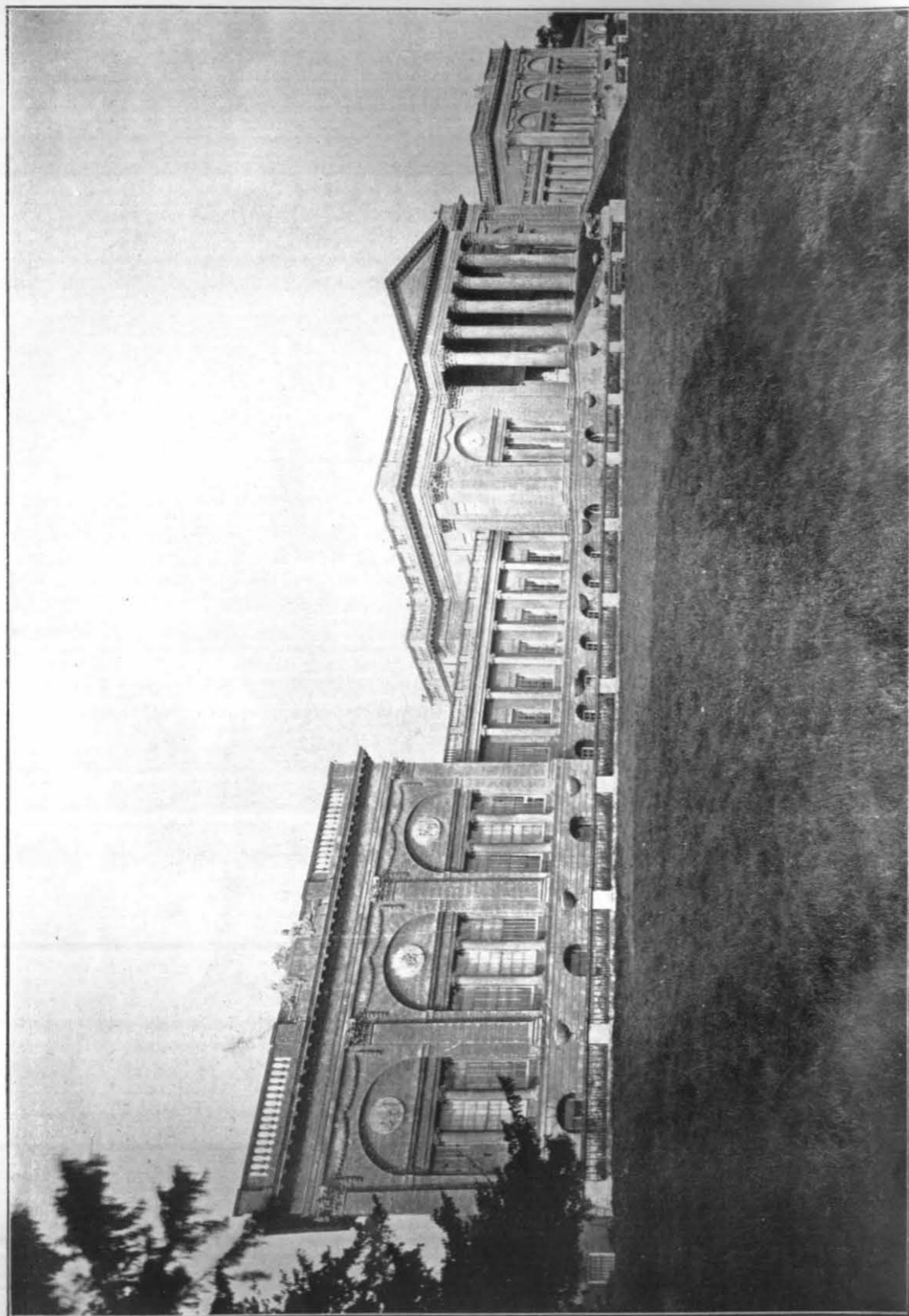


THE STOIC



Number One

JULY 1923



THE SOUTH FRONT.

THE STOIC

VOL. I

JULY, 1923

No. 1

STO ET STABO

I stand and shall stand

THE first word has represented a fact since May 11th, 1923, at about 6.30 in the evening. The second represents an aspiration, and is therefore of much greater importance. The exertions of very many people were required to establish the fact; it will devolve principally upon ourselves to realise the aspiration.

Perhaps we ought first to make it clear why we have taken upon ourselves to exist. Then we can go on to consider why we propose to continue in existence. Stowe exists because it is needed, because there are more boys of Public School quality in the country than the Public Schools can hold. That is a simple but sufficient reason. Stowe proposes to continue in existence for the additional reason that it believes itself to have a character of its own, and hopes in the fulness of time to make a contribution of its own to English education.

If we have a character of our own, we do not claim praise on that account. It is due to our surroundings and to our youth, and we owe neither of those to our own exertions. The place we live in is of singular and moving beauty, but we did not build the house or plant the trees. It has associations with some of the great makers of English history, but their history was made before we were born. All this is inherited wealth, not earned. For our youth we can take no credit either, and indeed the time is not yet come for us to take credit for anything at all. That will be later on, perhaps. Meanwhile we can only acknowledge thankfully the beauty with which this place surrounds us, the stimulus which it gives to all honourable ambitions, and also in particular the unusual freedom which it allows us from rules and bounds and restrictions of all kinds. Our youth secures us a further freedom, too—freedom from the traditions of speech and conduct which in older

communities provide for every generation a ready-made standard of behaviour. So situated, we can hardly help being a little different from other people—having in fact a character of our own. The important question for us is this—shall we be able to preserve that character when we are getting used to our surroundings and beginning to lose our youth?

The right answer to that question is that we mean never to get used to our surroundings and never to lose our youth. There is no need at all for us to do either. Men have often kept their power of wonder and their essential youthfulness to the very end of a long life. Still, it will not be an easy matter. We have to preserve our youth in more than a figurative sense. We have to see that, as we ourselves become old inhabitants, we give to the new generations which come in below us as much liberty as we have had ourselves, and allow them to live their own lives as we lived ours in this first year. That is not as simple as it sounds, but it can be done and we must do it.

Then we have to see not only that we do not lose our liberty, but also that while we have it we do not abuse it. Liberty always involves a risk—that is why the best kind of man values it so highly—and the only really safe life is life in a prison. Rules and restrictions will largely prevent people (just as being in prison prevents them) from doing foolish or wrong things, and the more liberty there is the greater is the risk that such things will be done. But the best, if not the safest, way of keeping a community free from wrong and folly is to teach its members to prefer right and sense. Liberty itself is the best teacher of those things, and if we will learn from our liberty, it will be a blessing to us. If not, it will be a curse. We have to decide for ourselves which of the two it is going to be.

Finally, when we have preserved our special character and our liberty and made the best use of all the things which belong to us and not to others, we have to set out to win many precious things which belong to others and not to us. We must not think that we shall all be of Sixth Form standard when we are of Sixth Form age, or that in three years' time, because we have teams as old as those of other Public Schools, we shall therefore be able to meet other Public Schools on equal terms. The working tradition (or the game-playing tradition) of a great school is an inheritance from generations of boys who have worked and played their hardest in it. Every success in the past has helped to make success seem more clearly a necessity, and has raised the standard by which everyone unconsciously measures himself and his attainments. We have no past successes and no unconscious standard of attainment. We have to make our own standard, and it is not

an easy matter to make a high one all at once. The best teaching or coaching and the presence of a few specially gifted people can do little without a high level of general expectation and a tradition of success. The only substitute for these which we can supply is a high level of effort and a tradition of endeavour. If we cannot achieve those, we shall find ourselves in a humiliating position in a few years time, when we ought properly to be gaining scholarships and winning matches. These may be small things in themselves, but they will reveal to us and others what we have done with our first three years.

It seems pardonable now to do less than we might at work or games; the consequences are not obvious at present, and seem chiefly concerned with ourselves. But in fact there will never be a time in the School's career when strenuous effort will be more important than it is now for the welfare of the place. Our youth brings us many advantages and great happiness. But its handicaps also are not small, and we shall only be able to overcome them if we build up a tradition which will demand from everyone on every occasion the very best that he can give.

THE MAKERS OF STOWE

THE Manor of Stowe was the property of the Bishop of Bayeux at the time of the Domesday Survey, when Robert D'Oyly and Roger Ivery 'hold it' of him. It was rated as five hides and was worth 40s.

Early in the twelfth century D'Oyly secured the grant of the manor and bestowed it, together with the Church of Moreton, on the Abbey of Oseney, near Oxford. The Monks of Oseney possessed it until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the abbey, now converted into a cathedral, became part of the endowment of the new Bishopric of Oxford.

In 1530, during a vacancy in the See of Oxford, Queen Elizabeth granted the Estate of Stowe to one Thomas Wright, who sold it in the following year to John Temple, Esquire. His father, Sir Peter Temple, knight, had already acquired land in the district, leasing it, most probably, from the Bishop of Oxford. John Temple, Esquire, died in 1603, a few years after he had been appointed High Sheriff of Bucks. His son, Sir Thomas Temple, inherited the estate and married the renowned Hester Sandys, of Latimers, a lady of whom Fuller reports that she lived to see seven hundred descendants, or, as others say, more than a thousand of her issue before her death. It was their

eldest son, Sir Richard Temple, who 'enclosed two hundred acres for a park at Stowe.'

Sir Richard Temple, Bart., K.B., and M.P. for Bucks, who succeeded his father, built 'a new house' at Stowe, that is to say, rebuilt what had been the Manor House; but it was his son, another Sir Richard Temple, Bart., afterwards created Lord Cobham, who, with the aid of men of genius like Vanbrugh and Kent, built Stowe House and laid out its spacious gardens.

He had a distinguished career. Succeeding his father in 1697, he was twice M.P. for Bucks, twice for Buckingham, and was sworn of the Privy Council. He served as a colonel in Marlborough's campaigns, and bore himself so well at Lille in 1708 that he was sent to Queen Anne with the news of its fall. He was created Baron Cobham, of Cobham, in Kent, by George I, and went as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to announce the accession of that king to Charles II, Emperor of Germany. In 1718 he was raised to the dignity of Viscount and Baron Cobham. He became Colonel of the 'King's Own,' or Cobham's Troop of Horse (1st Dragoon Guards), in which regiment William Pitt, his connection, was serving as a Cornet.

He was appointed successively Governor of Windsor Castle and Governor of Jersey. And then came a turn in his fortunes. He incurred the displeasure of Walpole, who was Prime Minister, for his share in opposing 'that hateful tax upon commodities'—the Excise Bill. Dismissed from his regiment and in disgrace with George II, he became a lion among the Company of 'Boy Patriots.' Faction, however, did not hold him for long. Walpole fell from power in 1742, and Cobham returned to favour under Wilmington and the Pelhams. He was created Field Marshal and made Colonel of Horse Guards, and, while the King was absent in Hanover, acted as one of his Regents.

So much for the military and political career of one who yet found time to build a magnificent 'retirement' and enjoy there the company of the cultivated minds of his time. Pope and Congreve were household names at Stowe. Vanbrugh, Kent and Gibbs left their mark upon it. Pitt, Chesterfield, Lyttelton, 'Leonidas' Glover, Wilkes and Thomson, and many other distinguished persons enjoyed its hospitality.

'To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care,'

wrote James Hammond.

Cobham died at Stowe in 1749. There was no surviving issue, and his sister, Hester, who had married into the Grenville family, became Viscountess Cobham, and was afterwards created Countess Temple.

Her eldest son Richard died childless, but she had a daughter who became the wife of William Pitt the elder, and a second son, George, who was Prime Minister to George III.

It was the son of this Prime Minister who succeeded to the title. He was George Grenville, and he married Mary Nugent, daughter of Goldsmith's Lord Clare, assuming the name and arms of Nugent and Temple. He was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and became Secretary of State. In 1784 he was made Marquis of the town of Buckingham.

His eldest son Richard, second Marquis of Buckingham, married Lady Anne Brydges, the only surviving daughter of the last Duke of Chandos, and assumed the name and arms of Brydges and Chandos. He was advanced by patent, in 1822, to the Dukedom of Buckingham and Chandos and was created, on the same date, Earl Temple of Stowe. We speak of him as the First Duke. He died in 1839, and was succeeded by his son Richard-Plantagenet-Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, the 'Second' Duke, who entertained Queen Victoria at Stowe in 1844, ran seriously into debt and sold vast quantities of his lands and possessions in 1848.

His son, the 'third' and last Duke, worked hard to restore the fortunes of his house, and won the sympathy and respect of the neighbourhood. When he died, in 1889, Stowe was leased to the Comte de Paris, who died there in 1894. It then passed to the last Duke's daughter, the eighth Baroness Kinloss, from whom it was lately purchased by the Governors of Stowe School.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING

'Thanks, sir,' cried I, ' 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.'

(SWIFT ON BLENHEIM.)

A FLIGHT of thirty-one steps, not fifty, as Horace Walpole says, leads up to the portico or loggia of the South Front. On either side of this extends, along the entire front of the house, a flower garden, where the men are now at work. It is enclosed by a balustrade of iron and Portland stone, upon which were mounted, at intervals, very beautiful bronze 'Vases of the Antique.' These are no longer with us, but rumour says they are to be replaced by others

of a like kind. The portico itself is formed by six Corinthian columns and two pilasters, and it has a ceiling in three compartments decorated with Palmyra designs. Over the great door and the niches is a bas-relief representing a sacrifice to Bacchus, the door-case itself being very richly carved in stone. Standing on the threshold and looking across the Octagon Lake towards the Corinthian arch, one feels a very insignificant being! The columns themselves are 3 ft. 7 in. in diameter, and there is a space of over 7 ft. from base to base.

Behind is the domed saloon, or central hall of the building, which is now the School Assembly Room. It is an oval lighted by a central opening in the dome, and the ceiling is divided into compartments diminishing towards the centre. There is scroll work about the oval light, at each end of which are figures supporting the arms of the first Earl Temple and of George Marquis of Buckingham.

The cornice is of the Doric order, with masks of Bacchantes and Satyrs, and above it is an attic supporting an alto-relievo, consisting of more than three hundred figures, designed and carried out by Valdrè. They occupy the whole circle and represent a Triumph and a Sacrifice; they were collected, principally, from the columns of Trajan and of Antoninus; from the Arches of Severus, Titus and Constantine, and from other monuments of Roman greatness. They are, for the most part, nearly four feet high, and are interspersed with trophies, spoils and animals. The procession starts from a triumphal arch, directly above the hall door, and is heading for the temple which is opposite it, above the loggia door. It is a magnificent piece of work. The cornice is supported by sixteen Scagliola columns, by Bartoli, in imitation of Sicilian jasper, which are finished with a lustre said to surpass that of the finest marble. Their bases and capitals are of white marble. In the walls are sixteen compartments with trophies in bold relief, and below them the four doors and twelve niches.

