

CHAPTER III

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The first term I spent at Hackney Downs, which seems a very odd place for the parents to choose, but a private tutor lived there in a house overlooking the Lea marshes, which he advertised as having "views of flood, field and forest". Mother's friend, Lady Victoria Freke, sent her boy there also, and we two had an unusual opportunity of enterprise. We learned to ride the tall bicycle of the day before gear bicycles were invented, and our chief sport was throwing stones at trains passing under the roads which crossed the railway in that part, making a speciality of getting the stones down the funnel of the engine.

A still better opportunity of development was given by the next term when I was sent to Colne House. There I was tutored by one of the Fitch family, but I seem now to have spent most of the time with ratting parties got up by Father's gamekeepers. It was an absorbing sport, and amply

made up for the torturing treatment of the ringworm which was effected by pulling out hairs one by one with tweezers and inserting iodine.

I must have been developed a good deal by my independent life because I persuaded the ironmonger to sell me a revolver, which, as I was only twelve, shows powers of persuasion. Grandmother's famous butler, Copley, learnt that I had a revolver from the maid who did my bedroom, and he set out to get it away from me. He finally succeeded and I got back my five shillings.

Another valuable chance influence came through Father's excellent plan of giving us experience. He took ~~me~~ Tor and me to lunch at Portsmouth on the battleship "Thunderer", whose captain was a friend of his through having done slave trade work off East Africa. This visit resulted in my wishing to make a model of the ship, and with the help of Wash I produced a model ~~of the ship~~ which ornamented the village reading room for many years. My interest in warships remained intense for a long time. It led to an incident which affected my life and which shall be mentioned here though it belongs to later days. About 1892 I met the Admiral in charge at Woolwich and accepted his invitation to see the Arsenal. In the evening we travelled back to London, and he happened to talk about Arnold Forster, then a rising politician and naval expert. He

described how Arnold-Forster, after a tiring day, worked at his notes without ceasing all through the railway journey. This somehow inspired my emulation and planted in me an interest in driving myself to work when not inclined to. I think this has made a lot of difference to my life and I often remember Arnold-Forster and the Admiral in connection with it.

HARROW

I shared a room with another boy and ought of course to have been loyal to him; however, my greatest friend, Mordaunt Lawson, always known as Marcus, conspired with me to make war on my bedroom companion, and he was a great adept at bombarding him through the door of the bedroom which I shared. Marcus was especially entertained by the fact that this boy, like many boys at that age, developed a tendency to pimples on the face, which he attempted to treat by the application of the kind of watch-key which preceded the modern watch-winder. He christened the boy "Googee Pick", and I can still see our enemy through the hole which Marcus made in the door, standing at bay, his pale face disfigured with the inky water which was squirted through the hole.

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His fame as a master was deserved, but I do think he should have understood me better than to put a boy above me because he was good at cricket when I was top of the First Fifth. However, when that sad episode was over life was very pleasant in the Lower Sixth.

There were four of us who did the construing for

Fourth School together every day, and we took it in turn to buy a small cake on the way back from Third School, which we consumed while doing the Con., as tea was not provided until late in the day.

There were fourteen of us in the Sixth that term, which was a record for a house of forty boys. George Peel, the son of the Speaker, was Head of the House, and he invented a condign punishment for a Lower boy who needed to be suppressed for cheeking the Sixth Form. He summoned the whole fourteen to his room and to the rebel's astonishment he was spanked in turn by all fourteen of us.

The four members of our "find" took it in turns to provide the food of the week, generally a ham. One of us was the son of a master, and consequently went to meals on Sundays with his parents. He was apt to provide the rest of us with inadequate food on these occasions. On one occasion we decided that a protest must be made to his father against the completely bare condition of the ham bone. One of us must invade the dining room where the miscreant was feasting with his parents. It was a formidable task, and I was selected to perform it. I feel a certain satisfaction to think that I was willing to face the job in spite of my social incompetence.

Going back to earlier days, there were some real hardships in fagging even in those days of comparative reform. One got out of school at 9.a.m., having worked at a distant room for one-and-a-half hours without any food or drink, and one had to be back in school at 10.a.m.. In this interval you had to buy your own breakfast at a shop and carry it in a paper bag all along the High Street to your house. Then you had to get a kettle of hot water for your fag master, and if he wanted other things, or was in a bad mood, it took at least once going back to second school at 10.a.m. without any breakfast.

I look with great satisfaction on a day when I and another boy were given five hundred lines for cribbing. As it was the other boy who had cribbed, I summoned up courage and protested to the housemaster. I was allowed to appeal to the Headmaster, who happily saw that I was innocent.

HARROW MASTERS

I was appreciated by Bosworth-Smith, but chiefly because I was not entirely ignorant of Nature as other boys, one of whom, I remember, could not say what was the colour of a violet. Other masters were not so friendly, and one of these, unluckily for me, was an old snob called Holmes, who took the First Fifth. He was nearly blind and did not know, or perhaps did not care, that cribbing was almost universal as the result of his blindness. Having by that time been taught that cribbing should be avoided, I lost several places in

the form during the Easter term of 1885. I worked very hard to get out of the form at Easter in order to be in the Lower Sixth that summer; I should then have been in the Upper Sixth for my last year, and my subsequent career would have been different. But owing to my inhibitions about cribbing and the dislike of "Old Skipper", as he was then called, I was left top of the Fifth for the summer term, and subsequently never got above the Lower Sixth, as I was taken away from Harrow at seventeen. My father's idea was that one should go into business early. This was a terrible disaster for me, and I keenly regret it still.

