

A HOLIDAY IN CAMBRIDGE

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*By running waters and in mellowed courts
Still shyly lurks a monkly atmosphere;
It is an ancient love that still supports
These ivied walls to young souls ever dear—
An ancient love that like an ancient oak,
Round wrapping round, increases from the core—
A love that in a tuneful song awoke,
Spring by spring growing richer in its lore.
By running waters, along grassy lawns,
I hear the pacing of the young monks' feet
Softly coming from unremembered dawns
The sons of yet unnumbered dawns to greet.
Monks' toil, now changed to fragrance, lingers yet—
Subtle as perfume of the mignonette.*

IT was reassuring to discover at the very outset that my choice of Cambridge as a place of refuge at the end of summer was not without distinguished precedent. On the way from the station to my lodgings, on a house in King's Parade, opposite King's College, I read this inscription: "Charles Lamb lodged here, August, 1819." When the students are away seems indeed the logical time for the outsider to step in. But let not him who would enjoy a real sense of cloistered tranquillity come before the middle of August, for during the long vacation there are now educational conferences and summer courses that keep the town fairly bulging with people. After that the stranger may come in, and with his own thoughts for companions wander at will beside the still waters and among the storied courts. He will feel, too, that he has been rather intimately received into the bosom of the family when preparations for some important event are going forward; for in all the colleges, and throughout the town, too, for that matter, he will find a pleasing bustle of cleaning, furbishing, and construction against the return of the youthful followers of wisdom.

The student's lodgings that I occupied had about them an atmosphere which contributed to that feeling of having been received into the bosom of the family. There were his pipes, which I did not want to smoke, but which suggested companionship. He had even left behind many packages of cigarettes. If they tempted me, I resisted. But I did fill my pen out of his huge

ink-bottle. I sometimes played softly on his piano. And his books interested me. His landlady was genial, and made me quite comfortable. But I do think that she mixed my milk with water, and the electric light was painfully feeble. In my case, this latter defect was not of great consequence, for in summer the time for using lights is not long. But to give a student such a light to ruin his young eyes is dreadful.

At first Cambridge seems a confusing place in which to find one's way about. It is difficult to keep track of direction with all its curves, its X's, Y's, and Z's. But, at length, it simmers down into a distinct though queer pattern. I mastered the lay of the land through exploration and experience, not often referring to guide-book or map. Good guidebooks are indispensable for reference. But to go about with guidebook in hand, merely verifying its statements, is a perfunctory way of getting acquainted with a place. I like to go on my rambles unhampered by prescription, pausing to examine what interests me, and seeking enlightenment afterwards on the points that baffle. In this matter of enlightenment, I found the city library most serviceable. I believe it possesses every book that has ever been written about Cambridge; and besides, there are the works of the Cambridge poets and other authors, as well as general histories, to which one may naturally like to refer. Anyone who is vouched for by his landlady or other Cambridge householder may have the full use of this library. The University Library, on the other hand, unlike the Ashmolean at Oxford, is accessible only to members of the university.

On my first ramble, I was struck by the fact that two of the colleges are decorated with the same devices. I went back and forth between the two, making comparisons. There were the same graceful animals with slim spotted bodies rising on their hind legs to face each other above the archways, supporting between them quartered shields bearing on their alternating squares three lions and three fleurs-de-lis. The shield is crowned, and out of the crown rises an eagle. The animals puzzled me. I think it was not until I had read Sir Arthur E. Shipley's *Cambridge Cameos* that it dawned upon me that they are yales. Perhaps the reader will remember to have made acquaintance with these legendary creatures in his Pliny. Amidst the familiar crowned Tudor roses and crowned portcullises that make up the groundwork of the pattern are scattered natural-looking marguerites that distinctly suggest a feminine influence. In comparing the statues in the niches above the entrance-arches of the two colleges, I concluded that both are likenesses of the same woman. One is in conventual dress which

hangs in graceful folds; but curls hang about the shoulders of the other, and she holds a goblet in her hands.

