

*C. D. Broad*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

### Reply to Staus

I will begin with Professor Staus' remark that the really important conflict between science & religion is that the general spirit of science, as expressed in what he calls the "philosophy of naturalism", conflicts with any sort of religious view. We must either abandon naturalism or be absolute religion or find some way of reconciling the two.

The "philosophy of naturalism", as I understand it, holds that all consciousness (& a factor of personality) is completely & one-sidedly dependent on the fulfilment of certain physico-chemical, physiological, & anatomical conditions. Every particular experience depends one-sidedly on a particular occurrence in a certain brain & or nervous system, & each person's disposition, character, & personality depend one-sidedly on the particular minute structure & organization of his brain & nervous system.

Now, on the one hand, everything to which we attach value or disvalue seems to reside in or to relate to persons, who experience sensations, thoughts, desires, emotions, etc., & have elaborately organized cognition, emotion, & emotional dispositions. On the other hand, the physico-chemical, physiological, & anatomical conditions of consciousness in general & of organized personality in particular seem to be highly specialized, narrowly localized in space & in time, extremely unstable, & altogether at the mercy of that part of the physical order which is organized at a lower level of complexity.

Any such view is plainly incompatible with what most people in the West & many in the East have understood by religion. For Christians, Jews, & Mohammedans, at any rate, the following propositions, taken quite literally, are essential. (1) The specifically moral values & disvalues, at any rate, which inhere in human persons & express themselves in their attitudes, emotions, thoughts, & actions, are not just transient & local by-products of conditions to which no kind of value or disvalue can rigorously be ascribed, & which cannot significantly be said to have any kind of preference for the one over the other. On the contrary; there is in every human being an essential factor which is essentially independent of his brain & is destined to endure endlessly, though it may always need to be connected with other an appropriate organism of some kind in order to constitute a full personality.

FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF BROAD'S  
HANDWRITING — FROM HIS "REPLY"

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I WAS born at 11 P.M. on December 30th 1887, at Harlesden in Middlesex, then a pleasant enough place on the verge of unspoiled country, but now and for long since a most unattractive suburb of north-west London. The sign Virgo was rising at my birth, so, like Horace, I may describe myself as 'one of Mercury's men.' The astrologically-minded reader will note with interest that the ruler Mercury was in the fourth House and in the sign Sagittarius, and with regret that it was unaspected for good or for ill by any other planet.

The year of my birth was that of Queen Victoria's jubilee. The sun of England's overwhelming power and prosperity had already passed the meridian, though few can have suspected this at the time, and though rather more than a quarter of a century of golden afternoon remained before the nightfall of 1914.

My father, Charles Stephen Broad, was born in Bedminster, now a suburb of Bristol, in 1844. He was the youngest of the eight children of George and Eliza Broad of that city. Of these children one boy (James) died in infancy, and one girl (Ellen) died of consumption at the age of 26. George, the eldest child, died in middle life. The remaining five, Edwin, Emma, Leah, Julia, and my father, all lived to and beyond their three-score years and ten. They were all persons of marked individuality, possessed of more than average intelligence and a strong sense of humour, and they all remained in fair bodily health and full mental vigour until very near the end of their lives. The elderly Uncle Edwin and his wife (Aunt Harriet), and the three elderly aunts, Emma, Leah, and Julia, all played an important part in my early life; but one of them (Aunt Leah) stood, as I shall explain later, in a specially close relationship to me.

The Broads had been living in Somerset, in particular in the Mendip villages near Bristol, such as Winford and Dundry, for at least 150 years before my father's birth. They had inter-married in the middle XVIII-th century with a family of Huguenot refugees, named Thiery or Thierry, who had fled from France in 1650 and had settled in the Mendips. There is a quaint memorial-stone in the floor of the parish church of Hinton Blewett in Somerset, commemorating the names and virtues of the earlier members of this family. The first of my paternal

ancestors whom I can trace is my great-great-great-grandfather George, whom I will call George I. He died in 1773, and was presumably born about 1700. His son, George II, my great-great-grandfather, was born in 1732 and died in 1803. He married in 1757 Mary Thiery (b. 1734, d. 1802). The name Thiery frequently occurs as a middle name among his male descendants. I believe that the Thiery family is now extinct in the male line. The last holder of the name, so far as I am aware, was a Miss Thiery, who kept the village post-office in Winford early in the present century.

Many of the Broads in the XVIII-th century were stone-masons and small country builders in the Mendips. But my great-grandfather, George III (b. 1761), was a wool-stapler. He lived and died in Bedminster, and his business was carried on by his two sons, Stephen (b. 1789, d. 1884) and my grandfather George IV (b. 1796, d. 1866).

A younger brother of my great-grandfather George III, John Thiery Broad (b. 1772), became a fairly prominent and successful builder in Bristol. His house and builder's yard were in Old Market Street. His son, James Thiery Broad, inherited and developed the business. He commemorated his father by a memorial window in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, which is still to be seen there. My paternal grandmother was Eliza Broad (b. 1805, d. 1884), daughter of this John Thiery Broad and sister to this James Thiery Broad, and thus first cousin to her husband George IV.

John Thiery Broad was fairly well off, and his daughter Eliza had received an excellent education in the subjects then considered suitable for girls. I possess a beautifully worked sampler which she sewed at school in 1815. My grandfather employed in his business the money which my grandmother inherited from her father, and the business prospered.

Only a fool or a saint thinks business and money unimportant, and I cannot claim to belong to either of those classes. I shall therefore try to give some account of the family fortunes up to the time of my father's marriage, so far as I understand them; for they were certainly a factor which greatly influenced my life and character.

As I have said, Grandfather George and his elder brother Stephen were partners in the wool-stapling business which they had inherited from their father. There was a branch of this business at Rochdale in Lancashire, and we continued to derive a small annual rent from a warehouse there until it was sold when my father inherited it on the death of my Uncle Edwin in 1912. Stephen Broad lived for a time in Rochdale, and used to ride about to the neighbouring farms in Lancashire and Yorkshire, buying wool and fleeces. There are some amusing

stories, handed down from him in my family, which illustrate life in the farms and vicarages of that rather rough countryside at that remote period. Like the stories which Manning's father used to relate about the Negro slaves on his West Indian plantations, they may be described in the Cardinal's words as 'indelicate, though free from evil *de sexu*.' One of them is perhaps worth recording here.

The incumbent of one of these Lancashire or Yorkshire parishes was one of the old-fashioned hunting parsons, more versed in field-sports than in his pastoral duties. One day, as he was about to set out for the meet, a message was brought to him that an old woman in the parish, who had long lain bedridden, was on the point of death and wished to see him. He hastily pulled a clerical cloak over his hunting dress and rushed down to the cottage, where the following conversation took place:—"They tell me, Parson, that I'm a-dying." "Have you said the Lord's Prayer?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you repent of your sins?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you believe that Christ died to save you?" "O yes, Sir." "Then you can tell the Devil to kiss your a-se!" And with that viaticum the parson was off to the meet.

At some time, I do not know precisely when, great-Uncle Stephen retired, taking his money out of the business and leaving my grandfather as the sole partner. The family tradition is that he was somewhat simple and very susceptible to flattery, and that cleverer and less honest persons than himself induced him to appear as director on the boards of several wild-cat companies and to put his capital into them. The one in which he lost most was a company for mining ochre somewhere in the west of England. My grandfather was a much shrewder man than his elder brother, and he was also an extremely generous one. He had clearly foreseen the result of these speculations, and, when Stephen had ruined himself financially, the younger brother took the elder as an honoured guest into his house, where he remained for the rest of his very long life.

Great-Uncle Stephen's lack of worldly wisdom was outweighed by his very rich and lovable personality. His nephews and nieces were devoted to him and would often relate to me stories of his doings and sayings. He had a profound contempt for the French, and in particular for the finicky way in which that degenerate race are wont to pronounce their own language. So, although he knew better, he was always careful to speak of Louis XVIII as 'Lewis Dick-Suet.' As elder brother he used to conduct the family prayers which were held daily in the dining-room before breakfast, and he would on occasion introduce special petitions for particular members of the family. Once his sister, 'Aunt Edwards,' was on a visit. She happened at the time (unknown to Stephen, but to the knowledge of the female members of the family) to be suffering from

a painful boil on her bottom. Stephen electrified the assembly by concluding his prayer with the words: "God bless my dear Sister; be a comfort and support to her latter end!" Stephen outlived my grandfather by many years. He died in 1884, at the age of 95, shortly before my grandmother.

My grandfather at his death in 1866 left his family very well provided for. The business was flourishing, and was carried on by his eldest son George in partnership with the latter's younger brother Edwin. My father, who was only in his 22nd year, had recently entered the firm. Grandfather considered, reasonably enough, that his sons' financial future was secure, and he left to them only comparatively small monetary legacies beside their shares in the firm. Most fortunately, as it turned out, he provided for his widow and his daughters independently of the business. He had invested his quite considerable savings in ground-rents and reversions in Battersea and Camberwell, which are inner suburbs of south London. He created for this property a somewhat complicated trust, which I shall now describe in outline.

The essential intention of the trust was to make his daughters and their children (if any) completely independent of their husbands, if they should marry. "Men," Grandfather used to say, "are Jack Straws!" (It should be remembered that the Married Women's Property Act did not become law until 1881.) The income of the trust was to go to my grandmother for her life-time. At her death it was to be divided equally among her daughters for their respective lives. On the death of any daughter who was childless her share of the income was to be divided equally among her surviving sisters. On the death of any daughter who had children the capital represented by her share of the income was to be divided, in such proportions as she might will, among her children. In the end the whole of the capital was to be inherited by the descendants of the married daughters. As it turned out, the whole property eventually devolved upon my cousins Ernest and Cyril, the two sons of my Aunt Julia, who was the only daughter to have children.

As my grandmother was entitled to a share of the income of the business, beside the whole income of the trust, she began her widowhood in very good financial circumstances. But in course of time a crisis arose in the business. The subject was naturally a painful one to my father and his brothers and sisters, so I do not know the precise details; but the gist of the matter is as follows.

My Uncle George (in my notation 'George V'), who had become head of the firm, seems to have been an able business-man on a rising market, but somewhat too venturesome and liable to be caught short when the market was falling. He had made an early and unwise marriage with

a woman belonging to a much lower level in the middle-class than that to which his family had now risen. Mary Ann, as she was called, and her relatives were indeed perfectly respectable, in the technical sense, but she was an ignorant and rather silly woman, whose grammar was by no means impeccable and whose manners hovered between plain vulgarity and affected refinement. She soon became too big for her boots, and her social ambitions led her to be extravagant herself and to be continually pressing her husband for means to support her extravagance. He was thus drawing too much money from the business, and was in no position to meet a time of difficulty in the wool-trade. When eventually such a time came, Uncle George, without consulting his brothers, took measures of doubtful legality to tide over the crisis. They were ineffectual; the firm was ruined, and he himself with his wife and five young children found it expedient to put the Atlantic between himself and his creditors and the law.

As a result of this my grandmother lost that portion of her income which was derived from the business. My Uncle Edwin and my father (still quite a young man) lost their positions and prospects as members of an old-established and respected family firm, and they also lost the legacies which their father had left them.

Uncle Edwin, who was a studious and quite a learned man (known in the family as 'Sage'), never attempted to go into business again. He lived at home during the rest of his mother's lifetime on a small private income derived from what he had managed to save and invest before the crash. My father went into business as a wine-merchant, and followed that occupation under various vicissitudes till he eventually retired in 1912 on the death of his brother Edwin, from whom he inherited a modest competence. He was never particularly successful as a business-man. I am inclined to think that his heart was not in his work. Such small success as he had was in middle life. As he grew older his business gradually faded away with the death of old customers, most of whom had been personal or family friends, and he seems to have made no particular effort to seek new ones.

The fact is that the income from my grandfather's trust was the financial sheet-anchor for all his children. Directly, or indirectly through the generosity of the sisters to their brothers, it furnished the means for a life of modest comfort for all and removed the stimulus of urgent need from any. My Uncle Edwin and my father were trustees under this trust, and my father was the active one of the two. He conducted all the correspondence, kept the accounts in his exquisite copper-plate handwriting, and for many years personally collected certain of the ground-rents. For this work he received a commission, which was a use-

ful supplement to his income. After his death my mother continued for many years to keep the accounts and send out applications and receipts for ground-rent and to receive a commission for doing so, even after the trust had been wound up. In this way my two cousins, who had inherited the property and could easily have done the business for themselves, contributed with great delicacy and kindness toward my mother's income. When she grew too old for this work I undertook it for her, and she continued to receive the commission to the day of her death.

Uncle George and his deplorable Mary Ann did not long survive transplantation to God's own country. On their death in 1877 three of their chickens, their daughters Alice, Ellen, and Edith, came home to roost in their grandmother's house. Ellen was what is now called a 'difficult' child, and at an early age got into serious trouble (presumably in the classical way) and committed suicide. The incident was naturally not a favourite subject of conversation between my elders and myself, and I know nothing about it except the bare fact which I have stated.

Alice and Edith received an excellent education at their grandmother's expense. Alice never married. She was given a home and a small allowance by her aunts and Uncle Edwin until the death of the latter, when she inherited enough to enable her to live in modest comfort in her own flat. I saw a great deal of her when I was a child, a schoolboy, and a young man. She was my first governess, and taught me reading, writing, and the elements of English history and arithmetic. As trustee under Uncle Edwin's will I managed her affairs until her death in 1946 at the age of 83. She was a person of good intelligence and impulsive generosity. But she was somewhat too submissive and lacked enterprise and practical efficiency. My mother, who had in abundance the qualities which Alice lacked, regarded her with affection mingled with mild contempt, and felt that she should have made some effort to provide for herself instead of contentedly living on her relatives. Her intense affection for her much harder sister Edith and for the latter's children exposed her to many slights and to much occasional unhappiness, though I suppose that on the whole it was the main source of interest and pleasure in her life. Her sister's death, only a year or so before her own, was a loss from which she never recovered.

Edith married fairly early in life William Garland, a Cornishman, who became secretary to a number of highly successful gold-mining companies. He earned a handsome salary and gradually accumulated by judicious investment and speculation a considerable fortune out of his savings. On his death his wife became very much the wealthiest member of our family. She had some of the 'Mary Ann' characteristics,

in a sublimated form, and none of the generosity so characteristic of her sister and her uncles and aunts. I suppose that early experience had impressed on her the desirability of 'keeping a good grip of the gear,' and in all important financial matters she was ruled by her very able and acquisitive husband.

Of George's two sons, who remained in the United States, the younger, Charles, perished unmarried in a hotel fire. Of the elder, Walter, I know nothing except that he married and had children. So presumably some at least of my remote cousins are domiciled on the safer and more prosperous side of the Atlantic.

From this long excursion into the family fortunes, with its attendant exposure of certain skeletons in the family cupboard, I return to my father and to the aunts and the uncle whom I knew as a boy and a young man.

In 1847, when my father was 3 years old, Grandfather George moved his business and his family from Bristol to London. He settled first in Bermondsey, where, as I understand, his house, his office, and his warehouse adjoined each other. From Bermondsey the family moved out to Peckham Rye, then one of the outermost south-eastern suburbs, on the edge of very beautiful hilly wooded country in Kent and Surrey, remains of which can still be seen in the gardens of the older houses in Dulwich, Forest Hill, and Sydenham. On my grandfather's death in 1866 my grandmother moved with her unmarried children and her brother-in-law Stephen to 39 The Gardens, Peckham Rye, a typical Victorian middle-class house in a newly built square surrounding a pleasant garden reserved for the use of the inhabitants. This continued to be occupied by members of the family until my Aunt Emma's death in 1909.

It was a roomy house, and it needed to be. The family included, beside my grandmother and great-Uncle Stephen, the two unmarried sons, Edwin and Charles, and the two unmarried daughters, Emma and Leah. The other surviving daughter, Julia, was married fairly early in life to her first-cousin, James Thiery Broad II, a Bristol solicitor, and moved away from London. But the family was soon supplemented by three children, the daughters of George and Mary Ann. Two of these, Alice and Edith, continued to live there after they had left school; the latter until her marriage in 1885, and the former for some time longer.

I shall now try to describe, as best I can from hearsay and inference, some of the features of life in this matriarchal *ménage* and some of the personal characteristics of its members.

My grandmother seems to have been an able and intelligent woman of a somewhat austere kind. She managed her household and her fi-

nances efficiently, and brought up her family of highly individual and spirited children in such a way as to win their respect and to keep their affection. Both she and my grandfather had originally been members of the Church of England. But at some time in his early manhood my grandfather, who had been a somewhat lukewarm churchman, became converted by a Wesleyan Methodist preacher. His way of life was radically and permanently changed, and he carried his wife with him into the Wesleyan Methodist community. So the children were brought up as Wesleyans and regularly attended chapel.

Readers who have derived their ideas of Victorian Nonconformity and the middle-class Victorian home mainly from the novels and plays of left-wing writers of some fifty years ago, will be apt to jump to the conclusion that life in my grand-parents' house was a drab and stuffy existence, punctuated by religious exercises, to which resentful and hypocritical children were driven by fanatical and gloomy parents. They had better dismiss that romantic rubbish from their minds at once. My grandfather was an exceptionally humane and generous man by nature, and he did not become less so when he had found grace. It is typical of him that, when the family cat was in the family way, he would always insist that her normal portion of milk should be supplemented with cream in view of the increased demands upon her. He refrained from setting up his carriage, when it would have been normal for a man in his position to do so, in order that he might have more to spend in charity. He was particularly kind to young Wesleyan ministers and to students for the ministry making their first essays in preaching. A series of these always hungry, often shy, and usually impecunious young men would spend the week-end with my grandparents and be regaled with solid meals and made to feel at home. They were naturally a source of considerable interest, and often of mild amusement, to the daughters of the house, who appraised their looks and their table-manners with a critical eye. I derive a reflected glory from the fact that the very distinguished Wesleyan minister whose son is now Registrar of Cambridge University, was once in his babyhood dandled by my Aunt Julia, when she was a young girl and *his* father was a newly wedded young minister on a visit to my grandparents.

