reform was urgently needed I very soon found that the gradual multiplication of subjects which had been going on for some thirty-five years had resulted in a system far more complex than the most eloquent pen could describe. The simplest reform involved far-reaching consequences, and the moment I managed; with the help of committees and of my very able lieutenant, Rawlins, the Lower Master, to settle the specialist question more or less satisfactorily, there cropped up another far more difficult, because any change whatever was strongly opposed by many of the Staff and, what was more serious, by about two-thirds of the Governing Body. The question was, whether a majority of boys, nearly all of whom were either defective in their sense of idiom, or for other reasons were going to specialize in some modern subject at sixteen, should give most of their time, for some seven years in all, both to

Latin and Greek. It was quite obvious—so I thought—that only the quicker minority ought to plunge into both languages—the disciplinary drill, which is most essential, being given by one, which for many reasons, of course, would be Latin. This is not the place to discuss the question nor to explain the very intricate organization which was necessary before the dismal waste of time could be checked. I will only mention that it took twenty months of unceasing effort to effect the change. Even then many hitches occurred. Smooth working was not possible unless a huge group of Preparatory Schools co-operated, and for a long time the method of selecting “Greek” boys was misunderstood, not only by them, but by the tutors and by Rawlins himself.

Other questions quite as urgent and even more intricate were continually before us—educational, disciplinary, social, and financial. I will only mention one among many. Huge sums of money had been spent on the equipment of Science as an integral part of the school curriculum: that is to say, big laboratories had been built, but, unfortunately, detached from one another, so that they required separate officials and caretakers instead of being run from a centre. This, of course, involved a huge increase in expenditure, incurred without any adequate result. Hence we were soon faced with a perplexing state of things—viz. some £8,000 per annum spent on a particular form of teaching which, as tested in the usual way, was abortive. That is to say, the boys who chose Science as their strong subject were always scanty in number and generally very moderate in brain-power; so that the standard of examination-work annually inspected and reported on by experts from the Universities varied from very moderate to very poor. Comparison with other schools only emphasized the fact; because at nearly every other school there have been for quite thirty years a fairly large contingent of boys destined for the medical profession or engineering. From this source was provided a steady stream of Science pupils,

keen, if not on the subject, on professional advancement; but at Eton that source had never been opened. The parents for the most part were reluctant to add to their ample liabilities by sending their sons in for an expensive training in a subject which for them promised no particular return. The purely educational reasons for including Science in the curriculum, clear and strong though they be, were of course a sealed book to nearly all of them, and are so still. The subject was suspect. Those were days in which the weird idea prevailed that there was an eternal conflict between Science and Religion; between truth viewed in one aspect and truth viewed in another. From that dogma men advanced to the other; that a literary training ought not to be contaminated with Science; just as they had once tabooed Mathematics. In 1905 the problem was to overcome the apathy of the parents so that voluntarily pupils in this subject might be forthcoming. But the classical tutors who were in touch with the parents were for some time and for the most part definitely hostile to this interloping subject, not only from prejudice, but because it obviously threatened their tutorial position and to a certain extent their emoluments to boot.

I hasten to say that this opposition seemed to me to die away rapidly after 1905, but the meagreness of the scientific output remained a baffling fact. It should be understood that owing to the size of the school the subject could not be decently taught—at least so all the experts maintained—on a compulsory basis. If a fair supply of volunteer recruits was to come forward, it could only be because parents believed in the *educational*, not professional, arguments for an infusion of scientific discipline into the literary training of the boys. This in those days they declined mildly but firmly to do. So there was nothing for it but gradually adopt our machinery, staff-equipment, etc., for teaching the subject as well as possible, till the pupils forthcame. Many intricate changes were made in the system; volumes of discussions were printed in reply to the strictures of

inspectors and examiners and the suggestions of well-meaning critics. But the results, as compared with the costliness of the equipment and the Sisyphean labour of readjustments, were jejune and humiliating. Yet a good deal of necessary spade-work was done in preparation for a change in the educational barometer, premonitions of which were felt before 1916. Some of the best lecturing to be had anywhere was given throughout by Mr. Porter, and the class-teaching of some of the others was admirable, notably that of M. D. Hill in Biology. The subject of Science as an important ingredient in a liberal education came to be better understood. The more it is understood, the more the practical difficulties in the way of efficiency will be dispelled. But if there is life in the movement, others more intricate still will crop up.

Meantime some radical changes, with results the opposite of what was intended, were gradually manifested. Who, for instance, could have foreseen what I believe was the fact: that in cricket, whereas down to the late eighties Eton produced a steady stream of University Blues, some of whom year by year played for Gentlemen v. Players, about 1890 the supply dried up and has never been renewed. Why? Outside critics have often intimated that it was due to a decay of the best coaching; that no one was able to catch Mitchell's mantle. This sort of talk is ridiculous. Reasons have been given above for believing that the value of good coaching in cricket is much exaggerated; but whatever it is, it was in the nineties that cricket began to be organized and healthily developed and all the promising young boys were taken in hand. Moreover, the average quality of the elevens who played at Lord's was higher, more uniform than earlier. I think there was some loss of individuality, but if so, that has been the case everywhere. There were three causes at work which need only be mentioned here:

(1) An immense improvement in schools of lesser note which produced a severe competition for Eton and Harrow.

(2) Cricketers who were positively averse to book

learning tended to shun the Universities, and, disappearing into the professions, mainly business, took to golf. (The Bishop of Hull in his young days expressed it thus : " If you can only play cricket once a week, it is not good enough. Either fifty runs and stiffness for three days after ; or an 0 followed by gloom of spirit for a week, and no exercise.")

(3) Scarcely any of the few University Blues were able to continue playing first-class cricket afterwards. This was due to the pressure of the times and the growing opinion that man is not in this world to spend years as a cricket professional masquerading as an amateur. But this means that the majority of the best players never reached their full stature as batsmen.

The matter is only mentioned here to show how great changes take place unforeseen and for a long time unnoticed and perhaps never quite explained.

Something similar has happened in the matter of scholarship, but as the subject is of much less general interest I must deal with it briefly. Previously to 1870 boys of linguistic promise drifted naturally to Eton, Winchester, or Shrewsbury (the last-named owing to its reputation under Butler and Kennedy), but when the other Public Schools took on themselves keen rivalry, a ridiculous state of things supervened. Instead of droning placidly on, acquiescing in general boredom, the classical teachers were galvanized into a hectic activity, competing with each other in " turning out " successful candidates for the University Entrance Scholarships. In other words, though the Headmaster of Shrewsbury, H. W. Moss, who succeeded Kennedy, was a consummate scholar of the Cambridge type, like his two predecessors, and faithfully maintained the narrow classical tradition, he had to undergo the mortification of seeing nearly all the clever youngsters switched off from going to Shrewsbury to other schools. Amiable critics, no doubt, ascribed this to his faulty teaching ; it was due to nothing of the kind, but to the bribes offered by Governing Bodies elsewhere,

and perhaps, too, to some growing scepticism as to the merits of a narrow classical curriculum. Certain deplorable results ensued. The whole idea of intellectual training became commercialized. Many parents were governed in their selection of a Public School entirely by *£. s. d.* The Preparatory Schools were tied and bound by the Entrance Scholarships examinations, or rather the heads thought they were (the truth being that they were really far more independent than they knew), and slaved away teaching what nobody believed in, simply because of the pressure of the times; and worst of all, the Headmasters of the Public Schools were obliged on the annual Speech Day to enumerate the honours won by their pupils without mentioning the public money it had cost to bring about the result, but vaguely hoping it would be ascribed to their own good teaching, though many of the audience suspected there was much flummery in the whole proceeding and the rest did not care whether there was or not.

Eton has been so far immune from some of these evils, but the modification of the general system has affected her deeply and will do so in an increasing degree in the future, though no one can foresee more than a few years. The older generation cling to the notion that her supremacy in scholarship, cricket, and as a nursery of famous men can be maintained. But fundamental and mainly unsuspected changes that are now going on make the prospect in all three departments very doubtful. Severe competition from other schools and a gradual widening of the horizon of education and profound searchings of heart as to the dubious intellectual results of school-teaching everywhere—these influences make it impossible that Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby can develop on their own lines independently of each other, or of the Universities and of the social revolution that has followed on the Great War. Formerly the large majority of our Colonial governors were Old Etonians. They were so inevitably, but I fancy few Etonians were foolish enough to ascribe the fact to some peculiar and subtle merit of

the school. Cecil Spring-Rice hit the nail on the head, as often in other matters, when he remarked that half the credit was due to the P. & O. who carried these august officials to India! In those days there was one school through which and one ship in which they made their way to the scene of their fame. Is that state of things likely to be permanent? Who can say?

To revert to the scholarship question. One mischief I have not yet mentioned, which has, however, dwindled since the war, though I believe it is by no means extinct. Foundation scholarships used in some cases to be gained and kept by sons of opulent parents who were invited, but nearly always in vain, to keep the honour and forgo the emolument in favour of some other boy less well provided with this world's goods. One objection to this way out of the difficulty is that to forgo the scholarship means to forgo the peculiar advantage of being a member of College; which, whether it be less substantial than is sometimes believed or not, is still very highly prized, and I should myself deplore the break-up or any hasty modification of the present College system. Its historical origin, the peculiar loyalty it has evoked, and its academical renown demand a reverent handling. There is, however, much more that might be said on the subject but too technically educational to be of general interest. If the system is to be reformed by legislation, I trust the changes will follow the suggestions made in the Report of the Bryce Secondary Education Commission, 1894.

One of the leading officials in the Board of Education prophesied in 1902 that Music would be the prominent subject in Education in the twentieth century. It was a sagacious utterance. Chorus-singing with reading at sight is the only exercise hitherto discovered which ensures that every child in a large class ought to be using his brain. Learning to sing in tune by ear is merely a physical exercise, but learning to read, from the black board, treble and alto parts is learning to think, to decide

to venture, to act on a reasonable probability, instantly to verify every experiment (though in this respect only inferior to carpentering), besides the wonder at the beauty underlying the chalk scratches, and the joy of co-operative effort without self-obtrusion. Moreover, the mere fact of its suitability to large classes ought to be a very strong argument in its favour, since it seems that in the elementary schools we are condemned to large classes for many years to come. If you succeed in stirring a village to a long-continued joint effort of handicraft or chorus-singing, you raise the whole life of a locality; and if the new owners of landed property take this fact to heart and act upon it by cutting down their London seasons to the minimum, so as to seize the rich opportunities of prolonged residence in the country, we might almost be reconciled to the displacing of the old landlords by the new rich. But will they?

At any rate, Dr. Sir Walford Davies—to whom honour is due—asserted in a lecture that a good tune is a part of God, and I hold he is right, though, like other truths, it may easily be perverted. Hence an explanation of the emphatic comment of my predecessor at Haileybury, James Robertson, on hearing some admirable piano playing by Miss Liddell: "Nourishing." So in schools, if you teach chorus-singing and reading at sight you not only train the faculties of hearing and thinking, and strengthen the lungs, but you also store in the young minds things of beauty which do not pass away, but are potent to gild the thoughts of the heart and quicken nascent hopes "forty years on" in the din of Cheapside or in the bush of Australia or in a Sunday Mattins in a fashionable church at Cannes.

Now, the opportunity of establishing a tradition of fine chorus-singing at Eton seemed undeniable. The number of the boys from whom to select, about 1,000, gave promise of a more massive volume of sound than could be raised in any other school, and there were memories of delightful concerts in the days of Barnby and Lloyd. But music at

Eton suffered terribly from being generally regarded as an extra; that is, as an ornamental supplement to other more necessary ingredients in a life of culture, and one from which a large proportion of human beings are debarred by natural disability. The weird superstition that the English people is not musical still, I fear, holds its ground in the country; and certainly Public School assistant masters are not exempt from it, especially when they represent subjects of study only lately recognized as important. The truth is, practically all boys have ears good enough to be amenable to training, but of course the training ought to be begun at five or six years of age and continued without check or interruption, ten minutes a day, till the voice cracks; and then a certain number will be relegated to the ranks, not of the Philistines, but of understanding listeners who yet must not swell the ranks of indifferent performers. Even they would be equipped for life with some knowledge and appreciation of priceless value in this rough-and-tumble world; and beyond question English boys are far more teachable in music than they are in literature.

It is ridiculous to rely on random concerts without guidance. No way of burying a talent is more sure of its effect than compelling young people to listen to music which they don't understand.¹ Explanations are required, but not many men believe in them yet; and they will be largely abortive unless they are supplementary to group-lessons in sight-reading. These are facts which can only be stated here. To act upon them successfully at Eton was almost impossible owing to the subject being already crowded out by the multifarious activities and harassing distractions which are the curse of modern

¹ Hence the explanation of the strange falsehoods current in society on this subject. Scores of people are convinced that they are "not musical," yet they pretend to be lovers of pictures, or anyhow attend the Academy religiously once a year. The reason is that being compelled to sit out a concert of good music that has not been explained is more fatiguing than strolling through galleries looking at other peoples' new frocks. But not many are good for more than an hour at that!

school life. Time and energy were expended in insisting on music's claims, but neither Barnby nor Lloyd believed in corporate training, though the latter especially was very successful in the teaching of gifted individuals. Added to these obstacles there has always been the patent fact that for about half the time of their Public School lives boys are unable to sing, though they can croak, and we shall never achieve what is possible till the spade-work is done between nine and fourteen in the Preparatory Schools. Then the child-voices are at their best and unselfconscious progress is quite possible. Excellent work is being done here and there, and though the results are everywhere slight compared with our hopes, the Eton musical training is immensely better than it was or ever has been.

In regard to the literary training, which still occupies the bulk of the available accommodation in the larger Public Schools, we must never cease to remember that the love of learning for its own sake is nearly universal among children and the dislike of learning is not very far from being universal among adolescents, though a show of zeal is maintained by numerous stimulants. Swarms of old Public School men stoutly maintain that without the stimulants—professional examinations, competition, prizes, threatening penury, etc.—no “work” at all would be done by our youngsters; possibly by girls, never by boys. I should agree with them if I had never taught children. As it is, I know full well that the early, *spontaneous* love of knowledge in countless cases does disappear, and that one of the most effective ways of crushing it is to stimulate the wrong motives for intellectual effort.

In the light of this fact, what are we to make of the institution of prizes lavishly offered in the more opulent schools and bestowed wherever possible by kindly but unreflecting benefactors? I maintain that prize-giving on the present scale, if it is ineffective as a stimulus to intellectual effort, is a dismal waste of money; but that a

far more serious indictment against it is that it is effective ; and its effect is powerfully to suggest to the boys that the pursuit of knowledge in itself is inevitably a dismal and unjoyous task, the only interest being the excitement of competition.

It is idle to argue that English boys are trained by this system to fair play and honourable contest. In so far as their good qualities depend on training it is through games they get it, for only a tiny percentage are competitors for the prizes, though all come under the spell of their suggestion. Moreover, it is a mere delusion to suppose that an increase of prizes means an increase of effort.

Healthy industry, that is, studiousness from love of the subject, is every whit as common in schools where there are no prizes as in schools where hundreds of pounds a year are squandered on them.

Much more might be said to show up the delusive glamour of the institution. In the matter of punishments, public opinion is moving in the right direction. But as to prizes, scholarships, and publicity of competition we are blinded by prejudice to the simple fact that all this machinery shows how completely we are abandoning the ideal in the big secondary schools of encouraging effort by simple interest in the subject.

A word more about Suggestion. No form of suggestion as to the distastefulness of work is more effective than the institution of holidays for successful prize-winning or on the occasion of some public ovation. If we were aiming at the right goal, all the environment of the boys and the customs of the institution would tend to give him the belief that the pursuit of knowledge is a delight. But the giving of a holiday because a battle has been won in a war or a princess lays the foundation-stone of some building is a public declaration by the school authorities that the pursuit of knowledge and the imparting of it are both alike unpleasant and unnecessary. Can this be denied ? Again, education is spiritual feeding. Every-

thing depends on our impressing the boys with the conviction that spiritual feeding is vastly more important than bodily feeding. They mostly believe the opposite. Which do we believe? At the first excuse we curtail the nourishment for the spirit and the mind, but I never heard of a headmaster knocking off a meal to add to the ovation! Why should the needs of the flesh be treated as sacrosanct and those of the spirit be set aside when any excuse offers? Of course we all know why we act thus; but we are too thick-headed to connect cause and effect.

Doubtless it will be urged against me that I participated in this mischievous system for years and did nothing to modify it. I freely admit the charge, but that is no reason why I should not tell the truth now; and it will be more profitable to my readers if they reflect on what I say, rather than indicate accurately what I or others have failed to do.

As in international problems, co-operation is now the great hope but also the great difficulty. Nothing could be more full of promise than the uprising of interest in education on the part of parents and of the public which has marked the last fifty years; but it has brought about a wholly unexpected loss of liberty, and the modern would-be reformer, let him be the nominal head of any school he likes, is wholly impotent nowadays for any independent action on a large scale. Moreover, while he is in the vortex of the waters, it is all but impossible for him to see whither he and his fellows are being borne.

However, when the main evil of a system which has grown up unperceived consists in perversion of aim and sham social service for which we all alike are responsible, nothing but good can come if the facts be made known. I will recall my readers, then, to the matter in hand, which is not only that managers of education are for the most part victims of dismal unreality, but that meantime the ideal aim of young people being spurred on to effort by interest in the subject, by the joy of surmounting

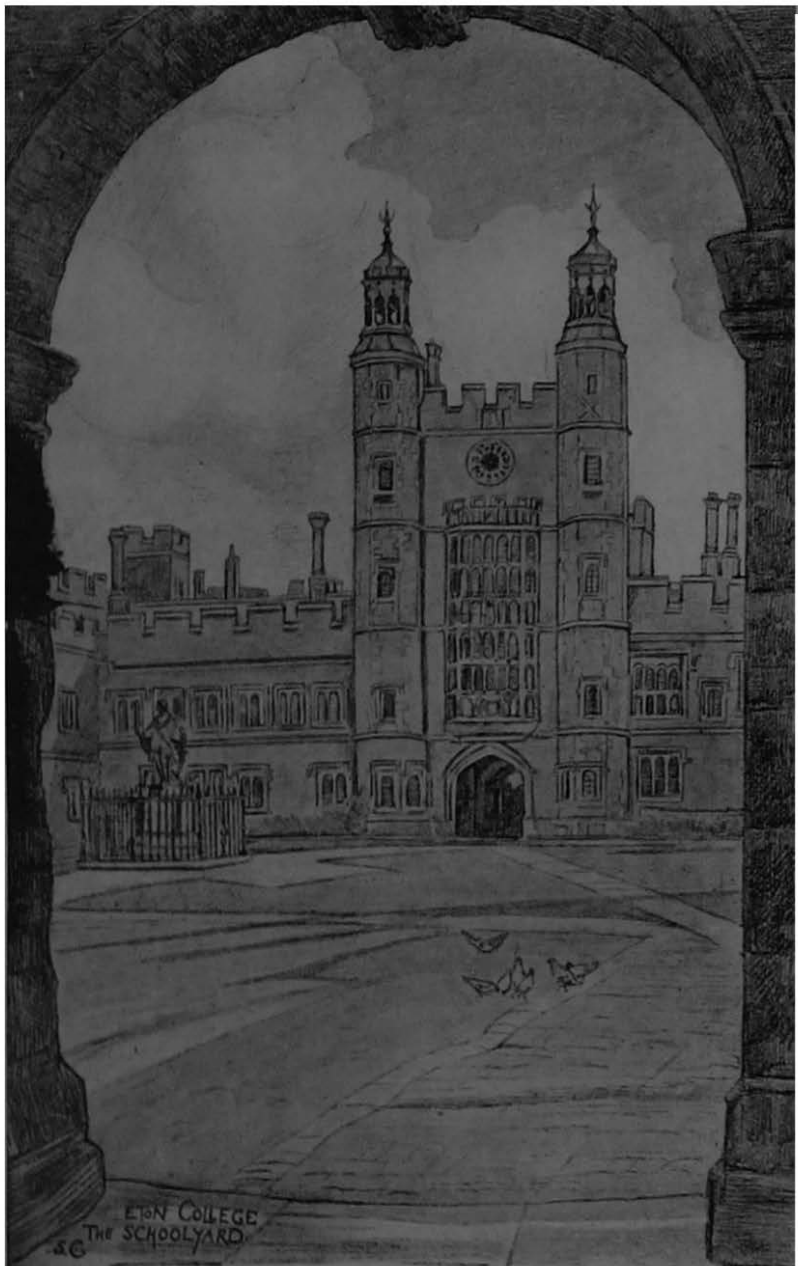
difficulties and exercising in due measure their nascent faculties, has been more and more forgone in favour of a general appeal to a flashy and short-sighted ambition, to motives not of learning but of display and immediate tangible reward; whereby in our pupils character itself is damaged and for teachers the hope of fostering quiet natural growth of mind and of reverence for knowledge is forbidden.

“But,” says my critic, “you forget the bracing effect of patient work at distasteful subjects; you are a votary of the dangerous doctrine of Montessori and would train boys and girls to face a life bound to be full of drudgery by sparing them all effort against the grain. Nonsense! pernicious nonsense!”

Stronger language has often been used by my colleagues against the eminent *Dottoressa* and all her works. The Public Schoolmasters have for fifty years been stout believers in dutifulness and show it by copious moral exhortation, in spite of accumulated evidence of the abortiveness of that remedy for human ills. If “work” becomes interesting, they smell the rat of the “soft option.” But there need be no controversy here. The ideal is abundant effort; painful wrestling with difficulties unaided; but painful so as to bring joy, the joy of exploration.

Meantime it should be noted that it is quite possible to “get boys to work” and yet to fail in implanting any new ideas in their minds. If this failure continues through school life, the soul, “empty, swept, and garnished,” is inviting undesirable tenants in the effort to fend off starvation. School life is dragged downwards by mental vacuity which is sure to supervene. When the faculty of thinking is being constantly sharpened, but nothing is given to think about, it is as if the digestive organs in a young body were being stimulated by electricity while the primary need is for something to digest. Education, we are told, means “feeding”; but for centuries in England our school work has had another aim.

From the self-advertisement into which many schools



THE SCHOOL YARD, ETON COLLEGE.
Drawn by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Cust.

are practically forced, Eton has always been immune. On June 4 we continue to prefer fireworks to braggartry, but down to the end of my time of office the immense increase of industry which has marked boy-life for the last fifty years has been a certain protection from mischief, but of a negative kind. You may do a little to stave off infirmity of character by keeping youth at a perpetual trot ; but it will be only a very little and, worse than that, it will be only for a season. Just as the young man may prevent illness from excess of food by hard exercise while he is young, when advancing age forbids the exercise he will lose his health unless the diet is diminished ; so the truth of modern school life brings a temporary safeguard against self-indulgence : but *naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. Instead of the " furca " of compulsory but meaningless occupation, what is needed is a mind stored with clean thoughts, and with the conviction of the moral law as divine, august, and austere, but always beautiful, salutary, and nourishing. We are a very long way from this ideal, but the problem is beginning to be understood and a new hope is dawning.

It looks as if liberty ought to be conceded to the Preparatory Schools to enable them to make experiments. Their task is infinitely complex, but they are furnished with one guiding principle. The child learns well and securely before he is taught : therefore school-teaching must imitate nature instead of violating it. Hitherto the Entrance Examinations and the Scholarship system have choked all initiative instead of wisely guiding it ; and though the path of advance is very dim, it cannot be right to force men to give swarms of children mental exercises which anyone can see are only suited to a tiny minority. For if a wrong idea of learning is planted by thirteen, when will it be dislodged ?

Into the midst of the healthy, happy boy-life of Eton and the other schools there bursts the unimaginable tornado of the world-war.

For the historian of the future some interesting evidence of the English spirit is laid up in the Headmaster's Leaving Register. (That clumsy title is to avoid the obvious "Leaving Book," which to Etonians has other associations.) In this volume every upper boy, on taking leave, wrote his name and added his probable profession or University, the dates of each batch of autographs being put on the opposite page. Down to the end of the summer half of 1914 the entries remained normal, e.g. July 20, X (full name), Oxford. Business, or Army, or simply Business, rarely Politics: a very variegated table of prospective careers. Now what a change! About 120 left a full year before their time, and during the war the leaving age was a year younger than at other times, so that, if I remember right, during the autumn the majority of the younger departures in August came down to get their leaving books, many just before starting for France after a hurried training at Sandhurst. At all events, for about fifteen consecutive pages every single Etonian old enough registered himself, correctly of course, as going into the Army, except two not able to satisfy the physical test. Without a trace of hesitation, still less of display, the young fellows gave themselves to their country.

When the terrible days came and thousands of fresh losses and casualties were reported daily, no class of English society suffered keener grief than the masters of the great Public Schools. Parents everywhere, no doubt, felt the keenest stab for the moment, but we had to stand loss after loss of our best and most beloved young friends; all that rich promise blighted! and we were better able than anyone to forecast what the deprivation meant for England for many a year to come. As to the spirit shown by the boys during those awful years, I can only say that had the Germans known at the outset what it was going to be, they might have plunged into the war—for the dominant party must have been maddened—but they would never have cherished a hope of success. The first intimation of what the Retreat from Mons meant

came in a pencilled postcard from one of the subalterns—a fine young master, soon afterwards killed: “I have not had an ounce of food nor a wink of sleep for four days.”

It may be of interest to give a conjectural explanation of the celebrated legend—firmly believed by millions of our people, and, it is said, by the enemy also—that a huge Russian army was being conveyed from Archangel through England to France. Some of the following facts are little known and came to my ears direct; others were rumoured. Lord Kitchener, at the beginning of the war, was sitting next a lady of high position at dinner, who expressed genuine alarm at having seen what she took to be German soldiers in a railway-train. Kitchener laughed and said, “Perhaps they were Russians.” And it was a fact that some 200 Russians were traversing England, by permission, on their way home from Canada. The lady instantly took this to mean a whole Army Corps at least, and Kitchener, with remarkable presence of mind, left her in possession of this belief, seeing that a report of the legend would encourage our people, just when it was needed, and as proportionately disturb the enemy and perhaps upset his calculations. But how to arrange the little plot? What was the War Office to say, and highly placed members of the Government? Most ingeniously Kitchener or someone else hit upon the device that everyone by order should make the same oracular answer: “Well, officially there is nothing in it.” It is, anyhow, certain that that answer was given by one of the very highest officials in the country; and, like some of Mr. Gladstone’s celebrated answers to inconvenient questions in Parliament, only with far more pith and lucidity of expression, left the questioner exactly where he was before. If the matter was handled according to this version, Kitchener deserves ample credit for rapid diagnosis of a wholly unexpected situation.

In March 1915 a curious incident occurred which, though in itself insignificant, made enough stir to be worth recording. My friend Canon Carnegie asked me to

preach in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the moral aspects of the war. In the course of the sermon, while pointing out the difficulty in times of excitement of keeping a balanced mind, I illustrated it by reproducing a suggestion which I had seen in print more than once, and which I carefully explained was not my own; nor did I advocate it, but only used it to show how we might be called on as a nation to make something of a sacrifice for the general welfare. Supposing, in short, it should be proposed that Gibraltar should be internationalized, we ought not as a nation to rule it out at once, but give it fair consideration. This very suggestion, I should add, has been made several times since, as well as before. But the next morning I found the metropolis placarded with the news, stated or implied, that I had proposed openly and without qualification that Gibraltar should be handed over there and then to the Germans! Almost the day after my mild exhortation was given, news of hideous German atrocities began to pour in, and whereas a fortnight before we all, military and civil alike, were vaguely assured we were going to end the war before summer, it suddenly became apparent that we were in for an awful struggle against a foe barbarous, but equipped with all kinds of scientific infernalities.

Possibly many of us were rather mad during the war, but certainly at no time were so many off their balance as in April 1915, and the newspapers, anxious to make hay while the sun shone, were much hampered by the censor. That functionary, however, was too much occupied with suppressing inconvenient truths to be concerned with what he thought was harmless fiction. So the harassed editors saw their chance, and I found myself for a week or two bespattered by the wildest abuse, even by my favourite paper, *Punch* (a case of *et tu, Brute*, if ever there was one). I hardly read a word of all this, but wrote a letter to *The Times*, far too petulant in tone, which only made matters worse. It is doubtful if the wisest letter ever penned would have had any effect, things being as they were.

So I had to let it be ; and gradually disengage myself from the embraces of various Pacifists with whom I had much sympathy but no great measure of agreement. The incident, like many others in the war, was fruitfully instructive as to the psychology of a multitude trying to suppress its deep misgivings, and one cannot wonder that in the subsequent period the claims of that science are being amply—perhaps too amply—recognized.

In the early part of 1916 various circumstances, domestic, official, private, and public, seemed to me to make it advisable for me to resign my Headmastership of the beloved old school. If I had loved Eton less I should have been sorely grieved at parting ; but the many things I wanted to change slightly and gradually I learnt at last were being changed indeed, sometimes, but not always, in the direction I desired, and by influences for which no one was responsible and no one understood. This applies principally, nay, almost entirely, to the intellectual training of the boys, and the problem presented was, as I have explained, rendered impossible by the method whereby all the Public Schools were interlocked and controlled by the Universities ; and lastly, by the fact that neither I nor anyone else had a clear idea of the main direction reform should take. Since those days I am becoming convinced that changes in modern complex institutions are seldom the work of any one man, no matter how able he may be or how rich the opportunities his official position may be thought to offer. If the right inference be drawn from Lord Cromer's very interesting observation already quoted, it will be obvious that so able and successful an administrator as he was may generally find that the quickest way to effect a change is to pretend to be doing nothing, and meantime influence public opinion quietly till it is ripe for reform.

Meantime I learnt the truth of one of Lord Rosebery's happy phrases : that being in power often means being in a position of " conspicuous impotence."

Certain changes which some Headmaster of heroic stature may do much to bring about, I see now more clearly than in 1916 to be desirable. While in the Preparatory Schools the principal disciplinary work should still be Latin and Mathematics, there is real hopefulness in the method of imparting varied knowledge along with English Composition adopted by Miss Mason of Ambleside. It has the enormous advantage of stimulating naturally and wholesomely the appetite for knowledge which our system of excessive logical training very often quenches. This building up of knowledge should be combined with the disciplinary work, and the problem for the Public Schools is to continue the combination harmoniously till sixteen.

