

LETTERS OF C. F. TUCKER BROOKE

III. Oxford, 1904-1905

Seal on envelope : THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED
Back of envelope :

Keep this and bring
home at Xmas.

Postmark and stamp have been torn off.
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

OCT 13
12 --- M
1904

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

[*Large print of ship with tugboat and clouds.*]

CUNARD R.M.S. "IVERNIA".
Oct. 3rd, 1904.¹

My dear Mamma,

I have been putting off writing to you during the voyage, intending to wait till I had arrived safely at Liverpool. However, they say that letters mailed at Queenstown, which we reach tomorrow will go without delay by a White Star steamer ; so I will send you a few lines at once and more when I am once more securely established on terra firma. The voyage has been delightful ; we have a very congenial party and have had, comparatively speaking, I believe, a very calm passage. I have not been troubled with seasickness at all, though a great many of the others have had slight attacks. The ship is rolling at present rather heavily, as is evidenced by my scratchy writing, but none of us object to that at all now.

The fellows are all very pleasant, though one or two of the Westerners are rather unpolished, among them my only companion at St. John's, Murray from Kansas. I rather wish I was to be with the representative of a more cultured and more enlightened district. My room-mate on board is Carothers from Ark. whom I mentioned, I think, in my postal from Boston. He is one of the few

¹ 1904 and 1905 letters were scanned and edited in 2016 from typed transcript and compared, where necessary, with handwritten originals. Punctuation has not been knowingly changed.

The layout of the letters seems complicated a hundred years later. Generally the letter starts on the right side of the fold, continues top to bottom on the *verso*, then returns to the left half of the front page, sometimes going down, usually sideways. Multiple pages are folded separately so as to fit in the envelope. The paper is normally somewhat transparent, permitting the writing on one side to show through on the other to varying degrees. The paper is thin without being brittle.

The spacing of words in headings and closings is freely imitated in the transcription. — George S. Blackburn, editor.

undergrads, but is very pleasant and quite the soul of fun. Fleet from Va. is exceedingly good mannered and gentlemanly, as, in fact, the others are, almost without exception. I don't think I have ever seen a more altogether agreeable crowd. Several of the Southerners, I confess, hardly come up to my expectations, as, though charming personally, they show an ardent devotion to the noble game of poker – and similar avocations – that is the reverse of praiseworthy. They, however, are very much in the minority and all my particular associates are quite unexceptionable.

Our fellow-passengers are very interesting. They consist mainly of a dozen or so aristocratic English people of the usual type and a large Hungarian delegation returning from an international peace conference at Boston. The latter are delightful, though as half of them speak no English, I have had use for all my little German. The head of the delegation, Count Apponyi² has given us two informal talks upon the political and constitutional state of Hungary and has invited us all most cordially, as have nearly all the others individually, to visit Budapest, whenever we can, promising to entertain us most hospitably and to have the students of the university there receive us.

The fare and the general service on the boat are excellent. The menus are most luxurious and I have been rejoicing greatly in my ability to do them full justice. So far I haven't missed a meal ; they have a most unhygienic number of meals here too : a big breakfast followed by a cup of hot broth at eleven ; luncheon at one – a most prodigious meal ; tea in the afternoon ; dinner at seven ; and cold supper, if desired, at ten. The salt air seems, however, to give all but the sea-sick an appetite and to enable us to ward off the usual disastrous consequences of over-eating. I walk the deck pretty energetically and spent the whole of the day and a half I was in Boston walking.

As the streets of Boston seem all to have been laid out by a very cross-eyed man and run in every direction than straight, I naturally never had any distinct idea during my wanderings about there, just where I was. However, I wandered about aimlessly and managed to see a great deal that was very interesting : the public library, the Bunker Hill monument, the Old South Church and a great many of the public city buildings. On Monday evening we were invited to dinner at Cambridge by Wagner, an unsuccessful candidate for the R.S. from Ind., who is now at Harvard. We were most hospitably entertained and had an opportunity of seeing a little of the university for which I was very thankful.

We expect to reach Liverpool about midday Wednesday. There are about thirty-five of us aboard and we shall go in a body, I imagine, to Oxford. There we shall separate for the five or six days that will remain before school opens. I expect to go up to London after having duly installed myself and my baggage at St. John's. This, however, depends entirely upon circumstances.

With much love for everybody,

Your affectionate son, Tucker Brooke.

² The second comma is generally omitted.

First letter from Oxford. On back of envelope, oddly slanted :

**Clarendon Hotel.
Oxford.**

OXFORD
2.15.AM
OC 6
04
4

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

OCT 15
9 30 P
1904

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

[*Seal of hotel.*]

**Clarendon Hotel.
Oxford.**

7:30 P.M. Oct. 5, 1904.

My dear Mamma,

We reached Oxford in a body on a special train from Liverpool a little before six this evening, after a very interesting but exceedingly trying experience of English life and methods. My trunk and suit-case were both left behind at Liverpool together with a great many possessions of the other fellows. In consequence, I am just beginning to appreciate the full benefits of the checking system. Everything here has to be trusted to a set of very unenlightened porters ; one of our party twice rescued his trunk from a porter who insisted upon putting it on the London train and lost it nevertheless at the end. In its place two or three trunks belonging to the Hungarian delegation were sent on with us instead of to London, as they should have been and are now left high and dry at the station here. When the true owners will recover them is entirely matter for conjecture. I telegraphed for my things this evening and expect to get them all right to-morrow – an expectation in which the station agents bear me out. All the officials here are, by the way, most delightfully polite and obliging – and every other person expects a tip. However the tips are not large fortunately and they give us much needed practice in the use of British currency. Speaking of money, I had one of my 50 dollar checks cashed at Liverpool without the slightest difficulty : I have not yet had to begin upon it, though, as I had already several dollars more than enough to pay my way to Oxford.

I have already been to St. John's and find that I shall be able to begin residence there to-morrow. The senior Tutor is in London for a day or two, but the porter has agreed to install me to my satisfaction. The two rooms they had set apart for me are very pleasant, abundantly lighted and large. The porter was unable to give the exact price to-night, but said it was very moderate. He will give me, however, the choice of several other sets, in case I should prefer another location. I am going back to-morrow morning to make a thorough examination and decide definitely where I wish to stay. The buildings are beautiful, or rather imposing, in the highest degree and the garden, they say, one of the sights of Oxford. I have talked with several old Oxonians lately and all have said that St. John's is in

every way a good college. I am very glad I did not get into one of the larger and more renowned colleges as they are all either very expensive or very far from studios or both. The porter told me a R.S. from New Zealand is to be at St. John's ; I don't know whether there are others or not.

I believe I didn't tell you of the acquaintance I made on the "Ivernia", a Mr. Duncan, who with his grown daughter was returning from a three weeks³ visit to the States. He is an old Christ Church man and gave me a great deal of good advice in regard to Oxford and English life in general. He is very well off, lives ninety miles North of London, and was most cordial in promising to do everything possible to assist us in our life here. I saw particularly much of him on board and found him very friendly and much more approachable than I had supposed an Englishman. Mr. Spear, too, M.P. for Devon, treated us extremely well, giving us a talk on British Parliamentary procedure and promising to show about any of us who might care to see Parliament in session and to give us tea on the Parliament terrace.

Oxford is exquisite, as far as I have been able to see it on this rainy evening. Though the weather was quite clear all the way over and we made a record breaking trip, yet we were received at Liverpool by a true English drizzle, which followed us to Oxford and has now settled into a steady, though not very heavy rain. Notwithstanding, Oxford looks beautiful in its antiquity and quaintness and I know I shall like the life here very much. Everybody is exceedingly courteous and cordial and I think it will be our own fault if we don't all make ourselves liked.

There is a great deal here – at first view, at any rate – which strikes us as ridiculous and hopelessly old-fashioned. The trains are much smaller than ours and the tracks much narrower. Each tiny car consists of three compartments seating six persons each ; the engines are pygmy-like affairs that run along with almost no noise and the whole looks at first almost like a play thing. However, the roads are perfectly smooth and the trains make very fine time, averaging at least fifty miles an hour, the guard told us. The country through which we traveled this morning was notable principally for its great greenness and for the well kept appearance of everything. It was by no means so thickly populated as I would have imagined ; in the two hundred miles or more we passed through not more than three or four large places ; most of the territory was composed of carefully marked out little fields with occasional villages and occasionally a large stone house or castle rising above a grove of trees.

Nothing could have been more pleasant than the last days of our voyage. Monday night the passengers gave a concert – naturally I didn't participate except in the rôle of spectator. Last night we had a little supper all to ourselves – we Rhodes Scholars⁴ I mean – to celebrate our last night together. We sighted the Irish coast – Fastnel lighthouse – at about eleven yesterday morning, having broken the ship's previous record for the trip by fifty minutes. All day long we steamed within a very few miles of the coast, which is very high and picturesque with deep bays and inlets filled with fishing craft. Nothing could have been more picturesque than that run. We anchored at the mouth of Queenstown harbor ten miles from the city at 6 P.M. A small steamer met us there and received the passengers and baggage for Ireland, for the Cunard liners don't enter the harbor themselves, in order to save time, I suppose. Several curiously dressed Irishwomen came aboard to sell genuine Killarney lace – needless to say I didn't invest in any.

It is after nine and a good many of the other fellows have come in, so I must stop. When I get settled and feel more at home here, I will be able to write more interestingly. Please write to me at once and tell everyone else not to [*written sideways in a large hand over the original script*]

³ Punctuation *sic passim*.

⁴ Normally the writer does not capitalize "scholars".

neglect me, for I feel rather lonesome when the others get letters and I have none. St. John's College, Oxford is sufficient address. Remind Duchie that he has promised to write me a bulletin of information about Great Britain.

With love,

Tucker Brooke.

OXFORD
10.30.AM
OC 13
04
4
STAUNTON, VA.

OCT 24
4 ---- A
1904

RECEIVED

Miss Nan W. Brooke,
Va. Female Institute,
Staunton,
Virginia, U.S.A.

St. John's College, Oxford,
Oct. 12, 1904.

My dear Nan,

I am just getting settled here and find it rather hard work, though I have two "scouts" to look after me, who make it much easier than it would be otherwise. The scouts are about the finest institution about Oxford ; there are two to every staircase on the quadrangle ; that is, to about every six or seven men, and as they have nothing to do but look after the students under their charge, they are very useful. I expect I shall become so lazy after a year or two of this, that I shan't know how to wait on myself when I get home again. The scout wakes me at eight o'clock in the morning, pours some cold water into a big tub for my bath, asks what I want for breakfast and departs, leaving me to bathe in a very primitive fashion with a sponge and dress. Regular bath-rooms are unknown in this country and all the hot water on the island, so far as I can ascertain, is taken internally in the form of weak tea – a most nauseous dose, indeed, to those who are not to the manner born. Everybody has a little tea kettle, holding about a quart, which is kept constantly full of water on one's grate, so that the inevitable tea can be brewed at a moments notice at any time of the day or night. Whenever an Englishman decides to take his semi-annual hot bath, he sends around to all his friends and neighbors to borrow their tea water. When the united contributions amount to enough to cover the bottom of his tub, he starts to work with his sponge and devotes half a day to scouring himself inch by inch. To use more hot water than is absolutely necessary to wet the sponge respectably is considered an extravagant waste of valuable tea material. Yesterday I went to Balliol College to see Forbes,⁵ the R.S. from Mass., and he confided to me in great perplexity that he was very desirous of taking a good hot bath once more, not having had one since he left America, but that he didn't know when he would be able to attain that ambition because he had no idea

⁵ The writer consistently writes "Fobes", spelling a Boston accent as he heard it.

when he might get sufficiently well acquainted with the other fellows in his college to borrow their tea-water.

On the whole, though, we are very comfortable here, and we are certainly living in much more style than we are accustomed to at home. I am the proud possessor of two big rooms, a pantry and an entrance hall – all absolutely my own with an outside door which I can lock and thus shut myself off from the rest of the world, though “sporting one’s oak”, as they call shutting the outside door is supposed to show an inhospitable disposition and is decidedly contrary to college etiquette. So, as a matter of fact, these doors are always open, night and day. It is seven o’clock and I must go to dinner ; this is the only meal we eat in the college hall ; breakfast and lunch are brought to our rooms by our scouts. I will finish my letter when I get back.

We had to eat dinner in two lecture rooms to-night, as dons, that is, the professors, are having some kind of festivities in the regular hall. Dinner, as I said, is the only meal we eat together. Our other meals are brought us by the scout and are very simple indeed. My breakfast usually doesn’t consist of anything but toast and butter with jam and cocoa ; something like this is what nearly everybody takes, though you can get meat and other things if you specially order them. Lunch is just as simple – bread and butter with a big piece of cheese and more of the inevitable jam, which, however, is very good. Then to drink you can order a variety of things : beer, ale, cider and the like. I always take lemonade or cider, as I don’t like the other beverages they have. So, you see, we are not given too much to eat by any means ; I can very well understand why the English have afternoon tea and other meals between times. However, I always get as much as I want – so far I have at any rate – and everything looks and tastes very nice. Then there is always the chance of ordering nearly anything you want, if the regular meals do not suit you.

We had a fine voyage from Boston. The weather was fine and I was not in the least seasick, though a few of our party were a good deal incapacitated part of the time. There were thirty-eight of us on the boat and we had a delightful time together. Our staterooms were separated from the rest and we did just as we pleased. We got to Liverpool Oct. 5th – just a week ago to-day – and came straight to Oxford. I stayed here just long enough to select my rooms and then went up to London, as the college was not to open for a week and hardly any of the dons were here. I stayed in London from Thursday evening till Monday morning and spent the time sightseeing most industriously. I went through Westminster, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul’s Cathedral, the British Museum, the Tower of London, saw a dozen other interesting places, went to the theatre Friday and Saturday night, and did a little shopping. Monday afternoon I got back to Oxford and proceeded to unpack my things and make myself comfortable. I am feeling pretty well at home now and will get my course of study arranged satisfactorily in a couple of days, I hope. Work will hardly begin in earnest before next Monday, though a good many of the fellows are already here and the rest will arrive probably to-morrow. There are five Rhodes scholars in this college : one from Kansas, one from Canada, one from New Zealand, one from Tasmania, and myself – a very curious kind of aggregation isn’t it ? – Write to me as soon as you can, for I want as many letters from home as possible.

Your loving brother, Tucker Brooke.

OXFORD
9.15. AM
OC 14
04
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

OCT 24
12 --- M
1904
5

RECEIVED

Dr. D. B. Purinton,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.
Univ. of West Virginia⁶

St. John's College, Oxford,
Oct. 13, 1904.

Dear Dr. Purinton,

The first term of the Oxford scholastic year commenced today. There are a great many ceremonies and formalities connected with the entrance of new students – partly interesting survivals from mediaeval times, partly usages of more recent date – which quite fill up the first two or three days. I suppose none of the regular machinery of the quarter will be set going before Monday at the earliest. As matters stand here at present, indeed, there can hardly be said to be any complicated educational machinery, after one is once duly matriculated and assigned to a tutor. The duties of the tutor are almost wholly supervisory, particularly in the case of the more advanced students. A certain number of lectures are given, but the ambitious students do the great part of their “reading” almost by themselves or under the instruction of great specialists and university lecturers, who are usually not connected in any way with the students’ college.

I am very comfortably established at St. John’s and expect to have both a pleasant and a profitable stay in Oxford. I have found every one most courteous and like the mode of life very much indeed. Every afternoon is given up, even by the most hard-working students to exercise and social intercourse and the result is very satisfactory in all ways. I intend to go in for rowing and running, in the athletic line, with possibly a little football – a game which, of course, is very different from ours. I have seen comparatively little of my fellow students as yet, since most of them have only begun to get back within the last twenty-four hours ; the few, however, whom I have met, have been most cordial. We have six Rhodes scholars at St. John’s and a very curious assortment they form. There is one from Canada, one from Germany, one from Tasmania, one from New Zealand, one from Kansas, and myself. The Tasmanian and the German I have not yet met, though I have heard that they have arrived. The others will be, I am confident, very agreeable associates. As regards my course of study, I am having a little difficulty and must ask you to help me by having sent to Sidney Ball, Esq., Senior Tutor of St. John’s College, a catalogue of the University of W. Va., together with such other matter, as may serve to establish the position of the university. The authorities have told me that any facts regarding the amount of credit given for work at W.V.U. by Harvard, Yale, or other large Universities would prove very

⁶ President of the university.

valuable – anything, in other words, which might serve as a standard for comparison of W.V.U. and the few large American universities now well known to Oxford.

