Charles Lutwidge Dodgson

Lewis Carroll

A BIOGRAPHY

by

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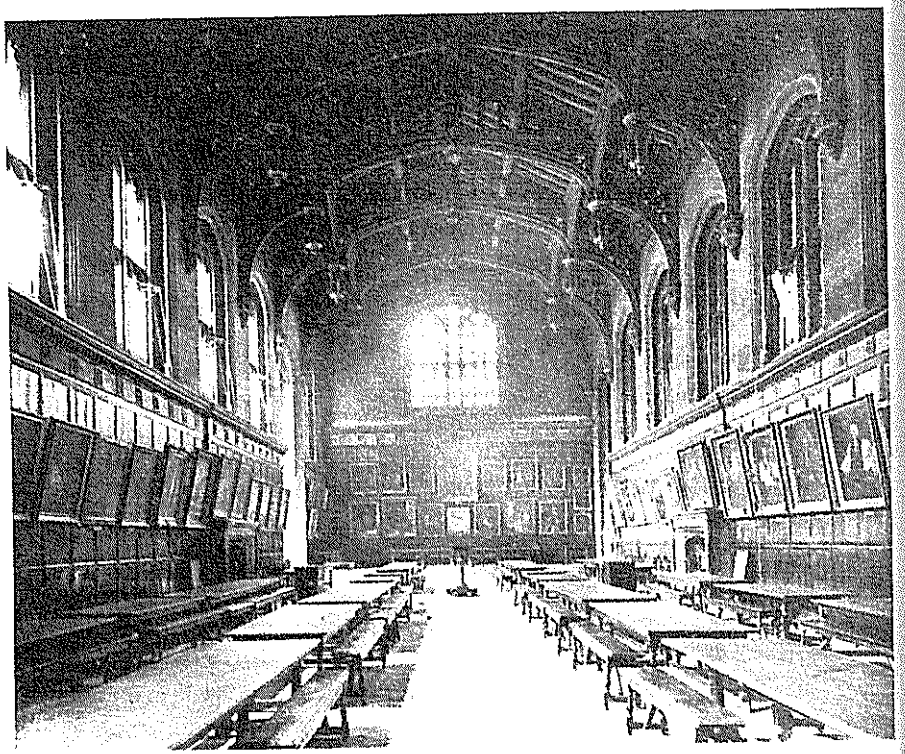


The Great Hall, Christ Church, the largest of its kind in Oxford

CHAPTER TWO

Cap and Gown

. . . that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Rugby seasoned Charles and made him more confident, and the year at home provided an agreeable reprieve from public school schedules and routines, from the rough-and-tumble of dormitory life. He could now contemplate his future coolly and calmly, a future that his father had already designed for him. He does not question his father's decisions; he will gratefully follow in his father's footsteps. He is, in fact, traveling a course open to only a small minority of British youngsters.

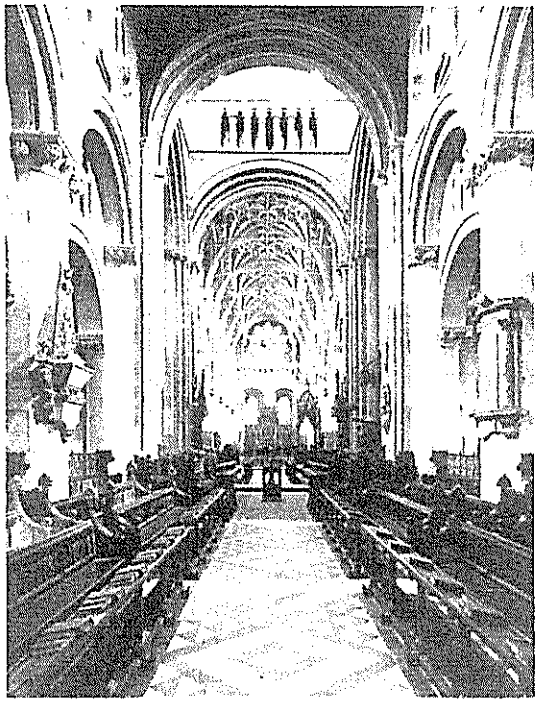
Almost a full year before Charles left Rugby, his father, looking ahead, wrote to his old friend Canon E. B. Pusey of Christ Church, Oxford, to ask him whether he would nominate young Charles to a studentship (the equivalent of a fellowship at other colleges) at the cathedral college "should [Charles] fairly reach the standard of merit by which these appointments were regulated." Pusey, who bore a strong aversion to favoritism, replied that he would be pleased if circumstances permitted him to nominate Charles.[1] Charles's Rugby record and his early command of the classics and mathematics assured his admission to Christ Church, and on May 23, 1850, he journeyed to Oxford to present himself to Osborne Gordon, Censor of Christ Church, for matriculation—that is, enrollment on the *matricula,* or roll, of the university. By custom, Gordon presented Charles to the Vice-

Chancellor of the university, before whom he swore on his knees to comply with the statutes of the university and signed the Thirty-nine Articles, the official creed of the Church of England. He was now a member of Oxford University.

We do not know whether matriculation provided Charles with his first view of Oxford and its walled-in entities of names and reputations that echo round the world. Perhaps he saw it as a fellow Oxonian first did, from Magdalen Bridge, when one could look "straight across the Christ Church cricket-ground to the meadows beyond Cherwell . . . [for] an uninterrupted view of every tower in the city from Magdalen to the Cathedral . . . a fairy-land of spires and pinnacles, rising from a foreground of trees and verdure . . . 'the noblest of cities.' "[2]

One can only imagine the irrepressible delight that must have arisen within him as he approached his college. What exactly did he feel as he gazed up at Cardinal Wolsey's miter on the corner turrets and beheld that powerful yet graceful Wren magnificence, Tom Tower, reaching heavenward at the entrance over the gate? Or as he walked through to the grandest quadrangle in Oxford, Tom Quad, and made his way to the cathedral, lofty of structure, rich in ornament? It would have been natural for him to enter and give thanks for his gifts and good fortune. Then, passing through yet another archway to another quadrangle, he would have stood before the neoclassical library, where strong and sturdy pillars without mark the way to precious tomes within.

Crossing Tom Quad again, Charles would have come to the entrance to the Great Hall. If the sun were shining, he would have been momentarily blinded as he entered the shaded passage to find the broad, arched staircase, worn down by the tread of student-scholars from century to century. Looking up, he would have seen a ceiling of some of the most delicate tracery in the world. The Hall itself—the largest of its kind in Oxford—which, in Matthew Arnold's words, cast a "line of festal light"[3] for miles, is a revelation. It is, in John Ruskin's words, "about as big as the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, with its extremity lost in mist, its roof in darkness."[4] It must have made a bewildering assault on Charles's senses, with its height, length, graceful lines, light and shadow, tints and textures, at once striking, awesome, massive yet elegant. He would have admired the stained-glass windows, walked down the aisles of old, polished wood tables and benches, passed the tiers of portraits of the rich, noble, wise, and powerful, of great men and world movers who had preceded him, feeling their eyes staring down upon him.