SWITZERLAND

When I was fifteen, Father and Uncle Harry designed a Swiss climbing holiday, and we arrived at Zermatt. I was too stupid to admire the mountains (except the Matterhorn) or to enjoy the painful exertion of climbing, or the practice of starting at 4.a.m. without any time for breakfast. The only things I found attractive were the birds in the woods below, and lawn tennis, and by chance also a bit of fun which Redmond and I had when, under our hotel window, we saw a much-hated Harrow master, and hastily poured a jug of water on his head.

I was longing to get home, and am glad to say that I had sufficient enterprise to ask if I might accompany an old cousin who was going back to England. My prayer was granted. I went home happily with the old cousin and a marmot, to come in for a

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memorable and delightful time at home, where we were a large party, with Fanny and Conrad.

Our habit was to play cricket on the lawn until we felt inclined for food; then to ravage the plum trees on the garden wall, and fish for pike in the evening in Stokes's Pit. Connie caught one of $5\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and Fanny one of $6\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

MISS MARSH

I am sure I owe a tremendous debt to Miss Marsh - perhaps more than to anyone except my parents. When she gave addresses at Warlies, I was very poor stuff in many ways. I remember feeling how different I was to Tor who was always an absolutely admirable boy, and full of spirits besides religion. I remember feeling that I must try to imitate him, but it was not natural to me at all. I had some really deplorable tastes which come strangely from such admirable parents.

In private school time and also up to the age of sixteen I was still inclined to bullying. Then Miss Marsh came on the scene. It seemed natural at the time to be devoted to this blind, aged lady, but when you think of school boys having such an experience now, it is hardly imaginable. I wonder if I should have adopted the cult if Tor had not set me the example.

It was almost a sudden conversion when on a Sunday evening, in that beautiful hall, I was deeply impressed by Miss Marsh, talking from the table, looking distinguished in the light of candles, the great room being filled with the house party crowds at one end, and with servants, including grooms and laundry women at the other, while nurses occupied the gallery. We were called on to indicate whether we wished

to be saved, by holding up a hand. Before taking action in this way, I looked to see if Tor was holding up his. But I was genuinely roused by the sense of sin, and thus led to an intense feeling of nearness to God.

One way or another I certainly returned to Harrow a few days later, in January 1885, a different person. It was not only that I stopped teasing other boys, but I became extremely keen that they should become religious, and induced a great number to join the Scripture Union.

It was an agonizing effort, and I am not sure whether it was a valuable episode because it probably diverted my energy from school work. On the other hand it may possibly have increased it, and anyhow I am sure it made a prodigious change in my outlook. The evangelistic motive inspired me for a long time afterwards - certainly all through my time at Cambridge, and for many years afterwards.

It was not until I travelled in 1892, and began to see things politically, that I ceased to be so exclusively a devotee of P.M., as we all called her, but I remained greatly attached to her and I owe her a great debt for her lasting influence on me.

CAMBRIDGE

There were four boys in Vanity Watson's House at Harrow who were in the Lower Sixth form and went together to Trinity, Cambridge, in October 1886. I was very keen to get there and welcomed my father's view that a boy should go early. He thought that if a boy went later, he would less easily settle into work afterwards. The result was that I went through Cambridge a year younger than my colleagues, as hardly any others were under eighteen when they went up.

I think this has been a great misfortune in my life. I was under-developed, too retiring, and, being among older boys, I was still further tempted not to assert myself. For instance, I wanted to make use of the Union, but it was an appalling effort to speak there at all. Perhaps I should never have done so if Father had not promised me £100 when I did.

The first winter I spent a lot of time shooting, particularly at Higham, and until the middle of my second year I wasted time from not having enough experience to see that I ought to employ a coach for the history Tripos. The result was that in my last year and a half I had to work too hard and missed the advantage of debating clubs, etc.

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I was still mainly moved by religious motives. I was not nearly social enough, and altogether I find it hard not to regret that I went to Cambridge too young, though of course it was a glorious time, and I came on in many ways.

In my first year I had a class in the Jesus Lane Sunday School, which was not at all a peculiar thing to do, being practised by "bloods" and members of the Pitt Club. I only remember going to the Cottenham Races once, and then I was remonstrated with by my brother Victor. I had been attracted by a horse, and was inclining to buy it, but my brother's views deterred me, which was just as well, as the horse proved a wash-out.

It was quite a turning point when Canon Farrar preached in Trinity Chapel, and called on us to serve the poorer classes. His eloquence was wonderful when he contrasted the slums with the parks and mansions in which we lived, where snowy swans floated on the glassy lake. I remember conceiving the desire to follow the steps of the Liberator, but the most enterprising move that I remember making was to persuade my tutor to let me absent myself from Sunday Chapel, which was then compulsory, and to go to the church of Dr. Moule, who became a great family friend later on, and stayed at Prince's Gate for the Coronation, at which he had an important place as Bishop of Durham.