The North Door of 'Assembly' leads to the entrance hall, in which there is an interesting ceiling, painted by Kent. The seven planets are represented, and Mars, the ruler of them, who is likened to William III, is in the act of presenting a sword to Field-Marshal Viscount Cobham, in allusion to the command of a regiment which that king gave him. The high relief on the West Wall, worked in white marble by Banks, shows Caractacus in the presence of the Emperor Claudius. Opposite this, on the East Wall, Alexander the Great visits the Tent of Darius.

A stone staircase with an iron balustrade leads down to the Egyptian Hall, which formed a covered entrance for the use of guests in winter

or rough weather, a paved way, wide enough for a carriage and pair, leading down to it from either side of the north portico. The walls of this hall are so treated as to give one the impression, from the interior, of great strength and solidity. They are not perpendicular, and the ceiling between them is vaulted. The effect of an Egyptian temple in miniature is produced, and heightened by odd-looking hieroglyphics on the walls.

Above this 'subterranean' entrance stands the North Portico, formed by four Ionic pillars and two pilasters. The pillars here are only 2 ft. 10 in. in diameter. Lions couchant flank the steps. They gaze towards the park with a curious expression, as though tickled by the recent transformation. (In the early days of the Term they became so popular as hobby-horses that the authorities had to step in.) The rooms immediately to the east of the entrance hall were known as the Chandos suite, those to the west as the Clarence suite. They are now within the domain of Grenville and Temple Houses respectively.

At their extremities are thrown out the circular corridors, or covered walks, each formed by twenty-seven Ionic columns and one pilaster. They are of little practical value to us at present, but one will be in use shortly as a highway to the laboratories, and they certainly add grace and dignity to the North Elevation. Two Grand Staircases lead to the bedrooms, which have now become dormitories, and still bear the names of Plantagenet, Temple and Grenville suites.

The East Door of Assembly leads into the Music Room, over which immense care had been taken to maintain a harmony of colouring. There are two finely-proportioned Scagliola columns at each end, executed by Bartoli, in imitation of Sienna marble. The capitals are richly gilt, and the walls divided into panels with paintings in Arabesque and other subjects, the ideas of which were taken chiefly from the loggia of Raphael at Rome. The recess at the north end of the room is decorated in a beautiful manner, the pilasters which support it being painted on a gold ground, in a style perfectly new at the time; the same ground and decoration ornament the friezes of the door and the panels of the shutters. The doors are divided into panels, the ground of which is pink, and the paintings within them are in *chiarscuro*. The ceiling is taken from a design of Raphael's and is divided into compartments, some of which are painted in *chiarscuro* upon a pink background, others in colour. The coloured pictures throughout are noticeable for their freshness. Valdrè designed, decorated and executed this room. Its sister, the state drawing-room, on the opposite side of 'Assembly,' is now Temple House Room. Here were formerly some elaborately-carved and gilt chairs and sofa,

covered with crimson velvet, which came from the Doge's Palace at Venice. Their place is taken by four long tables and forty-five chairs of a more conventional and, for our purpose, more serviceable pattern. Wooden lockers line the walls, once hung with the works of Rubens, Titian, Vandyck and others. A door leads into the School dining-room. It was formerly the state dining-room, and the walls were hung with tapestry of Brussels manufacture. Two magnificent chimney-pieces of Sienna and white marble, which were removed, have been replaced by others in keeping with the design of the room and bearing the 'egg and dart' moulding which is to be seen all over the house.

At the far end of the dining hall a door leads into Bruce House Room, formerly the state bed-chamber, and occupied as a drawing-room by Queen Victoria when she was entertained by the Second Duke in 1844. Borra designed the ceiling, which is decorated with the Insignia of the Order of the Garter and supported by fluted Corinthian columns in white and gold. On the elevated dais at the far end once stood the state bed, also the work of Borra, enclosed by a balustrade of polished brass. Here again the pictures on the walls have been replaced by school lockers, and the walls themselves have been so well treated that the effect is very striking.

The Reception Rooms on the South Front have been turned into class-rooms, and, for class-rooms, it would be difficult to find their match. The most Utopian of regulations regarding air space and elbow room are satisfied, while the ceiling is an education in itself—if all else fails!

The Chapel remains much as it was, except that it has been relieved of the colours presented to 'Richard, Marquess of Buckingham, by Arthur, Marquess of Wellington,' for his services in France in 1814. It holds the School and is used regularly for School services. It is panelled throughout with sweet-smelling cedar and has a gallery of the same, the whole being beautifully proportioned, although a trifle ornate. Grinling Gibbons' carving is the best part of it, but nobody has yet succeeded in finding his pea-pod sign. The roof matches that of the Royal Chapel at St. James', and the King's arms are very much in evidence. Part of the cedar panelling, it is interesting to note, was bought out of a Spanish prize by the Earl of Bath for his chapel at Stowe, in Cornwall, the seat of the Cornish branch of the Grenville family, from whence it was brought to Stowe in Bucks by Lord Cobham.

The Library, now, of course, the School Library, used to consist of about twenty thousand volumes of printed books, collected chiefly by the Marquis of Buckingham and added to by the First Duke. It is

seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet broad, and is fitted entirely with mahogany. The anti-library outside it, supported by columns, was the work of Dudley Adams.

A stairway leads down to the old Manuscript Library, which is now the Headmaster's Library. It was fitted up in the Gothic style by Sir John Soane, whose designs for the decoration of this room were correctly modelled from the ornaments of Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. There is a circular shield in the vaulted ceiling, filled with seven hundred and nineteen armorial bearings, of the Grenville, Temple, Nugent and Chandos families. The window frames are glazed with stained glass borders, and the bookcases with bronze frames. Over the chimney-piece, the door and the recesses are carved Gothic canopies. The interesting high-relief over the library door has been saved for us. It came originally from Castle Hedingham, in Essex, and represents the Battle of Bosworth Field. Richard III can be seen lying prostrate under the horse's feet of Richmond.

Visitors to Stowe often ask to be shown the Gothic Library when they mean the Gothic Temple, which is a very different thing—being indeed a house and not a dwelling.

STOICA

ALL four of the In-School Houses will be open next Term, and all four will of course be full. The total number in the School will be approximately 190.

The Arms newly granted to the School are thus described in Heraldic language: *Quarterly indented argent and or: in the first quarter a lion rampant azure, for Bruce; in the second quarter a pile gules, for Chandos; in the third quarter a pile vert, thereon a cross of the second charged with five torteaux, for Grenville; in the fourth quarter three martlets of the third, for Temple.* 'Bruce,' of course, represents the Barony of Kinloss, the last title to be borne by an owner of Stowe. The motto is *PERSTO ET PRAESTO*, which is officially translated *I Stand Fast and I Stand First*.

It is naturally a comforting thought for the inhabitants of *Bruce*, *Temple*, *Grenville* and *Chandos* that the new Houses to be built in the grounds, though they will bear ancient and honourable names, cannot be represented directly in the coat of arms. That is the privilege of the Foundation Houses only.

The bathing-place in Eleven Acre Lake was first used on June 29th. It does well enough for the present, and by next year it should be in first-rate order. The bathing-pool in the north-west quadrangle will be ready for use before long.

In the course of six consecutive days recently over sixty names were definitely entered for the School. If entries continue to be received at the rate of ten a day, we shall be faced with three thousand six hundred and fifty new boys in a year. The architect will no doubt do his best for us, but this number is probably more than even he can arrange to accommodate. There are already enough entries for next year to fill four additional Houses.

The new football grounds near the Bourbon Tower need a certain amount of levelling, but they will eventually accommodate several games.

The ornamental building in the Lower Flower Garden, which is being converted into a School Shop, is now in use, and will shortly be completed. We shall be able to entertain our visitors to 'Tea on the Terrace' there.

The Temple of Concord and Victory is now being used, temporarily, as a bicycle shed. A wooden viaduct leading to the stylobate has been constructed by the resourceful Mr. Sikes.

Mr. George Weller, of Amersham, has presented to the School sixteen fine old engravings of the house and gardens as they were in 1739. They are by Rigaud and Baron, and have the titles in both French and English. By the generosity of the donor these have been worthily framed, and will shortly be hung where they can be seen and enjoyed by everyone.

The gigantic pike, said to be lurking in the waters of the Octagon, is still uncaught, though a local angler of note has promised to have it stuffed for the School if he is lucky enough to land it.

To the correspondent who asks whether Tennis has taken the place of Cricket at Stowe, we return a very indignant No! But we generally find time to finish our game of Bowls before beating the Spaniard—that is all.

The first annual prize to be founded at Stowe is due to the generosity of Mr. Julius Bertram. For the present it will be awarded

for English subjects. We are also indebted to him for the map of the Stowe country made up by Stanford's from parts of nine sheets of the 6 in. Ordnance Survey Map.

The House Librarians of both Houses have lately received donations of £5, due, it is said, to the indiscretion of a Monitor in passing an examination when he was expected not to.

But for the destructive habits of grey squirrels we should have more birds in the park. The two red squirrels belong to the genius of the menagerie, and were given to him by Dr. and Mrs. McDowell.

A House challenge cup for cricket has been presented by the Headmaster. Mr. Ginn has very kindly presented a cup for Swimming, and Mr. Buckley a cup for Tennis.

A four-ton motor-roller has been preparing the football ground on the South Front, and will be very useful for the upkeep of our many miles of road.

The Prefects have recently sent a cheque for ten guineas to the Appeal Fund of the British Olympic Association.

The latest and largest wireless installation, belonging to G. Buckley, is in daily touch with most of the European capitals.

It is reported that the electricians and plumbers have put in thirty miles of pipes and wires inside the house in the last few months.

Chairs take the place of forms throughout the School. They are not *all* up to the standard of those in the Library.

There are electric clocks throughout the School. They try to keep the right time and succeed in keeping the same time, but the old one in front of the House has given up the struggle. We all miss the chimes—except, perhaps, the inhabitants of the upper dormitories.

French songs and Latin hymns now resound from the classrooms. 'Au clair de la lune' was for a fortnight in danger of becoming the School Song.

THE STOIC

The Educational Supplement of the *Times* states that the Buckingham County Council has appointed the Headmaster to be one of its representatives on the Governing Body of the Royal Latin School at Buckingham.

The lighting arrangements in Assembly have been rather strikingly successful. It would surprise the designer to see electric bulbs skilfully disposed among his marble pillars.

Mr. Joseph Thorp has promised to give an annual prize for craftsmanship, but it has not been possible to award it this Term as the workshops are not yet ready.

The statue of George I, which was bought for the School at a high figure, has seen many vicissitudes. Not long ago it was separated from the House by a lake, which occupied the site of our cricket field.

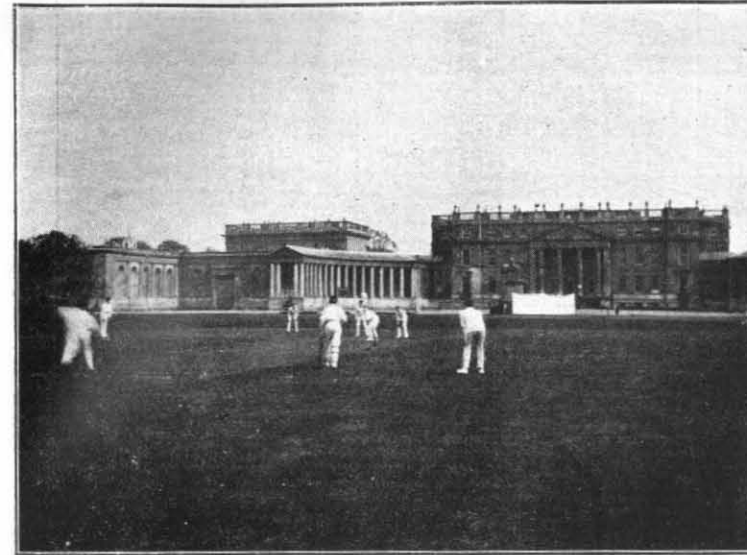
The 'New Ponds' will not hold water. We have Mr. Sikes' word for it. And there is no truth in the rumour that the threat of the second Duke to put in a copper bottom will be carried out by the firm lately engaged in the construction of rabbit runs and squirrel cages.

On June 26th, Miss Dolores Grenfell presented to the Library six copies of Mr. John Buchan's book upon the famous 'Grenfell Twins'—Francis and Riversdale Grenfell. All the volumes contained an autographed inscription by Field Marshall Lord Grenfell, whose gift they were.

FROM THE LATIN VERSE PAPER SET IN THE
SCHOLARSHIP EXAM.

This is the school of Mother Nature, and the beech trees be the mistresses; and here the little beast cracks hard nuts. He learns himself and his own strength. Here, perchance, by the like teaching thou, O boy, mayest learn thou are divine.

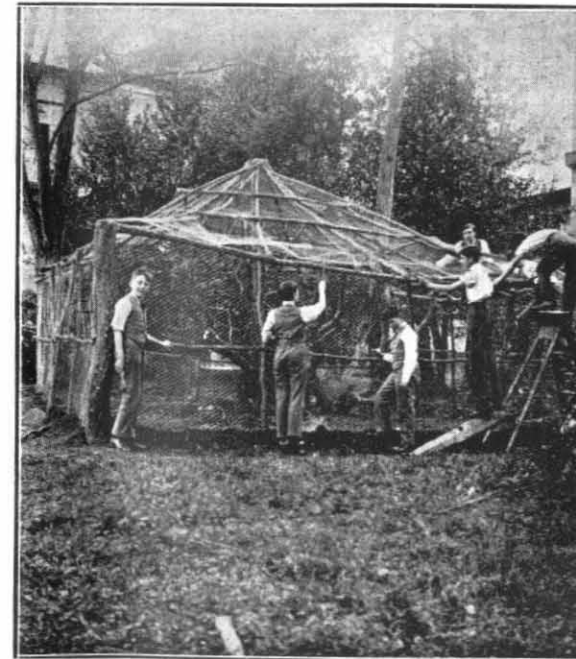
Haec secola naturae matris, fagique magistrae,
Frangit et hic duras bestia parva nucas.
Se discit, viresque suas: hic forsane eadem
Doctrina disces tu, puer, esse deus.



THE FIRST HOUSE MATCH.
Bruce v. Temple.