Christ Church Cathedral

There, ahead of him, would have been Cardinal Wolsey and King Henry VIII, founders of the college; Elizabeth I, who stayed here; Charles I, who took refuge at Christ Church during the Civil War; John Locke, whom the younger Dean Fell expelled for being a Whig; John Wesley; and a host of other dignitaries. He would have stood in the very place where Parliament assembled during the divisive events of 1644. Looking farther, Charles would have seen any number of eminent divines, viceroys, ministers, leaders from all walks of life, gracing the wainscot. Where else could one encounter such a blend of the magisterial and the monastic? Where but in the finest museums could one behold such a collection of artwork by the great masters, among them Romney, Kneller, Holbein, Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds?

His sensations as he walked up and down the staircases, through the chambers, across the paths that lead from building to building, are unknown. But he must have been pleased that he would be making his home among these ancient monuments for years to come. In the stillness, the

grandeur and solemnity must have moved him. Is that undergraduate there, his gown fluttering in the wind, a preview of what he himself would soon look like? Is that wizened don, stooped and shuffling, to be one of his tutors? He might well have been agitated, shaken, awed, baffled, stunned, overwhelmed by this powerful setting.

As he traveled back to Croft, he must have regained his calm, and we can conjecture the scene there when he recounted his visit, the father pleased with the son, the mother loving and proud, the brothers and sisters wide-eyed and gripped by the adventure.

Charles still had eight months to prepare himself before taking up residence at Oxford. He was, as usual, busy at Croft. His sisters and brothers were always delighted when he was home because he was a source of constant invention, entertainment, and amusement, adding jollity to what could otherwise be glum days. He felt responsible, too, for helping his parents with the young ones, assisting with their instruction and refinement. Certainly he took a keen interest in the parish and did what he could to help with the care of the poor and needy. He also had to prepare for Oxford, and, probably with the help of his father, set himself a stern schedule of reading and studying. With all that, however, he still had time for some frivolities, for writing, for sketching, for fun and games. And then, early in the new year, on January 24, 1851, three days before his nineteenth birthday, he returned to Oxford, a full-fledged member of Christ Church.

But two days after he arrived to begin his studies, he had to travel back to Croft because his mother had suddenly died, of "inflammation of the brain," a diagnosis covering a broad spectrum of Victorian medical ignorance. The shock was surely enormous, the loss inconsolable.

In the midst of his grief, Dodgson *père* faced a domestic crisis. The two youngest children were seven and four. The eldest two girls, twenty-two and twenty, were thought neither old, experienced, nor competent enough to take over so large a household. Another solution had to be found. At first, a cousin, the poet Menella Bute Smedley, came to help, to be replaced soon by the dead mother's younger unmarried sister, Lucy Lutwidge, a sometime contributor to the family magazines and a frequent visitor. This gentle woman lived with and cared for the family for the remainder of her long life.

Back at Oxford, Charles resumed his daily routine. He submitted dutifully to the university's dress code. The cap and gown were the formal exteriors, to be worn throughout the early part of the day. Noblemen sported a gold tassel, commoners like Charles a black one.

The city of Oxford, the university, and Christ Church itself were all much

smaller and different in 1851 from what they are today. Although the railway had already reached the town's perimeter, Oxford remained essentially provincial, a country town with unpaved roads, horse-drawn carriages, and coaches still arriving from major cities. The horse was the main means of transport, and many dons owned horses and rode. The suburban sprawl had not yet begun; fields, meadows, and hedgerows met the eye on all sides in an era that nestled between the Industrial Revolution and the age of high technology and science, a time rooted in traditional ways and laborious inconvenience.

Although gas came into use in 1819, candlelight remained the dominant means of lighting Oxford homes and college rooms. Water was pumped directly from the reservoir without being filtered, carrying with it all sorts of aquatic specimens. Oxford firefighters had only primitive equipment, mainly hand pumps. No system of drainage had yet come into being and all varieties of filth were disgorged into Oxford streams and rivers. Cesspools intruded on wells; typhoid and tuberculosis lurked everywhere; sensible people shunned unboiled water; the city suffered outbreaks of cholera in 1832, 1849, and 1854.

For much of the winter, Oxford was flooded because of the weirs that millers had built to dam water to work their mills. (The Great Western railway line was actually washed away by a flood in 1852.) While those waters provided sporting people with the opportunity to sail in mild weather and skate in frosts, a fishy smell pervaded the atmosphere in the spring and early summer, when the floods subsided. Oxford was almost a thousand years old, and it looked it. Many buildings were decrepit, their fronts black and crumbling. The era of restoration and preservation had not yet dawned.

Although it was possible to be a serious and purposeful student at Oxford, the prevailing tone was frivolous, self-indulgent, decorative, even flamboyant. Most young men came because it was the right course for their social class. Thomas Hughes describes Tom Brown's arrival and those he encountered:

> Three out of the four were gentlemen-commoners, with allowances of £500 a year at least each; and, as they treated their allowances as pocket-money, and were all in their first year, ready money was plenty and credit good, and they might have had potted hippopotamus for breakfast if they had chosen to order it. . . .[5]

Men with intellectual interests and ambitions were in the minority. Noblemen's sons came to fritter away their time; country gentlemen's heirs, who had grown up riding, shooting, and hunting, came to Oxford unwill-

ing to give up their habits or horses and continued to ride to hounds. They kept dogs too, and Oxford's colleges were as much the provinces of dogs and horses as of men. One master estimated that at University College the dog population averaged five to a set of rooms. The dogs' owners often pitted them against rats and used them as retrievers in pigeon shooting.[6]

Matthew Arnold, reporting on a visit to Oxford in October 1854, wrote: "I am much struck with the apathy . . . of the people here . . . compared with the students of Paris or Germany or even of London."[7] And G. M. Young, looking back on the scene, depicted the "exasperated fascination" that Oxford dons exercised upon the outside world: "They were clerical; they were idle; they were dissipated; they reflected those odious class distinctions by which merit is oppressed and insolence fostered; their studies were narrow, their teaching ineffective."[8]

The *Oxford Spectator*, that irreverent record of undergraduate days and ways, described the more figged-out student frequently encountered about college quads as one who had

> furnished himself with a curiously devised coat in velvet, and a pair of breeches of a wondrously close cut . . . [a] hat with curiously curved brim, the very spacious satin scarf, and the sealskin waistcoat. [This] slim and graceful youth [is] highly perfumed; his voice is soft and his manners attractive, if perhaps a trifle artificial . . . his lair, a spot strewn with every elegance of luxury and art; with albums full of fair faces or amusing "sketches," with graceful trifles from foreign lands, and little notes from all the ladies in Oxford. [He] acts in private theatricals, and sleeps till midday . . . [and commands] ornaments of language which flourish in Oxford under the name of slang.[9]

When Charles entered Christ Church, it wore two faces, not exactly tragic and comedic, but dissimilar enough to reflect a split in the student body. On the one hand, the House, as insiders call Christ Church (because it embodies the Cathedral House of Christ), was (and is) known as a rich man's college, with royal and aristocratic connections, a surfeit of money, and a minimum of intellectual aspiration. It was ruled by Dean Thomas Gaisford, a scholar who preferred poring over classical texts to dealing with college affairs. As a result, the college languished. Gaisford spoke earnestly, judged generously, and built nothing, although he lent his name to a prize for Greek verse and prose. He alone was not to blame for the stagnation, for he inherited the tone of apathy and self-indulgent indolence from far back, and both were difficult to change.