Perhaps it was also the beginning of original

views when, after Tor had left, I ceased to take part in open air preaching and became a visitor at the Cambridge Hospital.

FOWELL BUXTON, THE LIBERATOR

From Cambridge days I found our ancestor, the slave liberator, a great inspiration and I do so still. I have told, when speaking of Parliament, what a pick-me-up it was to visit his statue in the Abbey, when I was exhausted. There was something about his energy and the breadth of his sympathies which appealed to me as no other personality has done. The story of the mad dog, which appears in the Book of Golden Deeds, is enough to endear him. He was not by nature such a genius that he cannot be to me an example. He was influential through his own industry in training himself, not through natural brilliance. I looked up all his speeches in the library of the Lords, and it threw a new light on him to see how constantly he spoke in his early days in the House, on a great variety of subjects, in order to practise himself, though he was apparently not ambitious for office, and only hoped to serve humane or religious causes. Unlike any other reformer, such as Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, he was intensely keen on less serious interests. He was a great enthusiast on horses, and so fond of shooting that he jestingly said that his two main interests were slaves and partridges. The lines which appear below his statue in the Abbey appeal to me strongly:-

" Endowed with a vigorous and capacious mind,
Of dauntless courage and untiring industry,
He was early led by the love of God
To devote his talents to the good of man".

The Liberator was an inspirer, as to a large public in former days. People I have met in electioneering told me that their fathers had brought them up on the Memoir as if it was the Bible. I said what I thought about him in the Preamble to the Trust deed of the trust which I formed for public purposes.

UNCLE CHARLES

I never saw my great-uncle Charles, (the Liberator's son) but he was a definite influence. This began with my being given a copy of his "Notes of Thought". I heard from Mother of Father's great attachment to him, and how his death had been the occasion of the only tears which she ever saw Father shed. This, added to the interest afforded by the "Notes", introduced me to attractive thoughts which followed a different line from that of Miss Marsh's philosophy.

It is a very interesting book, and I have taken care to get copies for my children though it had long been out of print. I remember staying at Feltwell and reading to Miss Marsh a saying of Uncle Charles that human nature was not black or white, but generally grey. I felt she was pained, feeling this perhaps an indication that I was getting away from the view that man was either saved or unsaved, making too little of religious principle as compared with morals.

Uncle Charles was later on an immense interest to me when I found that, while a partner in the Brewery, he had been an ardent student of licensing reform. The manager, Reeve, who had as a young clerk been a great admirer of C.B.,

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described how on the introduction of the Licensing Bill, known as "Bruce's Bill", C.B. came down to the office thrilled with admiration, and how he was squashed by the old Hanbury who was senior partner.

I found among the papers of the Church of England Temperance Society a booklet on Licensing Reform which C.B. had written, and I got them to republish it. When I look at "Notes of Thought" now, I am amazed that C.B. was a man of such great culture and wide reading, because these are not specially associated with his father or the family in general. I suppose it was largely due to his never being sent to a public school.

I had another ground for veneration when I learned of his campaign in Parliament about native policy in the well-known case of Governor Eyre, while there again he represents the family tradition of impartiality, in that he declined to follow the extremists who wanted to ruin the Governor, and therefore got denounced as a compromisor.

I had ^eone a talk with Sir Alfred Lyall about Uncle Charles, and was interested that he thought him best known as leader of the humanitarian M. P.'s.

Ch III School
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I am impressed by the large results of chance events. My private school time was rather varied, partly because one of the masters at my first school persuaded large numbers of us that we should have a better time at the school he was going to start, and partly because an attack of ringworm gave me two terms away from school altogether. This furnished benefits which illustrate the strange influence of what appears to be chance on one's life.

The first term I spent at Hackney Downs, which seems a very odd place for the parents to choose, but a private tutor lived there in a house overlooking the Lea marshes, which he advertised as having views of flood, field and forest. Mother's friend, Lady Victoria Freke, sent her boy there also, and we two had an unusual opportunity of enterprise. We learned to ride the tall bicycle of the day before gear bicycles were invented, and our chief sport was throwing stones at trains passing under the roads which crossed the railway in that part, making a speciality of getting the stones down the funnel of the engine.

A still better opportunity of development was given by the next rest when I was sent to Colne House. There I was tutored by one of the Fitch family, but I seem now to have spent most of the time with rattling parties got up by Father's gamekeepers. It was an absorbing sport, and amply

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Another valuable chance influence came through Father's excellent plan of giving us experience. He took Tor and me to lunch at Portsmouth on the battleship "Thunderer", whose captain was a friend of his through having done slave trade work off East Africa. This visit resulted in my wishing to make a model of the ship, and with the help of Wash, ^{the head carpenter,} I produced ^{the} model which ornamented the village reading room for so many years. My interest in warships remained intense for a long time, and this is where the chance comes in.