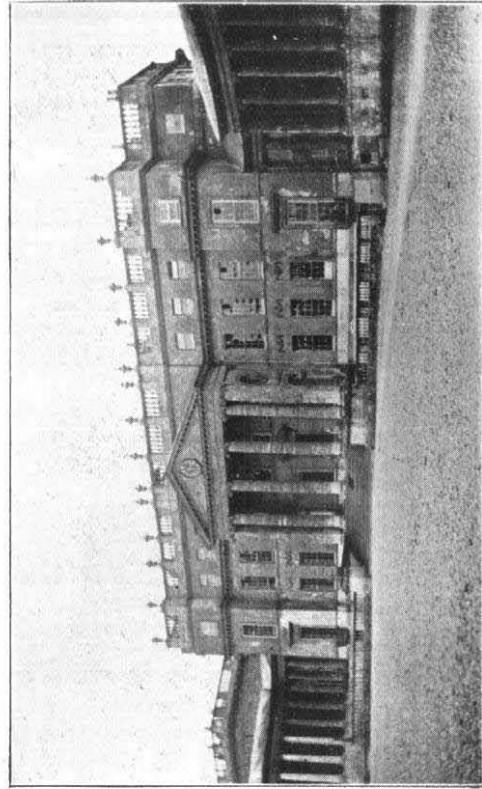
THE MIGHTY HUNTER.
N. E. R.



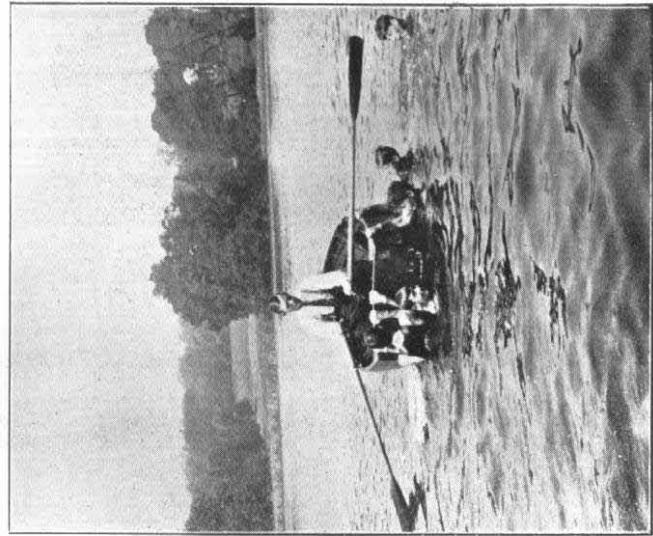
THE ZOO IN MAKING.
One of the Cages.



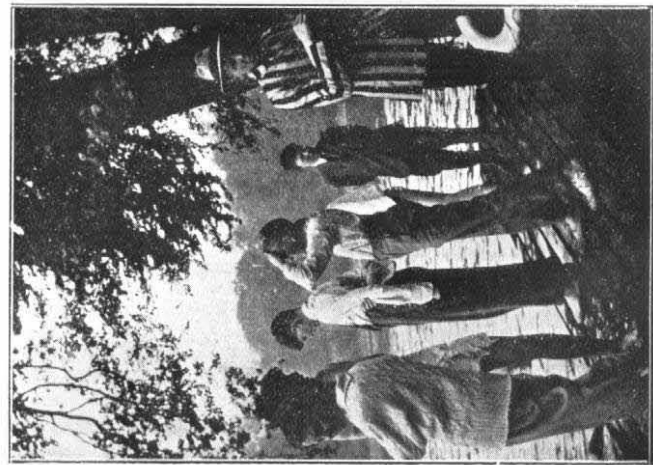
ELEVEN-ACRE LAKE.
From the Bathing Jetty.



THE NORTH FRONT.



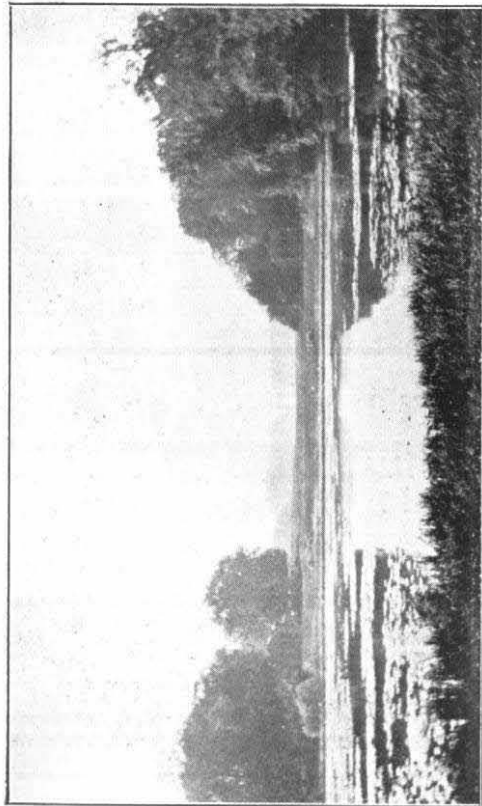
* SAUNDERS.



WADING TO BATHE.



BATHING.



OCTAGON LAKE AND CORINTHIAN ARCH.

MAY 11, 1923

L'ESPRIT DE STOWE SALUE LES NOUVEAUX VENUS

Salut, mes enfants! Votre esprit
Me rend ma puissance et ma gloire;
De mes airs frais je vous bénis,
Et de mes eaux vous verse à boire.

CRICKET AT STOWE

WE have been handicapped in this, our first Summer Term, by the weather, which made it difficult for us to have fielding practice at the beginning of the Term. But on the whole, those who have represented their School and House have shown a marked improvement since their arrival at Stowe. And especially is this true of bowlers—a not altogether undesirable fact, if one realises that good bowling, backed up by good fielding, is mainly responsible for match-winning.

With regard to the bowling, direction is better. The full pitch and long hop to leg are less frequent, and in most matches we have given fewer bad balls on the leg-side than our opponents. A good length is practically the whole secret of bowling. Flight, variation and spin are all of no avail without length. Not nearly enough concentration is given to length-bowling at nets, although in games improvement has been shown. This is specially noticeable in the case of Avory, who shows real promise. Other bowlers may show more devil in their delivery and send down a more difficult ball, but he has persisted in keeping a good length, and it does him credit.

The batting is improving, but not enough attention is given to the first movement, or 'pick-up' of the bat in line with the ball. Advice on other movements is only a hindrance until the importance of this has been mastered. Another trouble is that our batsmen very often come to grief when trying to hit out or 'slog.' The stroke is made with a cross bat and with the finish of a golf swing—which is quite wrong in cricket. The left shoulder should always point in the direction of

the line of the ball, and the cross bat with the two-eyed, or rather two-shouldered, stance should be avoided at the end of a big hit.

The House matches have called forth great keenness, and a real cricketing spirit has been shown. Up to the present Temple have proved themselves rather the better all-round side. The credit of this is largely due to Croft, their captain, who is probably the most improved batsman in the School. Though some of his strokes are rather stiff and laboured, his methods are fairly correct, and he will improve even more with a little 'match experience.'

This is our opening season, and we must concentrate upon the first principles of batting and bowling, the style in which we make our runs and take our wickets, not on averages. Let the batsmen play with a straight bat, and the bowlers keep a good length. And let all those who are now taking a leading part in the School cricket study the game, so that they can pass on their knowledge to others and give us a great cricketing tradition.

G. J. V. WEIGALL.

FIRST HOUSE MATCH.

The first House Match was played at Stowe on the afternoon of May 26th and was won by Bruce by five wickets. Temple batted first and found it very hard to make runs against the accurate bowling of Wilson and Jessop; such respect did the former inspire, indeed, that in his first twelve overs only three runs were scored from his bowling while he took three wickets. The only batsman on the Temple side who seemed at all comfortable was Falconer, who has some scoring strokes on the leg side. He was eventually l-b-w to a straight ball from Jessop which he tried to hook. Searle and Cowell made a few hits but the innings closed for a total of 30. Bruce started better and owing to some good batting by Silcock had scored 25 before the third wicket fell, but there followed a collapse and nine wickets were down for 43; however, Scott and Jessop played a light-hearted game and put on 18 for the last wicket. Wilson played steady defensive cricket while Silcock showed that he had learned the principles of batsmanship and has a real idea of how to score runs in the right way. For Temple, Griffin was the most effective bowler.

The fielding on both sides was only moderate, though Silcock kept wicket well and got rid of Richards by an excellent piece of stumping. The throwing-in might be considerably quicker and more accurate, while bowlers must remember, in taking a return from a fieldsman, to stand behind, and not in front of, their wickets. Perhaps the worst point in the day's cricket was the running between the wickets. Batsmen should keep their heads, judge instantly and calmly whether they propose to attempt a run or not, and call accordingly. Many easy singles were lost by batsmen who did not run after hitting the ball slowly in the direction of mid on or mid off, while on other occasions desperate runs were snatched off quite hard hits straight to a fieldsman: sometimes the fieldsman's slowness or inaccuracy saved the runners; sometimes, as when his partner's excitability got Wilson run-out, disaster followed.

THE SCHOOL v. THE MASTERS.

The first match played by the School took place on Monday and Tuesday, June 4th and 5th, when the School beat the Masters by one run. The School won the toss and made a poor start, losing four of their best batsmen for 14; seven wickets were down for 43, but some effective hitting by Cowell improved the position and the total eventually reached 82. The Masters scored 32 before the second wicket fell and at the close of play on Monday had made 38 for two wickets. On Tuesday, the Bursar was unable to continue his innings and with Mr. Mark away the score was only 68 when Mr. Hanford, the last man, joined Capt. Weigall. These two gradually added thirteen, but with one run wanted to tie Mr. Hanford was bowled, amid great excitement.

THE SCHOOL.		THE MASTERS.	
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sinclair, b Mare	0		
Dawson, c Browne, b Fremantle	1		
Silcock, st Cross, b Mare	5		
Falconer, c Clarke, b Fremantle	7	c Cross, b Fremantle	0
Pearson, b Earle	14		
Wilson, b Earle	1		
Mayhew, run out	13	not out	11
Cowell, b Fremantle	31	c Hanford, b Fremantle	8
Griffin, c Browne, b Arnold	1	not out	13
Butler, b Mare	5		
Avory, not out	0		
Extras	4	Extras	3
Total	82	Total	35

Fall of wickets: 1 for 1; 2 for 3; 3 for 8; 4 for 14; 5 for 25; 6 for 34; 7 for 43; 8 for 62; 9 for 76; 10 for 82.

Fall of wickets: 1 for 0; 2 for 16.

THE SCHOOL.		THE MASTERS.	
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
		Cross, b Griffin	1
		Browne, c Avory, b Griffin	17
		Milner (retired)	17
		Clarke, c Griffin, b Wilson	5
		Arnold, b Griffin	6
		Weigall, not out	14
		Fremantle, c & b Griffin	2
		Earle, c Silcock, b Wilson	8
		Whitaker, st Silcock, b Wilson	1
		Hanford, b Griffin	5
		Mark, did not bat.	
		Extras	5
		Total	81

Fall of wickets: 1 for 5; 2 for 32; 3 for 38; 4 for 46; 5 for 50; 6 for 57; 7 for 66; 8 for 68; 9 for 81.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.											
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.		
Wilson	...	10	1	46	3	Griffin	...	9.5	—	30	5

THE SCHOOL v. RADLEY GEORGICS.

This match was played on the School ground on Wednesday, June 6th.

Wilson won the toss and sent in Griffin and Falconer. The School started badly, Falconer, Dawson and Silcock being soon out, though Dawson made several good strokes and was rather unlucky to be caught in the deep, off a drive of which he just failed to get hold. Pearson and Griffin then made a stand and took the score to 56 before Pearson was caught. Three more wickets fell cheaply, Griffin being bowled at last after a cautious but invaluable innings, and seven wickets were down for 68. But Mayhew, coming in eighth, took full advantage of some rather loose bowling, enabling the School to declare at the tea interval, with the score at 107 for nine.

After tea the Georgics were left with an hour and a quarter in which to get the runs, but they started as badly as the School had done, and were never allowed to recover. Four wickets were quickly down for 17, but with their best men still to come in there was still time for anything to happen. However, the School took all the chances that came to them, four difficult catches were held, and the innings closed five minutes from time, for 54, and the School gained a well-deserved victory by 53 runs.

Wilson, Jessop and Griffin all bowled well and the fielding was sure and keen. The two catches in the slips, by Jessop and Pearson, which got rid of the most dangerous men on the Radley side were particularly good.

Scores:—

THE SCHOOL.		RADLEY GEORGICS.	
Griffin, b Tyler	27	Grenfell, b Wilson	5
Falconer, b Amory	0	Barker, b Griffin	4
Dawson, c Druma, b Amory	7	Druma, b Griffin	4
Silcock, c Radford, b Hudson	4	Hudson, run out	1
Pearson, c Hudson, b Freeman	17	Radford, run out	2
Wilson, c Radford, b Freeman	5	Amory, c Jessop, b Wilson	4
Cowell, b Mallaby	4	Mallaby, c Pearson, b Griffin	5
Mayhew, not out	34	Freeman, c Silcock, b Wilson	6
Avory, c Radford, b Mallaby	4	Tyler, c Dawson, b Avory	10
Butler, c Barker, b Tyler	1	Turner, b Jessop	5
Jessop, not out	0	Bowden, not out	2
Extras	4	Extras	6
Total	107	Total	54

Fall of wickets: 1 for 0; 2 for 12; 3 for 22; 4 for 56; 5 for 58; 6 for 25; 7 for 68; 8 for 82; 9 for 106.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Wilson	12	2	27	3	Jessop	3	1	6	1
Griffin	11	5	10	3	Avory	2.3	0	5	1

THE SCHOOL v. SWANBOURNE HOUSE.

This match was played on June 9th, at Swanbourne. The School lost the toss and went out to field. Some excellent bowling by Dawson and Avory, helped by a strong cross wind, was too much for the Swanbourne batsmen—their captain being the only one to play with any confidence—and the innings soon closed for

34 runs. The School innings started badly. Sinclair was soon out, and then Dawson, Silcock and Pearson fell in quick succession to the wiles of a lob bowler. But Cowell, who came in at the fall of the fourth wicket, hit out from the first and soon knocked off the runs required to win. Hartland-Swann, who had so far been very quiet, then joined in the hitting, and between them these two took the score over the century before Cowell was smartly caught at the wicket. His innings of 60, which included ten fours, though a trifle lucky, was invaluable and most refreshing to watch after the ultra-cautious methods of the earlier batsmen. No one else stayed in long, and the innings closed for 133.