The reminiscences of Christ Church men do little to redeem the college. One reads of dinner parties lasting through the night and into the morning; large breakfast parties followed chapel, larger "spreads" flourished. Although morning chapel was compulsory, "behaviour . . . [in church] was generally irreverent, and sometimes disgraceful." Often, when a student earned an imposition for missing chapel, "this exercise was . . . performed by a deputy."[10] Breaking off door knockers and bell handles was a favorite pastime, and when Mercury, the pool at the center of Tom Quad, was drained, a bed of these and other misappropriated objects was revealed.[11] The deanery doors were, on occasion, painted red and the deanery garden mutilated.

One graduate recalls that "towards the close of Dean Gaisford's reign," some students redressed what they considered the "wrongs" they "had undergone in being put under processes of instruction . . . [and] burnt the tables and benches."[12] On another occasion "a violent explosion," devised and executed by some students, "shook the college to its foundations," leaving an enormous ravine in the center of the quadrangle. Charles records in his diary (October 5, 1867) that "the usual town and gown disturbances . . . intensified into a 'bread riot' which . . . was considered by the Home Secretary (Gathorne-Hardy) formidable enough to justify his sending down a company of the guards."

As late as 1894, after a particularly bibulous celebration, some five hundred panes of glass were broken in the college. The previous December, Charles witnessed what happened when the Dean refused to allow students to attend the Duke of Marlborough's ball at Blenheim Palace and they then went on a rampage, painted the walls of Tom Quad "with gross abuse of the Dean and the Senior Censor," and cut the bell rope of Tom. Much earlier, when Balliol suffered a student uprising, a friend remarked to Benjamin Jowett that it reminded him of prisoners breaking out of jail. "Worse than that," Jowett replied, "[it] reminds me of Christ Church."[13]

In Charles's early days at Oxford, he experienced two college rows. On May 29, 1856, while preparing, at the Dean's invitation, his paper on the life of Richard Hakluyt, the eminent sixteenth-century geographer and a Christ Church graduate, for an oration at an upcoming end-of-term Gaudy,* he observed that at "about ½ past 1 in the morning, the men began to explode fireworks in Chaplain's Quad, and 3 of them came out and threw bottles into LLoyd's windows. . . . We saw the last fireworks come, but the offenders

* A formal college dinner for old members.

had beat a retreat."[14] Two nights later, after Charles delivered his oration, he records that during dinner in Hall "the noise was tremendous and Gordon turned several men out. . . ."

The other face of Christ Church was one of intellectual distinction. Not only had Charles's father and his friend E. B. Pusey emerged from Christ Church, but many more men of achievement graced the roster. In the first half of the century, the crumbling walls embraced some of the most eminent churchmen in the land, some of the world's great classical scholars, and, for a time, the Professor of Poetry. "In those days," recalls one chronicler, "Christ Church nearly monopolised the class list, and was the focus and centre of the intellectual life of the University."[15]

Martin Tupper recalls that in about 1830 a visitor might, by pushing open the door of the lecture room next to the Hall staircase, encounter a group of future world-shakers, among them "two head masters to be; three bishops; three Regius professors; three viceroys, Canning, Dalhousie and Elgin; Gladstone, Newcastle, and Cornewall Lewis. [Robert] Lowe [Viscount Sherbrook] sometimes looked in, and Sidney Herbert [Baron Herbert of Lea] regularly came across from Oriel." The group worked at translating Aristotle's *Rhetoric* "in turn at the feet of . . . [Thomas] Briscoe [later Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral]."[16]

The collection of great names from before the nineteenth century also bespeaks intellectual splendor: Philip Sidney, Locke, Richard Hakluyt, George Peele, the Wesleys, "Monk" Lewis, and Henry Hallam. When a friend of Samuel Johnson announced that he planned to enter Pembroke College in 1730, Johnson overcame his loyalty to his own college and urged his friend to enter Christ Church instead, where he would find the ablest tutor in all of Oxford, a Mr. Bateman.[17] The nineteenth century added Wellington, Peel, Gladstone, Liddell, A. P. Stanley, Ruskin, Salisbury, Rosebery, and Liddon.

As Charles arrived, he, Oxford, and Christ Church all stood at a major crossroad. All three would undergo dramatic change and emerge much altered. "At Christ Church, when a man came up," recalls a graduate, "he was put into any room that happened to be empty, until he had an opportunity of changing . . . by-and-by."[18] Charles was apparently unable to get a room allocated to commoners at Christ Church, but fortunate in not having to seek lodgings in town because he was offered "a couple of rooms" in the Christ Church residence of his father's friend, Senior Student Jacob Ley.[19]

Charles did not join any of the "sets" or clubs that were the rage; he preferred to stand apart and follow his own program of studies and recreation. On February 16, 1857, he allowed his name to go forward for membership in the Oxford Union, but he added: "It might be worth while *now* to be a member—I have avoided it hitherto, as it would have been too great a temptation to wasting time." He did not exactly devote himself to Wordsworth's "plain living and high thinking," but he was purposeful and ambitious. A birthday letter he sent his sister Mary six weeks after moving in with Ley shows how he differed from the general run of undergraduate. Compulsory chapel was at eight, and many students straggled into the cathedral, partially dressed, still half asleep. But not Charles. He tells his sister that he is in the habit of being called at six-fifteen "and generally managing to be down soon after 7." He strove for punctuality in all he did, attending lectures in the mornings, chapel a second time later in the day, and dinner at five. We get a picture of dinner in Hall, Charles in his place, from a contemporary who recalls

> the batches of half-a-dozen undergraduates who dined together at the different tables in the hall, and the disgraceful way the dinner at that time was served. . . . Though the spoons and forks were silver—some of them very old, the gift of former members of The House—the plates and dishes were pewter. The joint was pushed from one to another, each man hacking off his own portion, and rising from the table without waiting for one another, without even waiting for the ancient Latin grace. . . . We all . . . sat in the same hall and some of us even at the same table with Dodgson without discovering . . . the wit, the peculiar humour, that was in him. We looked upon him as a rising mathematician, nothing more. He seldom spoke, and the slight impediment in his speech was not conducive to conversation.[20]

Charles worked hard, and while he was often silent, he was neither unsociable nor entirely a bookworm. In that same letter to his sister Mary, he writes: "I have got a new acquaintance of the name of Colley, who has been here once or twice to tea, and we have been out walking together."

Within the year Charles moved from Ley's into his own rooms, on staircase 4 in Peckwater Quadrangle, in view of the library. Here, for the first time, he was completely independent. He already knew the head porter, and soon met the scout on his staircase. As Tom Brown knew, "the scout was an institution! Fancy me waited upon and valeted by a stout party in black, of quiet, gentlemanly manners, like the benevolent father in a comedy. He takes the deepest interest in my possessions and proceedings, and is evi-

dently used to good society, to judge by the amount of crockery and glass, wines, liquors, and grocery, which he thinks indispensable for my due establishment."[21] In June, in a birthday letter home, Charles reports in mock medieval English that "Onne Moone his daye nexte we goe yn forre Responsions,* and I amme uppe toe mine eyes yn worke." Responsions, the first real Oxford test of his abilities, safely behind him in July, he rewarded himself with a visit to London, and then sent a glowing account back home of the Great Exhibition that had opened in the Crystal Palace: "I am afraid it will be impossible to give you any idea of all I have seen," he wrote his sister Elizabeth (July 5), and went on to describe some of the exhibits that particularly impressed him.