After Edie's marriage I remember asking Walter if he would like to visit Woolwich as I had met the Admiral in charge. In the evening we travelled back to London with this Admiral, and he happened to talk about Arnold Forster, then a rising politician and naval expert. He described

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found attractive were birds in the woods below, or the lawn tennis, and by chance also a bit of fun which Redmond and I had when, under our hotel window, we saw a much-hated Harrow master, and hastily poured a jug of water on his head.

I was longing to get home, and am glad to say that I had sufficient enterprise to ask if I might accompany an old cousin who was going back to England. My prayer was granted. I went home happily, with the old cousin and a marmot, to come in for a memorable and delightful time at home, where we were a large party with Fanny and Conrad.

Our habit was to play cricket on the lawn until we felt inclined for food; then to ravage the plum trees on the garden wall, and fish for pike in the evening in Stokes's Pit. Connie caught one of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs, and Fanny, one of $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

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I was still mainly moved by religious motives. I was not nearly social enough, and altogether I find it hard not to regret that I went to Cambridge too young, though of course it was a glorious time, and I came on in many ways.

In my first year I had a class in the Jesus Lane Sunday-School, which was not at all a peculiar thing to do, being practised by "bloods" and members of the Pitt Club. I only remember going to the Cottenham Races once, and being remonstrated with by my brother Victor. I had been attracted by a horse, and was inclining to buy it, but my brother's views deterred me, which was just as well as the horse proved a wash-out.

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Perhaps it was also the beginning of original

views when, after Tor had left, I ceased to take part in open air preaching and became a visitor at the Cambridge Hospital.

D

CHAPTER III. SCHOOL AND CAMBRIDGE.

out

Ch IV

out

07 I am impressed by the large results of chance events. My private school time was rather varied, partly because one of the masters at my first school persuaded large numbers of us that we should have a better time at the school ^{which} he was going to start, and partly because an attack of ringworm gave me two terms away from school altogether. This furnished benefits which illustrate the strange influence of what appears to be chance on one's life.

The first term I spent at Hackney Downs, which seems a very odd place for the parents to choose, but a private tutor lived there in a house overlooking the Lea marshes, which he advertised as having "views of flood, field and forest." Mother's friend, Lady Victoria Freke, sent her boy there also, and we two had an unusual opportunity of enterprise. We learned to ride the tall bicycle of the day before gear bicycles were invented, and our chief sport was throwing stones at trains passing under the roads which crossed the railway in that part, making a speciality of getting the stones down the funnel of the engine.

A still better opportunity of development was given by the next ^{Term} ~~rest~~ when I was sent to Colne House. There I was tutored by one of the Fitch family, but I seem now to have spent most of the time with ratting parties got up by Father's gamekeepers. It was an absorbing sport, and amply

made up for the torturing treatment of the ringworm which was effected by pulling out hairs one by one with tweezers and inserting iodine.

I must have ~~come~~ ^{been developed} a good deal by my independent life because I persuaded the ironmonger to sell me a revolver, which, as I was only twelve, shows powers of persuasion. Grandmother's famous butler, Copley, learnt that I had a revolver from the maid who did my bedroom, and he set out to get it away from me, ~~and~~ ^{he} finally succeeded and I got back my five shillings. ✓

Another valuable chance influence came through Father's excellent plan of giving us experience. He took Tor and me to lunch at Portsmouth on the battleship "Thunderer", whose captain was a friend of his through having done slave trade work off East Africa. This visit resulted in my wishing to make a model of the ship, and with the help of Wash I produced a model which ornamented the village reading room for ~~so~~ many years. My interest in warships remained intense for a long time, and this ~~is where the chance comes in.~~ ^{It led to an influence of incident which affected my life & which shall be mentioned here tho it belongs to later days.}

~~After Edie's marriage I remember asking Walter if he~~
~~about 1892 7~~
~~would like to visit Woolwich as I had met the Admiral in~~
~~at Woolwich & accepted his invitation to see the arsenal.~~
 charge. In the evening we travelled back to London with
 this Admiral, and he happened to talk about Arnold-Forster,
 then a rising politician and naval expert. He described

how Arnold-Forster, after a tiring day, worked at his notes without ceasing all through the railway journey. This somehow inspired my emulation and planted in me an interest in driving myself to work when not inclined to. I think this has made a lot of difference to my life and I often remember Arnold-Forster and the Admiral in connection with it. ✓

HARROW

I shared a room with another boy and ought of course to have been loyal to him; however, my greatest friend, Mordaunt Lawson, always known as Marcus, conspired with me to make war on my bedroom companion, and he was a great adept at bombarding him through the door of the bedroom which I shared. Marcus was especially entertained by the fact that this boy, like many boys at that age, developed a tendency to pimples on the face, which he attempted to treat by the application of the kind of watch key which preceded the modern watch winder. He christened the boy "Googee Pick", and I can still see our enemy through the hole which Marcus made in the door, standing at bay, his pale face disfigured with the inky water which was squirted through the hole.

Marcus inherited the wit of his famous father, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and perhaps I never enjoyed myself more than staying with him at Brayton, where we caught eels in

the lake, and played cricket in a vast unused drawing room. It was a great loss to the world when Marcus died a few years later.