I am troubling you for this information because it is absolutely essential to me in securing advanced standing for the B.A. degree and consequently for the M.A. The various authorities say that, personally, they are quite satisfied of my ability to do the work I desire, but that they are bound by statute to consider first the status of the college, before the claims of my particular representative of the college can be taken into account in any way.

In order that the committee take action upon the matter, it is necessary that they have the desired data at the earliest possible moment. So I shall be very grateful, if you will have as much as possible of the matter I have asked for forwarded to Mr. Ball immediately – even if you can send only the university catalogue. Of course, once this question as to the amount of credit to be given by Oxford to studies pursued at W.V.U. is settled, it will be of great benefit to all succeeding generations of West Virginians – and this fact gives me more boldness in asking you to trouble yourself over the matter.

Thanking you in advance for a very early performance of this request, with the hope that it will not prove too troublesome to you,

Most sincerely yours,
Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue oval seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
5. PM
OC 18
04
25

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

OCT 29
9 ---- A
1904

RECEIVED

Mrs. George Rogers,
Morgantown,
West Virginia, U.S.A.

Pale blue crest, heavy stock :

J.C.R.⁷
S^T JOHN'S COLL OXON

Oct. 18, 1904.

Dear Ida,

I have been trying to write to you for the last week, but have been so very busy getting settled and becoming acquainted with my fellow students that I have had very little time for letters. I am now fairly well at home here and like Oxford very much. We were matriculated last Thursday and the college opened finally on that day, but I did not have my first lecture till to-day. Classes meet here only

⁷ Junior Common Room.

once or twice or at most three times a week and the students are left to work much more by themselves than at home. I like the system very much, but really there is so much to do always at the university in the way of athletics and social visits from other fellows or the like, that I don't see where anybody finds much time for hard study. The good students, they say, do a great deal of their work during the six months of vacation and that, I suppose, is what we Americans will have to do in part, for the requirements for a degree with honors here are really very high. However, I shan't object to taking a book or two with me when I start out on my travels ; in the summer, in fact, I shall rather enjoy having something to do between times in the midst of sightseeing.

I have quite decided to go to Germany or France to spend every vacation possible. It will be economical as well as pleasant and profitable, for living on the continent is very much cheaper than in England. I have nearly decided to go to some interesting part of Germany to spend my Christmas vacation, which lasts about five weeks. The traveling expenses are not much and I could live inexpensively and perfectly delightfully by stopping at some historical little place on the Rhein or elsewhere and making excursions on foot to all the interesting points in the neighborhood. And then, of course, I should go where there were no Americans or English and where I would have to learn German. In that way I could get to talking pretty well, I think, in a very short time, especially with what I already know of the language. I have a German just across the [*smaller writing on last page*] hall from me in college and I am going to get him to speak German with me if I can, though it may be that he will want to talk English as much as possible for practice.

I am very comfortable now and like Oxford extremely. Everybody is very polite to us foreigners and I have made lots of acquaintances already. I don't know what I should have done without all the things you gave me to fix up my room. Your two cushions – or Mary's – are specially useful, for they are the only ones I have and I don't know what I could have done without them. I use your pen, too, a dozen times a day and find it almost indispensable, and the brushes and table-cloth and everything.

The handwriting gets progressively more squeezed.

You would be interested to see the enthusiasm over stamps everybody shows here. I saw dozens of little stores in London where they are bought and sold and nearly everybody seems to have the fad. Even in the British museum⁸ there is an immense collection on exhibition, left to the museum by some wealthy philatelist ; it is said to be one of the most complete collections in the world. – Tell Mamma I got her letter a few days ago and will write to her very soon. With much love for everyone,

Tucker.

Raised blue seal, heavy stock :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
11.45.AM
OC 31
04
25
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

NOV 10
12 35 P
1904

RECEIVED

⁸ Lower case.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Oxford,
October 30, 1904.

Dear Mamma,

I got a letter from you this morning together with one from Floride ; so I consider myself in luck. I am writing in the Union, which I have joined, that being considered the thing to do. It is a kind of general club for the entire university, not being restricted to any particular college as is the organization they call the Junior Common Room at St. John's. The Union is a kind of combination debating society, circulating library, club, and news agency with a restaurant and numerous other accessories attached. Gladstone, Lord Roseberry, and all the distinguished, together with a very much greater number of undistinguished Oxonians, have been members. There is an election of members every term, which is purely a form, as any student, who is willing to pay the fee of a little over a pound a term can join. In return for the fee members have the privilege of taking out books, taking part in the debates, etc. They are also furnished with stationery ad libitum and with postage for all letters written by themselves on union paper up to one penny. Unfortunately they refuse to put more than a one penny stamp on each letter ; so that I will have to pay the other penny, half-penny on letters to America. However that brings my expenses for stamps down to three cents a letter, which is little more than at home.

Yesterday I took a long walk of about twenty-two miles with two of my American acquaintances, Verner of S.C. and a fellow named Cady, who is not a Rhodes scholar, from New Hampshire. We went through Woodstock, visited Blenheim Castle, which is just beyond, saw several old churches – dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,⁹ a fox hunt, stopped for refreshments at two delightfully picturesque English inns, paying eight pence at the one and six pence at the other for lunch for the three of us – and finally we got back to Oxford just a quarter of an hour before dinner at seven.

Yesterday morning before starting on my walk, I was entertained at breakfast together with the other R.S. and four or five of the aborigines by Mr. Ball and had a very pleasant time.

I find that the principal expenses of Oxford life are for extras. I think I shall be able to make my necessary expenses for board tuition and room-rent as low as they were at Chicago and so save a good deal for travel. There are lots of clubs, etc., however, with high fees which every one is expected if not obliged to join and they raise the cost of living. I am doing very well, however, and like [*written diagonally across upper left corner of first page*] everything very much. I am beginning, too, to settle down to study and think I shall get on very well. My tutors leave me strictly to my own devices which I rather like.

With love,

Tucker

⁹ Punctuation *sic*.

Written diagonally across upper right corner of first page.

Excuse this scrawl, as I haven't much time to-day and don't want to postpone writing till to-morrow, for my doings on weekdays are uncertain.

Raised seal, not inked :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
11.45.AM
OC 31
04
3
STAUNTON, VA.

RECEIVED

NOV 10
2 :30 P
1904

Miss Nan W. Brooke,
Va. Female Inst.,
Staunton,
Virginia, U.S.A.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

St. John's College,
Oct. 30, 1904.

Dear Nan,

Mamma wrote to me a couple of weeks ago that you had sprained your ankle and so here is an epistle of sympathy. Please don't measure the sincerity of my condolence, however, by the length of the epistle, for my time is short. Dinnertime is rapidly approaching and to delay dinner here is a more grievous misfortune even than usually, for everyone who is fifteen minutes late has to set up his table to beer or ale and as I dislike both beer and ale, the situation would be awful for me.

I suppose your ankle is well long ago, anyway, or will be by the time this reaches you, as it takes such ages for letters to go and come. So I will say no more about the sympathy you probably don't need, reserving it till you get around to the other end and break your neck, as wholesale gymnastics are guaranteed to help you to do. Speaking of gymnastics, I am at present training for the mile run in the freshmen's races that are to come off Nov. 8. I haven't any chance of winning the thing as one of the Americans here has the record for the U.S. for that distance, but it is fun, as well as fine exercise, running on the track every afternoon and I may get third or fourth place if I go in for it, which will be something.

Yesterday I walked twenty-two miles with two other Americans here and had a delightful day. We saw two churches six or seven hundred years old, went through the town of Woodstock, which you would probably know more about, if you liked Scott, visited the Duke of Marlborough's castle, Blenheim, saw a fox hunt, stopped at two funny looking little roadside inns for refreshments, and finally got back just quarter of an hour before seven o'clock dinner, though we had started before ten in the morning. I took breakfast yesterday morning with my senior tutor, Mr. Ball, with the other five R. scholars at St. John's and four or five of the aborigines. I left early, so as to get a good start for my walk.

The Oxford Union whose paper I am writing on is a kind of club, debating society, circulating library, restaurant, and news agency combined. Nearly all the distinguished Oxford people of the last seventy-five years have belonged to it, Gladstone and Lord Roseberry for example – and also nearly all the undistinguished Oxford people such as I. The circulars they send out announce the first fact very carefully, but refrain from saying anything about the second. The words of the shield "Dominus illuminatio mea", "The Lord is my light" – constitute the motto of the university.

I like the fellows at St. John's very much. There is a little German named Gabe just across the passage from me with whom I talk German sometimes. I am thinking of going to Germany to spend Christmas but haven't decided yet. In any case I shan't stay in Oxford, for I shall want to see something new.

I wrote to you a couple of weeks ago and I am giving you credit for having already answered. If I don't hear from you soon, I shall conclude that you are in the habit of using your toes for purposes of correspondence and are waiting for your ankle to get well, before using a pen.

With love your brother, Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue seal, heavy stock :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
11.15.AM
NO 14
04
4
LIVERPOOL
3:50PM
NO 14
04
27
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.
NOV 25
12 30 P
1904

RECEIVED

Prof. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

Crest, heavy stock :

J.C.R.
S^T JOHN'S COLL OXON
Nov. 13, 1904.

Dear Papa,

I have just an hour or somewhat less to-night, for Mr. Ball has invited me to attend some kind of essay society at nine o'clock. I have not the slightest idea what sort of organization this is, meeting on Sunday night, but I suppose an invitation from my senior tutor is something of a command.

I have just bolted dinner – half an hour late – after returning from a most delightful day at the country house of Mr. White, first secretary of the American embassy. He has a beautiful place thirty miles from Oxford in a very interesting part of the country. All of the American Rhodes scholars except three – forty-two in all – were there and we were most charmingly received and entertained. We left Oxford at ten o'clock this morning on a special train, which Mr. White had promised for us, and arrived at a little village, called Loudwater an hour later. Here we were met by three large wagons in

which we drove several miles to the house of Mr. W. Before lunch he took us a walk¹⁰ of a couple of miles across the fields to an old Quaker meetinghouse, where Wm. Penn, the founder of the colony of Pa., is buried. The place is very interesting and quite a place of pilgrimage for Pennsylvanians they say, though very seldom visited by the rest of the world.

When we got back to the house we found that Mr. Choate, a Lord Carrington (formerly Lord Chamberlain to Queen Victoria) and five or six other distinguished persons had arrived, having been invited by Mr. White to meet us. Mr. Choate, with his daughter and several other people came from London (23 miles) in a motor car, as they call automobiles, and had to leave before tea. He was very pleasant, and made us a speech, as did Lord C¹¹ and several of the others. After lunch, which was a very formal affair with two kinds of wine, etc., we walked another mile, guided by the indefatigable Mr. White, to the parish church where Edmund Burke and the poet Waller are buried. Burke's home was on the land now in Mr. W's possession. In the church are several other interesting graves, tablets, etc. Within three miles of Mr. W's home is Chalfant St. Giles, where Milton resided, when driven from London by the plague and where, they say, the greater part of Paradise Lost was written. We didn't get there, however, as our time was naturally limited, not to speak of the pedestrian ability of our host, who, indeed showed the youthful zeal and alacrity in piloting us about. Mr. White, by the way, is going in a few months to Italy as minister. I don't know whether he welcomes the change, which is, of course, officially an advancement, or not; he has been twenty-eight years in the London embassy and is now second in rank to Mr. Choate. His home is most luxurious – so much so that I suppose his salary from the government is not by any means sufficient to maintain it. He was most delightful in his intercourse with us, [*on a half sheet of stationery, torn off along the side edge*] as were all the other members of the household and the guests. He has promised to come, with his wife and daughter, who are both charming if somewhat Anglo-Bostonian, to the Thanksgiving dinner which all the Americans in Oxford, especially the Rhodes scholars, are going to give, and is to act as toast-master.

It has for a long time, I hear, been the custom for the Americans in London to celebrate both Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July. Anomalously enough, as Mr. White told us, it is usual for one of the British cabinet to take part in the Fourth of July celebration – or at least to give it the sanction of his presence as a matter of courtesy. I find that the English have no feeling of hostility concerning the Revolution at all. They simply regret universally the loss of America as the U.S. are universally called here, Canada, Mexico, and the other appendages of the continent being ordinarily quite ignored. The Revolution is attributed entirely to Lord North and he gets the entire blame, instead of the colonies for the celebration. The War of 1812 I have not yet heard alluded to in any connection and I avoid it as a delicate subject. It is quite flattering to see how very much the English respect and count upon the U.S. – infinitely more than we at home do in regard to England.

My time is up and I must go. I have very little time now for letters and am getting very behind hand in my correspondence. My studies are requiring more time and I have innumerable interruptions. I told Dr. Purinton that I have been quite successful in getting the senior standing for which I applied. It will be very helpful. Very affectionately

Tucker Brooke.

Enclosed with the above letter, on thin paper, together with a pressed leaf.

Monday, 10:30 A.M. – I am on my way to a class at eleven and am afraid I shall be late. There are so

¹⁰ *Sic.* Prepositions are sometimes omitted.

¹¹ *Sic.*

many things here to take up one's time, that it is very hard to get anything [done], especially letter writing. – I went to the meeting last night, to which Mr. Ball invited me and enjoyed it, though it was not at all a function for which we would have selected Sunday at home. A Russian exile spoke for two hours on the state of the Russian government. It is quite usual here, I understand, for debating clubs to meet Sunday evening. The English are most industrious Church goers, however – and very active in religious matters.

I have decided to ask you or Mamma to freight me the rest of my books C.O.D. The freight charges, I have from others of the Americans who have done so, are very little, and I can not well do without some of my books. Of course I do not want any fiction – but all the French, German, Latin, and Greek texts (of which there are only a few) and all the poets and essayists (selections from Hazlitt, Lamb, M. Arnold, etc.) I left behind.

Financially I find I am much better off at St. John's than almost any of the other Rhodes people at their colleges and I shall have even more money than I shall need, travelling as I shall. – I send you an ivy leaf from the old Oxford city wall, a large section of which is still standing. It was built very early and repaired by Richard II.

When you send my books, for which there is no special hurry, please mark the box “freight”. I suppose it should be sent via Baltimore.

With much love,

T. B.

Raised blue seal, heavy stock :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD

3.30.PM

NO 27

04

1

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

DEC 6

6 ---- A

1904

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia, U.S.A.

Pale blue crest :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Nov. 27, 1904.

Dear Mamma,

Your letter of the 17th came this morning and I was, of course, delighted to get it. Sunday is a day to be looked forward to with me because the mail from America always gets here at that time – one of them, that is ; there is always one and sometimes more during the week, but most of my letters are brought me by my scout Sunday morning.

As usual I am in a hurry this morning. It is 12:20 now and I am invited to lunch at the Porter's (of whom I wrote you some time ago) – at 1:30. As I have to go from the Union to my room, dress a little, and walk nearly half a mile during that time, I must hurry. This afternoon I shan't be able to write, as I am going to pay my party call upon the Wylies, who had me to lunch last Monday.

Last night I had a little social gathering in my room at "coffee". There were about fourteen in all : the Rhodes scholars at St. John's (Thompson, N.Z. ; Morrison, Tasmania ; Gochal, Germany ; Cameron, Canada ; and Murray, Kan.), a German, Gabe, whose room is just opposite mine and from whom I borrow when I need extra chairs, teaspoons, etc. upon special occasions ; Fleet of Va. and Barton of New South Wales at Magdalen ; von Helldorf, another German R.S., at Univ. ; and Brooke, a very nice fellow whom I met only a week ago, a R.S. from S. Africa. He is at Keble and has been here over a year, having received his scholarship in 1903. I invited two or three more, who were unable to come. We had a very good time. What with my scouts to wash dishes and get things from the kitchen, entertaining is an easy matter here, and it is not at all expensive, as the refreshments are rather light, consisting usually of coffee, which the host makes himself, buns or something of the kind, and cake, or if it is a very ambitious affair as mine was last night, some chocolates and fruit.

I think next term I shall be able to get more study done, in spite of the interruption and during the Xmas vac. I mean to work pretty steadily, if I am not too busy sight seeing. So far, though I have not done very much work, I seem to have accomplished quite as much as the dons expect, they apparently taking it for granted that "freshers" – and most other people – have higher duties to perform than studying. I think, though, that next term I shall be able to get Snow, my tutor, who is quite meek, to let me concentrate my energies upon two or three things and then I shall progress faster. At present he is giving me homeopathic doses of an impossible number of different things.