Although the School won so easily, the batting of the side as a whole was very weak, as, apart from Hartland-Swann and Cowell, the remainder of the team only contributed 17 runs. Scores:—

THE SCHOOL.

H.-Swann, c & b Evans	40
Sinclair, b Amory	7
Dawson, b Andrews	5
Silcock, c & b Andrews	3
Pearson, c Amory, b Andrews	0
Cowell, c White, b Evans	60
Avory, b Amory	2
Marshall, c White, c Evans	0
Scott, st White, b Evans	0
Tickler, c White, b Amory	0
Holmes, not out	0
Extras	16
Total	133

SWANBOURNE HOUSE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Amory, b Dawson	2	b Dawson	9
White, b Avory	2	b Dawson	4
Lascelles, c Pearson, b Avory	17	not out	10
Gatehouse, c & b Avory	0	b Dawson	0
Bussell, b Avory	0	b Dawson	0
Ingham, b Dawson	1	c Sinclair, b Dawson	0
Whinney, c Holmes, b Dawson	2	c Marshall, b Avory	4
Bobbie, b Dawson	0	not out	1
Evans, c Holmes, b Avory	6	} did not bat	
James, st Silcock, b Avory	0		
Andrews, not out	0		
Extras	6	Extras	2
Total	34	Total (6 wickets)	30

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

First Innings.				Second Innings.					
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Dawson	8	5	5	4	Dawson	9	5	6	5
Avory	9.2	4	19	6	Avory	4	0	10	1
Pearson	2	0	7	0	Marshall	4	0	12	0

THE SCHOOL v. BILTON GRANGE.

Played at Bilton on June 15th. Silcock won the toss and decided to bat. The School made a poor start, Sinclair being badly run out off the first ball bowled. Dawson and Silcock improved matters and took the score to 43 before Dawson, who had been playing with great confidence, misjudged a run and had his wicket thrown down. Pearson and Cowell both made runs, and with Silcock hitting freely, the score mounted rapidly. Soon after the hundred was up, Silcock was caught in the deep. After a rather shaky start he batted very well and his fifty was the best innings played for the School so far this season. Avory and Heyworth, who followed, both hit out freely, and enabled Silcock to declare at the tea interval with the score of 166 for six, leaving Bilton an hour and a half to get the runs.

The School began well after tea, Dawson getting a wicket in his first over, but Carr, the Bilton captain, who came in at the fall of the first wicket, played the bowling with confidence. He got valuable support from Johnson and then from Millman, and was not out when stumps were drawn, having contributed 39 to the Bilton total of 86 for six wickets. His was a fine innings, played at a critical time, and saved his side.

Neither Dawson nor Avory, both of whom had bowled very well against Swanbourne, gave the batsmen much trouble after the first few overs; they kept the runs down, but that was not what was wanted. They should have been taken off quite early, as the circumstances justified considerable risks being taken to get wickets quickly. When Cowell was given a chance, he got a wicket in his first over, but it was then too late. The fielding of the side as a whole was keen, but the throwing-in was rather wild at times.

THE SCHOOL.		BILTON GRANGE.	
Hartland-Swann, b Sargeant...	0	Weldon, b Dawson	0
Sinclair, run out	0	Oswald, b Dawson	4
Dawson, run out	31	Carr, not out	39
Silcock, c Carr, b Sargeant ...	50	Reese, c Cowell, b Avory	4
Pearson, b Oswald	19	Herlofsen, c Cowell, b Avory ...	0
Cowell, b Johnson	14	Johnson, c Silcock, b Marshall	10
Avory, b Carr	30	Milman, b Cowell	20
Heyworth, not out	25	Lewthwaite, not out	4
Tickler, not out	0	Compton	} did not bat.
Davie	} did not bat	Carr	
Marshall		Sargeant	
Extras	5	Extras	11
*Total (7 wickets) 174		Total (6 wickets) 92	

* Innings declared closed.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.									
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Dawson	17	2	35	2	Marshall ...	9	4	16	1
Avory	12	1	23	2	Lowell	4	0	10	1

THE SCHOOL v. A WESTMINSTER 'UNDER 15.'

A match was played at Stowe on June 18th against a team of boys of under fifteen and a half from Westminster School. The visitors won the toss and took first innings on an easy batsman's wicket. The ball was wet and handicapped the bowlers considerably so that when 40 had been made with only two men out a big

score seemed probable. However, some excellent length-bowling by Jessop saved the situation and the innings was finished off before lunch for 57, Jessop taking six wickets for four runs. The Westminster batsmen showed that they have already imbibed Mr. D. J. Knight's teaching of back-play, but their scoring strokes were weak and infrequent: 57 was a poor score in the circumstances. Stowe started their innings after lunch with two hitters, Mayhew and Cowell, and if either or both had got going the rest of the side might easily have been inspired to play a cheerful and confident game, but neither came off and the result was that the subsequent batsmen were not able to feel comfortably that even if they failed a hitter coming in at the fall of the fifth wicket might pull the game round again. As it was, the batsmen seemed to play as though the only point was to stay in as long as possible before being out for 0. Silcock made a few strokes, and with him Rowse kept his end up imperturbably, but these two made the only approach to a stand and the innings closed for 33. The Westminster bowling was rather faster than the School have been accustomed to, but that is only partial excuse for an unhappy display. Quite ten runs were lost through bad judgment in running between the wickets, but at least no one was run out. In the second innings of Westminster, Griffin did the hat-trick.

THE SCHOOL.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Mayhew, b Black	5	1-b-w, b Green	0
Cowell, b Black	4	b Black	0
Falconer, b Green	5	b Black	0
Dawson, b Green	0	c Stratford, b Green	0
Silcock, c Sprague, b Grover	9	c Grover, b Hawkins	6
Griffin, b Green	0	b Black	0
Pearson, b Grover	1	b Green	3
Rowse, b Dunn	0	not out	2
Avory, b Stratford	4	not out	5
Heyworth, ht wkt, b Hawkins	2	} did not bat	
Jessop, not out	4		
Extras	2	Extras	8
Total	36	Total (7 wickets)	24

WESTMINSTER.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Stratford, b Dawson	11	run out	12
Green, b Cowell	0	b Griffin	0
Black, b Jessop	23	1-b-w, b Dawson	26
Grover, c Pearson, b Avory	8	c Falconer, b Griffin	1
Hawkin, not out	6	c Mayhew, b Jessop	0
Fassett, 1-b-w, b Jessop	0	not out	0
Dunn, c Mayhew, b Jessop	0	b Jessop	11
Porter, c Silcock, b Jessop	8	b Griffin	0
Sprague, b Jessop	0	did not bat	
Jessel (capt.), c Pearson, b Jessop	0	b Jessop	2
Ropes, c Mayhew, b Griffin	0	did not bat	
Extras	1	Extras	4
Total	57	Total (8 wickets)	56

BOWLING ANALYSIS.									
First Innings.					Second Innings.				
	O.	M.	R.	W.		O.	M.	R.	W.
Cowell	4	1	7	1	Cowell	2	0	10	0
Dawson	10	5	10	1	Dawson	9	3	10	1
Griffin	2.4	0	11	1	Griffin	8	1	13	3
Avory	11	4	16	1	Avory	4	2	2	0
Pearson	1	0	8	0	Pearson	2	2	0	0
Jessop	12	9	4	6	Jessop	11.2	4	17	3

THE SCHOOL v. RADLEY 'UNDER 15.'

The School played a drawn game against an under fifteen eleven at Radley, on June 20th.

The Radley captain won the toss, but put us in—a mistake, which in all probability lost Radley the match.

Falconer and Dawson were soon out—both rather unluckily—but Griffin and Silcock played carefully and got well set. They were never in difficulties, but they scored very slowly, taking two hours to send the fifty up. Then they began to hit out, and Silcock was caught in the deep. At the tea interval the score was 56 for 3. After tea some good hitting by Griffin and Jessop enabled Silcock to declare, with seven wickets down for 83, leaving Radley forty-five minutes in which to get the runs. Griffin batted really well for his 34; his only weakness was his inability to punish the loose balls on the leg side as they deserved.

The School bowling was not up to its usual standard, partly owing to the fact that one of the Radley opening pair was a left hander. Dawson was the only bowler who produced anything like his real form. But even with loose bowling there was not enough time in which to get the runs, and stumps were drawn with the Radley total at 54 for three. Scores:—

THE SCHOOL.		RADLEY.	
Falconer, c Metcalfe, b Sich	0	May, b Dawson	5
Griffin, c Adams, b Sich	34	Teale, not out	34
Dawson, c Shaw, b Sich	6	Adams, c Mayhew, b Dawson	0
Silcock, c Shaw, b Adams	20	Shaw, c Falconer, b Dawson	0
Pearson, c Shaw, b Sich	1	Melcalfe, not out	8
Cowell, b Sich	0	C.-Atkins	} did not bat.
Rowse, not out	0	Reid	
Mayhew, c Ross, b Sich	4	Ross	
Jessop, not out	9	Butterworth	
Avory	} did not bat.	Collander	
Heyworth		Sich	
Extras	9	Extras	7
Total (7 wickets)	83	Total (3 wickets)	54

BOWLING ANALYSIS.				
	O.	M.	R.	W.
Jessop	2	0	10	0
Griffin	7	2	10	0
Dawson	6	1	22	3
Avory	1	0	5	0

TEMPLA QUAM DILECTA

Where order in variety we see
And where, tho' all things differ all agree,—
Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow,
A work to wonder at,—perhaps a STOWE.

POPE.

THERE are other houses in England like Stowe, but there is nothing quite like the gardens.

'Oh lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe'

said Thomson, of 'The Seasons,' who knew it well. And Horace Walpole, who was not given to sentimentalising, speaks of 'the charming scenes that are so enriched with fanes and temples, that the real prospects are little less than visions themselves.' Here came Congreve and Pope, the latter 'returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction,' to lay down the laws of landscape gardening. Here came Pitt for a long stay in the autumn of 1735, meeting Pope and playing at cricket. He, too, had the gardening instinct, and took part, no doubt, in the alterations which were continually being made.

Stowe was laid out in 1713, and to make room for it the village was removed bodily to Dadford. At first great attention was paid to symmetry in the design of the gardens, but Bridgeman, who presided at Stowe in the early days, was feeling his way in a new direction, and he it was who substituted the sunk fence for the walls, which is the first sign of the change from the formal to the picturesque or 'landscape' style of gardening.

The engravings of Rigaud and Baron, published in 1739, several of which have been presented recently to the School, show the gardens laid out formally, but with unmistakable signs of a change in treatment. The lawn space is there, but the impression given is one of pasture grounds supported by neat hedges. There are straight main walks, but little topiary work, while statues of rustic figures, probably of gilded lead, have begun to enliven the place.

Bridgeman, who died in 1738, was succeeded by 'Capability' Brown, who continued the work of naturalising the gardens. The effective point of view was opened, the unpicturesque was planted out, while hills, cascades and lakes were created. At the same time, 'Capability' was allowed anything but a free hand. He had risen to be head from kitchen-gardener, but Cobham, it seems, was anxious to keep him in the kitchen-garden, and he was not allowed to make the

'improvements' that his soul delighted in. He made his reputation first by constructing a lake for the Duke of Grafton, at Wakefield Lodge, but did not come into his own until, through Cobham, he became Royal Head Gardener at Windsor and Hampton. The structural lines of Stowe remained, then, much as Bridgeman had left them, while the details were enriched until, as an observer wrote, it resembled 'a vast grove, interspersed with columns, obelisks and towers, which apparently emerge from a luxurious mass of foliage.'

Of the actual temples, William Kent was responsible for most of them, his aim being to make an Italian landscape. He would crown the effective point of view with a Temple or Garden Building, adapting his design to suit the nature of the place; or by contrasting light with shade and tree with tree, he would fashion the place to suit the nature of his design. Lord Perceval, writing to his brother about Stowe as early as 1724, describes the 'Two Heathen Temples,' or pavilions, as they are generally called, which stand upon the further side of Octagon Lake, and are meant to be seen from the South Front of the house. They are supported by Doric pillars and are the work of Kent, though Borra, the Italian architect, altered the original designs. 'There is a circle of water,' he goes on to say, referring to Octagon Lake, 'two acres and a quarter large, in the midst whereof is a gulio, or pyramid, at least sixty feet high, from the top of which it is designed that water should fall, being by pipes conveyed through the heart of it.' This novel fountain has since disappeared.

On the banks of the Worthy River stands the Temple of British Worthies, the work of Kent. Its niches are filled with 'bustos,' beginning with Alfred, including Milton, Shakespeare and Newton, and ending—curiously enough—with Sir John Barnard, 'who distinguished himself in Parliament by an active and firm opposition to the pernicious practice of "stock-jobbing."' Across the Worthy River can be seen one of the most delightful of Kent's classical buildings, a Temple to Ancient Virtue, which Walpole called 'glorious.' It is a rotundo of the Ionic order. Near this stands the column erected by Cobham in honour of his nephew, Capt. Thomas Grenville, who died fighting the French under Anson in 1747. It is a columna rostrata, decorated with ship's prows from the base to the capital, and on the top stands Heroic Poetry with a scroll in her hand. Kent also designed the Temple of Venus, which is a square building connected by circular avenues to a pavilion at each end. The door is placed in a large circular recess in the centre, which has Ionic columns decorating it. There were paintings inside, but like those in the two 'heathen' pavilions and in Vanbrugh's Temple of Bacchus, they have faded away. Near by stands

Cobham's Temple of Friendship, where Pitt, Chesterfield and Lyttelton are said to have spent profitable hours with his lordship. The small Hermitage on the banks of the lake is Kent's, and from it Vanbrugh's Rotundo, standing on an eminence across the water, with domed roof and delicate Ionic pillars, can be seen to good advantage.

Half hidden among the trees in the Elysian Fields, near the Rotundo, stands the Doric Arch inscribed to Her Royal Highness Amelia Sophia, 1767, with a line from Horace:

'O colenda semper et culta!'

Walpole met the princess at Stowe in 1770. 'Between the flattery and the prospect,' he writes, 'the princess was really in Elysium; she visited her arch four or five times every day, and could not satiate herself with it.' Through the arch can be seen the Palladian Bridge, crossing the water above the upper lake. It has a roof supported by Doric pillars, and is finished after Inigo Jones' Bridge at Wilton. In line with it, on the opposite hill, stands the castle.