One of our best sports at Harrow was climbing about roofs after dark, but unhappily we were detected at a very unfortunate moment. Marcus's sister married a man who had a place with a trout stream near Watford, and we were to go there together at the next whole holiday. While we were signalling from the parapet of the roof to the boys in a room on the floor below, appearing to their astonishment against the dark sky, the housemaster went on his round and entered ^{the} room to share their surprise at seeing us up in the sky. Owing to this our holiday was stopped and I never saw the trout stream of Marcus's brother-in-law, but it must be said to the housemaster's credit that, anyhow, he never went round the house wearing soft slippers, trying to catch out the boys, but always made loud tramping noises.

His fame as a master was deserved, but I do think he should have understood me better than to put a boy above me because he was good at cricket when I was top of the First Fifth. However, when that sad episode was over life was very pleasant in the Lower ^{Sixth} Fifth.

There were four of us who did the construing for

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Fourth School together every day, and we took it in turn to buy a small cake on the way back from Third School, which we consumed while doing the Con., as tea was not provided until late in the day.

There were fourteen of us in the Sixth that term, which was a record for a house of forty boys. George Peel, the son of the Speaker, was Head of the House, and he invented a condign punishment for a Lower boy who needed to be suppressed for cheeking the Sixth Form. He summoned the whole fourteen to his room and to the rebel's astonishment he was spanked in turn by all fourteen of us.

The four members of our "find" took it in turns to provide the food of the week, generally a ham. One of us was the son of a master, and consequently went to meals on Sundays with his parents. He was apt to provide the rest of us with inadequate food on these occasions. On one occasion we decided that a protest must be made to his father against the completely bare condition of the ham bone. One of us must invade the diningroom where the miscreant was feasting with his parents. It was a formidable task, and I was selected to perform it. I feel a certain satisfaction to think that I was willing to face the job in spite of my social incompetence.

going back to earlier days

22
21

There were some real hardships in fagging even in those days of comparative reform. One got out of school at 9 a.m., having worked at a distant room for one and a half hours without any food or drink, and one had to be back in school at 10 a.m.. In this interval you had to ~~to~~ buy your own breakfast at a shop and carry it in a paper bag all along the High Street to your house. Then you had to get a kettle of hot water for your fag master, and if he wanted other things, or was in a bad mood, it took most of the forty minutes available. I remember at least once going back to second school at 10 a.m. without any breakfast.

I look with great satisfaction on a day when I and another boy were given five hundred lines for cribbing. As ^{it was} the other boy ^{who} had cribbed from me, I summoned up courage and protested to the housemaster. I was allowed to appeal to the Headmaster, who happily saw that I was innocent.

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was an old snob called Holmes, who took the First Fifth. He was nearly blind and did not know, or perhaps did not care, that cribbing was almost universal as the result of his blindness. Having by that time been taught to see that cribbing should be avoided, I lost several places in the form during the Easter term of 1885. I worked very hard to get out of the form at Easter in order to be in the Lower Sixth that summer; I should then have been in the Upper Sixth for my last year, and my subsequent career would have been different. But owing to my inhibitions about cribbing and the dislike of "Old Skipper", as he was then called, I was left top of the Fifth for the summer term, and subsequently never got above the Lower Sixth as I was taken away from Harrow at seventeen. This was a terrible disaster for me, and

I keenly regret it still. *(My father's idea was that I should go into business early.)*
 SWITZERLAND.

When I was fifteen, Father and Uncle Henry designed a Swiss climbing holiday, and we arrived at Zermatt. I was too stupid to admire the mountains (except the Matterhorn) or to enjoy the painful exertion of climbing, or the practice of starting at 4 a.m. without any time for breakfast. The only things I

found attractive were ^{the} birds in the woods below, or
 the lawn tennis, and by chance also a bit of fun
 which Redmond and I had when, under our hotel window,
 we saw a much-hated Harrow master, and hastily poured
 a jug of water on his head.

I was longing to get home, and am glad to say that
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 an old cousin who was going back to England. My prayer
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 time at home, where we were a large party, with Fanny and
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Our habit was to play cricket on the lawn until we
 felt inclined for food; then to ravage the plum trees
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(Chapt 2)

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Benefactors
To, the III (Harrow)
MISS MARSH.

I am sure I owe a tremendous debt to Miss Marsh - perhaps more than to anyone except my parents. When she gave addresses at Warlies, I was very poor stuff in many ways. I remember feeling how different I was to Tor who was always an absolutely admirable boy, and full of spirits besides religion. I remember feeling that I must try to imitate him, but it was not natural to me at all.

Perhaps I had better go further back to develop this. I remember Mother telling me of the facts in my infancy, and perhaps they form some excuse for my inferiority to other members of the family which ^{was} is certainly a fact of my youth. I had some really deplorable tastes which ^{came} seemed to come strangely from such admirable parents.

In private school time and also up to the age of sixteen I was still ^{inclined to bullying.} a reprobate. Then Miss Marsh came on the scene. It seemed natural at the time to be devoted to this blind, aged ^{body}, but when you think of some school boys having such an experience ^{now, it seems} ^{is hardly} ^{imaginable.} exotic. I even wonder if I should have adopted the cult if Tor had not set the example.