My grandfather had had much less education than his richer cousin, my grandmother. But he gave an excellent education to his children. The girls were sent to first-rate boarding-schools. All of them had learned French, and in addition Aunt Leah had studied Italian and Aunt Julia German. All the daughters were good musicians. There was much singing and much playing on the piano and the harp. The latter was a formidable gilded instrument, which had cost £80, and which

I used to admire as a child as it stood under its elaborate cover in the drawing-room. Aunt Emma was the chief vocalist and harp-player; Aunts Leah and Julia were excellent pianists. As to the boys, my grandfather would never have thought of sending them to public schools (in the English sense of that word). He would certainly have felt that such schools were only for the sons of the nobility and the landed gentry, and he would probably have thought them objectionable from the moral and religious standpoint. But there were many excellent private boarding-schools for boys, and my Uncle Edwin and my father received a very sound education in classics, history, geography, and elementary mathematics. Uncle Edwin was of a much more scholarly disposition than my father, and he kept up his Latin and Greek whilst my father had let his rust. But even my father would occasionally quote with relish long passages from Cicero's oration against Catiline, which he had learned by heart as a school exercise.

I should doubt whether my grandfather, after his conversion, would have approved of his children dancing or going to the theatre. But it is certain that under my grandmother's *régime* dancing was permitted, and the family gave an occasional ball. It was on one such occasion that my father's life-long friend, a young Dutchman who eventually married an English wife and settled in England and was known and loved by me as 'Uncle Chris,' fell into one of the numerous traps which the English language sets for foreigners. John Christian Kalshoven, then about 19 years old and a very good-looking boy and a fine dancer, was at this party on his first visit to the home of his friend Charlie Broad. My Aunt Leah, then a young woman of great attractions, said to him: "Have you met Miss X? Don't you think she is very pretty?" John Christian replied: "I cannot say. I have only seen her backside!" In later years I have often used this simple story as a warning to young Swedish friends visiting England. Uncle Chris's *faux pas* was at any rate less devastating than that of the young Swede, now a very distinguished scientific professor, who, in reply to a similar question, remarked to his hostess: "I think she looks very pregnant!"

I shall now say something of the personalities of the brothers and sisters in this Victorian middle-middle-class home, and in particular of my father and of Aunt Leah, who was a second mother to me.

All of them were well above the average in good-looks; both Aunt Emma and Aunt Leah, in their very different ways, must have been decidedly beautiful. They fell into two markedly different physical groups. Edwin, Leah, and Julia were typical Nords, with golden hair and blue eyes. Edwin and Leah were slim and tall, with very fine heads and features. Julia was plump and doll-like, with a characteristic pout of the

lips. Emma and my father had dark hair and brown eyes. Emma was *petite* and elegant, my father of about middle height and slim in figure. Both my father and my Uncle Edwin lost their hair at an early age—a misfortune which I inherited—and they were markedly bald by the time I first knew them. My father, who was very much of a dandy in his younger days, had spent a good deal of time and money on practitioners who claimed to be able to restore fallen hair. It was therefore, perhaps, that he disliked the title ‘Professor,’ which, as he said, he associated with quacks who claim to cure baldness and with showmen who ascend from fair-grounds in balloons and come down in parachutes. Fortunately he died, *felix opportunitate mortis* in this as in so many other ways, before his son had been disgraced with that title.

All five, with the possible exception of Julia, were well above the average in intelligence and in their interest for serious subjects. Uncle Edwin, to the best of my belief, was uninfluenced by the famous ‘conflict between science and religion’ which raged in his late middle years. He was much the most definitely sectarian of the family, and for many years took an active part in the affairs of the chapel which he attended. In politics he was a somewhat bigoted Gladstonian Liberal. In his latter days, when Mr. Balfour introduced his notorious Education Bill which became law in 1902, and when certain Nonconformists under the leadership of Dr. Clifford played at being St. Laurences on the very tepid gridiron supplied to them, he was in his element and got great and obvious enjoyment from indulging his moral indignation to the full from the comfort of his easy-chair. His oracle was then Dr. Robertson Nichol of the *British Weekly*, and he used to read aloud, with due rhetorical emphasis, to his adoring wife (who was at heart an Anglican and a Conservative) that editor’s hebdomadal philippic against the Church of England and the Tories.

My father had a deep interest in natural science and a very fair amateur knowledge of it, which he conveyed to me. He had been greatly influenced by the controversies concerning evolution and the higher criticism of the Bible. I do not know exactly where he had arrived theologically. He had certainly ceased to identify himself with any particular Christian church or sect, but I think that he retained a general theistic belief, in which the moral teachings of Christ (as distinct from theological doctrines about him) played an important part. He had a very strong antipathy to ritualistic practices and clerical pretensions in general, and to those of the Church of Rome and of High Anglicans in particular. His attitude cannot be better summarised than in the following lines from W. S. Gilbert’s poem *Lost Mr. Blake* in the *Bab Ballads*:—

I have known him to indulge in profane ungentlemanly emphatics  
When the Protestant churches were divided over the proper width  
of a chasuble's hem.

He sneered at albs—and, as for dalmatics—

Words cannot express the contempt he felt for them.

It may not be out of place at this point to relate how I might have become an Anglican clergyman myself, if my father had fallen for the wiles of an aristocratic tempter. Lord Henry Brudenell Bruce had been a business acquaintance of his, and had become Marquess of Ailesbury on the death of his extremely disreputable nephew, the fourth marquess, in 1894. He happened to meet my father shortly after this and said to him: "If you care to put your son into the Church, I have a number of livings in my gift and I should be pleased to appoint him to one or another of them when it falls vacant." My father duly thanked the Marquess for this extremely generous offer, but declined it, saying: "My son may well turn out to be as unfit for the Church as I should have been." "I am inclined to agree with you in principle," said the Marquess, "for the last time that my nephew chose an incumbent for one of his livings he gave it to a clergyman who was, he said, the only man he had ever met who could drink more whisky than he could."

In politics my father, like my Uncle Edwin, was a Liberal and an admirer of Gladstone, though he had no enthusiasm for Irish home-rule. They were completely at one in their dislike and distrust for Joseph Chamberlain, who had been too radical for them in his radical days, and had now, in their opinion, betrayed his leader and gone to his own place. But my father had none of his brother's self-complacent politico-religious narrow-mindedness. He regarded Uncle Edwin's Non-conformist Liberal heroics as somewhat absurd, though he was too wise to impart that opinion to his elder brother. Aunt Leah, who had lapsed into Anglicanism of a very broad type and also had an acute sense of the ridiculous, took the same line as my father.

One thing most characteristic of my father was his lifelong passion for gardening in general and for cultivating ferns in particular. His heart was much more in this than in his business, and he devoted more and more of his time to it as he grew older. He had begun to collect ferns as a very young man, and already in his father's lifetime had built a conservatory with a rockery for them. To each successive house in which he lived the ferns were taken, and in each there was a conservatory for the less hardy of them and a rockery in it or out of doors for their display. He was interested in his ferns rather for their delicate beauty and for the rarity of some of them than from a scientific botanical standpoint. He had great skill and excellent taste in building

rockwork, and he liked to provide it with a pond and dripping water for ferns which needed very moist conditions. He was helped in his collection by a German friend long settled in England, a Mr. Stoltenhoff, who was a real expert. He certainly acquired and successfully cultivated many rare and exquisitely beautiful specimens. From an early age I was pressed into this hobby. I enjoyed helping to build rockwork, and especially mixing and dabbing on Portland cement, and I admired the beauty of the rock-garden as a finished product. But I never had any taste for the process of gardening itself, and I naturally often resented being taken from pursuits of my own, in which I was interested, in order to help my father plant and tend his ferns.

If resentment was felt, it was certainly never overtly shown, and there was no attempt to evade my father's requests and no question of disobeying them. He was a kind and even indulgent father, and fundamentally a just and reasonable one, and I liked and admired him, but I learned at a very early age that he would stand no nonsense. What he said went. Any attempt to argue or to disobey would arouse his wrath, and the mere expression of his anger in voice and manner was to me most formidable. Neither corporal punishment nor even the threat of it was needed to ensure my obedience when it was plain that he was in earnest, and when he was in earnest there was never the least doubt about the fact in my mind.

My father was the youngest child. He was adored by his otherwise somewhat austere mother, and by his sisters, whose feelings toward each other fell considerably short of adoration. Even his much older and somewhat puritanical brother Edwin had a very warm corner in his heart for my father, and was secretly proud of his social qualities and the popularity which they engendered.

He was extremely lively and sociable, an excellent conversationalist, and a delightful host and guest. He had both wit and humour to an exceptionally high degree. He noted and enjoyed the ridiculous incidents in life, and would describe and heighten them in turns of phrase which were often extremely happy. (His description of a man and his wife who lived nearby and were exceptionally thin and gawky as 'Bones and his Rib,' is typical.) As a young man he must have been decidedly good-looking in a way that would appeal to young women. In his early years he was in fact very much of a lady's man, without thereby forfeiting the affection of a large circle of friends of his own sex and age. Up to late middle life he was very particular to be well dressed and turned out, but he afterwards became completely indifferent to this and had to be kept up to the mark in such matters by my mother. At the back of all this lay a serious and somewhat melancholy and highly

sensitive nature. He was not a demonstrative man, and he disliked displays of emotion, but he was easily and deeply moved by fine and by base actions and by the misfortunes of others, and these feelings did not end in themselves but issued in appropriate action. Friends who had suffered financial misfortunes were helped with gifts which were large in comparison with his limited means, and he was assiduous in visiting and trying to cheer by his company other friends who were slowly dying of painful and incurable illnesses.

He must have been in certain important respects a disappointed man. Though there was never any question of want or of serious anxiety, his financial position did not answer to the expectations which he must quite reasonably have entertained as a young man. Most of his friends and relatives were far better off than he, whilst he was far better qualified than most of them to enjoy and make good use of money and the social position which it gives to those who own it. He must have felt himself continually cramped by *res angusta domi*, both in displaying his social gifts and exercising hospitality and in his opportunities for helping others. All this would be rendered the more galling both by comparison with his more fortunate contemporaries and by the thought that all might so easily have been different. I hope I am right in thinking that in his later years he found in his son, and in the academic success which his son had already gained, some compensation for his own comparative failure to make good in life. I should suppose that a father identifies himself in a unique way with his only son, and feels the latter's life almost as a continuation of his own, so that the son's successes and failures are felt by the father almost as personal triumphs and defeats.

I turn now to the sisters. I will begin with one general remark. It must be a matter for surprise that two girls such as my Aunts Emma and Leah did not marry early in life. They were of more than average beauty, they had good manners and wit and many accomplishments, and they already had their own pin-money in their mother's lifetime and were certain to inherit quite decent incomes on her death. Yet Aunt Emma remained a spinster and became a typical old maid, and Aunt Leah was married only in late middle life and then only to an elderly widower who was a cousin of hers. Behind this there probably lay much which my parents and aunts did not care to impart to me, but I know something and can guess more.

Plainly there was something very queer indeed in Aunt Emma's psyche. She could be absolutely charming, and with children or young people on a day's visit she was delightful. She was extremely generous and hospitable and loved to stuff her young relatives with good food

and drink and to tip them half-sovereigns when they went to her house. But, as I learned from my parents and others when I grew older, there was another and much less pleasant side to her character. From her early years she had been subject to fits of ungovernable temper. On these occasions she would first sulk, and would then either write extremely wounding and admirably phrased letters, denouncing the iniquities of this or that member of the family, or would assemble them all in the dining-room and deliver a verbal philippic before retiring in dudgeon to her room. (It was on one such occasion that she coined a phrase, long treasured in the family: "I have the determination of the Czar of all the Russias.")

I suppose that a modern psycho-analyst, who can tell us all about the suppressed complexes of a person who never existed, such as Hamlet, would find it child's play to explain poor Aunt Emma. For my own part I must be content with the following halting remarks. In the first place, it is certain that she was bitterly jealous of her younger sister Leah. Whether there was any concrete ground for this jealousy I do not know. Secondly, I know from my own experience that I have it in me to behave as Aunt Emma behaved, and to feel as she doubtless felt, when I believe myself (often quite unreasonably) to be slighted by a person whom I love. If I may judge others by myself, I would say that a *façade* of good sense and sweet reasonableness often conceals a boiling pit of half crazy suspicions and emotions:—*turris super cloacam*, to borrow and adapt a mediaeval monk's description of the female human body. Lastly, I have had the opportunity of witnessing in two of our cooks feminine tantrums which my mother recognised as resembling Aunt Emma's. Both these women in turn served us faithfully for many years. I know how devastating to family happiness such tantrums can be, and yet that their sporadic occurrence is quite compatible with predominant kindness, efficiency, and good sense.

By the date of my birth Aunt Emma had become very eccentric indeed in her mode of life, and she became more so as time went on. She was then living alone, save for one maid-servant, in the house which had formerly contained all the family. She had for some years past ceased to use any means of public transport or to walk out of doors, though she was in perfectly good bodily health. But she still went out occasionally in a hired closed carriage. On such occasions she was wont to keep the coachman waiting for two hours or more at her door whilst she performed an elaborate toilette. Almost the last of her outings was, I believe, the immensely long and dreary drive across London from Peckham to Harlesden to be present at my christening. Soon after this she ceased to go out at all and spent the remaining 20 years of her life

indoors. For many years before her death she had ceased, to the best of our knowledge, to go to bed. She then lived mainly in a large breakfast-room in the basement amidst an extraordinary litter of empty cake-boxes and biscuit-tins, sleeping at night in her arm-chair in front of an immense fire.

Notwithstanding this very peculiar mode of life, Aunt Emma would at fairly frequent intervals invite her London relatives to an evening meal, and from my early boyhood till shortly before her death while I was an undergraduate I thoroughly enjoyed these entertainments.

The meal, which was the *pièce de résistance*, was a form of 'high tea,' so elevated as to approach the sublime. It was, indeed, seldom served until about an hour and a half later than the time appointed. During this waiting period the guests would sit in the drawing-room (lighted entirely by wax-candles), getting hungrier and hungrier, whilst my aunt was engaged in culinary operations in the basement with her one maid, and my father's conversational powers would be stretched to their limit. But when the meal at last came it was supremely worth waiting for. Aunt Emma would preside over the teacups, with infinite charm and vivacity, in front of an urn, eating practically nothing herself and pressing her guests to overeat themselves. The more solid food generally consisted of boiled salmon and roast chicken; the lighter part of exquisite cakes, smothered in almond-paste, and tarts stuffed with cream, supplied by Messrs. Buzzard of Oxford Street, then one of the best pastry-cooks in London. I have vivid memories of the bread-sauce which used to accompany the chicken. It was made with cream instead of milk, and was a revelation of what bread-sauce can be but so seldom is. I have never tasted such bread-sauce elsewhere on earth (though I give very high marks to that which used to be served at my Aunt Julia's table in Bristol), and I hardly hope to be offered anything better in heaven (or Valhalla, as the case may be).

Aunt Emma, who ate extremely little herself, continued to cater regularly on much the same scale as when the whole family were living at the house. The resulting surplus of food found its way to the relatives and hangers-on of her maid and to a horde of miscellaneous undeserving poor who battered on my aunt's completely indiscriminate charity. After her death we found that she had been regularly sending money in fairly substantial amounts to a former maid, who had in fact been dead for many years, but whose relatives had continued to write begging-letters in her name.

My aunt, as one might imagine, soon quarrelled with any doctor who attended her. She had been for many years her own physician, consuming as her own patient vast quantities of magnesia in the fluid and the

solid form. In her last illness she refused to see a doctor, and of course no one could force her to do so. When she died, in her chair before the fire in the breakfast-room in 1909 at the age of 78, the law required that an inquest should be held. This was a source of great distress to her surviving brothers and sisters, though nothing discreditable emerged and no blame was attached to anyone, and there was the minimum of publicity. The clearing-up of the house, which had been occupied continuously by the family for 42 years and had never been properly cleaned during the 20 or so years of Aunt Emma's sole tenancy, involved my parents and my Aunt Leah in weeks of hard and heart-breaking work. Unchanged cheques and postal orders, together with coins, amounting in all to several hundreds of pounds, were found stuffed into odd nooks and corners, so that not a single empty cake-box or biscuit-tin could be thrown away until it had been carefully inspected. It should be said, to the credit of humanity, that her maid, who must have had innumerable opportunities for robbing her, seems to have behaved with exemplary honesty.

It will be convenient to describe the youngest sister, Julia, before treating of my Aunt Leah, who was for all practical purposes one of my parents. As I have already mentioned, Julia was married early in life to her first-cousin James Thiery Broad II, and moved away to Bristol, where he was in practice as a solicitor.

Uncle Thiery was a strikingly handsome man, of very great charm, and with an affectionate and lovable but somewhat weak nature. He was highly intelligent and cultivated, was a first-rate lawyer, and had a genuine appreciation for good literature and good living. I greatly enjoyed his company from my childhood until his death in late middle age when I was an undergraduate. He would have been a better man, and would almost certainly have come to occupy a prominent and respected position in his native city, if he had married a more suitable wife than my Aunt Julia. Attractive dolls with pouting lips seldom mature well. She lacked all social ambition, and was too lazy and self-indulgent to go out with him into society or to make a home for him where he could entertain his friends and his clients in a fitting way. When he was at home her conversation with him tended to consist of utterly trivial and very repetitive small-talk (largely about money), mixed with half-jocular and half-serious nagging or ragging. Not unnaturally he began to take his pleasures away from home, and not unnaturally they tended to be detrimental to his pocket, to his reputation, and eventually to his business. There was never, so far as I am aware, any open scandal. But there were occasional financial difficulties, and, I believe, one minor financial crisis, and the family always felt that

something really serious might happen. It never did. In the end poor Uncle Thiery, whose bodily health began to fail in his middle age, came to heel and crept into his quite comfortably appointed kennel. He was no villain (if no moral hero); his wife had by then (as she did not fail to remind him on occasion) a larger income than he; and *ubi thesaurus ibi cor*. I can see him in my mind's eye, sitting reading and smoking in his arm-chair after supper with his legs stretched out, whilst his wife's chatter to him and at him flowed on in a steady stream, punctuated by his distraught and monosyllabic responses to her demands that he should 'say something.' When I came to read *Middlemarch* I at once recognised the Thiery-Julia situation, presented by the hand of genius, in the characters of Lydgate and Rosamond.