The Temple of Concord and Victory is more easily reached from the north of the house. It is a beautiful building, designed by Kent from the measurements of the Maison Carrée at Nismes. Borra completed the inside decorations in 1763, when Richard Earl Temple gave it its name to commemorate the peace of Fontainebleau. It used to have six statues on the top as big as life. From the portico can be seen the Obelisk, more than a hundred feet in height, inscribed to Major-General Wolfe in the following words:

'Ostendunt terris hunc tantum Fata'—

and also, at the end of an avenue of trees, the column which Lady Cobham had erected to her husband. It was designed by Gibbs and 'improved' by Valdrè, who enlarged the base in order to make room for lions at each angle. The inscription is interesting: 'Ricardo Vicecomiti de Cobham . . . qui in castris et in negotiis Rempublicam sustinuit; et elegantiori hortorum cultu his primum in agris illustrato patriam ornavit.' Near this stands the Bourbon Tower to commemorate the visit made by Louis XVIII, in 1808, from Hartwell. The Queen's Building, called the Ladies' Temple, designed originally by Kent, has suffered so many alterations that it can hardly be recognised now as a work of his. The interior has Scagliola columns like those in 'Assembly,' but it is in a bad state of repair.

The statue to Queen Caroline erected on four Doric pillars and inscribed 'Divae Carolinae' is almost lost to view, but can be seen from the neighbourhood of the Rotundo. Vanbrugh built the Boycott and Stowe Pavilions from which the Oxford Bridge can be seen across the Serpentine River. Beyond this is a gateway designed by Kent

forming a second entrance to the grounds by way of the London and Oxford Road. The Corinthian Arch is, of course, the main entrance.

There remains 'The Gothic Temple,' a large yellow building of seventy feet, which contained a very fine collection of old painted glass, and which Walpole eulogised in the following terms: 'In the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable.' Now that the Temple has fallen from its first grace, it is perhaps easier to disagree with Walpole. Pure it may be, of its kind, but it is none the less a freak. Had Gibbs consulted 'the genius of the place,' he would have raised a Temple of Attic, not of Gothic shape.

THE SWORD

ON the 26th of June, Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of *Punch* and one of the Trustees of the Agenda Club, presented to the School an ancient Samurai Sword, which the Japanese Ambassador had procured for the Club at its foundation, in 1910. This sword, which was forged before the close of the Eighth Century, is unique in Europe, and therefore merely for itself possesses the greatest interest and value. But it is as a symbol that it is important to us, and that is why we may hope that it will really do a greater work here than it did in the South Kensington Museum, where it had laid for ten years before it came to Stowe. In presenting it to us, Sir Owen Seaman said that, though our surroundings here had their own traditions of greatness, and though the makers of Stowe had left noble names to be an inspiration to their successors, we had as a school no inherited traditions to guide our development.

'If you cannot start with traditions ready made . . . you have the advantage of a clean slate to write upon. . . . You are at least not hampered by any rules laid down from the past which have outlived their day or are unsuited to changed conditions and liable to obstruct progress. But you have behind you the traditions of the other great Public Schools and the best traditions are common to all of them. They have been built up as a part of a system whose worth, if it needed proving, has been proved once and for all in the War. . . . I will not talk to you of such things as honesty, or truthfulness or decency—elementary virtues which, with gentlemen, one takes for granted—but I would like to say a word on two or three more difficult matters, and one of these is school-boy honour. It is, I think, a sound rule that no boy should give another boy away. One has known a whole school suffer punishment indefinitely rather than give one boy away; and though this attitude may seem for the moment to make the task of discipline harder from the master's point of view, it does not make it harder in the long run; for such a rule is of the essence of loyalty.

'But, if that is a sound rule, there is an equally sound rule which is not always written in very red ink in the code of school-boy honour. And that is that every boy should be prepared to give himself away for the good of the school. I am not speaking simply of such a case as I have mentioned; I use the phrase in its broadest sense—to mean self-sacrifice. It is the secret of good team-work in all the great games, and it is the secret of the only success worth having in life, which is the greatest game of all.

'Another and very different point for you to note on your clean slate is this: boys can sometimes be very cruel. You won't like me the more for saying so, but it is true. Boys can be very cruel, especially to other boys whose tastes are not in touch with the more popular interests of a school, who, for instance, do not care much for games. I know it is an excellent thing that boys should pass out into life with the hall-mark of the Public School stamped upon them. But that does not mean that they must all be turned out to the same pattern, with their individualities crushed into the same mould. Great cruelty can be done to boys of sensitive nature and original mind by lack of understanding on the part of others who have no use for anything exceptional in the way of personality. You can guess what sort of a time Shelley had at Eton.

'Another point. Try to look at your school life as a whole in which your work and your play each contributes its share to make men of you, sound in mind as well as body. Don't keep your work and your play in watertight compartments. There is a silly rule at some places against "talking shop," against discussing your work out of school hours. I don't want to throw my own school at you, but in the Sixth at Shrewsbury, we did all our best work—our Greek and Latin verse—out of school hours, and never hesitated to talk about it if we wanted to. And we were not less keen on games for that; the Sixth more than held its own with the rest of the school in the football field and on the river. You will never make a name for Stowe if, in the last year or two of your time here, you never talk among yourselves about the very first object for which the school exists. So, if you have already started a rule against "talking shop," please think better of it and rub it out.

'Of course, when you talk out of school hours to your Masters, that's a different thing. If they're like my old colleagues at Rossall, they'll feel that they're bound to talk to you of nothing but games; and you must humour them.

'And in this connection let me add that when you get older you are not to be put off your work by people who tell you, or tell your parents, that what you are learning will be of no practical use to you in after life. Beware of the word "practical"! Very few of the things that will help you most to live a life worth living appear to be of practical use at the time.

'Finally, write this down on your slate: that in your keeping lies not only the honour of your school, but the school's share in the honour of your country. It may be your part to serve her (as the Samurai whose sword I am to hand you as a symbol, served his country) on the field of battle; or you may serve her in the not less difficult paths of peace: but whatever be your way of service—and in all true service there is hard fighting to be done—I will ask you not to forget these words of Sir Henry Newbolt, which a father speaks to his boy when he takes him to his own old school—Clifton—and shows him the Chapel with its memorial brasses:—

"To-day and here the fight's begun;
Of the great fellowship you're free.
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what you are the Race shall be."

'And now I am to tell you something of this Samurai sword and perhaps I had better first tell you something of the Samurai themselves.

'They were the military caste of Japan. For a thousand years, from father to son, they claimed the right to be the guardians of the honour of their Emperor and their country. At any moment they were prepared to sacrifice their lives, which they held very lightly, on the altar of loyalty. They despised wealth, and counted it as their highest privilege to wear such a sword as this. Their word, once given, was never taken back.

'In 1869, her growing relations with foreign powers made it essential for Japan to reform her constitution. This necessitated the abandonment of the feudal system, and the surrender by the Samurai of their privilege as a fighting caste. They met this demand with a fine loyalty. They made little trouble of sacrificing their moderate pay, for they had never concerned themselves much about money. But it was a hard duty to surrender their rights as a fighting caste, and hardest of all to give up their claim to carry a sword. But though a certain extreme section rebelled and fought to retain their high privileges, the general spirit shown was one of noble self-sacrifice for the good of the commonwealth.

'You will understand then how this sword comes to stand as a symbol, not only of the honour of a soldier, but also of the loyalty of a citizen.

'Now you will want to know something of this particular sword, and how it comes to be here to-day. It was made by one Yatsutsuna who lived about 800 A.D., so that it is more than 1,100 years old. The sword-maker's profession was held in high honour, and this sword is a product of the very finest art. The metallic ornaments of the hilt and scath bear the crest of the family to which the sword belonged 300 years ago. They are made of an amalgam of gold and copper. The leather with which the hilt is bound is made of deer skin and is called Iris leather because it is exposed to the smoke of burnt Iris till its colour changes and the figures painted on it become clearly defined. The material with the white spots is shark-skin, always used for Japanese swords because blood flows off it quickly. Within the hilt are two Japanese characters which represent the name of the maker, engraved by himself. These can be distinguished with a magnifying glass.

'A Samurai always carried at least two swords—a long one like this, and a short one—but sometimes he went into battle with three, four and even five swords. He only fought with the long sword, reserving the short one for cutting off his enemy's head when he had overthrown him, or, in the last resort, when hopelessly beaten, for taking his own life by *harakiri*.

'This sword that we have here was fashioned, as I have said, more than a thousand years ago, and was long held in honour in the famous temple of Usa. It was presented to the Agenda Club, by Mr. Sugiyama, as a symbol of Bushido, or the spirit of the Samurai. There are only two swords like it in the world. One is in the possession of this same Mr. Sugiyama; the other was placed after the death of Prince Ito, one of the leaders in the making of modern Japan, in the temple dedicated to his honour by the Japanese Government, and, according to a picturesque custom of the country, is regarded as representing that great statesman, taking the place of a portrait or statue.

'During most of the life of the Agenda Club and after it had dispersed (having fulfilled much of the purpose of its foundation) this sword of ours, because of its great beauty and value, was consigned to the care of the South Kensington Museum. As a work of supreme art it was in its right place, but as a symbol of loyalty and a stimulus to high patriotic endeavour it was thoroughly wasted there. It was Mr. Thorp, one of my co-Trustees, whom you have to thank for the suggestion that it should be confided to the keeping of Stowe, there to serve, from the first term of the School's existence, as a constant challenge and inspiration to patriotism.'

Sir Owen then gave an account of the Agenda Club's foundation, and explained that it followed upon the publication in the *Hibbert Journal of An Open Letter to English Gentlemen*.

'This letter was a challenge to a particular class, the well-bred Englishman; a challenge to him to recognise that debt to his country which he had inherited by the very circumstance of his birth. It appealed with almost equal force to all those, of whatever class, whose lives had fallen in easy places, who enjoyed, beyond the mass of their fellows, advantages not of their own making. It was, in a word, an appeal to the chivalry of England to make some personal sacrifice in the service of the nation. It was unbelievable that the evils of our age—poverty, unemployment, certain forms of disease and in particular the evils that give childhood no chance—were incapable of correction, if only the youth and the best heart's blood of England were resolved that some cure should be found.

'In War-time it is an instinct with most men to be prepared to die for their country; here they were asked to live for it.

'Some people have a very limited idea of patriotism; they imagine that it simply consists in showing that you love your own country better than other countries. But that is easy; the real mark of a patriot is that he loves his country *better than himself*; and of this true patriotism Peace offers perhaps a harder test than War.

'I should be sorry to seem to under-value the patriotism shown in the War; but in the case of some non-combatants it meant little more than that they naturally wanted their own side to win, and didn't like the idea of being beaten; they were prepared to make many sacrifices if that would save them from defeat. But in Peace, where there is no fear of such defeat by a foreign enemy, and it is possible to shirk self-sacrifice without risk, we have the true test of patriotism, and can find out whether a man loves his country better than he loves himself.

'The great need of England to-day is a Civic Ideal. Most boys in our schools have set before them the ideal of voluntary service in our fighting forces; but not so many have ever received any inspiration towards voluntary service in the warfare against social evils. How many have learned that, being citizens of no mean country, the duties as well as the privileges of citizenship are theirs?

'I come back to you boys. I think that there is none of you too young to understand the general sense of what I have been trying to say, though you may understand it better as the years go by. And against the day when riper age shall have brought you greater responsibility, I ask you to store in your memory, not my poor words, but the intention that underlies them.

'You have courage, I doubt not, and big hearts, and you have youth, best gift of all. With such a chance of serving your country, "Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive, but to be young is very heaven." So use that gift, I ask you, that, when you come to be old and look back on life, you may find comfort in the thought that you are to leave some corner of the world a little fairer than you found it.

'Some of you, I know, will give yourselves outright to the service of your country; others in this high cause will make what surrender you may of time and money and ease. But, so you give of your best, these words of Pippa's stand true: "All service ranks the same with God. There is no last nor first."

'And now, in the name of the Trustees of this Sword, I hand it over to your keeping. Guard it well and faithfully, as the symbol of honour and loyalty and self-sacrifice; and never in your lives, here or hereafter, betray this trust.'

A SUMMER SERMON

(*Stowe Chapel, June 17th, 1923.*)

THERE are some things which it is important to study, but which can only be studied indirectly. When a thing is invisible, for instance, it has to be studied indirectly, through its effects; you have to find out what it is by finding out what it does. Electricity is like that. You cannot examine electricity under a microscope. You have to watch it at work—attracting armatures, heating filaments, killing criminals. It is the same with abstract things and spiritual things. You cannot see love or anger, but you can see their effects. It is the same with Divinity itself; you cannot see God, but you can see His work. You cannot see the Spirit which gave and gives form and light and life to the world, but you can see and study its visible manifestations. And there is one particular manifestation of it which at this moment of our existence, in this place and in this weather, we should be foolish not to study to the utmost of our powers; it is the one which we call *beauty*.

To say exactly what beauty is would be difficult. We only know that we call things 'beautiful' when they give us certain feelings, as we call things 'hot' or 'blue' when they give us certain other feelings. It would perhaps be worth while to think of a number of things which have given us this particular feeling, so as to get a clearer notion of what the quality named 'beauty' is. It will be simple to take first what are called the beauties of Nature. We must all have memories, few or many, of such things, though the memories will differ according to the kind of country which each of us knows best. If it is the sea coast, you can think of white clouds and cliffs and sails, and a blue sea. If it is the highlands, you can think of heather hills and great empty spaces and brown water and the sound of bees. If it is the ordinary, lovable, English country-side, you can think of the spring green of the trees or of autumn browns and reds, of scented hedges, or great bare elms, or comfortable yellow cattle in green fields. Even if it is the suburbs of a city, you can think of lilacs or the scent of hyacinths in gardens or laburnums dripping with gold, or even of the first pink almond blossom of the year which you saw when you came back from the pillar-box. And wherever you live, you can think of what you have felt when you have been out very early in the morning and found the air as fresh as if it had been washed in the night, and seen myriads of

gossamers glittering with dew; or when you have been coming home late on a winter afternoon with a misty horizon and a low red sun above it and the feel of frost in the air; or when you have seen the moon on a summer night at home or looked at the stars through the columns of the South Front at Stowe (when you ought to have been in bed). All these things, if they moved you enough to make you remember them, probably had one effect upon you at least. They probably made you forget yourself and your ordinary thoughts for a moment, and become part of something bigger. Though you did not think of it in that way, they really made you stand outside yourself (in what the Greeks called *ecstasy*) and stand nearer to God.