Our Thanksgiving Dinner Thursday was quite a success, though it broke up in a kind of chaos upon the stroke of twelve – or rather a few minutes before the stroke and every body rushed for his college, leaving three toasts to be responded to. There were about ninety persons present. One of the speakers, Papa will be interested to know, was his friend on torts, Sir Frederick Pollock of Cambridge, who has both lived and studied in America and has sent his son to the Harvard Law School. Dr. Parkin also spoke, together with several others, though as I said, we had to disperse, before all the toasts were given.

With much love for all, Tucker B.

Raised blue seal, heavy stock :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
3.30.PM
DE 4
04
4

Received stamp is at edge of envelope.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

Crest :

J.C.R.
S^T JOHN'S COLL OXON
St. John's College,
Dec. 3rd, 1904.

My dear Mamma,

Your delightfully long letter of Nov. 23 arrived this morning and I am answering it at once, to show my appreciation. I see I shall have to write less frivolously in the future than I have been doing, as you seem to be taking my gossip rather more seriously than I usually intend it. Please make my peace with Mr. Marley, if possible and tell him that I have not yet abjured the Church of England in all its forms by any means. On the contrary, I have been getting up at 8 o'clock in the morning – and 8 o'clock is horribly early here, as it isn't fully light till half-past seven – to attend chapel, merely out of a sense of virtue, whereas nearly all the other foreigners at S. J.'s have got out of chapel and early rising by declaring themselves non-conformists. I like the low church service still, but there is always among a large number of every congregation an amount of crossing, chanting, and prostration, that drives me for relief to Mansfield, the refuge and strong hold of the dissenters and the pet abomination of the "unco guid",¹² among whom there is really a most surprising amount of bigotry and ignorance. Mansfield is a congregational theological college, quite liberal in its teachings and attended by all non-Anglican divinity students. They have the best preachers in England there, drawn from every part of the kingdom and the services are very fully attended – even, of course, by the moderate Church of England people. There is an undergraduates' sermon at the university church, St. Mary's, every Sunday evening, which is also very good and quite liberal. I heard the Bishop of London there a couple of weeks ago and liked him exceedingly.

This is my last Sunday in Oxford till next term. I "go down" next Saturday and have between five and six weeks holiday – during which students are expected to work hard enough to make up for the time wasted here. Thomson, the New Zealander, a very industrious worker and rather a chum of mine, left Wednesday by special permission, because he has a lot of studying to do, having a preliminary Greek exam, to get off his hands at the beginning of next term. I am quite as undecided as at the beginning just where I shall stay in Germany and for how long. I think Scholz, the Wisconsin R.S. will go with me. He is a very pleasant fellow and naturally, being from Milwaukee, speaks German very well. I shall be very glad to have him with me, but we set out under an agreement to keep together for as long or short a time as we feel inclined, separating whenever we care to pursue different routes. First we are going up the Rhine, walking if the weather permits, probably as far as Heidelberg, where Murray Johanson of Washington state, and one or two more are going at once. If I reach there early and feel like continuing my tramp, I am thinking of Heilbronn and Nuremberg, but this is all uncertain. Be sure to write to me often and I will keep the porter at St. John's informed where he is to forward my mail.

I have been going out as much as usual – at what would be a most frivolous rate at home, averaging once a day. Sunday I lunched with the Porters, as I believe I told you. They are Americans, evidently quite well to do and have been very nice to all of us. Mr. Porter is connected with the republican party in some way and is now in America, having left for there about a month ago. He was at the head of the census during Harrison's administration and now over here in connection with the American embassy, I believe. He has a son who is preparing to take responsions¹³ next term and a daughter somewhat older I imagine. Monday I went to breakfast with two third year men ; Tuesday to a

¹² From Robert Burns, "Address to the Unco Guid, or Rigidly Righteous".

¹³ The first of three examinations required for a degree.

smoking concert at University College as the guest of von Helldorf, a German R.S., Wednesday to Scholz's to tea ; Thursday to breakfast with a S. J's fellow, and to tea with Miss Crocker, a maiden lady from New England, who has been entertaining us all by instalments – naturally the only way in which it can be done. Friday I took tea with Harris, a student from Tasmania, not a Rhodes scholar, strange to say etc. To-day I am going to tea again – with a Miss Martin from North Carolina. I fail to see why so many American girls have come to Oxford to study. They cannot take degrees and are admitted to only part of the lectures – and to them only on sufferance. One of the dons is said regularly to begin his lectures : “Gentlemen, and other persons who see fit to be present.” The “other persons”, however, are here in great numbers and homeliness. The English literature lectures are specially popular and one day I counted fifty-six at Prof. Raleigh's Chaucer. So it looks like even conservative Oxford will be overrun soon. It may fairly be said that the British coeds far exceed the American ones even in antiquity of appearance.

Tuesday night I am going to Wylie's to a reception. So, you see, it is not strange that the students here have to go home to study. However, I have managed to accomplish a little work in the intervals between giving teas, etc. myself and going to other people's. I wrote the other day to the Ewings, to whom cousin Bush.¹⁴ Washington gave me a letter, asking whether it would be convenient for me to run down to Greenwich to see them about the tenth from London, where I shall stay a day or two, I think, on my way to Germany. I expect a reply in a few days ; they may, of course, ask me to spend a day or two with them.

Last week we had some pretty cold weather for four or five days, with some snow and actually a little skating. Everybody was greatly surprised. Now it is very warm and they say it is not probable that they will have another such freeze during the winter. Next term, they inform me cheerfully, it rains steadily every day and the lowland by the Thames is flooded sometimes for half a mile or so. The weather this fall, I hear, has been unusually good. There has not been much rain, though there is hardly one day in ten when it is possible to see half a mile and very often the fog is thick enough to cut. During the spring, however, which begins here in March, they say Oxford is exquisitely beautiful. Even now the grass is much greener than in America, because of the dampness, I suppose, and in spring, they say, the weather is ideal.

I have all the clothes I need. They don't dress much here. I think I told you I got a dress suit ; it is very satisfactory indeed. Clothes are much cheaper here than in the U.S. — Paul Nixon is at Balliol, together with the Mass. R.S. from Harvard, Forbes. I do not see very much of either, though we have exchanged a couple of visits. I like them both very well, though I find Forbes rather more congenial ; Balliol is just next door to St. John's. I will mention Anderson to Tigart the next time I see him ; he is at Pembroke with my friend Carothers of Ark. — Did you ever send me the pictures I have been [*handwriting progressively smaller*] expecting, yours and mine ? They haven't reached me yet. I don't know whether you have started my books or not ; there is no great hurry. I want everything except fiction. Remember to send it C.O.D. by freight ; that is very much the most satisfactory way in every respect. I hope you won't have much trouble packing them. Give my love to Ida, Papa, and everyone else who is interested in me and write regularly during the holidays. Your loving son,
Tucker Brooke.

Smaller still.

I am going to send you a few souvenirs of Oxford before I leave ; but am afraid I shall have a hard time selecting things that will elude the U.S. customs officials. [*Smaller, in two lines at the end of the paper.*] I wish we had free trade as England has.

¹⁴ Bushrod Washington. A recurring name in the churchyard at Zion Church, Charles Town.

GREENWICH

12.15PM

DE 12

04

6

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

DEC 24

9 30 P

1904

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

**ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE,
GREENWICH.**

Dec. 11, 1904.

My dear Mamma,

I left Oxford at 12:10 yesterday. In the morning I got through the last formality of the term, collections or "coleggers" as the students call it. It is quite an impressive ceremony and for those who have neglected their work a rather painful one. A long line of dons with the president in the middle sit on one side of a big table in the hall and the students are called up one by one and made to sit in solitary grandeur on the other side of the table facing the dons. One don reads the president then a short notice of the work which the student in question has done and the amount of industry he has shown. For purposes of discipline they take care never to make this report too flattering ; and if the work of the student hasn't been all it should have been, the delinquent gets a lecture and a cross-fire of semi-satirical questions and remarks in full hearing of his fellows assembled at the bottom of the hall waiting their turn. I fared very well, as my report stated that my industry had been satisfactory, that I was by no means a beginner in English literature, and that I was adapting myself well to English methods of instruction – which last point they regard evidently as a sign of considerable progress.

So much for Oxford. Leaving there at 12:10 I got to Paddington a little before two, crossed the city, got a car for Greenwich and reached the college here in the midst of a most dispiriting drizzle at about 4. I was most warmly received and have already become very well acquainted with all the family, who are all most charming. At present the family consists of only three as Mr. Ewing is away on business. Mrs. Ewing, or Cousin Annie as I have come to call her already ; her daughter Maud, who is rather pretty and very charming in her manner ; and the son Allen, a most cordial and attractive fellow, just "down" from Cambridge and now in for a medical examination. The examination begins to-morrow at Cambridge and lasts for ten days, so I shall not see him again. He had intended to go to Cambridge yesterday, but stayed over till to-day and was so nice to me that I feel that I know him very well already and have invited him to spend a few days with me at St. John's sometime – which is quite possible.

They have insisted upon my staying here for a dance Wednesday night and I expect to have a delightful time, though I had not meant to make such a long stay. Three or four other young people are to be up for the dance, and it promises to be very gay. Tuesday we are going in to London (6 miles) to see the Oxford-Cambridge football game, if I can get tickets.

The house here is beautiful. It was built originally by Charles II, as a palace and stands just [on a half sheet of Royal Naval College stationery, torn along the side edge] on the bank of the Thames, which is here nearly quarter of a mile wide, I should say. The window of my room looks out directly upon the water which is very pretty indeed and large steamers and sailing vessels go by constantly. The house is quite luxurious and perfectly immense with very high ceilings and large rooms and halls.

Allen took me to walk this morning across the Greenwich park to Blackheath, another of the London suburbs. On the way we passed the Greenwich astronomical observatory and saw a clock, marked with twenty-four hours on the dial, which registers the exact time for this meridian.

Everything here is very delightful and I am enjoying myself and [written with the paper upside down, letterhead at the bottom] particularly my new found relatives very much. They have all been most delightfully cordial and have already begun to talk about my coming back in other vacations.

Cousin Annie has asked me about you especially and tells me to give you her love. She says she remembers you very well. Cousin Ginnie Alexander was here for about six weeks during the summer and they all speak very pleasantly of her. I haven't time to write you any more, as I must stop and make myself sociable. It is nearly tea time. When I write next it will be from Germany, I suppose.

With much love,

Tucker Brooke.

HEIDELBERG
13-1-05 1-2N

NEW YORK, N.Y.

5

JAN 20

1905

PAID ALL

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JAN28

RECEIVED

12 30 PM

1905

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
128 Willey St.,
Morgantown,
West Virginia, U.S.A.

Pension Schildecker,
Heidelberg, Jan. 12, 1905.

Dear Mamma,

I have been in Heidelberg ten days now and have been enjoying the life of the place and the society of the other Americans very much. The sojourn certainly hasn't tended to cultivate industrious habits in me, and I find myself only a little less lazy than the other three. We have been keeping most unhygienic hours, never going to bed before half-past one, though there was nothing to

keep us up. Most of the time we – at least Johanson and I – stayed in the house the whole evening and amused ourselves by reading, talking, or practicing our German on our host, who sometimes drops in and the two servant girls, who wait on us and have become very communicative, so much so, really, that they sometimes give us rather more German conversation than we need, being inclined to launch themselves upon long streams of interrogation, and narrative, everytime¹⁵ they bring us fresh coal or come to take away the supper dishes. However, they have taught us a good [bit] of German, though, of course, their language is not always the most grammatical or their accent the best. One of them is engaged to one of the soldiers here, and, according to the German fashion, has been for the last ten years. However, she seems to regard the matter as a most delightful novelty and converses with us by the half hour about what her Bräntigant says and does. Reticence on such matters is not a German characteristic. The Bräntigant comes to see her in the kitchen pretty often, and when he has gone, she is likely to find a reason for coming and communicating to us what he has said. The Bräntigant himself is a very German looking personage, short, fat, and red-faced, with a very good-natured and uninspired-looking face, who clicks his heels together when he meets us on the steps and gives us a most impressive military salute, from which I infer that he approves of us.

The restaurants here are great places of resort for all sorts and conditions of people – especially in the evening, when they seem to take the place of clubs. People go there and spend hours over one glass of beer, reading the paper or talking to their acquaintances. You often see whole families there, old gentlemen and ladies with their sons and daughters, all drinking the universal beer and chatting furiously. It seems very funny at first, but you soon get rather used to it. Murray and Morrison used to betake themselves to one or the other of the big restaurations, as they call them, nearly every night and play billiards till two or three in the morning. I went several times too, from a sense of duty, and enjoyed the display of human nature, but, as I decidedly dislike beer and don't play billiards, I soon found it getting monotonous and stayed at home with Johanson, who is likewise rather of the same opinion. We two are alone now, as Murray and Morrison left yesterday for Frankfort, where they want to spend a few days before going back to Oxford.

Heidelberg is a very attractive place of about 40 000 on the Neckar, about fifteen miles from the Rhine. It is beautifully situated in the midst of pine-covered mountains which rise very abruptly around it on three sides. There are beautiful walks in all directions through the woods and magnificent views from all the hills. The university is the oldest in the German Empire, except that of Prague, and has always been one of the most popular. The winter quarter began Monday and the students are now all back and the town is quite lively. The different Corps, which correspond rather to our fraternities, wear caps with distinctive colors – red, blue, yellow, white, etc. and the crowds of them that are always walking about the streets give the town a very picturesque appearance.

The day before yesterday we all went to see the university Career, or prison for students who have transgressed college rules. It is one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. The building is small and unpretentious, on a narrow side street and doesn't look very much like a jail from without. Upon our ringing a bell, the door was opened by an old woman and we entered a rather small hall from which a staircase leads up to the second floor on which are the four or five rooms of the Career. The first glance you throw about you as you step over the threshold of the place, fills you with astonishment. Every inch of wall and ceiling, in the hall below, along the stairs, and in every room upstairs is covered with pictures and sketches, done in every imaginable color and design, each one the contribution of some one of the inmates of past generations. Each sketch is accompanied by a few sentences, sometimes in doggerel, sometimes in prose, giving the name of the artist, the length of his

¹⁵ This word is written on two lines with a hyphen.

imprisonment (four weeks is the maximum) and the cause. The cause is usually something like turning out the gas lights on the streets or interfering with the police. The offense is very often committed with the express purpose of getting into the Career, which is a very much desired experience. Of course, the prison discipline is by no means strict ; the inmate has his meals sent him from his boarding-place and has plenty of visitors, while his artistic efforts in decorating the wall occupy him too entirely to permit of his suffering from ennui. The wall sketches, with the inscriptions which accompany them are, indeed, very interesting and their variety is infinite ; many of them are caricatures of the artist themselves. Upon leaving the Career, each inmate donates a small photo of himself which is placed, with those of all his predecessors on the door of the room he occupied. The doors of all the rooms are now almost covered with these little 2x4 inch pictures. The collection includes some very distinguished persons, among others a son of Bismarck and quite a number of Americans.

The day before our visit to the Career, – Monday, that is – we went by rail about ten miles up the Neckar to a village called Neckarsteimach. We spent several hours exploring four old castles on the right bank of the river and climbing to a view tower on top the hill, from which we got a very extensive prospect. On getting back to the village we found that we had just an hour before the train went back, and I utilized it by crossing the river and climbing to the old castle of Dilsberg on a high hill on the other side. This castle is much more massive than the others we had seen and played an important part in the Thirty Years War, having been successfully besieged by Tilly, who took the Heidelberg castle and devastated the town. Dilsberg Castle is now partly in ruins, but a good deal of it is still intact and habitable. It was used during the last century as a prison for Heidelberg students and from an anecdote which Baedeker relates, it is easy to see how strict the discipline is. Some visitors to the castle, according to the story, asked to be shown the interior of some of the rooms in which the delinquent students were confined, but were told by the person in charge that this was for the time impossible, because the prisoners were at the time making a tour of the Odenwald and had taken the keys with them.

There are a good many Americans and English in Heidelberg, though fewer at this season than in summer, when the place, they say, is flooded with tourists. This morning I heard two lectures at the university – on Anglo-Saxon and Chaucer – by Prof. Hoops, who comes from Boston. He came to see the others, they tell me, before I got here. He lectured this morning in German ; I liked both lectures very much and would have introduced myself to him, if I had had a chance. He left, however, as soon as he was through talking, so I had no opportunity to speak to him.