It was almost a sudden conversion, on ^{when a} Sunday evening, in that beautiful hall, ^{I was deeply impressed by} with Miss Marsh, talking from the table, looking distinguished in the light of candles, and ^{the next} ^{being} the dimness of the rest of the room filled with crowds ^{the house party} at one end with

of servants, including grooms and laundry women and others, ^{while nurses occupied} in the gallery. We were called on to indicate whether we wished to be saved, by holding up a hand.

~~It was~~ Before taking action in this way, I looked to see if

for was holding up his. ^{But I was genuinely roused by the sense of sin, & thus led to an intense feeling of nearness to God.} One way or another I certainly returned to Harrow a

few days later, in January 1885, a different person. It was not only that I stopped teasing other boys, but I became extremely keen that they should become religious, and induced a great number to join the Scripture Union.

It was an agonizing effort, and I am not sure whether it was a valuable episode because it probably diverted my energy from school work. On the other hand it may possibly have increased it, and anyhow I am sure it made a prodigious change in my outlook. ^{evangelistic} The ~~new~~ motive inspired me for a long time afterwards - certainly all through my time at Cambridge, and for many years afterwards.

It was not until I travelled in 1892, and began to see things politically, that I ceased to be so exclusively a devotee of P.M., as we all called her, but I remained greatly attached to her and I owe her a great debt for her lasting influence on me.

CAMBRIDGE.

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views when, after Tor had left, I ceased to take part in open air preaching and became a visitor at the Cambridge Hospital.

*To ch. 10
 Cambridge*

From Cambridge days I found our ancestor, the slave liberator, a great inspiration and I do so still. I have told, when speaking of Parliament, what a pick-me-up it was to visit his statue in the Abbey, when I was exhausted. There was something about his energy and the breadth of his sympathies which appealed to me as no other personality has done. The story of the mad dog, which appears in the book of Golden Deeds, is enough to endear him. He was not by nature such a genius that he cannot be to me an example. He was influential through his own industry in training himself, not ^{through} by natural brilliance. I looked up all his speeches in the library of the Lords, and it threw a new light on him to see how constantly he spoke ~~in~~ his early days in the House, on a great variety of subjects, in order to practise himself, though he was apparently not ambitious for office, and only hoped to serve humane or religious causes. Unlike any other reformer, such as Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, he was intensely keen on less serious interests. He was a great enthusiast on horses, and so fond of shooting that he jestingly said that his two main interests were slaves and partridges. The lines which appear below his statue in the Abbey appeal to me strongly:-

"Endowed with a vigorous and capacious mind;
 of dauntless courage and untiring industry;
 he was early led by the love of God
 To devote his talents to the good of man."

*Opposite page
 Insert from p 79*

Barnesford To ch III
40
Cambridge

UNCLE CHARLES.

I never ^{my great} saw ^(the Liberator's son) Uncle Charles, but he was a definite influence. This began with my being given a copy of his "Notes of Thought". I heard from Mother of Father's great attachment to him, and how his death had been the occasion of the only tears which she ever saw Father shed. This, added to the interest afforded by the "Notes", introduced me to attractive thoughts which followed a different line from that of Miss Marsh's philosophy.

It is a very interesting book, and I have taken care to get copies for my children though it had long been out of print. I remember staying at Feltwell and reading to Miss Marsh a saying of Uncle Charles that human nature was not black or white, but generally grey. I felt she was pained, feeling this perhaps an indication that I was getting away from the view that man was either saved or unsaved, making too little of religious principle as compared with morals.

Uncle Charles was later on an immense interest to me when I found that, while a partner in the brewery, he had been an ardent student of licensing reform. The manager, Reeve, who had as a young clerk been a great admirer of C.B., described how on the introduction of the Licensing Bill, known as "Bruce's Bill", C.B. came down to the office thrilled with admiration, and how he was squashed

Bennett

by the old Hanbury who was senior partner.

I found among the papers of the Church of England Temperance Society a booklet on Licensing Reform which C.B. had written, and I got them to republish it. When I look at "Notes of Thought" now, I am amazed that C.B. was a man of such great culture and wide reading, because these are not specially associated with his father or the family in general. I suppose it was largely due to his never being sent to a public school.

I had another ground for veneration when I learned of his campaign in Parliament about native policy in the well known case of Governor Eyre, while there again he represents the family tradition of impartiality, in that he declined to follow the extremists who wanted to ruin the ^{governor} slave owner, and therefore got denounced as a compromisor.

I had once a talk with Sir Alfred Lyall about uncle Charles, and was interested that he thought him best known as a ^{leader of the} humanitarian. ^{MP}

I am ^{CHANCE} impressed by the large results of
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of the master's at my first school persuaded large numbers of us
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start, and partly because an attack of ringworm gave me two terms
away from school altogether. This furnished benefits which
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After Edie's marriage I remember asking Walter if he would like to visit Woolich as I had met the Admiral in charge. In the evening we travelled back to London with this Admiral, and he happened to talk about Arnold Forster, then a rising politician and naval expert. He described how Arnold Forster, after a tiring day, worked at his notes without ceasing all through the railway journey. This somehow inspired my emulation and planted in me an interest in ~~trying~~^{driving} myself to work when not inclined to. I think this has made a lot of difference to my life and I often remember Arnold Forster and the Admiral in connection with it.