The same thing happens when you are moved by beauty which one might call man-made instead of God-made—the beauty of music or poetry, for instance, or of fine buildings or great pictures. You probably do not admire all the things of this kind which people ask you to. But *some* poetry or *some* music or *some* artist's work you must have cared for, and it does not matter in the least if other people are contemptuous of what you like. It is beautiful if it is beautiful to you. But try always to see if you can find beauty in things which other men think beautiful. It will almost certainly be worth your while. These works of art, as we call them, are made by man in just the same way as the world is made by God. In both cases beauty results when spirit uses matter for its own ends. The spirit within the musician uses his body, and perhaps an instrument of wood and string, and produces beauty of sound. The Spirit of God uses the brute matter of the Universe and produces beauty of life and form. You will know more than you did before about the musician when you have heard and come to love his music, and you will know more about God when you have seen and come to love his world. Man-made beauty will help you to know God, too, for the man himself is a part of the life which the Spirit of God creates. And remember this: if you think of God as the Creator of the world and its beauties, you ought not to think of him as having once and for all created them at the beginning of time. He created them then, but He creates them still. If a man is playing music on a violin, he is creating. If he starts a gramophone playing and sits listening to it, he is not. If the world were not being created continuously by the Spirit of God moving within it, it would be like a gramophone record—always the same and always hideous. But the world is never the same. There is no gramophone record for spring in England, turned on each year at a certain date. Nothing in Nature is ever repeated exactly as it was before. Of the thousands of rabbits which share these grounds with us, no two are

quite alike, and of not one can the conduct be at any time certainly foretold. For the world is not a mechanical thing; it is alive, and the spirit within it is the very spirit of life. Study the manifestations of that spirit, and you will come to know the God whose breath it is.

For any man whose own spirit is not dead within him, the apprehension of beauty is one of the directest routes to God. Make the most of beauty, therefore; look at it, wherever you find it, as if you might never see it again:

'Look thy last on all things lovely every hour.'

That word *apprehension* is worth a little thought. Unlucky men may be 'apprehended' by the police—*grasped* by the hand of the law. Monkeys have 'prehensile' tails—tails by which they can *hold on* to a branch. People say 'apprendre' in France when they mean *to learn*. Apprehend beauty, then, whenever you see it; that is, *grasp* it, *hold on* to it and *learn* it—learn it so that you remember it, as Wordsworth remembered the beauty of his daffodils:

'I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.'

You will find that it is true to say, 'Blessed are the lovers of loveliness, for they shall see God.'

THE FABRIC OF STOWE

THOSE who have the present privilege of inhabiting what is reputed to be the largest as well as one of the most magnificent country houses in England, should be interested by a few particulars regarding its conversion from its original use as the home of one family to its new and far fuller use as the nucleus of a great Public School that even next Term will number nearly two hundred boys.

The 'foundation members' scarcely need telling what has been done, as, for the first week or two, they shared the house with almost double their number of workmen still busy with the ragged ends of the actual alterations.

A rare chance of close acquaintance with the building trade was thus afforded as an 'extra subject' of which the prospectus had

modestly made no mention, and if this early initiation into the mysteries of the builders' craft, combined with the tremendous architectural stimulus of the place itself, does not result in a remarkable number of gifted architects among the first crop of Stoics, it will be very strange and, to me, very disappointing. There were those who said, 'But you cannot possibly let loose a pack of destructive young Philistines in a place like Stowe; you will surely remove everything that is at all valuable or vulnerable?' My reply has been that all of us, especially the young, very quickly adapt ourselves and our behaviour to our environment, and that concrete stairs and white-washed barrack-rooms very naturally produce rough and tumble habits, whilst beautiful and even fragile surroundings must have a generally civilising influence.

Fortunately this was the view of the Governors and, of course, of the Headmaster, and my chief efforts have therefore been directed towards fitting the place for its new functions without doing violence, either inside or out, to the original and distinguished character of the fabric. It was in short decided that the boys must be trusted with Stowe as far as possible unaltered, for it was believed that however heavy-fisted and unappreciative of beauty the unregenerate new drafts might be, the peculiar graces of the place would soon have their mollifying effect. Certainly anyone who could survive their insidious influence and leave at the end of his school life without at least a sympathetic interest in the arts and in English history must be either very determined or very obtuse indeed.

Even though Inigo Jones, who is most justly represented amongst the 'British Worthies' in the lake-side temple, had nothing directly to do with Stowe, Sir John Vanbrugh, Gibbs, Robert Adam and other famous architects are here remembered by their works either in the house itself or its array of satellite temples. Any future buildings will thus find themselves in almost alarmingly good architectural company, and it is to be hoped that they will not disgrace their august neighbours.

For the present, however, the architect's chief office is to be the zealous protector of his predecessors' creations and the director-general of the plumbers, carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters and labourers who are, not without dust and clamour, preparing the two new boarding houses and other premises against the coming Term.

Very obligingly the dormitories fall conveniently and naturally into four main groups, served by four independent stone staircases, the demarcations of the first four boarding houses being thus clearly suggested by the dispositions of the original fabric itself. To provide these dormitory groups with their appropriate toilet rooms, to link up to them one of the old state apartments as House room, and to find

convenient and contiguous quarters for Housemaster and Matron was one of those extremely entertaining exercises in jig-saw planning that one expects such houses as Stowe to provide.

It is remarkable how abruptly architectural interest ends at the tops of the staircases, where all the bedrooms, though spacious and well-lit, are treated in the most severely practical fashion and with little or no ornamentation, except for here and there a good mantelpiece or a delightful eighteenth-century wallpaper, still in perfect and unfaded condition.

It is only from the highest point of the roof, which is mostly of lead and copper, that one gets an idea of the great extent of the prodigious house, and the ingenuity with which the numerous subsidiary buildings have been welded into a coherent and well-balanced whole. Perched among the chimney-tops and the great water-tanks is a delightful little two-roomed observatory, sheathed in green copper and provided with telescope emplacements that carry down in solid masonry to the foundations of the house—a feature of which the scientific side of the School will, no doubt, make great use.

One can well imagine the astonishment with which the shade of the first duke would explore the house in its new guise were he to visit it. The kitchens, where in old days the cooking for a single family and its dependents was carried on by means of enormous open coal fires reputed to consume a ton a day each, are now equipped to cook for upwards of four hundred persons without any visible fire at all, everything being done by means of steam and electricity. Instead of an army of scullions washing vegetables, peeling potatoes and scouring platters, he would find electrically-driven machinery doing nine-tenths of the work. Where the beer was brewed he would find great engines and humming dynamos; whilst in the laundry, instead of a squad of washerwomen, he would discover young investigators conducting mysterious scientific experiments. The vast servants' hall and pantry he would scarcely recognise in their new office of changing rooms, providing as they do accommodation for some two hundred boys, including the necessary shower baths, foot baths, wash basins and lockers. The old vaulted corridor that traverses the basement from end to end would particularly surprise him with its miles and miles of pipes and cables suspended from the ceiling not, one must admit, to its advantage in the matter of looks. It would, of course, be the engineering side of things that would perplex him most, and he would regard Mr. Dixon's contrivances as little short of magical. The old pipe that used to run the beer from the brewery down into the cellars he would find flowing with crude oil to supply the great boilers deep down below the western wing

that provide steam for cooking and washing-up, the hot water for sixty baths and one hundred and twenty wash-basins, and the hot water for the radiators to the number of several hundreds. The secret inner cellars under the Assembly Hall that used to contain the most precious vintages have been invaded by boot-cleaners, drying-racks and such like. The old riding school is being turned into a gymnasium, whilst five courts replace the old hot houses to the extreme west. The wing designed for the accommodation of bachelor visitors is to-day the sick bay. The Museum is being converted to the more festive uses of school shop and tea-house, the rather dismal box garden upon which it looked being now given over to hard tennis courts.

All things considered, it is remarkable how admirably all the vast array of buildings are lending themselves to the most various needs of a modern Public School. The old orangeries will make almost ideal chemical and scientific laboratories, whilst, gradually, attractive quarters have been found for the whole of the staff, both servants and masters, the wing between the new biological laboratory and the powerhouse being ear-marked as a hostel for the latter, complete with common-room and studies. Even a cricket pavilion hard upon the first eleven ground has been found, though I fancy that the exact location of this important place is at present an official secret.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

THE LIBRARY

THE library at Stowe has suffered dispersal twice in its history, and for a third time the shelves are now being gradually filled. They are capable of holding 20,000 volumes, and we hope once more to form a library of books which shall be worthy of the noble room that will contain them.

A very good beginning has already been made, and we owe thanks to Mr. Bertram, of Sishes, for the great interest he takes in the library. He secured for the School the beautifully-bound collection of old books, many of them rare and valuable, which are now at the west end of the north side, besides giving many interesting volumes of his own.

The Headmaster has presented several very valuable books, including two very rare pamphlets of the eighteenth century on the Gardens of Stowe and Stowe House, Morris's 'British Birds,' Bewick's 'Birds,' Walton and Cotton's 'Complete Angler,' a set of the Aldine Poets, Addison's works, two volumes on the 'Antiquities of Buckinghamshire,' 'Biographia Britannica' and others.

We are indebted to the Rev. P. E. Warrington for the gift of 'The Book of Nature Study,' in five volumes, a fine edition, and through his instrumentality the Governors are presenting the School with nearly two hundred books, a very interesting collection, including some of the standard works of fiction.

The Agenda Club have given ninety-two volumes on social, economic and political questions, and a set of books on 'Arts and Crafts,' a very valuable contribution. Messrs. Foyle sent a generous gift, books on law, many classics, and standard works of history. Lord Home has offered to the School two thousand finely-bound volumes, part of an eighteenth century library, just the kind of book that once filled the shelves and formed the 'famous' library of Stowe. Mr. H. Peters Bone has sent us the whole fourteen volumes of the 'Cambridge History of English Literature,' and Miss Campbell has given the works of Austin Dobson. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews have presented the latest edition of Walter de la Mare's poems, the beginning, we hope, of a collection of modern poetry, and Mr. Dunk has sent us two of his own works on music.

The Rev. J. E. Clements, Vicar of Stowe, has given us Hallam's 'Literary History,' four volumes, 'Eminent Etonians,' Stanley's 'Life of Dr. Arnold,' Taswell-Langmead's 'Constitutional History,' and Bryce's 'History of the United States.'

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell has presented six copies of 'Francis and Riversdale Grenfell,' by John Buchan, each with an inscription in his own hand.

One of the boys gave Aitken's 'British Poets,' Ranjitsinji's 'Century of Cricket' and a Shakespeare, and Captain Weigall one of his little brochures on Cricket.

One of the most important and generous gifts to the Library has still to be recorded. A collection of 'Works on English Literature,' together with a beautiful book-plate showing the School coat of arms, totalling in value £400, has been presented in the name of Mr. E. H. Montauban by a number of his friends in recognition of the pioneer work which he did in connection with the project of founding a Public School at Stowe. A formal presentation of the books in question was made to Mr. Montauban on the 12th July by Mr. Croom-Johnson on behalf of the donors, who are mainly parents of intending Stoics. At the time of writing the books are reported as being actually on their way to us.

As a building the Library is one of the finest of its kind in England. It is seventy-five feet in length, with seven tall windows opening on a beautiful prospect. The ceiling is a fine example of plaster-work, and

the fittings of mahogany are remarkably elaborate and complete. A gallery runs round the upper part, under the slightly domed ceiling. The modern furniture harmonises well with the room: it is handsome—indeed, luxurious.

If our ambition that we should come to have the finest school library in the country must remain a mere ambition for many years, we can at any rate claim to have already one of the most beautiful. It was in all probability designed by Sir John Vanbrugh himself, and some of the great literary personages of that illustrious age read and no doubt wrote in it.

Pope, Congreve and Thomson, Chesterfield and Horace Walpole all visited Stowe and wrote in their rather artificial way in praise of it. Pope called the place 'Elysium,' but the witty and more critical Horace Walpole was more amusing. He wrote a description of the reception of the Princess Amelia on a rainy day. He did not say of Stowe as he did of Beaurepaire, that 'it was beyond the verges of the rainbow,' but he seems to have been unfortunate in his weather.

'We all of us, giddy young creatures of near three score, supped in a grotto of the Elysian Fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers, which dropped from the trees and put us in mind of the heroic ages when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day. I could not help laughing as I surveyed the troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an arcadian entertainment, were bobbing down by the balustrade wrapped up in great coats and cloaks for fear of catching cold.'

It reminds one of the first days of Stowe School, that last sentence—another memorable occasion when the weather was not kind. No doubt the shades of these great men of the past haunt the library now and then, and comment together on the marvellous change that has been wrought in the stately house they knew.

INTER SILVAS ACADEMI

IT was a dreary Sunday afternoon in early June, and a dreary book lay upon my knees: the chapter, 'Théologie Fondamentale,' seemed appropriate, and I began to read:

'La classe de M. Grubis. Une trentaine de Collégiens de douze ans. C'est la leçon d'histoire. Matinée de Juin. Les fenêtres sont ouvertes . . . de la cour monte une odeur de tilleul . . . M. Grubis, un visage fin, l'oeil clair, la parole persuasive . . .

'Le Silence . . .

'M. Grubis . . .'

It was certainly very hot and the sun unspeakably bright, hard and metallic, and I was conscious of feeling horribly tired, but I remembered that I must see and shake hands with the Headmaster before going home to London. What a long walk it is up the never-ending avenue!—but the Corinthian arch cannot be far away. It was foolish of me to stray so far from the house, and that train from Buckingham—what time does it leave? So I climb on, it seems for ever; until I turn towards the house. It is curious that I see no one on the road, and there are cattle straying—someone has left the gates open. Surely someone is walking in the wood alongside me: it will be pleasant to have company on this never-ending walk.

'Hi! sir, are you going to the house?' but there is no answer, and the leaves have hidden my fellow-wayfarer. So, on again.

But there he is, moving just beyond the trees, pacing me, as it were; perhaps he is deaf and did not hear me. I will cross the roadway and have a look at my man.

On this side there is a curious chill in the air that somehow I did not notice just now, and a curious scent. What is 'tilleul'? Never mind. There he goes ahead of me. I must come up with him if I quicken my pace—and I pass on beneath the trees. I can hear his steps in front of me, and a shadow falls between two trees within a fly-cast, so I hurry forward—and am at once inches deep in very soft ground. Yet I hear no exclamation of dismay ahead of me; the figure moves forward steadily enough. Well! I can't do better than fetch sound ground once more. But the morass is easier to enter than to leave, and what are all these queer footmarks, the spoor clearly of my evasive companion? I know little enough of woodcraft, but this is the mark of the goat's foot! With a gasp and a leap I get back to hard

ground and bright sunshine again, and I hear myself uttering in a thin, strangled voice the one word, 'Pan!' As if in answer, comes the quavering, reedy sound of a pipe. But I am quickly myself again, and I recall Plutarch's story of the island voices—'the Great Pan is dead.'