Meantime the vexed Classical question is being settled in the usual random fashion. The number of boys trying to learn both Greek and Latin seriously is much diminished. The Classical Association pours out repeated protests against this decline in enforcing the old pleas of the matchless literature of Greece, its history and the rudiments of philosophy. But why have we not taken steps to furnish the boys who have left off Greek with a good rich familiarity with Homer and the history through English books, and, whatever else is felt to be indispensable, making these lessons English lessons as well as an imparting of priceless knowledge of antiquity?

There was one change undeniably for the better, not quite, but nearly the only one which I ventured to tell the boys at parting I had been able to bring about. It reminded me of a former exploit in the year 1886 (?), when I was a junior master at Eton, and constantly brought in presence of a grievance more serious in reality than in appearance, connected with the worship in Chapel. The boys in those days were extremely particular about the cut of their pantaloons. In Chapel, if they did not kneel down, they were dropped upon by the Master in Desk; but there were no hassocks! not one, though soft stools for masters and visitors. Grumblings, remonstrances, and appeals were of no avail. Thin strips of coco-nut matting,

charged with much of the Slough Road and South Meadow, remained to spoil the spotless and most shapely integuments that Tom Brown could make! So I took up my pen and wrote energetically to the Provost, Dr. Hornby. Warre had just become Headmaster. For a month, no reply. Wrote again. Hornby consulted Warre and revealed a deep misgiving that the hassocks were so handy for throwing that they would be used as missiles, and pandemonium might result. Perhaps he thought the wetbobs would be at a disadvantage. However, to my astonishment, I learnt that the perilous change was to be made: at first only for the bigger, more decorous boys at the west end; if they remained quiescent under the temptation, the new furniture would be extended eastwards.

As Headmaster I was able to improve the Chapel arrangements further and in a still more important respect. When full, the building holds—excluding the ante-Chapel—about 600 boys and 100 adults. The exhalations from the congested mass of human beings were in summertime indescribable; and never shall I forget the wealth of language employed by my old friend M. D. Hill on the subject of the atmosphere at the end of the long Sunday-morning service; for be it known there is reason to believe that no window in the building had been opened for 450 years, certainly not since Wilder's stained-glass gifts were put up in the middle of the last century. I found my good friend Holloway-Calthorp, the College Bursar, in a good humour, and soon after mighty scaffoldings were erected and sixteen windows made to open, to the unspeakable relief of the congregation

'Neath the baleful star of Sirius,
When the postman slower jog,
And the ox becomes delirious,
And the muzzle decks the dog.

One word of retrospect after nearly forty years of schoolmastering seems advisable here.

It would be possible for anyone casting up a reckoning

of failures and their causes to enumerate honestly and unflinchingly his own manifold culpabilities as accessory to the disappointing result. But no good purpose would be served by any such disclosure; and I only mention the matter to show that I am not guilty of forgetting it. But there is another side which it has taken me many years partially to understand, that is, the iron strength of public opinion, which, while it is slowly changing for the better in respect both of Education and Social Reform, is still a conglomerate of truth and error never simple to interpret or safe to follow without good heed. To disentangle the truth from the error, even if it be only to a slight and tentative degree, is anyhow an attempt at service to one's generation.

Quite briefly, then, I would put the matter thus: In these two vast departments of human life there is noticeable to-day a great increase of energy and zeal. No one can expect to be canonized by his contemporaries unless he works to the utmost limits of his time and strength, but in Education especially there is as strong as ever an indisposition to ask what we are working at and why. This cannot be right. In Social Reform work we jostle and muddle along in sadly random fashion, but experiments help us to pull up before we have gone too far. In the training of the young the more eager we are, the more incisive our methods, the more constraining our example, the more we should consider the "end to which our currents tend." If our zeal is directed awry, may we not do more harm than if we are slack?

Such a hint towards a guiding principle as I feel bound to offer applies equally to the two great subjects mentioned. The attempt to state it must be the theme of a later chapter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COUNTRY PARSON

I WAS just beginning the summer holidays in 1914 in our retreat at Overstrand, near Cromer, and shall never forget the wonder and the stir of mind on Sunday, August 2. Through the day we heard fairly direct from London how the decision of the Cabinet was painfully arrived at, that as the Belgian frontier had been violated, England could not stand aloof. The liberties of Europe were threatened as well as our own coasts; and I can only say that with some, though of course inadequate, knowledge of the horrors that were in store for us and all the world, and hating war on principle, yet I felt like many millions of other men on that day, that no matter how appalling the calamity or how dubious the issue, no such righteous war was ever undertaken by this or any country since the history of man on earth began. It is a great ethical problem, and I have no clear idea how it should be dealt with; so sharp is the antinomy and conflict of principles. Further, I admit to the full how lamentable has been the frustration of our highest hopes by the heinous renewal of strife, suspicion, and jealousies between nations and groups within each nation. The case, indeed, which can be made out for pacifism is logically unanswerable. Yet there are convictions deeper than any logic, though it is conceivable that in 1,000 years' time they may be dying away; and one of those was in 1914 felt by nearly all, that had England abstained while France and Belgium were being ground to powder under our very eyes, we should not have dared to look the world in the face again.

An old friend, Sir Samuel Hoare, and my neighbour in Norfolk, offered me the little living of Sidestrand, where his country home is. The living was vacated by the greatly-lamented death of Ivo Hood, an old Haileybury pupil of mine who had married Sir Samuel's youngest sister; and though his ministry only lasted a few months, he left a precious memory behind him of a young pastor richly endowed with holiness of character and human sympathy, who found his way to the hearts of the villagers in a surprisingly short time.

My little parish numbered no more than 120, and I was only Rector for two years; but it was an instructive experience, and I got to know several colleagues in the villages more inland and some of the cathedral staff in Norwich.

One old resident, Canon Marcon, of Edgefield, told me that down to about A.D. 1600 Norfolk and Suffolk were more cut off from the rest of England by the huge belt of fen-forest than they were from Scandinavia. The draining of the swamps took, it is said, a whole century, and was of course sturdily opposed by the rustics, who sucked no small advantage out of the turbary and timber-rights on the unenclosed land. Moreover, a geological friend informed me that the curiously distinctive scenery in that corner of England is due to the action of two huge confluent ice-streams in the glacial period. One came down England from Cumberland, the other from Scandinavia through the top of the North Sea, the two meeting at Cromer and forming a big moraine which is still to be seen in the long hill running parallel to the coast.¹ At any rate, the names of places, dialect, and customs of the people betray a Norwegian affinity; and to this day you may hear a sturdy son of the soil speaking of the rest of England as of a foreign country. "What!" said

¹ At the time of writing more wonderful facts have been published. Under the glacial deposit are the remains of a forest submerged under waters of the lagoon of the old Rhine.

a visitor to a farm labourer, "is your son actually going to Canada? That's a very long way off." "Ay, it be a long way. He will have to go to East Dereham and then out into the shires."

To understand the problem of rustic life, people should read two volumes, not at all lengthy. One is a really first-hand description of a village in Surrey being transformed by the enclosure of land and the advent of a villa population from the neighbouring town. The book is excellently written, and exposes, rather ruthlessly, the sham philanthropy mixed with condescension of well-to-do, well-intentioned people, who think to regenerate mankind by adding to their amusements without asking for their co-operation. Its value lies in its hopelessness as regards readjustments and material improvements as long as there is on one side a spirit of *de haut en bas*, and of slightly veiled but not ungrounded suspicion on the other.

The other book is written by an Oxford graduate—apparently an honours-man, though he effaces himself almost entirely—who came to the conclusion that the educated and fairly well-to-do classes of society are almost completely in the dark about the minds of working men, especially rustics, and that the best way of dispelling night was to live among them and work as one of them, earning wages on the land. After a period of taciturnity and wonder, the sturdy sons of the soil, finding the newcomer did not only his share of the labour, but worked eagerly and well, gradually revealed their secrets.

The result is given in a very interesting volume, containing much first-hand information from a discreet and sympathetic observer.

The work in Sidestrand gave me many new friends. Two have passed away—one a farmer's and the other a labourer's wife—both bed-ridden invalids at the beginning of my time. Both taught me much; to the latter

I owe a great debt. It was impossible to witness such faith and trust shown in prolonged suffering and growing weakness without being uplifted at least in desire. There was another deathbed in Overstrand, of Lady Battersea's faithful friend and servant Lester, of which I was privileged to know something. Five of the little village of Sidestrand have been summoned to their rest in this last year, and two of the best men in the district, both in Sir Samuel's service, died a year and a half ago. Every cottage has its own peculiar problems, and there is not one where you can say life is easy.

The village is a scattered hamlet, still primitive in character, in spite of the contiguity of Overstrand, a much larger village and full of summer visitors. We have still two or three, mostly older, men who never learnt to read, and find time hangs heavily through the very long winter evenings. Sometimes the wives read to them. The labourers are rare good workers, at least most of them, and I should say have brains a good deal above the average in other counties. Their wages are 25s. weekly, plus £10 for harvest work; there was only one old-fashioned large family, which has lately migrated to the next parish, so that there is contentment on the whole.

The whole tone of the place has been wonderfully raised by the late Sir Samuel Hoare transferring himself and his large family to the centre of the village and quitting Cromer, where they had lived for years. In those days the hamlet was worked from Overstrand and very little Church life was discernible. In forty-two years a notable change has been wrought, chiefly by Lady Hoare and the present squire, and such kindly associations keep alive the delightful relation of the old village type. It is easy to pick holes in the theory of Squire, Parson, and Tenants, but when you have the right people on the spot it is found to be the best society of the kind yet devised by man. The Squire is greatly aided by his sister, Mrs. Hood, who is not only devoted to the parish, but has written two learned books on the land-tenure history of the district,

and knows everything that can be known about "every bosky bourne from side to side," and bears a part in the local self-government of the parish and urban district.

The late Sir Samuel caused the old church (1400 *circ.*) to be moved from the edge of the cliff to comparative safety inland, but not as far as could be wished considering the onset of the North Sea. The removal was lovingly done, the order of the big stones being kept. The tower of the old church, being modern, was left as a landmark on the cliff side, and now the gravestones have been moved inland, and the fifteenth-century building saved from the fate of many another on this unbefriended coast.

After reading some of Ruskin I cannot attempt to describe the glory of the sunrises seen from Overstrand, especially in October, morning after morning, speaking of hope and peace through the long dread tracts of the war. There is incomparably more suggestion of hope in a sunrise than in a sunset, and I fancy the only people who would deny this are those who have never given the former a fair chance. All through 1917 we noted the radiant, huge pink orb mounting slowly, silently, up the slope of heaven, often straight over the Kiel Canal, where the enemy's navy was cooped up ingloriously. The rising "sun in all his state," so dominating and so tranquil, spoke to us of victory at last.

But never have worshippers been so prepared for the Service of Thanksgiving as were, on Jan. 1, 1918, some ten Sidestranders gathered in the churchyard and gazing eastward at the most supreme and triumphant radiance that any of us had ever witnessed. It spread in its peaceful and majestic iridescence from the far horizon to the zenith of the sky, a wholly unforgettable message from another world. This took place at 8 a.m. on that day, and we knew that before the close of the year the war would be ended.

In connexion with sunrise there is a symbolism suggested by a very ordinary London view of the eastern sky. In the foreground, houses, gardens, streets, and trees

mostly lopped and marred to prevent obstruction of light. In every house, groups of people, many of whom are still slumbering. A little farther off rises a church-spire in strong contrast with the house architecture, graceful and imposing and expressive of aspiration. Its outline can be dimly discerned long before the actual sunrise, even before the first distinct roseate flush can be descried on the cloudlet streaks poised above the horizon, or slowly sailing towards the north-east as to their chosen haven. Before long the tapering spire stands out against the crimson pageantry of heaven and points aloft in silent witness of man's best handiwork and contribution to the spreading glory of the dawn of a new day, till at last the golden orb of the sun uplifts himself in silent majesty, scattering all lingering shadows and humid vapours, and rebuking us for having hoped that the passing radiance of the sky which heralded his approach would abide in its tranquil beauty rather than that the victorious source of all the splendour should assert his power in irresistible brightness which dazzles while it cheers.

Let the foreground of houses represent the weltering multitudes of mankind ; the clouds, God's indirect revelation of Heaven through all the evanescent beauty of Earth, Sea, and Sky and man's art ; the sun, the Deity Himself. What, then, would the spire be ? Why not Science, the laborious modern aspiring effort of man's intellect ; imposing and in a manner perfect, yet speaking plainly of incompleteness and inadequacy whenever the celestial glory stands out behind and above. Then the function of man's handiwork is fully disclosed ; for the purpose of a spire is to point upwards, and with all its limitations Science reminds us of the Infinite.

Parish work in the village as Rector was a startling change from Public School work. Friendships are formed more gradually, and of course there is a feeling of helplessness in regard to the stubbornly recalcitrant little centres. At school we knew the bad boys would soon be gone, but

in the village there are one or two houses which make you reflect. The children mostly attended the Overstrand school; some went to Trimmingham.

On the whole, what every village in England needs is a more cordial spirit of neighbourly concord. Social demarcations are very rigid; yet wonderful self-devoted help is always given in times of emergency, though the relations at other times are frosty. Beyond all question the hope lies with the children, and in closer co-operation between teachers and parents.

A grim fact, however, for residents in that pleasant land is the coast erosion. Land-springs form in the sand-cliffs and force its edge, forming a shapeless, ugly sort of bastion ready for the next high tide or storm from the north to wash away. Sooner or later this occurs. If the sludgy mass were left piled up against the vertical wall of the still solid cliff, no great harm would be done. As it is, as soon as the "strages" of sand is carried away, the whole process repeats itself, and large tracts of peculiarly attractive land surface are lost for ever. It is no consolation to us to be told that the sea is receding at Morecambe Bay or even on the north side of the Wash. The fitful and wanton deep is playing havoc with that choice corner of England, and there seems to be no remedy as long as money is tight and people find recreation in wrangling. I have a misgiving that the Ancient Romans would have solved this problem long ago. Why cannot we? Presumably, if it goes on long enough to threaten Norwich itself, something would be done. One hears rumours of the Carnegie Trust, but rumour is an unsatisfying jade; and so the mischief goes on. Moreover, the absence of rocks deters all the wild sea-birds except gulls clean away. Migrants, of course, come, but only for a night, and if you want to see them you should spend twenty-four hours out on the deep in a punt—not always an attractive programme in April or October. Yet now

and then we catch the twittering salute of the oyster-catcher overhead, or the sweet wailing of a lonely curlew wending its way inland.

In spite of these drawbacks, it is a fascinating part of the world and ludicrously libelled by valetudinarian visitors who may happen to have come in for a north-easter in March. As soon as we begin to receive attentions from the Pole in the form of a shrieking hurricane—which I admit occurs now and then, but rarely—these worthies pack up their traps and flee to Minehead or Torquay, telling everybody they meet on the way that Norfolk is “horribly cold,” and of course in a superstitious age they are believed, as panic-mongers generally are. But those favoured people who can still scent out a falsehood in confident asseverations and have learnt that Kingsley was not always wrong, discover by experiment that the climate of the Norfolk coast is generally from mid-September to Christmas nearly perfect. An old friend, Dr. Barrett of Norwich, had a little house in Overstrand, and told us how he had tea out-of-doors on Christmas Day! and the great attraction of those months is the absence of wind, which I admit in August is apt to be a nuisance. In January and March there occur days which test the soundness of the vital organs most effectually. On one of these I embarked on a round of golf with the only other man in Cromer who could face the blast over the North Sea, good old Colonel Winter (ætat about sixty-five). Not another soul was on the links. The wind was a frozen hurricane, and when we came to climb up Target Hill, I slammed away nine shots in face of the tempest and at last got over the brow on to the green. I could scarcely walk, and the sand dashed like countless pin-points into my face, and there before me was the prone form of the gallant old Colonel, sprawling, with his face buried in the ground, and by his side the two caddies crying with cold. One round was enough that day; indeed, the Colonel could not manage more whatever the weather: he was by no means robust, but

in him, as Kinglake said of Keate, there was the pluck of ten battalions.

Two other humorous pictures are in my mind, drawn from the lovely Cromer links and connected with my dear old friend Stuart Donaldson. It was on a fine still day in August, rather a rare kind of day for that month, that I was playing a round, and knew that at the same time Donaldson was playing against Metcalf, the much respected Vicar of St. Pancras, and formerly of the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick. Neither of these admirable men would have protested if their golf had been described then and always as extremely uncertain. Their handicaps now would be about thirty. Standing on the shelf-tee, then the eighth tee, I was enjoying the sunlight and the very unusual quiet of the landscape, when suddenly from the green in the valley below a robust tenor voice like a Tyrrhenian trumpet was heard proclaiming, "Why, Metcalf, you are the first man I have beaten for two and a half years." The whole of Cromer and all the visitors on the links were given the benefit of this information. But the perfect tranquillity with which the somewhat derogatory disclosure was received by Metcalf was a lesson to all golfers; though I will say very few men, golfers or not, would have taken offence at anything Stuart Donaldson said.

Some years later I was walking over the links with the present Bishop of Manchester, by the cliff edge, and near Target Hill saw about twenty yards away a bulkily built, grey-clad player bending over a golf ball, and while grasping the club with the left hand, shaking his fist at the inert sphere and apparently uttering what the Latin poets would describe as "things fit to be uttered and things not," especially the latter. After about a minute he looked up, and "Donald's" beaming face met our gaze, and in an instant, with all his habitual and delicious cordiality, he hastened up the slope to greet us. Of course there was barely time to crack a joke, as other players were coming along; so Stuart hurried back to his ball, and the

moment he got to it resumed his furious gestures, gnashing of teeth, and wealth of vocabulary. The ball was certainly off the line and not lying very clear; but this unnatural pantomime on the part of the sunniest-tempered man in Europe reminded me of one of the most respected of our bishops, who admitted to me that he had to forgo the game to save the remnants of his temper.

It was a feature of Overstrand in those times (1900 *circ.*) that literary and dramatic notabilities would gather together in August and September. Musical lights were invited by Lady Speyer, and village concerts were given. At one of these one of the performers entered the room carrying two violins said to be worth 500 guineas apiece.

The little house called Grangeorman, which we built on land belonging to the famous ornithologist John Henry Gurney, was designed by my wife, and with the lovely acre and a quarter of garden now belongs to my two daughters. They make a home for me. My wife was taken from us, after years of terrible suffering, in 1919. I worked the little Sidestrand parish from this home, which stands just in Overstrand, and the sketch of that work just given comes in reality in its proper place as an interlude in the Overstrand sojourn.

On the other hand, a good deal of my Church work has lain outside Sidestrand, consisting mainly of preaching and lecturing in the neighbourhood, and occasionally in Norwich, where I had some talk with the lovable Dean Beeching and his successor Dean Willink, and Canon Meyrick, the worthy occupant of St. Peter Mancroft, the very finest of the Norwich churches, and Canon Bell, father of the new Dean of Canterbury. The Rector of Overstrand, the Rev. L. Carr, and his wife have been friends of ours for nearly thirty years. Considering the heavy burden on his shoulders, it is astonishing how well he bears the "whips and scorns of time." Mrs. Carr's paintings have done much to bring home to visitors and others the beauty of this corner of England. Further, I

still belong to a small Greek Testament brotherhood, the chief member of which, Mr. Milnes-Walker, of Bacons-thorpe, to our great regret is obliged to resign his living—a serious loss. We meet at intervals in different vicarages, lunch, ponder over a passage of the New Testament, then discuss some profoundly interesting problem till tea-time. The meetings are very pleasant, and I am sure really beneficial, making one question how our forbears managed a hundred years ago, before railways and bicycles.

Some very different work has come in the form of a branch of the Girls' Diocesan Association. My eldest daughter has been energetic in helping the formation of the branch, which at one time seemed very difficult owing to a scantiness of material in the county and the previously formed association called Time and Talents. It has been my lot to be the Lecturer to different branches, in Kent, more than once near London, at Ripon, and on the Norfolk coast at West Runton. Some of my readers will know what the nature of the G.D.A. is; the deep hopefulness of its work, and the delightfulness of the "weeks," organized with the utmost care. Those who have not yet come into contact with it must take on trust what I say, that it is very nearly, if not quite, the most promising of all the movements, philanthropic, civic, or religious, now on foot. Educated girls from serious homes are banding together and vigorously striving to learn not only the principles of social work as far as they are known, but the deeper interpretation of life given in the New Testament and applied to modern problems. I could say much on this theme, but must forbear.

CHAPTER XIV

COMPARATIVE SILENCE

At this point in my survey of experience I enter upon the exposition—though that is a presumptuous word—of certain principles which, though widely professed in all classes of society, have never yet been generally gripped with firmness as living truths, and in consequence the deepest perplexities in human life wait their elucidation.

Some, I am well aware, disown these principles as based on *facts*. Many inferences from them they welcome; but they feel impelled to discard them—that is, either rejecting them as being untrue or waiving them as insignificant. The next few chapters of this book will certainly be to this latter group unmeaning.

But I am not without hope that to all the vast multitude who are disposed to believe that the Creator of this Universe not only cares for His human children, but in Christ has revealed the infinity of His love, the perusal of the following pages may be a reminder that we are committed to a most glorious hope—namely, that this world is, after all, a redeemed place, a perfect training-ground of character for eternity, though a wretched failure if our temporal happiness is the one object of our existence. For that is in truth the assumption in the mind of anyone who finds himself impelled now and again to offer prayer to His Maker.

In short, to all who believe, however faintly, that God cares, the following considerations are addressed in the conviction that there is not one of them which is not directly derived from the central tenet which we hold in common.

There is a view of life which prevails so far and wide in this country as almost to deserve the title of universal. It is that in and above everything which we see, "the fashion of this world," the Creator of the Universe of things is present actively engaged in guiding mankind singly and collectively to a glorious destiny, offering us all conceivable good now and here, on one condition: that we desire it more than we can desire anything else. That means, in simpler language, desiring Him. Meantime, the world presents to us numberless objects of desire which, though often beautiful and indeed necessary to our welfare, are yet withheld from us, but not so as to seem unattainable. The crisis of each individual life, therefore, is so to use this world and all our experiences in it as means to progress in the finding of our Creator and Saviour.

The doing of this is surprisingly difficult, owing to the imperatively urgent claims of the world, which seem to demand our undivided attention—claims which in Europe to-day are very rapidly increasing in complexity every year that passes. Nevertheless, there are and always have been a minority of men and women who have achieved success in this lofty endeavour—that is to say, who have gradually learnt so to order their lives in the world as to make them more and more definitely the training for Eternity; and that when they do, it is by a process of renunciation, a complete turning upside-down of a valuation which for a long time seemed to be unquestionably right and sane. In other words, they change one view of life for another. This means in most cases quiet thinking; apparently, in all cases, prayer.

I do not affirm that all the best people have been blessed with quiet spells in their lives. Some seem able naturally to transmute all experiences into the knowledge of God. But when we contemplate the problem in its simplicity, it is a most perplexing fact that nearly all educated people acquiesce in the modern fashion of turning out young people into the world without provision for or expectation

of any period of quiet whatever between the cradle and the grave.

This characteristic of modern Europeans, we are told, causes a large number of Eastern people to reckon us all as not quite sane. Meditation on the unseen realities is to them an essential part of every true life; so that societies which deprive themselves of all chance of securing it are to be shunned.

If the Orientals knew us better, would they take a less disparaging view of our proceedings? I doubt it; for they would soon learn that an enormous majority of those who are in the vortex of modern professional life or who are absorbed in philanthropic activities themselves plaintively deplore their plight. We feel ourselves irresistibly compelled to be busy about something, but nobody knows about what. The haunting doubt broods over nearly every mind that the one thing missing is a meaning of all this effort; a goal of endeavour; a purpose; a hope. At times it steals over us that a recovery of hope means the bringing of ourselves into communion and co-operation with God. It is true that very many of us older people fear that, even if time were provided, the thirst would remain unslaked: we have never learnt how to drink of the living Water.

None the less there is little doubt that sheer pressure of externalities, by which I mean temporal claims, is working havoc with civilization, and that there is a deep conviction of our need of what is sometimes called self-recollection, of closer, more continuous, more positive contact with the Divine.

A striking little book on Civilization by Albert Schweitzer, very recently published, gives, for the first time as far as I know, *overwork* as the principal disease of the times. Some forty-five years ago Lord Balfour characteristically remarked that it would be rather ridiculous if this entire machine, political and ecclesiastical, broke down from overwork. All leaders of thought and action spoken of in the Bible seem to have been men of intuition rather

than of intellect, and their intuition was encouraged by long periods of solitude and silence. Even St. Paul must have been at liberty to lift up his heart while riding or walking along the great Roman roads. How arresting, too, is the fact that actually on the way to the accomplishment of his dearest wish, the great Apostle was detained for two precious years at Cæsarea. Yet he never alludes to the time as wasted. Again: someone has remarked that the more deeply we ponder on the human Christ, the less we can imagine Him running.

These are considerations which cannot be lightly set on one side. They provoke the question, whence has come all our modern belief in talk and hustle and the jostle of unreflecting activity, strenuousness, routine, or thoughtless upsetting?

I have dwelt on this point as a preamble to the record of a very critical phase in my own career.

Certain misgivings had been haunting the minds of an increasing number of teachers for some thirty or forty years. The purpose and meaning of them began to become clear to me when I left off school work in 1916, and was later on blessed with the opportunity of revolving the situation during two years of retirement as Rector of the tiny parish of Sidestrand—that is, from 1918 to 1920. I had no idea before that time of the supreme comfort (in the proper sense of the word) of a period of quiet; of something like solitude; of stillness; of listening. It was a time also of grievous domestic affliction, and the air was thick with warnings drawn from the awful experiences the nations of the world had been undergoing. I cannot tell how, but by degrees spiritual light dawned on many dark places.

I must not omit to mention that the time in Norfolk was preceded by some months' experience in London. The much-loved Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Dick Sheppard, as he is invariably called, invited me to help him in the war-time in his immensely diversified pastorate, as a sort of curate. The principal work was

preaching and services ; but some preparing of adults for Confirmation was passed on to me. My notion beforehand was that experience with backward boys, in class and often one by one, would give me the necessary equipment. When it came to the pinch I found that while with the schoolboys something seemed to pass from teacher to pupil, with the Londoners I failed egregiously, though only in one case did I know this at the time. Subsequently I recognized the truth. What did it mean ? From this unexpected failure what was to be inferred as to the previous teaching of the schoolboys during forty years ?

During the Sidestrand time fresh evidence of the astonishing difficulty of passing on revealed truth about God to another human being accumulated. Profoundly thankful am I that it did ; for it taught me that the best a human teacher can do is to sharpen the *understanding*, whereas truth is only apprehended by *intuition*,¹ and is always a wholly inexplicable quickening by the Holy Spirit. The best teaching is but planting and watering. Man is but a channel, and the moment he thinks of himself as anything else, the channel is blocked.

A great saying of one of our very greatest thinkers, Father R. M. Benson, puts the matter into its true focus : "Christianity is the only religion which does not only talk about Life but gives it."

While trying to make something of these great words, I was startled to find in Bergson's book the following depreciatory estimate of the power with which that most brilliant writer has been lavishly endowed. "There is in Intellect an inherent incapacity to comprehend Life." Here was a warning indeed, something of a bolt from the blue, bearing full on the aims and hopes of all who believe they are called to teach. What if most of our effort is too exclusively intellectual, when it ought to have been

¹ This is a conflation of the nomenclature adopted by Bergson—Intellect and Intuition—with that of S. T. Coleridge—Understanding and Reason. Cf. *Creative Evolution* and *Aids to Reflection* (Coleridge), esp. pp. 108-237.

the manifestation of a new life transcending the intellect, but offered to the simple-hearted of mankind ?

Schoolmastering is a profession which encourages a high moral standard, but is apt to loosen the link which ought to bind morals and religion, so that insensibly the appeal to honour and the sense of duty oust the religious motive. For a time a measure of visible success may not unfrequently be attained by this method and doubts are easily suppressed in a life of singularly exacting routine, though men may be all working on very dubious assumptions. For instance, the very deepest Christian thinkers have long been agreed that man cannot save himself. Yet a house-master in a boarding-school, wishing for success, may find a short cut to it which proceeds on the opposite assumption. I mean in this way: Success means popularity, and popularity means conforming to the main demand of each of three groups: the parents, his colleagues, the boys. The first look to him to be kindly to their sons, and just strict enough to prevent disorder. The second estimate him according to the amount of "work" he does. The boys require justice, sympathy, tact; that is to say, they respond to any appeal addressed to their sense of honour, their British love of lawfulness, and desire for the good name of the house; all the more readily, so it seems, if their pastor avoids the vexed and nebulous subject of their relation to their Creator. Religious matters, in short, may be left to the Chapel services and to the uncertain influence of the parents. Thus the tutor—I use the term loosely—very easily falls into the way of dealing ethically with the youngsters committed to his charge, and up to eighteen years of age the method has all the appearance of being well suited to the needs of what is roughly called "boy-nature."

Then, too, there is committed to him the task of imparting to his pupils "secular" knowledge—history, science, literature, and the like—which has during the last century come to be more and more definitely severed from sacred knowledge.

His antecedents, his home training, and the traditions he has inherited constrain him to believe that in this double endeavour he will find ample scope for his noblest ambition: to guide his pupils through boyhood's dangers by dint of an ethical appeal to them, and by enthusiasm for some uplifting subject of study to brace and kindle their minds. But it may be that experience slowly and painfully convinces him that this conception of the work of a schoolmaster is pitifully inadequate, and that in a twofold way.

First, he discovers that in "secular" subjects, no less than in Bible history, there is just the same difficulty as he is aware of in imparting a definitely religious view of life—namely, that as soon as the lessons touch on what is living truth, correlation of facts, interpretation of phenomena, perception of beauty, and so forth, all except a select few fail to rise to anything more than a superficial and transitory interest. What they learn is something mechanical, formulated, and possibly very useful in examinations, but not living truth, nor permanently held: in short, not assimilated.

It may then dawn upon him that perhaps the apprehension of the living element in "secular" knowledge is a gift given to some, exactly as to a small minority only is given the apprehension of our relation to God. How, then, if there be an element common to both? Supposing, that is, that the grasp of Truth and perception of Beauty in "secular" subjects are a laying hold of the Divine; that though on a lower level than in building up of character, there is the same strange arresting thing which can only be called an awakening?

Secondly, in the higher department, in the building up of character, our tutor soon discovers that his ethical appeal, combined with *esprit de corps* and responsibility, works a salutary effect for a time, viz. up to the end of school life, say eighteen, the effect being much more doubtful if school life ends at fourteen. But his pupils on passing out into the world, as most of them do, to be

exposed to a mass of mundane suggestion, bidding them look to their own temporal interests first, are found wanting in the one safeguard: reverence for the law of God, as for a divine majestic thing.