> I think the first impression produced on you when you get inside is of bewilderment. It looks like a sort of fairyland. As far as you can look in any direction, you see nothing but pillars hung about with shawls, carpets, etc., with long avenues of statues, fountains, canopies, etc., etc., etc. The first thing to be seen on entering is the Crystal Fountain, a most elegant one about 30 feet high at a rough guess, composed entirely of glass and pouring down jets of water from basin to basin. . . . The centre of the nave mostly consists of a long line of colossal statues, some most magnificent. A pair of statues of a dog and child struck me as being exceedingly good. In one the child is being attacked by a serpent, and the dog standing over to defend it. The child is crying with fear, and making I think an exceedingly ugly face. In the other the dog has conquered: the body of the serpent is lying at one side, and the head, *most thoroughly* bitten off, at the other. . . . The child is leaning over and playing with the dog, which is *really* smiling with pleasure and satisfaction.

Back at Christ Church in the autumn, he plunged into work again and did well. In November he won the Boulter Scholarship, worth twenty pounds a year. But he found time for occasional literary spoofery too. "The Christ Church Commoner," which he wrote out on the mourning letter paper he used after his mother's death, purports to be a "fragment of an unpublished novel by G.P.R. James" and is a tongue-in-cheek description of a

* Responsions, or "Smalls," was an early examination for the B.A., involving written papers on Latin, Greek, and arithmetic (with an option for algebra or Euclidean geometry) and an oral examination (*viva voce*).

Christ Church undergraduate sitting for the "Little Go," or Moderations, the first of two public examinations for the bachelor's degree. It surely dates from about the time that Charles himself took the examination.

THE CHRIST-CHURCH COMMONER

A Tale

Chap: I.

"Respond! Respond! oh Muse!"

GOLDSMITH

It was a glowing summer morning: the Orient sun had long risen, and gilded with his dazzling beam the topmost fane of Tom, the great tower of Christ Church. Out of the Eastern gate, known by the name of Canterbury, is walking a young man, solitary, downcast. His years are scarcely enough for a clergyman, and yet he wears a white neckcloth and bands. . . . Let us follow him: he approaches a vast range of buildings, ugly and un-architectural: they are called "the schools." . . . Let us follow him in. A long table, covered with books, and surrounded with chairs; two gloomy-browed examiners, and twelve pale-faced youths complete the picture. Seats, like those in a circus, slant up at the end of the room: these are crowded with spectators.

Chap: II.

"Veni, vidi, vici"

CAESAR

The youth is sitting at the table: before him lies a small edition of Sophocles. Sternly does the examiner remark "Go on at the four hundred and fiftieth line." . . . In a low, musical tone, he commences. Some mistakes he makes, small and few: he is given two passages to translate—They are done: they are handed in: they are looked over. What is the examiner saying—"you may go." All is over.

A more significant manuscript survives, "*Formosa facies muta commendatio est,*" a quotation attributed to Publilius Syrus that translates as "A beautiful face is a silent recommendation." Above the title is the signature "C. L. Dodgson"; at the close of the four hundred words is the legend "Read out in Hall, November 22, 1851." John Ruskin, who preceded Charles at Christ Church by fourteen years, describes the frame into which this early unpublished essay by Charles fits: "It was an institution of the college that every

week the undergraduates should write an essay on a philosophical subject, explicatory of some brief Latin text of Horace, Juvenal, or other accredited and pithy writer; and, I suppose, as a sort of guarantee to the men that what they wrote was really looked at, the essay pronounced the best was read aloud in hall on Saturday afternoon, with enforced attendance of the other undergraduates. . . ."[22]

Charles's essay, published here in the Appendix, discusses beauty and pleasure and suggests that at nineteen, he is not only stirring with thoughts and feelings but also analyzing them and trying to understand his own nature. He notes that the ability to see and be moved by beauty is among the highest possible pleasures, the most ennobling and enduring. Love and admiration for what we perceive as beautiful arise naturally, even though we may know nothing of the character of the person who possesses the beauty. Charles resents this trap that nature sets for us. Falling in love with a beautiful person is unjust to both the person being loved and the person who loves, he asserts, because neither has done anything either to acquire beauty or to enable him or her to enjoy it. Surely all this aesthetic theorizing was provoked by emotional stirrings he has recognized within himself and must deal with seriously.

Two other moral essays, also published for the first time in the Appendix, date from early undergraduate days. One, headed by a Latin tag from Ovid, translates as "Nothing aids which may not also injure us." Charles read this one out in Hall six months after the earlier one. Again his fascination with language is evident; once more he couches the essay in the philosophical mode. The burden of the essay is a text that he heard often preached from the pulpit, in his father's church and certainly again in Rugby Chapel: the struggle between good and evil and the need for arming oneself against the devil. He believes that man has the will to choose good over evil and that doing good is the source of the greatest happiness on earth. Acquiring riches or striving to do so is not good unless one uses those riches to good ends.

These manuscripts are probably among the earliest expressions of Charles's fear of some forces he felt operating within him and of his intention to control them, to follow the righteous road, to serve God in every deed. This struggle is a keynote to his character, and in understanding it, as articulated here in an objective, detached confession, we recognize what would become one of the overpowering themes of his life: the determination to devote so much of his energy to doing good for others, his generosity to his family, friends, and strangers. Here too is an early clue to

Charles's Uncle Skeffington Lutwidge, who introduced Charles to photography

understanding his anguish when, in his own merciless judgment, he fails to live up to the lofty goals he sets for himself.

The third essay bears no date, but the handwriting is of this same period, and the Latin tag, from Tacitus, reads in translation: "To despise fame is to despise merit." Charles here may be reflecting on the many poets who have discoursed on the subject of fame, from Chaucer to Milton to Shelley. But here again the underlying theme is good versus evil. Fame is essentially an ideal pursuit, but it can easily be perverted. What our fellow creatures think of us is a measure of our success, but moderation is important, and we must guard against excess. Desiring fame, however, is much nobler than desiring money, power, or pleasure for its own sake, and can actually deter one from baser pursuits. It can bring out our finer qualities, our inner strengths and courage, and help us perform deeds worthy of emulation. Those among us who can idolize fame and avoid its excesses are the noblest of our breed and make the highest contribution to civilization.

Charles absorbed the postulates embedded in these essays from his parents at home and from his teachers and spiritual advisers at Richmond and Rugby. Early on he accepted the simple doctrine of life as a battleground between good and evil. What is particularly interesting is that he saw it so clearly, accepted it unconditionally, and could express it so eloquently so early, implicitly recognizing the danger of giving his emotions full rein.