Surely I caught a glimpse of the great House only a moment ago. Can I compose my shaking hand to bid goodbye to the Headmaster? Will he think me ill? I feel curiously shaken and ashamed. But this is not the House after all; only some curious classical building within the park. I will rest a little here and regain my power of movement; and so I climb some steps and enter what appears to be an ancient temple. At the far end, beneath a portico of Doric columns, leans the figure of a man, doubtless another visiting parent. It will be a refreshment to hear him speak with me of the greatness of Stowe, its happy augury, the need of educational development, the hostel system, the School shop. How heartening to hear the voice of one of our great English middle-class, of one who has read to-day's *Times* or the *Spectator*, with such a capital article all about Stowe and its great Headmaster. Is his name 'Grubis'? I don't think that is the name, but no matter.

The man was standing in the shadow with his back to me. All that I could see as I approached was that he was dressed in black and that his hair was white. Of so much I was conscious when I entered the temple. As I did so my eye was caught by a curious stick or crutch lying on the ground, such as a partly-lamed man might use, and once again the curious sense of loneliness assailed me and I felt cold as the figure turned with its face towards mine. The eyes did not see me—so much was plain to me—and yet these were no sightless eyes: rather they saw out and beyond the vision of man. Over seas, through forests and mountains, beyond plains and continents into the secrets that lie beyond and deeper than the heart of life. Can I ever forget them? My own gaze dropped prone. But my terror passed away and my working mind was restored.

'Chatham—William Pitt—the Great Commoner, his *vera ikoni*.'

The words were formed upon my lips, and groping in the dusk my memory restored in a flash the noble epitaph to Montcalm, '*Utroque in orbe aeternum victurus*,' as before me stood the figure of him who many times must have walked in the Grecian Valley and rested in the cool shades of the great portico. I thought of him as I watched him furtively under my eyelids, of his love for his country, of his passion for the freedom of mankind. Does he indeed revisit the glades of Stowe, filled to-day with the budding manhood of England, learning its lesson of freedom under ordered discipline, learning the long and

glorious story of English liberty, the stately march forwards of the mind and the soul . . . and then the figure passed, as it were in a stately silence . . .

* * * * *

My wife's voice: 'There is such a happy letter from Johnny; the post has just come in.'

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR SEWARD

TO THE BOYS OF STOWE SCHOOL.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUES,

Having been asked by Mr. Whitaker to write a short letter for publication in the first number of the School Magazine on the subject of Biology—what it means and the part it plays in education—I feel that I cannot do better than address you as colleagues, for the simple reason that whether we are beginners or professional biologists verging on old age, we are all learners engaged in the same quest. A teacher who knows his job is also a learner, and his aim is to teach his pupils how to teach themselves: 'men should be taught as if you taught them not.' May I begin by expressing the hope that at Stowe science and the humanities will flourish together. 'No man can be a pure specialist without being in the strict sense an idiot.' Science well taught gives us the habit of clear thinking and sharpens our powers of observation; it may or may not be true that 'men of science are always the humanest,' as one of Meredith's characters says; but whatever profession or business a man selects, an appreciation of the science of life, some knowledge of natural history in the wider sense, will add greatly to the pleasure he gets out of life and make him a better man. One need not be a botanist to enjoy the beauty of a flower; but the more we know about the life and structure of a plant, the more keenly we appreciate the perfection of its machinery. A good naturalist knows the commoner plants and animals and enjoys their companionship, but he also takes an interest in worrying out the problems suggested by their biology; he wants to know how they live, what they are made of, and in what respects they differ from or resemble human beings. A plant is alive as much as we are, and a plant that is green, as most plants are, is superior to us in the power it possesses of manufacturing food on which we depend for our existence. Let me venture to give one word of advice: remember that all you learn by your own obser-

vation and by your own experiments is more likely to remain a permanent possession than the things which you are told and cannot test for yourself. In the field you can get to know your companions in the living world; in the biological laboratory you can perform experiments which will convince you that animals and plants, when studied in their simplest forms, cannot be distinguished from one another. An oak tree differs considerably from a man, but we know of no essential difference between the living substance in the cells of an oak tree and the protoplasm of a human being. A green plant grows and builds up its substance by absorbing water through its roots—the water contains some simple salts dissolved in it—and by taking in air through its leaves: part of the light is retained by the green colouring matter, the chlorophyll, and by means of this energy the living cells of the leaf split up the carbon-dioxide gas absorbed from the air into carbon and oxygen; the carbon is retained, and with the addition of water is converted into sugar and other substances. By experiments in the laboratory, we can learn something of this wonderful power that is the secret of green plants and the foundation of life and civilisation.

I was asked to write a 'very short letter,' and I dare not write more, but let me say in conclusion that, whether or not you intend to follow science as a profession, you will miss a great deal both of enjoyment and of knowledge that 'maketh glad the heart of man' if you do not come into close personal touch with Nature.

You are pioneers in a new world, and you can do much to raise the standard of scientific education in a country where it has often been misunderstood and neglected.

With all good wishes,

I am yours sincerely,

A. C. SEWARD.

CAMBRIDGE, *July 1st, 1923.*

STOWE NATURE NOTES. No. I

The inhabitants of the lakes are probably more familiar to most of us than those of the meadow and woods, as they are larger and have not nearly the same chance of cover which smaller birds in leafy woods enjoy. The birds upon the lakes include swans, mallards, wigeon, cootes, moorhens, a great crested grebe and (it is reported) a tufted duck and a shoveller. A pair of swans nested close to the shore near the bridge over the Octagon, and they built their large nest of dead reed stems, where they hatched and are now bringing up a family of three. P. R. Yorke says that the male bird is very jealous during incubation and is prepared to do battle with those who approach too near—indeed he relates how one boy had to run to prevent a conflict! The female bird dives for fish—probably

roach—and pops them into the mouths of the cygnets. The parents are clearly proud of their family and form a dignified and pretty sight upon the lake. The wild ducks are not nearly so easy to observe as they do not allow a close approach—even at a distance of thirty yards they take to flight, and soar higher and higher, loudly protesting against the intrusion, and with necks strained fly with ungainly appearance out of sight. The coots do not object so much, and Yorke found a nest close to a tree on the banks of the Oxford Water near the bridge. The father was all attention until the little ones were hatched, but later, when they tumbled into the water and, strange to say, could swim without instruction, the father was satisfied and left his family to the care of the mother. The nest, Yorke says, was built of dead reed stems—just like the swans', only smaller and not so easy to see, being hidden away by the tall reeds which almost fill up the Oxford water. In colour the young coots were black with white bills like their parents, but in addition they had a reddish fluff round their bills and a border of orange down round their faces. The smallest 'tizz' from their mother brought them quickly to her side, for curious appearance, however, no water fowl on our lake can compare with the great crested grebe. She has one babe, and the two make the most interesting sight upon the lake. The mother has a chestnut tuft upon her head and a fringe of long brown hairs—like side whiskers—hanging round her neck. Her beak is pointed, her neck long: she can sink her body gradually deeper and deeper into the water and if alarmed dives under and swims. The little grebe is different; instead of tuft and side whiskers, it has what appears like a white dotted neck with one or two stripes. It was observed one day to dart quickly out from the reedy edge to meet its mother who was carrying a silvery fish in its mouth and when the two met the little grebe took the fish, swallowed it at a gulp, turned round and darted back to the reeds while the mother swam off for more.

But enough of the water-fowl. The birds about the house, and in the park and the creatures of the woods demand attention.

S. C. Swan has written a good account of the birds which are more particularly frequent about the House. He writes of the swallows, swifts and house martins. The swallows are nesting in the rafters and beams in the loft above the workshop near the bicycle shed. Heyworth reports that many of their eggs have been taken and so not many young ones have been hatched. The swallow (Swan writes) differs from the house martin in having a brick red throat with a green band underneath, a long thin tail, and a nest of straw and feathers instead of mud, and it is unable to cling to the stones of the house walls. House martins have built their nests of mud under the eaves of the highest roofs, where they are well protected from the rain. Mr. Hanford marvelled at the stability of the nests in such positions, and thought that the bird must have the strongest of gluey material to make the nest stick. Swifts have been noted: they are larger than either martins or swallows, and nearly black, and they have never been seen to come to rest in the day-time; their's is a tireless journey. H. E. Robinson saw a kestrel visit the nest of twigs high up on the topmost ledge underneath the portica of the South entrance. A blue tit has been observed to make three visits in four minutes to its nest in a hole in the wall near the arch leading to the bicycle shed—if it brings an insect each time the little one will have had about 150 in the course of Morning School. The account of our house birds would be incomplete without mention of the starlings which nested in the holes on the tops of the stone palisades on the South Front. The holes were deep but should a face show itself above, the starlings scrambled out and beat a hasty retreat.

The grass land in front of the house is a kind of play-ground for our larger birds—crows, rooks, jackdaws and starlings chiefly, but also thrushes, pied wag-

tails, and blackbirds. The jackdaws in particular are numerous and their curious manner of cocking up their beaks as if they were amused with life is an unending delight. But approach too near and off they go. Starlings, thrushes and blackbirds seem particularly good at discovering worms—one wonders whether the worms peep out of their holes and are caught in the act, or whether as it is said the birds tap the ground with their feet and induce worms to come to their front doors never to return. However that may be, our starlings, thrushes and blackbirds feed well. Four lapwings have been seen with their perky cockades on the top of their hats.

The woods, however, are the favourite resort of birds. Redbreasts, goldcrests, chiff chaffs, wrens and hedge sparrows, tits of all kinds—except the bearded and crested tits—nuthatches, tree creepers, blackbirds, green woodpeckers, spotted fly-catchers, chaffinches, linnets, redpolls, bullfinches, yellow hammers, jays, cuckoos, owls, kestrels and wood pigeons, have all been seen—most of them frequently. The list is long but not exhaustive.

Goldcrests' nests have been found by Robinson and L. G. Rivers-Moore, one on the far side of the Grecian valley, one close to the Zoo and one near the cycle house. All the nests were in yew trees and built of moss lined with feathers, but Rivers-Moore says that the squirrels had the eggs and no young were seen. The chiff chaff readily betrays his presence but is not easily seen: he is decidedly yellow like the willow-wren but not nearly so yellow as the yellow hammer. Yorke discovered a wren's nest in a hole in a brick wall—the entrance being protected by a tree: it was built of moss and dried leaves, and was nearly globular in shape. The young are said to cock their tails up quite early and sing well. The spruce and old beech trees here are favourite haunts of the wood pigeon for roosting: his bluish-grey head, white side patches, grey upper and brown under parts make him a handsome bird, but unfortunately for him he likes the farmer's produce—corn, seeds, peas, and even goosberries! Swan says that the nest is built of twigs and hollowed only sufficiently to prevent the eggs falling out. He believes that the bird prefers to feed early when the dew is on the corn—presumably it helps the digestion. The green woodpecker has been often heard, but comparatively rarely seen, for his green coat matches admirably the green leaves and the green mould on the bark of trees. His red hat, however, is handsome and distinctive. He is useful to the starlings and nuthatches who like to build their nests in his old ones. Swan has observed a great tit's nest and says that it was built of moss, horsehair, rabbits' down and sheep's wool—it must have been very bold to get the horse hair—a very soft nest, neatly compacted and containing several white eggs spotted with reddish brown dots. The first brood are hatched in May but they do not learn acrobatic tricks so well as the little blue tits do. Nuthatches like holes in trees: Robinson persuades them to leave their homes by hitting the tree with a stick, and he has been known to climb to giddy heights to peep into their nest. He says that the entrance hole is lined with mud until the size is just large enough for the nuthatch to pass through: a restless bird with a handsome grey-blue back. Stowe blackbirds have built their nests among the nettles, and Robinson believes this to be a deliberate choice by the blackbirds to avoid the squirrels who decline to be stung even though an egg be the reward. The young ones were well trained and not at all alarmed when Robinson paid them visits. Swan describes a redpoll and its ways: it has a bright red cap, builds a nest of hay, leaves, moss and hair—about three inches across—and it lays round white eggs. Yorke found a Jackdaw's nest in a hole in a tree near the Bridge over the Octagon; it was built of sticks and lined with wool and contained two young birds. The parent birds sat close enough to watch the young but far enough to avoid the visitor—though there was no need to be so distrustful. A kestrel hawk's nest was found by Yorke and Robinson

inside the Cobham Memorial at the top—the five young birds loudly protesting against the intrusion.

H. B. Jackson and Montague-Scott minor have fished the Oxford water with a net, capturing water-beetles, water boatmen, larvae of many kinds—gnats, may-flies, alder-flies and crustaceae—water 'fleas' and 'shrimps.' The water beetles and boatmen breathe air which they hold tucked under their wings, the gnat larvae inspire through two tubes reaching to the surface. Unfortunately the creatures disagreed and only the beetles and boatmen survived the dispute, the rest being left as skeletons on the bottom of the tank—another case, it is feared, of the walrus and the carpenter.

M. E. C. Lord has written a valuable account of a collection of butterflies and moths: it shows insight into method and knowledge of technical detail: space alone forbids fuller mention of his work. Butterflies have not been plentiful this year, but Lord has seen brimstones near the Wolfe's Monument, orange tips, painted ladies, red admirals, pearl-bordered fritillaries, peacock butterflies, large skippers—and has captured dragon flies.

O. K. Cochrane writes on frogs but this article is already long enough.

No notes on Natural History would be complete without mention of the Zoo. Robinson made the plans, organised the workers, obtained the materials—wire netting, branches of trees, nails, hammers and what not—and in one week's time the Zoo was in being. It is stocked with jackdaws and rabbits and red squirrels, and we are promised every sort of animal next Term. The coveted black rabbit has not yet been caught.

THE TREES OF STOWE

THE man who designed Stowe put much thought into his work, and the conclusion he came to was something like this: 'The house will lie on that high ground, three miles north of Buckingham; an immense park will lie round it, which I shall lay out with trees. From the arch, which will stand on the top of that ridge, a broad avenue will run to Buckingham. Along it I shall have trees, trees all the way.' And so when a man pays his first visit to Stowe, as he turns out of the sleepy little town, he finds himself in the avenue at once.

Everything here is on a massive scale. The road on either side is lined by a fine double row of trees, mainly elms, and, as it should be, there is a distance of over sixty feet from the edge of the roadway to the trees, which gives a great impression of space. The road runs straight for two miles over hill and dale to the Corinthian Arch, where, having played its part, it wisely swerves away and leaves the sweep up to the South Front to be carried on by a wide stretch of grass-land, set between the curves of the flanking woods.