It was through this latter arch that I entered first. After crossing the main court, I passed through another arch decorated in a similar fashion. Then I turned through the dark ancient doors at my right, and found myself in the great hall. There, in the place of honour, above the high table, the portrait of a distinguished, ascetic-looking woman answered some of my questions. In a nun's robe and snow-white wimple, her fingers touching to form a Gothic arch while she kneels at her *prie-dieu* before an open book. *Margaret Richmondae, Fondatrix*, reads the inscription. Well, then, it is she who is represented in the niches as well; and those natural-looking marguerites are her particular badge. I was in St. John's College. The portrait was of Margaret Beaufort, descendant of William the Norman, and mother of a line of kings, devout, learned, and a patron of learning. I did not linger long that day, I regret to say; for when I returned, time after time, the doors of the hall were always locked. Important repairs were under way, I was told. I found her again in the chapel; but, as that edifice is comparatively modern, her presence there in bust and heraldry seems more perfunctory.

In Christ's College it is natural that the presence of the great foundress should seem the most real; for here are the rooms where she lived while she watched the actual building going forward, and where, one surmises, her advice was often sought. St. John's College, on the other hand, was not built until after her death, in accordance with the instructions of her will. However, I do not wish my comparison to seem invidious. In both colleges her memory is precious. *Souvent me souvient*. There is something wistful, almost pathetic in her motto. But she can never be forgotten in these colleges. In both, her motto has been given a tragic association with the long lists of the names of her sons who lost their lives in the Great War. Under the beautiful design of the portcullis and the rose their names appear in letters of gold. It is touching to see them thus commemorated together—Margaret, whose steadfast aim was the furtherance of enlightenment, and these her modern sons, followers of progress, who were yet the inevitable victims of that lack of international co-ordination in which civilization has lagged so dangerously behind the real enlightenment for which all colleges stand, that common human fraternity of culture which, in the Middle Ages, was the very inception of the great universities. "The mills of God grind slowly;" but they do grind. Let us hope that in due course Margaret Beaufort's name and motto

may be associated with the name of some great man, or men, who shall make a more exact science of human relationships that will serve as a practical basis for international co-operation and real fraternity. I feel that I should like her to be remembered more with glorious achievement and progress than with failure and tragedy, however sweet that association may be.

Souvent me souvient. Her motto went singing through my mind as I sought out her emblems and her effigies. In the comparatively recent glass window of the hall at Christ's College her idealization is convincing. Her blue robe, through which the light shines, sets off the clarity and purity of her nature. She stands with a scroll in her hand surrounded by notables of this college—John Fisher, who was her father-confessor and adviser; William Bingham and Henry VI, who were the founders of God's House, the precursor of Christ's College; Edward VI; and among others, at the top, John Milton and Charles Darwin. As one would naturally expect, her portrait presides over the high table. There she stands, a tall graceful figure with a book in her hand. But of all her Christ's-College portraits the one that to me was most satisfying is the one that hangs over the door of the chapel. Perhaps that is because it is similar to the one I saw first and admired at St. John's College. As in that likeness, she kneels at her *prie-dieu*, and light from a window at her right falls on the open book before her. Entering the chapel, one sees her again in glass over the altar, in the lower left-hand corner, kneeling at her *prie-dieu* in blue conventual dress and white wimple. Facing her from the opposite corner is Henry VI, also kneeling at a *prie-dieu*. The centre of the window is filled with a representation of the college with Christ above, holding a light cross of gold in his left hand, and raising his right in benediction. With crowned portcullises, crowned Tudor roses, and natural marguerites the remaining glass is richly filled. In one of the north windows of the nave one again finds the foundress in a bit of old glass. It was very fragrant in the chapel. No, it was not incense, but the perfume of the summer garden coming in at the windows—the scent of sweet alyssum growing in a heavy white border among the geraniums all around the outer court. It lured me into the sunshine among the flowers. At my left was the Master's door, and above it, underneath the upper window, is Margaret Beaufort's coat of arms. Those were her rooms up there. From that window she must have watched the progress of her college, and the comings and goings of the first members of this society. And from the oriel window opening into the chapel I could imagine her devoutly following the services below. As I

walked among the flowers, I felt almost as if the Lady Margaret walked with me. Her wistful motto still kept humming in my mind, and I wished that she might know how enriched one mere wanderer felt from meditating upon her life, her character, her virtues and learning.