On June 24, 1852, he wrote a long letter to his sister Elizabeth, while staying with his favorite uncle, Skeffington Lutwidge, a barrister and Commissioner in Lunacy. Lutwidge provided Charles with London hospitality, shared with his nephew his interest in microscopes, telescopes, and gadgets generally. Before long Skeffington introduced Charles to photography. In the letter, Charles reports that his uncle "has as usual got a great number of new oddities, including a lathe, telescope stand, crest stamp, a beautiful lit-

tle pocket instrument for measuring distances on a map, refrigerator, etc., etc. We had an observation of the moon and Jupiter last night, and afterwards live animalcula in his large microscope. . . ." He continues: "Before I left Oxford, I had a conversation with Mr. Gordon and one with Mr. [Robert] Faussett [Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church] on the work of the Long Vacation: I believe 25 hours' *hard* work a day *may* get through all I have to do, but I am not certain." In the meantime, however, he enjoyed London.

His twenty-five-hour day of hard work reaped rewards. On December 9 he reports the good news to Elizabeth:

> You shall have the announcement of the last piece of good fortune this wonderful term has had in store for me, that is, *a 1st class in Mathematics.* Whether I shall add to this any honours at collections I cannot at present say, but I should think it very unlikely, as I have only today to get up the work in The Acts of the Apostles, 2 Greek Plays, and the Satires of Horace and I feel myself almost totally unable to read at all: I am beginning to suffer from the reaction of reading for Moderations . . . I am getting quite tired of being congratulated on various subjects: there seems to be no end of it. If I had shot the Dean, I could hardly have had more said about it.

In spite of his apprehension, when he sits for Moderations he adds second-class honors in classics to his achievements.

Impressed by Charles's performance, Dr. Pusey wrote on December 2, 1852, to Charles's father. "I have great pleasure in telling you that I have been enabled to recommend your son for a Studentship. . . . One of the Censors brought me to-day five names; but in their minds it was plain that they thought your son on the whole the most eligible. . . . It has been very satisfactory to hear of your son's uniform steady and good conduct."[23]

It was not wholly exceptional for the best undergraduates to be appointed to studentships at Christ Church even before they earned their B.A. degrees, but the honor was conferred on few. The appointment crowned Charles's achievements with glory and security. He might, if he chose, now remain a Student the rest of his life, with lodgings, an honored place in the academic community of the finest college in the oldest university in the land, and a secure income. Although his emoluments came to thirty pounds a year, he soon augmented that by lecture fees; and as a result of the 1858 Ordinance, he earned as Senior Student two hundred pounds per annum.[24]

The appointment came with restrictions. He must proceed to holy orders and must not marry, for if he did, he would automatically lose the studentship, as his father had done. But he was not required to teach if he chose not to, nor was he expected necessarily to publish or to achieve any other distinction. If he wished, he might recline in his easy chair, his feet up by the fire, drink his claret, and smoke a pipe for the rest of his life. Indolence was not, however, the style that Charles yearned for. He took quite the opposite course.

Congratulations on his appointment poured in, but perhaps he valued his father's letter most. "My dearest Charles," it begins.

> The feelings and thankfulness with which I have read your letter just received . . . are, I assure you, beyond *my expression;* and your affectionate heart will derive no small addition of joy from thinking of the joy which you have occasioned to me, and to all the circle of your home. I say "*you* have occasioned," because, grateful as I am to my old friend Dr. Pusey for what he has done, I cannot desire stronger evidence than his own words of the fact that you have *won,* and well won, this honour for *yourself,* and that it is bestowed as a matter of *justice* to *you,* and not of *kindness* to *me.* . . ."[25]

Charles was now well set on a career and continued to improve his accommodation. Having lived for three terms in Peckwater, he moved in the spring of 1852 to the Cloister staircase, where, for five terms, he shared rooms with his friend G. G. Woodhouse, later Perpetual Curate of Upper Gornal, Staffordshire. Charles addressed his one-hundred-line mock epic "The Ligniad" to Woodhouse, perhaps in gratitude: he was the "*very* first who spoke to me—across the dinner table in Hall" in Charles's earliest college days.[26] In time, however, Charles sought rooms of his own. He had his eye on Tom Quad, but did not quite get there yet. At the end of Michaelmas term 1853, he moved next door, where he had two rooms to himself, and where he remained for eight years.

In 1853 he was still an undergraduate working for his B.A. and did well in mathematics. But Collingwood tells us that "philosophy and history were not very congenial subjects to him." Indeed in these subjects he did no better than a third class.[27] The results at least confirmed his strengths and his weaknesses, and he could plan accordingly. Perhaps because he made such a poor showing in philosophy and history, he compiled an ambitious list of what he called "general reading." On March 12, 1855, he devised a plan for

"looking over all the Library regularly, to acquaint myself generally with its contents, and to note such books as seem worth studying. . . ." On the following day he asked: "Has any writer ever given us a *system* of Classical Reading? What a grand thing a system of general reading would be. . . ." He then assembled a formidable list of readings in classics, divinity, history, languages, mathematics, novels, miscellaneous studies, divinity reading for ordination, and "other subjects."

On May 3, 1854, as his undergraduate days came to an end, Charles read a declamation in Hall—not, it appears, the usual weekly essay, but something rather more special, perhaps connected in some way with his classical studies. It was a disquisition on Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics,* and the declamation itself was liberally peppered with both Latin and Greek.[28] It is a courageous essay, in fact, which analyzes a passage in the *Ethics* about the relative value in life of seeking the good (practical rules for living) on the one hand and the truth (wisdom) on the other and concludes that Aristotle is not a true philosopher because he errs in allowing the practical considerations of life (the search for the good) to outweigh the theoretical (the search for truth or wisdom). Charles had naturally steeped himself in Plato and Aristotle and later dedicated *Symbolic Logic, Part I* to "the memory of Aristotle." But while he praised Aristotle here and there in his utterances, he was also a staunch critic of Aristotle as logician. Later, in *Symbolic Logic, Part I,* he writes of Aristotle's logical method as "an almost useless machine, for practical purposes, many of the conclusions being incomplete, and many quite legitimate forms being ignored."[29]

His studies and examinations took up most of his energies, but he found time to relax a bit in the spring of 1853. Not much of a sportsman, he nevertheless keenly observed the boat races. "The Ligniad," moreover, which dates from this period, shows a keen knowledge of cricket. He spent the long vacation of 1854 at Whitby as a member of a reading party in mathematics coached by Professor Bartholomew Price, Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy (the Bat in *Alice*). One member of the group recalled that, at times when they were not deep in their studies, Charles . . . would "sit on a rock on the beach, telling stories to a circle of eager young listeners of both sexes."[30] Charles also took time to compose and publish in the *Whitby Gazette* a poem, "The Lady of the Ladle," and a short story, "Wilhelm von Schmitz," and signed himself with the pseudonym "B.B."

"The Lady of the Ladle" is a thirty-line set of rhyming couplets about a "very heavy swell" who "drinks his fill" at the "Royal on the Hill" and then

sways about the town gawked at by the loungers. The piece incorporates a number of Whitby landmarks that readers would recognize. The four chapters of "Wilhelm von Schmitz" are also set in Whitby and tell a tale in mock prolixity of a young English poet who applies too much grease to his hair and not enough soap to his hands and, in order to be accepted in society, adopts a foreign name, the title of the story. He comes to Whitby in search of his long-lost love, Sukie, a barmaid. After some extraordinary adventures, he finds her, a generous friend arranges for them to run a vacant public house, and they live happily ever after. Charles pasted a copy of "The Lady of the Ladle" and copied chapters 3 and 4 of "Wilhelm Von Schmitz" into *Mischmasch.*

Writing to his sister Mary from Whitby on August 23, 1854, he reports on an expedition the mathematics reading party took to Goathland, where they examined the machinery that drew the trains up the steep cliff; he also tells of a foolhardy climb he and another student attempted up the sheer cliff: at one moment during the adventure, he writes, "both my feet had lost hold at once, and if the root I was hanging to had broken, I must have come down, and probably carried him with me."