HARROW

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One of ~~our~~ ^{our} best sports ^{at Harrow} was climbing about roofs after dark, but unhappily we were detected at a very unfortunate moment. Marcus's sister married a man who had a place with a trout stream near Watford, and we were to go there together at the next whole holidays. ~~I think it was~~ while we were signalling from the parapet of the roof to the boys in a room on the floor below, appearing to their astonishment against the dark sky ~~when~~ the housemaster went

on his round and entered a room to share their surprise at seeing us up in the sky. Owing to this ^{our holiday was stopped and} I never saw the trout stream of Marcus's brother-in-law, but it must be said to the housemaster's credit that anyhow, he never went round the house ^{wearing soft slippers} trying to catch out the boys ~~wearing soft slippers~~, but always made loud tramping noises.

His fame as a master was deserved, but I do think he should have understood me better than to put a boy above me because he was good at cricket when I was top of the First Fifth. However, when that sad episode was over life was very pleasant in the Lower Sixth.

There were four of us who did the construing for fourth school together every day, and we took it in turns to buy a small cake ^{on the way} back from third school which we consumed while doing the Con. as tea was not provided until late in the day.

There were fourteen of us in the Sixth that term which was a record for a house of forty boys. George Peel, the son of the Speaker, was head of the house, and he invented a condign punishment for a lower boy who needed to be suppressed for cheeking the Sixth Form. He summoned the whole fourteen to his room and to the rebel's astonishment he was spanked in turn by all fourteen of us.

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Harrow cont.

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There were some real hardships in fagging even in those days of comparative reform. One got out of school at 9 a.m. having worked at a distant room for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours without any food or drink, and one had to be back in school at 10 a. m. In this interval you ~~had~~ had to buy/// your own breakfast at a shop and carry it in a paper bag all along the High Street to your house. Then you had to get a kettle of hot water for your fag master, and if he wanted other things, or was in a bad mood, it took most of the 40 minutes available. I remember at least once going back to second school at 10 a.m. without any breakfast.

I look with great satisfaction on a day when I and another boy were given 500 lines for cribbing. As the other boy had crobbed ~~for~~ for me, I summoned up courage and protested to the housemaster. I was allowed to appeal to the head master who happily saw that I was innocent.

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CAMBRIDGE

There were 4 boys in Vanity Watson's House at Harrow who were in the Lower Sixth form and went together to Trinity, Cambridge, in October 1886. I was very keen to get there and welcomed my Father's view that a boy should go early. He thought that if a boy went later, he would less easily settle into work afterwards. The result was that I went through Cambridge a year younger than my colleagues, as hardly any others were under 18 when they went up.

I think this has been a great misfortune to my life. I was under-developed; too retiring, and being among older boys, I was still further tempted not to assert myself. For instance, I wanted to make use of the Union, but it was an appalling effort to speak there at all. Perhaps I should never have done so if Father had not promised me £100 when I did.

The first winter I spent a lot of time shooting, particularly at Higham, and until the middle of my second year I wasted time from not having enough experience to see that I ought to employ a coach for the history Tripos. The result was that in my last year and a half I had to work too hard and missed the advantage of debating clubs, etc.

I was still mainly moved by ^{religious motives} ~~Miss Marsh's influence~~. I was not nearly social enough, and altogether I find it hard not to regret that I went to Cambridge too young, though of course it was a glorious time, and I came on in many ways.

Cambridge cont.

In my first year I had a class in the Jesus Lane Sunday-school, which was not at all a peculiar thing to do, being practised by "bloods" and members of the Pitt Club. I only remember going to the Cottenham Races once, and being remonstrated with by my brother Victor. I had been attracted by a horse, and was inclining to buy it, but my brother's views deterred me, which was just as well as the horse proved a wash-out.

It was quite a turning point when Canon Farrar preached in Trinity Chapel, and called on us to serve the poorer classes. His eloquence was wonderful when he contrasted the slums with the parks and mansions in which we lived, where snowy swans floated on the glassy lake. I remember then conceiving the desire to follow the steps of the Liberator, but the most enterprising move that I remember making was to persuade my tutor to let me absent myself from Sunday Chapel which was then compulsory, and to go to the Church of Dr. Moule, who became a great family friend later on, and stayed at Prince's Gate for the Coronation, at which he had an important place as Bishop of Durham.

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Auto

For possible use

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL AND CAMBRIDGE

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Another valuable chance influence came through Father's excellent plan of giving us experience. He took Tor and me to lunch at Portsmouth on the battleship "Thunderer", whose captain was a friend of his through having done slave trade work off East Africa. This visit resulted in my wishing to make a model of the ship, and with the help of Wash I produced a model which ornamented the village reading room for many years. My interest in warships remained intense for a long time. It led to an incident which affected my life and which shall be mentioned here though it belongs to later days.