We had a visit last week from a Mr. Strachan, an old St. John's man, who is now reader in English here. He was exceedingly cordial, took us out walking Sunday afternoon and afterwards to tea at his house. As I said I should like to hear some of the more distinguished professors here, he wrote out a list of their lectures, with the time and place and left it for me the next day. I have made pretty good use of it, having been to four or five classes. Johanson and I are going around to pay our party call on him and his wife and it is time for us to start now. I will finish this when we get back. —

We had a very good time ; saw Mr. and Mrs. Strachan and, strange to say, an English girl, who has been attending some of the English lectures at Oxford, a Miss Southey. Being one of about fifty "coeds," as we should say in America, I hadn't the slightest recollection of her face, though, as she said she had seen me in the classes, I agreed that I remembered the occasions quite well. I find that the English, when away from home, are much less insular and many degrees more cordial than they usually are in England. Mr. Strachan has been very nice to us ; he gave us tea this afternoon and asked me to come back again before Monday or Tuesday, when I have [time]. Johanson, who is rowing, has to be back several days before the rest of us and so leaves Heidelberg Saturday morning ; so that I shall have a couple of days here all by myself. However, I shall not object to that, for there are several walks I want to take yet and I find that one can be much more energetic by oneself than with other people. Then, too, I

have plenty of work to occupy me, though I have really succeeded, in spite of the numerous difficulties, in accomplishing a tolerable amount of study.

Heidelberg Castle is one of the sights of this part of Germany. It is a very large one and was very important strategically till the French under Milan [?] ¹⁶ in the time of Louis XIV blew up a great part of it. This was the fate of a very great many of the strongest castles on and near the Rhine, so that one can rather understand the hatred the Germans still have for France. Heidelberg Castle is a great place of pilgrimage for tourists in summer ; the great tun,¹⁷ which holds 221 726 litres is still shown there. In the cellar where the tun stands was supposed to live also the dwarf Perkeo, whose chief claim to fame rests upon his habit of drinking 18 bottles of wine every day. Whether appropriately or otherwise, Heidelberg seems to have taken Perkeo as its patron saint and his picture is seen everywhere. A good many of the citizens and all the students, it may be observed, seem to do their best, too, to follow their patron saints' ¹⁸ example in regard to the wine. Temperance societies, I am afraid, would not meet with an enthusiastic welcome in Old Heidelberg. With much love as ever, your son,

Tucker Brooke.

DARMSTADT
17-1-05 11-12

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JAN 29
3 30 PM
1905

RECEIVED

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U. S. A.

Pension Schildecker,
Heidelberg, Germany,
Jan. 16, 1905.

Dear Papa,

This is my last night in Heidelberg. I leave to-morrow morning at 10 and reach Cologne at 5:50 ; most of the trains here are horribly slow, not making over twenty to thirty miles an hour. I shall spend the night in Cologne and shall very likely find Murray and Morrison there, though it is possible that they have already left for England. Wednesday I shall go on to Dusseldorf and so to Antwerp. The boat leaves Antwerp at 7 P.M. and puts me in Harwich between five and six Thursday morning, whence I get to London about 8 and to Oxford about 10 or 11 A.M. which will be in very good time for the opening of college Thursday. I shall be pretty glad to get back to a settled life again, and am especially anxious to get my mail, for living six weeks without hearing anything of any of you is rather hard and I shall certainly always make arrangements to get my letters regularly henceforth. One gets rather anxious when cut off thus from the rest of the world and always imagines that something may have happened. However I shall know everything on Thursday and the next time I shall make better preparations before starting on such a trip.

¹⁶ Handwriting is hardly legible.

¹⁷ A large cask, especially for wine. (Webster's)

¹⁸ *Sic.*

The experience has, though, been a most delightful one in every way and has not been at all expensive, for living in Germany is very cheap. My expenses have been greatly increased from my travelling about so constantly and having to pay transient rates at all the hotels except here in Heidelberg, but nevertheless I don't believe my trip has cost me, for all necessities, more than fourteen or fifteen pounds, which is infinitely less than I should have paid at Oxford. Financially, indeed, I find that I am in a very much better way than most of the other Americans, for St. John's is a very reasonable college in its charges and I did not have to make as great an outlay in the way of room-furnishings and clothes as a good many others. Altogether I think I have reason to congratulate myself, though at the end of the first term no one is in a very flourishing financial condition and Wylie expected us all to be completely broke. And indeed, about half the members were.

I am by myself now in Heidelberg, Murray and Morrison having left Wednesday, in order to spend a couple of days each in Frankfurt and Cologne on their way back ; and Johanson, the Washington man, who is at Exeter College, the day before yesterday, because he has to be in Oxford a few days before the rest of us. Since they have gone I have seen much more of the Germans in the house than during the whole time before and the experience has been very interesting, as well as very good for my German. Instead of eating alone as we did, while the others were here, I now take my meals in the general dining room and have thus met some rather pleasant people. The party is not large, consisting merely of the host and hostess, three or four German students who have made themselves very agreeable to me, a Jap just arrived in Germany and as yet able to speak only a few words of German ; and a Russian, likewise a student, who speaks very good German and is very pleasant. His name is Nicolai Schulgowsky, which is certainly impressive ; I should naturally not know how to spell it, except that he wrote it on a piece of paper together with his St. Petersburg address and invited me to look him up if I should ever come to that city, which he said was very interesting and not either as distant or as bleak as is usually supposed. I promised to do so in case the very remote contingency referred to should come to pass, and gave him a similar invitation to Oxford. I can't say I think the prospects for our closer acquaintance are very good. He was a very pleasant kind of person to talk to and gave me a quite new insight into Russian society, as he comes evidently from the class which is very well satisfied with the status-quo there. He is, I must say, much less hungry-looking and much more endowed with the social graces than the exiled reformers we are accustomed to see, though, I suppose, he has much less excuse for his existence than they.

Saturday afternoon I walked with three of the German students and the Jap (who, by the way, gets along most peaceably with the Russian) to the university observatory on the Königsstuhl, the highest of the mountains about here. The astronomer in charge showed us and about twenty other students through the whole place, explained the mechanism of the apparatus, which is very intricate and costly, and let us look through the two largest telescopes at the moon, Venus, and Jupiter. I was interested to observe that the photographic tubes on the largest telescopes – very elaborate machines – were stamped Allegheny, Pa., U.S.A. We had a most delightful walk back through the pine-woods in the moonlight down the hill, which is about two miles long. There was a little snow on the ground which made the steep narrow path slippery, so that the descent was at times rather exciting. However, we all reached the bottom finally without any accidents, though the Jap, who is not used to hills was rather exhausted.

Yesterday I took tea again with Mr. Strachan, the old St. John's man, of whom I think I must have told you in my last letter. He has been very kind to me here indeed ; through him I have heard lectures by all the Heidelberg professors in whom I am interested and I think really that I have seen nearly the whole life of the place. It is certainly a very attractive town and I shall always remember my stay here with pleasure. — Jan. 17, 11:20 A.M. I was interrupted last night and didn't get this off. I am now in Darmstadt on my way back. [*Smaller handwriting.*] I left Heidelberg at 10 this morning, change

cars here and go on at 12:05 to Mayence¹⁹ where I have to change again – a very tedious journey. I spend the night at Cologne. With much love for all, Tucker Brooke.

S^r. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

OXFORD
9. PM
FE 5
05

No received stamp.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

Heavy stock :

S^r. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

Feb. 5, 1905

My dear Mamma,

I was quite lucky this morning in getting a letter from you and one also from Papa enclosing Chas. Fred. Tucker's²⁰ very pleasant note, which I will be sure to answer at once. I was interested to hear about the Rhodes examination and am rather hoping that Anderson will be appointed, though Lloyd is also a very pleasant fellow. Please let me know the final result as soon as you hear it, for I should like to write to the one chosen, as I think that I could, out of the information which I have gathered from more or less hard experience, give him some helpful advice as to the colleges, etc. I should like to have the West Virginian at St. John's, which I have come to think, all things considered, the most desirable of all the colleges, for the person who wishes to be comfortable and in a congenial atmosphere, without being forced into the expenses, frivolities, and worse incidental to being a "blood". The most fashionable colleges among the drinking, wealthy set are Christ Church, Magdalen, and Brasenose, which I should advise the ordinary individual to steer clear of. Then there are six or eight little out-at-elbows colleges, such as Wadham, Pembroke, Worcester, Exeter, Lincoln, etc., where the student gets very little and pays exorbitantly for it, because these colleges are always in a state of bankruptcy. St. John's is in the middle class ; the students are of a very good class and with a few shining exceptions quite sober and hard working. It is exceedingly well endowed and its prices are probably lower than at any other college for similar accommodations. At least Murray and I find ourselves, despite the large first term expenses in a state of moderate affluence, whereas nearly all the other fellows (who are at the other colleges) are in somewhat serious financial difficulties. Altogether, I would not exchange colleges with any one.

We Americans had a great treat here last night, as Sousa's band, which is now touring very successfully in England, gave a concert in the town hall. The house was packed and the crowd –

¹⁹ Mainz.

²⁰ A person of this name is buried at Zion Church, Charles Town. See *Jefferson County Historical Society Magazine*. vol. xxxiv, Dec. 1968.

even the phlegmatic of the English – was wildly enthusiastic. There was a very large sprinkling of Americans, naturally, who were all elevated to the seventh heaven of bliss – and noise – by Dixie, The Star Spangled Banner, etc. I enjoyed it very much indeed, and have been talking it all over with Pat Murray this morning.

I am working pretty hard now and am very well satisfied with the way things are going. I am already making plans for the Easter vac. My friend Cady, the Chicago-New Englander, who is in nearly all my classes and whom I see as much of as of anybody else in Oxford, is anxious for me to go with him to Devon and Cornwall and I think I shall do so. We shall probably spend some time in Exeter – said to be a beautiful place – and go from there slowly to Land’s End. I expect to get a good deal of work done as this trip will be much less strenuous than the last one. The patriarchal Miss Crocker, of whom I have spoken before, has promised to take me and a couple of other Rhodes scholars this afternoon to see some English friends of hers. [*Written diagonally across entire top of first page.*] I don’t know what sort of time we shall have. I must stop now for lunch. Give much love to Ida and thank Mary for her beautiful calendar which came last night. I will write more next time. At present I am very much rushed for time and barely find an opportunity to write, except on Sunday.

With best love, your devoted son,

Tucker Brooke.

Thin paper :

6 P.M., Feb. 5.

I am back from my visiting expedition — a kind of personally conducted tour by Miss Crocker it proved to be, and must have been amusing to those who saw the procession trailing through the streets behind the energetic and voluble Miss C. The ones conducted were Tandy of Kentucky (a K.A.), Tigart of Tenn., Fleet of Va., Brooks of Ga. (my double, of course, to the disgust of both of us),²¹ and myself. We were taken first to some people named Dixson from Australia, who have been in the U.S. and were exceedingly nice to us, though as the family consisted of an old lady and her blind son, the visit was not particularly exciting. After we had all drunk the statutable quantity of tea – two cups – we were conducted away to another place, which was certainly exciting enough. It seems to be a kind of international boarding school or pension or something of the sort for girls – and very international it was. I talked to a Dane, a German and an American (ex-Chicago Univ. variety) and the others whom I didn’t talk to were similarly assorted. I narrowly escaped talking German to the German under the impression that she was a Dane and wouldn’t know any more about the language than I did. However, I discovered the truth in time to save my reputation for linguistic ability and clung to English. As a result of the German I didn’t speak, I suppose, the lady in charge singled me out for an invitation to supper at some future date. I am considering the possibilities of Old Icelandic, which I have just begun studying philologically, as a medium of conversation with the Dane.

I am very well acquainted with most of the St. John’s men and on the best of terms with them all, as a somewhat overlarge number of calls at all hours of day and night will testify. The fellow above me in the third story, one Taylor, of whom I have spoken, a potential Congregational preacher [,] I see continually and we eat our lunch together always. He is a very nice fellow, and a good student, but doesn’t change his socks as frequently as might be desired. With love,

Tucker B.

²¹ Spelled with an “s” here and on March 25th. The Porter is “Brooks” ; the man from S. Africa is “Brooke”. Elsewhere the squiggle that makes an “s” is occasionally omitted, rendering the letter exactly like a final “e”.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
3.30PM
FE 12
05
1

Received stamp is at edge of envelope.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

S^r. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

Feb. 12, 1905.

My dear Mamma,

I got your letter of the second this morning, together with a short note from Lucy Brooke, in answer to a postal I sent her from Germany. My mail from home nearly always gets to me Sunday morning and I look forward to it for several days beforehand and am very much disappointed if I get none – which thanks to you isn't very often. Pat Murray was in a most disgusted state yesterday, not having had a single letter for three weeks. I haven't seen him this morning, as I got through breakfast before he appeared (we eat breakfast in hall on Sunday, you know), but I imagine he will drop in pretty soon to compare notes on the letter question and to ask me how many I got.

Meantime my work is getting on much better this term than last and I am very well satisfied with the progress I am making, though it is the studying I do by myself and rather on my own initiative, and not to any very great extent the lectures, that counts. The lectures are very interesting in their way, but they are much too few to be thorough, for I have none that come more than twice a week and as the actual working term, making allowance for the days lost at the beginning and end is only about seven weeks, it means that we get only thirteen or fourteen lectures on each subject – less than three weeks work with us. The lectures, therefore, are hardly more than introductions to the subjects they treat and with them as a basis the student has to proceed to work out his own salvation. Now that I have become accustomed to the system, I like it very much and think I am progressing very well. I have the examination questions of previous years to guide me – most strenuous tests they are too – and with them to direct the course of my work, I don't anticipate any great difficulty about getting ready for the final exam in June, 1906. Then I shall have another year for research work for a B. Litt. The lectures I am taking this term, by the way, are : 17. Century Literature, 19. Cent. Lit., Beowulf (which I once had under F.W.T. and promptly forgot), Middle English, Old Icelandic (a very good and very hard course, not so far removed as you might suppose from the English school), and an indefinite but interesting course called Characteristics of 14. & 15. century literature. The last is only once a week, the other twice – altogether eleven hours, which is considered very strenuous here. In addition I have a heart to heart talk with my tutor – the venerable Snoggers, as he is called among the students. He (Mr. Snow) gives me a paper to write each week and discusses it when we meet (Tuesday evenings at six). I then tell him what I have been doing and what I mean to do during the coming week. He is very learned and very pleasant to me personally, and I feel quite fortunate in having had him assigned me as tutor.

The weather here this term has been so far – considering time and place – extraordinary. We have had only two or three small showers and even once in a while a little blue sky. The winter, which to an American seems ridiculously mild, is past, the grass is very green (the greenness

of the turf was one of the first things I noticed in England), and spring flowers are coming up in the gardens.

--- I stopped here to prove my assertion by a trip to the garden and I send you the wild flowers that are already blooming there. You will recognize the snowdrops and cowslips that you read so much about. Our garden is a beautiful place ; I wish you could see it. It is two or three hundred yards square and surrounded on three sides – like everything in Oxford by a high stone wall, on the fourth side by the wall of the second quad, through an arch under which it is entered.

I am beginning to appreciate the beauties of Oxford more and more. The old stone buildings everywhere, most of them with the stone peeling of²² the outside from age, and the beautiful towers and spires grow on you greatly. I do wish you could all come over and see it, and I certainly expect you to do it before I leave. There are dozens of interesting places I haven't seen myself yet and three or four of the colleges, at least, I have never been inside of. If Miss Nell Moreland comes to Oxford, I shall be delighted to show her the sights of the place. Next term they say the weather makes up for all its past villainy and everybody throws down books – if they have ever been seriously engaged with them – and revels in the sunshine, the flowers, and the festivals. – eights' week,²³ Commemoration, etc. In anticipation of all this, I am trying to get through with a little work now.

The past week has not been specially eventful. I have been out to tea about four times – once with Scholz the Wisconsin R.S. at Worcester and once with Williams, a Wisconsin Welshman, over here studying Welsh as a noncollegiate student. The other times I have had somebody in to tea here, though always very informally and always somebody I know very well, who happened to be with me at the time. Thursday & Saturday I was invited out to breakfast.

I got a notification the other day from the Atlantic Transport Co. that my books had reached London and that they would be forwarded to Oxford on receipt of the bill of lading with my endorsement. It was a very good thing you sent it on. I enclosed it to them and expect the box in a few days. The bill for everything was £1, 4 shillings, and I think the books are quite worth that much to me. I am very glad you could not pay any of the freight, for it was very easy for me to pay it here.

I will send you a little Oxford guide which will give you an idea of the city – at least a better one than my letter can. I got you a spoon, too, in Heidelberg, which I [*written diagonally across entire top of first page*] shall smuggle through to you some time. I have had it waiting on my mantel ever since I got back.

With much love for all,

Tucker Brooke.

I shan't have much more time for writing, though I owe four or five letters, for I am going walking this afternoon with a St. John's Englishman, Marsh Roberts, a very nice fellow.