Back at Oxford in the autumn, he was preparing for "Greats," the final examinations for the bachelor's degree. "For the last three weeks before the examination," Collingwood wrote, "he worked thirteen hours a day, spending the whole night before the *viva voce* over his books."[31] The result was gratifying. He made first-class honors in the Final Mathematical School. On December 13 he wrote to Mary:

> Enclosed you will find a list, which I expect you to rejoice over considerably: it will take me more than a day to believe it, I expect—I feel at present very like a child with a new toy, but I daresay I shall be tired of it soon, and wish to be Pope of Rome next. . . . I have just given my Scout a bottle of wine to drink to my First. We shall be made Bachelors on Monday. . . . I hope that Papa did not conclude it was a 2nd by not hearing on Wednesday morning. . . . All this is very satisfactory. I must also add (this is a very boastful letter) that I ought to get the Senior Scholarship next term. . . . One thing more I will add, to crown all, and that is—I find I . . . stand next . . . for the [Mathematical] Lectureship. And now I think that is enough news for one post.

Five days later Charles received his Bachelor of Arts.

Charles was back with his family, all staying at Ripon, for much of the

Christmas vacation. He tried to do some studying, but mostly failed because of the festivities and social whirl. "Got my likeness photographed by Booth," he wrote in his diary on January 10, 1855, just before his twenty-third birthday. "After three failures he produced a tolerably good likeness, which half the family pronounced the best possible, and the other half the worst possible." It is perhaps the photograph opposite, showing a pensive, attractive young man with an amplitude of hair, a waistcoat, and a bow tie.

When he returned to Oxford later that month, he was no longer a youth but a man among men, a professional embarking upon his career with a pocketful of impressive credentials and a future full of promise and challenge. He had moved up considerably in the world and could now claim a well-earned place among the dons. Oxford dons are not known for geniality or for their interest in chitchat. They are generally reputed to be aloof, singular, and eccentric. One of their number has written vividly about the life of a don: "It fosters solitariness and independence and self-sufficiency. You live in a comfortable, self-contained flat. You are probably doing the work which you have always wanted to do and most enjoy doing, and . . . you may have to work very hard indeed. It is no small temptation to be engrossed in your own activities, to shut out all other interests, and to end up by being indifferent to anything except that which comes directly to you in a way of business, or to any person except those who, like your pupils, are dependent on you."[32]

"These Dons," writes another, "live by themselves and for themselves, until they are become perhaps the most refinedly selfish men on the face of the globe. . . . As they cannot be said to possess any feelings whatever, their whole existence is intellectual. . . . Society is not to them a pleasure—but a mere relaxation from work. Consequently their hatreds and jealousies are of the most complicated and fierce nature—their friendships and likings variable and unsatisfactory."[33]

Praise for a tutor here, a don there, appears, but virtually no all-embracing compliments for the society. Still, young Charles could not but think himself fortunate in joining this academic enclave. Among his new duties was taking his turn at "pricking," ticking off the names of men who turn up for chapel. He also patrolled the town at night in search of wayward Christ Church men.

Probably during his third year at Oxford, he started to keep his diary, which he then added to faithfully until the end of his life. Fortunately the larger part of it survives, nine of thirteen volumes, the other four having either been misplaced, thrown out in error, lost in moving house, or perhaps even intentionally destroyed when some keeper of the flame came upon some entries that he or she found unpleasant or unflattering. The surviving volumes provide us with a remarkable record and allow us to observe Charles closely. The first volume, covering his early days as undergraduate, is missing, but volume 2 begins on New Year's Day 1855, just after Charles has secured his B.A., while he is still home in Yorkshire, getting ready to take up his new life.

Charles as a young man

On January 1, 1855, Charles wrote the first entry in this volume at The Residence, Ripon, where, since 1852, his father, Canon of Ripon Cathedral, was required to spend at least three months a year: "Tried a little Mathematics unsuccessfully. Sketched a design for illumination in the title page of Mary's book of Sacred Poetry. Handbells in the evening, a tedious performance."

The next entry (January 4) reveals mental exploration: "Might not complicated mathematical figures (in solid geometry, etc.) be well represented

on paper by first modelling the figure, and then taking a photograph from the model?" And he adds alongside: "The next time I am in town, it would be worthwhile to try and buy a small printing press, for printing mathematical tables, etc." Clearly he is thinking of the life that lies ahead as teacher and as mathematician.

On January 19 he returned to Oxford for the new term and on the twenty-first read the first lesson in afternoon chapel. On the following day he called on Mr. Price "and arranged to coach with him this term till the Scholarship comes off." On the twenty-third Osborne Gordon asked him to take a pupil preparing for Little Go. On the twenty-seventh Charles records "23rd birthday" and notes that his father has sent him a photograph of himself; his sisters, (Walter Farquhar) Hook's *Church Dictionary* (1842); and his Aunt Lucy, a sofa cover. On the thirtieth his life as a tutor begins properly: "Had my first interview with Burton, my first pupil. He seems to take in Algebra very readily." The diary allows us to infer the elation Charles felt over this first session, the first time the tables were turned and he was doing the coaching rather than receiving it. His excitement erupts in a letter to his younger sister and brother Henrietta and Edwin the following day. It is a brilliant spoof of the occasion and tingles with the thrill of his new life:

> My one pupil has begun his work with me, and I will give you a description how the lecture is conducted. It is the most important point, you know, that the tutor should be *dignified,* and at a distance from the pupil, and that the pupil should be as much as possible *degraded*—otherwise you know, they are not humble enough. So I sit at the further end of the room; outside the door (*which is shut*) sits the scout; outside the outer door (*also shut*) sits the sub-scout; half-way down the stairs sits the sub-sub-scout; and down in the yard sits the *pupil.*
>
> The questions are shouted from one to the other, and the answers come back in the same way. . . . The lecture goes on, something like this.
>
> *Tutor.* "What is twice three?"
> *Scout.* "What's a rice tree?"
> *Sub-scout.* "When is ice free?"
> *Sub-sub-scout.* "What's a nice fee?"
> *Pupil* (timidly). "Half a guinea!"
> *Sub-sub-scout.* "Can't forge any!"
> *Sub-scout.* "Ho for Jinny!"
> *Scout.* "Don't be a ninny!"

> *Tutor* (looks offended, but tries another question). "Divide a hundred by twelve!"
> *Scout.* "Provide wonderful bells!"
> *Sub-scout.* "Go ride under it yourself."
> *Sub-sub-scout.* "Deride the dunder-headed elf!"
> *Pupil* (surprised). "Who do you mean?"
> *Sub-sub-scout.* "Doings between!"
> *Sub-scout.* "Blue is the screen!"
> *Scout.* "Soup-tureen!"

And so the lecture proceeds.