About 1892 I met the Admiral in charge at Woolwich and accepted his invitation to see the Arsenal. In the evening we travelled back to London, and he happened to talk about Arnold Forster, then a rising politician and naval expert. He described how

Arnold-Forster, after a tiring day, worked at his notes without ceasing all through the railway journey. This somehow inspired my emulation and planted in me an interest in driving myself to work when not inclined to. I think this has made a lot of difference to my life and I often remember Arnold-Forster and the Admiral in connexion with it.

One of our best sports at Harrow was climbing about roofs after dark, but unhappily we were detected at a very unfortunate moment. Marcus's sister married a man who had a place with a trout stream near Watford, and we were to go there together at the next whole holiday. While we were signalling from the parapet of the roof to the boys in a room on the floor below, appearing to their astonishment against the dark sky, the housemaster went his round and entered the room to share their surprise at seeing us up in the sky. Owing to this our holiday was stopped and I never saw the trout stream of Marcus's brother-in-law, but it must be said to the housemaster's credit that, anyhow, he never went round the house wearing soft slippers, trying to catch out the boys, but always made loud tramping noises.

His fame as a master was deserved, but I do think he should have understood me better than to put a boy above me because he was good at cricket when I was top of the First Fifth. However, when that sad episode was over, life was very pleasant in the Lower Sixth.

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memorable and delightful time at home, where we were a large party with Fanny and Conrad.

Our habit was to play cricket on the lawn until we felt inclined for food; then to ravage the plum trees on the garden wall, and fish for pike in the evening in Stoke's Pit. Connie caught one of $5\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and Fanny one of $6\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

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CHAPTER III. SCHOOL AND CAMBRIDGE.

I am impressed by the large results of chance events. My private school time was rather varied, partly because one of the masters at my first school persuaded large numbers of us that we should have a better time at the school, ^{which} he was going to start, and partly because an attack of ringworm gave me two terms away from school altogether. This furnished benefits which illustrate the strange influence of what appears to be chance on one's life.

The first term I spent at Hackney Downs, which seems a very odd place for the parents to choose, but a private tutor lived there in a house overlooking the Lea marshes, which he advertised as having views of flood, field and forest. Mother's friend, Lady Victoria Freke, sent her boy there also, and we two had an unusual opportunity of enterprise. We learned to ride the tall bicycle of the day before gear bicycles were invented, and our chief sport was throwing stones at trains passing under the roads which crossed the railway in that part, making a speciality of getting the stones down the funnel of the engine.

A still better opportunity of development was given by the next ^{term} rest when I was sent to Colne House. There I was tutored by one of the Fitch family, but I seem now to have spent most of the time with rattling parties got up by Father's gamekeepers. It was an absorbing sport, and amply

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I shared a room with another boy and ought of course to have been loyal to him; however, my greatest friend, Mordaunt Lawson, always known as Marcus, conspired with me to make war on my bedroom companion, and he was a great adept at bombarding him through the door of the bedroom which I shared. Marcus was especially entertained by the fact that this boy, like many boys at that age, developed a tendency to pimples on the face, which he attempted to treat by the application of the kind of watch key which preceded the modern watch winder. He christened the boy "Googee Pick", and I can still see our enemy through the hole which Marcus made in the door, standing at bay, his pale face disfigured with the inky water which was squirted through the hole.

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Fourth School together every day, and we took it in turn to buy a small cake on the way back from Third School, which we consumed while doing the Con., as tea was not provided until late in the day.

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SWITZERLAND.

When I was fifteen, Father and Uncle Henry designed a Swiss climbing holiday, and we arrived at Zermatt. I was too stupid to admire the mountains (except the Matterhorn) or to enjoy the painful exertion of climbing, or the practice of starting at 4 a.m. without any time for breakfast. The only thing I

found attractive were ^{the} birds in the woods below, or ~~the~~ lawn tennis, and by chance also a bit of fun which Redmond and I had when, under our hotel window, we saw a much-hated Harrow master, and hastily poured a jug of water on his head.

I was longing to get home, and am glad to say that I had sufficient enterprise to ask if I might accompany an old cousin who was going back to England. My prayer was granted. I went home happily, with the old cousin and a marabout, to come in for a memorable and delightful time at home, where we were a large party with Fanny and Conrad.

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on page
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~~One of Father's inventions was, as he said, to teach ponies to lift their feet by galloping across Nazing Common where it was most thick with ant hills. I suppose he did this to try and rid us of funk, as the ponies inevitably stumbled.~~

Is it possible that he did not know that Tor and I fired cannons to our imminent danger? It seems likely - because Tor's amusement was to fill the cannon with

gunpowder to the muzzle, and make it burst. On the other hand Ter was so honest that I don't think he ever would have concealed his prank, and also, how did he get the gunpowder flask except from Father ?

It seems to be extraordinary that private school boys of twelve should not only shoot ferreted rabbits, but also shoot with a party, as we did for a whole week on end at the Cromer January shoots, when we school boys were collected at Colne House. Certainly the grown-ups who joined the parties without the motive attached to fathers showed some courage. I remember a woodcock flying low along the side of a covert and several boys blazing at it, followed by yells from Bertie Baxelay in the covert. He came out at the end of the beat, protesting loudly and saying the battle of Waterloo was nothing to it. But the boys were merely convulsed with laughter.

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