Their two children, my cousins Ernest and Cyril, solved the problem of home life in their several ways. Ernest, a man of exceptional ability, intelligence, and integrity, became, like his father, a solicitor; took seriously to religion fairly early in life; and devoted himself thereafter to work among boys in the slums of Bristol, which provided him with the highest motives for spending his evenings away from home. His younger brother, Cyril, attained the same end by presumably less sanctified means. Ernest, who had undermined his health by his asceticism, died unmarried in 1931 in his sixty-first year. Cyril married in succession two sisters, and had by the first of them one son and by the second one daughter. He died in 1949 at the age of 76.

I think it may fairly be said that Aunt Julia managed, without ever committing a crime or breaking a Commandment, to warp the natures and blight the lives of three amiable and gifted men. I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether the Devil really gets as good service out of his "regular bad 'uns," like Messalina, as out of some of the less spectacular female servants whom he employs on the home-front.

So far I have painted a rather unpleasing picture of Aunt Julia. But I was really very fond of her, and greatly enjoyed the long annual summer visits which I used to make to her house from my first in 1897 until I came to live at Bristol as professor in 1920. She was in fact one of nature's aunts, though decidedly not one of nature's wives or mothers. Life at her house was much more free and easy than at home or with my Uncle Edwin and Aunt Harriet. I had no need to be on my best behaviour. I could air my views and argue and answer back to an extent which would not have been permitted elsewhere and which would certainly not have been desirable as a regular thing. Then, again, the family were better off than we were at home, so that there was a much freer use of the small luxuries of life, which I greatly enjoyed. There were many pleasant drives and outings to the houses of relatives

in and around Bristol. My aunt, like most of the family, was extremely generous with money. She enjoyed good food and drink herself and liked to see her guests do so. She treated this important matter with a seriousness of which I highly approved, and she would constantly consult me as to what I liked and disliked, and would act accordingly.

Aunt Julia was certainly the least intellectual member of her family, and she was perhaps by nature the least intelligent. But I am rather inclined to think that she had good natural intelligence which she had let run to seed through laziness and self-indulgence. She was not without accomplishments. She was a good pianist and an exquisite worker in crochet. In this latter art she was really diligent, and I still own many table-cloths and other such articles bordered or inlaid with her beautiful embroidery.

She had very little hypocrisy and not much delicacy. She did not conceal or idealise her desires and feelings, and, when she was an old woman and I was a young man, she was often extremely frank and outspoken in her conversations with me. She told me that she much preferred cats to children (a sentiment which I fully share with her, but which Victorian ladies did not commonly express). She added that she would have preferred not to have children at all, and that my cousin Cyril was the result of an unfortunate accident. I found it very pleasant to be treated as an equal and a contemporary by a relative so much older than myself, and it was from her that I learned many details of the seamier side of the family's history.

Her cat for a great many years was a large tom, whom even I (who am inclined to be weak about cats) must admit to have been ugly, greedy, lecherous, and lacking in affection. She lavished good food on him and on all her neighbours' cats. She had named him *Urijah*, after a certain nonconformist minister who had enjoyed a very high reputation in Bristol and had recently died in the odour of sanctity, but (according to my aunt's circumstantial story) had had some of the characteristics for which tomcats are notorious. The cat *Urijah* survived his mistress for several years. He was treated with the same marked generosity by my cousin Ernest, who surely cannot have approved of his character, and died in extreme and unlovely old age.

Aunt Julia died in the early 1920's. She was the only one of the brothers and sisters who had the misfortune to survive the first world-war. She had the good luck not to survive it by long and to be too foolish to grasp and too old to feel its devastating effects in high taxation and inflation of the currency.

I come at length to the middle sister, my Aunt Leah. I am not one to indulge in indiscriminate panegyric, but malice itself would be hard

put to it to say aught but good of her. She was very good-looking in her Nordic way even in late middle life, when I first knew her. She must have been really beautiful as a young woman. She had all the good qualities of her brothers and sisters without the defects of any of them. She was immensely generous, not only with her money but in her thoughts and actions; but her beneficence was consistent and judicious, as contrasted with the indiscriminate lavishness of Aunt Emma and the impulsive and largely self-indulgent generosity of Aunt Julia. She had that purity of heart which is the fruit or the root of religion at its best, without a trace of smugness or religiosity or intolerance. She was a proud woman, with great natural dignity in spite of her strong sense of fun, and with a high spirit notwithstanding all her kindliness. I would not have envied any man or woman who might venture to take a liberty with her; the offender would have been quietly but effectively put in his or her place.

Aunt Leah was as intelligent and as interested in the things of the mind as any member of her family, and she was accomplished in many ways. She was a good pianist, like her sisters, but not such a good crochet-worker as her sister Julia. She was, however, the best knitter of the family, and did much very beautiful work in wool. The accomplishment which I most appreciated was her gift for reading aloud both poetry and prose. Like my father, she was easily and deeply moved by fine and by base actions in real life and in fiction, and these emotions expressed themselves naturally in the modulations of her voice when reading aloud. In my childhood and early boyhood both she and my father read a great deal to me. I enjoyed this immensely at the time, and I am most grateful for it in retrospect. I had, and I still have, a receptive and fairly retentive verbal memory, and long before I could read for myself I could repeat masses of poetry which had been read aloud to me. This included a considerable part of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Naturally there was much in what I listened to which I could not understand in detail. But this did not diminish my enjoyment, whilst it exercised my intellect and gave room for my imagination. When I asked questions of my aunt or my father they were always treated seriously and answered to the measure of my experience and my understanding.

Aunt Leah's accomplishments extended beyond the finer arts to their humbler practical sisters. She was a first-rate cook, with a particularly light hand for pastry and cakes, and she was highly competent in all that concerns the efficient running of a household.

I think that she and my father resembled each other more closely in character than did any two other members of the family. There was

certainly a very strong bond of affection between them. I never heard an angry word pass between them in the twenty-five years in which I grew up in the household which they shared. Nothing would have stirred my father's wrath more than any sign of disobedience or rudeness or neglect on my part toward my aunt. One of the few points in my manners and morals on which I can honestly look back without dissatisfaction is that I had the grace to love and respect her and that I very seldom indeed behaved ill toward her. She, on her side, devoted all the latter part of her life to my father and me. I imagine (though I do not care to peep and psychologise about my aunt's emotional life) that my father was for her a kind of substitute for the husband, and I for the children, whom she so inexplicably never had.

That no one ventured to marry my Aunt Emma is not surprising in view of her temperament. I never heard of any suitors to her hand, and, if there were any, they were to be congratulated, like those of Queen Elizabeth I, on their lack of success. But no such considerations apply to Aunt Leah, and I know, from what my parents and Aunt Julia told me in later years, that there had been two love-affairs, each of which ended unhappily.

The first was in my grandfather's lifetime, when she was still a very young woman. Grandfather disapproved of the young man, who was not in a strong position financially, and whom he did not think likely to make good use of any financial help that might be given to him. No doubt this affair must have been a source of grief to my aunt at the time, but I gather that the effects on her happiness were not very serious or lasting. The second was a very different story. Aunt Leah became engaged, with the full approval of her family, to a man of good character and position, who was already well-to-do and later became very wealthy. The engagement lasted for a long time, and my aunt received many very beautiful and valuable presents from him. At length the engagement was broken off by the two parties, under circumstances which have always remained a mystery. The only known relevant facts are that the man not long afterwards married a woman considerably older than himself and considerably richer than my aunt then was or ever would be in her own right, and that my aunt (who was, as I have said, an extremely independent woman and the very opposite of an avaricious one) kept all his presents. Whatever may have lain behind these facts, it is certain that this incident was a turning-point in my aunt's life. She kept her own counsel and consumed her own smoke, but there was never again for her any question of a normal married life with a man of her own age who could give her children of her own.

The reader is now as well acquainted as he need be with the *dramatis*

*personae* in the events which followed closely upon my grandmother's death in 1884. These events may be compared to the sudden crystallisation of a super-saturated solution. My Aunts Emma and Leah had now their own incomes; one third of the income from the trust was now going to Aunt Julia in Bristol; and the question was whether the two unmarried sisters should continue to live together, and whether their two unmarried brothers, Edwin and Charles, should continue to share the home with them. I take it that Aunt Emma's intolerable temper, now freed from any control which her mother may have been able to exercise over it, soon answered that question in the negative, and was largely responsible for the spate of late marriages which very quickly followed.

Aunt Leah proceeded almost at once to marry a distant cousin, an elderly widower named Samuel Wilcox. Uncle Sam was a nice old man, whose hobby was carpentry, in which he was highly skilled. He had a fine collection of woodworking tools, some of which I have inherited and still use. He was very fond of me as a baby, and, I am told, very kind to me. I can (or think I can) just remember him. He had owned a small but fairly successful dyeing business in the west of London. (The founders of the well-known firm of dyers, Messrs. Eastman, were relatives of his.) He had retired many years before his second marriage with a decent income derived mainly from annuities. He was much older than my aunt, and it was to be expected that he would soon need a nurse rather than a wife. He did in fact enjoy quite good health until just before his death, from a sudden attack of bronchitis, terminating in pneumonia, when I was three or four years old. The marriage had neither the raptures nor the disillusionments of romance; but it had obvious conveniences for both parties, and, as both of them were kindly and considerate persons, I do not doubt that it was a happy one of its kind.

I am sure that one of my aunt's motives in marrying was to provide my father with a house and enable him to marry. He did so in 1885, and he and my mother took up their abode with Aunt Leah and Uncle Sam. From that time until aunt Leah's death in 1912 she and my parents lived together and shared expenses. I know nothing of the details of the financial arrangements, but I know that my aunt's income was larger than my father's, and I have no doubt that she was (particularly in later years) the main contributor to the common budget.

It is now time to speak of my mother, Emily Gomme. She was born in 1848 at Hammersmith, then an attractive village on the outskirts of west London. Her father, Stephen Gomme, was an architect, and her family had been settled for several generations in Hammersmith. I do not know nearly as much about them as about my paternal an-

cestors; but I believe that her first cousin, George Laurence Gomme, had collected much interesting information, which is presumably in possession of his descendants.

All that I can relate comes from stories which my mother used to tell me. The main points are as follows. I got the impression that her relatives were quite comfortably off. My grandfather, beside his professional income as an architect, owned a certain amount of land (at that time, of course, mainly agricultural) in or near Hammersmith. His wife was a Miss Steptoe. They had three children, two girls and a boy. The boy James went to sea and was drowned as a young man in a storm. My mother's elder sister, Aunt Maria, married and had several children. She died, not many years before my mother, an octogenarian. Three of her daughters are still (1954) living. I remember her as a somewhat formidable lady, with a very strong will of her own.

As a little girl my mother attended a school in Chelsea; she remembered being taken and fetched each day by her nurse through the fields and market-gardens which then separated Chelsea and Hammersmith. My grandmother died, when the children were quite young, of consumption. Soon afterwards my grandfather married again, and my impression is that his second wife had been a companion to his first or a governess to the children. My mother always expressed the strongest dislike of her stepmother, who, she alleged, had been most unkind to the children and had come between them and their father.

My grandfather himself died comparatively young, and he appointed under his will guardians for his children. These guardians, according to my mother, were certainly grossly careless of the interests of their wards, and perhaps positively dishonest. As a telling instance of this she would relate the following story. My grandfather owned a certain cornfield in Hammersmith. He had reason to believe that the Metropolitan Railway, which was about to build a line in that direction, would want this land, and he gave repeated instructions shortly before his death that it should not be sold until this possibility had been fully explored. He died, and the guardians, ignoring his instructions, promptly sold the field at the price of agricultural land. According to my mother, Hammersmith Broadway station now stands on that field, and the lucky buyers netted a very handsome sum when they re-sold to the railway.

However this may be, it is certain that the children in the end received little or nothing from their father's estate. My mother had been living for a number of years at the house of her uncle, William Gomme, who was a neighbour to my grandmother Broad in *The Gardens, Peckham Rye*. He had a large family of sons and daughters. Several of them

were highly gifted, and one of them became a distinguished public servant and historical scholar. This was George Laurence, afterwards Sir Laurence Gomme (b. 1853, d. 1916). He combined great administrative ability with a lively and scholarly interest in English folklore, the early English village community, and the antiquities of London. He was Clerk to the London County Council during a long period, when it was growing up to its present extremely important position in the governance and education of millions of Englishmen living in Greater London. One of his sons, Arnold Wycombe Gomme, was an undergraduate contemporary with me at Trinity College, Cambridge. He became a distinguished classical and historical scholar, and held until recently the professorship of Greek at Glasgow University.

Emily Gomme was a very frequent visitor at the house of her uncle's neighbours, the Broads, and she had become almost a member of the family long before she married my father. She and Aunt Leah were already old friends and were on particularly good terms with each other, so the unusual arrangement of a joint household was easier to contemplate than it would otherwise have been. Nevertheless, on looking back I cannot but admire the complete harmony which prevailed throughout all the ensuing years between my mother and my aunt. The situation must have been fraught with occasions for jealousy and friction, and it says much for the good sense and the good temper of two such high-spirited women that they lived in perfect amity up to my aunt's death after a long illness, in which my mother devotedly nursed her.

My mother had received a good education, but she had not the intellectual gifts and interests of my father and my aunt. But she had very great practical ability in all domestic affairs, and far more energy and self-reliance than any of the Broads. She would in all probability have been much more successful in business than my father, if she had been a man, though she took the conventional view of her period that the making and investing of money were a man's affair and outside her province. She was an extremely good dress-maker, could paint and decorate and turn her hand effectively to almost any job in the house or garden, and was an excellent caterer on a limited income. She treated her servants kindly and firmly, and they appreciated this and generally stayed in her service for considerable periods. She greatly enjoyed society, and was in her element both as a hostess at home and as a guest in other houses. She had none of my father's wit or humour, though she thoroughly appreciated it and was herself quite an agreeable conversationalist on a more conventional level. She was an excellent card-

player, and thoroughly enjoyed a game of cribbage or whist in her younger days and of bridge in her later years.

I think that my mother's extreme practical efficiency, enterprise, and self-reliance were not altogether good for my father and for myself. Both he and I were inclined to be passive and unenterprising, and were apt to forego things that we wanted rather than to take much trouble and run the risk of a rebuff in seeking them. The result was that the 'dirty work' of our social life tended to be handed over to my mother, who did it so well and apparently so much enjoyed doing it that we became somewhat parasitic upon her.

From what I have so far said of my mother the reader may be inclined to think of her as psychologically a pure extrovert and physically always in perfect health. That would be a mistake. Her constitution must, indeed, have been fundamentally very sound, for she lived to 90 and was remarkably vigorous in body and mind until well after her 80th birthday. But until late in life she was neither physically strong nor by any means free from nervous trouble. As a young woman she had been threatened with consumption, and in about 1895 she had a long and very serious attack of bronchitis and pleurisy. At that time her doctor discovered that there were scars of former tubercular infection in at least one of her lungs. When I was a boy she suffered at intervals from terrible headaches, accompanied by biliousness and vomiting, and she would be prostrated for a few days. These symptoms would sometimes come on suddenly and at awkward times, e.g., when she was guest at a dinner-party, and she has described to me the agony of sitting through the meal and keeping up a conversation without betraying her symptoms or disgracing herself. Later on I learned by first-hand experience to understand what she must have gone through on such occasions. All these bodily weaknesses gradually cleared up as she grew older, and between the ages of 60 and 80 she was remarkably free from illness of any kind. From about the age of 80 she began very gradually and almost imperceptibly to lose the use of her right arm. At the age of 85 she had a sudden and rather mysterious illness in the night, and the doctor did not expect her to live to the morning. She slowly recovered and seemed at the time to have regained something of her former health. Humanly speaking, she had much better have died then. She gradually sank into a state of bodily and mental weakness, which made her life a burden to herself and her attendants, and a most distressing spectacle to those who had known her in her prime. Her long groping through the valley of the shadow of death ended on Sept. 5th., 1939, two days after the entry of England into the second World War. *Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

My mother was much more sentimental and much more inclined to display tender emotion than were either my father or my aunt, who were at heart no less affectionate. I have always found such displays of affection extremely embarrassing to witness and quite impossible to respond to in kind. So, after my early years, I must often have hurt her feelings by lack of overt reciprocity. She was undoubtedly devoted to me, and she had willingly foregone many enjoyments in life for my sake. But, if I may say so, she was a little too conscious of this at times, and a little too apt to reproach me with ingratitude and lack of affection when I did not fall in with her wishes. This always had the worst possible effect on me; it made me sullen and often, I fear, ungracious. Mutual affection cannot be based on claims and counter-claims, and it does not thrive if too often dug up by the roots to see how it is growing. Neither my father nor my aunt, whose love and whose sacrifices were no less great, ever made this mistake.