Written diagonally across entire top of second page.

I was at Fleet's rooms the day before yesterday for a short time. He is working pretty hard on "mods". He is very much liked, I think, by both Americans and English. I find him very cordial myself, though I don't see a great deal of him, as Magdalen and John's are the geographical extremes of Oxford.

²² [off]

²³ Now spelled Eights week. – Editor.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY

OXFORD
3.30PM
FE 19
05
1

Received stamp is at edge of envelope.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown, W. Va.
U.S.A.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Feb. 19, 1905.

Dear Mamma,

We are just in the midst of the torpid, or “togger” boat races on the river. They began Thursday and last, with an intermission to-day, of course, till Wednesday. It is quite interesting and I go down every afternoon and run the mile and a quarter along the tow-path beside the boats. Everybody turns out, including the scouts and dons and the old grads. with their wives, daughters, and descendants to the third and fourth generation, so the tow-path and the college barges present a very lively appearance, though the present gayety, I understand, is not a circumstance to that of “eight’s week” in the middle of next term, when the college “eights” as they are called par excellanus, race. The torpids are also eights – eight rowers with a “cox” to steer, but they are merely a sort of preparatory school for the eights and they get their name from keen rivalry over the comparative standing of the torpids and as the eightsmen are drawn from those who have rowed in the “bigger” of that or preceding years, a college that is good in one is likely to do well in the other. St. John’s is only mediocre – fifteenth out of thirty – and went down one place Friday, through being bumped by Corpus. In the eights we stand better – being eighth – and last year we made six bumps, one every day. It is very interesting to watch the races – bumping races, of course (see “Tom Brown”) – and the onlookers who follow the boats, as I have been doing, the whole mile and a quarter of the course get plenty of exercise as the boats do it in about seven minutes. New Coll. which has been “head of the river” since 1899 was bumped by Univ. Coll. the first day and so has since had to take second place.

I didn’t get a single letter this morning and was rather disappointed. However, I hope that I shall not have to wait more than a day or so longer, for it is possible that the boat may have been delayed.

I am going out to lunch with Fleet at Magdalen and have also had two invitations to tea this afternoon and one to supper this evening, so it will be a very gay day for me in that way.

I am working rather hard, in spite of distractions at Old English, Icelandic, etc. and am pretty well satisfied with the way I am getting on.

I must close, for I have only half an hour to get back to St. John's²⁴ and from there to Magdalen at the other end of the town.

With much love as ever,
Tucker Brooke.

S^T. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

OXFORD
12 15 M
MR 1

NEW YORK, N.Y.
MAR. 9
19 05
PAID ALL

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

MAR 10
9 30 A
1905

RECEIVED

Mrs. Geo. Rogers,
Morgantown, W. Va.,
U.S.A.

St. John's Coll., Oxford.
Feb. 25, 1905.

My dear Ida,

Your beautiful K.A. cushion and Mary's banner just arrived this morning. Otherwise I should have written to you long ago to thank you for them. They were sent to the dead letter office at Washington because of some technicality about the way they were packed and I had to write back there to get them started again. If I had realized how long it would take them to come, I would have written to thank you, as soon as the notification from Washington reached me, but I have been expecting them to arrive nearly every day for several weeks and I wanted to be able to tell you when I wrote, that they had actually arrived. As I said, they got here this morning and I am delighted with them both, as they are just what I wanted and will brighten up my room very much, besides reminding me of home and of the senders, whenever I look at them. I have tacked the banner up on my wall already and it looks very pretty and very much like old times. I am going to take the cushion down to-morrow and have it stuffed. I had the one Mamma sent me fixed some time ago and it looks very pretty. It is on my sofa now with the one Mary gave me two years ago.

Wednesday night, being Washington's birthday, I invited nine or ten of my fellow Americans here to help me celebrate, in a mild way, on coffee, cake, etc. We had a very good time and waxed enthusiastic, while, as there were three incipient preachers in the crowd, there was of course no lack of good stories. We from the "States" certainly have no cause to be lonely, for Oxford seems literally to swarm with Americans, to the partly serious, partly humorous disgust of the English, who

²⁴ "back to St. John's in and from there..." Either "in" means "inside" or else it is an error.

object that at the present rate there will be no room for the natives here in a few years. The actual number of Americans is, I suppose, about 150, but as a good many of them have already taken a pretty prominent part in the life of the place, the number seems to be a good deal greater. Of course, we are all on the most congenial terms possible and feel that we have an immense amount in common with everybody else from the U.S., even though the other person does hail from Idaho or Maine. The result is that, instead of being lonely and isolated, we [have] a much larger circle of people in whom we are really interested, than if we were at home, for I don't think very many people have 150 acquaintances they are in as close touch with, as each of us is with the other members of the American colony here. I really think it is more likely that we shall Americanize Oxford than that Oxford will Anglicize me in any serious way.

Of course, this doesn't mean that we Americans keep to ourselves or are not on cordial terms with the English. On the contrary, we get on so well with them that there has almost entirely ceased to be any difference between the way they look upon us and the way they regard each other. Certainly Pat Murray and I at St. John's have no reason to complain, for everyone has treated us splendidly. I have made some pretty intimate [friends] among the undergrads here and people are always dropping in to sit on my table and talk a few minutes or invite me to tea. Altogether I find the life very pleasant and think it is doing me a great deal of good, though I find that the longer I stay here, the more good things I find out about America. I am sure I could never think of living anywhere else permanently.

Decidedly the biggest part of this term is over ; we have only two or three weeks longer (I haven't looked up the exact number of days), and then I shall start of²⁵ with my friend Cady to see something of South-western England and to do some serious work, and, I hope, a little botany. I have been working pretty hard this term on Old English, Scandinavian, etc. in spite of a good many distractions, but hope to do still more during the vacation, which will be five or six weeks long. We are going first to Winchester, the old Saxon capital of England and from there on foot probably to Salisbury, Stonehenge etc., and finally to Exeter and the towns of Cornwall. Spring will be well advanced there by that time, I suppose, for the climate of the Devonshire coast is almost as mild as that of southern France, and even here in Oxford it is rather spring like, though pretty rainy at present.

Thank Mamma for sending me my books. I got them finally last Wednesday and am delighted to have them again. Mamma's letter of the sixteenth reached me to-day too ; I am afraid I shan't be able to answer it, for I have promised to go with Cady this afternoon to see the Bradleys. Mr. Bradley is one of the two principal editors (with Murray) of the famous Murray's Dictionary, which now is just about half done.

Give best love to Mamma, Papa, Mary, and Frank, and with much for yourself and
Uncle George,

Your devoted nephew, Tucker Brooke.

²⁵ *Sic.*

EXETER
3.30PM
AP 10
05
1

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

APR 22
12 ---- M
1905

RECEIVED

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U. S. A.

21 Wonford Road,
Exeter, Devonshire.
Apr. 9, 1905.

My dear Papa,

Your letter with the enclosure in regard to the Southampton Brookes reached me yesterday, having been delayed through going first to Oxford. I was very much interested of course, both in the letter itself and in the genealogical data enclosed in it, and wish the former had reached me a few weeks sooner, in order that I might have stopped at Southampton long enough to look for the grave in question. I do not suppose, though, that I should have been able, with my lack of archaeological training, to make out the inscriptions. As it was, I was in Southampton but a couple of hours, the city being very uninteresting except commercially, and while there didn't think at all of the tombstone in question, though I remember your reading the inscription to me several times. The next opportunity I have, I shall certainly not fail to look it up. Moreover, as the American Steamship Co. and several other lines stop at Southampton, I think you might possibly come there, when you come over, as I expect you to do, of course, either this summer or the next at latest. The trip over is much less serious than we seem to consider it and by no means expensive, as the fare over and back need not cost more than from \$75 to \$100 and it is very easy to live while here on a pound a week. That is what we are doing now in Exeter and we are living most luxuriously.

I have been occupied all day reading "Westward Ho", and so have not had any time for letter writing or anything else, till I finished it half an hour ago (9:30 P.M.). This book and "Lorna Doone" deal with the country within twenty miles or less of Exeter and that fact makes them very interesting to us at present. On our way back to Oxford, we are going to walk along the north coast of Devon, through Bideford, Exmoor Forest, etc. and visit as far as possible all the places described. Hence the re-reading of the two books.

Last week we had a delightful trip, walking clear across Dartmoor Forest (to our southwest) to Tavistock and thence the next day to Plymouth, returning by train the evening of the second day. We started from Exeter — Lowry, Cady, and I — Tuesday morning, and having a long tramp across the moor before us, went the first eight miles, through a rather tedious country, to Christow by rail. From there we walked over eight miles of very hilly road, through a half wild country, to Moreton—Hampstead, a small village well within the borders of Dartmoor. There we got lunch and started again about two in the midst of a drizzling rain which kept us [wet] nearly all day, though without doing us any serious harm. After leaving Moreton we had the real moor in all its bareness and solitude till we got to Tavistock, upwards of twenty miles away on the other side. Why Dartmoor should be called a forest, is hard to understand, for there are no trees in the whole desolate waste and no traces of there having ever

been anything of larger growth than the heather of which I send you a sprig. The country is very rough, displaying on all sides steep, mournful looking gray hillsides, over which the road leads, in an almost straight, but in anything but a level line. There are no fences and nothing to break the uniformity of the successive hills and hollows, and yet, in spite of its monotony and dismalness, there is something so distinctive and picturesque about Dartmoor, that I was altogether delighted with our journey across it and would not have missed the experience for a great deal. It would be a most depressing place, though to live in, even though it should be possible to make the hill sides²⁶ productive. There are one or two tiny hamlets within its borders, the most important of them being Princetown, the location of the famous Dartmoor prison, in which a good many American and French prisoners of war have been confined in times past. We passed within quarter of a mile of the prison and had a very good view of it ; a most inartistic and inhospitable looking place it is with three or four awkward overgrown buildings five or six storeys high surrounded by a high wall. The prison buildings, the inevitable chapel of red brick, and a few subsiding buildings make up the whole of Princetown. At the foot of the hill it stands on is a little village called Two Bridges, where the families of the prison officials, etc. seem to live and where there is an inn at which we got tea. As we got near the western border of Dartmoor we had some beautiful views down into the valleys of the different streams which converge at Plymouth. We got to P. early the next afternoon, having passed the night at Tavistock. It is a very pretty place of over 100,000 and the second naval station of England. It has a very interesting past, being the home of many of England's greatest naval heroes in the time of Elizabeth (Drake and Hawkins among others) and has a fine statue of Drake and a monument in memory of the defeat of the Armada, etc. I should like to write more, but must postpone it, as it is getting late. With much love to all. Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue seal and red wax seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD

6.30PM

AP 30

05

2

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

MAY 12

6 ----- A

1905

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

April 29, 1905.

My dear Mamma,

I got back to Oxford yesterday afternoon about six o'clock and found your last letter waiting for me. We have had a delightful week, Cady and I, but rather a strenuous one, and were both very glad to settle down once more. Thanks to Shorey everything was ready for me when I arrived and it

²⁶ *Sic.*

took only a few minutes to unpack my grip and make myself completely at home. Most of the students are back now and I have seen nearly all on the quad, at dinner or in Thomson's room, where I was invited to coffee last night. The return to college after vacation is the one occasion upon which the Oxford student becomes really demonstrative. Then everybody seems delighted to get back and extremely glad to see familiar faces, so that the amount of cordiality is much greater than might be expected from the usual reserve. Fellows whom I had hardly spoken half a dozen sentences to during the whole of last term came all the way across the quad to shake hands with me, when I arrived, so that the term starts with me as with everyone else with plenty of good feeling.

Sidney Ball, Esq. I saw soon after I got here, he being the next person I met in point of time, as in importance, after Brooks the Porter. Mr. Ball was as polite and as absent-minded as ever, and Brooks affable to an extent that nearly endangered his usual dignity. This morning I went in cap and gown to my official tutor, Mr. Powell, and talked for less than five minutes about Devon and the Highlands (á propos ²⁷ of fine scenery) and Parliament (á propos of the numerous members who go to Scotland to shoot). By mutual consent we avoided all allusions to study. I will talk to Mr. Snow about that when I see him ; so far I haven't heard anything about him, but I shall probably get a note, asking whether it will suit my convenience to drop in at his room sometime during the first of the week.

To pass from Oxford, our walking trip this week was a great success, in spite of bad weather. In fact it rained pretty much all the time Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, but after the first few hours we got used to it and didn't particularly mind. Rains here are usually more endurable than at home, because the drops are hardly ever large and you don't often get soaked through. There is a sort of mistiness caused by the fine spray, that is rather pretty and makes the moors and the sea look very attractive. So we walked very cheerfully through the damp and, except for wet shoes and a purely external moisture on our clothes, suffered no bad effects. We were never the least bit chilled and quite escaped colds.

From Exeter we went by train to Bideford, a rather commonplace little town now, half the streets, inn etc. of which are named after Chas. Kingsley and his characters. We reached the place Monday morning and after lunch walked out to Westward Ho, a little village on the sea-shore from which you look straight across the Atlantic. The island of Lundy is well within sight and its high cliffs are very conspicuous. From Westward Ho we walked to the squalid little fishing town of Appledore and so through Northam back to Bideford. We spent the night at Bideford and went the next morning by rail to Barnstaple (9 miles). At B. we sent our grips ahead to Watchet, a village of Somerset, eight miles east of Minehead ; there is no R.R. thro' Exmoor, so our things had to make a long detour. Meantime we started off afoot Tuesday morning from Barnstaple, I with my vasculum and Cady with a small bag on his back and with no baggage but what they would hold. We took the Ilfracombe road in a drizzle, which became so wet at one time that we had to stop half an hour on the leese of a house by the roadside. Afterwards we went on, got some lunch at a little roadside inn and reached Ilfracombe, which is a seaside resort, about three. The cliffs and the sea view are beautiful and we climbed all about the place getting some magnificent views, before we walked on to Combe Martin, five miles farther. The latter part of the walk – that from Ilf. to C.M. – was almost entirely in sight of the sea and the precipitous sea-cliffs, which form nearly the whole north Devonshire coasts. Tuesday night we spent at Combe Martin, a small village built in a narrow valley by the sea and surrounded by exceedingly steep hills on all sides, so that descending into it and climbing out of it are both most painful.

Wednesday morning we walked to Lynton, nearly fourteen miles as we went, not by the regular road but for the greater part of the distance along a foot-path on the very edge of the high cliffs, with the sea just below us. The views were magnificent ; I don't think I have ever seen anything

²⁷ Accent *sic*.

finer. It was nearly two when we finally got to Lynton, and we were almost starved. We got lunch there and started again by a path up the Lyn river. The river is about the size of Quarry Run and very much like it, the water being equally clear and rapid. Our foot-path wound along the left side at the bottom of steep, wild hills and the views were as fine as any I have ever seen on the Cheat and rather like them. After about four miles we came to a village called Brenton or something of the sort (I haven't my map with me but you can find it on the one I sent Papa). Here we struck the road on the right side of the stream and walked on three miles further into the parish of Dare, the country of "Lorna Doone". This is the very heart of Exmoor and it is certainly as wild now as ever. There is no village of Dare, merely a church and a few farm-houses scattered among the valleys throughout the parish. The most visited place in the district is, of course, the "Doone" Valley, and near the entrance to it is a farm-house called "Malmead", at which travellers can spend the night. This is the farm, the very house they say, where the redoubtable Jno. Ridd formerly lived. There is no other inn nor anything resembling one till you get to Porlock, seven miles away. The two considerations of the distance to Porlock (over the hilly and uninhabited moor) and the romantic history of "Malmead" or "Badgeworthy Farm", as they also call it, varying the spelling in Blackmore, resolved us to stay there for the night. We walked three miles up the valley and saw all that was to be seen there ; it is very pretty indeed, and far enough from the railroad to be still rather free from the ubiquitous tourist, though by no means entirely so.

At the farm we got the best glimpse we had had of country life in Devon. Almost everything they furnished us was home-made and the Devonshire clotted cream, of which they are so proud, had a place of honor on the table. The cream, by the way, is very good ; they eat it on bread, much like butter, and it seems to go particularly well, to judge from my own experience, with their home-made jam.