For their ethical training, far more influential than the religious in most cases, has meant for them, at best, a kind of secular civic altruism which they believe will make for their own and others' temporal happiness. Religion they come to look upon as a desirable accessory to the life of action suitable to people of a particular temperament. Meantime the trouble is that—as stated in the opening of this chapter—the tutor has deep down in his own heart the conviction that each human being lives the true life only if he is learning day by day to know God; yet he finds that it is astonishingly easy to establish in young minds an ideal of moral rectitude which is or may be independent of the thought of God, as a personal Father, revealed through Christ.

At this point we are reminded of the teachings of history concerning the state of the world about the year 1. In regard to the things of the spirit we read about man far and wide touched with a yearning for a higher life: the Jews striving for it by obedience to the moral law, the Greeks grasping at Beauty and Rationality, the Romans aiming at the establishment of order in national life by firm government. All, let us notice, concerned with the bettering of this present life.

Now, what happened in Palestine through the work and teaching of Christ was that the imparting of the Divine Life to mankind was revealed as a fact instead of an aspiration. The Divine Man, Christ, made it plain that He Himself was and will ever be the living channel of Life; and that man's two fundamental needs, cleansing from his past and strengthening for his future, are both satisfied in Christ through the work of the Holy Spirit. For the teaching and work of Jesus Christ were a preparation for the Day of Pentecost.

So much (in barest outline) of the Divine disclosing.

What difference must it make in our efforts towards the Ideal ?

First, it reverses the order of all our efforts, or, according to modern phraseology, it enjoins a change of Values. Instead of man's spiritual aspirations being first, and religion a vague accessory, a self-taught, ancillary emotion, the tremendous fact of God our Creator now and eternally giving Himself to man—to unclean, helpless, conceited man—is the Rock-fact on which we must be established if we are to see the Truth about anything whatsoever. Only if we begin with God's Glory can we be sure we are intending the true welfare of man.

Next, if it is apprehended—and I am writing for those who see no reason to deny the affirmation—we shall deal with the young, not by appealing to them to rely on their own strength, but to make real to themselves and to others the supernatural life on which we are called to live. Not that there must be any folding of the hands ; but the helpless has to be really assured of a Strength not his own.

Thirdly, we shall handle " secular " subjects, as channels of the Divine Revelation. This, of course, is a vast subject. I will only point out here that the conception of knowledge as " secular " is an hallucination ; that is, if it is thought of as truth in and for itself and, so to speak, a department of life lying apart from God's control, it can only be an utterly useless delusion. God is everywhere or nowhere ; and where He is, He is the paramount and dominating fact. We should notice how the propensity to think of events and facts as independent of His control accords with man's pride : just as it affronts his pride to be told that he cannot save himself. This is the point of contact between the two conventional methods of teaching in schools : the attempt to train character ethically, and the attempt to deal with knowledge independently of God. They both assume that man's natural, moral, and intellectual faculties are sufficient for the demands which life makes upon them.

Similarly, in social work we combine in desperate

endeavour to eliminate suffering from human life instead of transforming it, though we call ourselves followers of the Crucified.

In other words, the confusion in respect of fundamentals is not confined to the schools. There is among the philanthropic workers just the same attempt to identify Time and Eternity, or more simply, a vacillation between two views of the purpose of our creation. We are in this world either to suffer as little as possible for a few years, or under probation as being trained for the next.

Hence we understand why Christ's social teaching was summed up in the precept "Go ye and teach"; for the difference between a Christian and a heathen is not so much in conduct or even in character as in knowledge of a mighty hope. This follows from the initial acknowledgment which we nearly all make but easily forget: that God acts.

Self-forgetfulness means "submitting to God's Righteousness," not seeking our own. Our "own righteousness" ¹ clearly means such goodness as we think makes for temporal happiness. It is by the mercy of God that at last we are learning how in seeking temporal happiness the nations lose it; for it breeds strife, the outcome of vain-glory. Is it not an illumination of spirit to learn that the evils under which we groan are our own fault, not God's?

Again, it ought to be an immense encouragement to us that the results of our efforts are not revealed; yet the aim of our striving is made abundantly clear: it is to work with God in this Epiphany of Himself. Man must know the Life is near him before he can effectively seek it.

So the Christian's work in this world is a passing on to others the knowledge of the Divine relation, and in this work "God gives the increase."

¹ Rom. x. 3.

CHAPTER XV

WHITELANDS COLLEGE

THE last chapter will perhaps have made it plain to what sort of work I could not help feeling myself called. It was the planting in the receptive minds of children the fact of their relation to the Creator; His offer to them all of eternal life and a warning of the loss if the offer is rejected. In other words, it is not conceivable that anyone who believes that this offer has really been made could be in doubt as to the primacy of this duty.

In 1843 I became Dean of Whitelands College, Chelsea, which means a combination of Chaplain for the Chapel services and Lecturer on the Bible during the week. In 1848 the National Society for the Education of the Poor founded this College in King's Road, Chelsea, for the training of young women destined for the calling of teachers in Elementary Schools.

There were two plots of ground, one on each side of the road. The southern was called Whitelands, the northern was called Blacklands. The society pitched on the name of better omen; and for eighty-one years the College has been training 200 girls for perhaps the most important profession of all: that of teacher of children who are destined to exercise more and more influence on the history of the British Empire, that is, of mankind at large, as time goes on. The College has always had a good name. Like other Church Training Colleges, it has enjoyed to the full the wholesome stimulus of impecuniosity, the result of the insane system under which definite training in the principles of Christianity—that is, of

Christ's attitude towards life—has to be carried on under a permanently crippling disability ; and that in a country where reverence for Christian principles is sincerely and generally professed.

No one can say what the College owed to the unfailing generosity of the late Duke of Westminster. But the special tone of the College has been largely due to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal from 1874 to 1907, and succeeded in interesting Ruskin, whose influence and interest ameliorated the somewhat harsh educational diet of the eighties. The College has always given prominence to the artistic side of the students' training. The present Principal is Miss Winifred Mercier. The pupils come from all over England, and the demand on the accommodation of the College seems to be increasing every year.

It is then amply worth while to consider what is the fundamental importance of a Training College in our national life. I should not be sanguine of securing any general agreement to the answer I am going to suggest were it not that recent events are teaching us (1) the importance of character training ; (2) the dependence of that training on religion. Hence even among men who think little about or of the dogmatic idea of Christianity there is a general disposition to give facilities for its promulgation, which is in sharp contrast with the antagonism of a few years ago.

For what is before us ?

We should never have known without the Gospel. As it is, I trust the last chapter will have given a hint of the answer. It is that, God being what He is, there cannot be any conceivable aim or longing in man's heart fit to displace, for a moment, the yearning desire to let Him give Himself to us, that we may learn to love His commandments—not because they show how the world might be transformed, though they do, but because they are God's commands and the highest joy in life is to do His Will without clearly knowing what good it will do. This is not to forgo social reform, but to set ourselves to do it *lawfully*.

At the present time the next step clearly is the imparting to the rising generation—who are most ready to receive it—the knowledge of our relation to our Creator. This means the revealing to little children the majesty of God's Law and the graciousness of His Love. It is chiefly committed to the parents; but as it includes Truth, it concerns the school; and as it includes Beauty (the environment), it concerns Society. It calls for both practical and prophetic work on the widest possible scale; but the main motive of that work is, not the harvesting but the planting of the Word. If this were understood, there would be perhaps no great outward change, but a vast deepening of love and right desire: love of that which God commands and desire for that which He promises.

Let us listen to a great teacher once more: "We must not have any idea of presenting to Him a province on earth, pacified and reduced to submission under our control. If He finds us fighting when He comes back, that is all."

Nevertheless, the good work goes on. Truth is being all but choked by counterfeit, but it lives on. More particularly it is the villages where the Elementary School makes itself felt. For quiet living influence, for rich opportunity, for the peace of mind which belongs to those only who know they are setting their hand to the very work which Christ prescribed, there is no more favourable opening than the headmastership of a village school. It is higher work than that in towns, because the teacher and the parents can work at their sacred task in friendly co-operation; without which there is very often a fatal divergence of aim, and the youngsters suffer (as the unhappy Irish suffered from our intervention) by not knowing which law they are to obey: God or Mammon. Where that disaster occurs, disorder and poison are apparently introduced into the depths of the children's characters. It demands the most enlightened unity of purpose and single-hearted endeavour if many of them are to recognize a higher law than that of self.

In a village, a woman brought up in a refined home, though devoid of brilliant gifts and lacking the support of powerful friends, has been known in scores of instances to have lifted the whole life of the locality: not by noisy, pushful self-assertion, but by tact, by patience, by faith and "love unfeigned." There has been much tall talk since the war about the strength of the British Empire lying in the character of the people, but it is not widely perceived that the backbone of England has ever been the breed of young men and women brought up in the country.

If such, then, be the aspirations in the minds of patriots, how far is such a college as Whitelands fulfilling them? I am fain to bear witness to what I found among the staff: a zeal for things of permanent value, a steadfast affection for duty, which have built up a vigorous tradition of loyalty for the institution and an *esprit de corps*, all the more remarkable in presence of grave disabilities. Would the local patriotism evoked by each of our great Public Schools be what it is if the time of residence for each boy were only two years; if no notice were taken of the institution by the rich and great in the land; if the destination of all the boys were to an occupation not yet recognized nor duly upheld by the community, but still criticized from above and tolerated as a necessity of modern times? It is hard to exaggerate the difference in equipment, in popular favour, in amenities, in superficial attractiveness and glamour, between the venerable Public Schools and these modern, upstart, unromantic seminaries of training. A College like Whitelands is destitute of nearly all the advantages I have named. Yet I make bold to say that, in spite of the difficulties it has had to contend with, most of which are a sorry credit to the community, there is an unmistakable vitality about the place which not only inspires warm affection and joyous loyalty, but kindles an unquenchable hope for the future.

CHAPTER XVI

OTHER WORK

MEANTIME, in addition to the work of Dean of Whitelands Training College, there are two or three lesser activities—I mean as to demand on time—with which I count it a privilege to be associated. The first is the Teachers Guild of St. Peter, a Church society of teachers originally Elementary only, but now including the Secondary as well. It is for the maintenance of the spiritual side of the teachers' work—and there is no other side!—by monthly gatherings, study, and prayer. Every single honest-hearted citizen who has for a brief moment felt the importance of the work done among children, the tone in which Christ spoke of them, the vast lump of heathenism among the young to-day, must desire to help this effort. Though guilds multiply and jostle, there is none that is more evidently and indisputably a work of obedience to our Master. If it is asked, Why is it denominational? Are we not all one, etc.? I answer: I hope so; but the only sound way of uniting outwardly is for each denomination to manifest its own quickened life inwardly, and before long we shall see how to join together. Coalition when it is the result of renewed vitality will be a kind of new birth. Now, birth when the time is ripe cannot be further delayed; it is bound to come; but the ripeness of time depends upon genuineness and fervour of desire. Lukewarmness and insincerity forbid the time to ripen; and if we bring it about prematurely, the result is abortion. Those who hold these principles are trying to regain the long-discredited virtue of patience; and all the time those who accuse them of

narrowness have something to say, but don't know what they are talking about.

The branches of the Guild are spread about the country : some thrive ; some pine ; but those that are firm and persist are learning that Prayer is the greatest power in the world if we remember Christ's caution that we are not to suppose it makes no difference. For most people that takes a life-time ; but all through they may feel the uplifting assurance that they are doing God's prescribed work and leaving the issue in His Hands. " In His Will is our peace."

The Guild sets an example of economy, there being no central office, but much secretarial work done for love. The Bishop of Stepney is the present Warden ; my work is that of a travelling secretary ; but the vitality of the society is principally due to Mr. Fedarb, a name which will be held in honour as long as the Guild continues. As he is still with us I will say no more.

Perhaps what I have written in Chapter XIV may have made it plain that if we really desire to put our reverence for Christ into practice we shall engage ourselves to work which has *primarily* reference to the world to come, not designed simply to make more happiness in this world, though it tends to this result. Because that is emphatically what He taught and did. Sometimes the double aspect of work is manifest, it is so practical and so ideal. Such is the work of the Talbot Settlement in Camberwell (not to be confused with the Talbot House, *alias* Toc. H.). Till I became Chairman of the Council I had no idea what a Settlement is. What is it ?

A home for voluntary workers, the woman's side of the Cambridge House: not a very imposing description, but consider what we should be without any such. The work in the vast poverty-stricken areas of London for keeping human life from sinking irretrievably is to a certain extent the concern of the County and Borough Councils, but it should be known that without the voluntary and unpaid workers who in manifold activities have

devoted their lives to the poor, the official efforts would be woefully ineffective compared with what they now are. Our Settlement gives not only definite teaching in the theory and practice of social work, but real encouragement and companionship that come from touch with others engaged in similar but not identical activities, living under the same roof, their minds being refreshed with lectures, and varied interests kept alive, without which no woman, however self-sacrificing, could possibly bear up against the vast volume of human distress and toil and struggle, and the multiplicity of problems infinitely complex, and all urgent, cropping up every day. If our Settlement were to come to an end—and like all other good work it has been compassed about with financial stress and perplexity—some fifty voluntary workers would be turned loose: the younger ones would lose the guidance which is absolutely necessary for them; the elder ones the spiritual recreation which rescues the human being from becoming a machine. Very soon those fifty workers would give up the attempt to persevere; and the loss to the community would be immeasurable.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL, HARPENDEN

The last of the "causes" or movements to be mentioned here is the co-educational boarding-school started eighteen years ago by the Rev. C. Grant at the attractive and growing little town of Harpenden, in Hertfordshire.

Before long the public will recognize an educational work of the highest importance that has been quietly, steadily growing in the centre of England, within easy reach of London. It is still too soon to explain fully the secret of a success achieved in face of unusual difficulties.

Why do I call it a "cause"? What is a cause? That question, in the philosopher's study, is the short cut to the heart of a metaphysical quagmire. Here we skirt it, and think of a practical manifestation of a new idea; still looked at askance by the man in the market-place;

ignored by the man on the top of the bus ; distrusted even by some members of the Parents' National Educational Union, who generally favour experiments. Why ? Because it is a school where adolescent boys and girls are prepared together for life's problems and demands ; associating with each other freely and naturally during the slippery years, as they have for long done through childhood and will do at the Universities. Why is it that the easy-going, tolerant Englishman when he catches the word co-education still shakes his head ?

I am not quite sure of the answer to this question ; except that it is our way to give some simple reason against a new idea brought to our notice, which is rarely, if ever, the fundamental objection ; and to get at the latter is far from easy, because the objector himself has not formulated it, and is often wholly unconscious of it. Possibly men are still influenced by unsavoury memories of their own boyhood, when, as many records testify, the only educational principle generally observed was *laissez-aller*—neglect, in short. If the public conscience was so dead as to permit horrible cruelty towards little children, it is not strange that schoolboys were neglected and the life in the big boarding-schools was coarse and barbarous. It was taken for granted that it must be so, and this idea lingers. But, then, why expose our daughters to the same very undesirable and indeed debasing experiences ?

Why, indeed ? But supposing Nature, as we call her, provides in girlhood an antidote to the coarser strains of the boy-temperament ? Who are we that we should fancy ourselves justified in forgoing the safeguard ? Again, as already emphasized, even in the boys' schools there has come about an unmistakable "cleansing of public opinion," as Plato calls it. Imagine, then, the conditions when with a small and manageable number of boys and girls in nearly equal proportions, a headmaster and his wife, real pastors of the flock, establish such a confidential relation with the pupils that no one of them could for a moment doubt the willingness, the wisdom, and the

sympathy of those set over them ; when the influence of each sex upon the other is normally for good ; just as the least imperfect thing to be seen on a large scale and in manifold variety in this world is an English home where brothers and sisters live together in unity : and is it not conceivable that our timidity in this matter is unwarranted ? I can assert with all confidence, and with real knowledge of the state of the case, that from St. George's the familiar bogey of school life has been exorcised as far as is possible in a corrupt world ; and to a degree markedly beyond that which has been reached in any boarding-school I know. Of course, this is not to say " beyond every school in England " ; but the statement made as I have made it could not be modified or toned down without loss of truth.

But there is more than a merely negative statement to be made. The contribution of what may be called secular training from St. George's to English education is of a strong positive nature in two respects : there is already a distinct and remarkable artistic tone in the place ; and further, as far as such a matter can be diagnosed, I have not met elsewhere so strong a *personal* religious tone among any young people. This is a feature of the school on which I may not dwell ; but it is necessary to emphasize one point with all vigour. If the principle set forth in Chapter XIV is at all sound, that is, if our Divine Creator works on the hearts of those who call upon Him, there is no reason to doubt that the wholesomeness and richness of the school life are products of true spiritual working. I cannot believe they are to be accounted for in any other way.

It is often said that the results of such an experiment depend on the personality of the headmaster and mistress. Doubtless we may not set limits to the power of personal influence ; but in a general way it is assumed that there are difficulties and dangers peculiar to co-educational schools, not found elsewhere ; and that wherever they have been successfully met it has been due to a certain

quite exceptional atmosphere not to be reckoned on in any other similar experiment, something evanescent and uncertain; and that where it fails to operate you will have catastrophic results graver and more irremediable than in schools of the ordinary type.

This is a delusion. As far as I can ascertain after careful enquiry, there is no serious problem in a mixed school which is not found in an ordinary school. The problems are, of course, manifold; but not one of them is due solely to the system.

The truth is, the misgivings that the idea of co-education gives rise to are the outcome of inveterate class prejudice. It was neatly phrased at a meeting of the Teachers' Guild somewhat in this fashion: "In many a provincial town we still find the leading local architect unwilling to let his son make friends with the son of the local haberdasher; but he would be still more unwilling if it were a case of the haberdasher's daughter." Till I knew St. George's I confess I thought this difficulty insurmountable. I now know that in the right atmosphere it vanishes as wax melteth at the fire; and no one knows how or why.

It is doubtless a healthy and bracing tonic for any new movement to be confronted with truly formidable difficulties in its early stages. Such bracing St. George's has enjoyed from the outset.

It happens that the parents who believe in what the school offers belong not to the section who can easily afford places in the Public Schools for their children; and the fees have therefore always been low. This means work hampered more than it ought to be by financial straitening, and I cannot help hoping that some new friends will come forward to help with gifts an almost unique educational venture. There is a stage in the growth of an institution when some increase in the resources means an increase in beneficence. That stage St. George's has now reached. Of course the question will be asked, Why does not the school receive support from public

funds?—that is, from the County Council and Board of Education.

An experiment requires freedom, and clearly subsidies from public funds involve just such public control as might be fatal to a young and delicate plant of pioneer venture.

There are many things which are likely to remain hidden from the eyes of energetic schoolmasters swept along in a routine-vortex; and among them is a most arresting phenomenon: the power of the dedicated group-life. In a boarding-school there is a kind of group-life which at times shows a tendency to lift up self-centred young minds into the joy of corporate endeavour and common self-forgetfulness; and nowadays its influence is generally health-giving and joyous. But it is restricted to a few only of the boys, and its effect can seldom be traced when the youth leaves the shelter of school to plunge into the struggle of business life and the ceaseless, racketing quest after a sufficiency of this world's goods. Moreover, it is manifestly artificial and thrives for a time on sham antagonisms which have to be fostered—or so we used to think—in order to maintain a steady output of boys' energy, that being the best way hitherto discovered—so it seems—of combating the claims of the ego, which at eighteen years of age are liable to be obtrusive indeed.

Whatever its success may be, it comes to an abrupt end, and like other good things is surprisingly inadequate to our deeper needs. Yet all the time there is a group-life going on inside the widespread community of the Church; a life which is like the other in one respect: it combats egoism, but it is not dependent on artificial stimulus, still less on sham antagonisms, but recalls the primitive group-life in Apostolic times; a quiet, leavening thing; working powerfully for good, for healing, strengthening, and comfort of the weak and downcast. Yet it has a way of stirring the scorn among critics of the

affairs of men, or else it escapes observation altogether. It is very quiet in its action, and when noticed seems to upbraid ordinary society for so much aimless fussiness and random strivings.

One of the most powerful of these organisms within the Church is undoubtedly the Clewer Sisterhood in the immediate neighbourhood of Eton; and, to my shame be it spoken, I never set foot within its walls or took cognizance of its work till 1917. About a dozen ladies were that year in Retreat, and I was invited to address them, and so came into contact with the Mother Superior and found myself in presence of a work wholly unlike anything dreamt of for centuries past in the imposing Collegiate foundations of Royal benefactors, though if Henry VIth takes heed still of our efforts to bring about the coming of the Divine Kingdom, he may be witnessing an unlooked-for fulfilment of his hopes when he founded the Collegium Beatæ Mariæ nearly five hundred years ago.

This is what I was allowed to see. Time, 5 p.m. on a week-day, Evensong beginning. The congregation numbered about 150 women of different ages, the oldest wearing a kind of very simple uniform. But the atmosphere of peace and the unmistakable expression of holiness in the faces; the extraordinary reverence of demeanour! Never before or since have I felt to be so plainly confronted with the evidences of the Holy Spirit's power working on the stubborn hearts of mankind for their salvation. For every one of those women had been rescued from the uttermost degradation.

A friend of mine, unable to accept the Christian view of life, has stated that he can see no reason to suppose there has ever been a special revelation of God to man. (Presumably "special" would mean to a particular people at a particular time and in a manner transcending Natural Religion.) On being questioned whether this was due to some *a priori* philosophical objection or to the wholly inadequate response made by man in his way of living, he replied that it was the latter which determined his attitude.

Now, if this deficiency were to be made good, whither should we direct our enquirer? Where would he find the Higher Life quickening a whole group of human beings, not only individuals? for this was the evidence in the great days of the Apostles. The first answer would be such a token of Divine Power as that which I was privileged to see at Clewer; another would be one or two parishes in the East End of London; another a Theological College such as Cuddesdon still is—a place where men are transformed for the better. Alas! he has seen none of these things.

There is another institution, right in the heart of the West End of London, called the Confraternity of the Divine Love and the Order of St. Elizabeth. The latter is an Order of Sisters which bears witness to the nearness of God, not only by the spiritual power with which it is endowed, but by its basis of entire poverty. No individual may own any money whatever. None is invested and the Sisters never beg. Yet it is true that in the country and in London ten small houses are maintained, including a delightful little colony of children at Mayfield; seventy-five people are supported. They live in faith, knowing to what they have been called. Increasing numbers every year are willing to cast in their lot with them. So far, although they have never known more than a year's maintenance in hand, they have weathered all storms and their work greatly expands. It can only be described as a bringing of baptized members of the Church to a sense of their blessedness. It is not only a reminder of responsibilities and a restoration of disordered characters, but also the bringing to human souls the Life of the Risen Christ, which has been theirs from the beginning, but ignored.

EDUCATIONAL JOTTINGS

There is still profound perplexity everywhere as to what Education means. My conviction is that real difference of opinion as to the fundamental principle is

due to radically different ideas as to the relation between God and man. If our Creator is really and truly imparting to us the Higher Life without which we should infallibly sink, then obviously children must be brought up to realize that such is the fact. For the term "Higher Life" embraces all that is "lovely and of good report" as well as moral goodness. If, on the other hand, our Creator has placed us in this world to make ourselves as comfortable as we can for a few years, and leaves us alone in presence of this problem, there can be no unity of aim as to the main purpose of the training of a child. For the only alternative to surrendering of self to the will of God is the pursuit of a phantom, temporal happiness.

Undoubtedly a broad view of God's Revelation of Himself, such as is here suggested, gives some unity of aim to the teachers of such subjects as History, Science, Mathematics, Art, Literature, and also social service. But the unity disappears when there is any haziness as to the Theistic background of them all. Incomparably difficult though it clearly is to keep the Theistic background always as the setting of each subject, it can be done; and if the attempt is abandoned, chaos supervenes. Thus History is one thing if God is conceived of as giving man the conditions of his true development. Then the squalid facts of history are seen to be man's refusal to accept the conditions. But it is a totally different subject if man is conceived of as blindly blundering after a better state of existence without any notion of why he so constantly goes astray.

The Theistic view of training the young sheds light on the difficult question why we rate knowledge so highly. All knowledge worth discussing is of truth: and profoundly deceptive though the world is, we are aghast if a child grows up quite ignorant; feeling sure that what comes through Science, Art, Literature, etc., has something divine in it, as coming from the Source of all Life and Truth. But the more we present it to the child as

totally unconnected with what he knows about God, the more barren the teaching and the more puzzled the pupil will be. About 1876 the eminent and delightful George Darwin was in residence at Trinity, and a youngster, ætat twenty, reading for History honours, was bemoaning his incapacity to do more than reproduce other people's views: "I can't write anything original." G. D. (*log.*): "My good fellow, what are you grumbling about? Think of your age and be patient. You may or may not write something original some day; but if you do so before you are twenty-five, you may be sure it will be nonsense." Admirable good sense!

Again, I once met one of the leaders of educational opinion in America, and he told me that it had been his business to read through a huge mass of essays in German, written by candidates for honours in German Universities who had been duly informed that they must not expect credit unless their work showed originality. The result was terrific. Every single "thesis" was a hideous blend of ponderous diction—almost unreadable—with the most juvenile audacity of conjecture; as if the writers, with limbs swathed in tight brown serge, were trying to skip.¹ Moreover, it explains much in the contributions to history and criticism made by Germans of mature age.

But it will be said that it is useless to criticize examinations, because they are indispensable. They may be; but if so, it is highly advisable that the mischievous element in them should be reduced to a minimum. For that mischievous element undoubtedly is present whenever an examiner yields to the craving by which every examiner since the world began has been impelled, to

¹ So a late school colleague said that H. A. J. Munro's elegiacs made him think of an elephant dancing a minuet! An interesting parallel to Darwin's caution is given by the oracular dictum of a French teacher in regard to literary output: "Jusqu'à 25 ans il faut apprendre: après 25 ans il faut produire." A lady, not unknown as a writer, with whom I, only once, had five minutes' talk, was good enough to inform me that her husband had taught her the "art of conversation." It was as much as I could do not to get up and run out of the house.

mark very highly anything like original work. Now, supposing this discernment is not a fault, and that a candidate *stat* twenty-two has shown an original mind, and so comes out top of the list in an examination for some important profession: to whom and to what has credit been given? To the fallacious and ludicrously over-estimated quality of precocity.¹ Why should we, in the teeth of most cogent evidence, go on believing that, though with plants and animals early precocity always means an arrested development later, with human beings it never does? The worst of it is, that the better the examination questions are—according to our present notions—the more they are open to this indictment. Dates of kings and battles, lists of capes and mountains, genders of nouns by the dozen, may have been fatuous, but they did not suggest to the schoolboys that they must say something that had never been said before; and no one was encouraged to believe that the examiner's verdicts were invariably to be trusted as a final and illuminating estimate of a human being. But the modern system claims to be so trusted, and the modern youth concedes his trust, especially if his ambition is for the moment gratified.

We have all known many young first-class men whose post-academic career has been one long disillusionment as to their powers of kicking the world before them. This need not be and ought not to be. These and other considerations suggest something like the plan adopted by Lord Cromer in Egypt in selecting men for Civil Service. The paper work should go for something, but only when supplemented by interviews and confidential information from any trustworthy quarter. Of course all appoint-

¹ Herein we may perhaps find an explanation of a singular remark made by an Army colonel, a very efficient soldier, about 1896. Someone hazarded the remark that the subalterns who had been selected for commissions from the Universities were superior to those trained at Sandhurst. "They may be; but I shall take good care not one of them gets into my regiment." "Why not?" "Why! don't you see, these fellows have ideas of their own."

ments must be leaps in the dark or at best in the twilight ; but for work which involves responsibility and co-operation with others I would sooner rely on a shrewd, loving mother's account of the training of the candidate's childhood than on any subsequent data whatsoever.

Until recently the practice of English essay writing was neglected in the Public Schools. It is by no means an easy accomplishment to teach, and, moreover, in a prize competition the determining of the winner is singularly difficult. Before the War I set at Eton as a subject for the prize a discussion of Norman Angell's book *The Great Illusion*. The ability or plausibility of that work quite "bowled over" the twenty-eight senior boys who competed—more than double the average number. My gifted literary relation John Bailey most kindly undertook to read and recommend the winner. In about three weeks he wrote saying he then understood why schoolmasters were often grumblers. He had found the work exceedingly heavy and the verdict beyond anything dubious. But the compensation lay in the interesting discovery that every single writer was strongly pacific in tone. This ought to be noticed, as telling against the fears of some good people lest our Cadet Corps and rifle ranges, etc., are breeding a bellicose spirit among the young. They are doing nothing of the kind. Similarly the Eton Beagles have been going on merrily during the fifty years when there has been a marked diminution of cruelty to animals among boys. These are facts ; and after all, facts are stubborn things.

The best schoolboy essay I ever read was on the subject of Human Thoughtlessness. The writer consumed about four good-sized pages in exposing the numerous disasters in social life which might have been prevented by a little prudence. The fifth page was only half-filled, and I could not guess how the critic of human affairs was going to wind up—the most difficult demand to be made on any essay writer. His ending was something in this fashion : " But

after all, supposing that in every drawing-room, every political meeting, every football match, in short, in every gathering of any kind, every single man or woman you met was a thoughtful person, what an awful place the world would be!" I gave him very high marks for speaking *in sincerity* from the abundance of his heart, without a thought of what his pastor or master might expect, or wish, him to say.

If someone would collect titbits from schoolboy letters home, a large and most racy volume of almost unexplored literature might be published. A good many names would have to be erased.

Some thirty years ago the following statement was elicited from a young schoolboy, and I saw it in his own writing. It is a warning to those who have given heedless teaching on the subject of Confirmation, and explains some of the appalling ignorance of the simplest facts of the spiritual life. He was asked: "What benefit do you expect from Confirmation?" Answer: "When I kneel before the Bishop I hope to take my sins on to my own head. At present they are on the heads of my godfathers and godmother."

A comparison with the Oxford of 1881 is interesting. Mr. Gladstone used to narrate how for the last year before his "Finals" he read from twelve to sixteen hours daily, and only took a fortnight's holiday—spent in sitting in the House of Lords listening till 4 a.m. to speeches on the Reform Bill—but in those hours he reckoned time given to talking philosophy, etc., as work or "reading." At Cambridge we *never* talked "Classics" with each other, though we discussed every sort of topic within our horizon. I heard of one case where a man who got a high first-class in his Tripos, discussed a question for an hour with a don over night and did fine work next day in the examination. But the subject was Political Economy, and the Tripos, not Classics, but the new Moral Science.