The situation in this respect naturally tended to grow worse as my mother grew older. I was her only child, and as the years went by she gradually lost all objects of personal interest and affection except myself. Had I married and had children, she would no doubt have been jealous of my wife, but she would probably have spread her affection over my children. As things were, her eggs were all in one basket. All her interest and affection became concentrated on myself, though she fluctuated between treating me as a great and wise man (which I never have been or could be) and a naughty boy (which I no longer was). On the other hand, my objects of interest and affection were naturally numerous, and she was only one, and not at any given moment the most important, of them. Therefore I could not even *feel* an emotion towards her commensurate in intensity and concentration with that which she felt towards me. Still less could I *express* such emotion as I did feel in ways that would satisfy her. For one thing, as I have said, I find it most distasteful to utter the language and make the gestures of strong personal affection. For another, I knew that any attempt to do so would lead my mother to clutch at straws and overestimate the strength of the emotion which I felt and to respond with a still more embarrassing warmth. I was therefore often colder and less responsive in speech and in gesture than I was in feeling, and I thus often wounded and disappointed her. I was well aware of this and regretted it at the time, and I was still more conscious of it and regretful for it when I could reflect on the situation in absence and in a cool hour. But I never found any solution for this practical problem.

My excuse for enlarging on this delicate subject is that I think it indispensable to any honest account of my own development. My

mother lived until I was in my fifty-second year, and in the course of the 21 years by which she survived my father I had more and more to do with her. The ambivalence of my feelings toward her, and the second-order reflexive emotions of self-reproach which this engendered in me, have been a very disturbing factor in my inner life.

We can now return to more objective and less painful topics. The family at 39 *The Gardens* was now reduced to Aunt Emma, Uncle Edwin, and cousin Alice. But the expulsive force of Aunt Emma's personality was by no means exhausted. A year or so after my father's marriage Uncle Edwin, then in his late fifties and supposed to be a confirmed bachelor, found that he had had as much as he could bear and decided to marry. In his choice of my Aunt Harriet he fully merited his nickname of 'Sage,' for he secured some twenty years of great comfort and happiness for himself, and the means of providing after his death, far more liberally than he could have done out of his own resources, for my father and for his niece Alice.

Harriet Angelina Avery was a very old friend of the family. She had been a school-fellow of my aunts Emma and Leah. Her maiden name was Jennings, and her family had long been settled in Gloucestershire. Her father had been a missionary in India, and he and her mother had died there when the daughter, their only child, was still very young. Aunt Harriet as a young woman had been governess in several good families. In that capacity she eventually met a Mr. Thomas Avery, who was a friend of the family in which she was then employed. Mr. Avery was a wealthy and highly cultivated lawyer in Gloucester, considerably older than Harriet Jennings. He fell in love with her and married her, and they settled down in Cheltenham. They had no children, and Mr. Avery had no surviving near relatives to whom he was attached. So on his death his wife inherited absolutely his not inconsiderable estate. This included some very valuable pictures, silver, ivories, and furniture, and a fine collection of well bound books. The widow moved to Brighton, where she bought and furnished a house, and settled down there with a lady-companion at about the time of my grandmother's death. She was of much the same age as Uncle Edwin.

Uncle Edwin proposed to her and had the good luck to be accepted. They were married from the house of Uncle Sam and Aunt Leah, with my father doing the honours. After their wedding tour they returned to the house at Brighton and spent the rest of their lives there. Aunt Harriet bequeathed to my uncle her whole income and the use of all her property for his lifetime and a substantial sum of money absolutely. She left the house and its contents (except for certain pictures, silver, and ivories, which she specifically bequeathed to some of Mr. Avery's

surviving distant relatives) to my father after my uncle's death. At the end of the second World War I presented to the Picture Gallery of Dulwich College three pictures, all by Dutch or Flemish painters, which I had inherited on my mother's death and which proved to be of considerable interest and value.

After their marriage Uncle Edwin and Aunt Harriet came to play an important part in the lives of my parents and myself. They used to spend a month or so at our home every summer, and during my boyhood and young manhood I used to spend a part of each school holiday or university vacation with them at Brighton.

I never greatly liked Uncle Edwin, though he never gave me much positive cause to dislike him, and though I am deeply indebted to him for his marriage and for the financial benefit which I ultimately derived from him. But my Aunt Harriet is another story, and I must say something further of her, as I knew her.

On the surface she was somewhat formidable, especially when I was a child and a schoolboy. She held very definitely that children should not be encouraged to air their opinions or throw their weight about. She was also a valetudinarian (of the homoeopathic variety), and very fussy about her own and other people's health, and about draughts, noises, etc., as liable to affect it detrimentally. Then, again, her house contained many beautiful and valuable things, which she appreciated and did not want to have damaged or displaced, and life there followed a very definite order and time-schedule. For all these reasons I had to be constantly on my best behaviour when she was visiting us, and still more so when I was visiting her. She was much the best-off of our relatives, and she and Uncle Edwin were the only ones from whom we had expectations, so I was early impressed by my parents with the importance of 'keeping my dish upright'—to use an admirable phrase current in the Broad family. This naturally involved repressions which were irksome to me as a child and a young schoolboy. When I became an older boy and later an undergraduate, and had definitely rejected Christianity and was going through a phase of rather crude and self-conscious rationalism, it involved much control of my tongue, much concealment of my thoughts and feelings, and a certain amount of *suggestio falsi*.

That, for what little it may be worth, is all that I can say on the negative side. On the positive side there is much to be said for Aunt Harriet. I came to like and appreciate her more and more as I grew older, and I can now see that I am greatly indebted to her.

To take the more material benefits first, she was extremely generous in presents and tips, and also in gifts of books. She always kept a good

cook, and the meals were more elaborate and more delicately served than those to which I was accustomed on ordinary occasions at home. We were certainly not careless or sluttish at home, and I had to behave myself properly at table there; but it was a new, and in the end pleasant and useful experience for me, to stay in a house where everything was done with formality and in considerable style, though without any ostentation. Then, again, it was very good for me to live from time to time among beautiful and rare objects, whose owner valued them and took obvious pleasure in arranging them tastefully. It was typical of my aunt and of her standards that all her fabrics and wall-papers were designed by Morris and supplied by Liberty. The curtains and other fabrics were very beautiful, and I know from a very long experience that they never faded and never wore out.

Aunt Harriet certainly thought that as a child I was in danger of becoming a conceited prig and incurring the dislike of my elders by butting into their conversations with my own uncalled-for expressions of opinion. That risk undoubtedly existed for a clever and precocious only child, living mainly in the society of an adoring aunt and fond parents. Both the reality of the danger and the odiousness of the threatened result are now abundantly clear to me. It is often illuminating and sometimes shocking to see oneself as one sees others; and I have had frequent opportunities in later life to contemplate, in the precocious and priggish children of others, the image of what I myself may well have been when young. I am grateful to my aunt for having taken me in hand and administered, before it was too late, a salutary course of snubbing. If I was still a bit of a prig in my first years at Cambridge, I was at any rate a very much less blatant one than I might otherwise have been.

Aunt Harriet thought that I saw too little of other children when at home, and too much of my elders. In this too she may well have been right. She therefore attempted to provide me with suitable playmates from among the children of her friends, to arrange parties and outings for them and me, and so on. These well-meant efforts were not conspicuously successful. I intensely disliked other children, with their noise and their quarrels and their silly games, and much preferred to amuse myself (as I was quite capable of doing) in my own ways. Playmates chosen for one by another person start under a severe handicap, and those chosen by my aunt for me never happened to have the intrinsic charms which they would have needed in order to overcome this initial disadvantage. These attempts to make me happy in the lively company of my young contemporaries were the only serious blot on my otherwise enjoyable visits to Brighton.

As I grew older my aunt began to treat me more and more as a reasonable being who could be talked to on approximately equal terms. She was obviously very fond of me, and proud of my scholastic successes, though she was always quick to mark and to check any symptoms of uppishness on my part. I came to feel more at ease in her company, and by the time I was an undergraduate I greatly enjoyed it and gained a good deal of her confidence. She had travelled and seen something of Europe, from the point of view of a cultivated and comfortably situated English tourist of the Ruskin period, whilst my family had all been almost unbelievably stay-at-home and indifferent to this aspect of culture. I feel that I owe to her a certain widening of outlook beyond the admirable, but in some ways very prosaic and limited, vistas provided by my middle-middle-class home-life. Certainly the widening never went very far in the aesthetic direction, and I remain very much of a Philistine; but I am sure that I should have been more so had it not been for Aunt Harriet.

I am very far from regretting the training, which my relations with Aunt Harriet and Uncle Edwin gave me, in what Roman Catholic casuists call 'economy' and 'reserve,' and some Protestants in their crude way call by a harsher name. Throughout life I have found it most useful to have learned to hold my tongue, to say less than I think, and to seem to agree more than I do, when in company of authoritative persons who have made up their minds and do not mean to alter them. I recommend all young men and women to acquire this art as soon as may be, and I wish them the luck to do so as early and with as little inconvenience as I did. Truth (even if one *knew* that one possessed it) is far too valuable a commodity to be lavished on the self-opinionated, and far too inflammatory a one to be uttered without due regard to persons and occasions.

Aunt Harriet died, without any previous symptoms of illness, in her sleep at the age of 80 in or about 1910. Uncle Edwin, 'sage' in this as in so much else, managed to survive her and to inherit under the terms of her will, to the substantial benefit of my father and ultimately of myself. He died in 1912 at the age of 83. He had long suffered from chronic bronchitis, which weakened his heart, and he spent the latter years of his life in the drawing-room and an adjoining bedroom, largely in a kind of glass case which my aunt had had constructed in order to protect him from draughts. He thoroughly enjoyed this kind of life, read voraciously, and skillfully used his delicate state of health as an excuse for evading any situation that would be irksome to him.

From this by no means irrelevant digression I now return to the joint household of Uncle Sam and Aunt Leah and my parents. Shortly after

my birth this was shifted from Harlesden to a house in Willesden, not far away, which Uncle Sam owned and which had become available through the termination of a tenancy. A good deal of money was spent on alterations and additions to this house, which was called *Clarence Lodge*. This is the first house and garden which I can remember.

At this house I very nearly followed the Sophoclean advice to those who have made the mistake of being born, viz., 'to return as quickly as may be to the place from which one came.' I began as a healthy infant, but had a fairly severe attack of whooping-cough at the age of about 18 months. I was recovering satisfactorily from this, and was playing about one day in the garden while my father was working there. It was a sunny day, with a treacherous north-east wind blowing. I got very hot and sweaty, and then, while my father was busy and pre-occupied, sat down in the shade in a draught and was chilled. The result was bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. I lay desperately ill for many weeks, and my eventual recovery was regarded as a kind of miracle. After that I was for many years delicate, with a poor and wayward appetite, and liable to bad colds with severe coughs. Gradually I grew out of this weakness, and I have had no serious illness since then up to the time of writing. But the long-range effects on my character and dispositions have been most unfortunate. I was for long regarded by my relatives (and soon came to regard myself) as delicate and not to be expected to have the bodily strength, endurance, enterprise, and skill of the normal boy or young man. I am well aware of having continually and half unwittingly used this as an excuse for omissions and evasions which are really due to laziness or cowardice or both. I still get a certain sardonic amusement in catching myself out at this life-long game.

My mother has told me that she disliked *Clarence Lodge* and its neighbourhood; and both were somewhat unfortunate for my Aunt Leah, who inherited the house on Uncle Sam's death.

Just at that time Willesden was in process of changing from a pleasant semi-rural district on the edge of the country into a nasty slummy suburb of London. A number of big houses, standing in extensive and beautiful grounds, happened to come into the market together through the deaths of their elderly owners, and the speculative builders seized the opportunity to cover the land with streets of workmen's cottages and shoddy small villas. I witnessed a segment of this process of defilement at near hand, and it made an impression on me which has been life-long. *Clarence Lodge* had a long garden, bordered by a lane, on the other side of which lay a pretty meadow with some fine trees and one picturesque cottage occupied by an interesting old woman who was reputed to be a 'Gypsy queen.' The trees were cut down and uprooted, the meadow

was destroyed, and several roads of wretched little houses were built on the site. In the meanwhile the lane was taken over by the local authority, and my aunt, as owner of the adjoining house, had to contribute a considerable sum towards the making of the road and the incidental destruction of the amenities of her property.

I have mentioned these early experiences in Willesden, because they were certainly the seeds of that intense dislike and distrust which I have ever since felt for urbanisation and industrialisation, and of my complete scepticism about the value of the 'progress' which involves such sacrifices. For me the word 'progress' calls up a picture of farms and woods and gardens and pleasant houses destroyed, and replaced by hideous monotonous streets, crowded with dull jostling people and traversed by noisy stinking cars and motor-cycles:—

Sad face and merry face—so ugly all  
Why are you hurrying—where is there to go?  
Why are you shouting—who is there to call?

By 1894 the neighbourhood had become unbearable. Uncle Sam had died and Aunt Leah sold the house for what it would fetch. We moved to Sydenham on the other side of London. There for about 5 years, and then in the adjacent suburb of Forest Hill, we dwelled during the rest of my aunt's and my father's lifetimes, and my mother continued to reside there until 1924.

Shortly before we left Willesden the household was increased by the arrival of Alice Broad, the unmarried surviving daughter of fallen Uncle George. She had continued to live for a while at 39 *The Gardens* after Uncle Edwin's marriage. But life with Aunt Emma was like living beside a volcano. The inevitable eruption soon took place, and the mild, pious, and somewhat lachrymose Alice was suddenly expelled with ignominy. I never knew the ostensible reason for this bit of spiteful cruelty, nor would it be of interest except to the psychiatrist to know how Aunt Emma's neurotic soul draped its unconscious urges. Aunt Leah, as usual, came to the rescue. She gave a home to Alice as one of the family, and Uncle Edwin made her a small allowance. So the household in which I grew up consisted of my parents, Aunt Leah, cousin Alice, and two maids who of course changed from time to time.

The part of London into which we moved was a very pleasant one. It consisted of good houses, all with gardens of fair size and many with extensive grounds, inhabited in the main by well-to-do professional and businessmen. The houses and gardens were well kept, and the whole neighbourhood abounded in beautiful trees, the remains no doubt of the ancient and once very extensive forest of Norwood. The district had

grown up in the 1860's and onwards around the Crystal Palace, whose magnificent grounds were available to us as season-ticket holders, and which provided a fine firework-display on every Thursday evening during the summer months. There were indeed some ugly and squalid areas included in it, e.g., at Lower Sydenham, Penge, and round about Forest Hill railway station. But they were very restricted, and as it were encapsulated, like morbid growths which have failed to spread. Like all the inner suburbs of London, it slowly declined as prosperous citizens moved further afield, but in our time there was no catastrophic change such as had devastated Willesden. I suppose that the nature of the tenancies and the average real income of the inhabitants must by now have altered very much for the worse. Yet, when I paid a visit to my old haunts in the summer of 1954, expecting to be shocked and grieved, I was pleasantly surprised to find how little outward and visible change there had been, and how peaceful and beautiful the roads and the gardens still were.

My formal education had already begun before we left *Clarence Lodge*. As I have said, cousin Alice was my first teacher. I was an intelligent and biddable child, and had no particular difficulty with my lessons. I can remember learning the multiplication-tables up to 12 times 12 with the help of coloured counters as instantiations. From cousin Alice's hands I passed to a kindergarten school in Harlesden. Of my experiences there I can remember a good deal, but only two things seem to be of enough interest to record. One is that I had great difficulty with the instruction in reading the time by the clock, with its Roman numerals and the different meaning of the same figure when indicated by the hour-hand and by the minute-hand. (This still seems to me to involve rather subtle notions for a very young child.) The problem was solved by my father, who got hold of an old kitchen clock, no longer in use, and made me turn the hands to various positions under his instruction. He was not a patient man, and there were some tears, but the method fairly soon succeeded.

The other fact which I recall is probably of more importance psychologically. One of the subjects of instruction was musical drill. It was taught by a visiting master, named Currie, whilst one of the mistresses provided the piano-music. It appears that I am naturally defective in sense of time and in adjusting my bodily movements either to music or to those of other persons by sight. I could never keep step, and I never had the faintest idea whether I was in step or out of it. I was continually being called to order for this by Mr. Currie, in his rather loud voice, before the mistress and the other members of the class. I am morbidly sensitive to blame and to being unfavourably conspicuous, and I had

never been addressed in that tone of voice before. I was terrified of Mr. Currie, and the prospect of these weekly lessons in musical drill was a nightmare to me. Since then I have always hated and feared any kind of drill, and have always approached the learning from others of any kind of bodily skill with an expectation of making a fool of myself and a feeling that I shall never be any good at it, which are almost sufficient to ensure failure. Poor Mr. Currie probably meant no harm, and he has no doubt for many years past been drilling some section of the angelic choir (who, it is to be hoped, have a better sense of *aeuum* than I had of time) to the music of the spheres, with the happiest results. But I cannot help wishing that our paths had never crossed on earth.

Shortly after our removal to Sydenham I was sent to a preparatory school for boys in the neighbourhood. Some years later, when the school moved to Bexhill in Sussex, I went with it as a boarder. Our studies began with reading, writing, spelling, dictation, English grammar, English history, geography, French, Latin, and arithmetic. Later we were introduced to geometry and algebra, and had the choice of taking up either Greek or German. I took German. I think that the teaching in all these subjects, except perhaps the mathematical ones, was excellent. I may be unfair to my mathematical masters, because, while I was interested in the other subjects and did well in them, I was at that time very bad at mathematics and could not for the life of me see what it was all about. I remember trying to learn the first few propositions of Euclid by heart, and finding algebra completely unintelligible and boring. Euclid's *Elements* is, as I have long known, one of the world's great books. But it was not written for boys of 10 or 11, and I cannot believe that it is a suitable introduction for them to geometry. Now that I know something of the nature of algebra I do not envy the masters who have to teach it to small boys. As Lincoln said of Negro slavery in the South: "If all earthly power were given, I should not know what to do about it."