There are other names, too, that claim one's meditations at Christ's College—names that have become so great as to do more than justify the adventure of the foundress. Let us hope that in some charmed circle of the spirit realm she has come to know John Milton and Charles Darwin. Stepping back into the ante-room of the chapel, I gazed at the statue of the great poet. Austere and stupendous he seems standing there in Puritan dress, head erect, looking in through the open doors to the altar. I returned to the hall to see him again in the great window, and to study his youthful portrait above the high table. Here one sees something of the poet who could write *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and nothing of the great Puritan, and heroic writer of epics. His slender face with large lustrous eyes and long straight nose is softly framed in brown curls. He looks at one with an expression of integrity and high aim, mellowed with sensitiveness to the claims of beauty. I remembered that he came to Cambridge as a lad of sixteen or seventeen, and went away a young man of two or three-and-twenty, having taken both Bachelor's and Master's degrees. It must have seemed sad to break the ties of seven years of continuous residence. But had he remained to take a degree in Divinity as well, and to become an important man at the university, perhaps his great epics would never have been written. Upon going out again into the court, I found the porter, and asked him which were Milton's windows. He pointed to the chapel-side of the great court, the fourth and fifth windows of the first floor, counting from the first corner. Those were the hallowed windows from which, during seven impressionable years, the young poet looked out upon the sky, the garden, and his fellow-students. But with Milton it was never so much the world he looked out upon that counted, as the world that he found within—a world growing ever richer and more mellow from contact with the great Greek and Latin masters.

I presume Milton is still generally regarded as the greatest of all the Christ's-College men; and yet, two centuries later, we come to Charles Darwin. He, too, might have been a poet. In a sense, he was one. Let us study his face in the portrait that hangs over the high table. It is sensitive—the face of a poet, a seer, a creator. Not much had Cambridge in those days to offer the student who

would distinguish himself in the sciences. Nor had Darwin then thought of science as a career; rather had his plan tended towards the taking of holy orders. He owes less to his Alma Mater, then, and, in that sense, is less her son than Milton. For the very reason that he had to depend upon his own resources, his creative achievement in *The Origin of Species* is the more remarkable. Milton closed his eyes to whatever lights the science of his day had to contribute to great elemental problems, and accepted as his working medium traditional epic material; Darwin, going to nature, through processes of observation and experimentation, dealt with the epic facts of life in a new and fearless way.

From my meditations upon the great of Christ's College, my thoughts turned back to St. John's to include the outstanding genius of that college, William Wordsworth. In my all-too-brief visit to the hall, I had seen his portrait. I had also gazed at that window high up in the kitchen where his name is inscribed. There his room used to be; but it is difficult to reconstruct it in imagination. In fact, I could not feel any lingering sense of Wordsworth about his college. Nor did he, according to accounts, find the atmosphere of St. John's congenial. It was, indeed, a lethargic period in university life—far different from the atmosphere that prevailed when Tennyson entered Trinity, some four decades later. But the stimulus to Wordsworth's genius, so unlike that of Milton, was not likely to have come, in any case, from academic sources; it was in green fields and mountain-mists, in flower, and star, and brook, that he found inspiration. I remembered, too, that Thomas Nash was a St. John's man, away back in the days when English poetry was still in its youth, and that even though his days were dissolute and brief, he wrote that loveliest of spring poems which Palgrave has chosen to put first in his *Golden Treasury*. We know, too, that Nash's college days were an important integral part of his short existence. With thoughts of these poets I passed through the various courts of St. John's, and over the graceful Bridge of Sighs, to the smooth green lawns and the shady path beside the still waters. As I paced up and down, my thoughts wandered back to beginnings when a few monks and wandering scholars formed a nucleus of learning here.