Becoming a tutor was only the beginning of Charles's professional life; more appointments and honors followed. But through it all, ties with the family at Croft remained strong. While at home for the summer of 1855, he inaugurated what was to be the last of the family magazines. Although it is more a scrapbook than a unified anthology (perhaps because Charles was away from home so much), it offers some mature pieces. Like *The Rectory Umbrella,* it contains contributions from other members of the family and, for the first time, clippings of some of Charles's published works. The preface provides information about the previous magazines and tells something of this one: "The name is German, and means in English 'midge-madge,' which we need not inform the intelligent reader is equivalent to 'hodge-podge': our intention is to admit articles of every kind, prose, verse, and pictures, provided they reach a sufficiently high standard of merit." Some of the pieces would be published in the *Comic Times* in 1855 and a review of a photographic exhibition in the *Illustrated Times* in 1860.

An early poem in *Mischmasch* is "The Two Brothers," which begins: "There were two brothers at Twyford School," perhaps alluding to some discussion at the rectory of an appropriate school for Charles's two younger brothers, Skeffington and Wilfred. It is the tale of two loutish lads who, instead of studying their Greek and Latin, go fishing in the River Tees. The older and stronger brother impales the younger and weaker upon his rod for bait.

Another poem, "Lays of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour, No. 1, The Palace of Humbug," rejected by the *Comic Times,* the *Train,* and *Punch,* eventually found a place in the *Oxford Critic* (May 29, 1857). It appropriates Alfred Bunn's famous line "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" and much of Tennyson's rich tapestry from "The Palace of Art" to outline a vision of fuzzy morbidity that makes neither sense nor engaging nonsense.

It is followed by a faked parchment containing four lines of verse entitled "Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," for which Charles provides a "modern" rendering. The poem will become the first four lines of "Jabberwocky." Charles follows the transcription with a scholarly explication of the words, defining nonsense word after nonsense word ("Bryllyg," he reports, is "derived from the verb to Bryl or Broil" and means "the time of broiling dinner, i.e. the close of the afternoon").

"Lays of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour, No. 2" is "The Three Voices," a witty parody of Tennyson's "The Two Voices," the longest poetic effort in the volume and the most successful. It adumbrates attitudes that characters in *Alice* later express.

"Wrote a sort of imitation of Sydney Dobell's poem 'Tommy's Dead,' for the amusement of the party," Charles noted in his diary on the last day of 1857 at Croft. It is number three of the "Lays of Mystery," etc., in *Mischmasch.* Charles documents his debt to Dobell, but where the monologue in Dobell is uttered by a father grieving for his son, Charles tells us in a note at the end that his speaker is grieving after the death of a cat.

"Lays of Mystery . . . , No. 4," entitled "Melancholetta"—"a name I invented in a dream," Charles noted (April 6, 1857)—would appear in 1862 in *College Rhymes.* As it appears in *Mischmasch,* it has nineteen six-line rhymed verses and tells the tale of the poet's eponymous sister, who sighs and weeps and moans without respite. The poet can do nothing to wrest her from her melancholy. The final poem in the volume appears as "Lays of Mystery . . . , No. 5" with the title "Bloggs' Woe" and would appear also in *College Rhymes,* in 1863, as "Size and Tears," the plaint of a fat man who suffers abuse because of his obesity.

The volume contains a number of other pieces that would also appear in print in coming years: "Ode to Damon (from Chloë, Who Understood His Meaning)," "The Willow Tree," "Faces in the Fire," and "Lines" (which later became "A Valentine"). It also contains the review he wrote of the Photographic Exhibition and signed "The Lounger"; a poem by his sister Louisa and one by his brother Wilfred; two drawings rejected by the *Comic Times* and other sketches; a verse riddle entitled "A Monument—Men All Agree—"; and a full-page sketch of a maze.

On February 14, 1855, Charles was appointed Sub-Librarian at Christ Church: "This will add £35 to my income," he noted, but conceded that it will not be "much towards independence." Three days after he received his new appointment, he told his diary that Robert Faussett had gone off as a

commissioned officer to the Crimea. "Report says the Dean does not mean to appoint a successor," Charles wrote, "an anomalous state for Christ Church—otherwise it would come to me, there being no one else to take it. I fancy his real motive is his objection to appoint a B.A."

Charles meanwhile settled into a routine. By the end of February he had taken on another pupil to coach, and on the last day of the month he invited the B.A.'s in Hall to his rooms for wine. Two evenings later he gave "a large wine, that is to all I know at Christ Church, about 40 in number." He was busily reading mathematics and working out problems, attending to his library duties, spending a morning "over a Latin Theme to be read out in Hall," taking walks with friends, reading Shakespeare and a society novel, skating ("got a severe fall, cutting open my forehead . . ."), rowing on the river, attending a public lecture on the Crimean War.

His hope to become Mathematical Lecturer persisted. "Faussett has returned and will stay, I believe, till the end of this term," he wrote (March 4), "so that the Dean's final decision about the lectureship may not be known till the beginning of next [term]."

On March 5 he acquired a third pupil; teaching now took up fifteen hours a week, "which does not leave me much time for scholarship." Then, on March 22, he sat for the mathematical scholarship: "I only succeeded in doing 5 questions in the morning," he writes, "and 4 in the afternoon." On the next day: "I did only 2 questions in the morning, and accordingly gave up, and did not go in for the afternoon one." On the twenty-fourth he learned that the scholarship had gone to another member of the Whitby reading party: "It is tantalising to think how easily . . . I might have got it, if I had only worked properly during this term, which I fear I must consider as wasted. However, I have now got a year before me, and with this past term as a lesson . . . I mean to have read by next time, Integral Calculus, Optics (and theory of light), Astronomy, and higher Dynamics. I record this resolution to shame myself with, in case March 1856 finds me still unprepared, knowing how many similar failures there have been in my life already."

He sat for yet another scholarship, but that too did not come to him. "This completes the lesson read me by this wasted term," he wrote (March 28). ". . . I do not think the work of this term worth recording," and he packs to leave for the Easter vacation.

Was he being too hard on himself? With pupils to coach, library duties to perform, and the need to sort out his priorities during this first term in professional harness, some slippage was inevitable. His return to Croft could

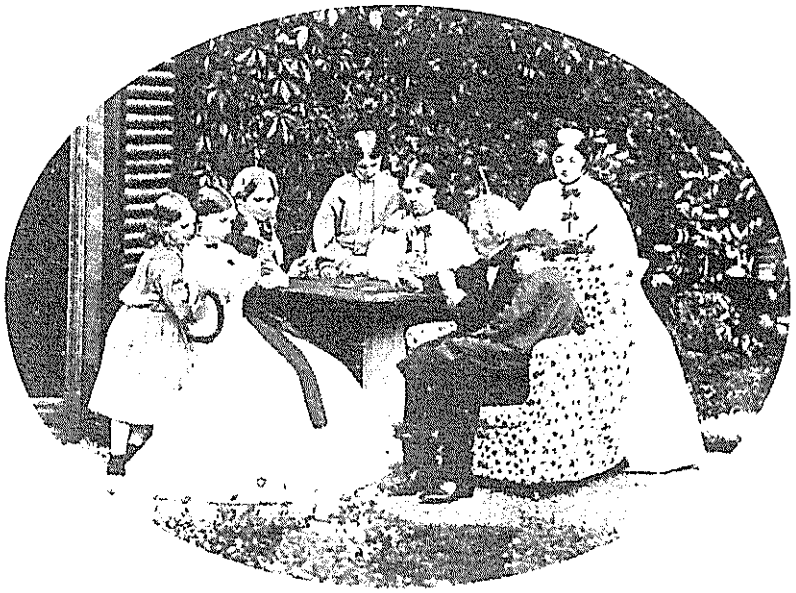
not have been as jubilant as the previous Christmas homecoming, but he no doubt received a warm welcome—a consoling kiss perhaps from his aunt and some understanding words from his father to assuage the anguish over his failures. In the midst of the family circle, with their love and encouragement, care and ministrations, he might attack his difficulties calmly and forge reasonable plans for the future.