I was on the whole reasonably happy at this school. Discipline was strict, and I was rather in awe of some of the masters; but, as I have always trembled before authority, the reader must not make the mistake of inferring that we were harshly treated. We certainly were not. I was, as I have already remarked, hopeless from the start at all games. But neither the masters nor the boys were fanatical on this score. I liked some of the other boys quite a lot, and neither seriously disliked nor was seriously disliked by any of them. So it might easily have been very much worse. It was certainly very valuable for me to be taken out of the home circle under conditions which were not too unfamiliar or too alarming.

At my preparatory school I acquired the art of lying without serious

compunction when in awkward situations. Hitherto I had been rigidly truthful, having been brought up to regard a lie with a kind of superstitious horror. ("Remember, *God* sees you!") This is not the place to enlarge on the ethics of truth-telling. I now think that lying is an expedient which is permissible and even commendable on occasions, but that those occasions are rarer than one likes to believe, and that it should be used as a sensible man would use a valuable but seductive and habit-forming drug.

I also acquired at this school a knowledge of the so-called 'facts of life,' which, though somewhat highly coloured and not altogether accurate in detail, embodied ancient traditional lore in homely Anglo-Saxon phraseology and sufficed as a basis for further observation and experiment.

I will complete what I have to say under this head with two remarks. The first is that I can fully support from my own memory the contention of the psycho-analysts that emotions, fantasies, and desires, which are sexual in the most literal sense, occur and play an important part in quite early infancy. I have vivid memories, going back to my third year, which are for me perfectly conclusive on this point. The second is that I am deeply indebted to the undergraduate friend who in my first year at Cambridge lent me Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. Young men are apt to think themselves uniquely abnormal, and either to worry or to give themselves airs about this. After reading that admirable work I realised that, however queer I might be, I was not nearly so queer as a number of persons who had escaped the lunatic asylum and the jail, had lived respected if not wholly respectable lives, and had died in the odour of comparative sanctity. Henceforth I had no trouble *in principle* with that side of my nature, though, like most of us, I have had plenty of worries and upsets on particular occasions in regard to particular individuals. I suppose that the Kinsey reports have the same salutary effects on contemporary youth as Ellis's book had on me. If so, more power to their elbow. The difference is that Havelock Ellis was very nearly a genius, whilst the compilers of those reports are American sociologists.

Two interests, which have lasted up to the present day and have given me much harmless pleasure, go back to this period and may now be briefly considered. They may be described as 'the railway interest' and 'the Nordic interest.'

When I was a boy nearly all small boys were interested both in real railways and in toy trains. German models, running either by clockwork or by steam, were absurdly cheap if extremely unrealistic, and most of us owned one or more of them. With most boys this interest died out;

with me, as with some others in each generation, it has lasted on. As an undergraduate and a young Fellow of Trinity I built a fairly long steam-railway of 2" gauge in our garden at Forest Hill, buying the locomotive and the raw materials for the track from Messrs. Bassett-Lowke of High Holborn, and making the rolling-stock and building and laying the permanent way myself. Later, when I returned to Cambridge as a College and University Lecturer, my friends Patrick and Michael Browne, then undergraduates at Pembroke College, most kindly allowed me to build a railway in the large garden of the house *Firwood* in Trumpington Road, which they continued to own and occupy in the vacations for several years after the death of their parents. I now had more money to spend, and this line was a more ambitious construction of 2½" gauge. Two undergraduate friends, Xan Wynne Willson and Henry Coombe-Tennant, successively helped me with the work. This line had eventually to be abandoned, when Patrick and Michael moved from Cambridge to London and gave up the house. I have never had the opportunity or the energy to build another, though I still have the locomotive and some of the rolling-stock and many rails, sleepers, chairs, and keys.

In order that a person, whose professional work is wholly intellectual and highly abstract, may keep reasonably sane, it is most important that he should have some side-occupation which involves the exercise of bodily skill, and, if possible, of constructive activity in the material world. (I never see a bat emerging from a belfry without being forcibly reminded of certain of my colleagues who have lacked such outlets.) Natural scientists have the great good fortune to be provided, in their own laboratories and as part of their professional work, with what is needed. Many other intellectual workers find in games like golf or tennis, in mountain-climbing or horse-riding or gliding, in driving and puttering about with their cars, or even in painting pictures, the means of preserving their mental balance. All these are highly worth-while activities, and I take off my hat to those who can perform them. But I, alas, am utterly incapable of any of them. So I record with thankfulness a hobby which has given me many hours of solitary happiness and also much pleasant companionship on a non-intellectual but not unintelligent level, and has helped to keep me in such measure of mental health as I have enjoyed.

I turn next to what I have called 'the Nordic interest.' So far as I can remember, this began with three novels which Aunt Leah read to me when I was a small boy, and which I read many times for myself. One was called *Ivar the Viking*. It was, I believe, by the French explorer du Chaillu. Another was a story for boys, which Aunt Harriet gave me,

based on the legend of the foundation of Grimsby by a Danish Viking, Grim, and his sons. The third was Lord Lytton's *Harold*, which had been edited with a learned introduction and notes by my mother's cousin, George Laurence Gomme. I suspect that these outstanding influences cooperated with a background of highly tendentious history-lessons in the Freeman-Green-Kingsley tradition. I am aware that the picture of clean-limbed Teutonic he-men (Wykehamists before their time), respecting women, obeying Grimm's and Verner's laws, worshipping the All-Father, and laying the foundations of parliamentary democracy on the shores of the Baltic and the North Seas, has faded in the light of archaeological discovery and historical criticism. Still, that was the legend on which I was brought up, and the fact that I cannot now fully accept it with my head does not in the least diminish or reverse its influence on my heart. In point of fact, I share most of the likes and dislikes of our late dear *Führer*, though I hope and honestly believe that, 'if all earthly power were given,' I should not put them into practice with the insensate folly and the fiendish cruelty of that lunatic.

Under these influences as a small boy I imagined myself a Viking and I thought and talked and acted Viking *ad nauseam*. I had a costume, made by my mother, on the model of the very attractive young warrior standing on the stem of his ship, who featured in the advertisements of *Viking* condensed milk. My shield, sword, winged helmet, etc., were constructed with great skill by a local tinsmith. I acquired with some difficulty a human skull, which I tried and failed to convert into a practicable drinking-cup, and I used to make burnt-offerings of meat to Odin on an altar in the garden.

It is only superficially paradoxical that an almost pathologically timid and yielding and physically weak individual should thus admire and identify himself in imagination with men whose chief features were reckless courage, heroic endurance, bodily strength, and ruthless self-assertion. It is natural enough to admire in others the excess of those qualities which are in defect in oneself. Such influences of course produce their effects *in modo recipientis*. I was not made appreciably braver or more enterprising. But I did get hold of a Danish grammar and later of an Anglo-Saxon grammar, and I did take considerable pains at an early age to acquire the rudiments of those two Nordic tongues. I have reverted to my Anglo-Saxon several times in later life, though it is at the moment somewhat rusty; but I let my Danish drop altogether for many years. The traces of it were, however, a valuable help when I set myself to learn Swedish during the second World War.

In due course the Nordic interest passed from the focus of consciousness, but it remained not far in the background, ready to be revived at

any moment. The activating occasion was the presence in Cambridge in, I think, 1938 of Georg Henrik von Wright, then a student of 22–23 engaged in writing his doctoral dissertation for the University of Helsingfors. Swedish culture and traditions could not have had a worthier or a personally more winning representative. When he returned to Helsingfors, I decided to learn the language and to read something of the literature and the history of Sweden. I began, before the outbreak of the second World War with a linguaphone course. I continued, during the war, with it and with some private tuition and much private reading. Then in 1944 I had a remarkable bit of luck. The British Council provided scholarships for four Swedish students, one from Uppsala, two from Lund, and one from Stockholm's Högskola, to spend the academic year 1944–5 in Cambridge. Two of them were assigned to Trinity. Both of these were singularly able, friendly, and intelligent young men. During that academic year I saw a great deal of all four Swedes, though I naturally saw most of the two who were in Trinity, and I was able in many ways to help to make their stay in Cambridge pleasanter and more profitable than it might otherwise have been during that very difficult period. This gave me excellent opportunities for practising Swedish conversation. I became greatly attached to one of the two Trinity Swedes, Ulf Hellsten. He spent a part of his vacations as guest in my rooms in College, and before his return to Sweden we made a tour together in northern England and visited the Roman wall. It was by then understood between us that I should pay a long visit to Sweden as soon as circumstances might permit.

The project materialised in 1946. I took the Easter and the Michaelmas terms of that year as sabbatical leave, and was thus able to spend some nine months on end in Sweden. I was then in my 59th year. Incredible as it may seem, this was the first time I had been out of the British Isles, and Scandinavia is still the only part of the continent of Europe on which I have set foot. Most of the time was spent in Stockholm, where Ulf had managed to get extremely comfortable rooms for me, with a landlord and landlady who soon became, and have ever since remained, very good friends of mine. Both Ulf and the other Trinity Swede, Nils Andrén, were living in Stockholm at the time, and they showed me every kindness. I also paid a visit to von Wright in Finland. I had not seen him since his Cambridge days before the War, but I had managed to keep in touch with him throughout the whole period by letter. Beside this, I made a long tour by myself in the extreme north of Sweden, extending over the Norwegian border to Narvik, and a shorter one with Ulf in Dalarna and Värmland. During this first visit I made the acquaintance of colleagues in Uppsala and in Lund, in both

of which universities I gave lectures, as I also did in Stockholm's Högskola.

Everywhere I went in Sweden I was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality. I fell in love with the country and its astonishingly good-looking inhabitants, and have never since fallen out of it. Doubtless my favourable first impression was partly due to the contrast between conditions of life in Sweden and in England in the years immediately after the war. Sweden, by a mixture of luck and judicious temporary concessions to German pressure, had managed to escape by the skin of its teeth the catastrophe which had overwhelmed its neighbours and into which England had blundered. It was now engaged in gaily squandering the dollar-surplus which it had earned. I revelled in the immediate results, though I realised more fully than the average Swedish citizen that "the chastisement of their peace was upon *us*, and that by *our* stripes they were freed."

Since then I have returned each year to Sweden for a long visit. I have lost none of my old friends and have made many new ones. Cambridge attracts a steady stream of young Swedes, who come to it for purposes of study or research or simply as visitors, and I have been lucky enough to gain the friendship of many among them. I have been made a member of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, a doctor of Uppsala University, and an honorary member of Stockholm's Nation in that university. May I not add, remembering an answer in the English church-catechism:—"and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Valhalla"?

Let us now descend from these high latitudes and revert in time to my boyhood in England. I left my preparatory school in 1900 in my 13th year and entered Dulwich College, where I remained until I went up to Cambridge in 1906. The headmaster during my time at Dulwich was A. H. Gilkes, a very remarkable personality, who certainly bore some likeness to the man whom he most admired and would most have wished to resemble, viz., Socrates.

I was at first on the Modern Side, and there my studies were mainly in French, German, English literature, and English history. I should be a learned man, if I now knew all the details and subtleties of French and German grammar which I have forgotten since then. I reached the Modern Remove, the master of which was a very able, formidable and sharp-tongued man, Mr. Wade. He was an extremely good teacher, setting a very high standard and keeping us up to it. He had a cultivated and fastidious taste, and he would make very witty, if sometimes wounding, comments on our deficiencies and our pretensions. One book which we studied very thoroughly with him was Bacon's *Essays*, with elaborate notes and commentaries. In this connexion I read Macaulay's essay on

*Bacon*. I had been brought up on his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and I was now led on to read his essays, and thence to his *History of England* and rather later to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. All of these I greatly enjoyed. They no doubt did much to enlarge my vocabulary, to give me a glimpse of how English prose can be wielded by experts, and to inspire me with the ambition to try my hand at the same game.

Like many boys, I was at that stage of my life extremely keen to be an engineer, without having any real knowledge of what the training for that profession and the practice of it would involve. My father, who knew better, was (as I now think, quite rightly) opposed to this. But there was an Engineering Side at Dulwich, one or two of my best friends were on it, and I was importunate to change over to it. At length my father, with obvious reluctance and misgivings, consented. This move, which might well have been disastrous, turned out in the end to be a necessary condition of my going to Trinity College, Cambridge, and thus of any success that I have had in later life. This happened in the following way.

There was at Dulwich, beside an Engineering Side, a Science Side. In the main they were independent of each other; the boys on these two Sides had different classrooms and a different set of masters. But there was a certain amount of interlocking in respect of physics and mathematics. Mr. F. W. Russell, who was head of the Engineering Side, had charge also of the most advanced teaching in those two subjects for the Science Side. Mr. Russell was primarily a mathematician. He had been a mathematical scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; had taken the mathematical tripos with high honours; and had been appointed as a young man to a professorship in mathematics at Melbourne University. Soon after he had arrived in Australia and had taken up his job as professor, there occurred a very serious financial crisis in which many banks failed. The university was involved in these financial difficulties, and the upshot of the matter was that the new professor was informed that his salary could not be guaranteed in the immediately foreseeable future. He was offered and accepted a small lump-sum in compensation, returned to England, and eventually took up school-teaching.

It may be presumed that Mr. Russell was an excellent mathematician and a competent physicist, though I do not think that he ever made contributions of his own to either of these subjects. As a disciplinarian he was inclined to be petulant. As a teacher he was too difficult for many of his pupils. His habit of rapidly covering the blackboard with formulae, rubbing them out with a sponge before the boys could get them down, and then continuing the argument on the clean board, had earned him the nickname of *Sponge-Pot*. But he was a first-rate teacher

for those who could follow him, and he certainly had the gift of making them see that mathematics and its applications to mechanics and to physics are fascinating and exciting.

As I have said, I was unusually backward and stupid at mathematics in my preparatory school. This defect continued at Dulwich up to and after my transfer to the Engineering Side, when I had the additional difficulty of being plunged into work, at a fairly advanced level, in subjects in which I had had hardly any previous training. But rather suddenly, under Mr. Russell's teaching, I began to see what mathematics and its applications were about. An occasion which I can still remember as most illuminating was when Mr. Russell showed us how to apply the calculus to determine the equation of the curve in which a chain hangs between two points of support. I became extremely interested in mathematics and its applications, and have remained so ever since. I have long known that I have not the gifts needed to make a first-rate or even a second-rate mathematician or mathematical physicist. But I can to some extent follow the work of others, and solve little problems for myself, and I still gain immense satisfaction from doing so.

Mr. Russell began to take an interest in me. He saw that I had the kind of intelligence which makes a good entrance-scholarship candidate, and he probably recognised that I was most unlikely to become a successful engineer. He therefore wrote to my father, strongly advising that I should be transferred to the Science Side, and that I should work with a view to trying for an entrance scholarship in natural science at Cambridge, with Trinity College as my first preference. After carefully considering the matter, and having a talk with Mr. Russell at dinner, my father agreed and the change was made. I cannot adequately express what I owe to Mr. Russell.

I now worked mainly at chemistry (inorganic, organic, and physical), physics, and mathematics. But the humaner side of our education was not neglected, and I consider that we were extremely well trained in the art of expressing our thoughts on paper in decent, lucid, and unpretentious English. I used to write a weekly English essay, at first for Mr. Hose, a master on the Classical Side with a very fine sense of style, and later, when I was in the sixth form, for the Headmaster. These essays were individually and very carefully criticised. I came to enjoy writing them, and it was plain that I had a certain gift for doing so. I am most grateful to these two men for the training and the critical encouragement which they gave me.

The upshot of all this was that I was elected to a major entrance-scholarship in natural science at Trinity College, Cambridge, at the end of 1905. I received, moreover, from Dr. H. M. Butler, then Master

of Trinity, a personal letter in his characteristically kind and courteous style, congratulating me on my English Essay (which he had read) and my answers to the questions in the General Knowledge paper. The intervening period at Dulwich before going up to Cambridge in October 1906 was a very pleasant one. I could afford to relax and read what I liked. Under Mr. Russell's guidance I extended my knowledge of mathematics, and even browsed in Maxwell's *Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism*, a great but very obscurely written classic. My only other set reading was for the so-called 'Little-go' or entrance examination demanded by the University of Cambridge. For this I had to brush up my Latin, which I had not touched since leaving my preparatory school, and to acquire the rudiments of Greek to the extent of being able to translate and to answer questions upon two set dialogues of Lucian and St. Luke's gospel. This was interesting and presented no particular difficulty, and the rest of my time was free for miscellaneous reading.

Before shifting the scene from Dulwich to the banks of the Cam I will deal briefly with two topics on which I had already begun to form fairly definite views before leaving school, viz., religion and politics.

As a child I was brought up, both at home and at school, in an atmosphere in which Christianity was explicitly taken for granted as literally true. We were very definitely Protestant; but beyond that there was no strong sectarian bias. I was taught to say my prayers when I got up in the morning and when I went to bed at night. I continued to do this with fair conviction for many years, much as I brushed my teeth, and (it must be confessed) with considerably greater regularity. Hell and the Devil were not much mentioned; but they were there in the background, and I, with my natural tendency to be moved by fear rather than by hope, was much more frightened by the possibility of hell than attracted by that of heaven. I learned, however, fairly early from my father that the story of the creation in Genesis was not to be taken literally, and I learned somewhat later from him that the reliability of the Gospels on matters of detail had not survived the criticism of biblical scholars.

There the matter rested until I was about 15 or 16 years old. I was then studying natural science. At about that time the Rationalist Press Association was issuing a series of cheap reprints of writings by such men as T. H. Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, etc. The series included also books by sceptical scholars who were not natural scientists, e.g., Renan's *Life of Jesus* and Leslie Stephen's *An Agnostic's Apology*. I bought and read these works with avidity. At the same time I was reading with great admiration each of the successive books of social criticism and speculation, such as *Anticipations* and *Mankind in the Making*, which

came from the pen of H. G. Wells. These moved me in the same general direction. My Christianity, which had probably been wearing pretty thin, collapsed and was replaced by what I should now regard as a rather smug and thin rationalism (in the popular sense of that word), based on natural science.