The shadows were lengthening as I went down the stately avenue of elms and out through the great iron gate at the back into the Queens' Road. I turned to my left, and was soon brought to a standstill by what I am sure must be one of the most poetic views in all the world. It was a satisfaction to notice that other passers-by also stopped to gaze. There is a particular spot where

the branches of the elm-trees frame the view with consummate effectiveness. We were looking across the river and across the meadow, where cows were browsing in the liquid-green grass, to the Chapel of King's College. I can think of no other building that has such an air of spontaneity, as if it had sprung up at a magic touch, or blossomed right out of the ground like a spring crocus. Though it was a long time in the building—some seven decades—fortunately nothing ever happened to interrupt the plan of the whole, so that it seems to have been finished in exactly the same spirit in which it was conceived. It is to this fact, I dare say, that it owes that air of naturalness and spontaneity. I approached slowly over the sunny green lawns, feeling as though I were in fairy-land, and almost doubting the substantiality of the structure towards which I was drawing nearer and nearer. Might it not disappear at any moment, like a dream, leaving only a charming country scene of cows in a green pasture beside a peaceful river shaded by elm-trees? It made me think of Tennyson's description of Camelot. However, it was sufficiently stable, so that I was able to count the buttresses—eleven on each side—delicate as the parts of a flower. I felt almost as if I were analysing a flower as I counted them and noted how they rise in four diminishing gradations, each gradation being surmounted by an exquisite pinnacle and decorated with a crest. The four turrets, too, at the four corners, have a beauty of unearthly workmanship. When I entered, my wonder was in no way diminished. How could it be done like this—this lithe upspringing from ground to roof, without aisles or arches, to branch out into the forest-like intricacies of a marvellous fan-vaulting? Very original, too, is the utilization of the spaces between the bases of the buttresses, exterior to the main fabric of the chapel, for side-chapels, or chantries, as they are called. If ever a building showed the marks of inspiration, surely this one does. In whose genius it had its origin, is a question that has puzzled many minds. Might it not have been someone possessed with the audacity of inexperience, an inspired novice? But if it were a novice, it must have been someone with the means and the authority to carry out his plan. I felt thoroughly convinced in my own mind that afternoon that the genius was none other than Henry VI himself. Then, too, the very spirit of unity must have presided over the work from first to last; for even the glass, which is said to be the most wonderful complete set of its sort in the world, is in harmony with the framework; and where restorations have been necessary, they have been carried out in perfect sympathy with the sixteenth-century original. The place is the

very epitome of peace and harmony; its rightness convinces one, by example, of the integrity of beauty. And yet I was saddened before leaving; turning into the chantry, off the east end of the chancel, next to the top of the list under the ubiquitous "1914-18" heading, I read the name of Rupert Brooke.

One morning I found myself in Trinity College at the end of an exploration down a curving lane of old houses or hostels made of clunch and surmounted by a row of hoary chimneys. These houses are indeed old, among them being King's Hall, dated "1336". I entered the college by the arch from above which a statue of Queen Elizabeth looks out from her niche across the spacious court to the two staunch and venerable towers of Edward III and the Great Gate. But, on its way, her gaze must pause in the centre of the vast court to rest upon the fountain given by Dr. Nevile, a Master who did much for the college at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Turning through the richly carved screens into the hall, the spell of the place was at once upon me. I advanced to the high table behind which, in the centre, presides the portrait of the founder, Henry VIII. It is after the well-known portrait by Holbein—white-stockinged, white-shod, feet thrust far apart, arms akimbo, in puffed and jewelled sleeves, rings on first and fourth fingers of each hand, red-velvet mantle, white-plumed hat, fat and complacent face decorated with a sparse fringe of beard. It is a dominating figure, and the work of the painter is as masterful as the personality of his royal subject. I never think of Henry VIII without recalling a portrait of him at Warwick Castle—that portrait of him as a lad, at the time when he must have been under the tutelage of Erasmus. The face depicted there is so innocent, so intellectual, so full of promise. How could that engaging child have developed into this selfish, overbearing man? And yet, as I studied Holbein's characterization, I thought I detected some wistful gleam of the boy shining through. Not far from her great father, at my left, my attention was arrested and then absorbed by a portrait of Mary I (1516-58) after Sir Antonio More. Very actual she seemed to me, sitting there so stiffly on a richly-embroidered red-velvet chair, in a prim gown of dark-blue brocade under a dark velvet cloak held in at the waist by a jewelled girdle, and wearing a rather severe jewelled head-dress over her fine auburn hair. In that bright-pink carnation held so stiffly upright in her right hand, in the forefinger of her left thrust into a small beaded purse on her lap, I felt a sudden impingement of reality, as if down the centuries I had been admitted to a sitting, and I could almost hear Sir Antonio