Thursday morning we left Badgeworthy, alias Dare, etc., and walked over the heath covered hills, much like those of Dartmoor, to Porlock and from there past Minehead to Dunster, where we had lunch, having walked fifteen miles during the morning through sun and rain, sometimes one, sometimes the other, but most often both at once. At Dunster we got lunch and then did six miles more along the sea to Watchet, where we found our grips and took the train to Bristol, en route for Oxford. We spent Thursday night at Bristol and walked up and down some of the principal streets sight-seeing. We soon got tired, though, for the city is very ordinary and modern. The next morning (yesterday), we came as far in this direction as Bath (12 m.) by train and spent about six hours there. We went to the Pump Room ; drank a glass of the water (hot and otherwise nauseous) ; saw the Roman baths and the other Roman remains in the way of coins, jewelry, etc. ; went through the Abbey ; walked down the principal streets, and otherwise did the town. The place was very interesting to me because of the amount that has been written about it. Finally we got a train to Oxford about 4.30 and reached here an hour later.

I enclose Papa a copy of an inscription on a mural tablet in the abbey at Bath in memory of a certain Robt. Brooke, his wife, and his son. They were evidently Irish, as Kildare Co., I find is just west of Dublin.

The summer term, as they call it, is opening beautifully. The leaves are out and the garden is a mass of tulips and other flowers. The weather is delightfully mild though the sky is not quite clear yet, after the storms of last week. Everything has quite a gala aspect – which doesn't augur well for work.

Tell Mr. Marley that I will write to him soon and give him all the information I have acquired in regard to walking trips on this side the Atlantic and their cheapness.

With much love for all,

Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
MY 7
3 30 PM
05

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

MAY 20
12 ----- M
1905

RECEIVED

Mrs. George Rogers,
Morgantown,
West Virginia, U.S.A.

Raised blue seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Oxford,

May 7, 1905.

My dear Ida,

I was very sorry, indeed, to hear of your illness from Mamma and would have written to you long ago, if I hadn't been leading such a disordered sort of life for the last two or three weeks – first wandering about Devonshire, moving from one place to another constantly, and then since I have been back, being kept pretty busy with the task of getting settled and started at work again.

The first ten days being over now, however, I have about fallen into my old ways again, though every one agrees that it is very much too delightful out of doors this term, to do very much serious work. The weather is perfectly beautiful, the [leaves] are about all out and the numerous college gardens, etc. are gorgeous with spring flowers – tulips, wall-flowers, forget-me-nots and dozens of others.²⁸ We have one of the prettiest gardens in Oxford at St. John's (a garden here is more like a park in America than anything else) and it is now in all its glory. All of us who are in college, of course, spend lots of time in it and a perfect stream of people from outside, particularly old maids with pugs and sun-shades, keeps pouring in through the narrow gate of the lodge all day long. I should think it must take a good deal of courage in a stranger to enter an Oxford college, for they are all very grim, repelling looking old piles from without. They are all built in the mediaeval fashion around a square open quadrangle so that the entrances to the different rooms are always inside from the quad. When they want to enlarge the college they simply build another similar quad back of the original one and connect them by opening a narrow archway through the intervening wall – or rather building. Thus they never need but one entrance from without and this is through a grim dark archway where the porter stays day and night, keeping an eye on everybody who comes in or goes out. This college gate is about fifteen feet wide²⁹ and about twenty long as it goes under the building which forms the front of the college. The gate is a tremendous thing consisting of two huge wooden doors, but the whole gate is very seldom open, a narrow door, just large enough to admit one person at a time, which is cut in the big gate being used instead. So that anybody who wishes to get to our gardens from outside must creep through this narrow hole past the

²⁸ At times these long spaces in the handwriting replace paragraph breaks, at other times probably not.

²⁹ *i.e.*, high.

gaze of the porter and his three or four assistants across the first quad through the narrow archway into the second, across the second quad, and through another archway into the garden behind. The garden itself is surrounded by a high stone wall surmounted by broken glass and iron spikes, the combination of which absolutely defies all attempts of enterprising collegians and tom-cats alike. For purposes of illustration, not beauty, I have tried to draw a plan of St. John's. There are three quads, you see, of which the third (the one in which I am as I have tried to indicate by the X) is not yet finished, having only a stone wall like that surrounding the garden on two sides. The buildings surrounding the quads are three storeys high and as each quad is at least 100 yards square, they contain a good deal of room.

There follows a hand-drawn plan, partly ruled, partly free-hand, showing Street on the left side, entrance near lower left, then "1st Quad.", then a break between buildings to enter "2nd Quad." The "3rd. Quad." is at the top and is smaller, entered from the first quad. The garden is much larger and is located to the right of everything else and continues a bit to the left above the second quad.

Last Monday, the first of May, I went to rather an interesting old ceremony, the singing of a Latin hymn from the top of Magdalen Tower at sunrise on May morning.³⁰ The sun rose at 5 o'clock (earlier than in America at this season) and I had to get up at four. There was a very big crowd collected around the bottom of the tower, for this is one of the most picturesque customs of Oxford and has been kept up, I suppose ever since there has been a Magdalen Tower. It was a very pretty sight, as the chorus had on long white robes that fluttered in the air so far above our heads that the figures looked very small. The song began just as the sun appeared and it sounded very well, though we were too far away to distinguish the words. I met there Tandy, the Kentucky Rhodes scholar, and another Kappa Alpha, who is working in London and came up to spend Sunday with Tandy, who belonged to the same chapter with him at college. As Tandy had already invited me to take breakfast with him, so as to meet the other man, Murrill, I joined them then and we went for a walk before breakfast.

Last night I went to a reception at the house of an English family here – the Bradley's – and had a very good time. There was only one other Rhodes scholar there, Nixon of Conn., whom Mrs. Pierce knows about, and whom I had a good deal of correspondence with in regard to my passage over here. Only two Americans at an ordinary party is a small proportion according to my experience, for usually where one of us goes, we are invited by the dozen.

Some one told me, by the way, last night that Roosevelt's nephew has been educated here in England – at Harrow – and has just gone back to the U.S. this year to enter Harvard, after thinking a good deal of coming to Oxford. As they added that he had been over here so long as to lose all trace of his "American accent", I am afraid there is a shock in store for "Teddy", when he hears the hopeful nephew talk.

I have already mentioned the weather, but it is too glorious not to talk about. Like everybody here, I spend the whole afternoon out of doors, either rowing or playing tennis or riding on a bicycle which I have just invested in. Bicycles are cheap here and very popular, as nearly everyone has one and uses it to the limit. I expect to see a lot of country this spring which I could not reach by walking. For pleasure, however, and enjoyment of the scenery I prefer walking very much.

I suppose summer has almost come now with you too. I am already beginning to make plans for the vacation, though they are pretty indefinite yet. I want to go for a good deal of the time, at least, to a quiet part of Germany, where I can work pretty hard, hear good German, and where there is something interesting to see, but I have [not] decided upon the spot, as all the pretty parts seem infested with Anglo-American tourists and Germans who can't speak their language properly. Give my love to Mary and thank her for her letter, which I was very glad to get and am going to answer. I owe Mamma a letter, but don't know whether I shall be able to write to-day or not, as I seem to have written you

³⁰ May Day, *i.e.*, May 1st.

[continues sideways across top of last page] all I have to tell. Give Mamma and Papa my love anyway and tell them that I will try to break past habits and write to them in the middle of the week.

With love to all,

Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue seal:

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD

3.30 PM

MY 21

05

3

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JUN 1

7 — P

1905

RECEIVED

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown, West Virginia,
U. S. A.

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Oxford,

May 21, 1905.

My dear Papa,

I got your letter and Mamma's both this morning and was doubly glad to hear from you as I failed to get a letter last week.

I am sorry you have arranged to take the summer law school again this year, but I suppose it will do no good to regret it now. However, I am already making definite arrangements for your coming to England next summer to see me and the matter is so practicable that I shall not take a refusal. I am at present making all my plans with that in view and am saving the most interesting places in England till you come, that we may see them together. The voyage is the simplest thing in the world, once you get started and the belief that it takes a great deal of money for the trip is a myth, pure and simple. The fare from Morgantown to Liverpool, via Philadelphia and back would be about \$100 and your necessary expenses while here with me will be very little. In Exeter we lived luxuriously on a pound a week and as we should live it would not cost very much more even with travelling, as I am pretty well acquainted with the ways of the land.

However, this is merely to explain the simplicity of the undertaking. Financially, I have prospered so well this year that, without economizing in the least, I shall have a surplus of forty or fifty pounds, which instead of using to repay the amount which you advanced me for coming over here, I am going to keep with your permission, till you start next summer, when it will be more than enough to pay your expenses for the trip. Thus the excursion will not cost you anything, or rather you have already paid for it, and it will be much better, I think for you and Mamma – for there is no reason why you should not both come – to come over here to see me than for me to go back to America, as a great many of the Americans are doing this summer, for thus I shall be able as well as you to see something of the country.

I am afraid that I have not put the matter very well. The facts are that the voyage to England and back by the American Line costs \$80 or by the Cunard \$120 or less. If you go by way of

Philadelphia and the American Line, the total expense of each of you ought to be little more than a hundred dollars for the round trip. Then in England, if you live in the approved English fashion, that is in apartments instead of hotels, it is not easy for three persons to spend over ten dollars a week apiece at the outside, while as far as I know the usual price for board and lodging except in a few sea-side resorts varies from a pound to thirty shillings a week. Thus ten dollars a week apiece is the extreme limit. If you stayed ten weeks, and I am afraid you would not have time to stay longer, your total expenses would be one hundred dollars for the voyage plus one hundred dollars for the stay in England for each or four hundred dollars in all. Add to this one hundred dollars for my expenses while with you and the total is five hundred dollars or £100. Against this I have now, as I said £40 which I owe you and which I have not been able to spend myself, despite all efforts. By next year I shall have a surplus of a good deal more, for my expenses will be rather smaller than greater and I shall save a great deal during the summer vacation. Leaving this out of the account, however, we shall have next summer the £40 I have now for you + £75, which Wylie will pay me as a quarter of my scholarship money to be used during the summer vacation. Thus the total will be £115, whereas I can guarantee, if necessary, that our total expenses for the summer, including your passage money and everything, will not be over £100. And that without your adding anything more than the £40 which I have already, and without my drawing upon any balance I shall have from my stipend of the coming twelve months.

I haven't made special arrangements as to just where we shall go, though we ought in ten weeks to see a great deal of England. Of course, you will come here, and though I am afraid you will hardly get here before the end of the summer term, yet there will still be enough to see to keep you a week I should think. Stratford on-Avon is only about forty miles away and we shall go there, of course. I have never been there and think I shall keep it till you come. We might spend several days or a week in Stratford, as the country round about is very interesting, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, Coventry, and several other places being but a few miles away. Then, of course, we should spend a rather long time in London, which I have hardly seen at all as yet, and from there we might go to Kent for a week ; Kent is called the garden of England and I have never been there at all. Canterbury and Hastings would be the most interesting places to me, I think, though there are dozens of others, and the train service here is so good and distances so small that a county can be seen pretty thoroughly with almost no trouble. I should be in favor of going in rather a leisurely way, stopping at each place several days or a week at a time, at least, and then making excursions by train to any places in the neighborhood, we might wish to see. Of northern England and Scotland, too, I have as yet seen absolutely nothing. We ought, at least, I should think, to see a little of the Lake Country and Edinburg, though we can decide that later.

I am already making plans for the time, you see, and I shall look forward to it very anxiously and I should be very much disappointed, indeed, if either of you should get sick and be unable to come. However, that might be the more reason for your coming, as the sea-voyage and the change of air would do you good.

I got an invitation yesterday, in my capacity of Rhodes scholar, to a pic-nic given under the auspices of the Atlantic Union at Windsor, June 1st. Of course, I shall go as we are to be shown all over the Castle grounds and taken to Runnymede which is evidently very near. Eton College, too, is within a very short distance, for the two places have the same RR. station. Windsor, of course, is between here and London but the main line does not pass it immediately and I have never been. Really, I have seen shamefully little of England so far.

I think I told you that I bought a bicycle at the beginning of this term. It is a very useful. thing in this country, as the roads are magnificent and there are no long hills. I have taken several very interesting rides. The day before yesterday I rode about twenty miles, going through Cumnor to Bablockhythe, where I crossed the Thames on a ferry-boat and from there to Stanton Harcourt, a beautiful old-fashioned village, coming back by way of Standlake and Newbridge, where several fights took place during the Civil Wars. Other rides were to Witney and out the Cowley road

almost to John Hampton's monument, which, however I missed, so that I must make a special trip to see it. I think I sent you a little book called "Near Oxford", which describes all these places. If I didn't, let me know and I will do so.

I had a letter from Arthur Davenport the other day – last week, in fact, in which he says that he is not coming to England this year. I was sorry to hear it, though, upon reflection, I suppose it is hardly likely I should have seen him in any case, as I am going to Germany.

I must stop and go to lunch.

With much love,

Tucker Brooke.

Raised seal without ink, heavy stock.

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

Oxford,

June 4, 1905.

My dear Mamma,

I got your letter of May 25 this morning and have only about an hour to answer it in, if I am to do it this morning, for I am going to Mansfield at 11.30 to hear a sermon by an American, a Rev. Mr. Brown of New York, the father of the Rhodes scholar from New Hampshire. I believe he is a very good preacher.

The first half of last week we were kept pretty busy with the excitement attendant on the last three days of eights' week and there is still a kind of aftermath of gayety and bustle which makes it rather [difficult] to settle down to serious work. Thursday I went with most of the other Rhodes scholars to the picnic at Windsor, which I told you of in my last letter. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, our host, treated us most delightfully, chartering a special train to bring us from Oxford and back again. There were about three hundred altogether in the party, all except our Oxford party having come up from London – likewise on a special train at the expense of H.A.J., Esq., who, by the way, is a most unimpressive looking little man with a dilapidated pale yellow beard, a broad smile and most bustling excited manners, as, indeed, was most natural considering his responsibility for the three hundred of us, most of whom he had never heard of before. He was dressed in a light gray frock coat which flapped about his knees as he hopped about from one unknown group of guests to another and harmonized so well with the gray of the surrounding landscape that at a distance of ten yards or so it was pretty hard to distinguish which was Henry Arthur and which the cattle walls. His hat was an enormous one, many sizes too large for him, of the same invisible gray shade, and would often descend over his ears as he ran about throwing him into complete eclipse.

He did, however, treat us most delightfully, coming up and introducing himself to nearly all of us in turn. Our first visit on leaving our train and meeting our host with the London contingent, already arrived, at the station, was to the castle. We were shown through all the state apartments which are most magnificent and interesting. This took, with the time we had to wait at the entrance door, over an hour, after which we were taken to a hotel for lunch. I was in the last party to come out of the castle and when we reached the hotel, we found the large dining room already full, so that about twenty-five of us had to eat in a small room down stairs. I was not sorry, as we all knew each other and had a very good time; the lunch was most overpowering in amount and variety, and we were very glad when it was over to be taken for a boat ride up the Thames. For this purpose three steamboats had been procured and we had a delightful trip. On our boat Mr. Jones himself and a Mr. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews (I think that is his magazine), who, by the way, has just presented each of the

Rhodes scholars with a book on C. Rhodes and a request for the photo and autograph of each of us, saying that he wishes to make a sort of rogues' gallery of us (tho' he did not use those exact terms). Mr. Stead, to return, came up to me on the boat just after we had started – introduced himself and then presented me to his party, including his daughter and his niece, with whom I stayed for the rest of the trip and had a very good time as they knew several of the St. John's men and had been to Oxford a good many times. We had tea on the boat, going up the river five or six miles and seeing any number of Eton boys at their usual semi-amphibious life. Finally we got back to Windsor and on our trains in [*continues sideways across entire top of first page*] time to reach Oxford at dinner time.

My paper and my time are both exhausted, so I must stop.

With much love for all,

Tucker Brooke.

Raised blue seal and black wax seal :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

OXFORD
6.30PM
JU 11
05

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JUN 23
12 — M
1905

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia
U.S.A.

Raised blue seal, heavy stock :

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY 1823

June 11, '05.

Dear Mamma,

I have had rather a gay week since last Sunday. Tuesday I had a surprise in receiving a visitation from four West Virginians, whom — with the doubtful exception of your acquaintance Mrs. Wentworth — (wasn't it she who used to give lessons in physical culture, etc. ?) I had never heard of before. In the party there was a very old lady, whose name I didn't catch and who disappeared from sight after the first morning. The others were a Mrs. Hart and a daughter of about twenty-five from Buckhanon (how on earth do you spell the name of the place ?). They spent a week in Oxford altogether and having learned that there was a W. Va. representative here, started out their fifth day to find me. I believe they knew my name, but they didn't know my college and only happened thro' luck to stumble on it the first thing. You may imagine my surprise, when Brooks the porter, a very dignified individual, knocked at my door Tuesday morning at the head of this funny looking party hopping along behind him in Indian file, evidently very doubtful what he was taking them into, as they didn't know what I might develop into. Brooks introduced them most solemnly and retired. I was really very glad to see them and managed to talk with great interest about the Wesleyan University of West Virginia, its great and

glorious past and the promises of its future, people I had known from there at Morgantown, about the question of my relationship with the Brookses³¹ of Fairmont (of whom hitherto I had lived in happy ignorance and with whom they were inclined to identify me).