There was no kind of worry or regret over this; on the contrary I got a good deal of 'kick' out of feeling myself wiser than the deluded old fogies who were my elders and thought themselves my betters. I imagine that a similar phase, varying in its details from one generation to another, has been gone through by clever adolescents since the dawn of history. A sensible person, who has not forgotten his youth, will greet successive manifestations of this process with a not unsympathetic smile, which he will do well to conceal from his young friends. My father behaved with admirable good sense; and I had the decency not to do or say anything that might hurt Aunt Leah, and the prudence not to throw my weight about in presence of Uncle Edwin and Aunt Harriet. When I came to Cambridge I met many undergraduates who were passing through the same phase and deriving a good deal of satisfaction from it, and a certain number of dons who had never grown up and got past it.

When I was at school I used to have long arguments with a boy, C. H. Rutherford, who was moving in the opposite direction to me, viz., toward Roman Catholicism. Rutherford was highly intelligent, and one of the wittiest and most entertaining persons whom I have known. He went up to Cambridge a year before me, entered the Roman Church while there, became a schoolmaster at Downside, and was known to generations of boys there as *Father Anselm*. We made no impression on each other by our arguments, but he did give me a knowledge of the Roman Catholic point of view and a respect for it which I had previously had no chance to acquire. If *per impossibile* I were to become a Christian, I think I should become a Roman Catholic.

I have stated my attitude toward religion in general and Christianity in particular in my published writings, and there is no need to restate it here. The only one of the great religions which makes any appeal to me is Buddhism; and that, as I understand it, is rather a philosophy of the world, and a way of life for the *élite* founded upon it, than a religion in the ordinary sense of the word.

Turning now from religion to politics, I may summarise my development as follows. As I have said, I was brought up in the tradition of political Liberalism. During my time at Dulwich Joseph Chamberlain's campaign for imperial preference, and the reaction to it of Liberals and Unionist Free-Traders, were in full swing. In 1906, just before I

left school, there was the great Liberal victory at the polls which was destined to be the beginning of the end of the Liberal party. Then followed in rapid succession the embittered controversy about Lloyd George's budget, and the closely interlocked quarrels about Irish home-rule and the powers of the House of Lords. As a background to all this was the growing fear of Germany and the race in naval armaments between the two countries, the violence of the militant advocates of women's suffrage, and continual labour unrest and strikes. Only in comparison with what was to follow from 1914 to the present day can it be described as a quiet or a reasonable period. Very few periods of European history could be so described, and there is always a danger among Englishmen of my generation of taking the utterly exceptional half-century from 1850 to 1900 as typical.

For Liberals it was, nevertheless, a period of hopeful expectation, which, although the hopes have turned out to be completely delusive, still seems to me to have been not unreasonable on the basis of our knowledge and recent experience at the time. It must be difficult for those who are now young or in the prime of life, and who feel (with good reason) that civilisation as they know it stands with a halter round its neck which some knave or fool or fanatic may at any moment draw, to realise what it was like to live in a time when that nightmare was absent, and when the development of scientific discovery and invention could be hailed as automatically beneficent. There was one writer, H. G. Wells, then one of my favourite authors, who provided, in a series of wonderfully prescient scientific romances, a foretaste of the horrors which have since become part of the texture of daily life.

So much for the public background to my personal political development. It goes without saying that I was, as a boy and for years later, an ardent and dogmatic free-trader. At the height of the Chamberlain campaign, Arthur Balfour, then Prime Minister, wrote and published a pamphlet entitled *Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade*, which was far too subtle and balanced to appeal to the protagonists on either side of the controversy. Mr. Hose set us to read it, and eventually to write an essay on it. It happened that I had studied some elementary political economy in Mr. Wade's form; the text-book was by an American economist, Walker, who was a strong free-trader. So I felt myself fully equipped to tackle Mr. Balfour and his tergiversations! I took a lot of trouble and wrote a long and elaborate essay, in which the Unionist leader was firmly put in his place and told where he 'got off.' It was no doubt a very crude and one-sided affair; but it was certainly a better essay than most boys of my age could have written, and it was my first effort to expound and criticise in writing the reasoned opinions of an

author. Mr. Hose took it seriously and critically, and tactfully concealed the amusement which he must have felt at my youthful self-conceit and cocksureness.

Towards the end of my time at school I read, in translation, Plato's *Republic*. This made an immense impression on me, and that impression has been permanent. It was the first time that I had seen the presuppositions of democracy questioned. Plato's objections seemed, and still seem, to me conclusive. I have never seen any satisfactory answer to them, and experience and observation seem to me to have abundantly confirmed them and to continue to do so every day. Certainly it is no answer to call Plato rude names, such as 'Fascist' or 'Communist,' taken from contemporary political controversy; or solemnly to point out that the Platonic republic at its best would not have been very pleasant to live in, and would not have been likely to last for long without deterioration. Plato was not particularly concerned with happiness; and one of his strongest points is his recognition that even the best laid state will inevitably degenerate sooner or later, and his analysis of the causes and the stages of that inevitable decline. My scepticism about parliamentary democracy was further strengthened by the very critical attitude which Wells took towards it in his social and political writings.

By the time I left school there were at least three distinct and not easily reconcilable strands in my political views, and they have remained there ever since. One is an individualism and a distrust of the state and other collectivities, going back to my middle-class Liberal ancestry and confirmed by much that I have seen and heard in later life. Another is a profound distrust of democracy, based upon Plato and confirmed by my own observations and reflexions, and an unmitigated contempt for the imbecility and humbug of the party-system as it operates in every country which has a parliamentary government. The third is a recognition that the results of unguided and uncontrolled private enterprise in a thickly populated country under modern industrial conditions are disastrous in their waste of natural resources, their destruction of natural beauty, and their exploitation of human beings. This dates from my childish experiences of the unplanned development of Willesden, and has been confirmed, e.g., by the contrast between the industrial development of England and of Sweden. It tends to make me favour a strong central government and a considerable amount of planning, control, and if necessary coercion. But I would apply this to labour no less than to the landlord, the capitalist, and the businessman.

When I was young there was certainly too little public control, and these three other factors in production were certainly unduly favoured at the expense of the wage-drawers. Now, largely as a result of the two

world-wars, the boot is almost certainly on the other foot. It is unreasonable to expect that exactly the right balance will exist at any given moment, or that, if it happened to do so, it would thereafter be maintained in changing circumstances. Speaking for myself, I have never been a supporter of *laissez faire* as such, since the very early days when I was for a moment taken in by Herbert Spencer. I have never at any time been a socialist, still less a communist. I cannot imagine myself at home in that collection of bone-heads unequally yoked with egg-heads and decorated with a broad lunatic fringe, which is the British Labour Party. As for the Communist Party, if nonsense imposed by violence attracted me, I would prefer the old vatted nonsense of the Roman Church to the thin pseudo-scientific vinegar provided by the Jesuits-without-Jesus of Moscow. To vote for a Liberal candidate in contemporary England is to throw one's vote down the drain. So, without enthusiasm, I vote for the Conservatives, mainly as a way of casting a vote against the Labour Party. Naturally one tends to become more conservative as one grows older and has more to lose. Not to be radical when one is young argues hardness of heart; to remain so when one is old suggests softness of head.

I will now take up again the thread of my life-story. I went up to Trinity in the Michaelmas Term of 1906. As a scholar I had the right to occupy rooms in college, and I lived first on Staircase L, Whewell's Court, and later on Staircase B, Great Court. I got immense pleasure and profit out of my life in Cambridge, and especially out of my association with other undergraduates. So far as my formal academic studies were concerned, I was occupied in the first two years in working for Part I of the Natural Sciences Tripos, my main subjects being physics and chemistry, and my subsidiary subjects mineralogy and botany. I had received a very good grounding at school in the first two of these, but the other two were new to me. I took the Tripos in 1908 and was placed in the first class.

The question then arose of the direction in which I should continue my studies. The most obvious course would have been to take Part II of the Natural Sciences Tripos in the subject which interested me most and which I was best at, viz., physics. But it is also quite common at Cambridge to switch to a different Tripos for Part II, and Trinity College has always taken a very wise and liberal attitude towards entrance scholars who desire to make such a change after satisfactorily completing Part I in the subject for which the entrance scholarship was awarded. A number of reasons, some positive and some negative, combined to make me decide to drop natural science and devote the next two years to working for Part II of the Moral Sciences Tripos. ('Moral Science' is

the official name in Cambridge for what is elsewhere called philosophy.) The motives behind this decision may be briefly stated as follows.

Working for Part I of the Natural Sciences Tripos, and meeting men who already were or were obviously destined to become first-rate scientists, convinced me that I could never become one myself. To do anything of importance in physics nowadays it is necessary either to be an outstanding mathematician or to have the gift for seeing what experiments need doing and for designing and carrying them out. It is best if one can combine both qualities, as Newton and Maxwell did; but the possession of either alone to a very high degree is sufficient, as the examples of Einstein and of Aston will show. It was plain that I did not fulfil these conditions. I was possibly fitted to become a decent science-teacher at a school or a minor university, or a fairly competent routine worker in the laboratory of some business-firm, but I should certainly never go further than that in science. On the other hand, I had already been interested in philosophy in an amateurish way while at school, and that interest had been greatly stimulated during my two years at Trinity. Lastly, there is at Cambridge a fairly valuable studentship, the Arnold Gerstenberg, designed for persons who have taken natural science and have decided to switch over to moral science. The competition for this is generally very slight, so it seemed likely that I might get it. If I did so, I should be adequately financed by it and my Trinity scholarship for the next two years. I did not then look much further ahead. I did not contemplate making the teaching of philosophy my profession. I thought vaguely of trying for the Higher Civil Service and offering philosophy as one of my subjects for the examination. That is what my father would have liked me to do; and I think that, if I could have passed, I should have made a reasonably good public servant and should have found the work congenial.

At this point I will enter a little more in detail into my interest in philosophy while at school and into the stimulus which it received when I became an undergraduate. I cannot now remember at all clearly how it began. But I am certain that an important factor in it was the desire to talk big, and to impress my contemporaries and my elders by introducing into my conversation such imposing names as Kant and Schopenhauer. At this stage a German friend of my father's, a Mr. Friedlaender, lent me his copy of Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. It says something for the adequacy of the teaching in German at Dulwich and for my pertinacity as a boy that I read through this book. I was immensely impressed; Schopenhauer's pessimism, and the quietism, which he preached but did not practise, appealed to my naturally unenterprising and unhopeful temperament. Mr. Friedlaender, thinking

that a diet of undiluted Schopenhauer might not be very healthy for a boy of 16, then lent me Paulsen's *Einleitung in die Philosophie*. This I read with care and interest, and it no doubt widened my philosophic background.

From Schopenhauer I was naturally led on to Kant. I got hold of Meiklejohn's translation of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. As might be expected, I could make very little of this at the time. I think I understood what Kant had in mind in the *Aesthetic*, and could follow the arguments in parts of the *Dialectic*, but I could make neither head nor tail of the *Analytic*. (To judge from Lord Russell's account of the Kantian philosophy in his *History of Western Philosophy*, his understanding of Kant stopped short at about the same place as did mine when I was 17 years old.) An intelligent and cultivated Welshman, whom I met at a hotel in Wales while on holiday and to whom I talked enthusiastically about Kant and Schopenhauer, thought that a cooling draught of English empiricism would not be amiss. He recommended Mill's *Logic*, and I read this carefully. Lastly, Bertrand Russell's *Principles of Mathematics* came out during the latter part of my time at school. The author's namesake, my mathematical master, had bought it and glanced through it. He decided that it was more in my line than his, and he handed over his copy to me. I had tried to read it, but had not understood much of it, just before I went up to Cambridge.

To this strictly philosophical reading I must add two works of general literature which came out during my school-days and which I read with enthusiasm. These were Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* and Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*. The philosophical background of both:—Shaw's talk of the 'Life Force' and Hardy's supernatural stage-machinery of the 'Immanent Will'—was derived directly or indirectly from Schopenhauer, and I therefore responded to it wholeheartedly. For the sake of completeness I must add Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*. I bought this and tried to read it, as in duty bound. I must confess that I found Zarathustra a crashing bore, and that neither then nor since have I managed to pursue his maunderings to the bitter end.

I entered Trinity, then, as a Kantian idealist of the Schopenhauerian variety. I did so at a time when philosophy was a central topic of interest and discussion among intelligent undergraduates outside the very narrow circle of those taking the Moral Sciences Tripos. Both G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell were indeed away from Cambridge at the time, but their influence was still extremely strong. Moore's *Principia Ethica* and Russell's *Principles of Mathematics* had recently been published, and they provided an inexhaustible theme for discussion. So too did Moore's *Refutation of Idealism* and others of his earliest published

papers. Moore did not return to Cambridge until after I had left it. But Russell came back to Trinity as a lecturer during the latter part of my first residence there, and I saw a great deal of him and owe very much to him.

The philosophical atmosphere among the younger men was strongly and rather scornfully anti-idealistic. The two professors, Ward and Sorley, were indeed idealists, but they had very little influence on us. McTaggart was also an idealist, of his own very peculiar kind. No one could fail to be impressed by his extraordinary dialectical power, his wit, and his amazing quickness in discussion; but, though he had many admirers, he had hardly any disciples. For all practical purposes Moore and Russell held the philosophical field and continued to do so for many years. The two teachers from whose lectures and personal instruction I gained most were McTaggart and W. E. Johnson. As I have already given my impressions of their personalities and their achievements in my published writings, I need not say more about them here.

I was awarded the Arnold Gerstenberg Studentship in 1908, and I spent the academic years 1908–1910 in working for Part II of the Moral Sciences Tripos in the Section of Metaphysical and Moral Philosophy with the History of Modern Philosophy. The two philosophers set for special study on that occasion were Leibniz and Lotze. Lotze was rather a bore, though there is plenty of good stuff in his voluminous writings, and one cannot help liking a philosopher who refers familiarly to the Absolute as 'M.' Leibniz was exciting in himself, and was made more so by Russell's then recent *Philosophy of Leibniz* and by the fragments which had lately been discovered and published by Couturat. All went as I should have wished in the Tripos examination in May 1910, and I was placed in the first class and awarded a mark of special distinction.

In view of this it seemed not unreasonable to stay up for another year and try for a Trinity Fellowship. The subject for the Burney Prize in the University that year was *Lotze's Philosophy of Religion*. I spent part of the long vacation writing an essay on that subject. I submitted it for the prize, which was awarded to me. I also, on McTaggart's advice, submitted it in the Fellowship competition in 1910, simply as a trial exercise and not as a serious attempt. The first serious attempt would be in 1911, and, if I failed then, I should have one more chance in the following year.

In consultation with McTaggart and Russell I decided to write on a subject which would enable me to make use both of my scientific and my philosophical training. The topic which I chose in the first instance was the philosophy of mechanics. At the back of this choice lay the following facts. While I was still reading for Part I of the Natural

Sciences Tripos I had had some very stimulating personal supervision in dynamics from Whitehead, then a mathematical lecturer at Trinity. Then, in preparation for the examination for the Arnold Gerstenberg Studentship, I had studied rather carefully Mach's *Mechanics* and Poincaré's books on the philosophy of science. Moreover, Johnson, in his lectures, ostensibly on Advanced Logic, had dealt in a very original way with the notions of cause and substance in dynamics, and with those of absolute and relative space, time, and motion. These matters had also been touched upon, very briefly but most excitingly, in some of the concluding chapters of Russell's *Principles of Mathematics*.

When I got to work on my dissertation I found that the philosophy of mechanics was rather pushed into the background by more general philosophical problems. The dissertation was submitted to the Electors in the late summer of 1911, and I had the good luck to be one of the four candidates to be elected to a prize Fellowship in October of that year. The contents were published, with little alteration but some addition, as my first book, *Perception, Physics, and Reality*.

When I speak of 'good luck,' this is an accurate statement and not a gesture of graceful modesty. It is of course true to say that no one is elected to a Trinity Fellowship unless the work which he submits is of outstanding excellence in the opinion of several mutually independent experts. To that extent there is no question of luck. On the other hand, the number of Fellowships available in any year is so small compared with the number of first-rate candidates that several men fail inevitably to get elected whose qualifications are at least as good as those of their more fortunate rivals. At the latest stage of a Fellowship election no substantial injustice would, I believe, be done, and much futile discussion would be avoided, if the names of the surviving candidates were written on slips of paper, put into a hat, and drawn at random, and if the first so many whose names were drawn were automatically elected. (There would have to be some kind of preliminary weighing and discounting to allow for the fact that there are far more candidates in some subjects, e.g., natural science, than in others, e.g., classics.)

I had not counted on getting a Fellowship even at my last possible attempt, and I had almost no expectation of being elected in 1911. I had therefore accepted an offer to go to St. Andrew's as assistant to Professor Stout. Probably with a muddled intention of avoiding the ὕβρις which is said to bring νέμεσις in its train, I did not wait in Cambridge or even in London for the announcement of the results of the election, but had already left to take up my duties in Scotland. I was summoned to Cambridge by a telegram from the Senior Bursar with the good news. I missed the Fellowship Admission Dinner and the

Flanders, but I kept my place. The work was quite interesting, and, if I was not of outstanding use, I do not think that I was conspicuously inefficient.

I continued to live in St. Andrew's, travelling to Dundee three times a week to give my lectures there, and giving such help as I could in his teaching to Stout, who was now without an assistant. I worked, and in the summer vacations lived, with students of the university who were, like myself, exempted as employees of the Ministry of Munitions. This was a new, and in the main pleasant, experience for me. I liked most of them, and got on comfortably with all of them. But it emphasised for me the pleasures of privacy, and I have always had a fellow-feeling for the hymnologist who associates 'peace, perfect peace' with 'loved ones far away.'