telling her how to hold the carnation and fix her finger in her purse. Her hard hands wearing rings on first, third, and fourth fingers expressed to me in their very inexpressiveness a certain pathos. But above all details of costume and posture stands out that extremely high intellectual forehead. The eyebrowless eyes give one a look that is keen, calculating, unsympathetic. The straight upper lip set firmly over the lower lip, which curves without capacity for sentiment, and the resolute chin declare against compromise; while a dimple in the left cheek refuses to be a dimple, and is only a depression. The artist was not bent on flattery, or he would have improved upon that splotchy complexion and the red-tipped nose. It is a grim, austere, cruel face, untutored by emotion, the face indeed of a fanatic, that looks at one out of that canvas.

Just opposite this resolute queen, at the other end of the high table, in striking contrast, is the mobile and innocent face of a child—Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous portrait of William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester. In colouring it is like changeable silk in blues and tans. The little duke stands on the rim of the world, that is the curve of a burnt-grass hill clean-cut against the sky. He is dressed in softest tones of tan. With his left hand he draws his cloak around him, and in his right he holds a stick and plumed hat. His light-brown hair glints gold, his eyes are large and lustrous, and his softly rounded face is delicately hued as a peach. In his cleverly cut little boots softly turning down at the top he stands in silhouette against the tenderest of blue skies. There are two touches of red in the composition—just a flash of red bramble on the left, and, in a hummock on the right, perhaps that is a berry or strawberry-leaf. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that upon those two tiny spots, which the average sightseer probably does not notice but which he would miss were they not there, depends the perfection of the picture. How infinitesimal are the marks of genius!

Leaving the high table, I found myself looking into the familiar face of Alfred, Lord Tennyson—a portrait in the unmistakable manner of George Frederick Watts. It is the face of a sage painted against green leaves—mistletoe-leaves, I think. It suggested to my mind Tennyson's own Merlin. From the face of Tennyson I looked into the youthful face of Byron at his side. The tears came to my eyes as I remembered how Tennyson, the lad, had idolized Byron, the great poet; how, when the news came of Byron's death, Tennyson had walked up and down in the wood, saying over and over to himself, "Byron is dead! Byron is dead!" It seemed to him—I can't remember exactly how he expressed it—

that the whole world was changed, that something essential had dropped out. Little could he have dreamed then that one day their portraits would hang side by side in the same college—Byron still a youth, as he might have looked in his college days, and Tennyson grown into a sage. Byron's is the face of a passionate boy, thick-lipped, lustrous-eyed, sensitive, impressionable, without sign of self-knowledge or self-mastery. Had he lived to be an octogenarian, he would hardly have become a sage. Tennyson's face shows what I believe Byron's never could have possessed—creative energy subject to discipline, and serenity that comes from contemplation. On the opposite side of the hall, facing Tennyson and Byron, is an unsatisfactory portrait of Dryden. One can detect nothing of the poet in that thick-lipped, large-eyed face rendered expressionless by many thicknesses of varnish. In its present state, at least, it would be more useful as a lacquered tray than as a revealing portrait. Near by is a portrait of Sir Francis Bacon with pointed beard and lace ruff, and one of Sir Isaac Newton by Vanderbank.