CHAPTER XVII

FRIENDS

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

AMONG the eminent men whom it has been my privilege to know was Frederick Temple the Archbishop, previously Bishop of Exeter, Bishop of London, and Headmaster of Rugby; perhaps more famous in the last-mentioned post than in any of the others. It must have been nearly fifty years ago that I met him first in the house of one of his wife's relations, and he told me then and later one or two of the problems he had had to tackle. The one connected with Rugby was singular in its character and still more so in its solution. Arnold was a great and very good man, but apparently wholly unconscious that anything of the nature of organization was required of him. For a few years the boys were all taught Latin, Greek, and Scripture, and little else, but the day dawned when Arnold found himself obliged to introduce French and Mathematics. The difficulty was that it was thought most undesirable to break up the "form system" by splitting up classes and handing them over to special teachers, foreign and English. So Arnold announced that so many hours a week were to be devoted to these new subjects, each classical form-master adding French and Mathematics to his Latin and Greek. Not many of the men were prepared to teach Mathematics, still fewer French, and represented their difficulty to the Headmaster. His answer was that each man was to get hold of a deputy, either a colleague or an outsider, for any lesson that he was unable to give himself; and that the financial arrangements were to be settled by private agreement.

Chaos must have rapidly supervened, and anyhow by the time Temple came, about ten years after Arnold's death, he found that most of the staff couldn't say what their financial position was, except that they owed something to somebody; how much or to whom was quite uncertain; the only thing they did know was that they couldn't pay it. Temple's account of this was that Tait, who succeeded Arnold, had a wonderful power of making any system work quietly, though in this case disorder must have waxed unnoticed. Then came two years of Goulburn, who appears to have lacked grip, and by the end of the time, when Temple came, the only thing he could do was to surrender two years of his own salary in order to settle the claims that appeared to be just. He mentioned this as if it were the most ordinary remedy for a tangle, and I suspect very few people ever heard of it.

About the same time as he told me this, he made a remark about Eton which stuck in my memory. "You are going to be a master at Eton, are you? I consider Eton the best school in the world." I, bubbling over with enthusiasm for the place and dreaming of possible reforms, expressed gratification at his words. "What I mean is this. You have a whole lot of boys there whom nobody could possibly make anything of, and you manage them somehow." "Somehow" it was, and on that saying much might be written.

An interesting light was thrown on another oft-quoted saying of Temple's addressed to Festing, afterwards Bishop of St. Albans, a man of beautiful humility who when offered the bishopric consulted Temple, and uttered his misgivings on two counts: first, that he was a poor preacher. Temple: "Yes, I know that. I've heard you." Secondly, that he was no scholar. Temple: "There are many worse": both laconic remarks being given in the peculiar harsh but very expressive Devonshire accent. Years after, Johnson, Suffragan to St. Albans, told me he had questioned Festing about this interview and he admitted there was a substratum of truth in the

young fellows dawdled in ten minutes late! I know not how it is nowadays.

Besides expense, there are two drawbacks to the game: it is not in the open air, and it only exercises one arm. None the less there is a wondrous spell about it, and to this day I find fancy, when not otherwise engaged, will set aside the counterclaim of cricket and call up to the mind the exquisite vision of the heavily cut ball rattling cosily in the backhand corner. I never got to be more than a possible second fiddle for the University—something went wrong with the stroke, I never made out what—and later I found that, as at lawn tennis, some malign humour which I can only call nervousness went far to strip my play of all distinction, though Nature certainly intended something much better.

It is to the credit of the game that it tests the temper with quite peculiar penetration. My brother Alfred was in this respect a model from the first, though endowed by nature with plenty of choler, as the following incident revealed. For the inexperienced it should be explained that the heavy racquet we had to use either gave a delicious feeling if the ball was hit true, or with the smallest inaccuracy made an ugly noise against the wood, jarred the whole arm, sent the ball anywhere, and, in short, exhibited a most woeful form of failure just when the subject of it was anticipating the keenest joy of success. The cause of this horror is "turning over" the head of the racquet. Once when Alfred, quite at the beginning of his discipleship, was painfully wrestling with this disorder, John Phillips was marking and took on himself to repeat monotonously: "You turned the head of the racquet over." (John Phillips was the burly curator of the court.) Alfred, getting to be more and more exasperated: "John, if you say that again, I shall kick you." Good plain Saxon, but John ignored the warning; whereupon Alfred, coming over to the service side, passed John, who was stooping to gather up the balls according to custom, and planted a most hefty kick with the flat of his left foot

of the members of the Bryce Commission on Secondary Education in 1894. Most impressive was his demeanour: every faculty bent on to the keen, searching questions put to him, exactly as if he were compassed about with problems, not with human beings. He came from his colossal London work for two hours on two consecutive afternoons to give evidence and make suggestions for better organization. He showed a statesman's mind in all he said, but of course had not an intimate knowledge of small recent developments or County Council activity. On his betraying one of these small lapses, a neighbouring Commissioner, who knew little enough of the Bishop or his work, testily asked me, *sotto voce*, why a man like the Bishop had not made himself acquainted with the last undertaking of the L.C.C. I suggested that he was perhaps the hardest-worked man in the Kingdom. "Is he now? What work does he do?" I said it was immense in amount and too varied to specify. "You don't mean it. Mostly waste, I suppose." But when Temple left the room on the following day the expression I heard on every side was: "What a splendid old man that is!" Great ignorance was outdone, however, by the information given by a Londoner on the top of a 'bus to a country friend, about the places of interest *en route*. "See now, that is St. Paul's, that is. It be the Bishop o' London's church, and he gets £10,000 a year for reading the lessons there once a day."

The last time I heard him talk he bore a very impressive testimony to the greatness of Arnold's personality when he came to Oxford to deliver his lectures on Modern History. Temple spoke of it as an unforgettable occasion; not for what was said, but for the quickening of former reverence by the mere sound of the Doctor's voice and the fine power of his moral appeal. To hear this from a man of the noble character of Temple made me marvel at the favour accorded to a book in which the author, I am told, used a knack of satirical writing in a laborious effort to drag Arnold from his pedestal. I cannot imagine

who would be the better or the happier if he had succeeded; but would suggest that to read such an effusion is a pure waste of time. No defamation, however venomous, could spoil the picture of a man of a massive, sterling, and peculiarly English type of goodness.

H. SCOTT HOLLAND

Fairly copious descriptions of this indescribable personality have been given to the public, and I can only permit myself a few first-hand notes. "The most agreeable man in London" was George Russell's verdict, and it was given from wide knowledge. But the charm of "Scottie" was all his own. It was not only bubbling talk and an incomparable sense of the ridiculous, but was redolent always of splendid intellectual power, rich and most unexpected humour which evoked more from his interlocutors than they ever showed in his absence: all this was the reward of a few minutes' talk with him; but the most remarkable characteristic was the spreading of sheer joy wherever he went, though for the last thirty years of his life he was in constant discomfort from ill-health. A hint let drop in an unpublished letter showed that the manifestation of the joyous side of Christianity was to him his vocation, and nobly he fulfilled it.

His ill-health was indeed a tragedy. He was one of those natures which abhorred every form of introspection, and the idea of living by rule made him shudder. Some doctor, whom it is difficult to forgive, told him early in life that he must eat plentifully, and he set himself to do so and never to think about the matter again. The result was the lissome, sinewy frame grew bulkier and bulkier, what George Herbert calls "pursy and slow," and all kinds of disorders, headaches, sciatica, etc., developed. Nothing will ever shake my conviction that the life and bounding activity of this splendid man were shortened by twenty years owing to ignorance alone. Similarly, after his long service of preaching in St. Paul's, he got



W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

CANON H. SCOTT HOLLAND.

into a way of shouting which spoilt his delivery in Christ Church afterwards; and all because it was hopeless to expect him to take lessons in voice-production, three of which would have made all right. In truth, the fine wholesomeness of his temperament seemed to bar him from the most needful precautions connected with not only bodily but mental health. The twin sciences of Psychology and Physiology are revealing the close connexion between the *mens sana* and the *corpus sanum*. Scott Holland had a real reverence for Science, but this lesson he ignored. Hence the “burden of the flesh” was grievously augmented; and worse than that, it must have added to the one and only dread which ever seriously darkened his outlook; the dread lest he might be visited with the most awful loss which can befall a human being in this world—the loss of his reason. This blow he was spared; but the shadow of an uplifted hand was over him for years, and nothing but a sublime trust in God enabled him to endure.

Meantime his conversation was indescribable in its quickness of sympathy, wit, humour, imagination, and depth. Everybody was inclined to classify him as a brilliant and exuberant talker, and therefore with a mind of no particular profundity. The late Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Talbot, has protested strongly against this estimate, insisting that Holland's opinions were rooted on firm rocks of principle, and for all his ebullient eloquence and the emotionalism which betrayed itself now and again, he was never caught saying more than he meant; never “gassed”; never extemporized; never argued for argument's sake. The completeness of his self-conquest showed itself in his behaviour to the dull, the prosy, and the pudding-brained. He must have been exasperated by slowness of mind and boring talk, but the threat of that horror in a drawing-room would stir him up to more sparkling brilliancy than ever, and the shy damsel and the moustached retired Colonel fancied that some of the scintillations were their own. It was never didactic talk;

sometimes perhaps we wished he had taught us more ; but what we learnt from him was that every subject that could be started was capable of being invested in a glow of warm and sparkling fancy ; and the word-painting in which his writing and preaching abounded left ineffaceable impressions of scenes and people, giving always the hopeful encouraging side and never omitting any ridiculous detail.

On the platform he was unmatched. I remember him rousing the most baffling audience of drowsy dowagers and over-nourished male philanthropists, reluctantly gathered in the Mansion House at 3 p.m. on a July afternoon, seated in velvet chairs and lapped by three ordinary speeches into a deep coma, before Holland bounded to his feet and woke the whole posse into life in two minutes. He wriggled forward with his long legs crossing and uncrossing down the whole length of the reporters' table—they were some eight in number—and every one of these patient functionaries, rocking with laughter, gave up all attempt to transcribe a word, except the faithful henchman of Dan Lathbury, editor of the *Guardian*. With twitching mouth and heroic resolution he got nearly all the effervescence of fun down on his paper. An inimitable touch was Holland's picture of the over-dressed Oxford undergraduate loafing aimlessly down Piccadilly, with his upright collar and patent-leather shoes "in a state of haughty depression." It must have been a terribly recurrent trial to him to sit through hours—nay, many months—of dull speeches ; dullness was abhorrent to him, but he scarcely ever showed the slightest impatience. Under the guise of a fascinating talker of unfailing vitality and high spirits his friends learnt to recognize some of the austerity of the saint and some of the self-conquest of the martyr.

FRANK AND MRS. CORNISH

Frank Cornish was one of the younger masters at Eton when I came in 1868 ; took at that time a Remove division, and from the time of my entrance into it till his

death in 1916 he was one of my best friends. We travelled together in Greece and Spain, and during nearly fifty years I never heard him utter a platitude or a falsehood or a vapidty; and in character there was about him a consistency of high aim along with a quiet modesty and humorous self-depreciation which make his influence very difficult to appraise. In that very vivid and accurate picture of Eton in 1870 called *A Day of my Life at Eton*, by Nugent Banks, some traits of Cornish as a housemaster are given. He was unmethodical indeed, and in his division we were moved to anticipate irregularity in collecting exercises, etc., which yet was always uncertain; and collisions resulted. He was more in place with the elder boys, but his refined and fastidious mind and a deficient physical vitality obscured his message to the rude and illiterate multitude. As a housemaster one would have expected his influence to have produced an academic and studious type of pupil. No adjectives could have been less appropriate to the burly and brainless but well-behaved, most likeable lads, whose shouts on the football field and when they uplifted their voices in Chapel for what Bishop Karney called "a rudimentary form of praise" testified alike to the strong self-assertiveness of the schoolboy and yet to the quiet effectiveness of the tutor's influence. The Eton housemasters sometimes stamped their individuality on their House. Cornish's sympathies in his younger days were almost wholly intellectual, and his affinities were with men like Browning, E. D. Stone, and W. Johnson; but his boys were lusty and hilarious athletes, learning and imbibing much from the social life of Eton, but not votaries of the Muses.

Cornish was a man of conspicuous literary and artistic taste and insight. No schoolmaster in modern times, not even Westcott, has combined wide and deep reading with an efficient discharge of routine duties. So he was not learned, and lamented often that his education had been wholly literary, lacking the discipline of Science. I should say, herein echoing Luxmoore, that he would

have gained precision and depth of thought if he had gone through the Oxford "Greats" course, with its ontology and history. Yet in the latter subject he was much interested, though suffering from an incapacity for remembering the order of events. But readers of his charmingly written novel, *Sunningwell*, will be able to gauge how strongly predisposed he was to vagueness of thought on all deep subjects. In dealing with historical matters he shared with his mentor William Johnson and with Herbert Paul a power of uttering pointed and paradoxical judgments without feeling the need of supplying any evidence. I would hazard the same criticism of Dean Inge.

To be with Cornish in the picture-gallery of Madrid—or any other—was a revelation! I remember how after two or three hours I began to yearn for luncheon, but was unable to drag him away. Every picture suggested some other far away in German, French, or English galleries, and the rapidity of his insight and the spontaneity of his pleasure showed how the fragile spare frame seemed, in these surroundings, to be incapable of fatigue. In Music he was no less unerring in judgment and no less eager in joy, and in his younger days sang with a voice of singular sympathy, along with his friend, who must have been one of the great amateurs, Arthur Coleridge. Perhaps in Sculpture and Architecture his discernment was less vivid though quite as quick; and I have never known anyone with a keener relish for the best literature in English, Latin, Greek, German, and French.

In conversation he required sympathetic company to be at his best; for he could illustrate and suggest better than he could argue. He was often witty, but his sense of humour was literally unfailing, however he may have been weighed down by uncongenial cares. The only drawback to his talk was that he sometimes said his best things *sotto voce* and was too fastidious to repeat them. A strangely ominous *bon mot* for his auditor was in the



Hills & Saunders, Eton.

F. WARRE CORNISH, 1883.

eighties, when in discussing appointments to headmaster-ships I said it would be for the advantage of assistant masters if they could more easily gain the ear of the Head. Cornish: "Don't you think when a man becomes Headmaster his ears grow longer?" Again, a sermon was once preached at Eton on the vexed question of Betting, and the preacher, so it was reported afterwards, showed a disposition to trim, but at the same time wrapped up his remarks in plenty of pietistic phraseology. Cornish was asked, What did the sermon come to? "Well," he replied, "X said, 'You mustn't bet; but if you do it must be in the Lord.'" Scathing, but I fear just.

While it may be said that, according to Matthew Arnold, "we mortal millions live alone"—he meant as individuals—I have never come across any English man or woman so difficult to interpret as Mrs. Cornish. Brought up in an artistic and literary coterie which had to assert itself somewhat obtrusively to gain recognition for its principles, the set known among their familiars as the Passionate Brompton (P.B.), and a member of a highly intellectual family, she acted as a mental tonic on our Eton society by what was for most of her life her prevailing desire, to expel whencesoever possible the commonplace. She evidently adored brilliancy, and I have heard her rather unmercifully chaffed by the witty Dean Dickinson of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, and her thoughtful-sounding remarks turned to twaddle; but simply because the Irishman was ready and very racy she enjoyed it as much as anyone in the room. This took place about 1884 and was quite a new light on our riddle. Mrs. Cornish inspired a certain alarm in our little Eton world, since no one could in the least forecast what she was going to say next, and some instinct lured her on to be startling to shy young men. At the age of eighteen I was having breakfast with the Cornishes and opposite sat my old friend "Josh" Ellison (afterwards Vicar of Windsor), who was even less at home in philosophy than I. Suddenly Mrs. C.,

sitting between us, addresses me. "Would you say that genius was born in the fibres or in the organization?" I temporized with this question, till Ellison, seeing the dialogue halting, struck in with: "Did you see the Wall match yesterday, Mrs. Cornish?" Now, neither Mrs. C. nor her husband ever betrayed the faintest interest in any game, and I doubt if she knew what the Wall match was, or whether it was cricket, football, or fives that was on the tapis. Her way when an awkward or unintelligible question was asked her was to remain quite dumb; and now we shall never know if she attended that particular match or not. The presumption is that she did not.

It may be surmised that Mrs. Cornish, finding herself in a narrow academic society given to a great deal of barren "shop" talking, felt it was her vocation to counteract this tendency, and vigorously and effectually she strove. When we went to the Cornishes' nobody could imagine what topics would be discussed, except that they would certainly have nothing to do with the school. Her own contributions would vary in puzzling fashion between really clever judgments or descriptive touches, and arresting but crude sayings which might indicate a pose or simply an idea only half formulated. I doubt if any of her acquaintance decided clearly between this alternative.

She was, however, a stimulating element in our circle and the source of many stories. Added to which she was an excellent letter-writer and *au fond* a kind, warm-hearted woman.

MR. GLADSTONE

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since Mr. Gladstone's death, and this makes it more possible than formerly to frame a just estimate of his powers; his statesmanship, and his character. Yet it would be foolish to try in a book of reminiscences to exhaust so huge a subject or to deal with it at all adequately. All that can be attempted here is to give a few notes on such aspects of the man as seem to have been missed

in the voluminous and very varied comments on his life which have appeared during the last twenty-five years.

Some shrewd judges of men and things have disallowed Gladstone's title to be reckoned a man of genius; though there is no denying that he was an immense force in politics and that his energy was transcendent. Seeley in a very disparaging criticism of Napoleon allowed him this latter quality, and by itself we cannot rate it as a symptom of genius or of real towering greatness. But the criticism, to hold good, must penetrate deeper. It would find justification in what was pointed out by Miss F. Power Cobbe many years ago as regards his conversation: that in spite of its richness, its charm (as a rule), and the sonorous eloquence that compelled attention to every word, he never drew (as Martineau did, whom Miss Cobbe instanced) from infinite depths, nor said anything bigger by far and wiser than anyone else. His talk was everything except inspired. He repeated himself *totidem verbis*, but his hearers never felt that it was the last word on the subject; rather they were provoked by his arguments to disputation.¹ In sharp contrast to him was the late

¹ It was curiously difficult to discern when he argued for argument's sake, as he must often have done, and when he really meant what he said. Once he parleyed with an undergraduate, maintaining that the English word "change" was directly derived from the Latin *mutō*, a wholly impossible notion; and in the course of the transition he assumed that the hard *c* in *cambers* dropped out. It was mildly objected that no scholar could assume the disappearance of so hard a guttural unless there were other instances of the thing happening. His answer was: "It is a sufficient instance for itself." Again, in 1875 he got into hot water with his Etonian nephews for going down to Marlborough and speaking about the plutocratic tone of Eton—most groundlessly and unadvisably. We pointed out that no schoolboy, at Eton or anywhere else, gained in public favour from being known to be rich (if we had been wise, we should have stopped there: he would doubtless have found a rejoinder, though I can't conceive what it could have been), in support of which truism we added that boys had little opportunity for spending money. He asked, "Are they not allowed at Eton to ornament their rooms?" "Yes; they are." From that moment we were done. He began to enumerate every possible ornament from pictures to tin-tacks, mentioning the exact price of each, and whether it had gone up or down in the last fifty years, and had not the debate been summarily stopped, we should have remained all night disputing about the market price of photograph frames and rabbit-skin mittens. We were silenced, but confirmed in our opinion.

Duke of Devonshire, who would state his opponent's case not only with fairness but with sympathy, and then give the exact reasons for his own opposite opinion. That was real persuasiveness. Did anyone ever hear Gladstone allow real weight to an opponent's view? From the moment the other side began to be stated we never felt sure we were listening to his real convictions; the "eristic" instinct dominated him forthwith. It is true that his most sophistical arguments were seldom, repeated, which indicates that he saw through them afterwards; but at the time he was heart and soul a believer in them; and any criticism was liable to rivet them deep into his mind. Say nothing and they might evaporate.

In connexion with this trait, how curiously it sounded when he spoke of J. H. Newman at the time of his death: "I never could admire him; there was a deplorable element of sophistry in his mind"! Then he added: "I wrote to him when 'The Dream of Gerontius' came out, saying, 'This is the finest sacred poetry since the Paradiso of Dante.' Well, Newman wrote back to me, making no allusion to Dante, and I don't believe he knew enough Italian to read him."

Again, in giving the reason for a statement or opinion about some small matter within the compass of our intelligence he was strangely prone to support his view by some remark which struck his hearers as ever so much more subtle and clever than convincing. There are scores of men who on their own subjects give one a reason for their view, which is plainly stamped with truth and leaves nothing further to be said. I can't recall any such instance in his talk. His mind seemed to swerve away, from any opinion which smacked in the least of the commonplace, or, as his adversaries would have said, of common sense. He loved the recondite, the unexpected, the academic, the irrelevant, because it gave him the joy of defending it to the last—a joy which waxed as the opposing forces grew more stubborn.

But this characteristic may be thought to be the outcome of his life as a politician; and doubtless it was confirmed by it. The test, however, of genius should be applied to his writings, and there I think it will not be disputed that, irrespectively of the heaviness of the style, there is no one among the many topics with which he deals whereon he can be said to have penetrated to the very core of the matter. His *Gleanings* are proofs of a various and rich mental endowment, and of immense industry; but I doubt if posterity would hold them in honour, even if the style were as graceful, pointed, and lucid as Newman's. He was well aware of this himself. Soon after he wrote an essay on Blanco White he read the grand and inexhaustively suggestive estimate of the sceptic by a great writer and thinker, J. B. Mozley, and rose up from the perusal amazed and humbled at the masterly power displayed.

As to his statesmanship there need be no dispute about his greatness as Chancellor of the Exchequer. An unfriendly or at least not a partial critic and a great authority on this intricate subject was Sir R. Giffen. He left his opinion in writing that Gladstone's financial principles were sound and his belief in them consistent. No one has ever disputed his matchless power of exposition. According to the late Duke of Argyll, he held the Cabinet spellbound for two hours, explaining his prospective budget (what Cabinet to-day could spare the time?), and he told us once that he never settled beforehand in what order he should introduce the various topics in his Budget speeches; that was left to be determined by the temper of the House. All this was of course truly amazing.

Since 1916 many critics of England's foreign policy have noticed that more than one of Gladstone's pet projects in Europe which were contemptuously thwarted by his opponents have been justified since; especially in regard to Turkey, Ireland, Italy, and Greece. Yet this fact does not appear to have affected his reputation as a statesman. This may partly be due to his failure to draw the nation

after him. Compared, too, with great leaders like Pericles, Bismarck, Cavour, it cannot be said that Gladstone embodied one great idea of the future of England or of the Empire. Even Disraeli surpassed him here; though his outlook was too Oriental to commend itself to the British mind. Gladstone was swayed by circumstances, though the tenacity with which he held to an unpopular cause may seem to forbid such a verdict. Something in the atmosphere seemed to influence him, and his power of identifying himself with each new opinion was bewildering to friends and foes. I remember Hartington about 1884 commenting on this feature of his career, saying as if it were the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity: "'Pon my word, if he were ten years younger I shouldn't be surprised at his going in for Home Rule!"—exactly what he did a year and a half after.

It is very rare to find this combination of fickleness of principles with such massive confidence, such undiluted conviction, as to fundamentals. Ordinary men who change their minds on big questions do so because their hold upon the subject was at first weak and superficial; but whatever stage in the matter Gladstone had reached, there he appeared to be stable and secure; with his whole being he identified himself with the opinion he advocated, and throughout was incapable of allowing one rag of common sense, prudence, or truth to his adversaries.

Hence, no doubt, the peculiar fury he inspired. Those who saw he was out to destroy what they held sacred, felt themselves called on to assail a giant antagonist who came into the fray redoubtable with all the strength that generally is due to perfect sincerity, but whom they could not believe to be sincere.

The perfection of his equipment might have deterred them from such assay had it not been that they suspected vulnerability within. Moreover, the astounding oratorical power, the impressiveness of the personality and the presence, stirred the plain citizen, who thought his policy wholly baneful, to shriek at the wire-drawn argu-

ments as so much pestilent juggling with truth. It was his only chance. If Gladstone had combined the use of massive and simple argument with his unrivalled power of moral appeal and all his other superb gifts he could have led the whole nation captive at his will.

When we come to consider his character, a difficulty meets us at the outset. We must grant the element of sophistry in discussion, for, as I have said, it was apparent in private no less than in public life, but we have to reconcile it with a transparent and very beautiful simplicity. He was one of the very few men I have ever known to whom the subject of himself, in conversation, was simply boring. Great saints are pained by the topic, and one can trace the fading scars of conflicts waged with the ego long ago. A journalist once remarked on a similarity of temperament in Gladstone and Montagu Butler. Certainly in this respect, but in no other. Almost by itself it would have justified Lord Salisbury's fine encomium in 1898 on his formidable antagonist as "a great Christian man."

Could any scene be more compelling than the incident my brother Alfred told of a walk he took with the G.O.M. at Hawarden, when, soon after the start, the latter interrupted the copious talk by stopping outside a cottage in which lay an old labourer dying? From outside Alfred saw the picture of the white-haired statesman kneeling by the sick man's bedside and with the beautiful face uplifted, while words simple, stately, and sincere were being uttered in the deep expressive tones that had touched the hearts of listening millions in every corner of the land. But more impressive, more eloquent of the higher life, was the utterly genuine self-forgetfulness with which he presently rose up and resumed the conversation, wholly unconscious that he had been acting differently from the common run of men.

Again, as his biographer has pointed out, he gave a noble example of asceticism, in the sense that whatever pleasure of sense he thought it behoved him to forgo

quite early in life he must have renounced or anyhow subjugated sternly, quietly, but with decisively victorious strength. Down to the end of his life there were made by critics, certainly not fit to lick his boots, contrary insinuations which to anyone who knew him were the most grotesque possible falsehoods.

Then, as has not escaped the general multitude who know anything of his mighty demagogic power: it rested on the loftiness of the moral appeal. For he trusted unfailingly the national conscience, spurning always all lower motives and cheap opportunism. Yet his vision was curiously limited by a total inability to forecast the danger to the country of rapidly increasing wealth. Several of his utterances indicate this inability. On one occasion at Hawarden he summoned Lord Frederick Cavendish and Henry Sidgwick to help him to prepare a magazine article showing that free trade had increased the wealth of the country more than railways; for him a thoroughly congenial task, a novel somewhat paradoxical thesis demanding in its support facts which he was well accustomed to handle. Yet at the time he wrote it—about 1880, I think—the monstrous and hideous evils of our wealth-producing system had been dragged into the light of public opinion. It is one of the strangest anomalies in human history that though Disraeli wrote *Sybil* when he did, Gladstone remained throughout a lukewarm supporter of Shaftesbury's crusade.

Yet posterity will abstain from any harsh judgment on this score. Men's characters are not rated by whether they see principles ahead of their contemporaries, but whether they consistently act on those they do see. His management of money in private life, his self-denial and unfailing generosity, were an uplifting influence to all who knew of them.

On the whole, the dominant characteristic of the man was his noble disregard of the cost when he saw clearly what he ought to do.

Some of his sayings which, I fancy, are not yet recorded,

stick, like much of his talk, in the memory. "Randolph Churchill is a copy of Disraeli, but lacks his patience, his insight, and his tenacity." "I wish Beaconsfield had been made a duke; it would have crowned the scenic triumph of his career."

"I don't think the adjective 'great' ought to be applied to any books of the Bible, or indeed to any characters except Moses and St. Paul: the former for the greatness of his achievement as a leader; the latter because the Aryan and the Semitic blended in him." This was in answer to the question about the "greatness" of the Book of Job.

Once at Hawarden, when he was over eighty and out of office and without a secretary, I helped him to open his letters. There were 140 by the morning delivery. We flung them in a heap on the floor and sat one on each side working hard. Suddenly he paused and, fingering an envelope addressed in a neat hand and containing enclosures, he said: "If I mistake not, this packet consists of extracts from newspapers, wholly abusive!" He threw it across, and two others of like contents afterwards, correctly diagnosing each by the touch but not reading a word. If writers of anonymous letters knew how much attention is generally given to them by the recipients, this curious form of literary activity might gradually become extinct.

Gladstone is commonly thought of as a very vigorous man, especially in his old age. I should be inclined to ascribe this vigour not so much to soundness of constitution as to what may be called a great endowment of vitality: though of course both expressions are extremely vague. His digestion he often spoke of as weak, and once in this connexion he gave a delightful instance of his way of investing trifles with solemnity. When he was about eighty-one he mentioned this weakness of digestion, and about five o'clock the same afternoon was taking the fresh air by walking round the terrace with a Scotch plaid round his shoulders. Mrs. Drew, who was in the house,

instigated me to join him in his perambulation, as he would sooner talk than be silent. So I began by reminding him of his luncheon remark, and added that people generally supposed his digestion to have been particularly strong. "That is because I have always been a very careful man." Then in a tone of somewhat wistful melancholy—I fancy that on that day he was not quite so fit as usual—he added: "I have not eaten a walnut since I was sixteen, nor indeed a nut of any kind." This autobiographical fragment was in the highest degree characteristic. It was delivered with a gravity suggesting that he was probing the deepest mysteries of philosophy and religion, it gave evidence of the astonishing precision of memory and early self-mastery, and also hinted at the faint regret of one who was recalling a pleasure forgone during sixty-five years of life's pilgrimage. For he always enjoyed his food, though in respect of moderation his principles were adamant.

Of vigour, however, it would be difficult to find a more arresting instance than his conduct during these same days. As soon as the 140 letters were disposed of, he set to reading Greely's *Arctic Expedition*; at luncheon he could talk of nothing else than the heroism of Brainerd, one of the tiny group of survivors. In the afternoon he walked up to St. Deiniol's (the library which he built and endowed), and with his own hands lifted the heavy volumes and sorted them on the shelves. During this kind of toil, or rather between the bouts of it, he found recreation in haranguing; not in conversation so much as monologue full of fire and vivacity, always on a vast range of topics. Considering how little he gathered from his interlocutors—excepting hard facts—this refreshing talk meant far more of giving out than of drinking in. His only rest seemed to be change of activity. Similarly, as Lord Wolverton told us, when, in 1874, his Cabinet was beginning to break up, and the G.O.M. and his faithful lieutenant had been taking over the gloomy prospect, the former was most unusually harassed by the untoward

and inexplicable divisions among his followers. So Lord W. about 10 p.m. dissuaded him from going down again to the House. "But I must," said Gladstone; "I must speak to clear my brain." Down he went, asked what was on, spoke with astonishing vigour and precision of knowledge on a Church measure—the name of which I may not now recall—for a full three-quarters of an hour, and came back tranquillized and happy and slept like a child. Very rarely did his sleep fail him. When it did, he threw up the sponge at once and went to Lord Rendel's villa at Cannes. *Punch* had a delicious picture of the amazement of the French laundry-women at the size of his collars.