While at home, he continued to read and to work on mathematical problems and he started to learn Italian. On April 20 he was back in Oxford, resolutely facing the new term. He received a five-pound fee for coaching one of his pupils during the previous term: "This is the first *earned* money I ever received," he wrote, "—the first that I can fairly call *mine*." He agreed, with G. W. Kitchin, Mathematical Examiner, to coach a group of fourteen pupils. "[It] will give me no official position," he wrote (April 25), "as it is merely a private arrangement between ourselves: it is decidedly favourable to my getting the lectureship hereafter, though it by no means secures it. We calculated roughly that I shall get £50 by it." He devised a scheme to meet with his students individually and in small groups.

He still found time to row on the river with his friend Henry Parry Liddon, to walk with Professor Price, to attend a lecture on the Creed given by the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and another on Tennyson, and to take in an exhibition of paintings.

He continued with his charges through the spring, when, on May 10, he struck another poignant note in the diary: "This morning, in a Trigonometry lecture with . . . [two of his pupils], I tried to teach them a proof I once did of the formula opposite, but failed entirely—a lesson not to attempt anything beyond book-work in lecture, without having gone over it beforehand." Any teacher, remembering early days with pupils, would sympathize. In any case, on May 12, he "began arranging a scheme for teaching systematically the first part of Algebraic Geometry: a thing which hitherto no one seems to have attempted. I find it exceedingly difficult to do it in anything like a satisfactory way."

On May 14 he received good news: "The Dean and Canons have been pleased to give me one of the 'Bostock' Scholarships, said to be worth £20 a year. This very nearly raises my income this year to independence. Courage!" At the end of May he reported achievements: "During the last month I have again written out in an improved form the *Fifth Book of Euclid Proved Algebraically* and have made considerable progress in my treatise in Algebraic Geometry. . . ."



Charles's photograph of his Putney relatives: Uncle Hassard Hume Dodgson, Aunt Caroline, and their children

Gradually, 1855 became a year of dramatic change, both for Christ Church and for Charles. On June 2 Dean Gaisford died, and five days later Charles and the world learned that Henry George Liddell, nephew of Baron Ravensworth, headmaster of Westminster School, co-compiler of the famous *Greek-English Lexicon,* and Chaplain to Prince Albert, who had preached to the Court at Windsor, would succeed. Term ended and on the nineteenth Charles traveled up to London for a few days before heading north. He indulged himself, went twice to the Royal Academy, to the Botanic Gardens, to the opera twice for *Norma* and *The Barber of Seville,* to Lord's for cricket, to another lecture on the Crimean War, to the theater to *Henry VIII* with Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, to his relatives in Putney, and to dine with his Uncle Skeffington. After eight days he took the overnight train home.

The report he could make to the family this time must have been easier and should have elicited gratifying comments. He settled into life at Croft quickly, undertook a considerable program of study, and, for the first time,

taught in his father's school. Looking ahead to the likelihood that he would be made Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church and be required to give public lectures, he took this opportunity to see how he would fare before rows of faces in a classroom, apprehensive as he must have been over his stammer and deafness. On July 5 he wrote: "I went to the Boys' School in the morning to hear my Father teach, as I want to begin trying myself soon," and three days later: "I took the first and second class of the Boys' School in the morning. . . . I liked my first attempt at teaching very much." On July 16 he recorded: "All this week I took the first class of boys." He read Latin with a neighbor on Wednesday evenings and Saturday mornings and summed up his teaching schedule as about nine hours a week. He read English history, a historical novel by James Grant, Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House,* and Ruskin's *Stones of Venice.* On August 5 he began to analyze Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection,* and on the fourteenth, when Tennyson's *Maud* arrived, he spent much of the day reading it. Within the week he was off on a visit to his favorite cousins, the Wilcoxes, at Whitburn. Although a rumor that Charles would be Mathematical Lecturer reached the north, the appointment was not confirmed. Still, Charles's father wrote his son a long letter "on the subject of my new appointment and prospects in life." Collingwood prints part of it:

> I will just sketch for you a supposed case, applicable to your own circumstances, of a young man of twenty-three, making up his mind to work for ten years, and living to do it, on an Income enabling him to save £150 a year—supposing him to appropriate it thus:
>
> | | £ | s. | d. |
> |---|---|---|---|
> | Invested at 4 per cent. | 100 | 0 | 0 |
> | Life Insurance of £1,500 | 29 | 15 | 0 |
> | Books, besides those bought in ordinary course | 20 | 5 | 0 |
> | | £150 | 0 | 0 |
>
> Suppose him at the end of the ten years to get a Living enabling him to settle, what will be the result of his saving:
>
> 1. A nest egg of £1,220 ready money, for furnishing and other expenses.
>
> 2. A sum of £1,500 secured at his death on payment of a *very much* smaller annual Premium than if he had then begun to insure it.

> 3. A useful Library, worth more than £200, besides the books bought out of his current Income during the period. . . .[34]

Exactly when Charles learned of his appointment is not clear, but when he returned to Oxford in October 1855, he bore the new title. The year's last quarter goes uncharted because another volume of the diary is missing. When the autumn term ended, Charles went back to Croft for Christmas in triumph. Collingwood, who had the missing volume of Charles's diary at hand, reports that Charles wrote at the close of this remarkable year: "I am sitting alone in my bedroom this last night of the old year, waiting for midnight. It has been the most eventful year of my life: I began it a poor bachelor student, with no definite plans or expectations; I end it a master and tutor in Christ Church, with an income of more than £300 a year, and the course of mathematical tuition marked out by God's providence for at least some years to come. Great mercies, great failings, time lost, talents misapplied—such has been the past year."[35]

Having achieved financial independence and academic security, Charles could now, just before turning twenty-four, look forward to being an Oxford don and to living a dignified life as a lecturer, scholar, and member of a high social order. True, as a mathematician without clerical credentials, he would not be a full-fledged member of the ecclesiastical establishment, not part of the inner circle—the Chapter of Canons, the Professors of Divinity, Hebrew, and the like. But his title of Lecturer, while it put him on a low rung of the ladder in this august society, did launch him properly on his career.

Back home, his father and his brothers and sisters were certainly impressed with his achievement, and proud. He knew that when he returned to Oxford, his duties would multiply, but he was prepared. He had spread his wings in classrooms at Croft, he had gained self-confidence as a teacher and enjoyed conducting classes. Gone were the dismal failures in philosophy and history, in the mathematical scholarship competitions. He now rejected the notion of sitting for the scholarships again and used his time to advance his career, prepare his lectures, write his mathematical treatises, and let his imagination roam.[36]