At last, after years of nightmare and madness, the world was 'made safe for democracy,' though it was soon to become abundantly clear that democracy was not safe for the world. My father died in 1918 shortly after the armistice, and now the only surviving members of the family of his generation were my mother and Aunt Julia. I had lost in the War one and only one very intimate friend, though many of the best of my contemporaries at school and at Cambridge had given their lives. I resumed my normal life at St. Andrew's and Dundee until 1920, when I was elected to the professorship of philosophy at the University of Bristol in succession to Lloyd Morgan, who was, I believe, largely instrumental in my election. It is the city of my ancestors, and I had known it since childhood and had none but pleasant memories of my yearly visits to it. Moreover, it has tradition and character and is very beautifully situated. I was treated with the greatest kindness by my new colleagues, and I also made some very good friends outside the University. Among these I would mention Hugo Mallet and his wife Elsie (daughter of Mr. Lewis Fry), and Donald Hughes and those two very remarkable women, his sister Catherine and his wife Hope.

The University was then in a state of transition. It was greatly understaffed, and its present magnificent buildings were in part incomplete and in part not even planned. I was maid-of-all-work in the department of philosophy. I have never had to compose or to deliver so many lectures on so many various subjects. Fortunately my health was good. I enjoyed the work, and in order to do it I had to read some subjects, e.g., psychology, which I had formerly neglected and to some extent ignorantly despised. One excellent scheme which Lloyd Morgan had initiated and carried on was a course of lectures in philosophy for the students of natural science. I of course continued this, and the lectures which I gave became the basis of my book *Scientific Thought*. I may

compare myself with John the Baptist in at least one respect (though I do not share his taste for an unbalanced diet of locusts and wild honey), viz., that there came to these lectures one whose shoe-latches I was not worthy to unloose. This was Dirac, then a very young student, whose budding genius had been recognised by the department of engineering and was in process of being fostered by the department of mathematics.

In 1922 came an invitation from Trinity College, Cambridge, to deliver the second course of Tarner Lectures. (The first had been given by Whitehead in 1919.) Close on its heels there followed an invitation to go back to the College with a Fellowship and to succeed McTaggart, who was retiring, in his College Lectureship in Moral Science. I accepted both invitations with alacrity. I had been very happy at Bristol and would have been well content to stay there, and the return to Cambridge involved for the time at least a substantial sacrifice of income. But for me the attraction of life at Cambridge as a Fellow of Trinity was overwhelming.

It was at the beginning of the Bristol period that I first joined the Society for Psychical Research (April 1920), and it will be convenient to interrupt my story at this point in order to give a brief account of my interest in alleged paranormal phenomena.

I do not know when or how it began, but I can hardly remember a time when it did not exist. I can say two negative things about it. In the first place, it did not arise from any incidents or stories of incidents in my family, for I never heard tell of any. Then, again, it did not arise because so many of the early fathers of psychical research in England, e.g., Sidgwick, Myers, Gurney, Lord Rayleigh, and Gerald Balfour, had been Fellows of Trinity. It existed long before I was aware of this fact, and long before it would have had any special significance for me, if I had been. A possible contributory cause is that my father used to take, and I used to read with avidity from an early age, the *Review of Reviews*. W. T. Stead, the owner and editor of this, was a very remarkable and original man, and among his other unorthodoxies was a strong belief in Spiritualism. There were no doubt from time to time in the *Review of Reviews* accounts of alleged psychic phenomena, in which the stories would be taken seriously and regarded as manifestations of the surviving spirits of the dead.

However this interest may have arisen, it managed to coexist with and to survive the period of crude rationalism, based on natural science, which I have described. It received no encouragement from any of those whom I most admired at Cambridge. The only one of them who might have been interested in psychical research was McTaggart, who whole-

Flanders, but I kept my place. The work was quite interesting, and, if I was not of outstanding use, I do not think that I was conspicuously inefficient.

I continued to live in St. Andrew's, travelling to Dundee three times a week to give my lectures there, and giving such help as I could in his teaching to Stout, who was now without an assistant. I worked, and in the summer vacations lived, with students of the university who were, like myself, exempted as employees of the Ministry of Munitions. This was a new, and in the main pleasant, experience for me. I liked most of them, and got on comfortably with all of them. But it emphasised for me the pleasures of privacy, and I have always had a fellow-feeling for the hymnologist who associates 'peace, perfect peace' with 'loved ones far away.'

At last, after years of nightmare and madness, the world was 'made safe for democracy,' though it was soon to become abundantly clear that democracy was not safe for the world. My father died in 1918 shortly after the armistice, and now the only surviving members of the family of his generation were my mother and Aunt Julia. I had lost in the War one and only one very intimate friend, though many of the best of my contemporaries at school and at Cambridge had given their lives. I resumed my normal life at St. Andrew's and Dundee until 1920, when I was elected to the professorship of philosophy at the University of Bristol in succession to Lloyd Morgan, who was, I believe, largely instrumental in my election. It is the city of my ancestors, and I had known it since childhood and had none but pleasant memories of my yearly visits to it. Moreover, it has tradition and character and is very beautifully situated. I was treated with the greatest kindness by my new colleagues, and I also made some very good friends outside the University. Among these I would mention Hugo Mallet and his wife Elsie (daughter of Mr. Lewis Fry), and Donald Hughes and those two very remarkable women, his sister Catherine and his wife Hope.

The University was then in a state of transition. It was greatly understaffed, and its present magnificent buildings were in part incomplete and in part not even planned. I was maid-of-all-work in the department of philosophy. I have never had to compose or to deliver so many lectures on so many various subjects. Fortunately my health was good. I enjoyed the work, and in order to do it I had to read some subjects, e.g., psychology, which I had formerly neglected and to some extent ignorantly despised. One excellent scheme which Lloyd Morgan had initiated and carried on was a course of lectures in philosophy for the students of natural science. I of course continued this, and the lectures which I gave became the basis of my book *Scientific Thought*. I may

compare myself with John the Baptist in at least one respect (though I do not share his taste for an unbalanced diet of locusts and wild honey), viz., that there came to these lectures one whose shoe-latches I was not worthy to unloose. This was Dirac, then a very young student, whose budding genius had been recognised by the department of engineering and was in process of being fostered by the department of mathematics.

In 1922 came an invitation from Trinity College, Cambridge, to deliver the second course of Turner Lectures. (The first had been given by Whitehead in 1919.) Close on its heels there followed an invitation to go back to the College with a Fellowship and to succeed McTaggart, who was retiring, in his College Lectureship in Moral Science. I accepted both invitations with alacrity. I had been very happy at Bristol and would have been well content to stay there, and the return to Cambridge involved for the time at least a substantial sacrifice of income. But for me the attraction of life at Cambridge as a Fellow of Trinity was overwhelming.

It was at the beginning of the Bristol period that I first joined the Society for Psychical Research (April 1920), and it will be convenient to interrupt my story at this point in order to give a brief account of my interest in alleged paranormal phenomena.

I do not know when or how it began, but I can hardly remember a time when it did not exist. I can say two negative things about it. In the first place, it did not arise from any incidents or stories of incidents in my family, for I never heard tell of any. Then, again, it did not arise because so many of the early fathers of psychical research in England, e.g., Sidgwick, Myers, Gurney, Lord Rayleigh, and Gerald Balfour, had been Fellows of Trinity. It existed long before I was aware of this fact, and long before it would have had any special significance for me, if I had been. A possible contributory cause is that my father used to take, and I used to read with avidity from an early age, the *Review of Reviews*. W. T. Stead, the owner and editor of this, was a very remarkable and original man, and among his other unorthodoxies was a strong belief in Spiritualism. There were no doubt from time to time in the *Review of Reviews* accounts of alleged psychic phenomena, in which the stories would be taken seriously and regarded as manifestations of the surviving spirits of the dead.

However this interest may have arisen, it managed to coexist with and to survive the period of crude rationalism, based on natural science, which I have described. It received no encouragement from any of those whom I most admired at Cambridge. The only one of them who might have been interested in psychical research was McTaggart, who whole-

heartedly accepted the doctrine of human immortality in its transmigrationist form, and who also had had mystical experiences. But in point of fact he was not interested. He was quite willing to admit that some of the alleged phenomena investigated by psychical researchers might well be genuinely supernormal, but he took no interest in the investigation of them. As regards human survival of bodily death, he thought that metaphysics could provide much stronger reasons for believing in this than could any psychical phenomena, however well established.

At St. Andrew's I found that Stout had read a good deal of the relevant literature with interest and was open-minded and encouraging. Taylor, on the other hand, took the extreme Anglo-Catholic attitude. If the phenomena were genuine, as some of them probably were in his opinion, then they were almost certainly due to evil spirits (human or non-human) and were best left alone. He was wont to refer to psychical research by the ludicrously inappropriate and emotionally-toned name of 'necromancy.' (I have often amused myself by trying to picture Sidgwick, Mrs. Sidgwick, Podmore, Piddington, and Gerald Balfour dancing widdershins round a witch's cauldron in the cellar of 31 Tavistock Square.)

At Cambridge, when I was a student, there was an undergraduate society for psychical research, which I joined. It used sometimes to meet in the rooms in King's of that once notorious Cambridge character, Oscar Browning. For me its main interest is that it enabled me to catch a glimpse of that almost legendary figure in the penultimate stages of its decay.

I joined the grown-up Society for Psychical Research in 1920. I became a member of its Council in 1930, and have remained on it ever since. I was chosen as President for the years 1935 and 1936. It is no small honour to be elected to an office which has been held by such men as Sidgwick, William James, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Lord Raleigh, to name only some of those who are no longer alive. I have not been able to be a regular attendant at meetings of the Council, but I have from time to time been able to help in other ways as a member of some of its committees. Nor have I taken a direct part in any investigations conducted under the S.P.R.'s auspices, though I was *au courant* with the important experimental researches of Dr. Soal, Mr. Tyrrell, and Mr. Whately Carington.

In my published work I have stated my views about the relevance of psychical research to philosophy, and have tried to apply philosophical analysis and criticism to some of the notions current in psychical research. I have also expressed my astonishment at the contented igno-

rance and indifference of most contemporary Western philosophers in a matter which should deeply concern anyone who presumes to express reasoned opinions on the nature and status of man, on the limits and conditions of human cognition, on the inter-relations of the mental and the material aspects of the world, and so on. There are gratifying signs that, in England at any rate, this reproach is ceasing to apply to some of the younger philosophers. I regret to say that I have seen few, if any, such signs in the United States or in Sweden.

All that remains for me to say here on the topic of psychical research is this. I have had a certain number of anonymous sittings with mediums of good repute. In none of them have I received any communication which seemed to require for its explanation anything more than telepathic awareness by the medium of some of my own cognitive and emotional states. The vast majority of the statements made did not seem to require even that explanation; they were to all appearance just irrelevant twaddle. I have never witnessed any ostensibly supernatural physical phenomena under satisfactory conditions. As I know that I am quite easily taken in by the simplest of conjuring tricks, I should attach no weight whatever to any physical phenomenon that I might witness at a séance, unless the conditions had been checked beforehand and the medium and the sitters controlled throughout by an independent expert in such matters whom I knew and trusted. Even so, I should feel happier if the phenomena were recorded automatically by mechanical or electrical devices.

I should find it hard to say what hopes or fears or wishes, if any, lie at the back of my lifelong interest in psychical research. So far as I can tell, I have no desire to survive the death of my present body, and I should be considerably relieved if I could feel much surer than I do that no kind of survival is possible. The only empirical basis on which I can appraise life after death, if such there be, is what I know of life here and what mediums tell us of life hereafter. On neither basis of valuation does the prospect of survival hold any charms for me. Having had the luck, as it seems to me, to draw an eel from a sack full of adders, I do not wish to risk putting my hand into the sack again. And the prospect of an unending 'pleasant Sunday afternoon' in a nonconformist chapel on the astral plane would not attract me, even if I could find it credible. No doubt the simile of drawing a life at random, like a counter out of a bag, is in one important respect misleading. If one survives in any way, the dispositions which one has built up and the character which one has formed by the end of this life must surely be a most important factor in determining the initial equipment with which one will enter into one's next life. But this consideration does not encourage me

to desire survival. For neither the dispositions which I have acquired nor the character which I have formed are such as to constitute a satisfactory innate equipment for another life.

I think that what lies behind my interest in the subject may possibly be this. I feel in my bones that the orthodox scientific account of man as an undesigned calculating-machine, and of non-human nature as a wider mechanism which turns out such machines among its other products, is fantastic nonsense, which no one in his senses could believe unless he kept it in a water-tight compartment away from all his other experiences and activities and beliefs. I should be sorry if anything so absurd and (as it seems to me) so dull and boring were to be true, and if those who take it for Gospel should happen to be right. Yet I must admit that, within the limited context in which it has arisen, viz., in the physiological and the psychological laboratory, where a man or an animal is regarded simply as an object to be investigated and experimented upon, the *prima facie* case for this view of man and of non-human nature is immensely strong. It is no accident that experimental physiologists and psychologists (who are certainly no greater fools than the rest of us) almost unanimously accept it in their professional capacity. I should therefore welcome the irrefutable establishment of alleged facts, which, if genuine, would be so palpably inconsistent with this view as to leave it without a leg to stand upon.

After this digression I resume the history of my life. I returned to Cambridge in October 1923 and took up residence in Trinity as Fellow and Lecturer in Moral Science. Just at that time, E. D. Adrian, a friend from our undergraduate days, married and vacated his rooms in College. I had the good luck to have them allotted to me. They were the rooms on Staircase E, Great Court, which Sir Isaac Newton occupied as a Fellow of Trinity. I have lived in them ever since, gradually introducing those rudimentary conditions of comfort, such as double windows, draught-excluders, closed stoves, electric water-heaters, a refrigerator, etc., which I learned to appreciate when visiting the higher civilisations of Sweden and the U.S.A. I have never understood the English indifference to needless and easily mitigable discomfort and squalor.

McTaggart had intended to continue, for a time at least, to give some of the numerous courses of lectures which he had been wont to deliver. But, while on a visit to London in the Christmas vacation 1924-25, he was stricken with a fatal illness and in a very short time died. This was not only a great personal loss to me; it also suddenly and heavily increased my load of lecturing on topics for which I had no lectures prepared. I was once more as hard pressed in the preparation of lectures as I had been at Bristol. I have stated elsewhere that McTaggart had made

me his sole literary executor and one of the two general executors and trustees under his will. In the former capacity I saw through the press the manuscript of Volume II of his *Nature of Existence*.

So long as I held the post of Lecturer I gave in each year three courses, each of three lectures a week, throughout the three terms of the academic year. One of these was on the *Elements of Metaphysics* for Part I of the Tripos. Another was on the philosopher or philosophers appointed from time to time by the Faculty Board for special study in Part II Section A of the Tripos. The third was on the remaining chief European philosophers from Descartes to Hegel, both inclusive. This lecturing was the main part of my work. I had also to take for weekly essays and supervision those undergraduates of Trinity College who were reading for either Part of the Moral Sciences Tripos. As there were seldom more than 3 or 4 of these at any one time, this was not hard work. Occasionally, by permission of the College and by arrangement with the Tutors of other Colleges, I would supervise a non-Trinity undergraduate. My book *Five Types of Ethical Theory* arose out of my discussions with undergraduate pupils reading for Part I of the Tripos.

It is my custom to write out carefully and in full all my lectures well in advance of the date of delivery. So the notes of a course of lectures make a fairly adequate foundation for a book. All my books after *Perception, Physics, and Reality* have been constructed out of lectures.

Soon after my return to Cambridge an opportunity arose of selling our house at Forest Hill on favourable terms. We did so, and I bought a house at Langford in Somerset and installed my mother there. I am confident that she was happy there so long as she had health and vigour, i.e., up to the age of nearly 85. She was fortunate enough to secure the services of an excellent man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Doughty, who remained with her for the rest of her life and devotedly nursed her in the last years of it. Doughty has since died. His wife, at the time of writing, is living in a flat in a house which I own in Clifton, and is assiduous in knitting socks and making black-currant jelly for me. She is a very fine cook, and, like many other experts in that art, she has not the temperament which makes life easy for herself or for others. But one could not have wished to have more scrupulously honest or more completely devoted servants than she and her husband, and I simply cannot imagine how I should have managed without them when my mother became unable to look after herself and her own affairs.

I used to spend a part of each<sup>1</sup> vacation at home with my mother. I must confess that I found these spells of residence at home terribly trying to my nerves, and that I was very near to a breakdown at the end of each of them. I used to reproach myself with this, when I reflected

that I could not stand, for a few weeks, the atmosphere of mutual tension in which my mother and the servants were living for years without respite. But self-reproach did no good, and only made the matter worse. This nervous strain was at its worst during the latter part of the middle period of my mother's residence at Langford. Toward the end it relaxed, and all other feelings were submerged in sheer pity and sorrow, mitigated only by the fact that there was no reason to believe that my mother was suffering bodily pain. When I look back on that period of my life, and write of it, I can appreciate the force of Aeneas's words to Dido:—  
*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*

In the course of editing McTaggart's posthumous work I came to the decision to devote a full-scale book to a really careful and thorough estimate of the extraordinarily elaborate and ingenious system which he had excogitated. It seemed unlikely that anyone else would undertake this; it seemed sad that his life-work should go by default; and it seemed obvious that I had the necessary qualifications. So I persuaded the Faculty Board of Moral Science to make McTaggart's philosophy the 'special subject' for Part II Section A of the Tripos in two successive years. I thus wrote and delivered the lectures which formed the basis of my book *Examination of McTaggart's Philosophy*. It has not been, and could not fairly have been expected to be, a 'best seller'; but I think it contains about the best work of which I am capable in philosophy. If some of my younger friends and colleagues of the 'common language' school were to twit me with the accusation that it consists largely of *difficiles nugae*, I should heartily agree. But I should be inclined to retort that the writings of their school consist largely of *faciles nugae*.