As to his physical gifts his late-learned woodcraft was nothing wonderful. Indeed, a story was told of an infelicitous attack he made on three alder-trees in a row, one only of which was rotten. He selected a sound one, felled it so that it ruined the other sound one, and the only survivor of the group was the dead tree. Willie, the eldest son, was quite first-rate, and Herbert nearly as good. Stephen, the clergyman, inherited the great walking powers of his father, accomplishing sixty miles on his sixtieth birthday, with a preparatory thirty three days before.

One more paradox in Gladstone's temperament may be noted. Wonderful though his orator's power was of catching and playing upon the humour of a crowd, for which he must have had the liveliest sympathy, it cannot be said that for individuals the same gift was noticeable. He never seemed to know what his interlocutor was thinking of unless the latter made it plain by speech. This disability made him curiously impersonal in argument. The late Lady Ribblesdale once took on herself to impugn some statement or opinion of his at a very small dinner-party. The challenge evoked—as challenges invariably did from him—a thunderous rejoinder of facts and arguments, with wealth of eloquence and formidable play of feature. But her account of it was that it was not nearly so disturbing as she expected because it was so impersonal.

This of course was the secret of his inacceptability with Queen Victoria. It made no sort of difference to the veteran combatant from what quarter a challenge came: the mere sound of the words seemed to act on him like a fiery stimulant, and he flung himself on the statement as if he had "seen a voice," as the Greek poet phrased it, not recking in any way whose voice it was. Akin to this was his foible for spending much time and eloquence occasionally on very dull subjects. Most racy and perspicacious was Mrs. Gladstone's interruption to one of these effusions at dinner: "Oh! William dear, if you weren't such a genius you'd be such a bore!"

Yet with these drawbacks there was a unique charm about his talk. It was impossible not to listen to him, and I have never known anyone whose words were so difficult to forget. But outshining all his other gifts was the greatness of his moral stature and the unvarying loftiness of his view of life. It was these characteristics which made it a priceless privilege to have known him.

C. H. LLOYD

Lloyd, for many years organist and music-master at Eton, was a gifted musician and a singularly lovable man. He used to say his musical training had never been sound or deep, but there was no possible question as to the charm of his organ-playing. It was no doubt less technically complete than that of the famous executant Walter Parratt, his great friend, whom no one could for many years rival in the austere classical perfection of style shown in his rendering of a Bach fugue. But Lloyd stood the test of playing piece after piece of well-known merit, and his *tempo* always was thought perfect by the warmest admirers of the music; and certainly he appealed to the modern audience by a certain warmth of feeling to which his great rival was for the most part strange. Yet he was restrained by a fastidious taste, and once when it was suggested to him that he should indulge a little expansiveness as Barnby did, adding some very

charming chords, high up, in the accompaniment to the verse in "Brief Life," "The morning shall awaken," he declined; and I am sure Parratt would have fought still more shy of the proposal. Lloyd contrived to be *most* expressive without the least semblance of trickishness.

The post of music-master at Eton involves a formidable combination of three functions. There is the professional choir to train, the organ to play, and the choral singing in the school to stimulate and guide. This last meant pushing tactfully yet forcibly the claims of music against a swarm of competing interests and widespread apathy of boys, parents, and masters, the last wishing to safeguard the time allotted to their own subjects; and it may be said that no man has ever succeeded equally in all these departments, to which indeed must be added the teaching of gifted individual boys as private pupils. Besides the organ-playing, Lloyd was very successful with the choir and with the single pupils. The democratic idea of music which Amiel attributed to Wagner was not congenial to him. If it had been, he would have been severely handicapped by the inexcusable structure of the School Hall, which was designed without consultation with him and proved to be most unfavourable to chorus-singing. Yet the school concerts have necessarily been given there. It is not any baffling question of general acoustics that came up, but the planning of the end of the hall for a platform for the chorus of 250 and orchestra which would allow the voices to come out freely and give the impression of volume. In any case, the building is too large for undeveloped voices, but the matter was made much worse by the unskilful design of the apse, which imprisons most of the voices behind the side pillars. On this most important question affecting the whole future of music at Eton, Lloyd was not consulted or at least his advice was not taken. But I am afraid this was by no means the only blunder connected with the building of the School Hall.

Lloyd's idiosyncrasy was to be a little too expansive in

his explanations of musical points to the huge congregation in chapel or at the school concerts. Some wag started the idea that when in his young days he was reading for Holy Orders he wrote the perorations of several sermons, but was denied the opportunity of using them. When then at Eton he realized that there was a considerable number of these documents lying idle, he determined to avail himself of every opportunity of firing one of them off, in the hope that by the time he left off work he would have disposed of every one. Also there is attributed to A. C. Benson the pictorial description of Lloyd with his high voice and preference of running and skipping to a sedate walk: "You know, we most of us have a beast within us to subdue, but Lloyd has a bird." His fondness for a bit of fun reminded him of a letter written in English by some foreign Teutonic lady, if I remember right, who wished to express herself very strongly about something that had occurred, without violating the proprieties. Her knowledge of the language was partial, and she thought it was quite the right thing to indicate the monosyllabic termination of three Continental townships, so the letter ended with the truncated names underlined: Amster, Rotter, Pots.

HENRY SIDGWICK

It was a constant regret in me that I was able to see but little of this most remarkable man after I was old enough to begin to understand him. For a combination of charm of conversation, unexpectedness of wit, and rich humour which in most delicate fashion suggested the Infinite, I cannot recall his equal. But a far greater endowment of character than any that these gifts denoted was his in abundant measure. In spite of a mind of the rarest analytical power, which must have tended to breed in him a distrust of all intuition, in spite also of his having been reared up in surroundings profoundly inimical to the growth of faith and favourable to the overdevelopment of the subtlest reasoning, there was from the days

of his youth till his death a very beautiful constancy in the pursuit of the purest ray of light that he was permitted to see. Entire absence of egoism, the first condition of the spell-producing power in character, showed itself in him in scores of ways, but particularly in so far as he was apparently unable to perceive egoism in other people. The temperamental affinity with the almost universal human infirmity being denied him might have given an impression of want of sympathy. But in talking he would comment on the most twaddling vapidly uttered by a well-meaning but unreflective visitor, and turn it into a rich and humorous contribution to the discussion. Barren themes became fertile at his touch. A threat of desolation seemed to be impending over an after-dinner group at Cambridge when men began to detail their experiences of dreaming. Someone rescued the subject from banality by asking Sidgwick if in his dreams there was any characteristic feature which constantly recurred. "Yes," he said, "there certainly is. I find my dreams impress upon me some great defect in my equipment for life, suggesting an urgent need." "What sort of need?" Then the answer, hanging fire with the grave stammer: "Of clothes." It then was explained that a recurrent vision in the night-watches was of himself wandering about among his fellow-creatures with nothing on!

I think that in ordinary society he was far more interested in what people said than in what they were. Yet no one took a more profound interest in ethical questions, as his best-known book testifies. But so far did this imply aloofness that he was conspicuous in his efforts to lighten the burdens of others, and all his amazing philosophical and analysing gifts did not prevent him from being ready with practical counsel evincing a rare sagacity and concentration on the matter on hand.

It may be doubted whether anyone, saint, scholar, or philosopher, has ever solved the problem of how to deal with a really pertinacious dull talker who not only cannot stop, but has no notion that anyone wishes him to stop.

Sidgwick nearly achieved success when a ponderous German professor visiting the University complained to him that there was a strange omission among the endowed Faculties of the most important subject of all. S.: "May I ask to what subject you refer?" P.: "Ach! I mean, of course, research into the problem of the Universe." S.: "Oh! but the subject is not on that account neglected. There are g-g-gentlemen who devote themselves to it; but we call them p-p-prigs."

No one ever heard him comment acridly or even wittily on any person's shortcomings or tiresome ways, no matter how deeply they must sometimes have galled. Any one of us younger ones would have said that nothing could have seemed so wholly inconceivable as that Sidgwick should under any possible provocation lose his temper, so unruffled was that urbane suavity, that deference to bumptious youths. But we were told that there had been a time when he was noted for heat of temper, choleric outbursts, and for inability to control them; till one day he was heard to remark: "I have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake to lose one's temper, and I do not intend to do so again." And he never did. Contrast with this what was said of his brother-in-law, Archbishop Benson. A similar self-conquest was achieved by him, but at the cost of a deep spiritual conflict, grief, and the viewing of life from a new angle. Another time Sidgwick, asked if he did not find getting up in the morning a great trial, replied: "Well, I always feel as the critical moment approaches that among several possible ways of solving the problem of life, lying in bed cannot be one." Again, when questioned with needless gravity by someone in quest of sympathy if he did not suffer from the prosaic but distressing infirmity known to-day as "intestinal stasis," the reply was most characteristic. "Yes, but I think it unimportant. It does not mean more than a mild and vague sense of duty undone."

His stories were not only perfectly appropriate to the context of the general conversation, illuminative of some

point that had come up, racy and fresh, but they owed enormously to the manner of their telling. At the moment he was absorbed in the spiritual setting of the ludicrous incident. If he ever repeated himself, he never commented in the same strain as before, but the mind, because it was alive to infinite issues, seemed to discern new depths of comicality between men's behaviour and their aspirations. The effect is not to be described, but I cannot forbear from giving one supreme instance of a story good in itself, but oh! so tantalizing not to have heard it from his own lips. I owe it to my old educational colleague on the Teachers' Guild, Professor Barnett, who badé me hear Sidgwick's voice stammer a rich gurgle of amusement in every word. A very prominent politician, whose hobby was Currency, visited a lunatic asylum and got into talk with an inmate, who of course took him for the newest arrival. The dialogue was as follows: L. "Well, this is not a bad place: you see, every one of us poor chaps has his hobby. May I ask, sir, what is yours?" P. "Mine! Oh! Bimetallism, to be sure." L. "Why, whatever is that?" P. "What is Bimetallism?" and off he went, waxing warm over ratios, exchanges, agios, Californian discoveries, stabilizations, and what-not, his hearer's face lengthening the while. After ten minutes, L., interrupting: "I say, look here, old chap; you're in the wrong box. This is only an ordinary lunatic asylum; but you are a d-d-d-damned fool."

A very puzzling fact was the unvarying heaviness of style which make his writings difficult to read. They give no hint by any chance of the writer's humour. Even his letters, though always interesting, were marked by the same deficiency. Perhaps in the former the nature of the subject and closeness of analysis forbade lightness. As to the letters, there is one charming passage on this very point, but no other instance. I suggest it was simply a case of being overpressed. His physical vigour was below the average, and the incessant references to *labor improbus* tell a plain story. But I have known other

cases of men with sparkle in their talk, whose letters are letters of business and nothing more.

There remains, however, a much deeper enquiry. Sidgwick in religion was a Theist, but certainly not a Christian. How, then, are we to account for the extraordinary spell exercised by this Hellenic-minded man upon men like Archbishop Benson and Dr. Gore, to whom the central affirmations of the Christian Creed are literally

The fountain-light of all our day,
The master-light of all our seeing ?

I suggest the following: the deepest criterion as to the standard of excellence reached by any character is the completeness of the victory over egoism. A Christian believes that there can be no even inchoate victory unless the allegiance has been transferred from self to God, or to Goodness, Beauty or Truth, with such an ardour of loyalty that the new service can never again be thought of as given merely to an abstract Principle. It must be the response to the overtures of the Creator Himself, however various may be the conceptions formed of the way those overtures have been made. What hindered Henry Sidgwick from looking at the Gospel story with our eyes we may not know and must not dream of judging. But of one supreme excellence we are allowed to be judges. He was one of those rare and holy souls who, disowning the claims of an all-analysing, all-corroding intellect, entered on the highest, purest quest that was known to him, the wholly disinterested pursuit of Truth: Truth conceived of intuitionally; descended from Heaven but to be lived by us on earth, in obedience to claims that were never to be questioned or disallowed. He once contrasted the long, slow, unrewarded toil of philosophic research with the quick returns promised him as a talker of modern languages. After taking his degree (as Senior Classic), he calculated that he might travel and give six months severally to twenty languages on end, and come back a lion of society with 50 per cent. of the reputation of

Mezzofanti (a person notable in crowded West-End drawing-rooms), by thirty-three years of age. With comparatively little effort, what a splash! What a name! Whereas now——! Whatever the sacrifice demanded, he never would have recognized it as a loss: "for he knew in Whom he had placed his trust."

JOWETT

About 1880 it was remarked at Cambridge that it was difficult to account for Jowett's enormous influence. His generosity and quiet helpfulness to needy youth went a long way. Moreover, his ideals were of the best mundane sort; such as the mass of people naturally reverences, and the man who achieves them, or seems to, will assuredly be held in honour. He was determined that Balliol should be a college intellectually distinguished, and he succeeded in making it very distinguished indeed.

I met him only once, for five minutes at a dinner-party of Dr. Warre's at Eton in the later eighties. He made the observation that whatever else may have gone wrong, in the previous fifty years there had been a gradual but very perceptible improvement among average men coming to the University—that was in knowledge of Greek.

Wilfrid Ward, however, gave me an interesting bit of information culled from Jowett in his last illness. He suddenly said: "I believe there are a good many stories told about me. Tell me some." Ward told him about a dozen (if I remember right). Jowett listened, giving no sign of interest, and at the end said in a high weak voice: "Yes. Those are all untrue except one, and that had nothing to do with me. The saying was spoken by Routh of Magdalen." The facts were that Routh was once badgered by strenuous undergraduates to arrange for a Long Vacation term similar to those held at Cambridge. Expecting they would only stay a very short time, he reluctantly conceded, and had to stay in Oxford himself to supervise. But the youngsters had no such idea: they contemplated anyhow a much longer stay

than Routh, who thereupon adopted the plan of doubling the number of compulsory chapels and halving the food rations. The day after the order was given he went out into the street and saw cabs rolling off to the station, each containing a disappointed undergraduate. R. grimly quoted Matt. xvii. 21 (A.V., not R.V.).

As to influence, a man who could deal as Jowett dealt with a guest at his own table, started off on an unsavoury story, was bound to be influential. Some one gave me the name of this severely disciplined individual, but I am glad to say I have forgotten it.

One of the best-known names in England among all who travel or want to travel, and who have known what it is to receive offers of timely help to this end, is that of Sir Henry Lunn, a man not only of brilliant resourcefulness in business, but a devoted and most generous worker in the cause of Reunion between Anglicans and Non-conformists.

Very rarely is there to be found so marked and even a blend between deep piety of life and venturesome, not to say combative, enterprise. The actual beginning of his business career dates from the time when he had just left school, *ætat* eighteen, and seized the opportunity of making a good thing out of the sale of lawn-tennis paraphernalia, that game just beginning to promise a future. With his permission I record the characteristic *dénouement*. To put it briefly, young Henry, having been strictly brought up, after four years had qualms about growing to be a rich man : "So, you see, I gave up the business and put my father into it."

CHAPTER XVIII

MUSIC

IN the middle of the last century the mind of the country had not begun to wake up on the subject of music. The fine arts generally were in a slumberous plight: though Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and their votaries were soon to make a stir in the matter of painting and house decoration. In parish churches the weirdest conventions were still observed, and many a rural district felt the upheaval of a local revolution when first it was proposed to chant the Psalms. Certain great town centres, especially in the Midlands, kept alive the English taste for chorus-singing, and as far back as I can remember the Birmingham Festival and the joint efforts of the Three Choirs, Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, were great events. We learnt to reverence the great living soloists, Titiens, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, and Santley, and in the home a solid tradition of Handel was built up, able to hold its own against ball-games and rabbit-shooting.

But by all accounts we were born a little too late for the greatest artists of all, Lablache, Rubini, Mario, Grisi, and, above all, Jenny Lind. Santley used to say that to become a great singer required as much training as to play the violin. I fear that maxim is honoured in the breach only to-day. Certainly the elderly folk among us have to reconcile themselves to brooding over times when vocal efforts were produced, such as are never attempted by the professionally trained singers now whom I have heard. I mean simply the absolutely compelling dominance of beautiful sound. We have read of Farinelli in the middle of the eighteenth century making his reputa-

tion by one great long-drawn note, swelling out in the middle and dying away, followed by five minutes' rapturous applause.

What word he was uttering, nobody cared. What our forefathers went in search of was the most beautiful sound in Nature, that which she gives at sundry times to the human throat. Then for volume, think what Lablache must have been! It is recorded of him that even when singing against an orchestra he had to restrain himself. His full pean of sound would have endangered the stability of the building, and it is said that he only once let out an untrammelled note, and that was in his sleep, when he nearly killed his wife! Later on Madame Albani was reported to have said that when she had to sing the great air in the *Messiah*, "I know that my Redeemer," she began with a sinking of the heart as she recalled Titiens's second note!

Meantime Sims Reeves used to treat us on occasions to a clarion-like peal on his high A in the phrase of "Sound an alarm" or at the end of "The enemy said." In his later years he would skate lightly over the high notes of these songs till the last phrase, and then, just as the audience thought he was played out, he let virtue go out of him and brought the house down. But I maintain it was bad art, and especially at the end of "Thou shalt dash them," where the ending was simply rewritten, the great tenor was guilty of successful clap-trap. Santley was very perfect within his range. Never did any baritone achieve such mastery over the rapid scale or a finer articulation. We blessed him for retaining his English name and always pronouncing the vernacular with the utmost purity. But in genius he fell below Henschel, especially in the *Elijah*. Barnby used to insist on this criticism, giving Henschel the palm as a musician and finding Santley lacking in depth. Yet Henschel had not a pleasing voice, especially in his earlier days.

Among singers I must mention one or two astonishingly gifted amateurs. My sister-in-law, Santley's daughter, I should put first of these. She began, it is true, as a pro-

fessional, but her genius was vocal, not dramatic, though her temperament was highly strung and passionate in music. What I mean is that she gave us not superb reading aloud or acting or emotion in the words, but uttered rapture or grief or pathos simply by means of the voice. The words were indistinctly pronounced, but the whole meaning of the song was given by the expression, the singer being lost in the melody. On one unforgettable occasion I took the bass part in some quartette singing when she was the soprano, an admirable professional whose name I forget was the alto, and Lionel Benson the tenor. Mrs. Bob, as she was generally called, had a voice in which the others felt as if they were imbedded, their best tone being brought out and enriched as never before. I can hear now the appealing pathos in the high part of "Ich fahr dahin," by Brahms, the notes swelling out into a whole world of pain at the words "vom Meiden muss ich leiden Pein," and her power of interpreting the lilt of an exquisite old English piece, "Love me true, dear lassie"—these glories of part-singing are not to be described. The only drawback to such a treat has been that all through the thirty years, from that day to this, I have despaired of ever being satisfied with any other artist's rendering of those two melodies. The best we have ever furbished up has been a poor song-echo of what is now no more.

Of superb and "revealing" amateur performances I shall never forget Arthur Wade's singing "Barbara Allen" at Hagley in 1867 (*circ.*), Lionel Benson's rendering of "La Charmante Marguerite," a lovely song connected for all time with Liza Lehmann, and songs by Billy Nicholls (well known in the Savage Club) at Haileybury about 1898. He bewitched us with his utterly spontaneous singing and accompaniment, though suffering from a very bad cold.

There was some capital part-song work done by the Free Forester Cricket Club, an account of which is to be found in the Club's volume of *Annals*. It arose from one Tom Ratliff, a born comedian but of no musical

education, discovering at the age of twenty-eight that he had an exceedingly fine falsetto or counter-tenor voice. Till then he had used a moderate baritone ; and the effect was magical. From about 1872 to 1894 he was in constant request, the remaining parts being supplied by cricketers of note, "Teddy" Bray, Herbert Marshall, George Longman, and my brother Spencer and myself, all University Blues. Ratliff's comicality, though very limited, ensured the success of any concert.

Part-singing is far more enjoyable to the singers than solos, and will soon be rightly appreciated by the public. It is the one pastime which quite satisfactorily compensates for the loss of cricket in rainy weather, bringing the Muses into the most unlikely surroundings, viz. a cricket tent full of damp, disappointed men in chilly flannels. But the prevailing difficulty is to secure a tenor : the voice is said to be decaying, and a dismal monotony of baritone is reported from the Public Schools. This is a truly serious matter and irremediable. But meantime it would be an immense gain to all concerned if only children with good ears were taught to read at sight. It is so easily done and so vastly rewarding. Though some progress has been made since 1880, there is a huge field opened before us wherein the beautiful natural gift of our people could find full scope. *Quousque Domine !*

Some twenty years ago I was staying near Hunstanton with an old friend, W. H. Leslie, son of Henry Leslie, whose choir many of us remember in London, and a musician with a rare gift for organization ; he planted an excellent system of training in sight-reading in seven village schools near his home. Not more than ten minutes a day was given to the work, and it made no very exacting demands on the teacher. The results seemed at that time to be miraculous, and I fear even now wholly unknown in the Public Schools. The adults in the village were bitten by it ; their voices in that county are neither strong nor melodious, but they love good music. I heard a Magnificat of Stanford's and an anthem of Stainer's done in a little

village church, with extraordinary swing and precision. Leslie told us how that choir would sing a new hymn-tune quite accurately, all parts, from the music, in the service, without ever seeing it before.

Another friend of mine, Mrs. Hollway Calthrop, wife of the late Bursar of Eton, now living at Stanhoe in the same county, has collected a capital village chorus and the whole life of the place has been quickened, or anyhow, decadence and dullness have been arrested. The bane of village life is monotony and consequent bickerings; for it is pretty plain—as far as I can judge—that most quarrels in this chequered world are largely due to the human desire to vary the monotony of life. For the very poor, the cheapest of all recreations is a good long-standing quarrel. Some prefer betting and gambling; but in the villages there are still a good many who know that such a *délassement* is risky. Against quarrelling they really believe there is no law; and if there be, it must give way before the imperative necessity of banishing dullness. Chorus-singing is a fine remedy for both evils; and there is not a village in England of 150 souls or more which cannot produce a chorus worth training. But the question is, have we enough faith in our villagers to take the trouble? Somebody must take trouble; and the opportunity is truly rich.

I have heard the saying ascribed to the Hon. W. Bruce, the well-known member of the Board of Education, that the principal subject discovered for elementary schools in the twentieth century would be music. Whoever said it, knew what he was talking about. Anyone acquainted with the work done by Miss Wakefield in the Lake District, Mr. Leslie in Norfolk, Lady M. Trefusis in more than one county, and Dame Meriel Talbot in Kent, infers that there is no corner of England where good teaching of chorus-singing does not provoke a vigorous response.

Two testimonies to our native endowment of musical intelligence are worth quoting. Mr. E. Speyer, a thoroughly trained musician and a long naturalized English-

man, who has done much for the grand musical uprising connected with Queen's Hall in London, a native of the great German musical centre Frankfort, has asserted more than once that no audiences in Germany could compare with the old Monday Pop. audiences in St. James's Hall in intelligent musical appreciation. (This reminds me of the statement in Leach's *English Schools at the Reformation*—a very interesting book—that according to Erasmus, writing about 1499 (?), England was the musical, Germany the drunken country.)

The other was from no less an artist than Joachim himself, whom I heard say at luncheon in Stanford's rooms in Trinity, Cambridge, about 1876, that in avoiding the ugly scraping noise when the wood of the bow presses on the strings of the violin in moments of excitement, he had to be far more careful in England than at home. "In Berlin they do not mind; but your ears in England are more sensitive." This explains some of the phenomena of German solo singing. I have heard a leading soloist at Bayreuth take breath in the middle of a word! Yet we have, I believe, caught the detestable habit of tremolo from the Wagnerian singers in Germany. Ought that to continue after the War?

The mention of Stanford's luncheon recalls a singular incident. Charlie Brookfield (always called Brooks, as his father was, according to Tennyson, later a well-known comedian) was asked by Stanford to take a few professionals of the orchestra to luncheon, before the University concert in the afternoon. Brooks, as host, found conversation with these gentlemen tended to drag, so he invented a tale of a musical practical joke played upon a performer on the violin not of the very front rank, who had an awkward high note to hit in a short solo which it fell to him to play from the body of the orchestra on the platform. To provide against accident he made a chalk mark exactly where his finger was to press. But as he was rash enough to reveal the fact, a waggish friend got at the instrument and surreptitiously altered the mark.

Result: short of the executant's hopes. The fiction was a huge success. In 1879 I was sojourning in Leipsic, in the house of a well-known musical family—the Klengels—and the father, a very cultivated man, told me that this very trick had actually been played on a leading violinist who was then performing in the town. It is seldom that deliberate fiction proves to be fact.

Again, comparing English and Germans, I must mention an experience in Dresden in the spring of 1879. A small party of us used to go regularly to the *Gewerbehäus* concerts: price sevenpence, plus coffee and such atmosphere as would be bred by 500 *Deutschers* eating and smoking in an artificially heated room, with double windows hermetically sealed. An orchestra, conducted by one *Mansfeldt*, gave us a mixed programme, always some special favourites, Schubert's *Unfinished*, Handel's *Largo*, the slow Beethoven Symphony movements, etc., which we relished enough to make us endure the poisonous inhalations for two and a half hours on end.

I have told already how our simple programme was too classical for the audience. On one occasion we were galled beyond endurance by a giggling *Hausfrau*, sitting near us and spoiling the music more shamelessly than I have ever known or heard of in our "unmusical" island.

No one will ever get people to believe that we have a remarkable gift of musical appreciation. If they did, we should concentrate our musical training not on performance, but on listening. It is much the same with handicraft. In every village there are boys with a talent for designing. There is to be seen in this same county of Norfolk the list of names of sixteen villagers who, with two teachers imported, accomplished a sumptuous and lovely restoration of the little village ruined church. The work took them seven years and lifted the whole life of the place.

Two indications of the progress being made in the teaching of the young how to listen to good music. In 1922 I heard a ragged boy riding an old bone-shaker bike

eastwards down the Old Brompton Road, whistling one of the themes of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

Lately, having time to spare in York, I was standing outside the west front of the Cathedral while afternoon service was going on, when a townsman, an artisan in appearance, asked me why I didn't go inside. I told him they objected to sightseers during Divine Service. "Oh, but there's an anthem of Byrd's just going to be sung, and I know the verger, who will let us in at the side-door here. Come along." He whipped out a printed programme of the services with the anthem-words in full; and sure enough from the ambulatorium (if I am right) we heard an exquisite fragment of the great master.

There was a man with a gift for fellowship!

I am convinced, after seeing the restored church of Glandford, near Cley-on-Sea, Norfolk, that in every village of 150 souls or more there may be found a few boys with a talent for designing, and others for carving wood or stone; for craftsmanship, in short, such as must have been common in the fifteenth century.

We have woefully neglected both talents; but Nature is giving us all the time an opportunity as rich as ever.

CHAPTER XIX

BOOKS

It is perhaps worth while to give some rather disjointed notes on reading, and on a few of the books from which I have found that nourishment can be gained.

By the age of fourteen, suffering from a mental hunger I did not understand or know how to allay, I sucked some advantage out of two strangely dissimilar works: Euclid's *Elements* and *Paradise Lost*. The former was made known to me by Stephen Hawtrey at Eton when I was twelve, as related above; and so charmed was I at the sudden revelation of the author's method and meaning, that I read in the holidays the first four books through for pleasure in the drawing-room. It came to much less than it sounds, as no one ever showed me how to do a rider or connect Euclid with Algebra, or how to grapple with ratios in the VIth Book. How delightful to come across the following item of information gravely given in the correspondence column of a provincial paper: "Answer to Enquirer: You are right: Euclid was a man, but Algebra was not a woman," told me by Francis Paget. The plunge into Milton was a little later and certainly rather dramatic. Having eaten too much at "My Dame's" and "staying out" for three days, and on the second day being much bored, I walked into the house-library in quest of reading; got hold of *Paradise Lost*, and read the whole twelve books through in one day. This was easy, as I knew the plot. Shakespeare and Scott's poems were beyond me, as I never unravelled the stories. Next morning I embarked gaily on *Paradise Regained*, and was pulled up short by finding only four

books, and those difficult and dull. If there had been another eight, however, I should have ploughed through them. Young boys require a clue to these mysteries, but nowadays of course they are helped far too much and lose the joy of using the brain rightly.

Lately I came across Mr. Doran, who trains boys and girls to act Shakespeare. He generally insists on a crowd of children being included in the audience; but he uses his rare gift of speech to explain the plot to them at the beginning.

At Cambridge Seeley's enigmatical book *Ecce Homo* took us all captive for a time with its fascinatingly fresh view of the Gospel narrative and its peerless style. May not Seeley be ranked with Newman and Church, and perhaps Mozley, as a princely writer of English prose? Some will remember how in *Ecce Homo* the author foreshadowed a supplementary treatise which we vaguely supposed would be called *Ecce Deus*. During the later seventies there was some disappointment felt at the non-appearance of the work; but Jebb, about 1878 or a little earlier, recounted to me a singular incident in one of the very first talks I ever had with him. It was that he had challenged Seeley with the question whether and when the book was to appear, and the answer was that it had appeared. It was the *Life of Stein*, the Prussian statesman and educational reformer! That biography was written as an antidote to the influence of the Macaulay school, studiously pruned of all purple patches, eloquence, and enthusiasm; a cool, dispassionate, very dry narrative of the achievements of the Prussian builder of society. As Jebb remarked, this answer to a plain question was so strange that no one would have dared invent it for a novel. I conjecture that Seeley desired to complete the portrait of Christ in a more satisfying way than his first attempt; but failing in clearness of vision and being slightly harassed by questioners, invented a paradox, absurd enough to deter further enquiry—that might have been coined by Mrs. Cornish, of Eton fame.

As to historical reading, it was confined at Cambridge to Grote's *Greece* and Mommsen's *Rome*. The former, being almost the only history I had ever read attentively, struck me as a great work. Though the Eton and Cambridge training had been almost entirely linguistic, by twenty years of age I could not tell the difference between good and bad English. Somehow, we did not relate the syntax-rules of Greek and Latin to any other language. Anyhow, the effect was that Grote's common, coarse choice of words did not offend, nor did we consciously detect the absence of rhythm. But a suspicion crossed my mind when I read a verdict of Ruskin's on our author. It was when a discussion had been started about the hundred best books, John Lubbock, Acton, Ruskin, among others, having published each his own selection. Ruskin was asked why he had not included Grote's *History of Greece*, and his answer was something of this sort: "Because there is not a banking clerk in Aldgate or Cheapside who could not—if he were willing so to devastate his mind—write a better."