I offered of course to make myself useful as guide and agreed to call that afternoon at their hotel to take them to the Bodleian, etc. In the afternoon it rained pitch-forks, so, of course, they didn't care to go, but gave me some tea instead and discoursed about the superiority of Americans and particularly of Buckhannon people. "They" is Mrs. and Miss Hart, for the antediluvian lady and the semiantediluvian Mrs. Wentworth disappeared from view completely after their first unexpected visit. The others I asked in Oxford fashion to lunch, getting Murray to help me entertain them. They came duly, talked about their travels (they have been in France and Italy since last fall), and departed in the course of two or three hours to leave the next day for London. I don't suppose you know anything about them. They live in W. Va. only in the summer I believe, spending their winters in Pueblo, Col.

In regard to entertainments of this kind I have been rather gay this week, as I had some other ladies to tea Thursday afternoon. It was the Porters, whom I have mentioned before, Americans settled in Oxford for the present, who have been very kind to us since our arrival. I went to see them last Sunday and as they wanted to see our garden, offered to show it to them and to brew tea for them afterwards. So according to agreement Mrs. Porter came with her daughter and her niece, a Miss Jackson newly arrived from home for a visit. They were very nice, praising my room and my taste in regard to china and cakes and giving me valuable advice and assistance in the art of tea-making. In the midst of the proceedings Mr. Porter called for them, but refused to stay, as he was in a hurry and they were not quite ready to go.

Thursday night I went to a sort of informal reception at the Craiges'. Mr. Craigie is lecturer on Scandinavian and has a class now to which Cady and I go. Last Sunday I was invited out to dinner. Yesterday I took breakfast with Taylor who dwells apart in the top most story above me.

Last week Benson's Shakespearian company – the one which plays in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford – was here and I went four nights, seeing *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Richard II*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*.

In spite of these multiform dissipations, however, I have managed to do a good deal of work during the week, partly because most of my lectures have stopped and I have my mornings to myself, and partly because it rained so hard Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday that I had to stay in the house all day and thus worked a good deal perforce.

Yesterday I went on my bicycle after lunch to Chalgrove ten miles from here to see the monument to Hampden, erected on the spot where he was mortally wounded in 1643. I was very much interested in it and am sure Papa would be too. There is a picture of it in the little guide "near Oxford", but if I can find you a postal giving a view of it I will send it to you.

With much love, as ever,

Your affectionate son,

Tucker Brooke.

³¹ *Sic.*

LONDON, S. W.
JUNE 26
2 15 PM
1905

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JUL 7
9 -- PM
1905

RECEIVED

MELBOURNE HOUSE

21, 22, 23 BEDFORD PLACE

RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.

LONDON, June 25, 1905

My dear Mamma,

I left Oxford yesterday morning at 9. and got here at half-past ten, so that I had practically the whole day to wander around the city. I had a very good time, going to the theatre twice – to see Ellen Terry at a matinee and in the evening to see Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the most celebrated actor in England, I suppose.

Soon after I got here, I went around and joined the Cyclists' Touring Club, through which I get the privilege of taking my bicycle into France free of duty, a percentage off on hotel bills, and lots of books of information, etc. Coming back from there I stopped at the office of Murrill, the Kappa Alpha, whom I met at Oxford some time ago. Unfortunately when I got there he had already gone out to lunch and wasn't coming back, so I didn't see him. I may drop in to-morrow morning, however, as he insisted upon my hunting him up and his office is in a very convenient locality, just a short distance from Westminster Abbey.

I shall be here to-day and until nine o'clock to-morrow night, when a train leaves, which connects at Southampton with a boat that leaves about midnight for Havre, arriving there early by the next morning. At Havre I am going to send my baggage before me and start on my bicycle. I am going to try to make Rouen (56 miles) the first day, but may not do so, as I shall probably make a rather late start. It will take me three or four days to get to Paris, as it is over 150 miles – a good deal farther than I supposed it was.

I have two good and cheap addresses in Paris, given me by some of the Oxford Americans who have stayed there. I expect to stay in Paris a week and shall have my letters forwarded there. From there I shall start on my bicycle again across France to Strassburg (312 miles), which I ought to do in a week.

I have succeeded in getting some good addresses of German families from the students at Oxford and have arranged to go to two of them for several weeks or more if I like it. The first one is in Freiburg, where I am going from Strassburg about the middle of July. The other is in Holstein in North Germany, whither I shall go on my way back to Oxford, passing through Berlin on the way. My friend Gabe has insisted on my looking him up in Hamburg and has promised to show me about the city.

I am writing in a smoking room with an awful noise of conversation. I will have more to say to you next Sunday from Paris. With much love,

Tucker Brooke.

Pale green envelope :

NANCY GARE
12 25
17 - 7
05
M^{THE} ET M^{LLF}

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

JUL 29
3 30 PM
1905
WILDWOOD
JULY
31
8 AM
1905
N.J.

RECEIVED

Prof. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
~~Morgantown,~~
~~West Virginia,~~
~~Etats-Unis.~~
Wildwood New Jersey

HÔTEL AMÉRICAIN J. TRAP

Café Restaurant
PLACE S^T. JEAN
NANCY

Nancy, le 16. July 1905

My dear Papa,

I got to Nancy last night after a ride of about 100 kilometres (60 miles) from Bar-le-Duc, a picturesque town of about 17 000 where I spent Friday night. The preceding night (Thursday) I spent, as in my postal from Rheims I told you I should, at Chalons. The ride Thursday from Rheims to Chalons was the shortest of my trip, but it was, as it happened, very much the most laborious, for my bicycle broke down (a tack in the road running thro' my rear tire) just when I was midway between the two places. The road thro' which I passed on this day and on Friday was very solitary ; it led away from the railway, which made a detour, through very barren hilly country and even the smallest villages were very far apart. So when my bicycle broke down on Thursday, I had to walk and push it for 15 or 16 k. till I struck the railroad four or five miles from Chalons. As I hadn't left Rheims till 3 o'clock, because of the shortness of the journey, the delay made me pretty late. It was nearly 8 when I got to the RR and, as I was fortunate enough to find a train for Chalons within five minutes, I went the few remaining kilometres by rail.

Bicycling is certainly a very insecure means of travelling, for there is always a very good chance of breaking down and of having to push your machine the rest of the way, which is a very different thing, both in regard to speed and pleasure, from simple walking. The roads here in France, too, are much more hilly than one would expect. Both in Normandy and since leaving Paris, I have found the country very steeply undulating and except in the very worst places, there is no attempt to make the ascents easier. The road goes perfectly straight up one hill and down another and the pulls for the

bicyclist are sometimes pretty hard, especially in such extremely hot weather as we have been having all this week. The amount of ground one can cover in a day on a bicycle is rather disappointingly small. It is so easy to go ten or fifteen miles an hour and riding seems so easy for the first two or three hours, that one would think 100 miles a day a very simple matter. I find however, that five or six hours of bicycling is quite enough for a day when on a trip, for the exercise is a good deal more stiffening than walking. So I have been taking it pretty slowly, especially as I have had so much to see at the towns where I have stopped.

This sounds rather like a Jeremiad, I suppose, on the subject of the bicycle, but I did not mean it as such. My experience, in spite of the small accidents I have mentioned, has been very pleasant ever since I started and I am in many ways sorry this part of the trip is so nearly over, though I shall be glad to get settled at Freiburg and begin real work.

I have, of course, spent a good deal of the day looking about the town. It is hardly one of the most interesting places I have been, not so attractive for example, as Rouen or Rheims, but there is a great deal of history connected with it and plenty to occupy a visitor for the short time I am to be here. The population is about 100 000 and it seems to be a rather up-to-date place with street-cars, etc, and a good deal of business. There is a cathedral and a university, but neither is very impressive looking architecturally and, indeed, none of the public buildings are extraordinarily handsome, though there are some very pretty shaded avenues and lots of statues, of distinguished inhabitants. The most interesting thing about Nancy to me is its connection with Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who, you remember, was killed near the town after his third defeat by the Swiss and the Duke of Lorraine. The marsh where his body was found is now one of the most important outskirts of the town ; it is only a few hundred yards from the station and not much farther from where I am staying. The exact spot, where the body lay is marked by an old cross (Croix de Bourgogne. "Cross of Burgundy", they call it), with a half effaced inscription in old French, only part of which I could make out. I tried to get you a picture of it on a post-card, but they said there were none giving a view of it. The leaf I enclose came off of one of the trees that surround the cross. There are several other reminiscences of Charles the Bold here, as, for example, the tapestries found in his tent after the battle, which I saw in the old ducal palace, now turned into a museum. There are in the town several statues and other memorials to the Duke of Lorraine, to whom the people evidently attribute all the credit of Charles' defeat. I had always thought it was the Swiss, who were the chief instruments in it.

I am to be in Freiburg Thursday (July 20). To-morrow I leave here and shall probably spend the night at Lunéville, only ten or fifteen miles from the present German frontier. Tuesday I shall cross the frontier, on the train as I shall have to see my baggage thro' the customs and shall get to Strassburg Tuesday evening, where there is enough to see to keep me pretty busy Wednesday. In the last three weeks, of course, I have been able to do very little work and I shall be glad to settle down again. The out-door life, of course, has made me feel very well and very much disposed to begin studying in earnest. I suppose it will be some time before you start on your driving trip.

Remember me to the Stewarts, the Chadwicks, and the other Morgantown people you may see. I have meant to send some of them a postal or some other remembrance, but have been very busy with my own movements.

With much Love, your son,
Tucker Brooke.

Written across top margin of first sheet :

P.S. – I think I told you that my Freiburg address will be :
Erwinstrasse 23,
(care of Frau Lohmüller)
Freiburg in Baden,
Germany.

I shall be there for a full month, I think.

Written sideways across top of second sheet, from right side to left :

P.S. – I promised you, I remember, two Paris-New York Heralds with accounts of the Paul Jones ceremonies, but didn't get them off because I was unable to get a newspaper wrapper anywhere in Paris. I still have one and will try to get it off from Germany together with the maps of the country I have passed through on bicycle.

FREIBURG
30.7.05 1-2N
(BREISGAU)

WILDWOOD, N.J.
AUG
9
7 PM
1905.

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Wildwood,
New Jersey,
U.S.A.

July 30, 1905.
23 Erwinstrasse,
Freiburg.

Dear Mamma,

I got both your letter and one from Papa the night before last and was certainly very glad to receive them, though they impressed upon me the sense of my own short comings³² in the way of writing. I had expected to catch up entirely with my correspondence when I got to Freiburg, but instead have found it even harder to write here than it was while I was on my bicycle trip in France. My time has been so much occupied since my arrival, that the only letter I have got off was my very short note to Nan last week. I find Freiburg very attractive, indeed ; the town itself is not of particular interest, though very prettily built and a place of some size (50 000), but the situation is charming. The mountains of the Black Forest, all covered with magnificent pines are so near the city that it is hardly ten minutes walk from where I live to the depths of the woods, where everything is delightfully cool and quiet, despite the swarms of summer boarders and where I betake myself usually every morning and afternoon with my Chaucer. The views from the tops of all the numerous hills are splendid, as the wooded mountains are intersected in all directions by delightful little valleys, which are always beautifully green and fertile. The number of walks and bicycle rides to be taken is infinite and I am enjoying the opportunities of the place in this line to the fullest extent possible. I have become so much spoiled

³² *Sic.* A break in the handwriting does not necessarily mean an intentional separation of words.

already that I can hardly bear to stay in the house longer than is necessary for eating and sleeping. My studying I do always in the woods where I find myself free from disturbance either by man or gnat, and as I cannot write letters there very well, I have been tempted almost to give up the practice. However, I have to get three or four done to-day, though it is hard to say whether I shall get thro' more than this first one, as I am going to the English Church at eleven and cannot speak for my diligence during the afternoon.

To turn from things to persons, I find my pension here quite as agreeable as I could possibly have hoped. Frau Lohmüller is a very motherly sort of person with the good temper and avoirdupois of most Germans of her age, I suppose. She has had a great many foreigners – especially English and Americans – in her house and so knows them well enough to reconcile herself most placidly to their rational eccentricities in the way of frequency of baths, dislike of the usual feather bed sleeping apparatus, etc. Both she and her daughter, indeed, are most homelike and substantial people and I feel already very much at home with them. They are very well educated, speaking French very well and English tolerably, and are raised I suppose distinctly above the level of οἱ πολλοί by the facts, if by nothing else, that their respective son and brother is an army-officer – which means a good deal over here.

They are very energetic and seem to give themselves up to the task of amusing their boarders. As this amusement necessarily takes the form usually of guiding the boarders up to the top of the neighboring mountains, and both of them have a truly Teutonic rotundity of figure, I need say nothing more in illustration of their self-sacrificing dispositions.

I have been already on four or five such excursions with them – together with the other boarders to the number of six or seven – and have always had a very good time. The most ambitious trip was one which we made last Wednesday to the Feldberg, the highest mountain of the Black Forest and the third highest of Germany. We had breakfast at half-past six and took a train at 7:10 up one of the little valley lines here to a station about 20 miles away in the heart of the highest mountains. There they found a hire-able automobile, which took the portly and non-pedestrian members of the party to the top. Partly because of lack of room and partly for pleasure Jacobson, an Oxford American who is here also, and I walked up, the distance being about eight miles and actually reached the top about the same time as the others, the grade being very steep. The view was splendid ; the day was very clear and we could distinctly see the whole snow-covered line of the Swiss Alps, which, we were told, were at least 150 miles distant. We had lunch in the inn near the top, stayed several hours longer – which time Jacobson and I spent climbing to another peak and then all walked nine or ten miles down the mountain to another railroad station where we got a train at 8:30 and reached Freiburg again about half-past nine, where we found a cold supper ready for us.

There is a very pleasant little Englishman here of about seventeen or eighteen, named Balsen. He comes from Kent, and being just out of Rugby has been sent over to learn German which yet he speaks pretty poorly. We have had several bicycle rides together, going Friday afternoon to Breisach on the Rhine, where we had a bath in the river. The bathing place is built in the stream and the current is so strong that it is quite impossible to swim against it or even to stand up in the water, which reaches only to a little above the waist. You jump in at the upper end and are swept down to the ropes at the other end, which you clutch and clamber out as best you can. In the baths we found three Americans, one a very pleasant fellow named Crowe from Ma., a medical student at Johns Hopkins. — Yesterday Baker and I made a trip – partly by train and partly by bicycle to Donaueschingen, where we saw the source of the Danube.

I must stop and go to church. Nearly all the people here are Catholic ; there are, however, four or five heretics in our boarding house, who by special favor are given meat on Friday.

Give my love to Lucy and Virginia B. if they are with you, and with much for all the others of you, Your affectionate son,

Tucker Brooke.

Written diagonally across upper left hand of first page.

I suppose Papa will be with you when you get this. Please send my letters directly here till I write you to the contrary.

With love,

T.B.

New page : ³³

I begin my third postscript to tell you that I have found here an old fellow-student in German at Chicago. His name is Mitchell and he comes originally from Washington state. I must have mentioned him pretty often in my letters last year, as I used to see a great deal of him and found him always very pleasant. He has been in Germany since October, the first semester at Munich and this one in Freiburg.

He is still working on German ; expects to spend another year here (having got a travelling fellowship at Columbia) and then to go back to Chicago for his Ph.D., which will be worth more to him than a German degree. We have kept up a very intermittent exchange of post-cards since before leaving the States ; so I looked him up when I found myself in Freiburg. He has been very pleasant, having shown me about the place, been to see me half a dozen times (mostly, however, owing to my present non-domestic habits when I was out), and we have talked a great deal about mutual acquaintances, of whom even my one year at Chicago has given us a good many. He goes next week, after the close of the university for a short trip into Switzerland and rather wants me to accompany him, but I don't think I shall be able to do so.

Of course I am talking German nearly the whole time. I think I am picking up a good deal and my landlady, etc., are very complimentary. So I hope to learn a good deal before I leave.

I must rush to church ; so with love again and suggestions to M. Marley that he should write, T.B.

FREIBURG
6 8 05 6-9
(BREISGAU)

WILDWOOD, N. J.
AUG
19
10 AM
1905
REC'D

³³ Indentations *sic*.

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Wildwood,
New Jersey,
U.S.A.