But, in the ante-room of the chapel, Newton has been honoured more conspicuously in a noble statue by Roubiliac. He faces the altar, holding in his hand a small object which one soon discovers to be the prism by means of which he was the first to demonstrate how light may be analysed into its component colours. As I gazed at his finely poised head and his intellectual face, I wished that he might have had the satisfaction of knowing the marvellous part his little prism was destined to play in the astronomical calculations of our day. By his side is a statue of Sir Francis Bacon—a seated figure in the ruff, cuffs, and full-gathered knee-breeches of his period. His left elbow rests on the arm of his chair, and his left hand lightly supports his head which is tilted as if he were looking with the eye of understanding, beyond the realm of the senses, at things in their ultimate relationships. Here, too, are monumental statues of Thomas Babington Macaulay and Tennyson. The likeness of Thackeray has been reserved for the library, which I was not able to see. There, too, I should have seen Thorwaldsen's famous statue of Byron. The exterior of the library made me long to penetrate its walls. One would naturally expect it to be imposing, designed as it was by Sir Christopher Wren in emulation of Sansovino. Moreover, it is advantageously placed in that charming court by which I entered the college, Nevile's court. It was gratifying to consider that it was upon this altogether lovely cloistered court that the windows of the youthful Lord Byron opened.

Very different from Trinity College is Jesus College, where next I loitered. It was with a thrill of pleasure that I first came upon the gracefully sculptured arch that forms its entrance. Outlined by a few well-placed acanthus leaves, it springs lightly up to a refined point which culminates in a niche containing the statue of a bishop. This statue is novel in that it does not seem to have been created as a unit independent of its surroundings. In size, in flow of line, it fits into the general decorative scheme of which it forms the chief motif. To my mind it loses nothing of character in this, but rather gains by contributing to a purpose that is larger than its own separate unity. This treatment seems particularly suitable in the case of this bishop, who was a man of great tact, taste and gentleness, and knew how to adapt himself to conditions. The face is clean-shaven, sympathetic, charming, with a suggestion of humour about the sensitive mouth. We find a proof of that humour in his rebus which has been used in forming the topmost point of the arch-decoration—a cock perched on a globe. In that rebus one can almost read the founder's name—Bishop John Alcock. On one side of the arch is a shield bearing three cocks' heads; and on the other side is a shield bearing three crowns. The whole scheme cheers one with its delicate beauty in which humour plays a part. That this Bishop Alcock was a man of consummate tact is shown by the manner in which he dealt with a convent of Benedictine nuns which, from a state of usefulness, had dwindled into a condition of inanition and decay, with only two nuns remaining. It was a noble idea to transform this convent into a college. As I looked into his understanding sympathetic face, I could imagine how gently he must have dealt with those last two sisters. His good taste led him to preserve what could be preserved of the old convent. So we find in the cloister a delightful bit of interlacing arches and delicate columns of the Early English Period. The old refectory was utilized for the hall, and the original church serves as the chapel. For this reason the chapel of Jesus College is more like a church than the other chapels are, having the regular cruciform shape, with transepts and tower. The transept arches are lofty, with scarcely more than an incipient tendency to accept the Gothic point, and with the carving still in the traditional Norman designs. In one of the transepts, I came upon a memorial tablet to John Cranmer. I did not leave the college without remembering that it was the Alma Mater of Samuel T. Coleridge and Laurence Sterne. And I found the corner from which the autocratic professor, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, looks out upon the world. But it was for the piquant personality of Bishop Alcock

peeping from the stones that I passed that way again and again.

Jesus College, down Jesus Lane, seems to stand rather apart, at the edge of the meadows. Beyond it, I walked across the common where cows are perpetually browsing and where the Cam widens out as if it were approaching the sea. It is here that the college crews row in term time; but the men that I saw practising so diligently with their coxswains were not college men. During the long vacation, the townsmen and the college servants justly have their turn on the river. I followed a path at the water's edge embroidered, here and there, with purple blossoms of mint, blue clusters of forget-me-nots and sprays of meadowsweet. The air was fresh and cool, and a smell of the salt-marshes came on the breeze from the sea. I soon turned away from the river-path, and crossed the meadows to the lovely old church of Fen Ditton. Then I found the river again, which I crossed by the ferry at the tavern called "The Plough." A little dog announced my arrival by shrill barking, and the ferryman, obeying his summons, shuffled good-humouredly down to the river to turn the handle to send me across by the little pulley-run boat.