Mommsen came as a revelation to our pinched and feeble minds. We thought him the greatest literary genius of the world, and his translator the second. But it is interesting to recall that the indubitable genius of the great German left an unmistakable feeling of dissatisfaction, just as *Ecce Homo* had done. I did not know then what was wrong with either, but I know now.

A word about poetry. People harassed, as most of us are, by hard routine work soon drop out of reading poetry, except in short lyrics, and as soon as they persuade themselves that a poem of fifty lines is beyond their powers, they rapidly fall to abjuring even Shakespeare's Sonnets, and Keats's, and Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. This is one of the crazy things we men and women do, and yet are almost ready to admit that it is very serious. Some few, however, will profess that they like to hear poetry read aloud, and undoubtedly this is a sound instinct. We lose priceless benefit by spending many hours a week in palaver,

which might be spent in hearing good poetry well read. Great is the responsibility of parents in this matter; seeing that though the duty is easy to perform—nearly everybody can learn to read aloud fairly well by practice and taking pains—there are few the omission of which is so calamitous. Nature gives the young human being strength of memory between eight and fourteen. Then is the time a child should be given copious doses of appropriate anecdotes, ballads, and hymns, that the mind shall be stored through life with things lovely and of good report. Much of the wreckage of young life comes from the emptiness of mind combined with growing appetites; and it is sheer lunacy to leave any stone unturned to feed the mind according to the dictates of Nature.

A useful stimulant of a literary kind may be found in the following device for teaching rhythm, clear thinking, and appreciation of poetical diction all at once. It will serve as a family evening game. Someone reads aloud a stanza or two of a poem not familiar to the audience; after they have caught the meaning and the metre, go on to the next stanza, but omitting certain words and all the adjectives (unless they are too recondite), and if necessary indicate the sort of word needed, and its length. Thus an n. 3 would mean noun of three syllables, a. 2 an adjective of two, and so on. A slight flavour of innocent gambling (if there is such a thing) is added by the method of marking. If the class numbers 10 and only one gets the right word he scores 9; if six get it right then they only score 4. If all but one get it, then all 9 only score 1 each. Approximations are given half-marks or a third, according to their worth. It is quite good fun and sound teaching. The poem should be read through *well* when it is finished.

A poet who has always struck me as having the best title of all our noble army to the epithet "inspired" is William Blake; and that for two reasons. (1) He wrote the *Songs of Innocence* when he was a boy of sixteen, bullied at school. (2) In each of the lovely lyrics he

alludes to some animal or insect, in a tone of sympathy equalled by no one except perhaps Burns, in the eighteenth century. How much we owe our love of animals to the poets! Blake's sentiments seem to have been shared by very few; only by Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

I cannot forbear a tribute to a writer of singularly limited horizon, but a unique combination of humour with scholarship and perfect versification. Calverley's parodies require to be mentioned with encomium, or they will die. Their savour is too literary, too Latin, perhaps, to be welcomed by the multitude; yet if read aloud, as of course they ought to be, many of them would soon be in the best sense popular. The diction is so perfect for the purpose of the poems that the rhyming skill is generally obscured. But a test should be applied. Take any skilful rhymester and you can nearly always detect which of the two rhyming words is the more important, and the other you can see has been selected to support it. But Calverley never lets us into his secret; for he seems to love the right word far too well to choose any other whatever, and lo! it is found to be in rhyme!

The exquisiteness of his scholarlike diction preparing for a bathos is illustrated supremely in a stanza of "The Organ Grinder," which Montagu Butler—and who better qualified?—pronounced to be Calverley's greatest triumph. The subject was the hilarity of the organ music which tempts a motley horde of the populace to dance on the pavements:

Not with clumsy Jacks and Georges;
Unprofaned by grasp of man,
Maidens speed those simple orgies,
Betsey Jane with Betsey Anne.

Dr. Butler, in writing about Calverley in his prefatory note to one of the full editions of his poems, made a characteristic slip. The delightful story turns on Calverley at Harrow just saving himself from trouble by having learnt by heart one ridiculous sentence only in

Russell's *Modern Europe*; about the Ostrogoths, of whom Calverley was abysmally ignorant. It ran thus "They hunted the boar in the shining parterre and the trim pleasure-ground where effeminacy was wont to saunter and indolence to loll." Butler printed the sentence with *bear* instead of *boar*, wholly unconscious of the incongruity of Bruin and a trim pleasure-ground!

Some mention should be made of the greatest, stiffest, most full-of-body books that I have grappled with. In Science, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, the only book, if I remember right, that I had ever heard of in Lord Acton's list of the hundred best. I was profoundly impressed, and remained so, despite some uneasy mutterings in the scientific camp which penetrated to the hosts of the Philistines, till Arnold Lunn, son of my old friend Sir Henry, lent me two volumes on Darwin by Samuel Butler. One he wrote most respectfully; for the other he dipped his pen deep in gall. What made him change his tone I cannot say, except that he seems to have thought Darwin had dealt uncandidly with his criticism. He charged the great man with fathering a theory which was borrowed from his uncle Erasmus, Lamarek, and Buffon; and further, with having cut out the word "my" before "theory" in some passages, not all, in consequence of his (Butler's) poignant thrusts. An eminent scientific man told me Butler might have gained more attention if he had written in a more gentlemanly tone. This, I confess, seems to me a lame defence in the mouth of a man of Science. If the charges cannot be rebutted, then say so. If they can be, why should they not be, with or without vituperation? If the latter element is wanted, I never heard that scientific men were, as a body, incapable of applying it.

For scientific facts I fear I must admit dependence on popular works of various kinds, including lectures. For Natural History, Kearton's lantern slides, Theodore Wood, E. B. Poulton, Headley at Haileybury, and M. D. Hill at Eton; and some of the admirably written articles in

The Times, Country Life, etc. But lectures nowadays with films are beyond words fascinating. I shall never forget Stephen Paget at Eton in a lecture on a drop of blood magnified a thousand times, if I remember right; and the microbe of the sleeping sickness working havoc with his tail among the phagocytes; or an eminent Scottish authority on the plague telling us drily how when a flea "makes up his mind that a live human being is better than a dead rat, the plague begins." But how easily a learned lecturer may be a real infliction! I maintain that lectures to be valuable must be rare—but on that burning topic I have already liberated my soul.

A little monthly paper on Natural History, accurate, full of knowledge, thoroughly scientific in spirit, is *Countryside*. It is, moreover, so pleasantly written that it makes you wish you could ask the editor to dinner forthwith.

Huge tomes of Philosophy have taught me, I hope, something precious—several of them Gifford Lectures; e.g. Balfour's four works, James Ward's two sets of Lectures, Caird's massive work on Kant (too tough, I fear), Sorley's *Moral Values*, Pringle-Pattison, Boutroux: these authors I have read mostly with real admiration, though it remains a difficulty to say what contribution to one's interpretation of life each one has made; and in most of the books referred to there are chapters where I have felt myself to be

wandering about in worlds not realized.

Most of the authors named are distinguished for the perfect lucidity of their style, Lord Balfour for a "demure irony" in addition; but Professor Sorley, though less attractive, seems to me to have achieved not only lucidity of style, but such weightiness and dignity as exactly befit his lofty theme, in this respect recalling Bishop Butler, who, though less artistically gifted, never fails to convey his own sense of the immeasurable importance of his arguments, unless they can be disproved. As to all these

books and others which might be called philosophic, such as Mozley's Bampton Lectures or Newman's writings, it may safely be said that a second reading a great deal more than doubles the value of the journey first.

Another great master of style is Sir James Frazer, the learned author of *The Golden Bough*. It is a book which nearly knocks the reader down with its massive evidences of research, and yet the innumerable comicalities of backward man are told with inimitably restrained humour and ease. These qualities enabled me to take extracts from them for a schoolboy audience or for unlettered folk in country districts without changing a word.

A second reading of Dean Church's review of *Ecce Homo* makes it necessary to call attention again to the greatness of Seeley's work and the unvarying nobility of tone and perfect sense of proportion which characterize his reviewer. *Ecce Homo* is a book very easy to misinterpret, especially by those numerous readers who have a sharper eye for what contradicts their own opinion than they have for what confirms it. We are so impatient of dullness as to be repelled by any statement which seems familiar and attracted by any novel theory which seems hollow enough to provoke our over-active critical faculties. Church felt the awfulness of responsibility in matters of belief and the august duty of measuring language to the exact requirements of the matter in hand: and as he shrank from the poison of exaggeration and from all crudeness of judgment, his diction is always stately, rich, and flowing. Yet even his beautiful style yields the palm to the magical rhythm and strongly arresting charm of Seeley's writing. It seemed to us in 1878, anyhow, to be the English prose of almost sublime excellence; and Church brings out with unfailing insight what there is of permanent value in the thought.

A great book has just been added to the list, Bergson's *Creative Evolution*. For pure intellectual alertness, for intermittent vitality, for spontaneous brilliancy and fertility of illustration I have never come across its equal.

among books which I could profess to understand. Kant and Hegel may be greater philosophers, but I shall not attempt to read either of them on this side of the grave. What, then, has Bergson taught us? One negative sentence of very far-reaching significance is quoted above: "There is an inherent incapacity in Intellect to comprehend Life," and I hold that it contains a warning most pertinent, urgent, and arresting for all those of us in modern times who are trying to understand why we are what we are.

A most praiseworthy biography of a really great man is Coupland's *Life of Wilberforce*; almost the only biography since Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* that is quite free from overloading or sketchiness.

One of the most thrilling books I ever read was George Kennan's narrative of his second visit to Siberia. He was an American journalist, travelled through the land of the political exiles—I suppose in the eighties—saw only what the officials were permitted to show, went back to U.S.A. and wrote some articles to the effect that the accusations of foreigners were greatly exaggerated, the prisons not so bad, etc., and sent the writings to the Minister of the Interior in St. Petersburg. The Minister replied gratefully and offered Kennan a special permit next time he came over to see everything there was to see. The latter, suspecting he had been hoodwinked, took advantage of the leave, and the book is a plain statement of the awful state of things which he saw with his own eyes. He was in peril of death the whole time, as he carried with him letters from one group of prisoners to another. When he came over to England to lecture I got him to come to Haileybury about 1894, and noted the furtive, hunted expression in his eyes. His lecture was very telling, but nothing to the book.

Somehow the practice of reading is often invested with a peculiar halo. It is thought that there is a virtue in any ordinary book which anyone may imbibe by a single perusal, the truth being there may be no virtue whatever

but only charm ; no depth, no grip on unfamiliar truths, no sense of the Infinite. If on the other hand there is any one of these things, it cannot pass from the written page into a human mind without active, apprehending effort on the part of that mind ; which effort is very often withheld altogether, the need for it being quite unsuspected. Again, boys of the turbulent type are sometimes made to read by their elders for the sake of a quiet life as you might give a soothing syrup to a restless child. Literature was not intended for this end. Others have enjoined reading as an antidote to animalism ; but if the young animal sees what you are at, he will gather fresh resolution in striking out his own paths, which, though they may begin in "pleasantness," will not necessarily end in "peace."

Let us remember (1) that when we envy the sharp-wittedness of the ancient Athenians, they had no books to read. (2) A well-read man seldom mentions the name of a book he has used, but he gives you the contents in his own words—if he thinks you can understand them. (3) Reading—even of good books—if practised in order to kill time, kills, besides time, much that we need to keep alive, including the power of putting two and two together, intuition, and interest.

CHAPTER XX

OTHER RECREATIONS

BESIDES cricket, football absorbed a good deal of attention from twelve years old to thirty-three, when I left Eton for Haileybury and had to lapse into a spectator of the Rugby game, of which the boys were very capable exponents. On arriving at Eton in 1868 straight from Mrs. W.'s seminary in Brighton, we found the game for the Easter half, fives, miserably organized, and the cricket, as already explained, not much better. But the football was quite another story. Each house, numbering about forty—though for some reason Miss Evans's was fifty-four—was divided against itself during the summer half, some of the leading boys, a minority, being wetbobs and the rest nominally cricketers, but many were mere loafers, and dawdled up town sucking sweets and poking about in the shops. It must be repeated that there were at least 600 of these every half-holiday, that meant three times weekly and often four. But no sooner were the summer holidays over than we girded ourselves up for "deeds of high emprise" in the world of football, the house being knit together in one powerful bond of fellowship in the common aim of recovering the House Football Cup. For the younger fry there was the Lower Boy Cup, the final for which took place then, and till to-day, I believe, on St. Andrew's Day—the one saint's day the date of which is accurately known by every Etonian throughout the world. On the first day of the half, no matter what the temperature was, every boy except the very few exempted by the doctors—in 1868 there was very little of that—was forced into a house game, about

twenty a side, big and small. It was a terrifying sort of Comus rout for the smallest varlets, and for my part, partly from prudence, partly from native instinct, I hung about a good deal on the outskirts of the fray. This, being noted by the pundits, caused me to be selected for "behind" play that afternoon, and for the whole twenty-two years of my football history in the Wall and Field Eton games, and afterwards in the Association, playing for Old Etonians in London and once for England *v.* Scotland at Glasgow, I never occupied any other place but short or long "behind."

No words could bring home to anyone, not a Public Schoolman, the place occupied by that football cup in our minds for the next few years. When, later on, it came to playing in the last two or three matches, I can safely say the anxiety that weighed upon the captain of the house team was unlike any burden I have ever had to bear. It was considerably heavier, more harassing, more haunting, than that of representing the school at Lord's; simply because at Lord's we were sure of the majority of the spectators being friendly to Eton, whereas in those grim winter noondays the entire school turned out to watch and howl at and execrate the big powerful house which for years knew its own merits perhaps a little too well, and anyhow excited a quite singular jealousy among the others. In 1873, my last year, we were beaten on a frost-hardened ground by a house with a mixed reputation, who certainly did themselves credit that day, as they were only about half of our numbers. If we had won that match we might have secured the House Cup five years running, in which case the question of our numbers would have been raised. So perhaps it was as well. I must mention the pluck and fine play shown by Huntsman and "Jim" Judd for the other side.

Of course we had many grand matches for the school against Old Etonians, headed by the redoubtable Lord Kinnaird. I enjoyed the singular distinction of being in both Mixed Wall and Field elevens for two years without

being keeper of either. The first year in the Field eleven I played goal and could study the magnificent kicking of my old friend Welldon at short-behind, till, as not infrequently happened, Kinnaird would get past all our men and bear down on me, whose business it was to defend the goal without giving a rouge, no matter at what cost of life or limb. They were dramatic moments in these duels, but if I am not wrong I only let him by once. Kinnaird was a grand player who went at the foe like a bullet, with the light of duty gleaming in his eye. Later on, Major Marindin, proposing his health at an Old Etonian dinner, spoke of Lady Kinnaird's anxiety whenever her husband went out to play a match. (He must have been well over forty, but still very formidable.) " ' Oh, Major, I know that one of these days he'll come back with a broken leg,' and I always say, ' Well, Lady Kinnaird, if he does, you'll see it won't be his leg.' " Only two other players showed the unwavering dutifulness in onset—viz. Dick Dupuis, one of the grandest long-behinds that ever lived, and J. E. K. Studd.

There occurred an Homeric encounter about 1872 between two noted " shiners," one at de Rosen's, the other at Warre's, who as they each played " behind " could hardly come into personal contact. But towards the end of the match the forwards (the " bully ") straggled, and the field opening showed the ball lying exactly between A. and B., each being some fifteen yards away from it. Either might have been pardoned if his aim at the ball had been a trifle unsteady. Not so. They dashed upon it; each kicked it with all his might in the very centre, exactly at the same moment; each fell five yards in opposite directions on his face, and the ball never moved an inch. Bullies though they were, their pluck was immense. One of these youths in moments of excitement flung his legs about at random, and Lacaita came back from an Oppidan Wall game grumbling at having been kicked by him, not in a gentlemanly way on the tibia, but on the chin!

A House match took place in 1871 or 1872 between

Warre's and Browning's. The two house-masters were not exactly sympathetic with each other (Snow's verse

Non est multus amor perditus inter eos,

already quoted in a different connexion, illustrates the case to perfection), though I doubt if that fact accounted for the fury of this combat. Certain it is that a cartoon uttered in the early days of the London School Board was fulfilled adequately. It was a picture of a terrific scrimmage carried on by burly middle-aged men nominally engaged in a football match, while far away in a corner of the field lay, wholly unnoticed, the football with the word "Education" printed on it. So in this house match it was noticed that frequently the noise of boots impinging merrily on shin-bones was audible for a perceptible time after the ball had gone "out." Warre indeed stepped out on the field and appealed to the boys to control their tempers. This was the only time anything of the kind was done. But I cannot remember that it had any effect.

Fives was a game I learnt on first going to Eton in January 1868, and I played it off and on till 1905. I was taught it in the chapel-wall court nearest to Brewer's Yard by Hugh Currie, a boy who combined the sportsman and the saint to a very remarkable degree. (He was afterwards Chaplain of Cuddesdon in my time there, and one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known.) By the young fry the game had to be learnt almost entirely on these chapel courts, as there was only the beggarly number of twelve school courts on the Eton Wick Road. Now, these courts in 1868 were "bagged" after twelve by anyone who could escape from the classroom early on any pretext; but owing to the disorderly exits from Chapel, when the VIth Form almost ran out from the 8 p.m. service, racing with each other to get most speedily down Keate's Lane, the rule was made that certain dignitaries in the school should have a court each by right, and give them away or use them as they pleased.

"Disorderly" is a mild word. Alexander (captain of the XI in 1867) was foremost in the race and always jumped the wall outside the Chapel entrance, cutting off a yard or two, till one day an old woman selling apples emerged inopportunately from behind a tree just as Alexander flew over the wall. His knees impinged on the poor old lady's person and she was knocked half across High Street, and her apples scattered to every point of the compass. What happened to C. R. A. the annals do not record; we may, however, be perfectly certain that he did *not* stop to pick up either the fruit or the defenceless vendor.

But we learnt the game somehow, and though from early days I was handicapped by tender hands, I was twice successful in winning School Fives, though the strain of competing, with the Newcastle Examination going on at the same time, was not favourable either to the fives or to the examination. Hence I could infer how extraordinary was the achievement of Gerald Anderson, one of the most brilliant of Eton sons; if I am not mistaken he was in the final for School and House Fives and also in the Select for the Newcastle three years in succession. There can be no parallel to that.

TENNIS

Tennis in the covered court, that most scientific, ancient, and graceful game, which now has not even a name to itself, occupied a great deal of time and money at Cambridge. As to time, perhaps it is hard to say what better winter exercise was available for those who didn't ride or hunt regularly; but it cost in those times £80 per annum. I have my doubts if the modern youth is quite so tough or so keen as we were. Exactly on the stroke of the hour we entered the court and turned out the two whose time was up, so as to get our full hour. Eustace Miles—an acute observer of human life—tells me that by 1900 this eagerness to be "at it" had died away. The

young fellows dawdled in ten minutes late! I know not how it is nowadays.

Besides expense, there are two drawbacks to the game it is not in the open air, and it only exercises one arm. None the less there is a wondrous spell about it, and to this day I find fancy, when not otherwise engaged, will set aside the counterclaim of cricket and call up to the mind the exquisite vision of the heavily cut ball rattling cosily in the backhand corner. I never got to be more than a possible second fiddle for the University—something went wrong with the stroke, I never made out what—and later I found that, as at lawn tennis, some malignant humour which I can only call nervousness went far to strip my play of all distinction, though Nature certainly intended something much better.

It is to the credit of the game that it tests the temper with quite peculiar penetration. My brother Alfred was in this respect a model from the first, though endowed by nature with plenty of choler, as the following incident revealed. For the inexperienced it should be explained that the heavy racquet we had to use either gave a delicious feeling if the ball was hit true, or with the smallest inaccuracy made an ugly noise against the wood, jarred the whole arm, sent the ball anywhere, and, in short, exhibited a most woeful form of failure just when the subject of it was anticipating the keenest joy of success. The cause of this horror is "turning over" the head of the racquet. Once when Alfred, quite at the beginning of his discipleship, was painfully wrestling with this disorder, John Phillips was marking and took on himself to repeat monotonously: "You turned the head of the racquet over." (John Phillips was the burly curator of the court.) Alfred, getting to be more and more exasperated: "John, if you say that again, I shall kick you." Good plain Saxon, but John ignored the warning; whereupon Alfred, coming over to the service side, passed John, who was stooping to gather up the balls according to custom, and planted a most hefty kick with the flat of his left foot

soundingly on the ample person. John rises and, gazing up at the opposite window, moralizes the situation with a crescendo in the voice as the pain was realized: "If anyone does that to me again, I'll knock him down, (*cres.*) d—d if I don't; (*ff.*) if he's as big as a tennis court, I will." Then suddenly the stentorian shout dropped to a slow, reflective note: "By gum, but it *was* a kick!"

GOLF

The great Scottish pastime exerted its weird spell upon me for twenty years from 1895. Beginning in the sunlit slopes around Lough Swilly in the north of Ireland, I continued to play mostly at Cromer till the War, combined with a diminishing length of drive, heightened cost of balls, and a dwindling prospect of improvement on a 18 handicap settled for me golf's hash for 'good and all. The coping-stone was set by my clubs, bag, and balls being stolen by some French artists in thievery at Marseilles station about 1917.

Golf illustrates the inability of the human intellect to understand life. The fact should not be forgotten that it was played at Blackheath some 250 years before ordinary Englishmen knew there was such a game. In 1906 Henry Sidgwick bore upon him the mark of a cleek which had smitten his nose at Blackheath fifty-four years before. But no one took notice. The hour had not struck. Then all of a sudden the fever set in, and all the island was Scotticized.

Musings on golf are sometimes quite interesting—that is, in its sociological aspects. Yet it is a rare achievement to describe even a thrilling match without monotony. Few have written on it with more fertility and charm than my old and dear friend Horace Hutchinson. It would save us from some confusion of mind if it were not called a game; that is, it lacks the element of attack and defence which I hold to be inherent in all games from cricket and tennis down to dominoes. Some club secretary fell terribly foul of me for calling it a kind of obstacle

race. I suppose the worthy fellow thought the membership of his club would straightway "peak and pine." He need not have minded. The more truth there is in my description the less likely it is to be noticed. What makes golf popular will go on to do so, no matter who decries it. Its worst enemy—indeed, its only enemy—is the growing expense; and certain municipalities have this matter in hand.

In the nineties, middle-aged cricketers taking to golf found themselves a prey to gusts of cholera, novel in character, baffling in origin, and in potency not to be withstood. Their onsets have largely passed, as M. Coué has often remarked in other connexions, since modern players mostly begin young enough to be still supple in body and mind. Men of my generation bore the brunt of the storm, in that the curious difficulty of every stroke was to each one a revelation of his personal physical infirmity. Yon stalwart ex-cricketer of forty, an adept at propelling the leathern orb whither he chose, for all its lightning flight, I see him now, pursed lips puckered, grappling with the problem of the innocent little white thing, waiting his pleasure on the sward. His lips are pressed, his brow intent; his fingers, shoulders, hips, being drilled into slow, ungainly prescribed movements with a result generally pitiful in its unlooked-for abortiveness. As a French acquaintance at Costebelle phrased it: "Il y en a qui vont; il y en a qui ne vont pas; et ça me décourage infiniment." True, there was a subtle difference between this worthy and our players. It was in mid-April in that celestial spot, when under a torrid sky our friend set himself to master "le sport." His figure was rotund, his neck short, his collar very stiff, his coat of glossy black; glossy, too, his patent-leather boots. In ten minutes moisture streamed down his cheeks and his shoulders were steaming. Two small, unwashed Ligurians were hired to recover the balls after each attempted blow, and the patient pro. explained the inner meaning of each divagation. Not all are called

upon to go through this martyrdom ; but what can be the joy of a pastime which can require such an "expense of spirit in a waste of shame" ? The immorality of the proceeding, as M. — detected, lies in the want of sequence between cause and effect. Patience, concentration on one end, and submission to authority *ought* to be rewarded more often than they are for the tiro. Very often increased care merely multiplies disasters ; and the effect on one's view of the Universe can hardly be bracing. It is noticeable, however, that the real crux is to point out where you have done right. There is no mystery in failure, after all ; what I could never understand was the good drive when it came off. It is like the unanimous public verdicts about things—new tunes, pictures, commodities, people—which are very often wrong ; the baffling fact is they are now and again right.

CHAPTER XXI

CHURCH WORK

FOR the last few years it has been my lot to do a great deal of preaching, mostly in or around London; and I am beginning to learn more and more every year of the truth given to me and my *contubernalis* at Eton, Stuart Donaldson, in 1884, by a greatly revered and beloved old parish priest, the Rev. Herbert James, Rector of Livermere in Suffolk (father of—among others—the present Archdeacon of Dudley and the Provost of Eton). He told us how he had tried writing out all of the sermon or some of it, preaching from memory entirely or with the help of notes, etc., etc., and how he had come to the conclusion that, do what you will, preaching is the most difficult thing in the world. Not very encouraging for two young deacons, one would think, as the verdict of one who was reckoned among the best preachers in East Anglia. Yet I am thankful to have had the warning; for the most fatal thing for any priest—I care not who he may be—is to fall into the idea that preaching is anything but supremely difficult. So far the truth is quite clear.

Let it be observed first, that the true success or failure of a sermon depends on the sincerity of both preacher and listeners. To listen well is just as difficult as to preach well, and just as heavy a responsibility, however generally it may be disowned.

Now, of course, as a parson I am tempted to dwell on the duties of the laity in this matter. But I will first indicate one or two points necessary to be borne in mind in regard to the responsibility of the preacher, which

among the many books and pamphlets dealing with the subject have not been sufficiently emphasized.

1. As sincerity depends partly on experience both practical and spiritual, is it anything to wonder at if young preachers are often ineffective? Some sagacious vicars allow the deacon but one sermon a week, but would it not be well if no young man preached till he is thirty years of age? Someone who made this suggestion reminded us that Christ Himself only began at that age.

2. My old friend the Bishop of Derby remarked not long ago that sermons are now generally constructed as starting from some present-day perplexity or confusion of thought, and ending with light shed upon it from Scripture. Forty years ago the reverse obtained. The discourse started from the text, and after a rather copious exposition ended with a practical application to ordinary life. Whichever method is adopted, and I hold the former on the whole is the preferable, there is little excuse in these times for ignorance concerning what people are thinking about; though sometimes the suspicion rises that they talk about embarrassments into which others have fallen.

3. William Gibbs of Hagley was as effective a village preacher as I have ever heard. He told me how the lovable King, Bishop of Lincoln, had said to him, "Never prepare a sermon except on your knees." *Verb. sap.*

4. Father Benson of Cowley, hearing of a younger member of the Brotherhood, a man of real talent for preaching, being vexed at the smallness of his congregations, writes to a third party: "Tell him that his prayers will always do more good than his sermons." This ought to be a truism, not a fanciful paradox, as is generally thought. He added: "It is a nobler thing to talk to God than to man."

Among listeners, sincerity means the desire to imbibe what is true, no matter how unpalatable it may be. That is incontestable. Yet how universal is the practice of estimating a preacher according to the personal fancies of his critics! "I don't like that kind of sermon, and

am thinking of leaving this church": such is a very ordinary comment. But supposing the very thing in the sermon which is disliked is the truth, what then? Does history warrant us in saying that truth is always welcomed? or rather that when it is forcibly promulgated it has always been repudiated by a considerable proportion of the hearers? William Blake made the interesting remark that "truth intelligibly taught is never disbelieved"; and I maintain that whether this is entirely or only partially true, the rejection of truth is far more often due to its being disliked than to its being disbelieved.

Many people comment upon sermons as they comment on pictures in the Academy: they wait till they catch—or think they catch—what other people are saying and then say the same thing as nearly as possible in the same words. But they forget that the popular verdict to-day is clean contrary to what it was eighty years ago. Nowadays a preacher who did not touch on present-day problems would speedily empty his church, but Lord Melbourne was heard protesting with needless strength of language against a preacher he happened to light upon who discoursed upon ordinary life and its difficulties. "I consider that I am a godfearing man. But to have to listen to a sermon on ordinary life—why!—it, what next?" Again, one hears of a rustic congregation avowing a preference for "t'ould Vicar" as against his successor, who was a first-rate, very simple preacher. "Yees, he's all very good, and I knaws it; but, bless ye, t'ould one was what we loiked—we did." But that "ould one" was given to quoting sentences of the Greek Testament in the original—it was a College living—and not one syllable was understood, or expected to be, by any man, woman, or child gathered within the walls: I have known of schoolboys tolerating and even preferring a drivelling harangue in place of one which convinced them that Christianity was difficult, but preaching to boys is a subject by itself.

Much depends on what nature of defect is complained

of. Often the voice is disagreeable, or the words inaudible, or the matter platitudinous. But it is noticeable that very few people in a congregation discern what the fault is, and practically no one fixes the responsibility on the right shoulders. It is often asked, "Why are the clergy not trained to speak?" and the answer is quite simple: that the community doesn't believe in training and flatly refuses to pay for it. You can't get voice-training for nothing; it is a difficult and highly scientific branch of education; and as no diocese has a sixpence to spare, little or nothing is done. But I will recur to this subject later.

As to the sermons being platitudinous: here again the desire of the public is uncertain. Unquestionably the majority of English people dislike being made to think; yet they also dislike listening to words they have heard ever so many times before. They demand, in short, a thing difficult to provide, viz. new ideas which sound like old ones, or platitudes which sound like novelties. Jowett once opened a sermon by saying that some people come to church in quest of repose. Certainly mental repose, but the sort compatible with the mind being tickled, not left completely alone. Physical repose is still common in the country districts, as was indicated by the rustic who answered the question whether he liked sermons long or short by saying that he liked to hear "'im a-goin' on" when he woke up.

Sermons would improve if regular church-goers would make their wants more plainly heard. Nothing but public opinion is needed to insure that young deacons should have voice-training. But there are two other measures the laity might take. One is to refrain from insisting that parish priests should become parish hacks, immersed in secular work which is not their job. The town parson of to-day has no time to read or think. The other I have explained already. If the lay people want sermons more intellectual, it is foolish to forbid their cleverest sons to think about Holy Orders, as a great many are doing

to-day, and then to go about grumbling at sermons being dull. Whose fault is that ?