In 1933 Sorley retired from the Knightbridge Professorship of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge. I was not particularly anxious to exchange the position of Lecturer for that of Professor. The difference of salary was not great enough to be of much importance to me, and I preferred the duties of the former office to those of the latter. I had enjoyed supervising the very moderate number of undergraduates who had been in my charge, and I feel fairly sure that I did it well and that most of them derived some benefit from their discussions with me. As Professor one is not allowed to supervise undergraduates, and one is expected to take charge of a certain number of research students writing dissertations for the Ph.D. degree. I do not much care for this work, and I doubt whether I do it well. Research students have generally lost (if they ever possessed) the charm of youth, without having yet gained the poor consolation-prizes of wealth or eminence. Moreover, I am quite sceptical as to the value of philosophical research as an occupation for young men, and I have no idea how to organise or to direct it. However, though

I did not have any strong positive desire for the professorship, I should not have cared to see another person appointed to it unless he had been very obviously my intellectual superior. So I applied, and I was elected.

Six years of my tenure of the chair coincided with the second World War, and therefore cannot be judged by normal standards. But, after making due allowance for this, I cannot look back to my time as Knightbridge Professor with any great satisfaction. I think that my duties in preparing and delivering lectures were done well and conscientiously, and I certainly enjoyed that part of the work. With the help of such kindly and efficient younger colleagues as Dr. Ewing, Mr. (now Professor) Braithwaite, and Dr. Lewy, as successive secretaries to the Faculty Board, I got through my very simple duties as Chairman without disgrace, if without distinction. I did my best for the few research students who were put in my charge, and I do not think that any of them can have been much the worse for my ministrations. Some, who began by being bumptious and cocksure, but were not too clever to learn how difficult it is to prove or to disprove anything in philosophy, may even have derived a certain benefit from my not unsympathetic but entirely sceptical reception of all that was so obvious to them.

The one duty which I wittingly neglected was to attend the weekly meetings of the Moral Science Club. I am not quick-witted nor quick-tongued enough to take a useful part in philosophical discussion by word of mouth; and I was not prepared to spend hours every week in a thick atmosphere of cigarette-smoke, while Wittgenstein punctually went through his hoops, and the faithful as punctually "wondered with a foolish face of praise."

So far, then, I cannot seriously reproach myself. But a professor ought to be something more than an efficient and conscientious teacher and lecturer. He ought to be doing original work himself, and inspiring others to do the like. In this I conspicuously failed. What was fundamentally amiss was that such spring as there had ever been in my life had gone out of it. I no longer believed in the importance of philosophy, I took little interest in its later developments, and I knew very well that I at least had shot my bolt and had nothing further of value to contribute.

In September 1939 the second World War broke out. Almost at the same time my mother, to my unspeakable relief, died. I stored the furniture, made such provision for Doughty and Mrs. Doughty as seemed fitting in view of their inestimable services, and in due course sold the house at Langford.

The second World War was not nearly so trying to me personally as the first had been. I was now well over military age (in my 52nd year

when the war broke out), and the whole atmosphere in England was much saner and cleaner than in the first World War. This was largely due to the facts that conscription was in force from the first, that there was almost universal acceptance of our entry into the war as inevitable, and that after the fall of France it was evident even to the stupidest that we were in a situation of desperate danger which threatened all alike. We are greatly indebted to the Germans for driving us out of the Continent at a quite early stage, and thus preserving us from the horrible trench-warfare, with the frightful slaughter of occasional large-scale assaults and the continual wastage of life during quiescent periods, which had characterised the war of 1914–18. We are also indebted to them for the air-attacks, which exposed civilians of all classes to something of the dangers and hardships endured by members of the fighting forces on active service, and thus softened the contrast which was such a demoralising feature of the first World War. (It is perhaps hardly decent for *me* to say this, since I was never in fact involved in any serious air-raid and never lost friends or relatives or property in one. But I am quite sure that it is true.)

My main personal problem was to decide what voluntary service I should undertake. When it became obvious that the College would soon be losing its extremely able young Junior Bursar, David Hinks, to the army, I decided with great trepidation to offer to undertake his job. The College accepted the offer, and at the same time relieved the Acting Junior Bursar of one irksome part of the normal duties of the office, that of assigning rooms and lodgings to undergraduates.

The Junior Bursar's business is to deal with all the *internal* affairs of the College, considered as a place of residence, except the catering. He is concerned, e.g., with the upkeep of the buildings and grounds, with the rents of rooms, with the furnishing of undergraduates' apartments in College, and with the provision of domestic service to all residents in College whether students or Fellows. I had had no previous experience of the kind, and had always carefully evaded responsibility and avoided administrative work. But I had taken my part on the College Council, which is the governing body of the College, had served on several of its committees, had acquired at least the rudiments of financial and business methods in managing my own affairs and acting as trustee for others, and had been interested from my early youth in the repair and maintenance of buildings. I am, indeed, rather exceptionally 'slow in the uptake' for a person of good general intelligence; but, given time, I am capable of learning most things that do not require bodily skill or courage, if I set myself and keep myself set to do so. So I gradually learned my job by doing it. I had from the outset at least one useful

qualification. I can write clear unambiguous letters and reports, and, being hypersensitive myself, I can generally sense where other men's corns are situated and do not often unwittingly tread on them.

I was most fortunate in the employees of the College who held posts of great difficulty and responsibility immediately under me, viz., the Chief Clerk, the Clerk of Works, and the Matron. One could not have wished to have more efficient, diligent, faithful, and helpful heads of their respective departments than Mr. Nobbs, Mr. Bell, and Miss Lusk. They did all the dirty work, and did it supremely well under the continually increasing difficulties which the state of war imposed. I do not know what I should have done if any of them had fallen ill, been killed or injured in an air-raid, or been withdrawn by the government for other service. My colleagues on the College Council, which was my immediate employer as Junior Bursar, were always most considerate and helpful in every way, and I would wish to record particularly the constant kindness and practical encouragement which I received from the then Master, G. M. Trevelyan, and the then Vice-Master, D. A. Winstanley.

The air-raid defence organisation of the College was created and run with consummate ability by my colleague Andrew Gow, whose achievement confirmed me in a generalisation which I made long ago, viz., that a first-rate classical scholar can usually do a first-rate job at almost anything that he puts his hand to. All that I had to do in the matter was to give to Gow such help as he needed from the Junior Bursar and his staff in order to carry out his plans.

Naturally there was constant anxiety through the calling-up of men and the shortage of materials, perpetual minor irritation in dealing with government departments, and always at the back of one's mind the fear of a real crisis in the form of a devastating air-raid. But we were spared the crisis, and we muddled through the daily difficulties.

The monotony was relieved by at least two items of outstanding interest, in which the Junior Bursar had to play a prominent part. One was the installation in 1940 of G. M. Trevelyan as Master in succession to Sir J. J. Thomson, in accordance with the ancient and elaborate ritual, and the subsequent repairs and alterations to the Master's Lodge. The other was an extremely 'hush-hush' series of meetings, continuing for about a week in College in the depth of the vacation, at which high military and naval officers, American and English, discussed some of the final details of the plan for invading Normandy.

Soon after the end of the War I relinquished my temporary post, and my colleague, John Wisdom (afterwards Professor) took over for the period that intervened before Hinks was released from the army. The

College displayed its wonted generosity in inviting me to choose for myself any present or presents that I might like up to a total value of £50. It made a similar, and far better deserved, offer to Gow for his services as air-raid precautions officer. I chose a silver salver. Donald Robertson, then Regius Professor of Greek and a friend from the days when we were both undergraduates, composed a witty and highly flattering inscription for it. (As Dr. Johnson said, 'in a lapidary inscription a man is not on his oath,' and this holds for salvers as for tomb-stones.) The gifts were presented to Gow and myself, on behalf of the College, by the Master (Trevelyan) in presence of the Fellows at dessert one evening in the Combination Room. Mine now adorns my rooms in College.

So ended, very happily, a unique interlude in my life. I am extremely glad to have undertaken the Junior Bursarship and to have come through without discredit. One thing that impressed me, in the course of my duties, was the curious mixture of egotism and petty jealousy with loyalty and devoted service which exists in many men and women. I had of course caught glimpses of this, in a highly gentlemanly and sublimated form, in my colleagues, my pupils, and myself. But in the less sophisticated persons with whom I was concerned as Junior Bursar I contemplated it with the lid off. In view of what I saw I am less surprised that men are sometimes at war than that they are ever at peace.

One good thing which my tenure of the Junior Bursarship seems to have done for me is to have cured me of a distressing nervous trouble, which had begun to affect me immediately after the first World War and had lasted without intermission up to the beginning of the second. It was this. I had an irrational fear of being suddenly taken sick (in the specialised English sense of that word, as distinct from its generalised American sense) when eating a meal in a public restaurant or as guest at a private house or another College. (Most fortunately this did not apply to our ordinary dinners in Hall, or to dinner-parties in my own rooms, where I was host.) The existence of this fear made the prospect of eating out as a guest a misery to me, and, if I accepted an invitation, it tended to produce in me during the meal actual feelings of nausea, profuse sweating, and other premonitory symptoms of vomiting. In point of fact I always managed to get through these ordeals without disaster, but this nervous complaint certainly made me decline many invitations which I should have liked to accept and robbed me of much of the pleasure which I should otherwise have derived from the few which I did accept. I will not trouble the reader with futile speculations as to the aetiology of these symptoms, though it may be of interest to recall the rather similar ordeals which my mother had told me as a

child that she used to undergo at dinner-parties. I consulted more than one psychiatrist; but I am probably too sophisticated in such matters to be susceptible to the kind of magic which they practise, and I derived no benefit from them. In the course of the second World War I just found that the symptoms had vanished, and up to the present they have not returned. Nor, so far as I am aware, has the unconscious staged any alternative set of unpleasant and inhibiting symptoms. For this I am profoundly grateful to it (or should it be to *them?*).

I have already described, under the head of the 'Nordic interest,' how, soon after the outbreak of peace, I took sabbatical leave and spent some 8 most enjoyable months in Sweden. After that I have nothing of interest to record (except the publication in 1952 of a collection of papers under the title *Ethics and the History of Philosophy*, and in 1953 of another such collection entitled *Religion, Philosophy, and Psychological Research*) until my retirement from the Knightbridge Professorship in October 1953 on reaching the age of 65. It would be a meiosis to say that I retired without regret, for I did so with great positive pleasure. No longer need I occupy the ambiguous position of an unbelieving Pope, or the invidious one of the veteran who lags superfluous on the stage. I had good health and a sufficient income (*pourvu que cela dure*, as Madame Mère used to say), and the right to remain a Fellow of Trinity, and, as such, to retain my rooms in College and to eat my free dinners in Hall.

I had often received invitations to go to the United States as visiting professor. While my mother was alive and in failing health this was out of the question. Then came 6 years of war, followed by my sabbatical leave in Sweden. After that I did not deem it decent to ask for further leave during the short period that remained of my tenure of the Knightbridge Professorship. But I had told my kind American friends that I would willingly consider an invitation after my retirement. They took me at my word, and I received almost simultaneously invitations to visit the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and the University of California at Los Angeles in the academic year 1953-4. By mutual agreement it was arranged that I should spend the first semester at Ann Arbor and the second at Los Angeles. I already knew Professor Frankena, of the former university, for he had spent some time in Cambridge as a young man and had then attended some of my lectures. I happened also to have met in Cambridge fairly recently Professor Robson of U.C.L.A. and his wife, when they were on a long visit to Great Britain.

The prospect of this visit to the U.S.A. filled me with the feelings of gloomy foreboding which I always suffer at the prospect of any new experience in unfamiliar surroundings. But, as I have found in many

other cases, the experience was delightful once I had made the plunge, and I look back on it now with the utmost pleasure. I could not have been treated with greater kindness and hospitality than that which I received in each of my two universities and in the many other universities and non-academic places which I visited. I made new friends, both among the young and their elders, and I met in their homes certain young friends of long standing whom I had not seen since the war. It was good fun too to be treated as a great philosopher. I do not think that this did me any harm; for my knowledge of the works of the great philosophers of the past, and my acquaintance with one or two of the very few really great ones among my elders and teachers, enables me to form a pretty shrewd estimate of my own position in the hierarchy.

This brings my life-history down to the date of writing. I might well stop there. But it is the business of philosophers to philosophise, and so I will conclude with a few general reflexions called forth by this review of my life.

The first is the enormously great part which is played by *chance*, in one quite definite and familiar sense of that word, in human affairs. I mean here by 'chance' factors which do have an important influence on a person's life, but which are either altogether outside his knowledge, or have effects which he cannot possibly foresee or rationally conjecture. (An example is the train of events which led to my becoming a Fellow of Trinity and a teacher of philosophy.) I am persuaded that men in general, and perhaps academic persons in particular, waste an immense amount of time and energy in futile private deliberation and mutual debate. The factors which they are aware of and can take account of are always a meagre selection from those which are in fact relevant and effective; the remoter consequences even of that meagre selection can seldom be predicted with any accuracy; and the consequences which the rejected alternatives would have had, if they had been chosen, can hardly ever be guessed. So why make all this fuss before coming to important and far-reaching decisions? Though I have made many mistakes, and have worried endlessly and needlessly about possible future developments, I do not think that I have often made the mistake or given myself the worry of prolonged anxious deliberation.

My second reflexion is that the fundamental defects in my character have been laziness, cowardice (physical and moral), and lack of drive and resolution by which these defects, or some of their consequences, might have been overcome.

I shall not insist here on the defect of laziness. It is genuine enough, and I have wasted a terrible amount of time in doing nothing in particular when I ought to have been reading and reflecting on the litera-

ture of my subject. Then, again, I have often, through laziness, done what I have done in a slovenly and half-hearted way. But it is obvious that I have accomplished, in spite of this, quite a fair amount of quite decent work. The really fundamental defects have been cowardice, physical and moral, and lack of drive and resolution. I imagine that the two are closely connected, and spring from a defect in what Plato calls the 'spirited' element in my nature. However that may be, the consequences have been really serious, and I must say something further on this topic.

To take the physical side first. Let the reader consider the following list of quite ordinary accomplishments which I have never managed to acquire. I cannot dance, or skate, or ski, or swim properly, or row, or play tennis or cricket or golf, or ride a horse, or sail a boat, or drive a car. Nor is this because I am such a fool as to despise these bodily skills, or because I have not *begun* to try to learn most of them. I value them all, and I should greatly like to possess them, and I have at one time or another started to acquire every one of them except skiing and sailing. Let us grant, and make the most of, the fact that I have very little natural aptitude; that I was the only child of elderly parents; and that, although I have good sight and a straight eye, I am unusually bad at adjusting my movements by sight to any swiftly moving object. Plenty of other men have had these or other initial handicaps and have overcome them.

What has been amiss in my case is perfectly obvious to me. In each instance I have been frightened, at the outset, either of getting hurt, or of being laughed at, or (worst of all) of being blamed for my lack of skill and possibly for its ill-consequences to others. I have felt with reasonable confidence that, if only I persisted through the initial stages, I should have acquired the skill in question, at any rate to a respectable degree. I have greatly wanted to acquire it, and have felt angry with myself and contemptuous of myself for not persisting. And yet in every case I have lacked the resolution to drive myself to persist, and have given up. Those who find the problem of free-will (like all other problems) a "pseudo-problem," which they can "dissolve" on their heads, will no doubt be able to tell me in what sense I *could* and in what sense I *could not* have persisted. I cannot but believe that there is a most important sense in which I *could*, and that I deserve moral blame because I *could* and *did not*.

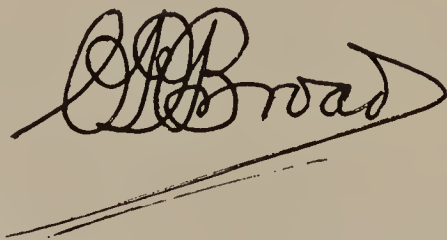
I cannot, fortunately, give equally palpable instances of lack of moral courage and of its ill-effects on me. I have lived an exceptionally sheltered life, not unlike that of a monk in a monastery, only without the duties of asceticism. My daily bread has been given to me each day by

the Steward, and my trespasses forgiven me no less regularly by the Chaplain. Unlike so many thousands of my contemporaries, I have never had to make a decision in face of *vox instantis tyranni* or of *civium ardor prava jubentium*. But I have never read in history or in fiction of a mean or cowardly action, done to avoid bodily suffering or to avert the anger or ridicule or disapproval of others, without recognising myself and being forced to say: "There, but for the luck of circumstances, go I." The story of St. Peter's denial seems to me to be one of the most remarkable and moving passages in the New Testament. Whatever else in that book may be doubtful or false, it surely must be true. I hope and believe that I should not, like Judas, have betrayed my Master for money, if that was Judas's motive. I am fairly confident that, in St. Peter's place, I should, like Peter, have denied him through cowardice.

I have painted a somewhat unpleasing portrait of myself. I must confess that I am not the kind of person whom I like, but I do not think that that source of prejudice has made me unfair to myself. If there should be others who have roses to strew, they can now do so without feeling the need to make embarrassing qualifications.

I will conclude with one little rose of my own. I have had, and I seem to have retained up to the time of writing, the power to make friends with the kind of young men whom I like and admire, despite great disparity in age. A certain number of such young men in England, in Sweden, and in America have plainly enjoyed my company and felt very kindly disposed towards me. Some of them seem to have gone on doing so, even when they have become middle-aged citizens and in spite of long separations in time and in space. I have derived more happiness from this than from any one other source. I hope it may indicate that the side of my nature which shows itself under favourable circumstances to certain others is less disagreeable than that which introspection perpetually presents to myself.

Written in Karlstad, Sweden: August 2nd.—August 24th, 1954

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a stylized, cursive 'C. D. Broad' followed by a long, sweeping horizontal stroke that tapers to a point on the right.