

visitors from Scotland, from London, or from the continent—now some politician like James Bryce, now an old Edinburgh friend like Sheriff Aeneas Mackay or Batty Tuke (now Sir John Batty Tuke) the alienist, or John Chiene, the surgeon, or like Forbes White the Rembrandt authority, or DesClayes, the father of the Misses DesClayes, the artists of Montreal, from Aberdeen: now some distinguished foreign critic or historian like Kuenen or Count Ugo Balzani. For these he organized dinners in Hall, and breakfasts, lunches, and often dinners in his own rooms. I have vivid memories of a Sunday afternoon spent in his rooms with Prince Krapotkin, the Nihilist, who, in the intervals of a reasoned justification of bomb-throwing and the destruction of those high in authority, even if simultaneously numbers of innocent bystanders were done to death, was almost piteously enquiring for a telegram which he was expecting every moment from London, which would tell him the progress of his youngster who was down, he explained, with a feverish cold!

I mention here those whom I can recall at the moment. Of course there were many more. Time and again on these occasions we were invited to continue the conversation in his rooms, or the hospitable rooms of Shipley just beneath—and then the varied talk continued until midnight or later.

As to his rooms, picture to yourself a chamber of goodly proportions stretching across the breadth of the Fellows' Building—the most chaste example of Stuart renaissance in Cambridge, build in 1640 or thereabouts, John Milton's father being one of the subscribers to the Building Fund, and said to be designed by Inigo Jones. On the one side, two generous windows looking into the second court of the college, and on the other, a like pair overlook the Fellows' Garden. Picture to yourselves bookshelves all around the room—books in profusion on his writing desk and table; over the fireplace Sir George Reid's portrait of his father, Pirrie Smith, with the head seen from three aspects, reproduced in Sutherland Black's "Life;" one or two small landscape paintings by the same old friend, together with his portrait