I have only dealt superficially with the part the laity might play in this matter. This is not the place to dwell on the parson's defects. The theme is threadbare ; and much allowance should be made for the British habit of crabbing in public what is secretly rated pretty high. One last remark. No member of the Church has a right to decry preachers if he has never thought what Ember Days mean.

In another way the community might help both bishops and priests to face the question of " secular " work in any town parish. For some years past, about sixty perhaps, the clergy have been goaded on by the public to show a vigorous and unremitting interest in such matters as housing or the settling of industrial disputes. Many of the bishops reinforce this demand, and complaints, not loud but deep, may be heard on every side as to the intolerable situation thereby created. How is a man to preach " good " sermons whose whole energies are absorbed in secular work for which he has had no training, which is annually increasing in amount, and which, like all work, lay or clerical, is largely associated with failure ? Quiet thought about the meaning of human life and destiny is not compatible with a balance sheet that will not balance.

I maintain that the parson's first duty is to realize what his message is, and then to deliver it. The second duty is to include in this message a constant appeal to the public conscience, not as to the remedies to be adopted, but as to the issues which are at stake, and the certainty that to starve children's souls is even worse than to ill-treat their bodies. The third is for each man to fix the proportion between secular work, study, and solitude, and stick to it.

The following situation is quite common. A parish priest finds himself faced by evils rampant in a slum, and an urban district council mainly composed of in-

different men and ignorant women, nor has anyone shown the capacity to grasp the mere legal requirements. He knows he can do it, and uses his position on the parish council to burrow into the rights and responsibilities of landlords. Is this as it should be? I say, No. He ought to give advice from outside the committee if he is sure he knows what he is talking about; this should mean a brief conversation once a fortnight with the best man he knows on the Committee. Anyhow it is his main duty to do nothing to take off from their shoulders one ounce of responsibility: it is their affair. Further, that if from outside he learns that they are blundering, he should beware of interfering. Why? Because in these restless days someone will persuade him to move on to a higher sphere of work, which the cynic said was the parson's way of describing a rise in income; and off he will go, leaving them—unless he has held himself severely aloof—as helpless as children in presence of an uncompleted task for which they have had no training. Men learn by committing blunders, not by being spared them. But if he finds them acquiescing in coldness and lapsing into inertia, then let him thunder out all the terrors of judgment on a nation which seems to be losing its dread of sin. Is not that common sense? But it is very rarely done; and I fear the reason is that sometimes the priest thinks he can do it all himself, and sometimes the laity are too indolent to correct his error.

THE VOX HUMANA

Another terrible impediment to progress is the national neglect of training children and young people in speaking our own noble language. This is a huge subject, but I must give some painful experience of my own to show that I write not quite as an ignoramus.

In 1874, when I ought to have been learning how to sing and how to speak, there was no one in the country who knew anything about either; that is, about the

Science of Voice Production for either purpose. In 1875 I took lessons from an Italian teacher, well known in the West End of London, whose great successes were some of the brothers Wade. Arthur and Charles were excellent singers, with naturally well-produced tenor voices, so that what Perugini taught them fell on good soil. But what no one knew till later was that our language is far more difficult to pronounce clearly and wholesomely than Italian or French. Hence a peck of troubles. One comes across a number of people with whom conversation is a dubious delight. Many of them mutter, some snarl, some are strident as a saw and seem to cleave one's brain. Then others, in public speaking or preaching, obviously strain their throat organs, and whether they are audible or not they bring their message into contempt. Of course, if the message is erroneous, irrelevant, or vulgar, it is a gain if it be inaudibly delivered; but the frequency with which good stuff is spoilt by the utterance is a pure tragedy. There is not too much wisdom in England or elsewhere for us to be careless in this matter. What pains we take to dress our shop windows and our persons to make them attractive! and how little we do to commend our good thoughts to our fellow-man! And if they are not our own thoughts, it is worse still. This opens up the subject of reading aloud.

All parents worth calling by the name wish their sons to grow up good citizens—that is, to learn unselfishness. Yet they are blind to the fact that an English boy—at his very best perhaps the finest thing in creation—starts handicapped by self-consciousness which at fifteen is often a real peril. The best antidote is a good store of wholesome thoughts, pabulum for the higher self; and if these are not provided, manifold morbidities are bound to supervene. Sundry pundits used to ascribe the brainless self-sufficiency of our youths to the influence of athletics, and sorry nonsense was talked at large. Bowen of Harrow stated boldly that games furnished the boys' minds with something to think about. So they do, but

it is a thin fare ; and if the mental anæmia is combined with a full-blooded physique, complications set in. We are, however, mending our ways in the schools in this matter, but somehow we have a faint and feeble belief in the demand of children for reading aloud. That is the best, the cheapest, the most effective method of imparting pabulum that our ingenuity has yet invented.

This ought to be the practice in every home, beginning with the quite young. Between nine and fourteen years of age is the prime time for a child to hear plenty of good stuff, and more than that, to learn how to recite poetry clearly and with good understanding. Moreover, it is the natural time for learning by heart, the memory being undisturbed by "the pale cast of thought."

How many of the English public can read aloud ? I am not going to answer that question further than to point out that if reading aloud is to be tolerably good, it must be expressive of the reader's thought and emotion. If he has neither, no training will give it him ; but it will prevent his voice from sounding like a scarecrow.

Now, very few Englishmen speak their own language as well as Nature intended they should, but the improvement given by a little careful teaching to boys between sixteen and nineteen is very surprising. Something can be done in childhood, but after the voice cracks the problem changes. Think of it ! The growing mind of the boy cannot express itself, because the wrong use of the throat muscles spoils the sound and kills the meaning. If this happens, the boy's mind suffers too ; for not only in public speaking or recitation or singing, but in ordinary conversation, the more meaning a man can bring out of himself, the more remains within ! Such is the noble paradox of the larynx. If you want to feed your boy's mind and to help towards saving our beautiful language from deterioration, teach him to read aloud when he is quite young, and make him practice constantly through the slippery paths of youth till his voice is set, and you may go a good way towards equipping the lad for his best

work in life, the passing on to others such truth as he has been allowed to learn.

The present age in civilized countries is marked by an almost unique belief in talk. Never before were there so many conferences held, and experience must have taught us by now that, though not always barren of good, the good is slight compared with the output of energy and brain effort in organizing. There is, indeed, something remarkably humiliating in the disproportion between our hope and its attainment whenever we bring serious-minded men and women together to air their views of life's demands. We come away with something more than a suspicion that a good deal of the talk has been off the point, or superficial, or blankly misleading. But worse than that is the undeniable fact that the admonitions which we are obliged to admit are sensible and sound are still distasteful and repellent. Why? Simply because the speakers have commended their counsels to us through the medium of ugly noises. One voice after another has grated on our ears, exasperatingly, despairingly, so that truth, painfully learnt by the heralds of it, has been uttered through a misused trachea and an epiglottis wrongly opened, and instead of cheering mankind with its invigorating message of harmony and peace, it has added to the prevailing note of lamentation, mourning, and woe. Is not that unmixed tragedy? A great deal of this mischief would be prevented if children were taught to speak clearly and intelligently by hearing and practising the clear utterances of their elders.

Doubtless there are parents whose recitations would be purely deterrent; but then comes the opportunity of the maiden aunt. It will be long, I fear, before an appreciable number of fathers will touch this matter with a single fleeting thought; but in the excess of women over men in these chequered times there is hope. Moreover, girls read aloud better than boys, as a rule; they have less to contend with in the growth of the adolescent larynx—a fact which should encourage the spinster far into middle life.

But what has all this to do with Church work ?

In the first place, if all so-called educated people had learnt by heart and recited plenty of good stuff in their childhood, and had been a little instructed through the troubles of puberty, so as to speak with mellifluous voices and have something good to say, the world would be a very different place from what it is. The message of the Gospel would have an immensely better chance than it now has because our people still love their Bible, but they are too much hustled to read it themselves. Alack ! and alack ! so that it is more necessary than ever that what they hear in Church shall win their affections and stir their understandings. I have heard it reported of F. D. Maurice that people came to hear him recite Evensong of a week-day evening ; so beautifully he did it that it was like hearing him praying aloud. An intelligent and well-brought-up girl of fifteen, on being prepared for Confirmation, showed she knew nothing of the Gospel story. When asked why she did not listen in church, she replied that she had never in her life heard a lesson audibly read. A young deacon not long ago was shown how to speak and then how to read a Psalm ; he almost broke-down when he found how expressive an organ the throat is, and what a grand moment it is when you find you have something to express ! That kind of thing ought to be quite common. Instead of which ! ! . . . ! !

However, it may be said that the Church of England is just beginning to wake up. The most nonsensical excuses for inertia are still heard. It is commonly pleaded that there is no time for a course of lessons, nor money to pay for them. But suppose a candidate for Holy Orders pleaded that he had not a decent pair of boots to wear, and not a sixpence towards new ones, the bishop would insist on their being provided, and they would be ; because people believe boots to be necessary—a dubious article of faith ; and yet they think a good working voice can be dispensed with, though the young fellow will soon be reading Isaiah aloud !

My own experience was briefly as follows: After about fifteen years of teaching, singing, and preaching, I found the larynx was beginning to strike work. A friend had told me of his own far worse affliction, when, being obliged to speak several days in succession as a candidate for Parliament, he found he could not even keep it up for more than a quarter of an hour, and that only by previously consuming an egg fillip with a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper added! However, he had been more or less restored after 120 lessons with a voice producer, and that certainly he knew of no other. To this professor I repaired, and finding that he was so full of confidence as to charge a shilling a minute while I was in his company, I took sixteen lessons and certainly derived some benefit, though if he had not been half a charlatan he could have cured me in four. Oddly enough, he sometimes spent five or six minutes in personal gossip, but I never could detect any corresponding abatement of the tariff.

However, this experience gave me some hint what to avoid, and also a real interest in the subject. Before long I came across a student of the laws of voice-production an American called Thorpe, a pioneer in the investigation, and gifted not only with a very fine voice but with the power of colour-audition—that is, any note sung gave him a vision of colour, which varied according to the purity of the sound. He had very poor health and died in his prime; but it was striking to notice that while his constitution was breaking up, the voice remained pure and strong to the last. Before his death I laboured along with my old friend W. H. Leslie to form an association for the relief of elementary teachers; of whom we learnt that at Christmastime (about 1896) no less than 2,000 in London alone were disabled for teaching, the School Board authorities being wholly ignorant of the cause, not suspecting apparently that there was a problem of any kind to be solved. We formed a little society; the two professional trainers were to be Thorpe and the well-known ballad-singer Billy Nicholls, a real

artist but quite unscientific, and just as we were on the point of being able to give some real help to teachers, public speakers, and parsons, both of our experts died in the same year and the effort collapsed.

The grand difficulty in the way of practical action was that the ground was crawling with enthusiastic quacks, whose love for their own self-devised methods was balanced by a lofty scorn for other people's; and while the air was rent with bickerings and random defamation, it was impossible to fix a qualifying standard of knowledge.¹ Indeed, the prospect of this immense evil being even mitigated seemed in the nineties to be quite beyond the horizon.

Hope has now dawned. Money is being supplied, and a good deal can be done quite cheaply. In every theological college one of the staff could be soundly and speedily taught the rudiments; he could work the ordinary cases. Wherever there is a difficulty, stubborn bad habits or organs already injured, the candidate should be sent up to experts in London, who really do exist in the flesh and will deal with the case effectually at the lowest possible cost.

It is difficult to imagine greater benefit from any such simple reform: a long-standing scandal of English churchmanship would be nearly remedied, and an immense impetus would be given to the training of children to read aloud.

The trouble is the inveterate dislike of millions of good people for anything remotely suggestive of science.

¹ A friend who derived benefit from the Rev. Sandilands and now reads admirably gave me something of a picture. In a retired Midland village some fifteen husky young parsons were gathered, and ordered to speak only on the lowest note in their voices, and confine themselves to some doggerel, which they learnt by heart, and every word of which began with a b! They were then taken into the church, and seven of them laid flat on the floor, each with another husky cleric standing on his chest! This was for the breathing apparatus, and in that constrained position the recumbent patient enunciated the doggerel about "bounding beaming Billy," who was soon well known to the local *gamins*. This was because the doggerel was growled out daily by the men out walking. They were also made to suspend themselves by the chin from a cornice in the nave—like the wicked housemaids in the *Odyssey*—and there mutter the story of Billy. This was to strengthen the exterior throat muscles.

CHAPTER XXII

MISCELLANEA

BIRDS

It is very difficult to exaggerate the change that has come over us during the last fifty years in respect of love of Nature. Preoccupation with cricket and want of stimulus deferred, in my case and in that of many contemporaries, almost all observation of Nature till middle age set in. Two or three of my colleagues at Haileybury did much to quicken the dormant sense in regard to birds. The woodlands round the school are well stocked indeed, and in the Master's garden there were, I think, three nightingales' nests in one season, about 1895. I greatly fear there has been since then a steady decline in their numbers in the south of the country. No cause is known, any more than for these birds boycotting Ireland and the West of England. On one occasion in that year I was taking a Plato class in the garden, and in the laurestinus a few feet away Philomel was uttering his most copious stream of sound. I asked every boy what bird it was, and not one knew. They guessed a motley assortment, including, if I remember right, a red-shank. In these times would such ignorance be possible ?

A very fascinating subject is the flight of birds. It has been treated with great knowledge and insight by my friend and colleague the late F. W. Headley in his volume *The Flight of Birds*, but once I had the privilege of witnessing one of the noblest sights in Nature. In 1887 I was on the Monte Moro pass in Switzerland in August, about 5 p.m., when someone descried a large bird coming towards us from the far north-west horizon. It proved

to be an eagle, and he came straight over us, not more than 20 or 30 feet above our heads, and continued

*Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deeps of air,*

till he disappeared miles away to the south-east; and never once the whole time did he move his outstretched wings! Compare that with the noise, the smell, and the danger of our aeroplanes!

Years ago I read in some journal a description worth reproducing of the unlovely vulture at his very best. It was in a time of famine in India when the writer came in his wanderings upon a poor, wretched native dying under a tree, on the lowest bough of which two of these noisome fowls were sitting waiting till they could peacefully begin their horrid meal. But the traveller could not brook this, so with stones he scared them from their perch. They launched themselves downwards, swooping close to the ground, then upwards and outwards free of the tree they rose in magnificent spirals towards the zenith of the heavens, till the sun smote upon them some 2,000 feet high so that they flashed in splendour from the reflection like two small iridescent gems against the blue. From start to finish there was not one single flap of the wings!

A curious instance of making the best of circumstances occurred at Haileybury. I had put up a nesting-box on an acacia tree, and looking in one day discovered a poor little blue-tit dead at the bottom, presumably "egg-bound." The box was about 6 inches deep. I told the gardener to dispose of the remains and clean out the box ready for a more fortunate occupant. He omitted to do so, and the next morning I found a wryneck incubating on the corpse!—not, I imagine, quoting Romeo,

*Here will I set up my everlasting rest,
And never from this palace of dim night depart again,*

but very full of protest against being disturbed. The

following year she returned and brought up a modest little family.

In our tiny patch of garden to-day, near the confines of Kensington and Chelsea on the Old Brompton Road, the following birds have either visited us or nested in the Bolton Gardens: thrush, blackbird (their voices magnified by the walls of houses), pigeon, chaffinch, brown owl, great tit, robin, sparrow, and carrion crow. Should there not be a crusade against the last named? They are as bad as the magpies in the Provençal forests, destroying the few little birds left by man.

It is extremely hard to learn about birds in middle age. One ought to spend two hours a day in some woods, quite alone and motionless, fitted out with a Zeiss opera-glass; but who can spend his time in that way nowadays?

Dogs

A remarkable instance of the toughness of dogs, occurred at Eton in 1872. Two of us elder boys were standing at the main-road corner of Keate's Lane, and Charlie Wise's landau drove by, and on the near side was trotting a dog, a familiar and detested figure, as he used to haunt "Pop" stairs and rout the members of that august body, horse, foot, and artillery, by sudden and unprovoked onsets. Now, the members of Pop are nothing if not dignified, but even with them safety came first, and they sought it on these occasions in pell-mell and most ignoble flight. The stairs, too, across the yard opposite to where they now are, were steep and dark, and altogether the furious quadruped was regarded with hatred curiously blended with respect. Just as the vehicle was passing I happened to raise my arm in illustration, probably, of some stroke at fives; anyhow, without heed of the cur. He, however, knowing our ways, thought I meant mischief, and swerved right under the off forewheel. It went clean over him, and after a whimper and a convulsion in between the two, the hind

wheel repeated the operation. The beast was, so to speak, *piano*, but lay down composedly on the doorstep, and next day was at his old tricks again. He was a thickly built cur of indefinable lineage, about the size of a big spaniel; his coat was of tight curly texture, in colour a dirty white with a big black blotch on the middle of his broad back. The vehicle was a regular heavy landau, empty inside.

Connected with this same quadruped, about a year earlier I learnt what it means to be petrified with terror. Coming back from "private" with Billy Johnson, our tutor, in company with my brothers Bob and Alfred, I saw the animal lying torpidly by the door of "Little Brown's" about twenty yards away. Having a fives ball in my hand, and thinking he was asleep, I let drive at him, and the ball rattled angrily an inch from his right ear. Like an arrow from the bow and growling most fearsomely, the beast made straight for us. My brethren without a word ran. Bob, I should mention, was no sprinter, save when he scented danger and then he was hard to beat. On this occasion he kept even with the fleet-footed Alfred till they were safe at Evans's door. I would gladly have followed suit, but, with legends of the animal's ferocity urging up within, I found myself literally rooted to the ground. I was just making up my mind for one despairing kick—it would have been a hard one—when the enemy at three yards' distance stopped in his headlong onslaught and turned snarlingly away. I am not sure that he did not construe my stationary attitude as the steadfastness of calm fortitude. If so, I can only say he was immeasurably wrong in his reckoning. Another explanation is that—as was afterwards asserted—he had no teeth.

A strange story of an otter was told me by a well-known sporting contemporary, Dan Lascelles of the Yorkshire stock. Dan was out otter-hunting, and as the hounds were drawing up a little river he thought he would try an experiment. He ran on for over a quarter of a mile while the main body came along slowly. Dan then

◆

waded into the middle of the stream and stood stock-still expectantly. Sure enough, he soon spied the hunted animal well in front of the pack swimming towards him. He stood still, and the otter, mistaking him for a post, climbed up and sat on his shoulder surveying the scene, dripping but quite calm. Dan, being reckoned as a piece of timber, judged it best to act up to his reputation and accomplished the not easy feat of standing without moving a finger or an eyelid for about a minute and a half; after which his guest slid down and made off. I take it if he had moved he might have got off minus his right ear!

OVERSTRAIN

One often hears the question, "Are not the present generation more subject to what is called obsession or degeneration of the nervous system, owing to their experiences in the War?"

Not reckoning shell-shock cases, I doubt it. The talk about nerve-strain began long before the War; but in the nineties, or a little earlier, I stumbled on an amusing article in some magazine by a very sensible doctor. He pointed out that of his patients more got ill from too much leisure than from too much work. Two men he knew had been kept from illness by the wholesome stimulus of a chronic quarrel: one, a country parson, by acute ritualistic differences with his flock; the other by a "sharp contention" between himself and a co-trustee. Another, an authoress, showed resource against a double embarrassment. She was harassed at finding her figure in process of losing its pristine grace, owing to the increase of adipose tissue; and on the top of this found her writing disturbed by an organ-grinder who played in the street every morning for half an hour, being apparently within his legal rights in so doing. She doubtless quoted Calverley:

'Tis not that thy mien is stately;

'Tis not that thy tones are soft:

'Tis not that I love to hear thee

Play the self-same tune so oft.

But what was to be done? Happy thought! Before the first bar of "Annie Laurie" was finished, she laid down her pen and gave up twenty-five minutes to skipping contentedly in the back-yard, keeping time with the instrument. And now, wrote our author, she is in good health and as shapely as a lath!

BEGGARS

People differ surprisingly in their attitude towards beggars. I always find it difficult to say "no" to one in the street, but have *never* given money without regretting it afterwards; and years ago I was told of a mendicant who was overheard one evening coaching his young son as to the kind of appeal to be made, with variations suitable to different sorts of passers-by: smart young ladies, retired colonels, elderly spinsters with pet dogs, etc. etc.; and while engaged thus as a mentor of youth he was sorting out the scraps of victuals gathered into his wallet during the day, throwing away the rubbish, legs of chickens, underdone chops, and retaining only the dainty morsels. Moreover, the C.O.S. people tell us that if all the money given in the streets were sent to them as subscriptions, they would be greatly helped in their admirable work and much knavery would go unrewarded. If anyone is disposed to act on this, let him see to it that the transaction is carried out. It is very easy to refuse the beggar and forget the C.O.S. This would be to flout the lesson given by a characteristic tale of the large-hearted General Gordon, who was blarneyed by a specious tramp on the high-road near Southampton and gave him all he had with him, a golden sovereign. They parted. After some minutes Gordon had misgivings, enquired from a policeman about the tramp, and learnt that he was a well-known liar. Gordon's blood boiled, and he dashed down the road after the unsuspecting tramp, and with his thick stick gave him a sound hiding, but *forgot to get the sovereign back!*

If you are inclined to give to the deft draughtsmen

who paint pictures on the pavement, beware of those who only come to the fore on Sundays. That seems to indicate that during the week they have some employment.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Some time ago I looked into the question suggested by the vast inflation of advertising which has marked the last fifty years. A venerable relation tells me she can remember how all the advertisements in *The Times* were contained in one column, a line only being given to each firm or article, and all classified most lucidly and well, giving the minimum of useful information and maintaining just the right amount of competition. "O dass es immer so bliebe!" The amount annually spent on advertising nowadays reaches £175,000,000. Much of it is devastating to our country scenery; much of it is dressed-up falsehood; but no one doubts that it is profitable to the firms. The really interesting question is, Who pays the piper? Having dabbled in economics enough to be cautious, I referred the matter to a first-rate and eminent authority, who replied that I was quite right in my surmise that very nearly all of this huge sum was added to the cost of the articles. Some prominent business-men tacitly admitted it. But I now have doubts whether the formula does not require modification. Certainly, some articles enormously puffed of late years have not become dearer, this result, we are told, being due to mass-production. Yet the more production is monopolized the more easily are prices raised, and instances of cheapness due to the philanthropy of the capitalist would be hard to verify. The subject is very interesting and requires ventilation, especially as quite recently an increasing amount of brain-power has been absorbed into a huge industry for persuading people to patronize certain firms when there is no evidence whatever that it would be to their advantage to do so. Probably the general reluctance to enquire into it is encouraged by the reticence observed throughout by the

Press. At all events, very difficult though it may be to tax advertisements even to a very limited extent, the vulgar and disfiguring forms of it call for immediate action; and our timidity in regard to the unspeakable violation of our dwindling lovely country landscapes is most discreditable to the nation.

SCENERY

I will not say what I think is the best scenery in England, because there is danger of its becoming fashionable and spoilt by villadom and trippers. As to these last, it might be asked if it is not a pure gain that hard-worked people, roughly so designated, should enjoy the amenities of our seacoast and hill districts. Certainly it is a gain, but not a pure gain. If the amenities are spoilt, everybody will lose, and there are already very few accessible spots where solitude is possible in holiday-times. Moreover, it is worth remarking that as education tells, the problem will become more acute because the multitude of toilers in our factory-towns have hitherto confined themselves on bank-holidays to resorts which to them are charming simply because they are certain to be crowded. Some twenty-five years ago I read that on every bank-holiday 9,000 people took a return ticket from Bristol to London and back in one day. The attraction was not the British Museum or the famous old houses or Buckingham Palace, but the railway-journey; the joy of humanity packed like sardines: heat, sandwiches, ginger-pop, familiar jokes, and song. The fact may waken reflexions as to the insensibility of many among us to the beauties of Nature. One thing is certain. That gallant 9,000 could not be in two places at once. If the third-class carriages were overburdened, the Cotswolds, anyhow, were spared; and that is just what they will not be when, under the influence of enthusiastic scenery lovers, they learn to quit the terminus, and even the high-road, and swarm noisily over the Clifton downs or the Yorkshire dales. This will doubtless be an indication of civiliza-

tion spreading downwards through the community. But what is going to be the result on the haunts of the Dryads, the slopes of moorland or the Wylve valley ?

A statement once made by a writer in *The Times* demands attention. It was that the haze permanently between us and the sun has increased in density in the last hundred years, till to-day the whole country is deprived of 40 per cent.¹ of sunlight throughout the year. That is the average, including country and town areas. One heinous mischief has resulted. A hundred years ago many species of wild flowers which used to be fairly common are now seen no more. When anyone hears this, he languidly asks, "Well, but what is to be done?" The only answer is, "Let the fact be known, and sooner or later the remedy will be found—unless our countrymen prefer death to life. It is far from certain that they do not; but every sensible citizen, if you can get him to listen—that is an increasing difficulty—will readily take in that we are quietly committing suicide as long as we are apathetic about sunlight. The curious fact is that during the last century the style of house building, the spreading of London westwards, and the absorption of Surrey by villas in preference to Hertfordshire, show that we are now sun worshippers. We marvel that our forefathers so often built their houses turned away from the sun. One reason probably was that the master of the house was out of doors all day, till 5 p.m., when dinner began; after which he was not in a condition to notice where the sun was or where anything was, least of all himself. His lady meantime had no say in the matter, though it concerned her far more closely than the lord. Now that deep potations are discountenanced by public opinion, and we do know the difference between sunshine and murk, why is it so difficult to get people to put two and two together ?

That is too large a question for this chapter. It may, however, be remarked that an aphorism which I have

¹ An eminent scientist disputes this figure.

more than once ventured to utter bears upon it. "The less we think about the next world the more hideous we make this one." It is true: for concentrating on this world means grasping at what we call temporal blessings each for himself; and that is at the bottom of all evil. Unless people have a fairly clear idea of the eternal issues of life, it is idle to exhort them to forgo the race for temporal profit. There is nothing that can possibly take precedence of it; and to this all history bears witness.

CONCERNING HEALTH

With regard to sunlight. It is not only a necessary ingredient in nearly all joy, more necessary in England than in most countries; but we have lately learnt that it is the greatest of all safeguards against disease. I once heard a most arresting account of the experiment of an Italian doctor who opened an establishment, somewhere in Hungary, I think, for the cure of rheumatism and kindred disorders by means of sunlight. A large area of forest was secured almost barren of human beings, and sufferers of both sexes were allowed to range at will, the men to the north of a road, the women to the south, bicycling or walking or running just as the humour took them. The road was of importance and the regulation as to locality was strictly enforced, for the simple reason that the chief obstacle to the effectiveness of the treatment was known to be clothes. These excursions, in short, were made by all alike with nothing on. Occasionally a nomadic peasant might be encountered, but he would take no notice whatever of a commonplace occurrence, but bid "good morning" and pass on. These *al fresco* jaunts were interspersed with massage, wallowing in hot sand, and wrappings in blankets. All parties met at the midday meal in light but adequate clothing, and so the days passed. The experience seems to have been very pleasant and, for a time at least, efficacious. The dark side to the picture was at the end of the time, when boots, hats, and other gew-gaws of civilization had to be resumed, for the

dismal journey home and the plunge from Arcadia into Cheapside.

Strange it is that in 1830 the open-air treatment for consumption was discovered by Boddington, but the published fact brought scorn and derision upon him, though his mockers—medical men—could only point to one fatal case after another among their patients against his unquestionable cures. Till the human mind is ready for a new idea, no amount of evidence has any chance whatever against mental inertia and vested interests. Again, nobody pays attention to the striking news of the Arctic and Antarctic explorers, showing that cold wind kills the microbe of catarrh. Therefore the undeniable cure for a cold in the head—when there is no temperature indicating fever—is to scramble on the top of a bus and drive about in an east wind till the “tyranny is overpast.” People may say that they have no time to spare; but they have not got so far as to discuss it at all. The notion seems lunatic; an insult to the understanding. Later on it will be cursed as a lie; then derided as a harmless joke; then considered; then adopted; and by that time we, the older generation, will be called fools: and the verdict will not be easy to gainsay. In truth sunlight is more precious than fresh air; and our ruining of it when we *know* that it prevents and cures disease, at a time when we all are crazy about health, is a truly unaccountable form of criminality for which all classes of society are responsible.

PICKPOCKETS

Several years ago I had my watch stolen in an underground station, and have looked into the matter of pickpocketing and the ways of that most deft fellowship of rascals. Portly men—protuberants, as they are sometimes called—should be on their guard, as they, so to speak, go out of their way to offer temptation; or, as a friend of mine puts it: “X conveys his watch into the next room before he gets there himself.” Lately I spotted

one of the trade in a tube lift. I happened to have a tall hat on, and the moment he joined the crowd a knavish-looking fellow came straight for me, but I was obliged to disappoint him, and as soon as he saw me buttoning up, he abandoned the quest, but scrutinized every waistcoat in the lift, his eyes restlessly moving but never resting on the "human face divine." He was entirely preoccupied with that portion of the human frame least suggestive of divinity. Pickpockets, I suppose, never look up or down, but may claim to be of the select few who concern themselves with central questions. The worthy in the lift was, I think, without an accomplice, and if I had been sure of this I should have lured him on and grabbed him, but with an accomplice the thief is safe. He whips out your watch, transfers it in the twinkling of an eye, and if you seize him by the scruff of the neck he will sue you for assault or wrongful arrest and you may find yourself minus £50 for damages, besides the watch, and the infinite annoyance of thinking how the rascals must have chortled. I was saved from this fate by standing for a moment spellbound by the knavish dexterity of the thief. In answer to enquiries, I was told by someone "in the know" that a sporting Duke was robbed on the Derby Day at Epsom; but being an old habitu , a familiar figure to many rogues, he summoned a bookie and told him to bring him the thief, as it was ridiculous that he of all men should be treated as an alien by the light-fingered fraternity. So the thief was brought, and on being challenged to restore the swag, replied: "Well, your Grace, was it a white one or a yaller one? You see, if it was a yaller one, I can get it back for you all right; but if it was a white one, why, bless you, we've got baskets full of them, and how am I to know which is yours?"

I have my own device for preventing a recurrence of this loss, but think it best not to divulge it. Lately I heard of one of the tube lift-men pouncing on the thief, whom he knew by sight; but if a conviction is to follow, the owner of the watch ought to stay behind and give

evidence; otherwise, I was told, the rascal gets off scot-free, though caught *flagrante delicto*.