But my favourite walk was along the upper reaches of the river called the Granta. The Granta and the Cam are indeed one river; but when, long ago, the name of the town was gradually changed, or shortened, from Grantabridge to Cambridge, that part of the river below the flood-gate altered its name to conform to that of the town, while the upper reaches still held to the old tradition and the old name of Granta. One goes across cool pastures beside the winding river, which, on fine days, is well populated with punts and canoes, until one comes out in the quaint and historic village of Grantchester. There one finds thatched cottages and old-fashioned gardens sweet with lavender and gay with hollyhocks, and a curiously constructed old church with only one aisle where the Venerable Bede is portrayed in one of the windows. In Grantchester one is indeed on sacred ground. It sent me back to my Chaucer to look up the "Trumpington Tale." Sometimes I wandered along the winding river towards Trumpington until I came to the old mill and the old bridge where there is sure to be someone dangling a fish-line. One hears the whirr of the mill-wheel and probably the song of a thrush, and the shadows are mysterious on the shining black pool. This is the scene of Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter*. Farther along, beyond the next bridge, under willow trees, is a widening out of the river known as "Byron's Pool." Chaucer, Spencer, Herrick, Nash, Marlowe, Dryden, Gray,

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Rupert Brooke, have all walked with their muses along these shadowy stretches.

One afternoon, late, I started out to walk by the road to Grantchester. The sky was almost clear when I set out; but as I came under an avenue of elms, about half-way there, the clouds rolled up angrily, and the roar of the far-off sea seemed to be caught up by the tree-tops, which were lifted like great plumes against the sky. I rushed to the only visible shelter—a shed on a poultry-farm, where, sitting on a box, I watched the torrents come down upon a cabbage-field, and could see harvesters with their horses in an adjoining wheat-field under the leeward side of their stacks. Presently the clouds rolled away as impetuously as they had come up, leaving the sky like clean-washed indigo, and the earth smiling and bright. The harvesters resumed their work, and I went on my way along the glistening road. Then I followed the path under the trees along the Granta as far as Byron's Pool, and beyond. The song of a thrush floated through the clean blue air, and the rich long rays of the late sun scattered in golden siftings through the shining leaves. On my way home, I wanted to make a picture of a sunset scene—a group of ricks, between queer-shaped pollarded willows, on the edge of the world, clean-cut against the sky, where majestic colours trembled just ready to lie down and sleep.

Walking in and about Cambridge is, however, considered as an exercise, rather monotonous. The country is too flat. One has to go some distance before coming to hills. There is, to be sure, a little upward pull right in the town, going past Magdalene College, on the Huntingdon Road and on towards Girton. And it is possible to have a diminutive climb up Castle Hill, off the same road, near Magdalene. I scrambled up there one morning, using my hands part of the way, for the steep grassy path was slippery from the sliding of the children. At the top, I found a group of small urchins discussing quite learnedly the aspects of the sky. From there I could see plainly how Cambridge lies in a perfectly-formed bowl rimmed by distant hills; and then I fell to wondering whether Castle Hill is really a hill at all, or if it is not merely a grass-grown heap of ruins. There is now, however, no stone, nor fraction of a stone, to suggest that William the Norman ever had a castle there. It is about four miles to the first real hill. That is on the road to Bedford, which is also the road to Oxford, some eighty-five miles away, according to the first sign-post. One is advised to choose a clear day to go up Madingley Hill, on account of the view. It was far from clear when I started out. I even had cause to use my umbrella in the beginning. But presently the clouds began to

break up and blow about, showing rifts of intensely blue sky, and sunshine dappled the landscape. Looking back towards Cambridge, I could see only a huge bouquet of trees, with the turrets of King's College and St. John's College, and two church spires emerging like lilies from the foliage. Two frail tendrils of houses curled away—one towards Grantchester and Trumpington, the other towards Girton, which I could see distinctly about three miles from Cambridge on the Huntingdon road.