In the woods themselves there is wonderful variety. Nearly all the common and many of the rare trees are to be found, while broadleaf and conifer are mixed as they ought to be on land laid out for beauty and not planted for profit.

Of the conifers, the two kinds which predominate are the cedar and the yew. Of the former there are many magnificent specimens with their huge trunks, their great limbs, and, perched pertly on the flat branches their squat, erect cones. Unfortunately many of these trees have suffered from neglect. Some have died, and still stand naked and gaunt; storms have taken toll of others and have broken down great limbs, which urgently call for the skilled surgeon's axe and the healing balm of the tar-barrel.

Everywhere we go we meet the dark and rather gloomy yew: but the yew can rival the Samurai Sword in antiquity, and though none of ours may go back even to the Norman Conquest, they are representatives of a long-lived and venerable race, and must therefore be treated with respect. It was the ancestors of these and similar trees that supplied the famous English bowmen of the Middle Ages with their six-foot bows, which won the day for the English troops in many a hard battle.

Before leaving the conifers, we must take a glance at the Sequoia. The name is probably less familiar than the tree, for most people have at least a bowing acquaintance with the stately, rather formal, taper-trunked, uniformly-branched giant, which is often called by the ponderous name of Wellingtonia. This tree, which is brother to the gigantic redwood, of California, flourishes also in that state, and can claim to be the biggest tree in the world. Some of the eucalypti or gums of Australia may surpass it in height, but for height, girth and volume combined the Sequoia stands first. To turn for a moment to statistics, a section of a Sequoia cut in California is to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The particular tree from which this section was taken was well over thirteen hundred years old; it was three hundred feet high, sixty-two feet in girth at eight feet from the ground, and, when standing in the forest, was entirely without a branch to a height of two hundred feet. We cannot find such a giant in our own woods, but still we have some good examples in the fine avenue which runs from the iron gate at the north-east corner of the cricket field towards the rifle range. These trees are of no great age or size, but in another hundred years, should they weather the storm and escape the axe, they will be worthy of the school that Stowe will then be. The name, it is interesting to note, commemorates Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian, who lived in the Cherokee country of Georgia towards the end of the Eighteenth Century. He was known at first as a skilful silversmith, and later as the inventor of an alphabet and a written language for his tribe. His remarkable alphabet, consisting of eighty-five characters, is destined to pass away with his tribe, but he will have an enduring memorial in this, the largest of all trees.

Of the broad-leaved trees there is a great variety. The two which force themselves most persistently upon one's notice are the beech and the elm. The oak, the most typical of English trees, is much less in evidence. And we rather miss it, with its great 'kneed' branches, which were so useful a hundred years ago in supplying the right shape of timber for the hulls of our warships. But the beech is at least as beautiful as the oak, and here there are some glorious examples of it, which can hardly fail to have been seen and appreciated by everyone, in the intervals between taking wickets or making runs. Just now, when they are in full summer dress, their chief glory lies in the beauty of their rounded form and in the toss of their sprays when the wind blows, but each season will show us something in its own way as good; autumn will show us the changing colour of the leaf, sometimes brown, sometimes flaming copper; winter the whole of the smooth grey bole and the marvellous tracery of the twigs; spring the delicate green of the opening leaves.

The elm is a rather duller fellow than the beech. His leaves are thicker and coarser, and have much less life about them, while in autumn they will turn to a drab grey, which is much less attractive than the colour that his friend the beech puts on. Superficially he is of interest chiefly for the enormous size to which he may grow, but to a close observer there are many fascinating points to note about him, such as the appearance of the flowers before the leaves in spring—often taken for the swelling of the leaf buds; the loss of the end bud of the twig and the deputy-leadership of a side-bud; and the leaf mosaic, where each leaf is so placed on the twig that it gets the maximum amount of light. But no tree makes a more stately avenue, and we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr Williams-Ellis for having acquired, in order to preserve it, the approach from Buckingham to the Corinthian Arch, without which Stowe would be so much the poorer.

Of the other common trees the lime, the sycamore and the horse-chestnut are most abundant: the sycamore is especially prolific, and the woods are full of seedlings which are springing up naturally everywhere. The winged fruits, too, have found their way beyond the bounds of the woods, and on the slopes near the Gothic Temple may be seen hundreds of tiny seedlings pushing up through the grass.

Besides these common trees there are many others, some of which are seldom met with. In the garden, at both the east and west end of the house, there are several fine tulip trees, which should soon be in flower, and not far from those, at the east end, there is a very beautiful and graceful fern-leaf beech. The leaves of this variety of beech are so unlike those of the ordinary tree that at first sight it is not

likely to be recognised as a beech at all, but the nuts in their little cupules would surely convince the most unbelieving.

But to appreciate the trees of Stowe we do not need to study them in detail, although we should at least learn to look at them. In time to come, the memories which will remain among the clearest and most vivid will be those of the straight two miles of elm and beech to the Corinthian Arch, and of the stretch of country—park and wood and lake—beyond, where we once spent so many happy days.

I.A.C.

COLLECTIONS. No. I

ONE of the most curious instincts of mankind is the instinct for collecting things: it may be an ambition to bring down one's hundredth hippopotamus, or it may be a desire to accumulate a complete series of Ogden's cigarette cards, but it is rarely that a man is to be found whom a predilection of some kind does not spur on to collect and to collect. Sometimes the collector is animated by an ulterior motive, beyond the mere collecting: a big-game hunter thirsts after the dangers and chances which attend his pastime; the collector of botanical specimens is, or at any rate may be, attracted by a genuine desire to help on the world's knowledge of natural science. But even when there is such an ulterior motive, the principal incitement is this instinct for collecting.

And so it is with the collecting of postage stamps. A vast collection full of varieties may be worth thousands of pounds, yet through having been gradually acquired in the course of many years it may have cost the collector only a few hundred shillings. But it is not primarily the financial value of the stamps that moves him to collect: there seems to be something intrinsically enthralling about the actual acquirement of a great number of a particular kind of thing or of a complete set of a certain type or series. In consequence of this, stamp collecting is a recognised occupation of the leisure hours among young and old, at home and at school: where one man will spend an afternoon watching a ferret at work or trying to induce a squirrel to climb a beech-tree, another will prefer to set in order his Nicaragua stamps or to mature plans for obtaining a 'Post Office' Mauritius.

Now a matter about which every collector has to decide sooner or later is whether he proposes to collect everything he can lay his hands upon or only certain kinds of stamps: he will probably incline at once to look out for adhesive postage stamps only, neglecting such 'extras'

as postcard stamps, fiscals, and the like. But is he going to collect all the adhesive postage stamps that come his way? At first he will probably absorb greedily any and every variety that is put within his reach, but a time will come before very long, unless he tires of this particular kind of recreation, when the number of cheap stamps that he can procure becomes burdensome and unruly: he will cease to be grateful for ordinary stamps taken off letters from abroad, and will begin to look out for what are, comparatively, rarities and will possibly specialise in the issues of some particular countries. It is important to bear this in mind in the early stages of collecting, and a good general rule might be made to the effect that, except for a special purpose, no stamp should be bought whose catalogue price in Stanley Gibbons' current catalogue is less than 4d. For an application to any fairly advanced collector will result in his producing shoals of these practically valueless stamps which he would willingly give to a beginner merely in order to get them off his own hands.

It must be remembered that a stamp collection is to be appraised not from a numerical consideration of the number of specimens it contains, but from the consideration of the question how far it accomplishes what it sets out to do. A complete set of the forty-seven stamps of Prince Edward Island, or even of the six stamps of Stellaland, is a better collection than one of three thousand varieties of the type that is sold in 'Giant packets of 100' at 6d. the packet. It will be found that, almost invariably, a stamp bought in 1910 for 10/- can be sold to-day for 25/-, while stamps bought in 1910 for 1d. are not worth $\frac{1}{2}$ d. yet. And there is another principal error that an inexperienced collector should carefully avoid: he should never on any account buy a torn or damaged copy of a stamp: let him see that every specimen he adds to his collection is in really good condition, lightly post-marked if it be 'used,' well centred, with an adequate margin if it be imperforate, or with the perforation complete if it be a perforated stamp. Advertisements may constantly be seen offering a stamp catalogued at 15/- for 4/- 'slightly torn' or 'with a small stain in top left-hand corner.' To buy these is equivalent to dropping 4/- down the nearest drain.

If a collector decides that the time has come to 'specialise' on certain countries, he will be guided, of course, in the choice of his countries by certain personal predilections, by the number of stamps of certain countries that he already possesses, by the consideration of the likelihood of his being able to amass a decent collection of a particular country and, if he is wise, by the advice of an experienced friend. If, for example, he loves swans above all other things in this world, he will probably specialise in Western Australia; if he possesses fifty

stamps of St. Helena in a collection of two thousand, he will choose that as one of his countries; while a sensible person of limited means will not start off to make a complete collection of 'three-cornered' Capes or of the 'Sydney View' types of New South Wales.

When he starts specialising he will find it useful to regard those stamps which he possesses of countries other than those he proposes to concentrate upon as duplicates to be exchanged for specimens of his selected countries. Also, he will find it interesting to go into far more detail with his special countries than he could ever have hoped to with a general collection. There are many minute and intricate differences, affording the advanced collector a special joy, connected with variety of shades, with variety of paper, with variety of perforation and many other such points. Take the ordinary English 1d. stamp of the first issue of King George V's reign: most of the varieties are catalogued at 2d. or 3d.; even the inverted watermark only brings the price up to 2/-; but find a copy in the shade known as 'aniline scarlet,' and the catalogue price jumps to £3. In many of the early stamps of Great Britain a great difference in value is connected with the 'plate number' that is found in tiny figures in the frame at each side: while most numbers are fairly common, some—for instance, 77 and 225—are quite rare. Again, there is a French issue showing Justice and Commerce, where the difference between one set and another consists in many cases solely in the position of the minute letters INV which are printed in the lower margin.

Besides such intentional differences, there are unintentional differences which are eagerly pounced upon by collectors. These are the 'errors' which apparently creep in inevitably whenever stamps are produced: there is such a peculiarity as a stamp printed upside down, attached to its next neighbour printed the right way up; this is known as a tête-bêche pair: some stamps are found printed erroneously in the wrong colour, others are found that have been left imperforate by mistake. Every ordinary 1½d. stamp received on a letter to-day is worth examining to see whether the last letter of 'three-halfpence' is an 'f.'

Perhaps, after all, it is only a rather precise and fussy type of mind that really enjoys such tiny points, but for those people who do appreciate such minutiae the acquirement of a specialised collection entails a great and permanent satisfaction. But if a collector grows tired of such a hobby when he reaches the age of sixteen or so—and this happens more frequently than not—let him reflect, before destroying his collection or giving it away, that he may want to take it up again when he is twenty, and let him put it aside for the intervening years. Above

all a collection should be treated kindly: do not put the temptation in the way of someone's pet ferret, when he is tired of tearing up important notices, to start on your latest acquisition of British Guianas: neither allow ink to drip through on to your best Labuans. Do not be discouraged if you have but a small and as yet insignificant collection; no one can do everything on the grand scale: stamp collectors, like everyone else, can comfort themselves with the thought that, as a great psychologist has remarked, 'If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly.'

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Charles Collyer has communicated to us the following extracts from a letter he received a few weeks ago: it had been delayed fifteen years in the post, as will be noticed from the date.

THE ALBANY,
PICCADILLY.
July 4th, 1938.

MY DEAR COLLYER,

I am just back from a week-end at Stowe School, which you remember we visited together in the first Term of its existence, some fifteen years ago. I must admit I was amazed at the difference that these few years have wrought. You probably recollect the dismal wait at Bletchley and the slow train on to Buckingham: these are now things of the remote past, and the new L.M. & S. line takes one direct to Stowe station in seventy minutes from Euston with only two stops, at Leighton Buzzard Junction and Buckingham. Buckingham, by the way, is nowadays a thriving centre, a live place, very different from the sleepy country town we remember: it already boasts a branch of Barker's, a theatre and a fair picture-gallery. I am not saying, mind you, that these changes are all improvements. Although the railway line is well concealed and one hardly hears the noise of the trains from the immediate neighbourhood of the school buildings, it seemed to me queer to find the Gothic temple converted into railway station buildings. However, if I deplore its strangeness, I cannot deny its convenience.

On the Saturday I spent some time watching a cricket match between the School and Old Stoics: two or three of the Old Stoics I recognised as having been in the School in 1923—do you remember a right-hand medium bowler who had Rockley Wilson's action and kept

a length? He was taking wickets. And there was that man whom we saw as a very small batsman make an irreproachable o in one of the first School matches: he made a most exhilarating forty-three with beautiful strokes all round the wicket. In the end the School won by two wickets. Incidentally I expect you saw that they beat both Harrow and Eton within ten days last month. The cricket ground is very much as it was: the turf has been extended right up to the steps of the house, leaving only a carriage-drive breadth of gravel: King George has been removed. There is an excellent pavilion on the west side of the ground with an up-to-date score-board.

On Sunday evening I went to a service in the new chapel: there is a fine organ and the singing was hearty; the music is still principally congregational, though just at the moment they have a first-rate solo boy who was let loose in a verse of a Bach Chorale tune. The chapel still looks a bit new, but time will tone it down. Later in the evening there was a combined practice of the Choral Society and the orchestra (they already have, thanks, largely, to the O.T.C., a complete band except for one trumpet and one bassoon: one of the mathematical masters plays the trombone and the Bursar's secretary takes the second clarinet). They were rehearsing Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens' and that new work of Brent-Smith's, and were not bad at all: the tenors were, of course, too weak and the basses too strong, but that is inevitable in a school. They rehearsed for just over an hour, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. I am told they have one serious concert a Term and an improvised domestic sing-song every fortnight or so. Broadcasting has, of course, done wonders in these last fifteen years to encourage and spread the appreciation of music. Out of 583 boys in the School, 313 take music in some form or another. Most of them, of course, still learn the piano, but several take the organ, the violin, &c., &c., while some learn the theory of music and the elements of composition without acquiring or attempting to acquire more than a superficial working knowledge of piano technique—which I consider an eminently sensible scheme.

I must not forget to mention the aviary and the 'zoo,' of which we saw the very tentative beginnings that Summer Term. They are now situated beside the hard tennis courts just beyond the extensive laboratories, which you can imagine are 'replete with every modern convenience.' Altogether a most flourishing and attractive place.

Yours ever,

G. M. O'NEIRATA.

MB

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