23 Erwinstr., Freiburg,
Aug. 6, 1905.

My dear Papa,

I just got finally into my permanent quarters here yesterday and am now very comfortably settled. I must have told you, I think, that hither-to I have been sleeping in the next house (no. 21) and only taking my meals with the Lohmüllers, as they could not make room for me till after the departure of three German students. The university did not close finally till yesterday. Now, however, the students are gone and I have fallen heir to a very pleasant room. The adjoining room has been given to a very pleasant young Englishman, named Baker, whom I have already mentioned and we have a small enclosed balcony in common, besides a communicating door, in consequence of which we see a great deal of each other. Our present quarters have been assigned us, it may be remarked, only on condition that we do not speak too much English together. My German, I think, is improving pretty fast, and I have now no trouble at all in keeping up a conversation at the table or elsewhere. The Lohmüllers I find very kind and attentive and my fellow-boarders are all very pleasant. Of course, we speak only German at meals and elsewhere when together – with the exception of very occasional lapses into English or French, as the case may be.

The meals are very good, though not at all elaborate, and they are always long drawn out, so that there is time for abundant conversation. In addition to this I am thrown with the others a good deal at other times ; there are a great many pleasant trips to various places in the mountains near here and Frau Lohmüller is very energetic about proposing them and taking as many of us as care to go. Thus there are two or three such pic-nic expeditions every week and I have found them very pleasant. The last one was on Thursday, when all of us except the old lady, Frau L., who is much afflicted with avoirdupois, went on a day's journey to the Blanen, a high mountain about twenty miles from here. Of course, we went by rail to the foot of it, having to get up early to catch a train at seven o'clock. From a place called Badenweiler at the beginning of the ascent, we climbed very slowly (as all the party were by no means good walkers) to the top, a distance of four or five miles. The path was in places pretty steep, but like all the paths in the Black Forest, in very good repair. On the top is a view tower from which I got my second view of the Alps (my first being from the Feldberg, of which I told you in my last letter). The snow covered peaks stand out surprisingly distinctly considering the great distance and look immensely high.

Meantime, of course, in the midst of these diversions, I have plenty of work to do and for the last week or two I have managed to get a good deal done. I have finished all the Chaucer required for my examination next June and am at present busy with Piers Plowman.

My friend Mitchell and I took a long bicycle ride Tuesday to two villages in the neighborhood of Strassburg, connected with the early life of Goethe. The next day Mitchell left, his university work being over, for a two weeks trip to Switzerland. Before leaving he introduced me to an American family here, who seem very pleasant and have invited me to come to see them as often as I feel inclined. Mitchell himself expects to get to Oxford for a day or two this fall and I have promised to show him about the place to the best of my ability.

I suppose you are by this time certainly at Wildwood with Mamma and Nan and so will direct this there. I rather envy you the sea-shore and the bathing, though in Freiburg here there are two very good swimming baths (fresh water, of course), to which I go pretty often, and in which I have a fine

chance to improve my swimming. They are private establishments and on a very elaborate scale and seem to be profitable, though one would hardly imagine it as the price of admission is only eight cents.

I was painfully reminded yesterday in moving my things from the other house that I had never sent you the maps of my French trip. I have never been able to remember to get a wrapper for them, but will certainly get them off to-morrow. I have hardly ever found it so hard to write letters as I have since I have been in Freiburg. I have been kept so busy with sight-seeing excursions a large part of my time and with very necessary study the rest that it has been very hard to get any writing done. In addition to which the weather has been very hot – as I believe it has been everywhere – and I have found the woods almost the only place habitable, even when I was working. During the last couple of days there has been a great change in the weather ; it has been drizzling steadily, with intermittent thunder storms since Friday night and I am hoping that we shall have to-morrow clear and cooler weather – particularly as we have planned a short trip to-morrow afternoon to the Rosskopf, a peak nearby from which the view in good weather is said to be particularly fine.

With much love to all,

Your affectionate son,

Tucker Brooke.

HANERAU
HADEMARSCHEN
11. 9. 05
10-11N.
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

SEP 20
12 — M
1905

RECEIVED

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown, West Virginia,
U. S. A.

Hanerau, Holstein
Sept. 10, 1905.

Dear Papa,

It is ten minutes before eleven A.M. and I feel already as if I had done a day's work from the many experiences I have had. It is my first day at Hanerau as I did not get here till six o'clock yesterday evening and I have been busy getting acquainted with the customs of the place and the people. Dr. Mannhardt, as I may have told you, keeps a boarding school for boys – all German, of course – and the experience of finding myself in the middle of it is rather unique. I got down to breakfast this morning only five minutes late (at 8.05) and found nobody there yet but the doctor ; so I had the pleasure of standing there with him and watching the gradual arrival of his legions. Legions they were, indeed, and of all ages from seven to nineteen. I tried to take a census of them at the breakfast table and got up to twenty-three, when the doctor mentioned casually that his entire flock was not there, some having gone home over Sunday.

The arrival of the fragmentary legions was accompanied by a formality which was rather overpowering for me as a newcomer as each pupil on entering the room marched up to the doctor and me, shook hands with us both most solemnly, accompanying the action with a formal and long

prolonged bow to each of us, which before it had been repeated the twenty-third time became almost too much for my composure. After the handshaking and bow each legionary stretched out his hands for inspection – all this took place in the most absolute silence. The doctor inspected the fingers carefully, explaining to me that the inspection was necessary because of [a] tendency of his pupils to bite their finger-nails, and asking whether children did so in America, whereupon I thought of my youthful days. I was rather anxious to see what would happen in case anybody should appear without the statutable quantity of nail, but the twenty-three all passed muster, whence I inferred that the penalty must be very dire. Several pairs of hands were, however, decidedly deficient in cleanliness and the owners were directed to clean their nails on the spot. One boy was furthermore called upon to give the history of some scratches on his hand which he said he had got in climbing up or over an obstruction of some sort – I didn't catch just what.

As I had been standing beside the doctor in the most conspicuous place possible, I was very well satisfied when the twenty-third pupil had been through the operation and we could turn our thoughts and eyes from finger-nails to breakfast.

Of course, the school does not include all the inhabitants of the place ; else I should find myself pretty lonely. The doctor's wife is an Englishwoman, a very nice old lady, who has been very attentive to my wants and took me a little walk yesterday through the woods that adjoin the fine old garden, where, by the way, we saw four deer. Then there are two daughters, whom I have seen so far only at the table, where they have been quite speechless and have generally exhibited a most Teutonic stolidity. In addition there is an old lady and a couple of fat much bewhiskered gentlemen, who have been most amiably and complacently uninteresting. Altogether I hardly expect to have a very gay time here, but I know I shall be perfectly comfortable, for the Doctor and Mrs. Mannhardt – the only ones of the household with whom I have had anything in particular to do – have been exceedingly considerate.

In regard to physical comforts I could not ask for anything more, as they have given me two big rooms to myself, containing a big book case filled with German and English books and a bed made in American-English fashion *e.g.*, with sheets tucked down at the bottom and a merciful moderation in blankets, instead of the usual feather-bed covering apparatus which, being entirely unattached at the bottom, leaves the feet to freeze while the rest of the body is parboiled.

I have been very pleasantly surprised in the aspect of the country here. It is quite flat, but not at all monotonous as there are extensive woods and the roads and paths, so far as I have seen, very pretty. The house in which I am is a long low brick building with heavy timbered ceilings and a picturesque sort of thatched roof. It is surrounded by an immense garden on the other side of which begin the woods, part of which belongs to the doctor. The school-rooms and play-ground of the scholars are at the extreme end of the big building and my part seems to be as quiet as the grave. So I expect to get a great deal of work done and am going to begin to-morrow with my Icelandic.

I celebrated my first Sunday here by going to church this morning with the Doctor, one of his bewhiskered friends and fourteen of the legionaries – seven pairs it would be better to say, as they marched two by two before us in military order. The church is in Hademarschen, which really forms one long sleepy village with Hanerau, there being nothing to indicate where the one ends and the other begins. They have church here at nine o'clock in the morning, though my bewhiskered acquaintance informed me (I found him very communicative and friendly) that, out of consideration for human frailty, the hour is advanced to ten in midwinter. A very newly-fledged divine held forth from the top of an exalted basket-like pulpit (the Dr. told me afterwards apologetically that the regular preacher was absent) ; his sermon was long and dry and sanctimonious and I can't say I was much edified. I can bear witness, too, that at least thirteen of the legionaries slept soundly during the whole of it. It is nearly one o'clock and I must go below to investigate about dinner ; nobody has told me when they have it, and I am consumed with hunger. – With much love for all.

Your affectionate son,
Tucker Brooke.

P.S. – I suppose Mamma and Nan will be home by the time this reaches you.

T.B.

HANERAU
HADEMARSCHEN
18. 9. 05
11 [...]
MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

SEP 27
3 ----- P
1905

RECEIVED

Mrs. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U.S.A.

Hanerau, Holstein,
Sept. 17, 1905.

My dear Mamma,

I have been here eight days now and am very comfortably settled and pretty well acquainted with the family. I like everybody very much – more than I believe I expected at first, for the North Germans are rather a formal people and it took me some time to get used to their ways and to feel that I knew them. I have now, however, quite got over any feeling of strangeness and am on the best terms possible with everybody. The wife of Dr. Mannhardt is an Englishwoman – or was for she is now quite an old lady and seems to have lived in Germany since before her marriage. She, therefore, and her daughter – a girl of sixteen or seventeen, I imagine – speak English fluently. Then everybody in Germany who pretends to education – even girls at boarding schools – studies English and French and study³⁴ them thoroughly ; so I should have no difficulty in talking English with almost every member of the family. However, I speak German, of course, with everybody, except sometimes with Mrs. Mannhardt – or the Frau Doctor as she is called here, the Germans being careful never to lose an opportunity of inserting a title. The Doctor has also a brother, who with his family occupies one wing of the house. The brothers' family consists besides himself and his wife of a son my age, a student at Heidelberg and a very nice fellow ; a friend of the son's who was last year at Cambridge ; a daughter, and a niece. So there is no lack of young people in the house. They have all been extremely nice to me and we have been already on two very pleasant picnics – the two families and the whole school together.

This afternoon the brother's family has invited the Dr.'s family and me to dinner at the extraordinary hour of half-past four. It is now four, so I must stop and get ready ; we had dinner ourselves at half-past one so I certainly don't feel very hungry. —

Sept. 18.

I went to the dinner duly at 4.30 yesterday and had a very good time indeed. It was an entirely new experience for me and a most interesting one. The occasion as I learned was the birthday of

³⁴ Sic.

the Heidelberg student, and such events are celebrated here in the most solemn fashion possible. I think I was almost the only person there who was not related to the family, but the connection being very large there were about twenty-five people of all ages at the table. The dinner itself was one of the most elaborate I have ever been at, including six or seven courses with three kinds of wine and splendid partridges, which are quite numerous on the doctor's place. The dinner itself lasted a couple of hours till about half-past six, having been prolonged by toasts. Then we left the dining room and I rather supposed it was all over, but an entertainment in Germany seems to be a much more serious matter.

We went out into the garden and the men strolled about there together for half an hour smoking, I taking only a cigarette. Then we were brought back into the house and given coffee and small glasses of cognac and other sorts of brandy, of which I didn't take much. The ladies in the meantime were seated around a table to themselves and took their coffee without the cognac accompaniment. Then the company divided according to age and the young people went into an adjoining room and played a most noisy sort of game of cards in which I participated in spite of the fact that it was Sunday. Sunday, of course, here is the special day for such frolics. During the card game they gave us tea and an unlimited amount of peach punch. Finally the party broke up at a quarter to eleven, which is a very late bed time for this part of the country. I had a delightful time, as everybody treated me quite as if I were a member of the family and consider the affair quite a new experience.

One day last week – Wednesday, I think – the Kiel squadron of the German navy, which had been at Swinemünde in the North Sea during the visit of the British fleet there, passed through the great North-East Sea Canal on its way back to Kiel. The canal passes only a couple of miles from Hademarschen and so I went over on my bicycle in the afternoon to see the warships pass by. A good many of the boys in the school rode over too, and later the family came in a wagon – picnic-fashion. The canal is so narrow that the people on the bank were within a few yards of the ships as they passed ; so we could get a very good view of them, particularly as they steamed very slowly indeed because of the narrowness and crookedness of the canal. To prevent danger of collision, I suppose, they were not at all close together and in the two hours that I stayed only six passed – two battleships and four cruisers. The others came still later and looked specially pretty, they say, after dark when they were brightly illuminated. Kiel is only thirty or forty miles from here and I mean to make a trip to it by train or bicycle before I leave. It is the German naval centre, you know, and a very interesting town they say.

The more I see of the Germans the more I recognize their immense superiority to us in the knowledge of foreign languages. At this period, I think, it has become much more important to know French and German than to know Latin and Greek. We are not by any means so much to blame for the neglect as the English, who refuse to learn the modern languages merely out of hard-headedness, even when they are travelling in France and Germany. It is much harder for us, being so far away, but for Heaven's sake let Nan and Frank get just as much German and French as they possibly can, for I think it is getting more important every day and the aloofness of the English is causing them to lose their place in the world.

With much love as ever, Tucker Brooke.

HANERAU
HADEMARSCHEN
24. 9. 05
5-7 N

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

OCT 4
9 ----- A
1905

RECEIVED

Dr. St. Geo. T. Brooke,
Morgantown,
West Virginia,
U. S. A.

Hanerau, Holstein,
Sept. 24, 1905.

Dear Papa,

I am very well pleased with my quarters here and with the environment in general. The country is very pretty and rather interesting historically ; I have already made some very pleasant trips on my bicycle and have planned a good many others. In mediaeval times there was an immense amount of fighting here between the Kings of Denmark, who were at the same time Dukes of Schleswig-Holstein, the various neighboring German princes, who at one time or another succeeded or failed in getting possession of the district and particularly the Dittmarsch peasants, who occupied the North Sea coast of Holstein and maintained an independent government from 1200 till 1559 rather after the Swiss fashion. The history of this little strip of land called Dittmarschen is very interesting. I have just been reading it this morning in a German history of Schleswig-Holstein lent me by one of the assistant teachers in the school here – a very nice fellow named Hennings, who sits beside me at table. The eastern border of Dittmarschen is only about three miles from here and I rode Wednesday on my bicycle to the former metropolis and capital Meldory, an old town with between three and four thousand inhabitants, situated about a mile inland from the sea and about fifteen miles from here. The inhabitants of Dittmarschen in the middle ages seem to have been wholly fishermen and farmers and they were governed by a sort of council of forty-eight members appointed for life by themselves. During their entire independent existence of 300 years, they seem to have been in a state of warfare with their more powerful neighbors, who seem to have had always much the worst of the fights. As a result of these unpleasantnesses and the contentions (lasting till forty years ago) between the Germans and Danes, for the possession of all Schleswig-Holstein, the region about Hanerau is pretty well supplied with battlefields, fortress ruins and other such reminders of past uncharitableness – all of which I mean to inspect before I leave. Hanerau itself, though rather smaller now than Uffington seems to be a place of antiquity and of past importance. There was a castle here in past times, on an island in a large pond hardly ten yards (the edge of the pond I mean) from this house. In the history I have mentioned a large army is mentioned as setting out in 1500 under the King of Denmark and Duke of Holstein from Hanerau for the subjugation of the Dittmarsch peasants – which army seems to have been most tremendously defeated.

Before I forget it I must here interpolate something about the Ewings, about whom you have so often asked me. In my other letters I have always forgotten to refer to them because of there being nothing in particular to tell you about them. I had not neglected the rather intermittent sort of correspondence we had had since my visit to them Christmas, having sent them a note before leaving Oxford and afterwards written the son (Alfred Jr.) a long letter just before I got to Freiburg. To the latter

or to both I have just received a very nice reply from Maud, the daughter, inviting me again for Christmas – an invitation which I shall be very glad to accept. However, I will enclose you the letter, which I think I should like to have back again, if you don't forget about it.

I have had quite a lot of correspondence since I have been here – mostly post-cards, I grieve to say, tho' I am most grateful for them. Ida has sent me three postals which I shall answer with a letter at the first opportunity. Then I have cards from ten or a dozen of my Oxford American acquaintances giving an account of their whereabouts. [*Handwriting progressively smaller.*] I got a long interesting letter from Va. Lucas a week or so ago and the other day, a postal from Va. Brooke. From the Browns I haven't had a word for ages.

I leave Hanerau, I think, Sept. 9 and spend that night and the following day in Hamburg with my acquaintance Gabe, from whom I got a postal this morning asking what day they were to expect me. Much love for all, Your son,

Tucker Brooke.