Girton seems remote from the other colleges, as if she were exclusive and sufficient unto herself. But one must remember that she was a pioneer, and began her existence when a woman's college in very close proximity to either of the great universities would not have been tolerated. That was only 1869. Tolerance must have increased rapidly; for it was not more than two years later when Newham opened her doors, at a not much greater distance from the university centre than the more remote men's colleges.

The days passed all too quickly. I think I found my way into all, or most, of the eighteen colleges, and the two women's colleges; I took account of the many laboratories—such plain new-looking buildings—that now play such a vital part in the activity of the university; I explored the surrounding country and several of the outlying villages. It would be a regrettable omission were I to forget to mention the Fitzwilliam Museum, where I spent many profitable hours. That compact and conveniently arranged structure houses treasures of which it has just reason to be proud. There many young men, including Tennyson and Darwin, have found food for thought. There are drawings and paintings by Rossetti and others of his group that I had been longing to see—among them, a pencil-sketch of Miss Siddall with a strand of hair in her mouth, a small portrait in oils of Algernon Swinburne, a delicately done one of himself in pen and sepia, more drawings of Miss Siddall, of Mrs. William Morris, and Mrs. Beyet, who sat for Joan of Arc, and a cartoon for "Dr. Johnson at the Mitre." Part of these are in the J. A. Holiday bequest, which is rather recent. This bequest includes also a group bridging the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—water-colours and drawings by David Cox, Thomas Rowlands, John Sell Cotman, Anthony Davis, Peter de Wint, J. E. Millais, and even some by John Ruskin. There is a replica of "The Emigrants" by Millais, done by the artist himself. It is like the original at Birmingham, except that the shawl is red-and-black instead of green-and-black. A little printed account of it is placed beside the picture, and one becomes more and more impressed with the jewel-like quality of his work as one reads of the length of time

required to do that marvellous shawl and the cherry-coloured bonnet-strings. In a glass case I saw part of the drawings done by Burne-Jones for the illustration of the Kelmscott-Press Chaucer. They derive an added interest from the fact that they were presented by the Rt. Hon. Stanley E. Baldwin, whose mother was one of the sisters of Burne-Jones's wife. The almost-modern painters are well represented. It was a treat to see Sargent's "Olives in Corfu," a picture that vibrates with poetic quality, such as his "Rose Carnation and Lily Rose," at the Tate Gallery, also possesses. It seems a pity that this gifted artist has given us so few pictures of this order. I saw characteristic portraits by Augustus E. John of Thomas Hardy and George Bernard Shaw, both in rather unnatural looking light-blue jackets, probably supposed to be of grey homespun. On an easel, his large portrait of William Nicholson, the artist, annoyed me in the same way that some of Sargent's portraits do, on account of its vast amount of waste-canvas. On another easel, a distinguished picture by Nicholson himself, "The Girl with the Tattered Glove," arrested my attention. That conspicuous self-portrait of William Strange in shirtsleeves, which I believe was much discussed in art journals at the time of its appearance, made me wonder again why he should have chosen to hand himself down to posterity in that dishabille. But the most attractive room of all is the newest one, and it holds the oldest pictures. One walks on oriental rugs; vases of fresh flowers are placed here and there; and the pictures are hung against Japanese gold paper which makes a most becoming background for the primitives. The atmosphere created is one of loving homage, which makes one feel that it would be appropriate to kneel.

Yes, I felt that I had been intimately received, at a season when guests are not usual, and had been allowed to make myself perfectly at home in whatever way I chose. No secrets were hidden from me, if I cared to enquire into them. I could contemplate its mellow past, which when it was present was doubtless difficult and full of sharp edges; I could consider its present, like every present, full of the problems of getting on from moment to moment, from day to day, but which would so soon disintegrate into the romantic past; I could conjecture something of its future possibility of playing a bright part in the solution of social problems and international relationships. And, on my way to the station, I found myself hoping that Charles Lamb had enjoyed his August holiday in Cambridge as much as I had mine.