About 1881 the saint-like East-end worker Linklater told the Wellington boys of a pauper in his district dying in destitution. Had he no relations? Yes, two brothers in the West End. These worthies, who had utterly neglected the pauper for years, were written to, and down they came, two most offensive members of the "swell mob," gorgeously dressed. They just looked in for two minutes on the dying man, asked Linklater to let them know when he was dead, and when the time came, arranged and paid for a sumptuous funeral, a hearse, and the full vulgarity of fashionable paraphernalia, but neither of them had spent a sixpence in trying to keep the poor fellow alive.

A LATE MEDIEVAL VIEW OF MATRIMONY

A great scholar was the late Aldis Wright, of Trinity, Cambridge. Years after our Cambridge days he used to visit Overstrand and stay with our mutual friend Fred Macmillan. Meeting him there, I asked him if a statement of his had been correctly reported to me by my accurate Eton colleague Henry Broadbent, that in the letters of Sir Thomas More's father there was a singular remark about marriage, to wit: "Matrimony is like putting your hand into a basket full of snakes on the chance of finding one eel." "Yes," replied the aged professor, "it is quite accurate; and do you know that about thirty years ago, when speeches at wedding 'breakfasts' were common, I quoted that saying as I was proposing the health of the bride; and for some reason or other it seemed as if they did not like it."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

It is not easy to explain why people who insist on the rights of animals are thought to be tiresome by a large number of their fellow-countrymen, who are certainly not among the intolerant groups of mankind. These reformers

are not more fanatical than others, though perhaps they are more sentimental. Their agitation also has been effectual in promoting action by Parliament which has put a check on barbarities. Why should they be listened to generally with reluctance, sometimes with disdain?

The question is interesting but very difficult. Certain facts not generally known suggest something of an explanation, and those I will briefly indicate.

It is a great mistake to suppose that such kindness to animals as is nowadays pretty general has been so for long. A century ago brutalities such as cock-fighting, badger-baiting, were countenanced and freely practised, besides numberless cruelties, some of which have survived to this day: cats kept and allowed to starve; pigeon-shooting from traps; needless wounding of tame pheasants bred for the battue; the hunting of tame stags; caging of song-birds; massacre of the most beautiful birds for ornamental plumage (checked, but by no means extinct); and the indescribable horrors connected with the transport of cattle and the slaughter-houses.

Underlying all these practices and dulling the conscience of the community is the nearly universal custom of breeding animals for food, when there is every reason to believe that only an insignificant number of us gain any benefit whatever from flesh-eating. In other words: can it be right for men to take animal life when it has been proved they can do without it? It seems hardly possible to deny that we have here a case of the herd-conscience drugged by custom. It is not a question simply of a practice being right or wrong; but of the general refusal to consider the matter from the point of view of man's responsibility. About a score of hard-headed men of high character and repute were once challenged with this plea, and one of them, by no means the most abstemious, uttered the general sentiment: "Of course it is wrong; nobody can deny it." On that occasion, anyhow, nobody did deny it. But what an admission in a Christian community!

There is reason, therefore, to fear that, as has happened scores of times, a certain drugging of the public conscience has been going on for some centuries, and when a prevailing practice is indicted, resentment is roused, not because the indictment is baseless, but because it is secretly felt by a large number of people to be true. This is a disquieting conclusion, but it may be none the less sound; and if it is sound it goes far to explain the contempt which has always been poured on the humanitarian movement. Moreover, our generation is remarkable for its shuddering fear of pain. The majority of us are ready to insist that whether horrors go on in the slaughter-houses or not, man's duty to God and his fellow-men is adequately performed if they are kept out of sight and not spoken of. A hollow creed in good sooth, but accepted and acted on from the time of Amos till the present day. I am not concerned with the inevitable accusation that food reformers are tiresome from tactlessness. I remember how on the Bryce Commission in 1894 Dr. Fairbairn said, "The world is going to ruin through too much discretion"; and supposing there had never been anyone to tell society what was not quite pleasant for it to hear, where should we have been by this time?

In this connexion I must make mention of the heroic work of Mr. Hawksley in Italy. As a young man visiting Naples he was sickened, as many have been, at the horrible treatment of beasts of burden in the streets; but he did what no one else thought of doing: gave up a life of opulence in England and devoted himself to purging the city of this evil. The story is thrilling if fully told. He with difficulty secured convictions against cab drivers, etc., who thereupon set upon him, stabbed him in thirty places, and left him for dead in a back street, fortunately on a tram-line, else he would have been ignored and have bled to death. His life was just saved, and with splendid forbearance he gave no information against his assailants, who then became his allies and helpers in the good cause. The whole tone of society in Italy has been permanently

raised by this one man, who told me these facts and many more in the nineties.

BICYCLING IN LONDON

It may be a boon to Londoners that biking in the Metropolis appears to be thought to be more perilous than in York, Birmingham, or Oxford. The crowd of bikes in some provincial towns is certainly a nuisance to elderly pedestrians crossing the road, and the best quality of the push-bike, its noiselessness, lays it open to dark suspicions. But it is a mistake to suppose that crowded streets are the dangerous ones. They are unrewarding, I admit, but where everybody, motorists and all, are obliged to go slowly there is no danger to life or limb. The perilous moments in London are when you cross a road frequented but not crowded, such as Sloane Street, or worse, the bottom of Grosvenor Place, where heavy vehicles gain impetus from the hill. Three or four experiences have taught me the advisability of sticking to streets I know well; and the moment I scent a complication I get off. Nervous people are frightened by the hooting of a motor behind them, but the noise means that the driver is doing his best not to run you down. The danger is from the scorcher who does not hoot.

It is commonly said that anyone can get a licence to drive a taxi on payment of 5s., and that general peril results. I doubt the peril from this cause. The danger is from passengers who bribe the driver to catch a train. *This ought never to be done.* A smash I got on the south end of London Bridge—the most dangerous slope I know—was probably due to it. It was a touch and go. A flagrant, wholly inexcusable outrage, very nearly fatal; no bones broken but face cut about, also wrists and knees; ambulance to Guy's Hospital, and a week's work spoilt. But owing to a first-rate and very alert policeman the knave was clawed, and the owner's Insurance Com-

pany had to pay ten guineas, an absurdly small sum in reality, but better than nothing.

Avoid wet asphalt *when the wind is behind you*. It is the worst of all surfaces for skidding, and a bad skid is very bad indeed. Again, if you are an old football player your instinct may be to run into an obstacle, such as a floundering puppy or a barndoor cock. Resist the temptation. The former I tried in the country with agonizing results, and the puppy minded not one whit. Some pedestrians, not many, behave as the puppy, by lurching into the street from the pavement without looking.

The most rewarding bike rides I have ever known were :
(1) from Grasse, near Cannes, to the sea-coast, nearly ten miles downhill, in April—a lovely road and perfect climate.
(2) From Penmaenmawr to Conway in a westerly gale. At one moment, as I was “coasting” feet up in the old fashion, whirling along twenty-five miles an hour at least, a little sand-vortex enveloped me and I couldn’t see a foot ahead. If it had lasted more than three seconds this narrative would never have been written. A friend of mine, who shall be nameless, planned a mighty ride in a mountainous district in France with a few choice comrades. It involved many miles, I think fifteen, of pushing the bikes uphill for the sake of the glory of that distance the other side downhill. Most untowardly he found on mounting at the very top of the pass that, ice having gathered on the surface, his machine got out of control. A hasty dismount to save a broken neck resulted in such a fatal rending of his nether integuments that he had to walk alone, holding the *dissecta membra in situ* with one hand, the machine with the other, the entire distance to the hotel far below. Arrived ten-thirty, footsore and weary; temper left behind on the summit.

TIMING THE BALL

In cricket fairly often and occasionally in football (back play) an achievement of what we call perfect timing the ball may be experienced. They are moments that

can never be forgotten. The principle was revealed to me by a humiliating experience in France in 1878. There was a forest-fair on at St. Germain, and while wandering round I came upon an underground working man winning applause by the skill with which he wielded a heavy hammer, smiting a strong peg stuck into the ground. Each blow was communicated to an upright post close by, about 12 feet high, grooved, and ending in a box. When the post was fairly hit, a bit of wood flew up the groove, struck the box and rang a bell, while a Jack-in-the-box poked his head out and bowed. I thought it would be good fun to show what an English cricketer could do as compared with the little Frenchman, who, I must add, knocked the box every time with the greatest ease. Twelve blows for a franc. The first, I intended, should break the box and set the onlookers a-marvelling. The wood only went up one-third of the way! I pounded away for eleven shots, but never rang that bell, though I will say that each shot was better than the last.

From this, I learnt that the bat at cricket and the foot at football ought to impinge at the moment of the maximum velocity of the swing. Two occasions I can recall at cricket were in a match between Trinity and John's in 1875. One Wroughton, a freshman from Uppingham, a real fast bowler, sent a ball which swerved from the middle to outside the leg-stump. As the ball came along, I had less than a second to change my tactics and defend my person. Instead of opening the shoulders—there was no time—I played a mere wrist shot, and to my amazement the ball went point-blank to the boundary a little sharp of square leg. The other time was playing for Gents v. Players at Lord's, and again a wholly unpremeditated shot. Morley, the Notts left-hander, slung in a shortish ball on my legs, and it rose not far short of the left shoulder. I whacked furiously, never before having done such a thing to a left-handed bowler. The impact on the bat sounded like a big drum close to my ear; the ball soared an enormous height and dropped

sullenly on to the top of the old tennis court, dislodging a slate. But I only got four for it, as it rolled down into the ground instead of falling outside.

W. G. and all the biggest hitters, Bonnor, Thornton, Jessop, and many others, must have often timed perfectly. When it is done, something miraculous happens. W. G. once "leant upon" a good-length ball outside the off stump; it was not a hit nor a cut, but one of his digs, when the weight of the shoulders was all brought into the blow. Barlow was point, and got his horny hand into the way of the first bound high up. The ball was deflected some 80 degrees and yet got to the boundary.

During twenty years of Eton football, playing back, I only once got an ideal kick. It was in December about 1886, when "Punch" Philipson was keeper of the field and we had some fine scratch games on the last three days of the half, the ground being astonishingly dry. Returning a full pitch, called volleying, is the great reward of back-play; and in the Eton game the harder and higher you can kick it the better. A good long kick from Dickinson of Arthur James's would have pitched twenty yards in front—a perfect distance for a preliminary run at top-speed; the stride was perfect, and the right foot as hard as ever I could swing it caught it clean, and I can safely say I never saw a ball go so far and so high. There lives yet in my ear the tone in which the present Provost of King's, running under the ball, head in air, uttered his comment, "My uncle!"

I am inclined to infer that for ordinary batsmen the occasions of perfect timing are the result of a momentary miscalculation. Unlike the ruder art of kicking, the best hits at cricket are the inspiration of the moment, not deliberate or foreseen. The same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to the best notes of a singer.

STALENESS IN GAMES

Most cricketers have thought, or have been told by others, that when things were going wrong with their

batting they were stale ; but I never yet met with anyone who could tell me what the word meant. For a long time, so wild was the use of the word, I doubted if any such thing as staleness existed ; and even now as regards batting it needs careful interpretation. Owing to the ridiculous importance attached to individual achievement in games, a batsman may come to believe the whole world is out of joint because he has failed to score double figures for six matches. To have the right to speak about staleness we ought to be quite sure we don't mean simply fatigue. For one would think that to score a hundred would tire the muscles far more than to be bowled for two, but staleness never comes from scoring heavily but from failing to score. Moreover, failing to score, just like bad play in golf, has nothing whatever to do with being in the pink of health ; since we can all recall lamentable failure when feeling as fit as could be, and creditable performances when feeling cheap. I never realized what staleness in a game means till some fifteen years ago I went in for a golf competition which meant two severe rounds daily. My practice at that time was to play only one round daily. I won my first four matches, all very close ones, and by the evening after the last was certainly overdone, the fatigue being more in the nerves than in the muscles. In the fifth match on the morning of the third day everything went wrong, and never before or since have I known the double sensation of languor and indifference along with " jumpiness " of nerve and anxiety. The malady was largely mental, and the outcome partly of the way in which games are spoilt by publicity and fuss and the ludicrous importance attached to individual achievement. Nobody ever heard of staleness in the palmy days of cricket, when it was played on difficult wickets and when every match was closely contested throughout. As the element of true recreation is lost, egoism and nerve strain supervene. Of course, in rowing, staleness is simple enough. The muscles improve to a certain point and then deteriorate ; and we are told that

in coaching an eight for a race the art is to secure the climax of muscular strength at the right time.

A CRICKET MARVEL

The well-known Lord Knutsford—seventy next March—tells me he still plays village cricket; and the following incident, which he reports as an eye-witness, is so startling and unparalleled that I must record it in his words. “One of our village went in holding his bat with the left hand below the right—a right-handed stance. I said, ‘You can’t bat like that.’ ‘I always do,’ said he; and—a fact—he hit the first four balls of the over out of the ground right over the palings for six each, and the next ball for two, and ‘out’ the next; twenty-six runs in an over! *The Field* said that twenty-six runs had never been made before in one over—not, even by Jessop.” This tale was not drawn from Baron Munchausen, nor was it dreamt, but seen in broad daylight.

A GOLF CURIOSITY

A fine golf course in the south of England was laid out some twenty-five years ago, the land being vested in the name of the principal promoter, a well-known golf professional, who thereby became patron of two village livings. After a few months, a dialogue between the professional and a leading member of the club. “Sir, I want to ask your advice about these here parsons.” “Why, what’s the matter?” “Well, there’s one of them who is pretty well all right, but the other won’t work.” “What does he do, then?” “Why, he’s always a-playin’ golf.” The professional soon learnt something of the antiquated machinery of the Ecclesia Anglicana.

A HYGIENIC MEMORY

Not long ago a friend wrote commenting in an original fashion on her own diary. On looking through successive years of records she was struck with the general level of

dullness, and gave it as a reason that the entries contained nothing about herself. So far there was little in the letter to arrest attention, but she continued in a moralizing strain, to the effect that it was an idiosyncrasy of hers frequently to forget her own existence, which at all times was to her consciousness an open question. Wishing to reply sympathetically, I wrote that the only experience I could recall at all similar to hers was at the age of eight when I stood on a particular landing of the stone staircase at Hagley feeling not sure about my own existence; but the phenomenon, which recurred, I discovered was due to my drinking half a tumbler of table-beer which I had been ordered, according to the fashion of the time, by the family doctor. As my correspondent was nearly, if not quite, a teetotaller, I was not able to feel sure that my contribution helped to a solution of her mystery.

A HINT TO WORKERS

The venerable Canon James Wilson, of Worcester, laid it down some nine years ago that the best work in a man's life is often found to be between sixty and eighty years of age. Later on the dictum was reported to Bishop Forrest Browne, the late Bishop of Bristol, who amended the Canon's remark by fixing the age of a worker's prime between seventy and ninety.

It hardly needs to be added that each of these two authorities has given first-hand evidence in favour of his own estimate.

TRAVELLING

Among the bright intervals of life I must mention two trips on the Mediterranean at the time when Sir H. Lunn was organizing cruises to the Levant and the Greek islands. In the month of April, for about nineteen days, first in the *Argonaut*, then in the *Dunottar Castle*, much, of course, depended on the state of the sea-surface, there being many poor sailors on board. On one trip, which I

fortunately missed, the locomotion was attended with acute misery, as after unnamable sufferings on the water the earnest explorers had to face snowstorms on land and return blue-nosed and despairing to the rocking ship. But both our trips were on the whole superbly favoured by gushes of sunlight, pleasant companionship, and interesting lectures. These were delivered generally by practised people, on some famous locality, on the evening before we landed, and the one I remember best was Dr. W. Leaf's most suggestive theory of the truth underlying Homer's *Iliad*. The venerable and charming Dr. Sanday was present on the first trip, and Dr. Spooner of New College on the second, and a goodly sprinkling of University people and secondary-school teachers.

On the first trip we woke up, after a disquieting night, steaming down the west side of Peloponnese, in sunshine, with the sea like a blue lake reflecting the snows of Taygetus, and diversified by countless groups of the shearwaters, the inexplicable and graceful bird that seems never to settle. Cecil Spring-Rice, who knew much, told me these birds bred mainly in the Hebrides, migrated in early spring to the Levant, and that the local legend about them was founded, like many others, on the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The King, it is believed, fell in love with the visiting Queen, and after her departure wrote her a letter which he entrusted to one of the shearwaters as to a postman. The bird, however, in a fit of absence of mind, dropped the letter into the sea, and on reporting the loss was told by the angry monarch that by way of punishment he was to look for that letter and never settle or rest till he found it; and that this ban was to be laid on him and all his fellows and descendants for ever. If the letter were found now it would be a little late, and presumably would have been answered, as often happens, by lapse of time. Of course it might give a new fillip to the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament, but we knew nothing of the legend on that gorgeous sunlit April morning, and could give our-

selves to the enjoyment of the birds' untiring flight as the groups skimmed the blue deep in their endless search after something; all hither and thither in every possible direction, with no common purpose that we could detect, except to keep "going on" some-whither for evermore. I am afraid this display of random and aimless energy reminded us of our groups of people in England working for social reform, strenuously and unceasingly pushing in the most divergent directions, with nothing in common save determination to take no rest. In two respects, however, the parallel fails. The motion of the birds was always surpassingly graceful and quite free from noise.

As time went on, we caught ourselves fancying the problem of perpetual motion was solved; and, strangely enough, the charm of the birds' flight was spoilt for us when we recognized that it never was likely to cease. I have known the same thing happen on listening to a human being's speech.

Besides the joy of visiting places like Troy, Delphi, Pergamum, and many others which for ordinary folk are generally out of reach, nothing could have been better than the arrangements both on board ship and on land. You could read the classics on deck without interruption, except once or twice when the cry of "Dolphins" was raised—a sound for which I would willingly drop any book ever printed without replacing the marker. For it was a question of getting front places on the bow. Once I was lucky, and scrutinized one of the most beautiful sights in nature. There were two of these creatures on each side of the bow keeping pace with the ship, and all but motionless except for a delicate twitch of the tail now and then. How do they do it? We were going—so said some "auto-pundit"—thirteen knots an hour. My old most gifted pupil Gerald Anderson was on board, and gave it as a suggestion that the hull of the ship was so shaped that it pushed a horizontal column of water in front of itself of which the finny beasts took advantage, like a larrikin on his cycle gripping the tail end of

a lorry in Fulham, I have my doubts about that. Anyhow, it was startling now and again to see one of them spy an unfortunate fish a few feet off and pounce with levin-bolt speed on it, and immediately return, never empty-mouthed.

THE FUTURE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE PROCTOR

A Cambridge incident. Lord Knutsford, great among philanthropists, was widely known as Sydney Holland at Cambridge in 1877; he and his twin brother, Arthur Hibbert, both members of Trinity Hall, were as like as two peas. Arthur, who came into residence later than Sydney, was walking one rainy evening with his gown technically on, i.e. the arms through the holes, but the gown wrapped round the neck. The Proctor challenges him: "Mr. Holland." No answer. The "Bulldog" was sent. "Mr. Holland." "My name's not Holland." Blank look on Bulldog's face. "What is your name, then?" "My name is Hibbert." "Well, why is your gown not on?" "It is on," and he undid it. A few days after, Sydney spied the same Proctor turn into Rose Crescent, ran round by Petty Cury, turned up the other end of the Crescent, and met the official face to face. "Mr. Hibbert." No answer. Then he came right up to Sydney and accused him of having lied the other night. Righteous indignation on Sydney's part (feigned) made the Proctor report the matter to Ben Latham, the Master of Trinity Hall. Says Ben, who was guiltless of the letter R, "You boys have been vewy wude. What excuse have you?" Sydney told the tale. Ben's face contorted with suppressed laughter. "You have been vewy wude and must express wegwet." Silence. "And now, boys, tell me the whole storwy again."

Sydney tells besides of Ben's fine tact in managing the unruly youngsters. Also he gives me material for silencing any calumny against the London Hospital as to the nurses being overworked. Such things are said and re-

peated heedlessly and culpably by many who ought to know better.

COUNTRY PARSONS IN GENERAL

A day or two ago I read one of those journalistic effusions which show our countrymen at their very worst. It was a long, laboured sneer at country parsons, badly written, dull, and untrue. To sneer at a whole class of men is to break the ninth commandment. There is no class, no section or group of men and women, who can be collectively condemned with any shadow of justice, and I do not envy the editor and the writer their feelings about this calumny, if ever they come to a right mind. The pitiful fact is, that this stuff is supposed to attract purchasers of the periodical. If it does actually do so, then one more nail is being driven into the coffin of the British character; and it means that our sense of humour is dying too, for no literary garbage is so dull as a badly written calumny. If it does not attract, then I am sorry for the editor who hoped that it would. There are one or two facts about country parsons which the public ought to know but are very slow to learn: (1) A decided majority of the eminent men mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography* were brought up in clerical homes, mostly sons of country parsons. (2) Any headmaster of a school like Haileybury or Marlborough, up till lately frequented by parsons' sons, knows that *as a class* those boys were the backbone of the school. (3) Any exception is noted, as it is always a surprise. People don't expect it. Why not? Because past experience has taught them to expect the contrary. (4) There is a fine tribute paid by the eminent historian Lecky, in his book on *European Morals*, to the work of country parsons, and especially of their wives. The passage occurs among chapters written with conspicuous reserve of feeling and showing a strong anti-ecclesiastical bias; thus the strength of the words is all the more arresting when they are taken with their context. Doubtless there are slackers in that

profession as in all others. Doubtless there seems to be loss from the unintellectuality of many of the clergy, though the loss is very easily exaggerated. But if there be a general decline, what is causing it ?

Under pressure of impecuniosity, scores of parents are discouraging their more promising sons from all thought of taking Holy Orders. It is very easy to get into the way of thinking it right so to do. But at least they might refrain from vilifying the Church to which they belong for a shortcoming largely due to their own timidity. Some thirty years ago a pestilent wiseacre wrote to *The Times* reviling the whole order of parsons for their want of mental alertness. He showed his own insight into the situation by mentioning the fact that he was the father of four promising sons, and had forbidden all of them to think of the Ministry. What are we to say of the mental perspicacity of this enlightened gentleman ? or of his sincerity ? Pluming himself on knowing better than his neighbours, he indicates the malady from which the Church is suffering, pretending that he wants to heal it ; and then plays the braggart for having done all in his power to make it worse !

But enough of railing ! We have nearly all of us added to the output of nonsense in our time, so let us make allowance.

We Britons are not to be judged by the stuff we talk or by that of others to which we listen. I hold that we have a native gift of being able to read and hear an infinity of twaddle without quite losing hold of the truth ; else our Empire would have gone under as soon as we became a garrulous people—soon, that is, after the battle of Waterloo. But there is something at work here more baneful than even garrulity. If the whole British world keeps telling parsons that their first duty is to make the world a more comfortable place to live in, it is no wonder that most of them succumb to the pressure, give up the study of fundamental principles, fail consequently in preaching, and so lose the meagre supplement to the meagre stipend. To meet the demand means for them

a feverish participation in practical work for which they can hardly have had any training, and before long they break down in the primeval and exhausting struggle to serve God and Mammon.

But is that the last word to be said ?

A MODERN CHURCH CRITIC

As an indication of the prevailing point of view, the following dialogue took place about four years ago. Miss X, an able and energetic lady, addresses Y, a priest.

Miss X: "I consider the Church is grievously to blame for . . ." (never mind what).

Mr. Y: "But, Miss X, you forget that you are a member of the Church yourself."

Miss X, after a moment's thought: "Now, that is the first time I have ever been told that; and I consider the parsons greatly to blame for not having told me before."

The terrible fact in this condition of things is not that the power of the Church is being weakened—it is, of course, infinitely strong—but that the majority of members—without knowing what they are doing—are denying the Presence of the Eternal God, and with it, the whole of the Revelation to man.

CHAPTER XXIII

CONCLUSION

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

CRASS indeed must any reader of the tremendous chapter, Isaiah xxi, be who does not see its relevance to the days in which we live. Night. That monosyllable as used in Scripture denotes a time of bewilderment ; and bewilderment is the characteristic of our day.

Let us note a few symptoms. The civilized nations of the earth are waking up to the fact that unless they can learn to work together as brothers, instead of jangling as rivals, life—secular, everyday life—now and here must plainly become intolerable. Formerly bewilderment was confined to isolated groups, and in England there have always been many who were able to wait for a general rectification at the end of the world. But now we find our prospects—temporal and eternal alike—horribly jeopardized. It seems clear that all hope lies in the nations learning to understand one another. But lo ! the more we strain in this direction, the more powerful we find to be the forces which make for alienation. Think of the efforts put out for the learning of French in our schools during the last fifty years ! To what have they brought us ? To nothing except a recognition of the distance of the two peoples from each other. This is indeed something : it is the recognition of a truth, and that is a stage in progress ; and, moreover, it has shown itself in sundry little courtesies which would have been impossible for several decades following 1815. Since 1870 some of us have learnt how not to do it. That is a step forward, but a very tiny one indeed.

Again, how patent and undeniable is the challenge made to the British Empire as the trustee of the peace of the world! Geographically and by tradition to us is committed the task of interpreting the discordant nationalism of one vast group of mankind to another. What we call the Old World and the New World confront each other with heads sometimes lowered for combat. What is to be our attitude? that of onlookers hoping for spoil? or of reconcilers who have learnt not to grab?

There is no difficulty in saying which; but when we come to consider *How?* then the shoe begins to pinch. For the truth is, we have discovered already, this is no matter for adjusting machinery, or of passing resolutions, or laying down regulations for others to obey; but of substituting a new temper for an inveterately old one, not only in our own hearts, but in the hearts of divers peoples aliens in tradition, aspiration, religion, colour, and antecedents; separated from us too, for the most part by countless leagues of the earth's surface. If this is not bewildering, what is?

A new temper! But the old is too precious to be discarded even if we could do so. Are we to oust the love of Old England from our boys and girls? Absurd!—unthinkable! Are we then to call on foreigners to forgo their nationalism while we keep ours? That is exactly what they suspect us of wishing to do, and it is not inconceivable that they are settling to out-do us in this camouflage; for they are mostly better actors than we are. Be that as it may, what prospect could be more disquieting than this alternative of Utopian brotherhood or pandemonium? And the deeper one looks, the thicker grow the perplexities. For we are confronted by the indisputable fact that if we contemplate our far-reaching plans succeeding, we are filled not with fresh hope but with paralysing doubt. For instance, suppose we succeed in making war in the future impossible, and the League of Nations becomes a firmly established power in the world. Which of us can picture the reign of peace without misgiving?

The story of the four hundred years of the Pax Romana is not altogether cheering. Yet we know that not to labour for peace would be madness.

If the newtemper is obviously the one grand desideratum, it at once becomes clear to any honest social worker that the hope lies in the children. Many beautiful things have been said and sung about children, but I verily believe the fact which demands most attention to-day is that they are very unlike grown-up people. For let us think: the principle which is at the bottom of all wreckage of life, the devilish delusion which we adults cannot forgo, is that we are sent into this world in the enjoyment of the "right to be happy"; that the pursuit of temporal happiness is the highest and noblest aim of all created human beings. Happiness is thus construed as prosperity, that is, a fair amount of wealth; and in the acquisition of this good thing, groups of men, nations, classes, capitalists, "workers," are coerced into corporately selfish enterprises, which war against each other and forbid that spirit of concord which we all see to be the only safeguard against irretrievable ruin.

But our children? Look at them. Born self-regarding, trained to lay hold on the delights of this world, yet generally prompt to learn a more excellent way if only it be shown them; ready to welcome that new spirit and make it the very inspiration of their lives and the secret of all growth and well-doing. There is the recurrent marvel. In spite of all our neglect of the little ones, our cruelty, or, more disastrous still, our blind, well-meaning blunders, continuing century after century, Nature presents us with a task of ever-renewed hopefulness. Each new generation of children is as ready to learn the difficult truth as to slip into the ways of self-indulgence. Nature, so lavish and so patient!

I have attempted in the preceding pages a narrative of those events in one lifetime which seem to point forward to a revival of certain principles among us—principles

which are deeply and genuinely held by a vast majority of my fellow-countrymen and by a majority of foreigners as well, but which are constantly being quenched and overborne by a mass of instincts, desires, and hopes prevalent and almost paramount in society to-day. What those principles are I have tried to show in one of the later chapters.

Most of the book therefore is a record of abortive effort, mainly in the realm of Education—abortive owing to disregard of truths which in fact have never been quite forgotten from the beginning and which it is not too late to recover.

APPENDIX

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTION

It will be noted, I hope, by my readers that the damning accusation to be brought against school training sixty years ago and against the Cambridge Classical Tripos of that date was that hungry young minds were starved in respect of knowledge and fobbed off with a miserable effort to make them think logically when there was nothing to think about. Doubtless much improvement has been wrought by the changes in the Tripos and by the introduction of History and Science ; but still the old ideal holds its ground in many schools, and is worshipped by those teachers who adore accuracy in diction far above the furnishing the boy's mind with the knowledge of what this world is, what mankind has been doing in it in response to the overtures of the Creator ; why, in short, we are each one of us set on the earth at all.

I am convinced that the book of the late Miss Mason, of Ambleside, entitled *An Essay towards a Philosophy of Education*, marks a really important discovery of a method based on the child's faculty of assimilation from the varied fare set before him by Nature, with ease, joyousness, and permanence, till the process is rudely interrupted about seven years of age. by the imported teacher, who gives him much that the little mind is not yet ready for ; by cramming, in short, which goes on for ten years, and in a deplorable number of cases results in the complete disappearance of the appetite for knowledge for its own sake.

Now, the challenge presented to the big Boarding Schools and all Grammar and Day Secondary Schools is that their leaders should very carefully master the Mason method and estimate the success it has won : which I can prophesy they will find to be astonishing.

Meantime liberty in respect of the entrance examination into

the Public Schools must be granted to all Preparatory Schools which show a real eagerness to *feed* the little boys with suitable knowledge, train them in writing freely, and spontaneously exercising the while the unspeakably precious dower of imagination.

During this process, Grammar and Arithmetic must be taught probably on the old lines. The children will not kick at being taught to think clearly when they know that they have been and are being furnished with abundant pabulum on which the processes of accurate reasoning can be turned.

I can do no more than hint in bare outline at the rich picture Miss Mason has drawn of the normal, natural, fruitful way Nature teaches the untaught child ; the next step will be to adapt it to the Lower Forms of Classical and Modern Sides alike ; and work it up with suitable modifications even to the University itself.

This will take time—but that is not a reason against beginning now.

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